

**Jowls**

by

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Anon... Anon...

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O.W.C.

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Classy, elegant. Shark free. There's a fish tank, though. For y'know... atmosphere.

BELINDA, tall, forties, in a black dress, enters in a hurry holding earrings. She puts them on in front of a huge mirror. They're dolphins. Sharks would be a bit obvious.

As she fixes her hair LENNY enters with a briefcase. He throws himself down on the sofa and yawns. He's about the same age, shorter, stubby and in a business suit with an appallingly loud tie. It's got seals on it.

She glances at him while applying a little make-up.

BELINDA

You're late.

LENNY

You don't want to know. This guy's rear molars were like glass. Kept breaking every time I...

BELINDA

You're right. I don't wanna know.

He looks at her properly for the first time.

LENNY

You going somewhere?

BELINDA

No. We are.

LENNY

Aww, you're kidding. I'm fried. Can't we put it off?

BELINDA

Again, no. Why do you do this every time? Get ready. Taxi's booked for ten minutes. Dinner.

She points at him. He gets up to head upstairs. Much like a teenager would.

INT. TAXI - MOVING - LATER

Lenny and Belinda in the back.

Lenny looks exactly the same. She sneers at him. Shakes her head.

BELINDA

You could have at least shaved. You look like some sailor thug.

LENNY

I didn't even have time to brush my teeth, dahh-ling. Where we going?

BELINDA

Binchleys. I told you yesterday.

LENNY

When all my troubles seemed so far away. What for? It costs an arm and a leg. Then they want your liver and kidneys. Pretentious thieves.

BELINDA

It's Melissa's birthday. Well, it's next week. But, you know...

LENNY

How old is she this time? Twenty three again?

Belinda pulls a face. It's not pleasant.

LENNY

Oh fuck. Don't tell me she's still with that guy.

BELINDA

Who?

LENNY

The oil guy with the wart on his nose. Looked a bit like a gnome. Had that weird smell. Like cheese and fish in a sweaty bathroom.

BELINDA

Oh no. He's long gone. He was rather... weird in the bedroom department.

LENNY

You mean in a shop?

BELINDA

No Lenny. In a... Never mind. She's  
with this new guy. Called...

INT. BINCHLEY'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Posh is not the word. Well, it'll do.

The beautiful people dine on overpriced and nearly raw meat served on what appears to be roofing tiles. It's busy. Overworked waiters attempt aloofness despite their puny wages and penguin suits.

Belinda and Lenny stand at a table with their best fake smiles on. Opposite them is MELISSA - thirties, curvy, short, pretty if you think too much is a good thing. Beside her is -

RAPHAEL

Raphael.

And he is. Sleek, Italian, dark shoulder length curly hair.

A face that Michelangelo would have immortalised in marble. The type that makes women swoon and men sick. You'll never be as beautiful. Ooh. Aaah. He offers his hand to shake...

Lenny takes it. He's momentarily dazzled by his beauty. Then stops shaking. Coughs.

RAPHAEL

'Ello.

The girls peck each other on the cheek like chickens. They all sit. Awkward smiles as they pick up their menus.

LENNY

Happy birthday, Melissa.

She smiles. Wide as a, um, shark. Raphael looks worried.

MELISSA

Oh thank you, Leonard. Most kind.

RAPHAEL

It is your birthday? You no say...

MELISSA

It's next week. Don't worry, silly.

She ruffles his hair. Belinda eyes him as subtly as she can. Which isn't very.

LENNY

Yeah, chill dude. What we all having?

MELISSA

I'll have the octopus.

BELINDA

I don't see squid. Do they have it?

LENNY

Of course. Large or very large?

BELINDA

Oh very large. Enormous.

LENNY

Erm, dunno. Mussels. No? They have piranha. I'll have that. Nippy.

MELISSA

What are you having, Raphael?

RAPHAEL

Spaghetti.

LENNY

I shoulda guessed.

LATER

They tuck into their meals. Lenny does it with much less enthusiasm than the others.

LENNY

This tastes like it's been eaten already. I got better kebabs from the place they shut down for the ebola thing.

BELINDA

Stop moaning, Lenny. It's Melissa's night. Be nice. You know you can.

She exchanges bright smiles with Raphael. Melissa notices. She frowns. Belinda goes back to her squid.

