

HOW NOT TO CHANGE

YOUR BOYFRIEND

by

Alison wilkie

Flat 6
53 Eardley crescent
Earls Court
LONDON SW5 9JT

Tel: 0207 3731449
Mob: 0796 1742204

Email: alison@burningbridges.org.uk
Web: www.burningbridges.org.uk

© Registration No: C101537

FADE IN:

A SEASIDE TOWN. AUTUMN. PRESENT DAY.

EXT. BEACH -- NIGHT

A devilishly stormy night.

The sea surges over rocks and THRASHES against the sea wall.

THUNDER CLAPS.

A BOLT OF LIGHTENING illuminates CLIFFS in the distance.

Towering waves CASCADE onto the road.

A dripping-wet VAGRANT hurries along the prom.

..And a squeaking billboard swings violently from one hinge - announcing: WELCOME TO SUNNYFORD.

EXT. ANGEL & JOEY'S FLAT -- CONTINUOUS

The rain is sluicing.

..As The Vagrant darts up an allyway. Spying concrete steps, he scoots up to a first-floor balcony and leans back under the eaves.

A woman SQUEALS.

The Vagrant peers in a window.

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING illuminates two red stockings, fluttering from an overturned chair.

..And The Vagrant's eyes widen with interest.

Now FULL-ON DRIVING ROCK MUSIC plays...

As a wild-haired, half-dressed beauty in red bra, mini skirt and BLINDFOLD (ANGEL, 34) comes SKIDDING across the living room on her arse.

ANGEL

Joeeeeeeeey!

Red lace is RIPPING from her ra-ra skirt and her high-heeled shoes are held aloft - as she SHOTS along the polished wood - and CRASHES out of sight.

..And hurtling after her in shiny black jeans and rippling, washboard stomach, is JOEY (38) - CANNONBALLING past the window with a crazed gleam in his eye..

JOEY

Herald the Prince Of Darkness!

ANGEL (O.S.)
Please Joey, please...

JOEY (O.S.)
Thatta girl!

Angel GASPS.

And MOANS..

JOEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
This ballgame requires ice cream!

Joey struts into view and past the window - balancing a pair of knickers on his nose.

The Vagrant takes a step back.

Joey strides back past the window, pulling on a sheepskin jacket - and disappears out of sight.

JOEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Be as quick as I can.

..And The Vagrant hurriedly scarpers down the steps.

INT. ANGEL & JOEY'S FLAT -- CONTINUOUS

Angel from the waist up, in her bra. On the bed with the blindfold stuck at an angle over one eye.

..And one of her wrists handcuffed to the bedpost.

ANGEL
Don't leave me!

JOEY
Stay hot my Angel.

He winks.

ANGEL
Well bloody hurry then.

Joey blows her a kiss and leaves.

..Past a row of canvasses, propped up against the wall - all beautiful paintings of Angel, mostly naked.

EXT. ANGEL & JOEY'S FLAT -- CONTINUOUS

Joey jogs down the concrete steps.

ANGEL (O.S.)
AND DON'T YOU DARE TAKE MY BIKE!

EXT. SUNNYFORD HIGH STREET -- NIGHT

The flintstone clock tower adjoining the church is CHIMING the hour of midnight.

..As Joey struggles to ride a bright pink bicycle.. see-sawing wildly in the storm, along the deserted high street.

He skids to a halt outside a late night Supermarket, LEAPS from the bike and leans it against the glass.

INT. ANGEL & JOEY'S FLAT -- NIGHT

Photographs on the wall:

Joey on the beach, wearing a Fireman's uniform and giving Angel a fireman's lift in her bikini.

ANGEL (V.O.)

Life with Joey wasn't normal.

Another photo of Joey harnessed with ropes.. Half way up a white cliff in his swimming trunks - grinning for the camera, a red rose in his teeth.

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

But neither was it dull.

Another photo of Angel and Joey, laughing and dancing in a club; Joey is looking fabulous - dressed up as a woman.

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

You don't go out with the Joey's of this world looking for peace and quiet.

Angel, handcuffed on her back with the blindfold still over one eye - stares wistfully up at the photographs.

