

DIRTY GRANDAD DOT COM

Written By

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FADE-IN:

INT. ENGLISH PUB - EVENING

A round table. ROB, MARX, JIM (40's) life-long friends shooting the breeze over many beers.

Jim returns from placing an order the bar.

JIM  
On its way.

ROB  
I swear, they do it on purpose.  
(to Jim)  
Cheers.

JIM  
Who does?

MARX  
They love it.  
(to Jim)  
Cheers! We were just saying, what is it with old men and changing rooms?

ROB  
Naked old men and changing rooms.

JIM  
That's what changing rooms are for?

ROB  
Yeah but it's like the older they are, the longer they take.

JIM  
They're old. You slow up when -

MARX  
No, we're talking about the ones standing around doing nothing, bollock naked.

ROB  
Not nothing. Strutting about, having a chat, literally hanging out. You know the type, shit-shave-shampoo, vest-check, shirt-check, talc-the-balls,  
(beat)  
sox.  
(beat)  
Anything but put-pants-on.

JIM  
Ha, you don't have to look you know.

ROB

It's in your face Jim? I don't think they are capable of dropping their Speedos until they're absolutely sure they've got your undivided attention.

JIM

Urgh.

MARX

I got boxed in once. Three of them, naked as the day they were born, and still naked after my workout.

Rob gives a slow head shake.

MARX (CONT'D)

I made the mistake of sitting down, then before I knew what was going on -

ROB

They flanked you.

A thin, elderly WAITRESS approaches carrying a TRAY OF BEERS.

MARX

(nodding)

Left, right and centre, everying at eye-level, horrific..

Marx closes his eyes to better recall the moment, he doesn't notice the waitress as she serves the beers, Rob's first.

MARX (CONT'D)

(pointing left/toward Rob)

..this one's pubic hair is out of control..

The waitress pauses, suddenly tuning in, then continues serving, to Jim next.

MARX (CONT'D)

(pointing right/toward Jim)

..and him, he has the ugliest penis you've ever seen.

The waitress stops and glares fiercely at Marx.

MARX (CONT'D)

But worst of all there's..

Marx points forwards in the direction of the waitress, Rob and Jim brace themselves.

MARX (CONT'D)

..this sack-of-bones in front of me.

The waitress SLAPS the final drink on the table, Marx's eyes reopen in time to catch the waitress scurrying away, and his friends wincing.

MARX (CONT'D)

What's her problem? Anyway, the one in the middle -

JIM

Sack-of-bones?

Marx shudders, slides his beer towards him and takes a long swig.

Rob and Jim follow.

MARX

Yeah he decides that since I'm not going anywhere, now would be the absolute best time to trim his toenails.

Jim laughs, involuntarily spraying beer over the table.

ROB

Literally do not give a shit, we've got to do something.

MARX

Testicals swinging around his knees.

JIM

(controlling laughter)  
What did you do?

MARX

Luckily had my phone, made it look like I was texting or something.

ROB

Should have taken a photo.

Marx and Jim look at Rob, a little disturbed.

ROB (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, that's what I would've done. Stick it online, name and shame them.

JIM

Both of them?

ROB

I'm serious, it's the only way to stop them. We need a Facebook page.

JIM

I don't think Facebook needs that page.

ROB

Your missing the point Jim. I bet testical-man would think twice before sticking his arse in Marx's face if he thought there was a reasonable chance he'd become famous for it.

MARX

Not a bad idea, at the very least it might encourage some manscaping?

ROB

It's too late for that but we need these guys to become a little more.. self aware, we need a -

MARX

Website. We need a website.

JIM

(gesturing as if reading a billboard)  
DIRTY-GRANDDAD DOT-COM. Why not?

MARX

Like it.

JIM

Right, I don't think you can go around taking photos in -

ROB

Why not? They're not exactly shy.  
(pauses for thought)  
Okay maybe not. So we go covert?

MARX

Now we're talking, I'm thinking live streaming? We strap a GoPro to Jim's head and send him in, in his Y-fronts.

Marx puts his hand to his mouth to form a walkie-talkie.

MARX (CONT'D)

CRRCHT - Bald one, approaching hairdryer, move in Jim. Website has (giggling) visuals - Over.

By now Rob is killing himself with laughter but manages a fist-radio too.

ROB  
CRRCHT - Closer.. Closer.

JIM  
Yeah. I've gotta admit, that hair  
dryer thing is a bit much.

MARX  
(still giggling)  
Hang on, what if -

ROB  
Hold your position - Over.

MARX  
Wait. Houston we've got a problem.  
(beat)  
CRRCHT - School bus, children, in  
coming, in coming.

ROB  
Shit, good point Marx.  
(beat)  
Abort, abort! Dirty Grandad is  
offline, you're on your own Jim.  
(beat)  
CRRCHT.

JIM  
Oh thanks guys. So you leave a man  
behind huh?

ROB  
Maybe not such a great idea?

The elderly waitress from earlier happens to be passing the  
table, just in time to catch -

MARX  
You should be ashamed of yourself Jim.  
Taking a video camera into the  
changing rooms?

ROB  
What were you thinking?

The waitrese throws Jim a disgusted look.

Rob downs the last of his beer.

Jim and Marx follow.

ROB  
It's not on. Need a pee.

JIM

Same.

MARX

Ok, I'll join you.

The three friends stand in unison and make their way to the  
toilets.

FADE OUT.