

LADIES DAY BY 'DB' MORGAN

ACT ONE

To an epic soundtrack- a monumental event is nigh!

INT. THE BACK OF A BLACK CAB - EVENING

Dull tone of a car engine. We focus on a closeup of a man's face: JACK PIPER (26- startling eyes- macho- steely). He has an animal mask- a LION- rested on his head.

We pull back- three men sit in the cab- tense/subdued- with animal masks rested on their heads: Jack the lion, HAIRPIN TONY (51- more goatlike than the GOAT mask on his head) and THE OX (29 - a violent, scarred thug) wears a GORILLA and a Leeds United football shirt.

Opposite Jack, The Ox- focussed- snorts a line of coke from the back of his hand as Jack adjusts his testicles, picks up a CAN OF LAGER, cracks the ringpull and drains it. He scrunches it, tossing it across the car. Jack sucks in air and lets rip a huge belch, double palming it across the car to Hairpin; who flicks him the finger.

Jack turns to The Ox, to find him fitting brass knuckles to his hand. Jack places his hand over the Ox's and tactfully pulls the brass knuckles off, shaking his head to him in distaste as he tosses the weapon under the seat.

EXT. A TOWN STREET - A BATTERED OLD BLACK CAB

Freeze frame on Jack...

JACK PIPER

That's me; Jack. Travelling Jack Piper; and you might well ask what the hell we're about to do, and you know what... that's the exact same question's been plaguin' me for the past few hours. I'm not a villain (beat) i'm a map designer. Or at least I was until some bollock invented the in car sat-nav and snuffed my life out. So, I got a city and guilds in technical design and a first aid certificate as way of a skill set;

(MORE)

JACK PIPER (CONT'D)

a wife who can't even bear to look at me coz we're squatting in her parents spare room living on handouts, and yeah, i'm shitting it (beat) green as a spring meadow and way out my depth. But what'm I gonna do. The first viable business opportunity that comes my way; that's what. So let's see how that one panned out!

EXT. GALA BINGO HALL

The group run into A CHEAP BINGO HALL, scattering a group of old biddies as they fling the doors open.

INT. GALA BINGO LOBBY

The group leap over the counter and The Ox grabs the shocked PRISTINE ATTENDANT. He bangs the man's head several times on the office door, screaming for it to be opened. Jack holds the MANAGER against a wall with his elbow as Hairpin keeps guard. The terrified attendant types a code into the door.

INT. BINGO HALL - BACK OFFICE

The group run into the back office and overpower the two NERDY (mid twenties) BINGO OFFICIALS and march them towards a safe.

INT. GALA BINGO LOBBY

The group run out of the back office and vault the counter, carrying several holdalls of money. As they reach the exit a FEMALE SALVATION ARMY OFFICER- a kindly blue rinser- bars their way with a stern wagging finger.

SALVATION ARMY LADY

(Bold preaching)

Our lord jesus tells us that if you see your enemy hungry, go buy that person lunch, or if he's thirsty, get him a drink. Your generosity will surprise him with goodness. Do not let evil get the best of you; get the best of evil by doing good.

The Ox nods with impressed ponderment... then headbutts her hard in the face.

The elderly lady flies through the air and smashes against a wall- falling to the floor clutching her chest. The group flee through the entrance, towards the cab- leaving Jack bringing up the rear. He pauses and looks at the old woman.

The Ox stops for him to catch up- beckoning him on as Jack runs back to the old lady and places down his bag. He checks her airway, places her in the recovery position and then heads for the door... to see the taxi roar away. A moment later two police cars skid into its place. Jack stops- lowers his head in despair and is jumped on by four police officers.

ON SCREEN - 'NINE YEARS LATER'

INT. A QUIET NOOK IN THE CORNER OF A PUB

The dullest pub on earth. An old jukebox in the corner repeats the same loop as an old drunk slumps into the corner of the bar, laughing to himself. The Ox stands at the bar ordering drinks.

We locate Jack and Hairpin Tony sitting around a table, staring at a cake. This is the worst cake ever made- an uneven landscape of off-colour icing with the phrase 'WE CUM HO E' etched on it. Patches of icing have been ripped off and you wouldn't want to feed it to a pig.

