

CHARLIE  
PINK REVISION

Written by

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AX1 INT. LONDON MALL - DAY AX1 \*

*All Alone on Christmas* by Darlene Love plays through OPENING CREDITS. \*

Various shots of mall full of Christmas decorations and shoppers. We follow CHARLIE EVANS, 20s pulling a suitcase. \*

X1 EXT. DOWNTOWN LONDON - DAY X1

Charlie steps out of the mall and catches her reflection in a window. She stops and stares at herself. We pull back slowly through the beginning of the following V.O. Song dissolves. \*

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Do you ever catch a look at  
yourself in the metaphorical mirror  
and see the twisted antagonist to  
your own dismal story and hate...  
hate what you see? \*

(she scoffs and turns,  
making her way down the  
sidewalk pulling a  
suitcase)

Of course you have, don't be a  
cunt, I know you have. You've  
destroyed a public toilet with a  
category two shit and everyone  
suffered, you're fucking human.  
It's now four pm on a bloody  
Tuesday, thirty quid short for a  
bus ticket I couldn't get a refund  
for, making my way back down Judd  
street with my tail so high up  
between my legs it's chafing my...

DONNA (O.S.)

Mass?!

X1A EXT. DOWNTOWN LONDON - DAY X1A \*

Charlie stops and locks her eyes on DONNA, a prudish young woman holding a flyer out towards her.

CHARLIE

What now?

DONNA

Christmas Mass?

She waves the flyer at her. Charlie grabs it and we hold on Charlie who eyes the flyer and back to Donna. The frame freezes on Charlie through the following voice over. \*

CHARLIE (V.O.) \*

The funny thing about mirrors is that they're good at disguises. One day the villain looks like you... \*

(the frame springs back to life and we're tight on the nativity scene on the flyer) \*

...the next it's a naked little shit in a manger with a mother who's hymen was more broken than my relationship. \*

Charlie hands the flyer back with conviction. \*

CHARLIE

It's all bullshit. Thank you kindly, but never in a million fucking years, Donna.

Charlie turns to leave. \*

DONNA

Aren't you going the wrong way? Bus station's that direction.

Charlie stiffens.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Change of heart?

CHARLIE \*

Something like that.

She pushes forward. \*

X2

EXT. DOWNTOWN LONDON RETAIL STREET - DAY

X2

Charlie grips the handle of the suitcase and drags it down the street.

Through the following voice over we see Charlie's POV of a woman stepping out of a pharmacy carrying a small prescription bag. She pulls at her crotch uncomfortably and looks around before turning toward Charlie and walking past her in the opposite direction. Charlie smirks knowingly as she does.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

People talk about forgiveness as if it's going to save them. But that's like walking out of a surgery with a herpes cream and thinking you've found salvation, but in reality you're just one month and a bad day away from another fucking flare up. It's not about never messing up again, it's about being forgiven and hoping maybe next time the sting of your mistake is just a little bit less.

The wheel of Charlie's suitcase SNAPS off, and catches. \*

CHARLIE \*

Ooiii you cheeky tosser! \*

She leans over, examining it. \*

A MAN stops and moves to help her. His TWO YOUNG SONS with him.

MAN

Need a hand?

CHARLIE

I might do, yes. But we wouldn't want your dick getting cold now would we? \*

(she pushes past the man) \*

Wanker.

The boy and the man turn in shock and watch her walk away.

BOY

*She's a bitch, Daddy.*

We follow Charlie, tight on her face. A battle of thoughts clearly raging in her mind. Her expression twisted in guilt.

CHARLIE

(scoffing at her absurdly crass behavior in disbelief)

I really am a world-class dick! \*

Charlie stops abruptly at the sight of something and tucks in against the wall.

Charlie's POV, we see a man, MICHAEL, 20s, browsing through the racks of the store. Charlie watches him, clearly in love with the man as her eyes follow him through the store.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

He was a Canadian tourist with a twenty-four month work visa pouring beer in Humfrey's pub. He sucked at it, but I paid full price for the half pint of beer left in the glass when the head settled. He laughed and told me "giving a lot of head's got to be worth more than less, eh?" Must have been the accent, plus he was adorable. Five years later and I nearly fuck it up by packing up my shit on Christmas eve instead of fighting for the one good thing I had going in my life.

