

IKEA ON £5 A DAY

By Rob McFarlane

Characters

Ben: 15 years old. Looks innocent and young. Slim, not too tall. His clothes are not in style. One might assume his mum dressed him but in truth he chooses his own look. He has a cloth haversack decorated with beaded felt flowers. In it he carries a notebook, a Polaroid 300 instant camera and the pictures he takes. He's at the age when talking is not a priority.

He is highly intelligent but quiet, not shy, just apathetic and uninterested in most things beyond their initial appearance. The thrill he gets from first discovery has manifested into a hobby of taking photos and saving them in physical form. He can relive all the moments of discovering the detail in things. He is obsessed with detail and sees objects in a different light than the average person. He is a virgin.

Iris: 16 years old. French. Free spirit, wild hair, all eyes, lips and tits packaged up in a cotton summer dress. Coquettish and mature for her age. She is quick-witted, sarcastic, confident and on the offensive. Oozing sex appeal without appearing slutty. She's every boy's fantasy. (She should affect the older male audience by reminding them of their youth.) She is a bit of a mystery with ambiguous intentions.

Mum & Dad: early 50's. Ikea is a big deal for them. They love their son but have responded to his attitude of disenchanting indifference in similar style. The flatpicks take priority over Ben.

Man: 50ish year old man with upsetting features.

Ikea: the store represents the world/life in a microcosm. The main character explores it, documents it and experiences a range of emotions because of it. It's an exciting, scary, and beautiful environment.

Ikea on £5 a Day

EXT. DAY. Ikea loading bay. Shots of trolley wheels, boxes, feet, stacks of cardboard encased objects forming abstract designs, hands lifting pushing, people looking lost, confused, spaced out, shoving a hotdog in their mouths.

Settle on face of apathetic youth Ben leaning on a trolley packed high with boxes. He stares ahead blankly and appears unaffected by the noise and commotion of the loading area.

Dad comes over brushing off his clothes.

Dad

OK that's the last of it. Look son we're overloaded so me and mum will take the car home an unpack then I'll come back for you.

Ben

(looks at Dad blankly)

Dad

You'll be all right yeah? You know, just look around, have a hotdog... Do you need anything? What's wrong?

Ben

Nothing.

Dad

Ok then. (Getting into car) Be back in an hour or so. Ok bye.

Mum

Bye dear, have a hotdog!

Dan and mum squeeze into the car and drive off amid the confusion. Ben watches them go.

INT. Ikea. Sequences of shots showing Ben exploring Ikea on his own. Riding the escalator. Looking around at the tile-less ceiling. Buying a hotdog, posing it next to the mustard pump and photographing it. He bins the hotdog. Walking around the store, Photographing abstract shapes, details in objects, signs, drawer handles. Each poloroid is carefully places in his bag.

After a sense of some time has passed he sits down at a big showroom dining table for a rest. Ben puts his bag on the table and takes out his photos, meticulously placing them on the table in the order that they were taken. He takes out a pot of mixed olives and begins to eat them.

A man sits down at the end of the table.

Man

Been taking some pictures eh?

Ben

(Looks at the man)

Man

(Picking up a photo) Well what do we have here? Well I don't know what that is, uh huh mmm what's that a hot dog? You like taking pictures? Are you here by yourself?

Ben

Yeah

Man

Tell you what I've got some pictures but they're in my car do you want to see them?

A girl, sits down quickly in the seat opposite Ben.

Iris

There you are! We've been looking for you for ages! Mum and Dad are shitting themselves.

Man

(Angrily) Well I should go. Nice chatting with you. Maybe I'll see you around.

The man leaves. Iris watches him go.

Iris

Friend of yours?

Ben

Thanks. No. Just some weirdo.

Iris

Yeah. I think he wanted to be your friend. Fucking creep.
So now it's just us huh?

Ben

I guess.

Iris

What are these? Photographs?

Ben

They're just pictures, of the store. (He starts to put
them back in the bag)

Iris

That's a nice bag. Did your mommy make it for you?

Ben

(Hurt) No. I made it.

Iris

Oh, sorry. Hey can I have an olive?

Ben

OK

Iris pops an olive in her mouth in a manner that might be
perceived as sexy.

Iris

You want to know something about olives? Olives don't
come from trees you know. Olives are really the shits
from little garden gnomes. Really, you don't believe me?
Look at them. Look at this green olive. That's from a
vegetarian gnome. A big healthy green shit. And this
black one, you can tell that the gnome probably stayed up
all night drinking whiskey.

Ben

(Laughing) That's disgusting

Iris

It's true, come on.

Ben

And what about this one with the pimento in it?

Iris

Oh well that is a tricky case. I think the gnome should see his GP because he's definitely got something wrong with him. Bowel cancer perhaps?

They have a good laugh.

Iris

What's your name?