EXT. SUNNYFORD HIGH STREET -- NIGHT

Joey strides from the shop with ice cream under his arm and swigs from a can of beer.

He looks for the bike - it's GONE?? ..And pirouettes around:

JOEY

OI!!

..As The Vagrant peddles wildly in the distance.

ANGEL (V.O.)

Can people change?

Joey hares up the street in pursuit of The Vagrant.

INT. ANGEL & JOEY'S FLAT -- NIGHT

Angel, handcuffed to the bed, is curled up in defeat. Innocently beautiful and childlike.

Reaching over with her free hand, she compulsively rearranges the objects on the bedside table (an art-pad of Joey's sketches of Angel, a copy of The Karma Sutra and a clock).

ANGEL (V.O.)

Can Joey?

She stares hard at the clock. It's 4:00 AM.

EXT. THE PIDDLED PIKE -- MORNING

A weather-beaten seaside pub with wooden tables outside. Posters announcing quizzes and pool competitions are sellotaped to the window.

INT. THE PIDDLED PIKE -- CONTINUOUS

Giant crabs hang in fishing nets from the ceiling and ROCK MUSIC ROARS from the jukebox.

A GREASY-BIKER (40) and a WOBBLY ELDERLY GENTLEMAN (85) are playing pool.

..As the brazen-faced temptress behind the bar (JAZZ, 44) struts her glorious leather-clad butt to the beat and fills a glass with a pot-pourri of spirits - and knocks it back. She sighs. ..She may be a wild-child at heart, but she's too old to be doing this.

The Greasy Biker is watching Jazz intently.

GREASY BIKER

(Shouting over then
music)

JAZZ YOU'RE KILLING ME! WHEN ARE
WE GONNA..

(rotating his hips)
MAKE-HAPPY?

Jazz throws him a glance - "in his dreams".

GREASY BIKER (CONT'D)

I MEAN IT PRINCESS!
(Clasps his hands
to his heart)

DEEPLY AND SINCERELY!

Jazz rolls her eyes.

JAZZ

MAKE-HAPPY??

Behind her, Angel is on her knees, re-filling the shelves with bottles.

..As her MOBILE RINGS.

GREASY BIKER (O.S.)
OH YES BABY - JUST SAY WHEN!

Angel stares at the phone - takes a deep breath and answers - turning on the "tough".

ANGEL
(To phone)
I'm working Joey.

..As a hippo-sized man in a grubby vest (JOHN SMITH, 60) dumps another crate of bottles down beside her.

JOHN SMITH
That's good to know.

ANGEL
(To John Smith)
Oh.. Two minutes boss.

JOHN SMITH
That's all it takes.

He winks.

JAZZ (O.S.)
HOW ABOUT THE DAY BEFORE I DIE?

The Greasy Biker laughs off screen.

..As John Smith licks his lips in Jazz's direction - and lumbers out.

ANGEL
(To phone - loud
whisper)
No, no promises! If I had a
necklace for every promise you've
broken I'd own the crown fucking
jewels.

EXT. BETTING SHOP -- CONTINUOUS

Joey wears painting overalls as he paces the street - talking into his mobile.

JOEY
(To phone)
I mean it baby, I'm on my knees.
Let me make it up to you?

A hairy chap with tattoos and earrings, (DUDE, 30) and also in painting overalls - runs out of the betting shop, pulling the door open wide.

DUDE

Joey!

He points to a television set inside - now visible from the pavement.

..And Joey stares pop-eyed at the horse race on the screen. Covering his mobile, he does a little foxtrot.

JOEY

(To the television)

Come on, come on.. Oh yes yes,
YES! You dancer!

He talks back to his mobile.

JOEY (CONT'D)

How about I make you dinner?

INT. THE PIDDED PIKE -- CONTINUOUS

Angel closes her mobile and stands up in surprise ..And pours herself a large one.

JAZZ

(To Angel)

What's that dog done this time?

ANGEL

Oh it isn't really Joey's fault.
We were just playing a game...

Jazz grabs Angel's shoulders.

JAZZ

For god's sake ditch the playboy
and move in with me - that room
won't stay vacant forever!

Angel frowns.

ANGEL

I've decided to give him just one
more, very last *final* chance.

Jazz snorts.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

He's never cooked me dinner before.
Perhaps he's about to change.

