Daddy's Girl

Ву

Harry Deckard

Copyright Harry Deckard 2013 ashleybrownmedia@gmail.com 24/06/2013 07765247521 "Daddy's Girl"

- 24/06/2013

FADE IN:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

A run-of-the-mill convenience store, tacky posters scream about special offers and the shelves are full of various trinkets and products. Some big brands, others very much falling into the 'Happy Shopper' category.

A bored looking SHOPPKEEPER (50s) sits behind the desk, as a perplexed looking young man, IWAN, carefully inspects a shelf full of spices. He is holding a packet of chicken breasts in his hand.

IWAN (to self) Paprika...might be too exotic...but plain old pepper might be too boring?...chocolate and hazelnut seasoning?...what if he's diabetic...

SHOPKEEPER Cooking dinner for someone?

IWAN (Sarky) What gave it away?

SHOPKEEPER If it's chicken you're doing - you can't go wrong with a quick sprinkle of that paprika. Not too much, but not too little.

IWAN

I don't even know if he likes chicken...I'm just guessing. He's about your age though, do most fifty-somethings like paprika on their chicken?

The Shopkeeper gives him a look.

SHOPKEEPER You're cooking chicken for a fifty year old man? IWAN

Yeah... (Realises) Oh...no...no, not like that. I'm meeting my girlfriend's father for the first time this afternoon.

SHOPKEEPER

And he's the kind of man who judges you on your cooking? Sounds a 'nancyboy' to me.

IWAN

Well, I can assure you that my future bride's father isn't a 'nancyboy'. She just said he judges her potential matches on how well they dress and serve a piece of meat...

Iwan realises how this sounds.

IWAN Dammnit! You know what I mean. (Sighs) I'll take the Paprika...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Iwan walks through a series of relatively empty streets. Stopping to occasionally comb his hair in a car window or practice a greeting in a shop window.

> IWAN Hi there, Mr. Barnett - I'm Iwan. (Shakes head) Too eager. Mr Barnett, pleased to make your acquaintance...no...we don't want to be acquaintances we want to be in-laws!

Iwan is forced to stop as a stream of loud, banner and sign waving ACTIVISTS are coming along the pavement. He presses himself up against a doorway as they come past.

> VARIOUS ACTIVISTS (Ad- libbed) Rights for the dead...abolish slavery...fathers for necrophiliac justice...

2.

Iwan mimics shaking hands with a lamppost.

IWAN Mr. Barnett. I'm Iwan. I'm looking to marry your daughter. (Shakes head) No...no, far too militant!

Iwan stops by a stray cat, pretends that its his girlfriend's father.

IWAN

(Mock cockney) Awite, guv'nor, I'm Iwan. Just wonderin' how you was doln' today? (shakes head) Far too cockney window cleaner. God knows, I'll end up just being myself at this rate. (to a parked car) Good day to you, Lord Barnett, I have traveled throughout the city of London to request from you your daughter's hand in holy matrimony...hmmm, might work if William Shakespeare was somehow writing the screenplay of my life...but as my life is more than likely written by some struggling b-movie hack I doubt that ...

Iwan's phone rings. He answers to the sweet, bubbly voice of LUCY.

IWAN

Hello there.

LUCY (V.O) Hey honey, where are you? You were supposed to be here by now!

IWAN Just round the corner! Give me a minute.

LUCY (V.O) Good! Daddy is absolutely thrilled to finally meet you, I've told him so much about you.

IWAN (Deadpan - insincere) Ah...well...I'm just as ecstatic to meet him too. In fact, I'm so (MORE)

IWAN (cont'd) psyched I best hang up before I drop the phone in excitement.

Iwan slips his phone into his pocket and rounds a corner into a street full of very standard semi-detached houses. One of the doors opens and LUCY comes bounding out. Blonde, busty and true blue-eyed - she's the sort of girl you could take home to mum & dad, as well as show off to the lads at the pub.

She practically pounces on Iwan and hugs him tight.

LUCY Baby, I've missed you!

IWAN Ah, yeah...the last three hours since we saw each other have been

difficult for me too!

You've met mummy briefly before haven't you?

IWAN

Yeah, although I think I'd sunk one too many Kronenbourgs to have left too much of a good impression.

LUCY

Oh don't worry, she said you were lovely.

IWAN You'll have to remind me to thank her for using such a passionate noun to describe me.

LUCY Stop being so sarky.

IWAN

I'm just nervous.

LUCY

Nonsense! Don't be! Daddy's lovely really!

INT. LUCY'S HOUSE - DAY

As Lucy and Iwan enter the well-kept, tastefully decorated property. Iwan dutifully takes his shoes off as Lucy's mum, MRS. BARNETT comes bustling through. She's obese, red-faced and as ditzy as the day is long.

> MRS. BARNETT Iwan! How nice to see you, can I get you anything? Tea? Coffee? Maybe something a little stronger...