JACK PIPER

What the fuck is that?

He looks at Hairpin- a wirey mess of a man who always looks sexually charged.

HAIRPIN TONY

(gravelly)

Don't be like that- mum made it for ya.

JACK PIPER

Is she on crack.

Hairpin pauses, before answering.

HAIRPIN TONY

NO! She's an ill woman... she made it in bed.

THE OX
 (calling over)
 Ill, bed and cake aren't exactly
 three words you want in the same
 fucking sentence.

HAIRPIN TONY
 (after a confused pause)
 And where's your bloody cake?

JACK PIPER
 It's a beautiful gesture mate,
 please be sure to thank her.
 (pause) did you take a picture?

HAIRPIN TONY
 (guttled)
 No. (long pause) Why?

JACK PIPER
 It's a record breaker mate. But
 what's with all the...

He points to the missing letters and icing.

HAIRPIN TONY
 She's got emphysema... she
 spluttered a bit. Had to pick out
 the... you know.. had to pick off
 the phlegm... Can't have a cake
 with phlegm on it (beat) can ya.

Jack stares at Hairpin in disbelief; then remembers his
 caring side.

JACK PIPER
 We'll have some a bit later yeah.

HAIRPIN TONY
 (proudly)
 You'll get the first slice.

Jack smiles warmly as The Ox returns to the table and slams
 the tray of beer bottles and shots on top of the cake:
 gesturing 'job done' to Jack as Hairpin stares, broken
 hearted, at the cake.

INT. A QUIET CORNER OF THE PUB

Jack shields the phone to his ear.

JACK PIPER
 (awkward/on phone)
 ...yeah well i'm home now... How's
 yer mum?

Jack listens intently down the phone- his face saddens. He rests the phone between his shoulder and ear and scratches his arse, foraging, as he belches away from the phone.

JACK PIPER (CONT'D)
 Tell her i'll drop by tomorrow!

Jack sniffs his finger, grimaces and looks to the table as Hairpin looks back- smiling. He waves a small envelope.

JACK PIPER (CONT'D)
 I've got a bit of money for you
 both. Maybe you'll be able to buy
 that new horsey (saddened) Oh!
 Obviously a bit minted then.

Jack lightly bangs his fist into a wooden beam.

JACK PIPER (CONT'D)
 Yeah well maybe you can buy
 something else you want. Look I got
 to go; tell your mum i'll come by
 tomorrow--- What do you mean don't--
 it's been nine years muppet and I
 want to see ya -- well that's her
 problem--- i'll see ya tomorrow.

Jack clicks off the phone. His face tinged with sadness. He pockets the phone and returns to the table.

HAIRPIN TONY
 You alright Jack.

JACK PIPER
 (trying to hide it)
 Yeah fine.

Hairpin slides the envelope across the table...

HAIRPIN TONY
 It's not much.

JACK PIPER
 (snappy)
 Well it needs to be.

He rips open the bulging envelope and tips the contents onto the table- a wad of five pound notes, together with about a hundred pounds in small change. He stares in disbelief.

THE OX
 (menacing justification)
 Don't look at me; you're the one
 who got caught and lost most of
 the money.

HAIRPIN TONY
 (deeply embarrassed)
 It's a recession... And mum needed
 a new defibrillator.

Jack slumps back into his chair.

JACK PIPER
 (slow and deliberate)
 You had thousands- I saw it with me
 own eyes.

THE OX
 No you had thousands and you lost
 the lot. You left us with about
 twenty grand.

JACK PIPER
 I've just done nine fucking years
 for you!

Jack nods towards The Ox.

JACK PIPER (CONT'D)
 What about you.

The Ox drops his head.

THE OX
 (laced with sarcasm)
 defibrillator my arse. He bought a
 blow up rubber doll.

HAIRPIN TONY
 (angered under his breath)
 A 'REAL DOLL'.

JACK PIPER
 A what?

THE OX
 (mocking)
 A blow up rubber dolly.

