

BLACKNESS

An echo of a crackly landlady's voice with a satisfied element speaks to someone after sex.

LANDLADY (V.O.)

There's something about good sex
that makes you wanna take a crap.

Roy Munson hurls in a toilet.

His landlady continues to give his limp ego a boost.

LANDLADY (V.O.)

Ah come on, it wasn't that bad.

Hurls.

LANDLADY (V.O.)

You must have jarred something
loose baby.

Hurls some more.

A blurry scene comes in, with a leg being wrapped up in a cheap nylon over enunciated varicose veins.

INT. ROY'S BUNGALOW - 1997 - DAY

Beyond her leg is Roy bent over at the toilet as he sees her put on her torn clothing with a cigarette hanging from her mouth.

Hurls again.

A mixture of white puke and a tinge of yellow spills from his mouth.

As she stands up, her holed panties show stains which roy notices.

Hurls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then, as he hurls some more, it blurs out again, and on to a scuffle where roy is being manhandled by a group of men who has been taken for a ride in a game of bowl gambling.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - CHUTE - NIGHT

Roy is screaming as his hand is being lowered to a ball chute. A few of his victims push his hand down inside the mechanical menace as it hums to life.

He yells and screams for help.

ROY

No! Somebody! Help, help! Oh god
no. No!

Suddenly...

INT. ROY'S BUNGALOW - PRESENT - DAY TIME

His alarm sounds just as he wakes up screaming from his sleep. He falls out of bed to the floor.

As he picks himself up, he smashes the clock with his hook.

Then walks to the bathroom in his underwear which has more holes than a golf course.

He scratches his butt.

But pricks himself with the hook.

ROY

Ah! Shit.

He looks back to see another new hole.

ROY (CONT'D)

Damn it.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

He opens his medicine cabinet to grab a toothbrush, but his hook gets caught, and takes down the door in one go.

He only has a sombre expression as he reaches for his toothbrush now. Roy then opens his hook, and slides the brush in between the tongs.

Then uses his other hand to squeeze the toothpaste.

He then turns on the water, but does not see what color the water is.

He places the brush in the flow of the brown and putrid flow once or twice, and then starts to brush his teeth.

With his mouth closed, he works up a good lather with his eyes shut.

Some of the liquid oozes from a corner of his mouth.

It's a gross brown, like the color of shit.

As he opens his eyes, he can see the disgusting color, and tries to turn on the water higher to clear the line.

Instead however...

A KNOCK on his door.

He tries to spit it out, but some of it drips on his chest.

Another knock.

His annoyance builds as the knocks keep coming.

With a mouthful of paste...

ROY
Just a minute!

More knocks.

He grabs a towel, but it drops in the toilet which now gets roy much angrier.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

More knocks.

Now, instead of cleaning himself, he goes to answer the door fully angered.

EXT. DOOR - ROY'S BUNGALOW - CHURCH LADY - DAY

It swings open fast, and he stands in front of a pretty woman dressed in conservative plain clothing, and a bible in her hand.

In her point of view, all she can see, is roy. With nothing on, except his underwear, and a frothy mouth of brown paste oozing slowly down his chin and chest.

ROY
(Mouthful)
Yes?

She freaks and screams, and turns to run to her group who is going door to door.

Roy has a confused look, as if to say what's her problem?

EXT. CHURCH LADY - CONTINUOUS

She stops at one man in a frightful state. He tries to calm her down.

REVEREND
Whoa there lassie, where's the
fire?

CHURCH LADY
There's a man over there with shit
coming out of his mouth. He - he -
was indecent.

As she shakes with fright, her reverend takes it upon himself to fight his new enemy.

REVEREND
Did he have yellow eyes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHURCH LADY

Yes. And - and a hook.

REVEREND

(Southern drawl)

Looks like a child of god has gone
off of the heavenly reservation.
Get ready my children, we have a
demon to quell.

From roy's point of view, he can see the holy congregation
begin to walk to his bungalow.

With an amount of fear, he slams his door.

INT. ROY'S BUNGALOW - DAY

In a hurry he starts to grab some clothes off of the floor,
as he wipes his mouth. Then heads to the bathroom to rinse
his mouth out some more.

At the same time, he can now hear the reverend outside his
door preaching of his evils.

REVEREND (V.O.)

Come on out you vile heathen. The
lord will free your soul of the
creature within you.

Roy hurries faster to dress, as his door is now being knocked
on harder, except now, with feet.

He looks at the door which seems to push inward a rather
gross angle.

EXT. DOOR - ROY'S BUNGALOW - CHURCH GROUP

They take turns kicking the door as the reverend continues
his holy sermon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REVEREND

God's child will be set free. We
are his sword and shield to the
darkness.

INT. ROY'S BUNGALOW - DAY

As roy finishes dressing, he zips up his pants too fast and
catches his manhood in the fly.

ROY

(Screams)

Ah!

EXT. DOOR - ROY'S BUNGALOW - CHURCH GROUP

The reverend hears his scream, and adds his tribute of
blessings.

REVEREND

Yes! God has spoken!

Behind the door roy curses.

ROY (V.O.)

Fuck! Shit!

REVEREND

Yes! Fight him child!

Each member now has the door starting to break in small
sections.

INT. ROY'S BUNGALOW

Roy sees the door starting to buckle from outside, like a
holy light which creep in the cracks. He looks around for
another door.

Only one direction remains.

His bathroom window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Roy pounces to it, and opens it up fast. Then climbs through as his right foot catches a local gas line from a heater.

It comes loose, and starts to spew natural gas.

He makes it out of his window, but not before it breaks from his body weight which has his body slice down the wall like a knife.

As he falls out to the backyard, he rolls a few times and stops just shy of a large pile of dog shit.

ROY

(Fully relieved)

Whew.

He stands up.

INT. ROY'S BUNGALOW - CHURCH GROUP INVADES

The door breaks down, and all spill in to see nothing but strewn around garbage and nude magazines with white stains on them.

The reverend has some trouble seeing the interior, and reaches into his pocket for a lighter.

His church lady asks...

CHURCH LADY

What's that smell?

REVEREND

That is the stench of evil my children.

He flicks his lighter.

EXT. ROY WALKS AWAY - DAY

As he strolls on, he puts on his 'K' Mart tweed blazer like a rogue poker player. At the same time behind him, his bungalow explodes in a furious chaos of fire and debris.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A mushroom like nuclear cloud rises behind his crown.

A few body parts drop around his position, as well as a few bibles which are ablaze.

Another explosion.

His landlady screams her discontent.

LANDLADY

You son of a bitch! This'll cost
you munson!

Roy gives the finger behind his head.

He puts on his fedora as he struts away from the carnage with an old disco song of 'Burn Baby Burn'.

Titles begin.

INT. MONTAGE OF BOWLING GAME ALLEYS

Each set shows roy bowling to success from one town to the next as he wins local tournaments.

His rubber hand raises up as he wins each set which displays marks or scratches from each game.

In one hall, a group of women show off their chests after getting beers out of a cooler.

Their nipples are erect and the only thing seen beneath which roy smirks at, but does not phase his concentration.

He throws the ball, and then - A STRIKE!

Admiration cheers bound as he takes a beer from a girl.

He wraps his hook around her chest, and his hook comes dangerously close to one nipple.

It closes and opens which causes the girl to look down with wide eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A phased score board crosses as each game he takes on progresses to more wins.

Until one final game is seen.

END TITLES.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

Roy is set up, then strolls with grace to the penalty line, and tosses his ball.

The crowd is silent, but starts to build to excitement as the ball reaches the head pin.

STRIKE!

A loud cheer has the hall on its feet as roy wins another game with poise, and professionalism.

That's until one woman walks up to him with a big cheque in her hands and a skimpy top to match her low intelligence.

Roy takes the cheque as the owner shakes his hand.

OWNER

We're even now roy.

Everybody claps for roy.

ROY

So no more debt?

OWNER

Nope. All squared.

ROY

Thank god.

Roy puts down the cheque, as a waitress delivers a beer for him.

ROY (CONT'D)

Thanks you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WAITRESS

You're welcome.

She walks away with her tail wiggling which causes roy to stir on the spot.

He smiles as she glances back to him to see his hair a disheveled mess of thin strands.

Not an attractive sight, but for his playing it can heighten anyone's libido to do some stupid things in their lives, including a rendezvous in the back alley.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - ROY AND THE WAITRESS - DAY

Roy rocks back and forth against the brick wall as he hears a few moans and groans coming from below him.

He looks down to his waitress as she bobs her head back and forth in slow motion.

He grunts and pushes a few more times as he starts to climax.

He stiffens up, and lets out a smooth easy breath as the waitress stands up and wipes her mouth off with the back of her hand.

He notices the corner of her mouth.

It has some semen which looks like a string stuck to her face.

ROY

(Points to the corner of
mouth)

Uh, you have uh, right here.

WAITRESS

Oops.

She wipes the rest away.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

So, you got my eighty bucks?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROY

What?

WAITRESS

Hey gotta make a living too you know.

ROY

But you're a waitress. I thought this was (Cut Off)

WAITRESS

Thought this was what? A freebee? Eighty bucks roy.

Roy digs in his pockets and drags out a small humble bills of twenties which he counts out like a scrooge.

ROY

Twenty, forty, sixty, sixty five, seventy. Eighty.

WAITRESS

Thanks sweetie. You're a doll.

She kisses his cheek once, and prances off back to her daily job.

Roy is left standing there still hanging out in the alley.

He looks up to the sky for an answer which will never come.

His hair thrashes badly with a slight wind.

Like half boiled spaghetti strands.

He closes his eyes.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - AFTER NOON

Roy is sitting at a bar nursing a drink as a few bowlers play a game. A television in front of him shows a sports report of an up an coming event in London England.

His eyes perk up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The bar tender is sweeping the floor.

ROY

Hey can you turn that up for a moment?

The tender ignores him.

ROY (CONT'D)

Hey!

Annoyed, the tender walks over.

BAR TENDER

What the fuck do you want?

ROY

I wanted the television turned up a little.

BAR TENDER

You got fingers, do it yourself asshole.

Roy lifts his hand to show a hook.

The tender scowls and then turns up the television and resumes his chore.

On the television a sports caster gives his story in the native tongue of a british accent.

REPORTER (O.S.)

In just a month, the tournament of the millennium will start here at one of the most prestigious bowling alley - Noble Slats.

ROY

Noble slats?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REPORTER (O.S.)

