

LEGACIES

First Ten Pages

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FADE IN

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INT. HOME STUDIO - DAY

Overhead, a fan dangles from the twelve-foot high ornate ceiling, rotates lazily. A flood of intense summer light through a walk-through sash window.

ERROL FREEMAN (mid-50s), thongs (flip-flops), faded board shorts, T-shirt, beads of perspiration in his thinning, short-cropped, greying hair, contemplates a canvas before him -

greens and smoky yellows, something resembling a forest or jungle, Post-Impressionist.

He downs the remains of a whiskey sitting on a weathered what-not, pulls the curtains, turns off the fan, leaves the room.

INT. ERROL'S KITCHEN-LIVING AREA - DAY

A D.Y.I. extension to a typical Adelaide bluestone villa.

In one corner, a small home office area - small desk, with a Bondi Blue i-Mac, a printer and a three drawer filing cabinet on the floor beside it.

Errol passes by FRAN (mid-50s) reclined on cane chaise lounge beneath an ancient wall-mounted air conditioner.

She downs the remains of her wine glass.

FRAN

Fill this while you're up, ta.

He takes her glass to the refrigerator, half fills it with white wine from a 2 litre cask, hands it to her and heads toward some café doors leading outside.

Affronted by the sparseness of its contents, goes to the refrigerator, fills the glass completely. And skols it.

EXT. ERROL'S PATIO - DAY

A small area paved with recycled red clinker bricks.

An expanse of unkempt lawn-come-ground cover beneath a canopy of native trees dotted haphazardly about the quarter acre.

Here and there oddments – concrete pedestal bird bath, dangling terra cotta mobiles, a smiling Buddha statue.

Errol eases himself on to the edge of a dilapidated hammock strung on a rusting powder coated metal frame, cautiously reclines.

Bamboo wind chimes BOING as a zephyr wafts through the burgundy leaves of the ornamental vine overhead. Errol closes his eyes to live his own life as he would.

INT. HOME STUDIO - NIGHT

Errol, still in his artist clothes, tidies away the brushes and tubes of paint.

From a cupboard, he pulls out an old sheet, covers the work-in-progress on the easel.

Another sheet over other frames that lean against the wall and partially hide the cracks of varying severity.

He flicks the light, pulls the door on the darkened room.

HALLWAY

Errol ambles quietly along the hallway carpet runner, stops briefly at the slightly ajar door to a bedroom.

Fran in a deep sleep.

He continues toward another room at the front of the house, switches off hallway light, enters the darkened room.

EXT. SCHOOL CAR PARK - DAY

Errol, battered leather satchel slung over his shoulder, locks the door of his vintage 1980 Renault, slips his keys in his shorts pocket.

The occupants of various other vehicles make cheerful salutations to one another as they casually make their way in a common direction.

They pass a substantial three-by-one-and-a-half metre billboard. It reads simply:

WHITE FOREST SECONDARY COLLEGE

Errol saunters off to join the others.

INT. SCHOOL STAFF ROOM - DAY

Errol flops himself into a padded lounge chair alongside PETER MILLWALL (40s) - smartly dressed in lightweight summer clothes - occupied with a newspaper crossword.

Errol gazes around, takes stock of the cliques of teachers congregated.

The Phys Ed staff, mostly raucous males, at one table.

A group of both male and female teachers around the ubiquitous pool table.

Wary, young and fresh-faced newcomers at another table.

Around a larger table, a gaggle of older Women find it hard to hide their disaffection with their lot.

LYN GIANO (late 40s) makes a grand entrance through a set of double doors leading from a corridor into the staff room.

LYN

Welcome back everyone ... everyone,
please... okay let's make a start.

And with little ado, the staff room comes to order - even the die-hards engrossed in their game of pool.

LYN

Good to see so many happy faces.

She responds to the jeers and other salutations with an empathetic smile.

