

HOW NOT TO CHANGE

YOUR BOYFRIEND

by

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FADE IN:

A SEASIDE TOWN. AUTUMN. PRESENT DAY.

EXT. BEACH -- NIGHT

A devilishly stormy night. Tidal waves surge over rocks and THRASH against the sea wall.

Thunder CLAPS.

A BOLT of LIGHTNING spotlights the cliffs.

And a sodden VAGRANT, skuttles along the prom.

...To a weatherworn pub, ringed with upturned tables.

EXT. THE PIDDLED PIKE -- NIGHT

Sticky-taped posters curl from the window, as The Vagrant squashes his nose against the glass.

And the pathetic, tuneless, warbling of: 'HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU' drifts out from inside.

INT. THE PIDDLED PIKE -- CONTINUOUS

Giant plastic crabs in fishing nets. A tacky, empty, dive.

Except for a cocky-biker with tattoos and earrings, (DUDE, 32) and a WOBBLY ELDERLY GENTLEMAN, (80's) who play pool at a thread-bare table, and attempt to sing.

DUDE/WOBBLY ELDERLY GENTLEMAN
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU...

And behind the bar, a brazen-faced temptress, (JAZZ, 44) TRILLS off-key, as she sashays her glorious, leather-clad butt to the beat and knocks back a shot of whiskey.

JAZZ
HAPPY BIRTHDAY DEAR ANGEL...

Following her, with a lecherous glint, pads a hippo-sized man in a grubby vest, (JOHN SMITH, 60) hefting aloft a birthday cake, covered in flaming candles.

JOHN SMITH
(Gruff, baritone)
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU.

He approaches a beautiful, miserable and currently un-hinged barmaid, (ANGEL, 34) collapsed over the end of the bar.

And dumps the cake beside her.

JAZZ
(To Angel)
Smile, it's your birthday.

Angel scowls.

DUDE

Make a wish!

Angel stares at the cake. And bursts into tears.

JAZZ

Curses. ...He forgot, didn't he?

Angel blows out the candles. One by one.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Why the snake pit are you still together?

ANGEL

He's my soul mate.

She crumples.

Jazz wrenches Angel's collar.

JAZZ

I hate to break your spell, honey.

She yanks Angel out from behind the bar, to a heavy curtain at the back of the pub.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

But would your soul mate...

She drags back the curtain, to reveal a dangerously handsome, wild-eyed man, (JOEY, 38) and a HEAVILY MADE-UP WOMAN, (30's) lounging in a dingy, back room.

HEAVILY MADE-UP WOMAN

(To Joey)

You can't just not turn up.

JOEY

It was raining!

HEAVILY MADE-UP WOMAN

And you're her daddy!

They both look up... And Joey LEAPFROGS out of his seat.

JOEY

(To Angel)

Wotcha wonderful!

As Angel SLAMS out of the pub.

EXT. PROMENADE -- NIGHT

Titanic waves HURL over the sea wall and CASCADE onto the road.

As Angel battles the promenade, in ridiculously high strappy shoes.

And Joey hightails it after her.

JOEY

Angel!

Angel staggers on, as a FLASH OF LIGHTNING reveals a giant ladder in her path, reaching across the pavement.

And she halts. She wants to run under, but she just...
Can't...

So skidding, slip-sliding, whip-lashed by wind and waves,
she teeters her way around it, in her heels.

As Joey hares right under the ladder and thrusts her against
a lifebuoy.

Thunder CLAPS.

And they kiss, hungrily. Angel can't help herself.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Hell you're magnificent.

ANGEL

You forgot my birthday!

JOEY

Never! ...This will be a birthday
to remember!

They kiss again and are engulfed in a wave.

As a squeaking billboard swings violently from one hinge,
announcing: WELCOME TO SUNNYFORD.

EXT. ANGEL & JOEY'S FLAT -- NIGHT

The Vagrant darts up an alleyway, scoots up to a first-
floor balcony and shelters back under the eaves.

As a woman SQUEALS.

And The Vagrant peers in a window, as FULL-ON DRIVING ROCK
MUSIC plays.

And a FLASH of lightning illuminates Angel, in a red bra
and blindfold, skidding across the living room on her ass.

ANGEL

Joeeeeeeeey!

Her high-heeled shoes are held aloft and red lace rips
from her ra-ra skirt, as she shoots along the polished
wood and CRASHES out of sight.

And hurtling after, in shiny black jeans and rippling,
washboard stomach, cannonballs Joey.

The Vagrant presses his nose against the glass.

The sound of SPLITTING FABRIC, a CLUNK-CLICK of heavy metal.

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

Let me go!

The THUD of something SLAMMING against a wall.

JOEY (O.S.)

Who's in charge?

ANGEL (O.S.)

You. You are Joey.

JOEY (O.S.)

And who tells you what to do?

The Vagrant cranes his neck and flattens his cheek against the glass.

ANGEL (O.S.)

You.

(Breathing heavily)

You tell me.

JOEY (O.S.)

Beg me beautiful!

The Vagrant looks about perturbed - should he call for help?

JOEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Joey can't hear you?

ANGEL (O.S.)

Please Joey, please...

JOEY (O.S.)

Good girl!

Angel GASPS.

JOEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

This birthday requires ice cream!

And Joey swaggers past the window, balancing a pair of knickers on his nose.

