

# OFF SEASON

by

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Mary hates the camper van and is stuck with her disgusting husband Tony,  
but fate takes the wheel and brings her on an unexpected journey.

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FADE IN:

EXT. BYROAD - DAY

A beat-up camper van snakes along under a grey sky.

INT. CAMPER VAN - SAME TIME

MARY (52) behind the wheel, wrapped in a comfy cardigan - lost to her thoughts.

Husband TONY (59) stuffed into the passenger seat, ingesting the seatbelt and a can of stout. He slurps from the rim, his breathing laboured.

TONY  
You're driving like Miss  
Daisy, Mary. Put the foot  
down will ye?

MARY  
I'm doing the limit.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Just put the foot down.

Tony adjusts his crotch, the hint of a wedding band smothered by fat fingers.

CUT TO:

EXT. RURAL TOWN - AFTERNOON

Heavy rain. A young boy jumps into the road, darts in front of the van.

INT. CAMPER VAN - CONTINUOUS

Mary hits the breaks, the van lurches to a stop.

Windscreen wipers on full.

MARY  
Sorry.

TONY  
Jesus Christ Mary.

MARY (CONT'D)  
I said sorry.

MARY (CONT'D)  
He just jumped out of nowhere.

Mary moves the van on, checking for the boy. She finds him, ducked into a doorway with a loaf of bread.

MARY (CONT'D)  
He's soaked to the skin, God love  
him.

TONY MARY (CONT'D)  
 Next left. He looks like Jamie.

TONY (CONT'D)  
 Left, Mary. Turn left.

Mary indicates, takes the turn.

TONY (CONT'D)  
 Now, open her up a bit, get this  
 holiday started.

Tony pulls on his vape, Mary cracks the window on autopilot.

MARY (V.O.)  
 We're always late to our holiday.  
 He said: 'Let's go later in  
 September, it'll be cheaper'. I'm  
 not expecting much. But, he know  
 best.

Tony opens another can.

MARY (V.O.)  
 We're to go back to somewhere-or-  
 other again this year. Back to the  
 scene of another depressing  
 staycation.

TONY  
 Hanley's coming up on the right.

MARY (V.O.)  
 And I hate driving this thing...  
 It's at least four-hours to the  
 coast. One stop along the way to  
 fill up the tank, and for him to  
 stuff his face. He likes the larger  
 service stations, with the fast-  
 food outlets attached. I packed  
 myself a sambo - so I don't have to  
 watch him eating in public.

Tony checks the app on his smartphone.

TONY  
 Hanley's in 800 metres.

MARY (V.O.)  
 I don't know why he doesn't just  
 turn up the volume - so I can hear  
 the directions. He prefers to bark  
 them at me, like the big man he is.  
 (MORE)

MARY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'm not even allowed see the screen. He'll mutter directions under his breath and all, so I miss the turning. He likes to do that when I'm getting tired.

TONY

Hanley's. Mary? RIGHT TURN.

MARY (V.O.)

Maybe it's me, I've stopped listening to him?

Tony claps his hands in front of Mary's face.

TONY

TAKE THE RIGHT!

Mary indicates, pulls the camper onto the forecourt.

CUT TO:

EXT. HANLEY'S SERVICE STATION - PETROL PUMPS - MOMENTS LATER

Mary struggles with the petrol cap, starts filling the tank.

MARY

I'll park up and wait for you.

Tony wanders over to the fast-food restaurants, pulling on his vape.

CUT TO:

INT. FAST-FOOD RESTAURANT - TEN MINUTES LATER

Tony sits alone, methodically pushing food into his mouth. He doesn't savour or enjoy the food.

EXT. HANLEY'S SERVICE STATION - PARKING AREA - SAME TIME

Mary picks at a plain sandwich in the back of the camper van, watching a steady stream of traffic pass.

The gentle buzz of a message lands to Mary's phone, lighting up the screen. She opens it.

ON MARY'S MOBILE PHONE SCREEN:

A photo from Jamie and husband Todd (mid 30s), sitting beside a sun-drenched pool. The text says 'WISH YOU WERE HERE, J Xx'.

Mary zooms in on their faces, lingers on Jamie's smile.