LYN

Welcome all to two thousand and one. Who knows what odyssey awaits? We've got a lot to get through before the hordes arrive tomorrow, so I guess I'll get proceedings under way by introducing our new members of staff, in particular a very special guest on exchange from the UK, Céline Molanda, helping out in Drama and a bit of English.

All eyes follow Lyn's gaze toward a group nestled in a corner kitchenette, settle on CÉLINE MOLANDA (mid-30s), of African ancestry, smooth and flawless skin, features sharp rather than the familiar broad, hair cropped short and straight.

Céline steps forward, confident.

LYN
Welcome Céline.

Céline casually dissolves back into the group.

Peter Millwall whispers to Errol.

MILLWALL
Could be an interesting year.

Errol raises eyebrows - *could be*.

INT. SCHOOL FRONT RECEPTION OFFICE - DAY

LOUISE HOWES (early 40s), attractive, butch in a non-lesbian way, about to exit the Office into the corridor, is thwarted by Lyn and her entourage of New Teachers.

Louise assays the group:

Mature ones with relaxed smiles;

Young novices, their nervous eyes scanning;

Céline brings up the rear, offers Louise an ebullient smile.

Louise turns back into the Office, interrupts the elegantly dressed Front Office Manager, JOAN HALLWOOD (50s).

LOUISE
Who's the new tinted woman?

Joan turns from her task.

JOAN
What, the English woman?

LOUISE
Not one of our tribes then, eh?

Joan rolls her eyes in exasperation.

JOAN
Put that way, no.

Unperturbed, Louise treks off along the corridor.

INT. ART ROOM - DAY

The large, open planned room has the appearance of having undergone a thorough clean out.

Errol lingers at the doorway to his little domain.

He flicks a switch on the door jamb. A wall mounted air-conditioner starts up.

Errol wanders over to it, savours the cool breeze.

From the pile of classroom furniture stacked to one side of the room, he drags a teacher's desk across to the front of the room, leaves scuff marks on the shiny linoleum floor.

He flops his satchel upon the desk without aplomb, wheels his teacher's chair over.

He unlocks a small store-room behind the desk, hits the light switch. The fluoros flicker into life.

He peers inside.

Filing cabinets, shelves with art supplies, a stack of plastic sacks of clay. A bookcase, generously stocked.

He turns off the light, cogitates a beat, checks his watch.

LOUISE (V.O.)

Next.

INT. SCHOOL BOOKROOM - DAY

A small room divided in two by a serving counter.

A waiting area on one side.

On the other side, a series of mobile compactus, laden with stationery supplies.

Errol, next in line ahead of Céline, steps up to Louise at the counter.

LOUISE

Name.

ERROL

(regimentally)

Freeman, Errol. Art.

Louise retreats into the recesses of the compactus.

Céline and Errol both turn as a YOUNG TEACHER, (early 20s) enters from outside.

Polite mumbled salutations.

CÉLINE
First school, I hear?

The Young Teacher nods assuredly.

YOUNG TEACHER
Although I did my placement here
last year.

CÉLINE
Verdict?

YOUNG TEACHER
Survived. And yourself?

A few other TEACHERS enter via a door from outside.

CÉLINE
Just had eight years in North
London.

The Young Teacher screws up her face at the thought of it.

CÉLINE
Not that bad. Just made it as
interesting as possible. And where
possible, relevant.

YOUNG TEACHER
Funny, your accent ... It's sort of
English, but it's --

CÉLINE
Not.

Errol turns his head slightly, registers Céline's revelation as Louise pushes a carton of resources across the counter to him.

LOUISE
That's your lot. Don't let the kids
get their grubby mitts on it.

Errol clicks his heels together.

ERROL
Jawohl!

He effortlessly gathers up the hefty carton and eases his tall frame through those waiting.

Louise makes eye contact with the Young Teacher.

LOUISE

Name?

But Céline steps forward to the counter.

The Young Teacher realizes her predicament, steps back.