LUCY Iwan will have a lager.

IWAN Bit early for that, surely?

LUCY It'll take the edge off of your nerves.

MRS. BARNETT I'll get that right away.

The three walk through the bottom floor of the house.

IWAN Lovely place you have here, Mrs. Barnett.

MRS. BARNETT Why thank-you, Iwan. We've been here since nineteen eighty two!

IWAN

(Quietly; to Lucy) And the wallpaper seems to have been here since nineteen forty two.

She slaps him playfully. Mrs. Barnett brings Iwan a can of premium lager.

IWAN So...err...is Mr. Barnett about then? I suppose it's time I met the man I've heard so much about.

MRS. BARNETT Frank's upstairs in his room. 5.

LUCY He's always in there.

MRS. BARNETT Yes - he spends a lot of time in his room, dear. (Smutty wink) But believe you me, Frank was certainly a very active man back in his day. In fact the only thing lazy about him was his sperm hence why we only have the one darling daughter.

LUCY

Mum!

IWAN Ah, I see...well, thank you for that rather...err...colourful anecdote, Mrs. Barnett. (To Lucy) I wasn't too sure what your father likes, so I got some paprika and chicken.

Lucy laughs.

LUCY Don't be silly, you didn't need to buy any meat.

IWAN Well I wasn't sure. Will paprika be okay for him?

LUCY He isn't too fussy when it comes to his meat.

CUT TO:

INT. LUCY'S LANDING - MOMENTS LATER

Mrs. Barnett, Lucy and Iwan climb up the stairs and onto the landing. Iwan psyches himself up.

Mrs. Barnett knocks on a door.

MRS. BARNETT Frank! I hope you're decent? Lucy's young man is here to see you. Silence.

IWAN Ah...look, perhaps he's gone out we'll have to leave it for another day...

Lucy jabs him in the ribs. Mrs. Barnett knocks again.

MRS. BARNETT

Frank?

A slight grumble is heard.

MRS. BARNETT Ah, Mr. Sleepyhead must have woken up. I hope you're not grouchy, darling.

She opens the door and they enter.

INT. MR. BARNETT'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Like the rest of the house, the room 'benefits' from a rather old-fashioned decor. The blinds are pulled tight and the only real character in the room comes from a few assorted pieces of military memorabilia.

MR. BARNETT himself is crudely tied onto the bed by a large length of rope. He looks to be in his mid-fifties, and would be a fairly standard looking older gent if he weren't a partially decomposed zombie.

Iwan is startled. Lucy and Mrs. Barnett don't seem bothered at all.

MRS. BARNETT Good afternoon, sweetheart, I hope you're well. This is Iwan, he's been dating our Lucy for a few months now.

LUCY You've heard me talk about him before daddy.

Mr. Barnett growls at nothing particular. A moment's silence.

LUCY

Well?

IWAN Well...what?

LUCY Aren't you going to introduce yourself?

IWAN Err...right...hi there, Mr. Barnett, I'm Iwan...

Silence falls. Mrs. Barnett moves over to her husband and begins to puff up his pillows and ensure his blanket is covering him. After a few seconds of doing so - he snaps at her. Trying to get a bite of his wife.

MRS. BARNETT (Scolding) FRANCIS LUTHOR BARNETT! After forty years of marriage, how could you!? You keep your teeth to yourself!

LUCY I think he likes you.

IWAN Really? I don't know what would give you that impression, his expression hasn't changed since I've been here.

MRS. BARNETT Frank is a man of very few words. Anyway, my dear, we're going to give you two a couple of minutes to get acquainted. Sometimes a man likes a few minutes alone with one of his daughter's suitors.

She laughs as her and Lucy head towards the door.

LUCY We'll be just outside if you need us.

IWAN (Quietly) Err...Lucy, it seems a bit awkward that I actually have to ask you this...but you do know he's a zombie right? LUCY Of course I do, Iwan, do I seem blind to you?

IWAN Well you're thinking of marrying me...

LUCY This isn't the time for you to be a smart alec, go talk to him.

Lucy and Mrs. Barnett exit. Closing the door behind them.

INT. LUCY'S LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Lucy and Mrs. Barnett listen outside the door.

LUCY Oh, I do hope he likes him, mum! I really like this one.

MRS. BARNETT Yes, me too. He has tidy hair, your father used to have tidy hair until he was bitten.

INT. MR. BARNETT'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Iwan stands for a few seconds awkwardly looking at Lucy's reanimated father. Who appears to pay him little attention.

After a second or two Iwan sits down in a rocking chair opposite him.

IWAN So, Mr. Barnett - I'm guessing you were a military man. Did you ever see much action?

Mr. Barnett dribbles slightly. It runs down his chin and falls onto the sheets.

IWAN Ah, yeah - most veterans don't like to talk about it either...

Mr. Barnett grumbles and groans slightly.