Ben

Ben

Iris

Bonjour Ben. Je m'appelle Iris

Ben

Hi Iris

Iris

Ben would you like to take my photograph?

Ben

Sure.

He takes out his camera and takes her picture. The photo grinds out of the case. He hands it to her.

Ben

You have to wait to see what it looks like. They always look different to what you expect but that's the best part, not knowing how it's going to turn out.

Iris

Cool. Should we look around this place? There's something I want to show you.

Ben

OK

They get up to leave. Ben puts the camera back in his bag. Iris puts the yet undeveloped photo on the table.

Iris

Ben? I'm sorry about what I said about your bag. I think it's beautiful.

They leave.

Sequence of shots of Ben and Iris walking around the store. Pretending to watch tv, cooking dinner, wearing pots on their heads, Iris pretending to be pregnant with a pillow under her dress offending passers by. Ben takes photos of objects and of Iris posing. They run up to a Perspex box that encases a machine perpetually opening and closing a drawer.

Iris

This is it! This is what I want to show you. Look at this!

They crouch down and gaze with wonder.

Iris

Look. All it does is this. All day and all night. Just opening and closing.

Ben

Wow. Why?

Iris

Nobody knows.

Ben

Do you think this is the height of man's technological achievement? I mean if aliens landed right now and saw this what would they think of us?

Iris

They'd think, " Let's blow these fuckers up!"

They laugh.

Iris

Come on. I have one more thing to show you.

They run over to a bedroom display. There is a large wardrobe in the corner. Iris pulls Ben by the hand toward the wardrobe.

Ben

Wait. I just want to take your picture.

Iris

You've taken loads of pictures. (Ben looks miffed) OK go on then.

She poses. Ben takes a photo. And puts it in his bag.

Iris

OK, done? Let's go in here.

Ben

(Reluctantly) You probably aren't supposed to go in there.

Iris

Come on. (she pulls him in)

INT WARDROBE. It's a tight fit. They are facing each other. Trying to be quiet. Iris places Ben's arms around her. She puts hers around his neck. She kisses him.

Iris

Have you done this before?

Ben

Uhhh yeah loads of times.

Iris

Liar.

Iris takes the lead. They make-out. She lets him touch her breast. She slides down out of shot. They have sex.

EXT. WARDROBE. Shaking, banging and moaning sounds.

INT. WARDROBE.

Iris

C'est magnifique Ben

Ben

(Breathless)God, Fuck me.

Iris

Je n'ai.

Iris opens the door and exits. Ben squints from the light and stays behind.

EXT. WARDROBE. Ben cautiously steps out of the wardrobe. Furrowed browed shoppers look on disapprovingly, shaking heads. Iris is gone. Ben looks around confused. A mobile rings. Ben roots through his bag and pulls out his phone.

Ben

Hello?!

Dad (voice on mobile)

Hey mate sorry for the wait I'm outside. Are you ready to go?

Ben

Yeah..no wait a sec. (he looks around)

Iris! Hey

Dad

Hello are you there? Come on I'm in the loading bay.

Ben

Ok I'm coming! 5 minutes.

He hangs up. He walks off quickly confused and upset.

EXT. IKEA. LOADING BAY. Dad is driving and mum is in the passenger seat. Ben opens the back door of the car and gets in. We can see a similar situation in the background of people struggling with their flatpicks.

Dad

(Looking at Ben in the mirror) Hey there he is! Alright now to get out of this place...

Mum

We just need to make a few more stops, I need to get a couple of.. (trails off)

IN-TRANSIT ON THE MOTORWAY. As they drive Ben opens his bag and pulls out a stack of Polaroids. We can see what he is looking at. As he flips through them in order we get a reminder of the days events. His expression changes from calm reflective enjoyment to confusion. He flips faster but we don't see what's got him upset. He flips past certain photos hunting for specific ones and lingers on them confused.

CUT TO. Slow push in to Polaroid left behind on the breakfast table in Ikea. As we push in it develops in real time.

CUT TO. INT CAR. Ben is very upset. He gives up on the photos in his hand and looks out the window.

Dad

(Looking in mirror, CU his eyes) So, did you have fun today?

CUT TO. Developing Polaroid on table.

CUT TO. INT CAR. CU dad's eyes looking in mirror at Ben

Dad

Ben! What's the matter?

CUT TO. Ben in backseat.

Ben

(Crying)

CUT TO. CU **MAN's** eyes looking in mirror at Ben

MAN

Hey kid?! What's the matter?

CUT TO. Ben in backseat.

Ben

(looking out the window crying. It's started to rain.)

Nothing.

CUT TO. Developing polaroid. Pushed in tight by this point. The photo is at a state of development where we should be able to see a person. We expect to see Iris but instead we see the face of the **MAN**.

CUT TO. Moving shot behind the car on the motorway. The car pulls away from the camera down the road. There is one man driving. Ben is in the backseat.

END