And pulls on a sheepskin jacket.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Be as quick as I can.

And The Vagrant scarpers down the steps.

INT. ANGEL & JOEY'S FLAT -- CONTINUOUS

Angel 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 wraps her in a red silk dressing-gown.

JOEY
Won't be long, my siren-song.

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.)
(Screaming)
And don't you dare take my bike!

EXT. SUNNYFORD HIGH STREET -- NIGHT

A clock tower CHIMES the hour of midnight. As Joey seesaws wildly in the storm, astride a bright pink bicycle.

He skids to a halt outside a 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, in a fireman's uniform - 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, gazes 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 makes for the bike - it's GONE? - and pirouettes around.

As the Vagrant pedals wildly in the distance.

JOEY

Oi!

Joey hares off in pursuit of The Vagrant.

ANGEL (V.O.)

Can people change?

INT. ANGEL & JOEY'S FLAT -- NIGHT

The bedside clock reads 4:00 AM. As Angel, handcuffed to the bed, reaches with her free hand to pull open the table drawer.

Stretching, she grapples for the key inside - and almost has it - as it shoots away out of reach and falls down the back of the cupboard.

Defeated, Angel scoops up something from the drawer and falls back on the bed. And focuses on what she has in her hand:

A pregnancy test reading positive.

ANGEL (V.O.)

Can Joey?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE PIDDLED PIKE -- AFTERNOON

ROCK MUSIC ROARS from the jukebox.

As Angel opens a copy of 'Happy Parenting' at the bar.

And Jazz fills a glass with a pot-pourri of spirits. And knocks it back.

And sticks a pin in a voodoo doll: An obese, red, and eerily life-like plasticine model of John Smith. Complete with dirty vest.

ANGEL

You sure that's safe?

JAZZ

Hopefully not. The sleaze bag.

She sticks another pin in the doll.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

I'm busting to get to the john,
but it's damn impossible with that
pervert about.

Angel studies a picture of a happy couple and child.

JAZZ (CONT'D)

Since when did you take up
parenting?

ANGEL

Well.
(Sucks in a big
breath)
The thing is...

She watches Jazz stick another pin in the doll.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

...It's a fascinating study of the
perfect family.
(Rolling her eyes)
Vomit.

Jazz eyes Angel curiously.

JAZZ

No danger of you and Joey getting
your mug-shots in there then.

She thrusts more pins in the doll.

And Angel forces a smile.

As her MOBILE RINGS.

ANGEL

(To phone - turning
on the "tough")
I'm working Joey.

John Smith appears and thuds down a crate of beer.

JOHN SMITH

That's good to know.

ANGEL

(To John Smith)
Oh, two minutes boss.

JOHN SMITH

That's all it takes.

He licks his lips and plods 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 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?

Dude skids out of the bookies and pulls the door open wide.

DUDE

Joey!

He points to a television set inside, now visible from the street.

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!

(To phone)

How about I make you dinner?

INT. THE PIDDLER PIKE -- CONTINUOUS

Angel clicks off the phone and pours herself a large one.

As Jazz collars Angel.

JAZZ

Ditch the playboy and move in with me. That room won't stay vacant forever.

ANGEL

But 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 rips the leg off the voodoo doll and chucks it across the bar.

JAZZ

Dogs like Joey never change.

She sashays towards a door marked MERRY MERMAIDS.

INT. PUB TOILETS -- AFTERNOON

Jazz strides out of a cubicle and freezes.

John Smith is blocking her way.

JOHN SMITH
You're drinking all my profits.

JAZZ
(Winks)
That's why I'm so hospitable.

JOHN SMITH
(Twinkling)
And now it's pay-back.

He pushes Jazz back inside the cubicle.

As Jazz ducks under his arm and runs out...

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

JOHN SMITH (CONT'D)
Everything has a price my lovely.
And mine is one little kiss.

Jazz breaks free, with John Smith chasing after.

JOHN SMITH (CONT'D)
Come on now Jasmine, don't pretend
you don't like it.

Jazz side-steps his advances.

JAZZ
I don't!

And is THRUST up against a sink.

JOHN SMITH
You mucky strumpet.

He pushes his lips to Jazz's mouth. As Jazz BOOTS him hard in his crotch.

And John Smith gasps, as he falls down, clutching his groin.

INT. THE PIDDLED PIKE -- CONTINUOUS

Jazz SKIDS into the bar, grabs keys from a hook and yanks hold of Angel.

JAZZ
(Shouting)
Leg it!!

And the girls bust out of the pub.

EXT. SUNNYFORD HIGH STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

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

INT/EXT. SILVER JAGUAR -- CONTINUOUS

Angel and Jazz in the car. Jazz jabbing at the controls.

ANGEL
Can you drive?

Jazz pulls a face.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Move over.

JAZZ
In those?

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

ANGEL
Get out!

Jazz jumps out as 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 advancing through the glass.

Angel grips the wheel with a crazed look in her eye, thrusts her foot down and SCREECHES the silver Jaguar down the street.

As John Smith topples over.

Angel winces into the rear view mirror, as John Smith squirms on the pavement, clutching his leg.

ANGEL (CONT'D)
Yikes.

EXT. SILVER JAGUAR -- LATER

The silver Jaguar ROCKETS along the seafront.

EXT. SILVER JAGUAR -- EVENING

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

ANGEL
It seems as if that voodoo malarkey worked!