Yes noble slats, where a purse of ten million pounds will go to the winner and become the best in the world. One can only wonder who will take this task of throwing his best game against some of the most professional bowlers in the country. Last years winner Dean Hawthorne just cleaned up with his powerful style of brute strength against Keith Unger's graceful poise in the pin's last game. With a one pin difference, Dean crushed keith's confidence and landed his title as the best in the world. When asked about his game he said this...

A flip to Dean in an interview.

DEAN (O.S.)

(Cockney accent)

I only wished that uh - my father were here to see it. Then I could tell him to (BEEP) (BEEP) (BEEP) right off!

REPORTER (O.S.)

As you can see, his audacity apparently made him number one in most people's views. But as for the queen, well she left a comment which we cannot repeat. This is Kyle Harbinger for IXLC News.

Roy leans back in his chair and smiles to himself.

The bar tender approaches.

BAR TENDER

Anything else?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROY

Yeah, a ticket to london.

BAR TENDER

You gotta be on your knees for that
buddy.

Roy glances to him, as the tender smiles to show dirty yellow
and black teeth.

He then scurries out to escape.

EXT. CITY STREETS - PAWN SHOP

He stops and looks in to see the shop owner, then enters
inside.

INT. PAWN SHOP

Roy glances to a few items as he makes his way to the front
counter.

An old man slumps his way out from the back to see roy
scanning his things.

OWNER

Hey, you want something?

ROY

Uh yeah. I was wanting to pay for
my ring.

OWNER

Well, let's see here.

He reaches to a drawer to pull out a folder, he opens it and
reads out loud.

OWNER (CONT'D)

Okay, last month's pay was one
hundred dollars, which makes the
total now, two hundred and fifty
six owing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Roy reaches into his pocket, and pulls out a wad of cash.

OWNER (CONT'D)

Looks like a good week. How many
did you take them for now?

ROY

Nah, I won it fair and square. Paid
off the rest on the road too.

OWNER

Not bad. Not bad, now if you can
take that attitude of yours of
winning, then you can get to the
las vegas tournament. I hear the
purse is now two million sumollies.

Roy smiles as he unrolls his cash and counts out the owing
total.

ROY

Nope. Got my eye on a bigger
bowling tournament.

OWNER

Oh? Which one?

ROY

In London, england my friend. Ten
millions pounds to the winner.

OWNER

(Whistles)

So how are you gonna get a ticket?
Not to mention on living expenses.

ROY

Well, I'll just have to go on the
road to build up my capital for my
new venture.

OWNER

Bull shit. Hand it over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Roy then gives the total to the owner with satisfaction on his face.

The owner, then opens a cabinet and pulls out roy's circuit ring.

Roy takes it, and looks at it closely with admiration.

Behind him, a meek voice calls out...

VOICE

Roy?

Roy turns around in slow mo to see his ex claudia standing there in her beautiful glory.

She smiles as roy takes his hat off to display his thing and lifeless hair.

He grins.

ROY

Claudia.

CLAUDIA

Hi roy. It's been a long time.

ROY

Too long. What the hell are you doing here? I thought you went overseas?

CLAUDIA

I did. Landed in london as my last stop. Then the money ran out.

ROY

Well, if you're looking for a loan can't help you.

CLAUDIA

I don't need one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROY

How the hell did you get here if
you're so broke?

CLAUDIA

I married a nice man. A rich man.

ROY

Figures. But you still haven't told
me why you're here. As in the
store.

CLAUDIA

Got a proposition for you.

ROY

Oh yeah?

The owner watches in silence as claudia approaches roy with a
demure expression.

CLAUDIA

Yeah. One that might make you a
very rich person.

ROY

(Apprehensive)

Oh yeah?

She is now too close for comfort.

CLAUDIA

Yeah. Join me for lunch?

He hesitates.

ROY

Don't mind if I do. See ya frank.

FRANK

Whatever you slut.

Roy and claudia walk out of the store.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFE - DAY

Roy enjoys his slice of pie as claudia watches him eat. Customers chat as waitresses walk around refilling cups of coffee.

It is a seedy place, one of which cleanliness does not make the record books.

Roy happens to glance at a table where a woman's head is bobbing up and down in a guys lap.

Claudia sees it, and states.

CLAUDIA

Brings back memories doesn't it?

ROY

(Mouthful)

I'll say.

He swallows, and takes a drink of his coffee to wash it down.

ROY (CONT'D)

So this, proposition.

CLAUDIA

Right. Well, I know you have some problems with money. Like back in the pawn shop.

ROY

That? That's just - just a little get by money.

CLAUDIA

Roy. You are flat broke, and you've been going on the road to just get by. I am offering you a chance to win the big one.

Roy perks up as he puts together in his mind that the fact she lives in london, and the tournament is held there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROY

You want me in the tournament don't you?

CLAUDIA

It's a great prize roy. You'd never have to pawn your ring again.

ROY

But what's in it for you?

Claudia smiles sheepishly as she sits back in her seat, but not without getting stuck to it from a wad of gum.

CLAUDIA

Me? Just a ten percent cut.

ROY

Ten percent? As in running off with the ninety percent coming to me.

CLAUDIA

No. Remember, I'm married to a very rich man.

ROY

What's he like?

CLAUDIA

He's nice. Caring when he wants to be. And he doesn't ask me where I'm going all the time.

ROY

Sounds like a cool person. So what does he do?

CLAUDIA

He's a - consultant.

ROY

Consultant? In what?

CLAUDIA

In loans.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROY

(Smiles innocently)

Well, at least you got your head on straight. Not making bad decisions like you used to.

CLAUDIA

True. But I really think you can win the tournament roy.

ROY

I don't know. This all sounds too good to be true. And with you, it ain't.

CLAUDIA

I'm surprised after all this time you don't trust me anymore. I thought we bonded.

ROY

Bonded. Bonded? You stole my share of the five hundred thousand made to Amish. How's that being bonded?

CLAUDIA

Amish forgave me. He wrote me a long letter saying so. His family however thought otherwise and took a number out on me.

ROY

A what?

CLAUDIA

A hit. But it didn't work.

ROY

How?

CLAUDIA

Cause when he came looking for me, I offered him a deal he couldn't possibly refuse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Roy smiles and starts to laugh.

ROY

Claudia, you will never change.

CLAUDIA

Is that wrong?

ROY

In so many ways.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

They walk side by side as they chat some more about roy's possible future.

ROY

Okay, say I take you on the offer, what's to say you wouldn't just take it and run off like a fart?

CLAUDIA

Roy, they don't pay in cash. So you're safe from me. At least until you cash it.

ROY

Which is what I meant. Claudia, I just for once would like to have a life for myself without debts, or people looking for me because I owe so much. Not to mention an ex-girl friend who can be as dangerous as a mafia don with money. Can you just please leave me alone? I'll make it to london on my own. I don't need your help to be indebted to you for the rest of my life.

Roy walks ahead of her a few paces, which leaves claudia gazing at the sidewalk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAUDIA

I'm sorry roy. I'm sorry I took
your money.

Roy spins around.

ROY

Sorry doesn't cut it anymore
claudia. You hurt me, and amish.
You destroy peoples lives like it's
second nature.

CLAUDIA

I just, I just - want,

ROY

Want what?

CLAUDIA

I want - a normal life.

ROY

You can't have normal. You never
could. You live for the thrill of
being close to getting caught or
killed. I mean when you dragged me
and Amish to vegas, I thought you
could really feel a friendship
between us.

Roy turns to walk away again.

CLAUDIA

Please roy.

ROY

No. I'll get there on my own.

Claudia stops to watch his back as he disappears in the crowd
of pedestrians.

EXT. CITY WALK - DAY

Roy continues to stroll on the sidewalk when suddenly a group of gangs fight together with knives and guns.

A few shots ring out but roy is not phased by such atrocities.

He walks on, as someone runs past an old woman (80's) and snatches her purse.

She stops, and pulls out a large 44. Magnum and shoots her robber in the back.

OLD WOMAN

You fucking prick!

The robber falls on his face.

She smiles and blows at the muzzle of the gun.

Roy continues.

EXT. NEAR A DELI - DAY

As he rounds a street corner, two kids (11 years old each) run by with a bag in their hands. A store owner chases them with a large metal bat.

When they trip to the ground, the owner catches up and starts to beat them with the bat like a hit man on a mission.

A metal clang is heard with each hit.

They yell and scream for help, but this also does not phase roy in the least.

He walks on some more as he takes his fedora off.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Roy strolls past a flight of steps as police officers escort in a group of criminals. One thug manages to grasp one officers gun, and starts to shoot them without mercy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Roy ducks as a few bullets whiz past his head.

One criminal passes roy, and bumps him out of the way.

Roy is now annoyed.

ROY

Hey!

The criminal stops and looks back.

CRIMINAL

What? You fucking got a problem?

ROY

Yeah, say excuse me when you bump into someone.

CRIMINAL

Is that so?

He approaches roy slowly with the gun in his hand.

Roy sees it, but stands his ground.

ROY

Yeah, that's so asswipe.

The criminal points the gun to roy's head, and is about to fire when suddenly, roy lifts his hook and jams it in the trigger cage.

Both struggle as roy opens the hook and crushes the mans finger.

As he releases, roy then uses a quick reflex and uses the hook on the thugs testicles.

ROY (CONT'D)

Not so tough now without your gun huh?

CRIMINAL

Oh god! Please! Please, I'm sorry man, really. Really.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Roy tightens the grip a bit.

The criminal is now on his tiptoes with the hook on his bag snugly.

A few officers run to them, and tackle both to the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDING CELLS - AFTER NOON

Roy leans against the cell door. His eyes move side to side to see other prisoners in separate cells.

A few grunts come from across his own.

He then sees a prisoner behind one other.

Roy's face cringes to see them having male sex.

Then he hears something most foul.

PRISONER #1

(Spanks his partner)

Who's my bitch? (Slap) huh? Who's my bitch.

PRISONER #2

I am. Oh god yes. Spank me daddy.

Roy slowly backs away from his door to hide in the shadows of his cell.

A few slaps are heard some more.

A guard walks by but does not pay attention to the grunting inmates.

He walks on.

Roy simply stares at the guard in total surprise.

Then back at the two men.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He sits on his cot as the grunts start to build up in intensity.

Slap slap slap.

Roy covers his ears meekly as the two horn dogs come to their climax.

Then, without reservation he can hear one say to the other.

PRISONER #1

Now, lick it good bitch.

Roy slumps his shoulders.

A lone prisoner screams which echo's in the corridor.

Another prisoner shouts his discontent.

PRISONER (V.O.)

Hey shut it fucker!

Screams.

PRISONER (V.O.)

I said shut it!

BLEND TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - AFTER NOON

Roy walks out in a trance like state to see claudia standing alone on a corner.

