

R & R - UNCLE CHUNK

Music video by Brett Stanning

SHOOTING SCRIPT
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INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

MIKE stands in front of mirror in a normal outfit, jeans and t-shirt... He tries on another outfit... And another.

Trying stuff on. Pulling stuff off.

He fakes a smile at the final outfit, just as normal and basic as his first.

LYRICS

Once, or maybe twice, a day I tell
myself that I've got it made. But
that's a big lie.

Leaving his room he stops dead in the doorway, sees...

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

MIKE looks into the entrance hall and finds a cue of PUNTERS lined up waiting to get OUT of his house.

A BOUNCER and red rope at the head of the cue, deciding who gets out of Mike's house.

Mike checks out...

The crowd all wears the same kind of t-shirt, fashioned out of ripped and sticky taped and stapled ROCK GIG posters.

At the head of the cue is EMILLIO...

...with a couple of LADIES. The Bouncer opens the red rope and Emillio takes his ladies out the door.

Mike looks down at his own clothes then back at the punters.

Shit! Mike turns back to his room.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mike rips down his beloved UNCLE CHUNK poster.

He lies on his bed between two posters, like a Mike sandwich with poster-bread. He cuts around his body with a pair of scissors. He staples and sticky tapes the parts together.

LYRICS

Pick yourself up and move along.
You can't hang around here, there
are...

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

Back by the door the bouncer frowns and points to...

...a list of rules and regulations.

BOUNCER (MIMES)

...rules and regulations that you gotta live by. One. You can't have any fun, which leads two a three and a four. Until we're all just staying at home playing scrabble.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mike appears back in bedroom doorway in his handmade version of the gig poster t-shirt. The punters glare as the bouncer opens the rope to let Mike out.

EXT. FILTHY LANE WAY NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Mike enters the club and looks around.

The place is a filthy lane way/alley and all the club's various elements are made of garbage...

People stand around converted wheelie-bin bar tables drinking, sitting on garbage-bag beanbags and cardboard box chairs.

LYRICS

Oh it's so plastic. You got to have is. Oh, if you wanna get those calls.

People bounce around in the middle in a dance-floor section made of cardboard and bubble-wrap squares.

LYRICS (CONT'D)

Yeah it's fantastic, but it's also bullshit. Hey, I don't wanna live that way.

The bar itself is made out of old cardboard and rubbish. Box shelves which are stocked with old half empty grog bottles with the labels peeled off. Some are even smashed.

The BARMAN appears. He's a hobo, with layers of crusty clothes and filthy skin. He slams a pink singlet on the bar.

Mike picks it up, looks unimpressed.

The bar man give him the lyrics as a lecture.

BARMAN (MIMES)

You better wipe you eyes. Read the lines. Take a chance. Win the fashion scene.

He shows his own pink singlet under layers of filthy rags.

Convinced, Mike grabs the singlet and bolts to the...

INT. FILTHY LANE WAY NIGHTCLUB - DUNNIES - NIGHT

In the dunnies Mike finds...

...Emilio doing his hair in the crusty mirror. His reflection stares up at Mike. Emilio turns to look, his reflection stays staring. It's like Mike's being stared at by two guys.

Mike rushes past, busts into...

...a cubicle and rips off his paper shirt, dropping the torn pieces on the floor. He squeezes into the crazy pink singlet.

LYRICS

Off to the shops. Buy some pink
tops.

EXT. FILTHY LANE WAY NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Mike steps out onto the dance floor feeling odd but strangely confident. He passes a SECURITY GUARD...

BOUNCER (MIMES)

Now you clean up and you looking
sharp. So come right this way, sir.

The bouncer motions to the dance floor.

BOUNCER (MIMES) (CONT'D)

There are rules and regulations
that you've gotta live by. One,
make sure to spike your hair...

Push in through the crowd past a guy with spiked hair,

BOUNCER (MIMES) (CONT'D)

...and wear Calvin Klein underwear.

Past another with Calvin Klein underwear sticking out of his low pants and onto the DJ bouncing in her DJ booth which has been fashioned from milk crates.

DJ (MIMES)

And I hope you like top forty
songs. 'Cause that's all we play
here.

The DJ has no turn-tables though just some shitty old tape-deck ghetto blaster with a Triple M style "TOP 40 ROCK FM" sticker in it. She turns up the volume.

Mike dances. People watch him, stroke his singlet. They rush to the bar. The barman hands out pink singlets.

LYRICS

Oh it's so plastic. You got to have
it. Oh if you wanna get those
calls.

Punters fork over money for the singlet.

They rip off their paper shirts. In a flutter of ripped gig
posters we push through to them dancing on the dance floor.

Mike leads the way.

LYRICS (CONT'D)

Yeah it's fantastic but it's also
bullshit. Hey I don't wanna live
that way.

Mike stops dancing sees...

Emilio passes a mirror, spots himself and stops. He has an
enthusiastic conversation with himself, ala Gollum.

EMILIO (MIMES)

Looks who's here!!!

EMILIO'S REFLECTION (MIMES)

Oh may god, Emillio!!!

EMILIO (MIMES)

Har har ha!!!

EMILIO'S REFLECTION (MIMES)

Fuckin' awesome hairdo, man!!!

EMILIO (MIMES)

Thanks man!

EMILIO'S REFLECTION (MIMES)

I love it!!! I love the way it
spikes up like that!!!

EMILIO (MIMES)

Sweet!!!

EMILIO'S REFLECTION (MIMES)

That is wicked!!! Where did you get
those shoes?!!!

Mike is totally spun out. He's surrounded by pink singlet
wearing lemmings. Mike tries to leave but his dancing buddies
have him boxed in. He can't get away and it's freaking him
out. Big time.

LYRICS

Oh it's so plastic. You got to have
it. Oh if you wanna get those
calls.

(MORE)

LYRICS (CONT'D)

Yeah it's fantastic but it's also
bullshit. Hey, I don't wanna live
that way.

He pushes punters away. He rips off his pink singlet and
tosses it...

...in the barman's face.

INT. FILTHY LANE WAY NIGHTCLUB - DUNNIES - NIGHT

Mike busts in on a guy sitting on the crapper. Mike kneels
down, on his hands and knees he grabs up all the ripped up
bits of his gig poster off the floor.

LYRICS

If you wanna be cool, magazines
tell us to buy these pants and wear
those shoes. But if you think that
sucks just go sit at the back of
the bus. Trust me man, it worked
for us.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

In his bedroom Mike dumps shreds of paper on the bed. He
grabs the sticky tape, rips off a long piece.

EXT. FILTHY LANE WAY NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

People at the club dance and drink. A girl who's just sipped
her beer, is grossed out, pulls a cigarette butt out of her
mouth. Yuck!

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mike tucks himself into bed. On the wall above his bed...

The UNCLE CHUNK poster sticky-taped back together.

EXT. FILTHY LANEWAY NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

A girl on a beanbag chairs screams as it bursts with juicy
garbage. Someone leans against the bar and it collapses

The security guard tells us....

BOUNCER (MIMES)

This place is shit!

THE END