\*  
\*

We watch Michael approach the teller with a scarf. They speak cheerfully as she rings him up.

CHARLIE

You were always a bloody awful gift giver, Michael. I hate blue, ya bellend.

\*  
\*

But she smiles in spite of the color choice.

She tucks back in as Michael moves to exit the store.

She watches him walk down the street away from her. He looks happy. He has a bounce in his step.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

The thing about broken is the opportunity to put something back together in new ways. Give it a whole new face, a chance to catch the light differently.

We bleed into the next scene with the above voice over.

X3

INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

X3

Music plays on a station quietly in the background. We're tight on Charlie's and Michael's hands. Morning light from the window cutting and breaking through their entwined fingers. We hold for a moment. They're propped up in bed. Michael holds a coffee.

CHARLIE

Your hands are quite feminine, aren't they?

MICHAEL

What are you talking about?!  
Feminine...You think so?

CHARLIE

Ya...but in a very masculine way.  
Like a whimsical warlord. An elf-  
lord.

Michael laughs and examines his hands.

MICHAEL

Elves are sexy.

CHARLIE

Aren't they?! I'd absolutely shag  
an elf. I'd bet fucking in the  
air's a whole other level of  
orgasm.

MICHAEL

Elves don't fly. Fairies do.

CHARLIE

Pot and kettle. I'm just saying  
you're quite...girly for a man.

MICHAEL

(a thoughtful beat)

You really are a dick aren't you?  
You don't mean to be, which makes  
you the most complicating kind of  
dick, but a dick nonetheless.

Charlie's eyes fall on a very phallic piece of table art  
perched at Michael's bedside. She stares for a moment.

CHARLIE

Speaking of dicks, I keep waiting  
for you to get rid of that thing  
but it's still there, looking at me  
like an evil, wilting Bratwurst.

MICHAEL

Freddie made it for me.

\*

CHARLIE

My brother couldn't be any more  
flaming if you handed him Saturn  
with an STD. He's actually told me  
he wants to move to Canada because  
he wants to tap some maple moose  
knuckles. Did I tell you that?

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You don't have to keep that thing  
for his sake, he never comes into  
our bedroom.

MICHAEL

(he looks at it for a  
beat, a glimmer of  
emotion)

I like it.

CHARLIE

It gives me the creeps.

Charlie sits on the edge of the bed and begins dressing.

A lively Christmas song swells from the station. Charlie  
stews internally, holding back for a moment, then picks up a  
shoe and tosses it toward the alarm clock, sending it flying  
off the bedside table. Michael's coffee spills over the rim  
of his coffee cup onto his chest.

MICHAEL

Jesus! Charlie!

CHARLIE

It was the song, Michael! It was  
the song.

MICHAEL

What song?!

CHARLIE

*The* song!

MICHAEL

What s-- Oh...the song. The  
triggering Christmas eve song.

CHARLIE

My sauced mother giving it to my  
secondary school crush song.

\*

MICHAEL

Well...you say it like that it  
sounds a lot more...*felony* than it  
actually was. Your teacher was  
closer to her age than yours,  
it's...

He's cut off by another flying shoe that whips past him. The  
statue is tight in frame as the shoe hits it and we...

JUMP CUT TO:

X4

INT. CHARLIE'S KITCHEN - DAY

X4

We're tight on a sausage on a plate. A fork digs into it, splitting it in two.

Charlie and Michael sit at the table. The following voice over plays as the scene below plays out.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

It's strange how loudly things  
break in silence, when the thing  
breaking doesn't even hold a shape.  
It's just a formless container that  
used to keep something inside it,  
something that used to matter but  
dissolved bit by bit when neither  
of us were looking.

Michael's clearly distraught. He's not touching his food. Charlie takes a bite of the sausage. They sit across each other in silence. Through the following voice over we hear a slow ringing that builds and swells.

The ringing builds to a roar that crescendos then breaks to a silence when.

Charlie's looking across the table at Michael, she swallows a mouth full of sausage. She *does* look genuinely sorry.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry I broke your dick.

Michael's lost in thought then SLAMS the table.

MICHAEL

I can't do this anymore.

CHARLIE

Michael, it was an accident.

He laughs an exacerbated laugh.