BACK TO SCENE

Mary takes a bite from her sandwich, the van shakes as a truck speeds past.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUIET BYROAD - EARLY EVENING

As the sun sets, the van climbs a hill road. The headlights flick on.

INT. CAMPER VAN - CONTINUOUS

Mary suppresses a yawn, lifts her glasses to rub her eyes.

Tony opens a bag of crisps, puts his weight on one buttock for a moment, grins at Mary.

TONY  
(proudly)  
Incoming.

Tony fans his hands at Mary, so the stench hits its mark.

Mary winces, holds her hand to her nose, cracks the window.

MARY  
Jesus Tony.

Tony laughs, inhales air theatrically.

MARY (V.O.)  
The dirty bastard.

He leans in close, forces a burp into Mary's face.

She tries to block him with her hand.

TONY  
Two for the price of one,  
Mary. Two for the price of  
one.

MARY  
Would you ever grow up?

MARY (CONT'D)  
You're rotten inside.

MARY (V.O.)  
Jesus wept, that's rank.

Tony looks at his smartphone.

TONY  
I want to try this next pub coming  
up. Just up ahead.

MARY  
Where'll we park up?

TONY  
In the car park.

It starts to rain.

MARY  
I meant for the night.

TONY  
It'll be grand here.

MARY (V.O.)  
Tony thinks that booking a camp site is a waste of money. It's money he could better spend on booze. He 'people watches' - he'll stare at until they're uncomfortable. They'll look back at him then of course, but Tony will always look away - like the coward he is. Shit-faced after a feed of pints.

Mary turns the wipers on.

MARY (V.O.)  
The evenings are the worst. We stagnate at a table until he's ready to leave. People watching from a corner.

TONY  
Here it is, Tommy's Bar - on the left Mary.

MARY (V.O.)  
I'll tell him I'm tired, that usually works on the first night.

TONY  
Pull into the car park Mary, tuck her in around the back.

Mary indicates.

TONY (CONT'D)  
This'll do.

EXT/INT. CAMPER VAN - TOMMY'S BAR CAR PARK

Mary parks as far from the pub as possible.

In the wing mirror, she glimpses a beach.

Tony opens the door, turns to her.

TONY  
You're coming in?

MARY  
You go on. I'm tired from all the driving.

Tony stares at her.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Maybe for a bit, so. I'll join you in a little while, I just need to stretch my legs, once the rain dies down, that is.

TONY  
Just don't be long.

Tony slides out of the seat, slams the door behind him.

Mary watches through the wipers, her face somewhere between a grimace and a laugh as Tony runs awkwardly to the pub.

MARY (V.O.)  
He only ever runs if it's raining. Not so much a run, mind. Not sure what you'd call that. He's never run, not since Jamie was a boy, when he forced football on him. Tony said it would 'make him a man', 'toughen him up a bit'. 'Stop him playing with girls'.

Tony steps in a puddle, his body twists like a fish out of water.

MARY (V.O.)  
Jamie was quite content with his fashion magazines and my old clothes - cutting them up to create his 'catwalk creations'.

Mary's smile hardens.

MARY  
Jamie couldn't wait to leave.

Mary watches Tony interrupt a lad smoking in the doorway, taking shelter under an overhang. Tony pauses, gestures for a smoke - the lad shakes his head.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Scabby bastard.

In the wing mirror, Mary stares at the beach.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANDY BEACH - DAY [FLASHBACK]

A younger Mary walking with Jamie (mid 20s), they link arms.

MARY  
I'll miss you, you know? You're  
sure about this?

JAMIE  
One hundred percent. You have to  
promise me though, that you'll come  
visit?

Mary rests her head on Jamie's shoulder.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
At least once, mam?

Mary hides her tears.

[FLASHBACK ENDS]

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CAMPER VAN - TOMMY'S BAR CAR PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Mary peers out at the rain. The lad discards his cigarette,  
walks into the pub.

Mary checks herself in the rear view mirror. She looks tired.

CUT TO:

INT. FAMILY HOME - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Jamie aggressively packs clothes into a suitcase. Mary is in  
tears, trying to stop him. Tony shouts from the next room.

