

Number Numb
by
Glenn Bresciani

Glenn Bresciani
glenn.bresciani@yahoo.com.au

FADE IN:

EXT. FRONT LAWN - DAY

OLWEN, a chubby, frumpy eighteen year old lass who looks overwhelmed by life in general.

With a parcel tucked under her arm, she stands on the middle of the front lawn, squints at the house in front of her.

EXT. HOUSE. WINDOW - DAY

The curtains are slightly pulled aside then flop back into place.

FRONT LAWN

Olwen tilts her head as she squints even harder at the house.

HOUSE. WINDOW

The curtains are thrust aside as TONY (30's) presses his face to the glass.

FRONT LAWN

Olwen gives Tony a weak wave, unsure if she just did the right thing.

The front door opens, Tony runs across the lawn.

TONY

Do you have a problem?

OLWEN

Is this number twenty-one?

Tony points at the house opposite to his own.

TONY

Across the street!

OLWEN

Oh.

EXT. HOUSE NUMER TWENTY ONE - DAY

Olwen steps up to the front door, knocks twice.

The front door opens.

ROY (30's) a fat couch potato in his wife's pink dressing gown and chip crumbs on his T-shirt.

OLWEN

Is this number twenty-one?

Roy points at the obvious number twenty-one beside the front door.

ROY

That's what the number says.

Olwen squints as she stares at where Roy just pointed.

ROY

Can't you see it?

Olwen's face turns a rosy shade of embarrassment.

OLWEN

I- I can't see numbers.

ROY

For real?

OLWEN

Mmm- hmm.

Roy laughs, amused and amazed by Olwen's disability.

Olwen holds up the parcel to Roy.

OLWEN

Your wife ordered an item from our catalog.

ROY

Oh, okay.

OLWEN

That'll be twenty five dollars.

Roy stares hard at Olwen, his little brain ticking over.

ROY

So you can't see any numbers?

Olwen shakes her head.

ROY

None at all?

Olwen nods her head, suffers Roy's rudeness in silence.

ROY

Oh I've got to see this. Back in a sec.

Roy runs off into the house, leaves the front door open.

Olwen sighs, tucks the parcel under her arm.

Roy returns with a notebook and a pen.

OLWEN
(Annoyed)
Oh man.

ROY
C'mon, it'd be fun.

He scribbles on the notebook, holds it up.

Number fourteen is written on paper.

ROY
You see it?

OLWEN
No.

Roy flips the page, scribbles down a new number, holds it up.

ROY
What about this?

Olwen shakes her head. She is very uncomfortable.

More scribble, Roy holds up a new page on the notebook.

ROY
How about this?

OLWEN
That's a G.

ROY
Ha-ha! Tricked ya.

Roy grins at Olwen like a boy who has just watched the clown act at the circus and loved it.

ROY
Wow! Your life must really suck.

Olwen has had enough, she thrusts the parcel at Roy.

OLWEN
Twenty-five dollars please.

ROY
Oh yeah, right. Ill just get it.

Roy disappears back into the house again.

Olwen waits for a beat.

Roy returns, proud of his own cleverness.

He takes the parcel, hands Olwen two five dollar notes.

Olwen glances at the money.

Roy looks smug. He gives Olwen a mock salute.

ROY

Keep up the good work.

Olwen scowls at Roy.

OLWEN

I said I couldn't see numbers. I
didn't say I couldn't see dead
presidents.

ROY

Uh.

Uh-oh Roy is busted. The realization wipes the smug off his
face, makes him look like a total fool.

OLWEN

You're an idiot.

Roy's face turns a rosy shade of embarrassment.

ROY

Yep.

Roy is too ashamed to look the glaring Olwen directly in
the eyes.

Olwen snatches the parcel out of Roy's hand.

OLWEN

Hey, I know a numbers game we can
play. What number is this?

Olwen gives Roy the middle finger, sticks it right in his
face.

OLWEN

Even I can see that one.

Olwen storms off.

OLWEN

Arsehole.

FADE OUT.