He shakes his experience off and walks to her.

ROY

Thought you left for home?

CLAUDIA

I was about to. But not before asking you one more time.

ROY

Forget it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Claudia pulls out a large envelope and slaps it on his shoulder as he turns to walk away.

ROY (CONT'D)

What's this?

CLAUDIA

Expense money. The ticket is inside.

ROY

No. You're not going to do this to me again.

CLAUDIA

I'm not.

Roy turns around to see her eyes all puffy from crying.

ROY

You know you're good claudia. Real good.

CLAUDIA

Roy, there's also something I didn't tell you about the tournament.

Here it comes.

ROY

I knew it.

CLAUDIA

No you don't.

Claudia strolls to a bench and sits down.

Roy reluctantly joins her.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

Your rival is going to be there.

ROY

Who?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAUDIA
Who do you think?

ROY
McCracken.

She can only nod.

ROY (CONT'D)
This is low. Even for you.

CLAUDIA
I didn't pick the players. He just
wound up on the list.

ROY
I bet.

Claudia now gets annoyed by his attitude and gets up.

ROY (CONT'D)
Wait.

She stops.

ROY (CONT'D)
I don't believe this. I cannot
believe I'm going to say it.

CLAUDIA
Well?

ROY
Okay. I'm in. But not because you
felt like getting me on my feet
again to ease your conscience.

CLAUDIA
It's not.

ROY
Then why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAUDIA

I - am doing this for something
totally different.

ROY

Like?

CLAUDIA

I can't tell you. You'd never
believe me anyway.

ROY

Probably not.

Roy stands up and pockets the envelope.

CLAUDIA

You leave next monday. Nine AM.

ROY

Okay. Well, I'm not saying thank
you.

CLAUDIA

Don't push yourself.

She turns to walk away in a huff.

Roy has an exasperated look on his face.

EXT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - DAY

Roy walks out of the terminal with one bag in his hand. A cab
driver approaches and tries to pull the bag from his hand as
he accommodates roy.

CAB DRIVER

Need a cab sir?

But with slight confusion, roy pulls back to defend himself.

ROY

Hey get your dirty hands off my
bag.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Customers glance to them both and make an uncomfortable atmosphere by his sudden statement.

CAB DRIVER

Sir, do you need a cab?

ROY

What? Oh. Yeah I do.

Roy gives his bag to the driver now.

CAB DRIVER

Bloody yanks.

Roy gets in his cab, and the driver puts the bag in the trunk and shuts it.

Then climbs in his cab.

INT. CAB

The driver looks into the rear view mirror to see roy with a scowl on his face.

CAB DRIVER

Where to sir?

ROY

Uh, Hotel blanc?

CAB DRIVER

Right.

He starts the cab and drives away.

An old disco tune starts, 'Staying Alive' to roll through.

Later on...

EXT. PICADILLY SQUARE - DAY

Roy walks amongst the daily shoppers as he gazes from one shop to the next.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In one window, he sees a woman test a whip on a another woman's back with her boyfriend watching it all.

Roy winces and strolls on.

EXT. NEAR FISH SHOP - DAY

Roy eats a roll of deep fried fish as he continues to go from shop to shop. He tilts his head to the side to eat his oversized piece of fish, but does not see a cockroach climbing around his food.

He opens his mouth, and bites down hard which crunches down on the roach.

As he smiles wide, he picks his teeth and pulls out half the body of the roach.

He coughs and spits as pedestrians glance to him.

Roy throws away his tainted food.

EXT. A BUM - DAY

It lands on a bums lap, which causes the man to smile as he starts to eat the half eaten cockroach and fish roll.

EXT. COFFEE VENDOR - DAY

Roy stops to see a man sitting in a chair watching a television. With slight curiosity, roy spots what the screen shows.

Roy can see the vendor's left hand moving up and down in his lap as he gazes at the screen with all male swimmers in a porno.

Roy then spots a few cups on the counter which are stained badly.

He walks away.

EXT. HISTORIC SITE - DAY

Roy stops to take a picture of a statue where a man on a horse is poised up for an attack.

Then a plop on his shoulder as a pigeon takes a dump on him.

He throws the camera.

EXT. A NEAR BY WINDOW

The camera goes through the very large plate glass window and shatters it completely.

Roy walks away somberly.

EXT. DOUBLE DECKER BUS - LATER ON - DAY

Roy is on the top floor alone as he takes pictures with a new camera.

He snaps many pictures with glee as another plop of pigeon poop lands on his now dirty shoulder.

He looks up and throws his new camera.

It misses.

EXT. PARLIAMENT WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

But it does go through a secure window of the parliament building.

Alarms go off.

Bobbies and royal guards run out of the court yard as roy slumps down in his seat to hide his stupidity.

He takes his fedora off to hide his face.

EXT. ABBEY ROAD - DAY

Roy stops to look down at the sidewalk where the beatles once crossed for an album cover.

He steps out with one foot, and then another.

He then walks across it nonchalantly as he smiles wide.

Then does a twist dance move on it as passer by people simply glance and walk on.

His uncomfortable expression suggests he should stop while he was ahead.

Then he strolls on.

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - LIVERPOOL - DUSK

Outside a bowling alley roy saunters up to see a ragged row of men laying on the sidewalk in pain.

Each grab their groins as they groan and moan.

ROY

(To nearest man)

What happened buddy?

HURT MAN

(In a cockney accent)

What does it look like ya bastard?

Me nuggets got crushed.

ROY

Crushed? By what?

He looks to all who are grabbing their groin.

HURT MAN

Not by what, by who.

ROY

Who?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HURT MAN

Yeah. Fucking king of the slats.

ROY

King.

HURT MAN

Don't go in there. Not if you
treasure your nuts.

Intrigued, roy advances to the entrance and walks in to hear
a bowling ball smash a strike.

ROY

My kind of sound.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - DUSK

Roy looks around to see an old seedy place full of old people
nursing ale mugs. A far off lane shows a group of people
together as another strike is made by someone he cannot see.

Curious, he approaches.

A bar tender grumbles.

BAR TENDER

Ya got business here pal?

ROY

Just looking. I heard this was one
of the best lanes in liverpool.

BAR TENDER

It is. So what the fuck do ya want?

ROY

Ale would be good.

The tender grabs a dirty mug, and wipes it out with a dirty
rag.

Roy smiles as he glances to the lane where another strike is
made by a good player.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROY (CONT'D)
Who's playing over there?

BAR TENDER
Why? Ya got business wit him?

ROY
No. Thought I could play a few
games to warm up for the
tournament.

Suddenly, as if the whole place could hear, the bowling stops
and the group disperses to see who said those words.

Roy walks to the counter, and grabs his ale.

The tender grabs his jacket.

BAR TENDER
That's two pounds thirty.

ROY
Oh.

He digs in his pocket, and tosses down a twenty pound note.

ROY (CONT'D)
Keep it.

The scruffy looking tender takes it and pockets it.

Roy walks to a table as the group moves to their tables and
sit down.

But one man approaches in a calm and cool demeanor.

Roy sees him.

ROY (CONT'D)
Hello. Care for one?

BOWLER
I get mine for free.

ROY
Oh. Well, join me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOWLER

Who the fuck are ya anyway?

Roy seems to be distraught by this person's attitude, but tries to keep calm as he drinks his ale.

ROY

Just a bowler here for the tournament.

BOWLER

Is that so? You're a fucking yank aren't ya?

ROY

Yeah.

BOWLER

Got a lot of balls walking in here with your expensive suit and hat drinking our fucking ale.

ROY

It's not expensive. Bought it second hand.

BOWLER

Who gives a shit. Why are ya here?

ROY

Just a wanna play a game.

BOWLER

Ya do, do ya?

ROY

Yup.

BOWLER

Right. What's your stakes?

ROY

Well, as you can see, I have sort of a handicap.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Roy holds up his rubber hand.

The bowler smiles as he glances to the house.

People laugh.

BOWLER

What's that?

ROY

A rubber hand. Covers my hook.

BOWLER

So?

ROY

So if I can beat you in a straight game of a set of three, you become my assistant in the tournament.

Suddenly the whole place laughs.

BOWLER

You? Beat me? Ya got fucking pudding for brains sweetheart. Even if ya do win, though highly unlikely, I'll still wrangle your nuts for the hell of it.

Roy sips his ale.

ROY

Fair deal.

The bowler laughs some more as he heads back to his bowling pit.

The tender presses a button on a control panel behind him.

Then, the pins set up.

Roy brings his ale over.

He then places it down, and takes his jacket off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A waitress brings over a pair of bowling shoes in just roy's size.

ROY (CONT'D)

How'd you know I was a ten?

WAITRESS

It's a gift love, I can tell what a victim wears.

Roy smirks as the bowler gets himself ready.

He glances back to roy.

BOWLER

We'll take a toss for the frame.

ROY

Sounds good.

All customers approach silently as the bowler takes a stance on the alley.

Then, slowly walks forward and tosses the ball.

It spins and arcs to the head pin with pinpoint accuracy.

STRIKE

Roy smiles and claps.

His rubber fingers wiggle side to side which causes the house to howl at the site.

Roy is next.

He picks up a ball from the chute, then inches his way up.

He tosses the ball, and it spins like his opponents.

STRIKE

All are quiet.

Then as roy smiles to his foe, a tune of 'Relax - By, Frankie Goes to hollywood' begins their game.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Roy throws strike after strike which causes the crowd to stand up and cheer.

His opponent is not amused.

Next, the bowler gives his strikes in retaliation to meet roy's luck.

Each man gives his all to wow the patrons in full force.

A few elderly women stand to lift their tops to expose themselves to roy in a juvenile manner.

Oranges in socks.

He cringes as he sees varicose veins splay out from under their brassieres.

One young man (30's) who sees it grabs his sack and licks his lips to tease the aged crones.

The bowler stops to throw some peanuts to have them halt their vile displays.

Roy shakes his head and continues to bowl again.

STRIKE

Then the bowler makes more strikes, until finally...

INT. LAST FRAME - LATER ON

Roy is sitting as he waits for his opponent to shoot. No sound is heard, a pin can drop and one could hear it.

He throws his ball with precise accuracy.

STRIKE

He waits a few seconds for his ball.

Then takes it, and stands ready.

He tosses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STRIKE

He then holds up his hand as the crowd cheers.

As he sits down roy notices the score.

Roy 279 - Bowler - 295

Roy takes a few steps, tosses the ball.

STRIKE

He waits for his ball to arrive.

He glances to his foe, who crunches his fists and gestures to his groin as a reminder.

The ball arrives.

Roy spins back and takes a step, tosses the ball.