MICHAEL

I'm not angry about that, Charlie.  
In fact, I'm not angry at all. I'm  
just entirely, "labourously" and  
finally done.

CHARLIE

Y-you mean laboriously...? You're  
laboriously done.

MICHAEL

Really? Is that how it's pronounced? Labor...

CHARLIE

Ya, I think so. "Labourously" isn't a word I don't think.

MICHAEL

(aggravated)

Ok, Charlie, Jesus, it doesn't matter. I'm tired, that's all I'm trying to say here. Your temper tantrums, your crude behavior...I'm sorry but...you're not a kind person.

\*  
\*

CHARLIE

Michael, it's Christmas eve...you're not actually breaking up with me, right now, are you?

MICHAEL

It's not ideal, I realize that. But I'd rather wake up with the past five years of an unravelled mess behind me. Wouldn't you?

A beat while Charlie absorbs his words.

CHARLIE

I think we should talk about this. You can't just...

MICHAEL

There's nothing to say. It's all been said before in a million different ways and nothing ever changes.

Charlie's fighting tears.

CHARLIE

You're capping it at a million? A million's nothing, a million's barely a house nowadays.

MICHAEL

It's not just us. It's life. My life. Things have...changed recently. There's a potential job opportunity back in Canada. In Edmonton. I don't think I should pass that up.

CHARLIE  
(she shrugs)  
So I guess I'll be leaving then.

She stands, rigid and feigning indifference.

MICHAEL  
What...now? Charlie we should talk  
about next steps. Logistics.

Charlie's moving towards their bedroom.

CHARLIE  
I'll go stay at my Aunt's in Dover.  
Give your pansy ass the week to get  
your shit out of my flat. \*

X5 INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

X5

Michael follows her into the bedroom. She pulls out a  
suitcase and begins throwing clothes in it.

MICHAEL  
It's *our* flat, Charlie. \*

CHARLIE  
Not anymore it bloody well isn't!

MICHAEL  
Don't pretend you don't agree this  
relationship has run it's course.

CHARLIE  
Where's my scarf?

MICHAEL  
What scarf?

CHARLIE  
The scarf you bought me for  
Christmas last year.

She digs furiously through drawers and the closet.

MICHAEL  
I don't know, Charlie. I haven't  
seen it.

CHARLIE  
(her voice shaking,  
fighting back tears)  
It's my favorite fucking scarf.  
(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

It's cold out, Michael, and you're  
tossing me out into that cold  
without a bloody scarf on Christmas  
Eve.

MICHAEL

I'm not throwing you out, I don't  
want you to leave tonight!

CHARLIE

And I need that scarf desperately,  
Michael, so I can wipe my ass with  
it and give it the same grotesque  
farewell you just gave me.

\*

MICHAEL

Charlie...I'm sorry.

\*

CHARLIE

**Fuck** the scarf.

She closes the suitcase and storms out of the room.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

And fuck you!

X6

INT. CHARLIE APARTMENT HALL - DAY

X6

She SLAMS the door shut and stops, leaning against it. She  
breaks down in tears.

DONNA (O.S.)

I heard everything.

Charlie jumps. Donna stands at the door to her apartment  
heading out with a handful of flyers.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Dover's a lovely place to spend the  
holidays.

CHARLIE

(moving towards the  
elevator)

Fuck off, Donna.

\*

X7 EXT. DOWNTOWN LONDON RETAIL STREET - DAY X7

We're back on Charlie watching Michael walk away. The following voice over plays over this and the following five scenes.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

At the bus station I met an old man who had an engagement ring in his old military jacket. He said he wore the jacket every day to remind him of the version he didn't want to be; angry and broken. He was going to ask his ex-wife to remarry him, because after fifty years of marriage and a year apart he realized that the best part of him had always been her. That was Michael for me. And maybe I owed it to him to look a little longer in the mirror and call myself out on my own bullshit once in a while. So I spent the rest of the day doing that. Then I got a bottle of his favorite red and swallowed my pride. Because it's Christmas. And isn't Christmas supposed to be merry and gay?

X8 EXT. DOWNTOWN LONDON - NIGHT X8

Charlie pulls her suitcase down the street.

