

The Death of Bunny Munro

By

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Based on Nick Cave's 'The Death of Bunny Munro'

EXT. BRIGHTON BEACH - MORNING

Waves roll against a pebbled beach and smash across an outstretched pier.

The beach is empty.

CUT TO:

INT. GRENVILLE HOTEL, ROOM 3 - NIGHT

BUNNY MUNRO (30, brown hair) wearing nothing but his trunks stares out of his hotel window at the pebbled beach.

He gradually lifts his eyes up towards the grey sky.

Bunny snaps away and bounds onto the hotel bed, balancing his mobile phone between his chest and chin.

BUNNY MUNRO:

(To his mobile)

Don't worry, love, everything's going to be all right.

Bunny wrestles open a miniature bottle of brandy and gulps it down in one.

LIBBY (V.O.):

I'm scarred Bunny.

Bunny's face sours as the booze hits.

BUNNY MUNRO:

You've got nothing to be scarred of.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAYSON COURT, FLAT 13, BEDROOM - SAME

Various trinkets and skin care products are scattered across the room.

LIBBY (long straight black hair, 24, snow skin) dressed in a dressing gown, rocks from side to side on a double bed.

She holds her phone tight against her wet cheek.

LIBBY:

I'm scarred of everything.

Libby sobs.

CUT TO:

INT. GRENVILLE HOTEL, ROOM 3 - SAME

Bunny leans forward, rolling his eyes, and begins to make a cigarette on the bedside table.

BUNNY MUNRO:
Don't talk like that, it's
pointless going that way.

Bunny lights the cigarette and takes a long drag before
sighing.

Bunny's eyes widen and he takes another drag.

It hits him hard.

BUNNY MUNRO (COUGHING):
Fuck!

CUT TO:

INT. GRAYSON COURT, FLAT 13, BEDROOM - SAME

Bunny's coughing fit emanates from the receiver.

BUNNY MUNRO (V.O):
Libby, tell me you've taken your
Tegretol.

Libby stretches the phone away from her and stifles a loud
sob.

CUT TO:

INT. GRENVILLE HOTEL, ROOM 3 - SAME

LIBBY (V.O):
Your father called again, he shouts
at me, I never know what to say.

Bunny massages his forehead.

BUNNY MUNRO:
The Doctor said if you don't take
your pills you get depressed. How
many times do we have to go through
this.

A sob replies from the phone.

Then another and another...

The sound stagnates and calms.

CUT TO:

INT. EASTBOURNE, B AND B, HOTEL ROOM - PAST

Bunny is stood in his trunks, just as in the present,
watching a bed and its covers shift and move. An orange
wedding gown is sprawled on the floor.

Bunny watches the first night him and Libby spent together.

A sob sounds, then another, until eventually it calms.

LIBBY:
I'm sorry, I get a little emotional
sometimes.

CUT TO:

INT. GRENVILLE HOTEL, ROOM 3 - PRESENT

Bunny returns from his memories.

BUNNY MUNRO:
Just take the fucking Tegretol.

LIBBY (V.O):
There was this man on the news
attacking women up north. He wears
a red face paint and devil horns.

Stumping out his cigarette, Bunny sighs.

BUNNY MUNRO:
We're in Brighton, we're about as
far south as we can get without
getting in the bloody sea.

Bunny turns on the hotel T.V he sees the man in question,
frozen in CCTV footage.

He flexes his eyelids.

BUNNY MUNRO:
Where's Bunny Junior?

Reaching for another miniature spirit, vodka this time,
Bunny coils back into bed.

LIBBY (V.O):
In his room I guess.

Bunny opens the vodka.

BUNNY MUNRO:
Look, sweetie, take your Tegretol,
have a sleeping tablet - heck have
two if you need to - I'll be back
tomorrow. Early.

He finishes his vodka.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAYSON COURT, FLAT 13, BEDROOM - SAME

Libby moves to look out of a near window.

Crying sounds can be heard - birds squawking.

LIBBY:

The West Pier is on fire. The gulls
are screaming.

CUT TO:

INT. GRENVILLE HOTEL, ROOM 3 - SAME

Bunny stands up, realising he is very drunk, and moves to
look out of the window.

He sees the pier ablaze against the dark night sky, the
gulls cry slightly quieter.