It is a one ten split ball.

His opponent giggles like a school kid to see such a rare sight.

Roy eyeballs the lanes.

Then, tosses his ball.

It rolls down the right side in such a way, that the ball arcs back to the center with just enough edge to catch the one pin, and send it flying across the lane to hit the ten pin.

SPARE

The crowd gets to their feet and cheer louder than before which now leaves the bowler in awe as he stares down the lane.

Roy is patted on the back with people commenting on the incredible shot.

His foe slumps back in his seat and glances to his buddies who seem angered.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He stands up quickly and approaches roy.

Roy covers his groin.

Then, the bowler holds out his hand.

The crowd stops cheering for a moment.

BOWLER

I've never been beaten like that in
ages. How the hell did ya pull that
shot off?

Roy looks at the large man's hand.

He puts down his celebratory drink, and shakes with a
friendly face.

ROY

Just lady luck on my side.

His foe grins, which turns to a wide smile as he now pats his
back and hollers to the bar tender.

BOWLER

Ale's on me, all round.

Cheers fill the hall.

ROY

Name's Roy, roy munson.

BOWLER

Gerald, Gerald Spinner.

ROY

Well gerald, let's talk.

As both sit down, the same aged flashers dance as they lift
up their tops again to tease.

Roy looks away in disgust as Gerald throws more peanuts at
them.

The tender brings a large tray of ale to their table.

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

As the fun continues, the same defeated earlier players are still in pain as a bobby walks past the hall.

He looks down to see them, but pays no mind.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

A hand with a cigarette which lays limp in between chubby fingers as the smoke lingers in the air. A pinky ring is seen with a gold crest over a black standard.

A cuff of a sleeve is seen just peeking out from an expensive suits pressed cuff.

The smoke moves and wafts around until it passes over a face which looks somewhat blotchy with red stains.

Then it clears to show Ernie McCracken in a chair as one man throws a punch to his face.

Ernie tilts sideways as he sobs out loud.

His tormentor, a mafia boss speaks to him.

MAFIA BOSS

(Cockney accent)

Well ernie. Seems you couldn't keep your hands to yourself.

Ernie spits blood.

ERNIE

(Sobs)

I didn't know she got married.

MAFIA BOSS

All the same. Your pecker can't just sit still for once. Now I have to make an example of you. Like all the rest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Behind ernie, is a wall with various beaten men chained up for display.

Ernie looks back to see them all bloodied and spent with broken bones.

One man has his elbow bone sticking out which he definitely notices.

ERNIE

Please, it was a mistake. I can make it up to you.

MAFIA BOSS

I'm sure you can. As you know next month is the yearly bowling tournament at the noble slats. What I want is for you to lose that tournament.

ERNIE

But - but don't you have pros like me? I mean they are good, but my game is way out of their league.

MAFIA BOSS

True. Most times you could get your nuts in a wringer if you won after the game. But I do have a lot of pull in this shit hole. So winning won't be a problem for you. Especially when I put on a wager which will cripple the foundation's equity plans.

ERNIE

It shouldn't be a problem then.

Ernie calms down some more as he spits a few more times which annoys the boss.

MAFIA BOSS

Oi! Do you fucking pay for that carpet?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERNIE

Sorry. Just feels disgusting in my mouth.

MAFIA BOSS

I'll give you fucking disgusting if keep it up. Knock it off.

ERNIE

Sorry. So what's the plan?

MAFIA BOSS

You get to play one of your most brilliant games. Then, when you think you're winning, you lose your edge. I want you to throw off your game.

Ernie looks at him as if he is crazy.

ERNIE

Why?

MAFIA BOSS

Why? Cause I am betting against you that's why. Just keep winning until the eighth frame, then lose it.

ERNIE

(Taps foot on the carpet)
Seems a bit - a bit - off.

MAFIA BOSS

You got a nervous twitch of something?

ERNIE

No. No, just never threw a game before.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAFIA BOSS

Well now you are, got it? Cause if you so much as want to win, I'll not only cut you to pieces, I'll make sure most chinese restaurants in this city get your meat as a substitute. Nobody will know if its cat, or dog.

Ernie gulps a few times as his thug punches him one last time.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. PICADILLY SQUARE - DAY

Roy and his new found friends take a walk along the shops to buy new clothes for the tournament.

Gerald stops at one shop, then enters with his friends following in.

INT. SHOP - DAY

Roy sees various kinds of retro looking pants, shirts, and shoes. He smiles as he picks up a pair of spats and sees his reflection in the shiny leather.

Gerald spots a shirt on a rack and picks it up to scrutinize it once or twice.

GERALD

Hey roy, take a look at this one.

The shirt is off color yellow, with a tinge of green that high lights the collar.

Roy gazes at it a few seconds.

ROY

Nah, too puke looking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GERALD

Yeah. Reminds me when I was home from school sick. Mum made me some porridge to help ease my stomach. Didn't work, threw up chunks as far as the eye can see.

Outside a bum throws up in front of the shop.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Just like that.

Roy sees the bum and winces.

The bum looks up to roy, and sneers as he walks away.

Another of gerald's friends catches their attention.

His name is Bradley Cole.

BRADLY

Oi! Look at this.

All turn to notice brad holding up a long gown which flows so nicely with his body shape.

Another patron sees him, and grabs his groin as he licks his lips.

BRADLY (CONT'D)

I could get used to this.

GERALD

Jesus brad, you're just like your brother. Even in prison you and him were always at each other about who's more attractive and shit. Cut it out you sorry sack of shit.

BRADLY

Sorry.

Bradly puts it down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Roy is in awe of hearing such drastic comments from a brute like gerald.

ROY

Um, can we get on with it?

GERALD

Yeah sure. What do you think?

Gerald holds up a pair of tweed slacks.

ROY

Not bad, kind of outdated, but on the right track.

Gerald pleased with himself, rolls up the slacks and walks to the counter.

Roy follows as he blows a heavy breath.

EXT. OUT DOOR BAR - DAY

Roy and the others are enjoying a glass of ale in the sunlight. Each man downs their pints, and orders more as roy is only on his first one.

GERALD

Waitress. Four more please.

Gerald looks at roy.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Oi! Ya haven't even touched yours yet.

ROY

Pacing myself.

GERALD

Bah, if ya want to be an english bowler, ya got to be - more -

BRADLY

Barbaric.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GERALD

Right, barbaric about it. Go on,
chug it down.

Roy takes a breath, and starts to drink his ale with more gusto.

His friends egg him on by cheering.

FRIENDS

Chug chug chug.

Roy gets to the last of it, and slams down the pint glass.

Gerald and the others clap to his new resolve.

Roy lets out a loud belch.

GERALD

Good one. Not too many that can
blow wind like that.

The waitress comes over with a new round for all.

Her features are quite pretty for a cockney girl. With red hair, and green eyes, most guys would trip seeing this fresh lassie from the pastures.

Yet in gerald's case, she knows him only too well.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Ah thanks a bunch love.

As she walks away, he pats her rear which makes her stop, take a hold of her tray then swings it hard down on the back of his head.

His head slams so hard on the table, the drinks go flying upwards at a height of about twenty feet because of his weight.

Roy jumps out of his chair as Gerald then rolls to his side, and falls to the cement.

His friends start to laugh as they scatter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The waitress simply takes a nearby jug of water, and pours it over gerald's face.

He wakes up sputtering and coughing.

Roy helps him up.

ROY

Holy shit gerald. You okay?

GERALD

Yeah, ouch. Forgot how strong her swing is.

He nurses the back of his head.

He sits down as other patrons go back to their business.

Gerald spots her coming back with a cold cloth.

She hands it to him.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Sorry love.

WAITRESS

Don't you sorry me. You know better than to lay a hand on me arse.

GERALD

Really Lucy it was just a misunderstanding.

LUCY

Oh really? A hand which pats my arse a mistake?

GERALD

Well it looks so, so delectable.

LUCY

(Folds her arms and
glances away)

Hmf.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY (CONT'D)

A lot of good it will do ya if you keep it up like you've been doing. And why haven't I heard from you in the last week?

GERALD

I've been doing a lot of practising love. The tournaments in two more weeks, I have to look my best and bowl my best.

LUCY

I'm not coming again. Last year you made me clean the toilet on our last date.

GERALD

Sorry love.

She looks to gerald who in her eyes sees a man who is being honest for once in his life.

But his friends know better.

Roy smiles as she grins to gerald.

LUCY

Well, I'll be in your corner this year. But this time, you are going to take me to a posh shin dig.

GERALD

(Fingers up)

I promise.

LUCY

You better.

She then leans down to kiss his cheek in a sweet manner.

His friends add their own way of congratulating him.

FRIENDS

Aww!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GERALD

Shut your gobs.

Lucy walks away.

ROY

You got a good lady there.

GERALD

Yeah. She's a real pisser if ya
don't watch yourself.

ROY

Gets mad easily huh?

GERALD

No I mean she'll piss on your head
in your sleep.

Roy laughs as he picks his ale up to drink it fast.

Roy then spots claudia on a corner.

She sees him and walks over to his group.

He stands and runs his fingers in his thin hair.

Gerald watches with wide eyes for he knows who she is.

CLAUDIA

Well, I see you got an assistant.

ROY

Yup. Let me introduce my friends.

He helps her enter the bar by opening a gate.

ROY (CONT'D)

Claudia, this is Gerald Spinner. To
his right is Bradly Cole. And to
his left is -

CARL

(Shakes)

Carl Nickle - mum.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARTH

Garth Lout.

Claudia sits down with roy as gerald drinks his ale in a hurry. Then orders some more.

GERALD

Another round. Plus one.

ROY

Yeah we've been upping our game in more ways than one.

CLAUDIA

That's good roy. I'm glad for you.

ROY

(Prideful)

Yeah a great bunch of guys here.

Gerald's hand shakes as he takes another pint and drinks it fast.

CLAUDIA

Is something wrong?

GERALD

Wrong? What could be wrong?
Anything wrong fellas?

FELLAS

No, no nothing wrong. Absolutely not.

For a moment roy simply watches them agree with each other so easily. Something is wrong in the back of his mind.

CLAUDIA

Roy I can't stay long. I've come to tell you that Ernie is to throw the game.

ROY

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAUDIA

It's a condition that if he throws the game, he gets to keep his nuts intact.

ROY

Let me guess. He got you into bed.

CLAUDIA

Roy, I didn't do it because of us. We, just - just...

ROY

Never mind. I don't care about ernie. Although watching him squirm like a bug would be a beneficial thing to see.

CLAUDIA

Roy.

ROY

No forget it. Let him eat shit for once like he made me do.