TONY (O.C.)  
Let him go, New York is full of  
them, they're like rats. No place  
for that sort of carry on here. You  
hear?

MARY  
Let me talk to him again.

JAMIE

I can't take his shite anymore,  
mam.

TONY (O.C.)

My house - my rules!

MARY

He doesn't mean it, you know how he  
gets.

Tony slams the back door, they watch him walk down the  
street.

JAMIE

That's just it though, he does mean  
it. That's what hurts.

Mary falls silent.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

It's alright. I'll be okay.

Jamie comforts her.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

Mam? You need to get away from him.

[FLASHBACK ENDS]

CUT TO:

INT. TOMMY'S BAR - BESIDE THE TOILETS - LATER

There's a lively atmosphere in the bar. Tony and Mary sit  
alone in a corner, empty pint glasses and crisp packets  
litter the table.

Tony has a fresh pint of Guinness and a bag of peanuts open.  
Mary silently plays games on her phone, sipping a glass of  
sparkling water.

A couple of twenty-something girls snigger as they pass to go  
to the toilet.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. CAMPER VAN - TOMMY'S BAR CAR PARK - CLOSING TIME

A light on in the back of the camper van, curtains drawn.  
Shouts and whistles, palms bang on the side of the van as  
drinkers head home.

In bed, Mary removes her glasses, puts her book away.

She hears Tony's key hitting off the lock and quickly arranges herself to appear asleep.

The door swings open and Tony staggers about in a drunken stupor trying to switch on the light.

The sound of his zipper as Tony squeezes himself onto the toilet. He urinates loudly and breaks wind from both ends.

Not long after, Tony passes out on the toilet.

Mary turns out the light.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. CAMPER VAN - TOMMY'S BAR CAR PARK - EARLY MORNING

The van is parked alone in the car park. It's a glorious day.

Mary wakes, opens a window to freshen the stale air. She hears seagulls, smells the sea, pulls on clothes and a pair of runners.

Then she notices the van is silent.

MARY

Tony?

She checks the bathroom.

Tony is slumped in a heap on the toilet.

MARY (CONT'D)

Tony...?

Mary pokes him with a finger.

MARY (CONT'D)

Come on Tony, this isn't funny. Not this time. Tony?

Mary freezes.

MARY (CONT'D)

You awake? Tony?

She silently closes the bathroom door.

Opening more windows, sounds of the beach grow louder.

CUT TO:

EXT. PEBBLE BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Mary walks briskly, without pleasure.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANDY BEACH - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Younger Mary and Jamie walking, arms linked.

JAMIE

He'll never change, mam.

Mary squeezes Jamie's arm.

[FLASHBACK ENDS]

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. PEBBLE BEACH - LATE MORNING

Mary walks barefoot in the surf. She stops, pulls out her mobile.

ON MARY'S MOBILE PHONE SCREEN:

She searches: 'Camp sites nearby' and a map displays. She clicks on 'CARRAHAVEN', then on the phone number.

BACK TO SCENE

Mary brings the phone to her ear.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMPER VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Mary takes the wheel and a long breath, closes the door.

ON MARY'S MOBILE PHONE SCREEN:

She opens the map app and plots a route to 'CARRAHAVEN' - hits 'START'.

BACK TO SCENE

She sets off. The map app speaks.

AUTOMATED VOICE

Head west, you are on the fastest  
route. In 500 metres, at the  
junction, turn right.



AUTOMATED VOICE  
I said he's dead, Mary.  
STONE. COLD. DEAD.

Mary is silent.

AUTOMATED VOICE (CONT'D)  
In 300 metres, your destination  
will be on the right.

CUT TO:

EXT. 'CARHAVEN' CAMP SITE - CAMPER VAN - SUNSET

The camper van is parked with all the windows open, people in nearby campers enjoying their night.

Mary sits in her coat with a blanket wrapped around her legs, drinking wine.

She pulls out her mobile.

ON MARY'S MOBILE PHONE SCREEN:

Mary types 'flights to New York', hits search.

She navigates to Jamie's number in her contacts, takes a moment to look at his photo, then hits dial.

BACK TO SCENE

Mary brings the phone to her ear.

FADE OUT.

THE END