IWAN What's your take on the economy then, Mr. Barnett? You strike me as someone who might have a few shares in some high places.

Mr. Barnett dribbles again. Iwan leans in a little closer and talks a little quieter.

> IWAN Alright, listen to me you dead old bastard, I'm in love with your daughter and I want to marry her and if you don't say anything, asides from a few guttural moans, within the next minute - I'll take it that you're over the moon at that prospect and I will fuck off and leave you well alone.

Mr. Barnett says nothing. Iwan nods his head - satisfied. The door creaks open and the two female members of the Barnett family return.

> MRS. BARNETT So, how did you boys get along?

> > IWAN

Wonderfully thanks. He has a few brilliant observations on the state of the economy, we like the same Rolling Stones tracks and he seemed thrilled at the prospects of me marrying your daughter. A job well done I'd say.

Iwan gets up to leave the room.

MRS. BARNETT

Hang on! There's one other thing we need to do.

IWAN And that is?

MRS. BARNETT

Well, listen, Iwan. Unfortunately Frank is only really with us in body these days, he was bitten by one of those horrible creatures in during that epidemic and he's never be the same again. IWAN You mean that eloquent, well-groomed gentleman is in fact one of the undead? Get out of here, Mrs. Barnett!

MRS. BARNETT

Yes, yes, I know he doesn't look it but he is. So we've come up with a way of getting his approval on Lucy's many suitors.

IWAN

And that is?

LUCY

A taste test.

IWAN

You're going to feed me to him?

LUCY

Only a tiny part of you! If he eats it, then we figure he doesn't like you - whereas if he doesn't then we figure that we have his blessings. After all you wouldn't eat someone that you approved of would you?

IWAN

I'm not convinced that I'd eat anyone in general, but I get what you mean.

Mrs. Barnett opens a drawer and takes out a long dagger.

MRS. BARNETT Did you bring anything to marinade yourself in?

IWAN

I brought a bit of spice. How does Mr. Barnett have his meat then? A gourmet man? Or maybe a medium rare kind of guy?

MRS. BARNETT

Just cut the smallest part off. Normally it's best to get a little piece of the forearm off, Frank goes crazy for a slice of forearm. Iwan sighs. He looks around for a minute - can he do this? His eyes meet Lucy's true blue eyes and with a reluctant sigh he takes the dagger from Mrs. Barnett.

Iwan proceeds to slice a small chunk of flesh off.

IWAN Does he have it raw?

MRS. BARNETT

Yes!

Iwan sets the piece of flesh down on Mr. Barnett's bedside table, and proceeds to fetch the paprika from his bag. He lightly sprinkles the spice on himself and looks up at the two expectantly.

> IWAN Do I just throw it to him then?

LUCY Don't be so crude, daddy isn't some kind of dog. Hand it to him!

With a grimace Iwan picks the piece of flesh up and heads over to Mr. Barnett. Who grumbles and salivates as he gets closer. Iwan sets the piece of his forearm down on the zombie's lap and quickly jumps back out of his range.

A tense pause.

Mr. Barnett awkwardly picks the flesh up with one of his decomposed hands and brings it towards his mouth. He slides it in with a surprisingly deft touch, but doesn't bite into it - instead choosing to swill it round his mouth, as if he were an expert tasting a fine glass of wine.

Things get tense. Iwan pulls at his collar. Lucy bites her lip. Is he going to eat it? For a second it looks like he's going to, but then he spits it right out at Iwan's feet.

IWAN

Phew...

Mrs. Barnett and Lucy cheer. She embraces him.

LUCY

I love you!

Iwan looks down at his slightly bleeding arm.

IWAN And if this isn't proof that I love you then I don't know what is.

MRS. BARNETT Welcome to the family, Iwan.

IWAN Thank you, Mrs. Barnett.

MRS. BARNETT Oh my, Frank and I haven't been to a wedding in years. It'll give him a good chance to wear his suit out, we only got it cleaned the other year.

IWAN Your father is going to walk you down the aisle then?

LUCY Of course. I'm his only daughter.

Iwan sighs.

IWAN That sounds like it's going to be a lot of fun.

MRS. BARNETT I do like you, Iwan, such a polite boy. I'm glad Frank liked you too.

She bends over and lifts up a blanket that had previously been lying on the floor. A series of skeletons are underneath it. Iwan's eyes open up wide.

> MRS. BARNETT I'd have hated for you to have ended up like the ones Frank didn't like.

IWAN (Uncomfortable) Ahh...I see...he's quite the protective father then... (Backs away) Lucy, let's go get some dinner out somewhere. Something vegetarian...

Lucy smiles and follows Iwan out the door.

LUCY Bye, mum.

MRS. BARNETT Have fun, dears.

They close the door. Mr. Barnett grumbles.

MRS. BARNETT Yes, Frank, I know you don't like paprika - but he's a nice boy and that's just what our Lucy needs!

THE END