Jazz sashays towards a door marked MERRY MERMAIDS.

JAZZ

Dogs like Joey never change.

INT. PUB TOILETS -- AFTERNOON

Jazz strides out of a cubicle and stops in surprise..

John Smith is blocking her way.

JOHN SMITH

You're drinking all my profits.

JAZZ

(Winks)

That's why we're so hospitable.

JOHN SMITH

(Twinkling)

And now it's pay-back.

He pushes Jazz back inside the cubicle.

JAZZ

Easy...

JOHN SMITH

Everything has a price my lovely.

He puckers up.

JOHN SMITH (CONT'D)

And mine is one little kiss.

Jazz ducks under his arm and runs out into the bathroom..

..And John Smith pounds out after her and pulls her into a clinch.

JAZZ

Gerroff!

She breaks free and dashes towards the sinks - with John Smith chasing after her - and loving it.

JOHN SMITH

Come on now Jasmine, don't pretend
you don't like it!

Jazz is dodging and side-stepping his advances.

JAZZ

I don't!

JOHN SMITH

But we all know about Jazz!

JAZZ

We do??

Momentarily distracted, Jazz is THRUST up against a sink.

JOHN SMITH
 (Grinning)
 You filthy little whore!

JAZZ
 WHAT?

John Smith pushes his lips to Jazz's face.

JOHN SMITH
 Whore!

..And Jazz BOOTS him hard in the crotch.

John Smith falls to the floor, clutching his groin and gasping.

..As Jazz LEAPS over him and helter-skelters to the door.

INT. THE PIDDLED PIKE -- CONTINUOUS

Jazz SKIDS into the bar.

JAZZ
 LEG IT!!

Angel SPRINGS to life - and hesitates, confused.

Jazz seizes a bunch of keys from under the bar.

JAZZ (CONT'D)
 GO, GO GO!!

..And the girls bust out of the pub.

EXT. SUNNYFORD HIGH STREET -- AFTERNOON

Jazz battles with the bunch of keys, in the door of a SILVER JAGUAR - and the door flies open.

Angel stares open-mouthed.

INT/EXT. SILVER JAGUAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Angel and Jazz in the car. Angel in the passenger seat, dusts the dashboard.

JAZZ
 For once in your life stop cleaning!
 We have a situation here!

Angel pouts. ..And sees Jazz jabbing at the controls.

ANGEL
 Can you drive?

Jazz pulls a face.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Move over.

JAZZ

You? In those shoes?

Angel is (as usual) wearing ridiculously high strappy platforms.

ANGEL

(If looks could
kill)

GET OUT!

Jazz jumps out and Angel slides across.

..And John smith THUNDERS down the street towards them.

Jazz whizzes around the car and LEAPS into the passenger seat..

And they glance behind to see John Smith's red face squashing against the glass.

Angel grips the wheel and stares at Jazz with a crazed look in her eye... Thrusts her foot down and SCREECHES the silver Jaguar down the high street.

EXT. SILVER JAGUAR -- LATER

The silver jaguar ROCKETS along the seafront.

EXT. SILVER JAGUAR -- LATER

Angel's face through the windscreen - fierce at the wheel.

Jazz having a grand time.

JAZZ (V.O.)

Did I mention that I'm living with
a witch?

INT/EXT. SILVER JAGUAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Angel peers hard through the windscreen. They are HURLING along a dirt track - towards the CLIFFS.

She turns to stare at Jazz - as the car rumbles by bushes..

BOUNCES about on grassy shrubs..

And THUDS against something hard. It stops.

ANGEL

(Pause)

What?

EXT. HILLSIDE -- NIGHT

Angel and Jazz are climbing carefully down a steep hillside, on their hands and knees.

JAZZ

Witch, Warlock, something like
that - he could be useful to you!

Angel stares - confused - as she clings onto a rock.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

In your situation!

ANGEL

My what?

JAZZ

Joey!

The abandoned jaguar is rolling down the hilltop. Gathering momentum, it slides towards the cliff..

ANGEL

You want to put a spell on him?

The girls stare as the jaguar lurches head-first off the cliff edge.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Criky.

An almighty BOOM resounds around the coastline.