LENNY

So, what do you do, Ralph?

Melissa gives a look that would frighten horses.

MELISSA

It's Raphael, Lenny. Please don't call him... that again.

LENNY

Alright. Sorry. Just bein' friendly. So, what do you do, Raphael Lenny.

Belinda giggles. Stops herself quickly. It wasn't that funny.

RAPHAEL

How you mean?

LENNY

How I mean for work. Keep wolf from door, etcetera, etcetera.

RAPHAEL

I'm a music producer.

LENNY

Got a mate does that. Kenny Tightpants.

BELINDA

Kenny flogs pirate CDs out of the back of a van. Hardly the same thing, now is it, Lenny?

(to Raphael)

Tell him who you've worked with.

Oops. Lenny's eyebrows rise.

LENNY

How do you know?

BELINDA

Oh. Er, Melissa told me.

Melissa's expression is confused. Raphael glances at both of them. Lenny prods his piranha with menace.

RAPHAEL

Some people you maybe no know. Is no biggy. Is it Melissa's night.

LENNY

Yeah. No, go on. Do tell.

BELINDA

Don't be sarcastic, Leonard. Lowest form of wit.

LENNY

Where's that leave arse and knob jokes? Not exactly Decartes are they? Come on Rafe. Who've you done, if you pardon my phrasing.

BELINDA

Don't call him Rafe. He's not an overrated actor with pretentions.

LENNY

Ooh I don't know. So who you do?

Raphael shrugs with modesty. Or like a smug bastard, depending on your point of view. Melissa hugs Raphael's arm.

MELISSA

He's so modest. He's worked with Jay-Z, Eminem, and which of the Jackson's was it?

RAPHAEL

Tito.

LENNY

Tito. My favorite. Made Michael look like a busker. Bloody drug addict. Sorry, got carried away there. Anyway, back to the...

LATER

The plates are gone. They sip on coffee. Raphael checks his watch. Lenny goes at his teeth with a toothpick. The others try not to watch. They don't find it easy.

RAPHAEL

We should go. Come on.

MELISSA

But where are we going?

He looks at Lenny and Belinda.

RAPHAEL

You can come too.

He puts his arm around Melissa as he leads her to the exit.

Lenny's not impressed.

LENNY

What a wanker.

BELINDA

Says the man who broke the  
computer.

EXT. BINCHLEY'S RESTAURANT - MINUTES LATER

Lenny and Belinda exit as Raphael and Melissa get in a taxi.

LENNY

Don't we have to pay the bill?

BELINDA

Don't be silly.

(takes Lenny's hand)

Come on. If we don't go with them  
we'll live to regret it.

LENNY

Somehow I very much doubt that.

With reluctance he lets her lead him to the taxi.

EXT. HAMILTON MARINA - NIGHT

The taxi pulls up in front of erm, a boat. A big boat. No, a  
bigger boat. Well, it's a quite big yacty... yawt... yacth...  
hang on. Yacht. That's it. I think so. It's as big as the  
budget allows. Yeah, right.

BELINDA

Oooh. A big boat!

Lenny looks directly to camera and rolls his eyes.

MELISSA

Oh my. Is that for little me?

RAPHAEL

Just for tonight, luv. Don't get  
carried away. I no buy it.

BELINDA

Your English is very good, Raphael.

RAPHAEL

It be better could. Think I do.

LENNY

Yoda could not have put it better.

They exit the taxi. It leaves in a hurry.

Raphael points to the name on the front of the boat - *Jowls*.

MELISSA

What's it called? Uuh.

LENNY

I can't swim.

They all stare. Raphael puts one arm around his shoulder and the other around Melissa's. He leads them on board.

RAPHAEL

Is okay, Len. You won't have to.

EXT. JOWLS - MAIN DECK - NIGHT

Raphael takes the wheel. Guides the yacht... boat out to sea. The others sit on recliners sipping champagne. The women stare at Raphael's perfectly formed backside.

BELINDA

Lovely view. This is the life.

LENNY

If you're a haddock.

Raphael puts a hat on. Looks back at them. Points at it.

RAPHAEL

Iss good, yesh?

LENNY

No. It's not. It's bad. Very.

RAPHAEL

Is bad hat, Lenny?

LENNY

Moving on...

LATER

Far out to sea. Raphael drops anchor. He turns to Belinda.