BUNNY MUNRO:

I'll be back tomorrow babe, early.

LIBBY (V.O.):

Do you love me Bun?

BUNNY MUNRO:

Upon christ and all his saints.
Listen, I'm miles away, I'll see
you tomorrow early as I can, yeah?

CUT TO:

INT. GRAYSON COURT, FLAT 13, BEDROOM - SAME

LIBBY:

Bunny, you fucking liar.

Libby slams the phone down.

CUT TO:

INT. GRENVILLE HOTEL, ROOM 3 - SAME

Bunny retreats to bed once more and puts the phone down on
the side of the table.

He moves his hands behind his head and relaxes.

PROSTITUTE:

You got your hands full there
darling.

Bunny looks to the bathroom door, where a young women stands
in nothing but her underwear.

BUNNY MUNRO:

She has a medical condition.

PROSTITUTE:

Her and me both.

The Prostitute approaches Bunny.

BUNNY MUNRO:
Huh, yeah right.

PROSTITUTE:
Quiet baby.

The women gets into the hotel bed with Bunny who turns to accommodate her.

BUNNY MUNRO:
Call me Bunny.

CUT TO:

INT. GRENVILLE HOTEL, DINING ROOM - MORNING

The room is more of a primary school assembly hall, with large glass windows, than a hotel eating area.

The large windows allow the guests to observe the looming tide of Brighton Beach.

A WAITRESS (RIVER) serves on one of the two tables of customers; an old man (KEITH - elderly, balding, heavy with jewelry) with a young accomplice (Diane - fur coat) and Bunny sat alone a few tables away in a light blue sports jacket.

KEITH:
(To River)
Yes, full English please.
(To Diane)
And you Darling?

Bunny glares, observing the group with intent.

DIANE:
I'll just have the fruit salad
please.

River writes down the order and rushes off into the kitchen - new job.

Bunny continues his glare, eyeing up Diane and then watching Keith massage her leg beneath the table.

After a moment, Keith notices.

KEITH:
Do I know you?

BUNNY MUNRO (ACROSS THE ROOM):
What.

Diane looks at Bunny and smiles.

Bunny smiles back.

KEITH:

Oh, you really are something aren't you!

Keith turns Diane away and shuffles his seat from the view of Bunny.

Bunny smirks.

RIVER:

Order Sir?

Bunny looks up to see a twenty-something year old, Libby look a like.

BUNNY MUNRO:

Not sure I have the time.

River turns to walk away.

BUNNY MUNRO (CONT'D):

Hey, what's your name?

She looks back.

RIVER:

River.

BUNNY MUNRO:

Oh yeah. It's pretty.

River looks at the ground hiding her face.

RIVER:

I was born near a river.

Bunny chuckles.

BUNNY MUNRO:

Good job you weren't born near a toilet.

River turns and walks away.

BUNNY MUNRO (CONT'D):

No! C'mon, I'm sorry it was just a joke. See if you can guess what my name is.

Shaking her head, she half turns.

RIVER:

What?

BUNNY MUNRO:

I'll give you a clue.

Bunny proceeds to press his two front teeth over his bottom lip and stick two fingers behind his head.

River laughs.

RIVER:

No idea.

Holding the same pose, Bunny crinkles his nose.

RIVER (CONT'D):

Oh, Bunny! Ha-ha, suddenly River doesn't seem so bad.

Bunny drops his act.

BUNNY MUNRO:

You got it.

Leaning down, Bunny reveals a small suitcase from under the table.

He opens it: an assortment of lotions and soaps inside.

He takes one clear bottle.

BUNNY MUNRO (CONT'D):

Here take this.

River takes the bottle eyeing it curiously.

BUNNY MUNRO:

It's elastin rich hand lotion.

RIVER:

You sell this stuff.

BUNNY MUNRO:

Yeah, door to door. It's bloody miraculous. You can have it for free.

Bunny looks at his watch: '10:50'

BUNNY MUNRO (CONT'D):

I can give you a demonstration if you like. Its got aloe-vera in it.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNNY'S FIAT PUNTO, PARKED - LATER

The car radio's clock reads: '12:15'

Bunny turns the ignition and after three angered attempts and a spluttering of black smoke, the car starts.