CLAUDIA

Oh roy, he's scared, and doesn't know what to do.

Roy stares at her for a moment, then stands up.

ROY

Claudia, I can't get involved with him anymore. He's just too much trouble for anyone to handle. I'm sorry.

CLAUDIA

I'm sorry too roy.

She gets up and walks away disappointed.

Roy sits back down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GERALD

Roy, ya didn't tell me you knew THE Claudia.

ROY

A long time ago. Now she's just the same as I knew her back then. A real grifter if I ever saw one.

GERALD

You do know who she's married to right?

ROY

No and I don't care.

GERALD

Roy, she's hitched with the most powerful mob boss in liverpool. A real hatchet man. The kind you'd rather ask nicely to put a bullet in your skull.

As roy lets this sink in, he picks his pint up once more, and drinks.

Then, with a blank stare, he looks up and screams his total discontent.

ROY

Nooo!

All patrons watch him.

His friends lean back in their chairs to soak in what they had just witnessed.

EXT. PARK WALK - DAY

Roy saunters aimlessly with his friends in silence. Gerald seems perturbed by roy's manner of depression and tries to knock him out of his slump.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GERALD

Come on Roy. It's not all that bad.

ROY

Not all that bad. I just find out my ex is married to some mafia boss, she's got me hook line and sinker to this tournament, I was hoping to bang her one last time before I push up daisies. Now did I miss something?

GERALD

She has a charity.

ROY

A charity. A charity.

Roy walks around with his arms flaying up and down.

His hook misses Brad.

ROY (CONT'D)

So that makes it alright. She has a charity.

GERALD

A good one. One that needs to be publicized.

ROY

Yeah I'll bet. What's her game? New makeup tips without the nuclear additives?

GERALD

Oi! Shut your gob. She's done a lot of good lately. And you should know her better.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROY

I Do! That's the point. She's just using the public to get what she wants, what she deserves. No matter who gets hurt in the process.

GERALD

Oi! I said, shut your gob.

ROY

So what's her charity huh? Dogs? Cats? Saving bee hives?

GERALD

It's leprosy.

ROY

Oh! Leprosy, I should have known. How in the hell did I miss that one? Leprosy!!

He shouts to the park where no one is paying attention.

Gerald walks up to roy, and as roy spins around he meets gerald's fist right under his jaw line.

Roy is sent back a few feet, but recovers to smirk at Gerald.

ROY (CONT'D)

So, you can fight. Alright, I'll take you on. No problem.

Then without any warning, gerald and his crew jump on roy and begin to give him a gang bang without mercy. All the while, an old tune of 'Show me the way - Styx'

A foot kicks roy's face, brad jumps up and lands on his chest to make a loud crunch sound.

Gerald goes to his knees, and grabs roy's thinning hair and starts to punch him in his face,

Roy tries to fight back with his hook, but is unsuccessful.

Carl uses a stuffed toy which he grabbed from a passing kid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Roy simply looks at him with confused eyes as a fist slams his nose.

ROY (CONT'D)

Ah! Shit!

The song continues as an above view shows all the men ravaging roy like a raw steak.

'Show me The Way' continues until...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GERALD'S HOUSE - DAY

Roy sits on a sofa as Gerald brings in a bag of ice and hands it to roy.

ROY

Thanks.

GERALD

No problem.

Roy glances to carl who is using a needle on his leg.

ROY

I didn't know you were a diabetic.

CARL

I'm not. I got this shit for half price.

ROY

What is it?

CARL

What do ya think? It's smack.

ROY

You mean heroine?

CARL

Yeah. Do ya mind?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROY

No, not at all. Smack away.

Carl presses the needle into his leg some more until his eyes glaze over. The euphoria kicks in.

Gerald hands roy a bottle of beer.

ROY (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Gerald sits back down.

ROY (CONT'D)

Leprosy. How the hell did she get herself into that one?

GERALD

I don't know. We found out by sheer luck when a friend of mine played a night of poker at the slug fest.

ROY

Slug fest.

GERALD

Contest night where if ya lose to someone drinking a pint of ale as fast as ya can, you go to the pit.

Roy nurses his nose with the ice as Gerald continues.

GERALD (CONT'D)

That's where fists fly like it's new years eve.

ROY

Gotcha.

GERALD

Anyway, carl heard about miss claudia's charity. Brad did a bit detective work, and found out where her operations are.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROY
And that is where?

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Roy stands outside with Gerald as both stare at the old stone steps of the church.

A single light is on just above the door.

It opens, and claudia stands there.

CLAUDIA
Hi roy.

ROY
Claudia.

CLAUDIA
Gerald.

GERALD
Hi miss claudia.

CLAUDIA
Can you stop with the miss? Sounds like an elevator in an outhouse.

GERALD
Sorry miss.

She invites them in the church, and closes the door behind them.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Roy is stumped to see so many beds occupied by little children that are so sick, one would think no one in the city cares.

Roy looks around to see the kids with bandages on arms, legs, faces.

He covers his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAUDIA

It's not contagious. These kids are city dwellers. Abandoned. None got the nutrition while on the streets.

ROY

Oh my god.

CLAUDIA

It starts slow. Working its way into the blood stream, then as you can see, begins to affect their tiny bodies.

A little girl looks up with tears in her eyes. A large scab is on her small cheek as she lies down on her cot.

A nun approaches from the shadows.

NUN

Miss claudia, we have the dressings ready.

CLAUDIA

Fine.

Roy walks to one cot where a young boy tries to sleep on his side. He then notices a red blotch near his small ankle.

Roy kneels next to the cot to watch him.

Gerald slowly walks to him.

GERALD

(Whispers)

Something isn't it? All these kids affected but not one single political body will take responsibility for them.

ROY

How was she able to keep this up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GERALD

She uses the money people will be able to give. But without any larger funds coming in, she takes it out of her own pocket.

Roy covers his mouth to hide a weep. His eyes tear up as he watches the boy's small chest rise and fall.

A few wheezes can be heard with each breath.

GERALD (CONT'D)

The state won't abdicate any medicine for them. They say others who are more important get it first.

ROY

That's insane. These kids are no more than - than third graders.

GERALD

Some are younger.

ROY

God.

Claudia then kneels with a tray which the nun has brought her. She starts to tend to one child's open wounds with a soft damp cloth.

Roy glances to claudia with a new admiration in his eyes.

Tears fall as he watches her wipe down the small child's face and arms.

He walks to her.

ROY (CONT'D)

Claudia, I - I

CLAUDIA

You don't need to say it. You didn't know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROY

It's not the point. I jumped to conclusions.

CLAUDIA

Yes. You did. But it's forgotten.
Just help me, it's all I need.

Roy meekly smiles and takes his jacket off along with gerald.

From above the entire church is seen with cots lined up in three rows with small bed lamps beside each one for security.

Roy grabs a new rag, and moves to the next cot beside claudia.

Gerald also follows suit with another child.

Then...

CUT TO:

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

Ernie is bowling by himself as others watch behind like statues. He makes strike after strike which would wow some people, yet his rough captors are not even phased.

His lower lip is bruised from his beating, but does not relent on making strikes for his pleasure.

The mafia boss walks in.

MAFIA BOSS

Looking good there Ernie.

ERNIE

Yeah good.

The boss sits down as ernie tosses another ball and hits a strike.

MAFIA BOSS

You could be the best in the world
with that arm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERNIE

I am the best.

MAFIA BOSS

Really.

ERNIE

Yeah really.

MAFIA BOSS

Watch yourself, I do not take to intimidation, especially not from some ego blasted yank like you.

ERNIE

Look, just let me bowl. It's what I'm good at.

MAFIA BOSS

Fine. Fine.

The boss nods to one of his henchmen.

Then he walks over to ernie, and grabs his arm.

ERNIE

Oh come on, I'm just getting in the groove here.

MAFIA BOSS

All in good time.

The henchman holds his left arm as they stand in front of the boss.

MAFIA BOSS (CONT'D)

Look, I've been doing some thinking about what you said.

ERNIE

What do you mean?

MAFIA BOSS

Do you really think you can beat everyone in the tournament?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERNIE

With my eyes closed.

MAFIA BOSS

Some of the boys had seen your rival Roy Manson -

ERNIE

Munson.

MAFIA BOSS

Munson at a church where my wife claudia is doing her usual pathetic good deed to help kids.

ERNIE

So?

MAFIA BOSS

So if you are the best, then I'll rescind my wager against you and bet against him. You could be very rich by the end of the tournament.

Ernie smiles as he glances to his captor.

ERNIE

As long as I keep practicing it won't be a problem. Last time we bowled together, I almost lost. Except roy now a days is run down, lost his edge, a complete waste of skin.

MAFIA BOSS

Then you agree he can lose.

ERNIE

Most definitely.

The boss nods his approval, and tilts his head ever so slightly to have the henchman to release ernie.

ERNIE (CONT'D)

I want fifty percent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The boss laughs.

MAFIA BOSS

You got a lot of balls to carry
Ernie. I'll give you that. Thirty
percent.

Ernie thinks for a few seconds.

ERNIE

Okay. Thirty.

MAFIA BOSS

(Points)
Do not disappoint me.

They leave him alone without guards.

He walks back to the chute, and picks up his signature resin
ball with a red rose in the center.

He looks at it.

Then he smiles as he sees his own reflection.

ERNIE

Roy, can't wait to shove this down
your throat a second time.

He then spins to the alley with grace, and tosses his ball.

STRIKE

ERNIE (CONT'D)

Yeah, still got it. Yes. Yes.

EXT. WALK HOME - CLAUDIA AND ROY - NIGHT

Claudia is silent as Roy walks beside her. Much like on a
first date out of school.

Both feel uncomfortable until Claudia breaks the ice.

CLAUDIA

Jamie was asking about you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROY

Who's jamie?

CLAUDIA

The little boy you were helping.
With the big figurine of superman.

ROY

Oh yeah. He's a cool kid.

CLAUDIA

He likes you. Wanted me to tell you
to win, no matter what.

ROY

Well that's why I'm here.

Both smile as they continue to stroll.

CLAUDIA

How's your um - your uh...

ROY

Love life?

CLAUDIA

Sorry for asking.

ROY

Ah, after you left I did the bar
scenes and club scenes. But could
never find that one right person.
Ran into an old friend in one club
though.

CLAUDIA

Oh? Was she nice?

ROY

Well, she would have been up until
we ended up in the bathroom
playing. That's when I knew.

CLAUDIA

Knew what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROY

That she wasn't for me.

CLAUDIA

How could you tell?

ROY

Because when I was about to give her a good tongue lashing, her penis was sticking out.