AX8 EXT. DOWNTOWN LONDON - NIGHT AX8

Charlie sits on a bench. A happy couple walk by, she watches them.

BX8 EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT BX8

Charlie steps out of the store with a bottle of red.

X9 INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT X9

Charlie walks into her apartment building holding a bottle of red.

X10 INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT ELEVATOR - NIGHT X10

Charlie pulls her suitcase into the elevator and rides it up. She's smiling, optimistic.

X11 INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT X11

Charlie enters the apartment quietly as the above voice over ends.

Christmas music plays. She removes her jacket and quietly pushes her suitcase against the wall.

She rounds the corner and her face freezes in horror.

In the living room, near the Christmas tree, stands Michael giving it to her brother FREDDIE, 20s. Freddie's in a downward dog position, the NEW SCARF Michael bought tied around his eyes.

Michael sees Charlie. Freddie's in bliss, calling out in pleasure.

Charlie drops the wine in shock, then fumbles to grab it.

Michael, in equal shock, steps away from Freddie and grabs a blanket covering himself.

FREDDIE

Well don't stop, Santa. This bad elf isn't...

Michael nudges him.

MICHAEL

Freddie, get up. Get up!

Freddie stands and pulls the scarf off his face. When he sees Charlie, he screams a high pitched scream and reaches awkwardly for something to cover himself with. He chooses a circular pan of brownies that have been partially eaten with a spoon and holds it over his groin.

They stand there, mouths open, for an awkward beat.

CHARLIE

What...the...FUUUUUCK?!?!

She tosses the bottle towards them. Freddie drops the brownies and catches the bottle, covering himself with it. The neck pointed phallically towards Michael. He clocks what this looks like and slants the bottle upright, rotating his position.

\*

FREDDIE

Charlie I'm s...

CHARLIE

Don't even *think* about opening that  
cock sucking, nasty, lying little  
mouth of yours!

MICHAEL

Charlie, we wanted to tell you.

CHARLIE

(as she shouts at him she  
throws any random object  
she can at them)

And you! Oh my *God!* Everything  
makes sense now you Queen loving,  
sex in the dark, "don't shave your  
legs or armpits, Charlie, it's *hot*  
to go natural", musical obsessed,  
anal leaking piece of fucking  
trash! I had to switch to dark  
sheets because of you!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Michael and Freddie shield themselves from the catapulting  
objects.

MICHAEL

Charlie we're so sorry.

\*  
\*  
\*

FREDDIE

We didn't know how to tell you...

\*

Charlie pauses for a moment.

CHARLIE

And Canada?? You two...you've been  
planning on this for a while. What  
are you for real? Do you consider  
yourselves an actual item?

MICHAEL

We're in love. It just happened.

CHARLIE

(her voice breaking)

No! Getting hit by a garbage truck  
just happens. Rectal prolapse just  
happens. *This...*this doesn't just  
happen. This was days of planning  
and deceiving and sneaking around  
behind my back.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Lying to my face, both of you!!  
This was one, morally bad decision  
after another.

She stares at them a beat and turns away. Then she stops and spins back, walks towards Michael and Freddie who flinch waiting for a punch. Instead, she grabs the scarf from Freddie's neck and looks at Michael.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(voice breaking)

This was supposed to be mine.

She unties it and loops it around her neck. Then she grabs the pan of brownies and turns to Michael, shoving it in his groin.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

All fudge, no fucking balls.

She turns again and walks away, Michael and Freddie standing frozen in the background. \*

CHARLIE (V.O.)

The funny thing about mirrors is  
that sometimes the reverse is true.  
Sometimes you have to stare into it  
long enough until you've returned  
back to your most authentic,  
original self.

Charlie grabs her suitcase and moves towards the door. \*

CHARLIE

Merry Christmas, shit maggots. And  
you can keep the flat, it wrecks  
like sin and vaseline in here. \*

X12 INT. CHARLIE APARTMENT HALL - NIGHT

X12

Charlie SLAMS the door behind her. \*

CHARLIE

Fuck Christmas. \*

She walks out of frame. After a beat she returns and looks square into the camera. \*

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

What the fuck you looking at?! \*

She pulls a fist back and PUNCHES the lens as we CUT TO BLACK and *Celebrity Skin* by Hole pulls in END CREDITS. \*