Bunny drives the car through weekend traffic and emerges onto the seafront.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIGHTON SEAFRONT - SAME

Bunny drives past happy go lucky school girls, morning joggers, sun kissed couples laying on the beach, ice cream customers, the book readers, the swimmers even the fisherman.

Bunny slows the car near an Ipod wielding RUNNER and waves.

He then sees a sunbathing girl with what he sees as a tattoo of a bow on her back.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNNY'S FIAT PUNTO - SAME

Bunny rolls up the window.

BUNNY MUNRO:
Gift wrapped.

Bunny sounds his car horn.

Beyond the window a group of YOUTHS give him the finger.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRIGHTON SEAFRONT - SAME

The Youths continue to swear at Bunny as he drives away from the seafront towards a main road.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNNY'S FIAT PUNTO - SAME

Bunny turns the radio up.

'Spinning Round' by Kylie Minogue comes on.

RADIO:
I'm spinning around, get out of my
way.

Bunny folds open the sun visor in front of him, revealing a stuck on photo of Libby.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAYSON COURT, FLAT 13, BEDROOM - BUNNY'S THOUGHTS

Bunny stood at the edge of the bed watches Libby get out of bed and approach him.

She starts to kiss him and they embrace.

RADIO(V.O):
I know you're feeling me.

CUT TO:

INT. BUNNY'S FIAT PUNTO - SAME

RADIO:
Cause you like it like this.

Bunny laughs.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAYSON COURT, PARKING - LATER

Bunny pulls up the car and exits.

He walks towards the flat block humming the tune of the radio with a spring in his step.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAYSON COURT, STAIR WELL - SAME

Bunny treads the concrete steps, passing CYNTHIA (Teenage, pimples) and her assumed BOYFRIEND.

BUNNY MUNRO:
Careful Cynthia, that doggy looks infected.

Bunny continues his climb and his humming.

BOYFRIEND (IN THE DISTANCE):
Come here and say that again.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAYSON COURT, FLAT 13, LIVING ROOM - SAME

The room is dark, a single bent lamp shade allowing some light.

The door swings open, allowing more light in, and Bunny enters.

Pizza boxes, soda cans, clothes; they are all sprawled across the floor.

Bunny flicks the light switch but nothing happens, the bulb has been removed.

He notices the furniture has been moved, his chair for instance is turned to face the wall, like a naughty child.

BUNNY JUNIOR:
Hi, Dad.

Scared out of his skin, Bunny pivots around nearly falling over.

He sees his son BUNNY JUNIOR (nine years old, skinny, blonde.)

BUNNY MUNRO:

Fuck me Bunny Boy! You scarred the
shit out of me!

He puts an arm on his son.

BUNNY MUNRO:

What happened here?

Bunny Junior looks around - shell shocked.

BUNNY JUNIOR:

I don't know Dad.

BUNNY MUNRO:

You don't know you bloody live here
don't you? Where's your mother?

BUNNY JUNIOR:

She's locked in her room.

Bunny Junior rubs his forehead.

BUNNY JUNIOR (CONT'D):

She wont come out Dad.

Bunny Munro looks once more at his clothes on the floor, he sees now that they have been slashed and ripped.

The two walk towards the main bedroom, past a torn box of
Coco Pops.

Bunny Junior crushes them with his feet.

Bunny Munro bangs on the door.

BUNNY MUNRO:

Libby!

He notices his son.

BUNNY MUNRO:

Don't do that.

He bangs again.

BUNNY MUNRO:

Libby!? For fucks sake Libby!

Bunny lowers to the keyhole: he peers through and sees his
wife stood in the orange gown she wore on her wedding night.

BUNNY MUNRO:
Oh, c'mon baby it's your Bunny Man.

Still no answer.

BUNNY MUNRO:
Stand back Bunny Boy.

BUNNY JUNIOR:
But Dad I have a key.

Bunny Munro launches himself at the door, separating the hinges and entering the bedroom.

Bunny Junior turns away.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAYSON COURT, FLAT 13, BEDROOM - SAME

Bunny Munro stands up: quiet, awestruck.

BUNNY MUNRO (WHISPER):
Fuck.

Libby Munro, in her orange wedding dress, hangs from the security grille.