CÉLINE

(apes Errol's response)

Molanda, Céline. Drama, English.

LOUISE

Sorry, didn't see you there.

CÉLINE

A common problem for some.

Especially in the shadows.

She contains her amusement as Louise scowls, turns her back and systematically goes about gathering the materials.

Céline turns to the Young Teacher.

CÉLINE

It's Zimbabwean.

INT. ART ROOM - DAY

Errol ticks the final name on his Senior Class roll book.

The page reads:

'Term one, Week three'

He places the book in the desk drawer, surveys his class.

The room is set up with desks in one section and a generous open area for practical work.

ERROL

Okay everybody.

He waits for the class of fourteen OLDER TEENS to settle.

ERROL

On the handout I gave you last week, you were given a choice of major projects, to be completed by week three in term four. I repeat, by week three of final term.

A general indifference among these final year students.

ERROL

Start planning your research. And those of you with the internet. They'll detect stuff that's simply been downloaded – so watch it. Plagiarism is a no-no. Even if Picasso did confess to stealing.

He looks at the sea of dumbfounded faces.

ERROL

Silly question – anyone have any proposals they want to explore?

Once again, general indifference.

KHAN TRUNG, an attractive young woman of Khmer background, a crucifix prominently displayed around her neck, declares

KHAN

Sort of...

Errol raises an eyebrow at the young woman who carries herself with the confidence of a CEO, tempered by that serenity of the Asian woman.

KHAN

No, seriously. Soon.

She continues doodling in a sketch book while keeping an eye out for whoever else might respond.

ERROL

Anyone else?

DAOUD KHEMANED, approaches Errol with an art folder.

Handsome, dark brown eyes nestled neatly in his Mediterranean olive face. A certain reserve evident.

ERROL

So, what have we got?

Daoud opens his folder.

DAOUD

Just some bits and pieces.

Errol scans the folio, impressed by the pencil sketches of still life, landscapes, self-portraits.

Khan's eyes leave her page momentarily. Her musings in her sketch book disguise her interest.

ERROL

So, what do you have in mind?

DAOUD

Not sure. Last year with Ms. Lambith, we did some stuff on the Impressionists, so I thought if maybe I could do something along those lines?

ERROL

After my own heart.

Daoud looks at Errol for elaboration.

ERROL

You like the Impressionists?

DAOUD

I don't remember a lot. But I suppose I'd like to do something on van Goff ... or however you say it.

ERROL

'Go', 'Goff', 'Gock' who knows? Regardless, he was a post-impressionist. Latter part of the nineteenth century. Added emotional or symbolic meanings to their work. None more emotional than good old Vincent, eh?

Daoud notes this comment as Errol settles on a pencil sketch variation of van Gogh's "Starry Night".

Intermittently, students wander in and out of the store room behind Errol. They're an independent lot.

ERROL

Well, you've made your first impression. Who'd you say you had last year?

DAOUD

Ms. Lambith.

ERROL

Hmm ... didn't make any comments to me last year.

He reviews the sketches yet again, eyes excited.

ERROL
Get much painting done with Ms
Lambith. Like on a big canvas?

DAOUD
Not a lot.

ERROL
Not to worry. We'll sort that out.

DAOUD
But I helped paint the mural on the
change room of the swimming pool.
Back in Year Eight.

ERROL
That so? If that's the case, don't
suppose you'd be interested in
getting some work experience, would
you?

DAOUD
How do you mean? We did that last
year. We don't do it in final year.

ERROL
No, no, I mean, just some casual
work for a few weekends. Doing
scenery et cetera for a stage play.

Daoud lowers his eyes.

ERROL
Bit like murals.

DAOUD
Weekends? Sorry. Homework, y'know.
Keep my father happy.

Khan looks up, frowns before she hastily returns to her
doodling.

Sensing the lad's discomfort, Errol doesn't push it further.

ERROL
No sweat.