Claudia looks at him with disgust in her eyes.

ROY (CONT'D)

Well who can blame him. I mean I do have the charm.

Claudia smirks.

CLAUDIA

Yes you do.

Both arrive at Roy's hotel.

ROY

Well, uh claudia. I'm glad you let me see what it is you're doing. It's courageous. Those kids must look up to you.

CLAUDIA

Well, it's not enough. The real reason I wanted to you to partake in the tournament, was to win the prize. I could ask my husband, but he is as cheap as Scottish banker.

ROY

That bad huh?

CLAUDIA

I need three million pounds to make a new shelter for these kids. The church can only do so much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROY

Listen, I thought about it a long time and found you to be a real bitch sometimes. But when I saw the kids in pain like that, I thought about how many parents must have abandoned them because they couldn't get the medical help they needed.

CLAUDIA

So you'll -

ROY

When I win, I'll give you the three million pounds. But, in front of a lawyer I pick.

Claudia smiles and thrust up against him to hug him tight.

CLAUDIA

Oh roy, thank you so much.

ROY

Now, now. I have to win it first. So don't start whooping it up prematurely.

Claudia lets go.

CLAUDIA

Thanks.

ROY

You're welcome.

CLAUDIA

Well I have to get back. My husband's always got me on a short leash.

ROY

Not possible.

As she smiles, she walks away under the street lamps.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A local bobby saunters around with his hands behind his back as he tilts his cap to claudia.

BOBBY

Miss.

CLAUDIA

Hi.

Roy smirks and then goes up to his hotel room.

INT. HALL WAY - NIGHT

He drags his room key out, and unlocks the door. Then enters.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Within seconds, three thugs grab roy and start to beat him senseless.

He coughs up blood as one man smashes his face hard.

Roy hits the carpet and lays there as the mob boss walks in the room.

He sits on a chair to observe roy.

ROY

(Weak)

Who the hell are you?

MAFIA BOSS

Seems you're in a pickle there Roy
Munson.

ROY

How do you know me?

MAFIA BOSS

Oh, your pal Ernie McCracken gave
us details about you. Really, he's
just a fucking tool box without the
tools. You however, are different.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROY

How?

MAFIA BOSS

Well for one, you didn't shag my wife like Ernie did. Not that I care much about it, I mean she is a real sweet heart in bed. Knows how to polish a knob the right way.

Roy slowly sits up on the carpet to face him.

ROY

What do you want with me?

MAFIA BOSS

Well, as you already know the tournament starts in a few days. I was just telling ernie how he is going to be very rich once you threw the game.

ROY

I don't throw games.

A henchman walks up, and kicks his face.

MAFIA BOSS

Yes you do. And you will. I promised a gaggle of politicians that their pockets will run green like a saint patricks day parade. The wager is set on you to lose in the eighth frame.

ROY

Can't do it.

Another kick.

The boss winces as roy flops backwards.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAFIA BOSS

You know, claudia has been more cooperative lately when I told her about how I was going to shut down that church. Devastated her. I never saw a woman's eyes go red like that.

ROY

You touch a hair on her so help me you fat fucking piece of shit.

Roy gets up, and then is knocked out by a henchman's blackjack.

The mob boss gets up and looks at roy with calm and cool eyes.

MAFIA BOSS

Nobody talks to me like that. Not even claudia. But since you're new to England, I'll let this one pass.

He then leaves with his cohorts.

Roy rolls onto his side and grasps his stomach and face.

He groans in pain, and then a few weeps escape his lips.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NEXT DAY

A hard knock on the door wakes roy up. His eyes are bloodshot, and his face is marked with scrapes from his thugs boot.

He slowly rolls up to his knees, and with extra strength, manages to walk to the door.

He opens it.

Gerald is there all hyped up to practise when he sees roy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GERALD
Jesus Christ.

Gerald's buddies walk in too.

GERALD (CONT'D)
What the fuck happened to you?

ROY
Our friendly boss showed up last
night.

Roy weakly walks to a small fridge and grabs an ice tray and
a cloth.

Gerald sits down.

GERALD
Here?

ROY
Yes here. Ow!

GERALD
What did he want?

ROY
Wanted me to throw the game for
Ernie. Eighth frame.

CARL
You might have to, since you know
what he's like, he won't hesitate
to kill miss claudia, and you for
that matter.

Roy sits on his bed.

Gerald joins him.

GERALD
Look, I have some friends that can
help.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROY

With what? If I don't throw the game the church is shut down, and the kids will most likely be placed in a sanatarium.

GERALD

Trust me roy. Please, trust me.

Both look at each other for a moment.

ROY

What are you gonna do?

Gerald smiles wide.

CUT TO:

INT. GERALDS HOUSE - LUCY ARRIVES - DAY

Lucy walks in to see roy all battered and bruised. She winces as she comments.

LUCY

Ouch. Looks painful.

ROY

Trust me it is.

LUCY

Reminds me when Gerald and I did a night of Klingon love making.

Gerald smirks as he adds...

GERALD

Well those horns of yours were really - -

ROY

Hey. Don't wanna hear about it.

Both giggle together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY
Especially that whip.

ROY
Hey!

LUCY
Okay, I got a position at the
tournament as a cocktail girl. Now
I also have a few friends doing the
toilet work and odd cleaning. This
is where we'll get him.

ROY
In the toilet?

LUCY
So to speak. Brad?

Roy glances to brad who is monkeying with electronic devices.

ROY
I was about to ask what you were
doing.

BRADLY
I making up some bugs.

ROY
Bugs?

BRADLY
Small microphones. We used to use
these back in school when we caught
a few of our prim and proper
teachers shagging it out in the
janitor's closet. Then we wired
them to the local PA system and let
the shit fly.

Gerald laughs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GERALD

You never saw two people run fast like that. I thought he was gonna make to Sheffield in record time.

Roy smirks as he picks a bug up.

It looks like a cockroach.

BRADLY

Careful with that. Real sensitive devices.

ROY

How did you get this stuff?

BRADLY

Had a cousin who worked for MI5 for twenty years. Gave me these just to have fun with.

GERALD

Oh we will.

ROY

So why the toilet?

LUCY

Cause that's where his highness does his best thinking. We can capture anything he says and use it against him when you win.

GERALD

We also sent word to the local station what were gonna be doing. They promised us three squads.

Roy smirks as he scrutinizes the bug up close.

DISSOLVE TO:

BLACKNESS

Cheers are heard along with claps and foot stomps. A reporter begins his segment...

REPORTER (V.O.)

Here we are ladies and gentlemen,
at the world class alley, the noble
slats. Where some of the best
bowlers will fight it out for the
title of being the best in the
world, plus winning a purse of ten
million pounds prize money.

INT. NOBLE SLATS - DAY

The crowds are large in numbers as they sit against a long
back row of seats where they have the best view of the
bowlers.

The bowlers are seen drinking ales and eating greasy foods.

Reporter is seen now.

INT. NOBLE SLATS - REPORTER - ON THE FLOOR

REPORTER

Good afternoon, today we have a
great line up of the first round
where last years winner Dean
Hawthorn is to take first pick of a
lane he feels comfortable with. Now
most times players usually let the
panel pick for them, but because of
growing animosity against such
rules the panel decided to allow
the players this luxury. And as you
can see behind me...

Reporter turns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REPORTER (CONT'D)
Mister Hawthorn has taken full
advantage.

Dean points to a middle lane as his side kicks get his ball
and shoes ready like slaves.

REPORTER (CONT'D)
One can only imagine what a
wonderful idol to kids this man
really is.

Dean shouts his discontent as one slave shakes in front of
his taskmaster.

DEAN
You little (BEEP)(BEEP)(BEEP) ing
(BEEP) hole!

INT. NOBLE SLATS - ROY'S ARRIVAL

Roy now walks into the large bowling arena where the crowds
suddenly go quiet as he and gerald stroll to their assigned
alley way.

REPORTER (V.O.)
And here comes the american legend
in his own mind, Roy Munson. Where
a few years back almost won a Las
Vegas tournament against his rival
Ernie McCracken. It seems the tours
he as amassed hasn't paid off. It's
a wonder he still bowls.

Another reporter butts in...

REPORTER #2 (V.O.)
Absolutely right, his streak has
become something of an enigma since
Las Vegas. But I have been told
that his new approach to the game
will astound us, or so his
assistant says.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then a row of lights shine on a corner where Ernie McCracken walks out with his troupe of thugs.

The crowds cheer louder which Roy notices right away.

Gerald spots them, and scowls.

INT. NOBLE SLATS - REPORTER BOX

REPORTER

And here's Ernie McCracken. Winner of the Las Vegas tournament of one million dollars, plus an endorsement deal with a new male enhancement drug company which I was told later was a complete wasted investment. Ernie lost nearly all of his winnings in that venture, plus had a law suit against him for failing to appear in commercials. One can only guess what has brought him here.

REPORTER #2

Like we don't know already. Roy and Ernie has had a lot of animosity against one another for years. Now we'll see how this game can make or break these two legends.

Back on the floor.

Roy and Gerald converse as Ernie approaches their pit.

Roy glances up.

ERNIE

Roy.

ROY

Ernie.

ERNIE

Who's your school buddy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROY

I wouldn't piss him off too much. Or
he'll rip off your head and shit in
the hole.

Ernie looks to Gerald who starts to eat a pint glass.

Ernie's eyes go wide and scurries off like a wimp.

ROY (CONT'D)

What a wienie.

GERALD

Just tell me when to beat him into
the ground.

ROY

How's the girl's coming?

CUT TO:

INT. TOILET - CONTINUOUS

Lucy is on her knees as she hunkers down behind a toilet
reserved only for the mob boss.

Carefully, she places the bug just up and behind the water
tank.

Then, cleans up around herself, and makes it look like she is
doing the floor.

She looks behind herself, and sees the coast is clear.

Then, leaves the bathroom.

EXT. TOILET - DAY

She then leaves with her cart, and rounds a corner just as
the boss and his cronies walk down the hall.

The boss enters the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The boss sees his sign on the door which displays a rather obvious message.

'For Mob Boss'

MAFIA BOSS

Assholes.

INT. STALL - CONTINUOUS

As he pulls his pants down to use the toilet, he also retrieves his cell phone to make a call.

He hears a few rings then...

MAFIA BOSS

Yeah this is Tuber. Yeah I want a full spread against Roy Munson. Yeah fifty million. Eighth frame. And also tell that fucking prick his royal highness governor Oswald that his piece of shit wife was not at the site.

On the other end a loud voice roars. But the voice cannot be made out very clear.