HAIRPIN TONY

(agitated)

IT'S NOT A BLOW UP RUBBER FUCKING
DOLLY, IT'S A REAL DOLL (beat) a
sculptured lifelike companion.

JACK PIPER

You spent ten grand on a blow up
fucking rubber doll.

Irritated, Hairpin hastily pulls a couple of photographs from
his wallet and waves them in front of Jack's face.

HAIRPIN TONY

DOES THAT LOOK LIKE A BLOW UP
RUBBER FUCKING DOLLY TO YOU. She,
is, my life partner... my queen!

He flicks through several photographs of the doll in various
items of skimpy lingerie and other pictures of her naked and
bending in all sorts of lurid sexual positions.

JACK PIPER

I don't fucking believe this.

HAIRPIN TONY

(lightening up)

I know. It's amazing.. even her
skin feels real.. And when you're
fucking her... Well, it's like
slipping into a pot of honey.

JACK PIPER

Shutup Hairpin.

Jack turns towards the Ox.

JACK PIPER (CONT'D)

And you?

The Ox sucks in air and attempts to justify himself.

HAIRPIN TONY

(without hesitation)

He spunked it all at the bookies.

The Ox rises tall and confronts Tony.

THE OX

AT LEAST I DON'T DRESS A SINDY DOLL
LIKE A DUTCH HOOKER AND DRIVE HER
AROUND TOWN LIKE A FUCKING TWAT.

HAIRPIN TONY
AT LEAST I GOT SOMETHING TO SHOW
FOR MY MONEY. AT LEAST... Oh fuck
off!

The pair square up to each other. Jack nods with stark realization and sinks the shots one by one as The Ox and Hairpin push each other around in the nook.

Fade TO BLACK.

LOUD FRANTIC KNOCKING

INT. A BEDROOM - NIGHT

A light switches on to reveal a couple in bed, back to back and miles apart. The loud knocking continues as a middle aged man, ARCHIE BAMFORTH, climbs out of bed and grabs a pink frilly dressing gown.

EXT. ARCHIE'S HOUSE - A DARKENED FRONT DOOR

JACK PIPER, broad and chiselled, in silhouette, bangs hard on the door. He sways vigorously- extremely drunk.

INT. DESCENDING STAIRS

Archie- paunchy and startled- trudges down the stairs as the knocking intensifies.

ARCHIE BAMFORTH
Alright alright.

EXT. ARCHIE'S HOUSE - A DARKENED FRONT DOOR

A porch light switches on and we see the man at the door more clearly. He is heavily tattooed. We HEAR clanking of the door chain, the door opens a few inches and Archie peers through the door.

Jack's foot kicks the door open and enters the house...

INT. ARCHIE'S DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

...forcing Archie by the chest against the wall.

JACK PIPER
Where's my wife.

Archie mumbles a few incoherent words and nods towards the upstairs as Jack stares at him lingeringly.

JACK PIPER (CONT'D)
(menacingly toying)
Archie!

Jack slowly lifts his fist and cranks it back theatrically as Archie cowers against the wall.

We pan out to see a woman, MILLIE PIPER, standing on the stairs. Archie stares towards her and Jack follows his gaze. Millie, mid thirties, is weathered but hot. She wears a small nightdress and stares at Jack unflinchingly. Jack's look softens- he stares back at her and loosens his grip.

Millie launches herself towards Jack and begins pushing him wildly in the chest. Steering him away from Archie she slaps him repeatedly as Archie slides down the wall in relief.

Jack retreats to the door- continuing to defend the flourish of emotion that rains down on him- as Archie rises and grabs a golf club from O/C. He looks a picture idiot in his wife's dressing gown, 'manning up' with the weapon.

Now half in and half outside, with the door closing, Jack spies the weapon in Archie's hand and forces his way back inside. Millie leaps towards Archie in his defence- trying to wrestle the club from his hands- as Archie hurls timid abuse (unheard to us) at the intruder. He pushes Millie away and she falls through a coat rack.

Jack attacks... He sidesteps a feeble attempted hit from the club and punches Archie once in the face. Out cold- Archie falls to the floor.

SLOW FADE OUT