RAPHAEL

Beelindum. I show you down below.

LENNY

Not in front of me, you won't you  
filthy little -

MELISSA

He means below deck, Leonard.

LENNY

Ah. I see. Unfortunately I now have  
this mental image I can't get...

BELINDA

I'd love to see it, Raphael. Please  
take me now. You don't mind do you,  
Lenny?

LENNY

Sounds like you've already decided,  
my dear. Who am I to stop you?

Raphael takes Belinda's hand in a move as smooth as Travolta  
in the seventies. He leads her below.

As soon as the cabin door shuts Lenny and Melissa embrace.

MELISSA

Ohh Lenny.

LENNY

Oh Melissa baby. Let's get busy.

TWO MINUTES LATER

Lenny pulls his pants up as Melissa fixes her clothes.

LENNY

I needed that.

MELISSA

I've had longer sneezes.

LENNY

Steady.

Strange noises downstairs. A dull BANG. Ahem. Glasses fall.

LENNY

What was that?

MELISSA

Sounded like...

The cabin door opens. Belinda steps onto deck.

She looks like she ran a marathon. Raphael follows her doing his flies up.

BELINDA  
That was lovely, Raphael.

RAPHAEL  
Yeaas. Louverlie.

BELINDA  
What was that sound before?

Another BANG. The deck shifts severely to the left. Everybody scrambles to keep their balance.

RAPHAEL  
Sacre bleu!

LENNY  
Eh? Thought you were Italian?

RAPHAEL  
Good point. Tua madre si da per niente!

LENNY  
Bloody hell. That's a bit strong isn't it?

RAPHAEL  
You shit of bull. You porked Meeleesa while me under the top. She look like after I do bam bam big boy.

Lenny turns to Melissa.

LENNY  
I'm beginning to wonder about his ethnic authenticity. He's starting to sound like a pizza advert.

Melissa shrugs.

MELISSA  
Wouldn't worry about it. We're running out of pages anyway. It's hardly the time to pick on character flaws.

RAPHAEL

I keel yoo, yoo roast beef pig  
fucker!

Raphael punches Lenny hard on his nose. Flies back to land on his arse.

LENNY

Ow! Oh, it's like that is it,  
Garabaldi? Come on, then.

They fight. The women cheer them on. A huge shark flies through the air and grabs Melissa. It drags her back into the sea. But Belinda's too caught up in the fight to notice.

BELINDA

Kick him in the balls, Raphael!

LENNY

Hey!

He punches Raphael in the jowls. He no pretty no more.

RAPHAEL

Un succhiatore! Vai a farti  
fottere, puttana!

LENNY

Woah, Balboa. We'll have to get  
subtitles if you keep doing that.

Lenny makes thrusting hip movements.

LENNY

Oooh. I like your girlfriend. She  
so horny.

RAPHAEL

Yoo die, Leonardo! I keel yoo, you  
fat bastard dentist cuckold.

LENNY

Let's have it then, pasta boy.

The huge shark leaps on board and eats Belinda in one bite. Lenny and Raphael step back with shock. The shark slides back into the sea.

LENNY

Well bugger my granny.

RAPHAEL

I'd really rather not. Oh, sorry.

LENNY

Oh. I'm sure no one's too bothered by this point. Shall we go back?

RAPHAEL

Yeah, alright.

Raphael pulls up the anchor. Guns the engine to head to shore. The shark swims around the boat.

LENNY

We could bond after the funerals. Get a place together. Buy a little dog. Grow vegetables.

RAPHAEL

I think no. Me cock no sucky. And there's definitely no way I do the other, sweetie pie.

LENNY

Pity. Can't blame a boy for trying. Shame about the girls, eh?

RAPHAEL

Yeeeeas. A bit sexist really.

LENNY

Hacks, I tell you. Honestly. The patriachal domination of society in this day and age is just not on. I'm frankly disappointed.

RAPHAEL

Meee tooo. Thought eet meilight...

LENNY

You can drop the accent now, Ralphy boy. I think we jumped it a few pages back.

RAPHAEL

Yeah fair enough. Thought it might go somewhere there for a while.

LENNY

Hmm. We've already done that bit. Fancy a pint when we get back?

RAPHAEL

Damn right. I'm a tad stressed.

FADE OUT.