MAFIA BOSS (CONT'D)

Look I don't give a shit about the so called leprosy foundation. It's all a money front as you all know. So using this game won't be a hassle. I mean where do you think I'm getting this money from anyway?

More talking on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAFIA BOSS (CONT'D)

Of course my wife doesn't know. If she knew how much money this foundation had...

CUT TO:

INT. DARK ROOM - LISTENERS

Brad and Carl are listening to the conversation and recording it all as they smile bright and wide.

MAFIA BOSS (V.O.)

She would just take it and run. So you tell Mister Oswald that his place in the senate is safe. Without this game he would be on the fucking bread line like every other piece of shit in the city.

Brad nods his head up and down knowing full well they have the boss by his balls. Plus a bonus.

CARL

I didn't know how far this went up.

BRADLY

Holy shit, we're gonna be heroes.

CARL

Sh.

MAFIA BOSS (V.O.)

And you tell the others that when those two yanks finish their little scrimmage, take them out. I mean public take out. Use your best snipers.

Both Carl and Brad look at each other.

CARL

Shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They then start to pack up their stuff.

CUT TO:

INT. NOBLE SLATS - START OF GAME

All players line up at before the foul line, and toss their ball for a first shot.

Each ball races down the alley ways and then...

STRIKE on roy's and Ernie's alley way.

Others don't even come close.

INT. NOBLE SLATS - REPORTER BOX

REPORTER

And here we go. The first traditional ball sent down the alley way to start the historical fight of who, is going to be the best in the world.

REPORTER #2

With all of this male testosterone, one can only imagine of how these men will destroy one another. Last year it was Dean against Keith Unger who lost by just two pins. Now it's roy and Ernie who seems to be the favorite because of their rivalry. This crowd sees blood.

The crowds shout and cheer as Roy is first against his opponent that looks like a logger rather than a bowler.

He is tall, hard looking, half shaven.

Gerald leans to roy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GERALD

Okay, I did some research on this
guy.

ROY

And?

GERALD

Just ask him about how his benny is
doing.

Roy shrugs his shoulders and glances to his foe.

ROY

Hey how's your benny?

The logger type bowler leers at roy, then grits his teeth
until the front two break completely.

He then turns to shoot down the alley.

He tosses his ball.

The front pin goes down along with a few others leaving him a
spare chance.

Roy smiles.

GERALD

His benny is a rabbit.

ROY

A what?

GERALD

Rabbit. Once I heard about his
rabbit escaping out its pen and ran
across the road, only to be
flattened by a local truck. He
almost never recovered.

ROY

(Chuckles)

Jesus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His opponent makes his spare.

Now is roy's turn.

REPORTER

Well it seems in roy's pit, his
opponent has made a spare. Giving
him a first score.

REPORTER #2

I'm surprised he only made a spare.
Kyle never gets a spare in the
first five frames. This is Roy's
chance.

Roy is up and ready.

He tosses the ball with a nice arc to the front pin.

STRIKE

A tune of Frankie Goes to Hollywood epic song of 'Two Tribes'
break in.

The crowd cheers as roy smiles as he slaps a hand with
Gerald.

Now the battle is on.

Each alley is shown as balls head down the lanes.

With each strike, it matches the tunes cymbal smashes.

Roy spins as he gets another strike.

The crowd is on their feet.

INT. NOBLE SLATS - REPORTER BOX

REPORTER

And another strike for Roy munson.
This man is a machine.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REPORTER (CONT'D)
Ernie McCracken is also replying
with his own brand of justice as
his continuous streak has been
unrelenting.

The tune continues.

INT. NOBLE SLATS - ROY'S PIT

Gerald swigs his ale as he cheers for roy.

GERALD
Give him hell!

Roy glances back to see Gerald as more drunken state. Then
laughs.

Ernie however is now in trouble.

INT. ERNIE'S PIT

At his pit, ernie has a chance to make a spare.

But his opponent is distracting him by moving his legs open
and closed like a nervous juvenile.

Ernie then glances to him.

ERNIE
Do you need to go to the bathroom?

OPPONENT
No.

ERNIE
Then can you please stop that.

OPPONENT
Stop what?

ERNIE
That, with your legs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OPPONENT

Making you horny? You know I have a
rather nice water bed.

Ernie looks at him with disgust, and then tosses his ball.

SPARE

His opponent gets up, to shake his hand. But ernie just
raises a hand to acknowledge him as a good opponent.

Then walks out of the pit in a hurry.

OPPONENT (CONT'D)

I'll be waiting.

As ernie leaves he notices his rear.

OPPONENT (CONT'D)

Nice ass.

Roy glances to ernie's pit to see him leave.

INT. NOBLE SLATS - REPORTER BOX

REPORTER

Well Ernie has won against his
first opponent by just a spare.
This is getting interesting now
since most times McCracken ends
with a strike.

REPORTER #2

Right you are, and with this
growing tension it will only cause
more animosity between Munson and
Ernie. Whoever comes out of this
battle first will be on top of the
world.

REPORTER

Now we go to pit number eight where
roy is poised to toss his ball.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Roy is ready, the crowd quiets down to allow roy to shoot.

Then, he shoots.

As the ball reaches the first pin.

STRIKE

INT. NOBLE SLATS - ARENA

The crowd goes nuts.

His opponent starts to leave without so much as simple good game comment.

Roy offers his hook.

The logger gives him the finger.

REPORTER #2 (V.O.)

Whoa! Not good sportsmanship.

Roy then waves to the cheering fans as gerald grabs a new pint of ale.

Roy sits down.

Bard and carl arrive soon after.

ROY

Hey guys.

BRADLY

Hey. Do we have some good shit for you.

GERALD

What?

CARL

You ever hear of governor Bryce Oswald?

GERALD

Yeah. What about him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARL

He's on the payroll to our good friend the tuber.

GERALD

No shit.

CARL

We got enough to put both away for five hundred years. Their using this tournament as a betting front using - get this - the leprosy foundation.

ROY

But I thought claudia said there wasn't any money.

BRADLY

She doesn't know that her fat pig had kept the capital secret. Over fifty million pounds is being wagered against you.

ROY

That much.

BRADLY

This'll give you a chance to break him completely.

ROY

What about claudia?

BRADLY

What about her?

ROY

Where is she?

All look to each other as the revelation has just sunk in.

Then...

INT. EMPTY ROOM - DAY

Claudia is tied to a chair as a guard watches over her. She wiggles against the bindings, but it does her no good to fight.

Then her fat husband walks in the room.

MAFIA BOSS

Don't struggle love, it'll all be over soon enough.

CLAUDIA

What are going to do to roy?

MAFIA BOSS

Nothing, let alone a single bullet to his scrawny noggin.

CLAUDIA

You lousy bastard.

MAFIA BOSS

I'm surprised you didn't know how much money the charity actually had behind it. I thought with all of your feline resources you could have found some clues.

CLAUDIA

This is not over yet, not by a long shot.

He husband approaches slowly in a menacing way.

MAFIA BOSS

Of course it isn't. I'm going to keep you forever in this world. You are not going to become a free woman like before, you will be my personal slave. Like I did with my sister before she ran into a train.

Claudia looks away in total disgust. But her husband grabs her chin to make her look into his beady little eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAUDIA

You're a disgusting pig.

MAFIA BOSS

But you like it, don't you?

He kisses her as she fights him off.

The guard watches with a big smile on his face.

INT. NOBLE SLATS - MOMENTS LATER

Roy waits for his new opponent as the group sits in silence.

Lucy arrives with a tray of Ale and places it down.

LUCY

What's wrong?

ROY

Claudia's not here.

LUCY

She was supposed to be here an hour ago.

ROY

What the hell happened to her? Damn it.

GERALD

Easy roy. Don't get confused now. You're almost near your goal.

ROY

But not against claudia's safety.

Lucy sits down to think.

GERALD

Well what do we know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY

Seems to me, I remember one place
where Claudia went to with her
husband.

GERALD

Where?

LUCY

Near the old youth center. They
were trying to reopen it but her
fat slob lost interest later. She
usually went back on her own just
to take a look.

GERALD

You don't think...

ROY

It's worth a shot. How fast can you
get the police there?

CARL

Just give me the word.

ROY

Word's given.

Carl and brad and lucy leave as the new opponent arrives for
roy.

The crowds get to their feet in support.

INT. NOBLE SLATS - REPORTER BOX

REPORTER

And here we go with the last of the
semi finals. Roy Munson against the
new champion Dean Hawthorn. This is
going to be one hell of a game.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REPORTER #2

I have to agree. Seeing roy using his handicapped hand against Dean's powerful throws will be a treat for all.

INT. NOBLE SLATS - ROY'S PIT

Dean approaches roy and offers his hand to roy. Both shake like gentlemen as Dean leans close.

DEAN

I like little boys like you. Gonna make you a new asshole.

ROY

Were ever in prison?

DEAN

Yeah. Had me self some good salads inside.

Roy cringes as dean then walks to the ball chute.

Gerald grabs another ale.

Dean makes his stance, and then tosses the ball.

STRIKE

Then cheers resonate as the fight begins.

A tune of 'Mister Tinker train' Ozzy Osbourne starts.

Roy gets up as Dean sits down.

He tosses his ball.

STRIKE

As roy turns around, he sees dean's lustful eyes as he licks his lips in a foul manner.

Gerald glances away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Meanwhile...

CUT TO:

EXT. NEAR YOUTH CENTER - RAID

Quietly, unmarked trucks and cars arrive at the close to the center and stop.

From one window, a police officer uses binoculars to oversee the area.

Through his eyes he sees an empty lot, but does spot a few cars peeking out from a corner of a building.

POLICE OFFICER

Right. We got a plate number, BD86-RUS. Run them.

POLICE OFFICER #2

Roger.

Carl is in the back of the car with Brad and Lucy as witnesses.

Then a few seconds later...

POLICE OFFICER #2 (CONT'D)

Got it. Belongs to Nigel Finch. Wanted on various counts of fraud, rape, murder, and kidnapping.

POLICE OFFICER

Seems we have our hideout. Get the mobile unit ready.

POLICE OFFICER #2

Yes sir.

INT. EMPTY ROOM

Claudia sits in silence as she glances to the guard now and then.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Her husband has left leaving both alone.

Suddenly...

The door bashes down and a full squad of police officers parade in with heavy weaponry.

SQUAD SOLDIER

Freeze! Get down on the ground.
Now!

The guard does as he's told, but not before he utters out loud...

THUG

You're too late pigs.

CLAUDIA

Roy's in trouble.

SQUAD SOLDIER

Who's roy?

CUT TO:

INT. NOBLE SLATS - ROY'S PIT

The cheers echo and build as roy and dean battle it out like pros.

REPORTER (V.O.)

This is incredible. With each frame
roy is answering back with a pure
instinct no one can match.

Dean tosses his ball.

STRIKE

Roy is next.

He tosses.

STRIKE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Back and forth they go until the final frame is set up.

Dean tosses his ball.

But loses the frame with only a pin count.

The score is dean, 295 roy 290.

Roy sets up his stance, then tosses the ball.

As before earlier with Gerald, he gets a one ten split.

Roy shakes his head in frustration as the crowd get to their feet to offer support.

Dean grins wide.

REPORTER #2 (V.O.)

This is the ugly side of bowling. The dreaded one ten split which most do not achieve even on the best of games. But as history has shown, roy has made this shot against Ernie in the finals. Let's see if he can pull this one off again.

Roy sets up, the hall is dead quiet.

Gerald gulps his ale and grabs another with a shaky hand.

Roy moves, then tosses the ball.

INT. NOBLE SLATS - ALLEY

The ball angles oddly to one side, and then runs down the length of the alley just inches from the gutter.

It then slopes towards the center just enough to shave the one pin, then sends it to the ten pin.

SPARE

The crowd goes nuts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REPORTER (V.O.)

He's done it! He's beaten the
champion with an impossible shot!
What poise, what grace!

REPORTER #2

Incredible!

As he speaks a slow motion retake is shown.

REPORTER #2 (CONT'D)

Look at that angle, from the gutter
alley to the one pin. His talents
are definitely one of a kind. A
fantastic shot!

Roy sits down as Dean offers his hand to Roy in a more calm
demeanor.

DEAN

Thanks for the game bloke.

ROY

Thank you too for a great game.

DEAN

Kill Ernie.

ROY

My pleasure.

Dean then leaves in his own brooding.

Gerald gets up and starts to hug Roy in excitement.

Roy waves to the crowd for their support.

But his eyes show a sullen expression as he wants to see
Claudia safe.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Roy has made it to the finals. Now
all that is left...

INT. NOBLE SLATS - ERNIE'S PIT

As ernie takes his position he tosses his ball.

REPORTER (V.O.)
Is Ernie McCracken against Keith
Unger.

STRIKE

Cheers bound as Ernie shakes the hand of his opponent in triumph.

REPORTER #2 (V.O.)
Well it's decided. Ernie now plays
against his number one rival Roy
Munson. Keith has played a great
game but for some reason has lost
his edge in these last few years.
Seems we won't be seeing him again
next season.

Keith walks away as he waves to the fans.

INT. NOBLE SLATS - ROY'S PIT

As roy looks around the arena, he hopes to see claudia. But as fate has it, she cannot be seen yet.

Gerald places an arm on his shoulder.

GERALD
Hey, she'll be here. Trust me.

ROY
I hope you're right. I hope she's
okay.

Meanwhile...

INT. BACK AREA - HIDEOUT - SNIPER

A sniper is setting up his weapon in silence. He grabs a scope, and slides it on the rifle barrel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Then his recoil guard.

A click!

INT. NOBLE SLATS - ERNIE ARRIVES AT PIT ONE

Ernie places his signature ball down on the chute rail. Roy arrives with Gerald and places his own ball down.

Both look at each other.

ROY

Well, here we are again.

ERNIE

And this time you are going down in the most - pathetic way.

Roy is not phased by his unnecessary comments.

ROY

Just put it up ernie.

ERNIE

You're going down.

Lights start to flood the arena as the final game begins.

REPORTER (V.O.)

This is it folks, the last stage of this phenomenal tournament. An under dog Roy Munson has overpowered most opponents here to give this crowd a great show.

REPORTER #2 (V.O.)

Exactly, to see both men face each other as before is next to MMA fighters, but without fists. Instead, using their balls to get their results.

Roy takes his stance on the alley.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The arena quiets down.

He tosses his ball.

STRIKE

Roy sits down as Ernie gets up to take his turn.

He tosses.

STRIKE

Now a tune of 'Black Betty' - RamJam starts.

INT. NOBLE SLATS - HIDEOUT

The sniper puts on the last of his equipment on his rifle, and then gets himself into position to scope on roy.

The cross hairs are now aligned with his head. Then it moves to a scoreboard where the sixth frame is seen filled. Two more frames until his trigger happy finger can be used.

INT. NOBLE SLATS - PIT ONE

Roy stands and grabs his ball. Ernie sits down and grabs bottle of water.

Roy tosses.

STRIKE

Ernie nearly chokes as he sees the pins spread out like a magnificent explosion.

He then glances to roy and sneers.

Roy sits down.

Ernie grabs his ball, and raises it up to look at his pretty red rose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERNIE

(To the ball)

Come on honey. Make ernie a rich man.

He tosses.

STRIKE

Now it is the seventh frame.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Amazing. These two really hate each other in so many forms. Ernie uses his audacity to mow roy's confidence down, but roy answers back with just as much force.

REPORTER #2 (V.O.)

And right now, roy is at the top of his game.

Roy tosses his ball.

STRIKE

The crowd cheers louder than before, which causes ernie to shout to the crowd to shut up.

Suddenly they boo him.

INT. NOBLE SLATS - HIDEOUT

The scope focuses right on Roy's head as Ernie passes him to grab his ball.

SNIPER

Come on you fucking yank, get out of my way.

INT. NOBLE SLATS - CLAUDIA ARRIVES

Roy looks down to the floor as Gerald sees claudia walk in the arena. Gerald smiles and nudges roy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GERALD

Oi! Are you okay?

ROY

I just need claudia here. She's the only one who can make me win.

GERALD

Well I gotta tell ya, after all of this time with you. You really are a daft bastard.

ROY

Huh?

Gerald gestures his head towards the doorway.

Roy follows to see her sweet face smiling in his direction.

He grins wide as Ernie suddenly looks up to see her as well.

ERNIE

Shit.

He tosses the ball and sits down right away.

STRIKE

Roy sees the pins go down, but wonders why Ernie sat down so quickly.

Then with caution goes to the chute to grab his ball.

INT. NOBLE SLATS - HIDEOUT

The scope is now beaded on Roy's forehead. His finger reaches the trigger slowly.

Roy takes his stance.

Suddenly the door behind the sniper breaks down with police officers rushing in with semi auto weapons pointed on him.

POLICE OFFICER

Freeze! Stay where you are.

INT. NOBLE SLATS - PIT ONE

Roy moves, and tosses his ball.

STRIKE

It is now the eighth frame.

INT. OBSERVATION BOX - TUBER

As he eats a plate of shrimp, the police break in and raid the box without mercy.

All are handcuffed in the most expedient way as tuber gets up to face the police.

MAFIA BOSS

What the hell is this?

POLICE OFFICER

You're under arrest on the charges of kidnapping, conspiring to commit murder, as well as conspiring with a high official political senator for monetary gain.

MAFIA BOSS

This is bull shit. Where's your fucking proof?

One officer lifts up a hand with a recording device.

RECORDER (V.O.)

Yeah this is Tuber. Yeah I want a full spread against Roy Munson. Yeah fifty million. Eighth frame. And also tell that fucking prick his royal highness governor Oswald that his piece of shit wife was not at the site.

The officer shuts it off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAFIA BOSS

God damn pigs. You set me up! My lawyer is going to have a field day with this one. Mark my words pigs.

POLICE OFFICER

Get him out of here!

INT. NOBLE SLATS - ARENA

The crowd sees the officers drag out the mafia boss in cuffs. They chatter amongst themselves as an announcer speaks loudly...

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Please, everybody sit down. Everything is under control. Please take your seats.

As the crowd settles down, the reporters comment.

REPORTER

Well a strange turn of events today. Seems we had a group of gang members here who were acting it up in the observation box. Well nothing like a good amount of prison time to cool their heels.

REPORTER #2 (V.O.)

That looked like Tuber from a weird angle. Oh well. Let's get this game on again.

INT. NOBLE SLATS - PIT ONE

Roy watches claudia stroll over to him with a smile on her face. Ernie grins as he watches only her rear.

Roy and claudia hug tight together.

Gerald weeps slightly as Carl, brad, and lucy arrive also.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROY

God I missed you.

CLAUDIA

I know. Now, crush this asshole.

ROY

Right.

Ernie tosses his ball.

Partially the pins go down leaving spare change.

Ernie then grabs his ball again, and whispers to it.

ERNIE

Please, please just treat me nice.
I promise to give you the best buff
when we get home.

Roy leans to gerald.

ROY

I often wonder what he says to his
ball.

GERALD

Who knows, next thing he'll
probably do is lick it.

Roy glances to gerald.

Ernie tosses.

SPARE

Now roy stands as the crowd cheers him on.

Claudia claps for support.

Roy then makes his stance.

Tosses his ball.

STRIKE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A great cheer comes from all.

It is now the tenth frame.

REPORTER (V.O.)

This is it folks. The final three segments which will decide who is he best in the world.

Ernie tosses his ball.

STRIKE

Then another.

He picks his ball up with sweat beading on his forehead.

He looks down the alley with sad eyes and tosses his ball.

In slow motion the ball angles down the alley. Then it curves just to the front pin nearly full on.

Then...

STRIKE

A final score shows his score of 299.

Roy stands up and faces his last frame.

He tosses the ball.

STRIKE

The crowd cheers him on.

Claudia claps in synch.

Roy tosses one more time.

STRIKE

Now the fans stomp the floor.

Ernie waves them off as he sulks to himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Roy then makes his stance, eyes the front pin with sweat dripping from his brow.

His breathing is heard with his heart beating loudly.

He tosses the ball.

INT. NOBLE SLATS - ALLEY

The ball arcs precisely to the front pin, patterns on the ball are seen as a dull milky mist as the ball centers to the front pin.

When suddenly...

STRIKE

The fans go wild, they get to their feet and chant his name like followers to a guru.

CROWD

Roy! Roy! Roy!

INT. NOBLE SLATS - PIT ONE

Roy is ecstatic as he grabs Claudia to hug her tight. Gerald grabs them both in his massive arms and lifts them both in the excitement.

REPORTER (V.O.)

He's done it! He's made history!
Roy Munson defeating his old rival
Ernie McCracken with a perfect game
has done it.

A score board shows Roy - 300

REPORTER (V.O.)

Never has this arena been so rowdy
like this. Roy Munson making a mark
for himself as the best in the
world. Congratulations roy!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Confetti falls from the ceiling as well as hundreds of balloons. Lights flood the whole place like a nightclub with a loud song to finish with 'We are the champions' - Queen.

Claudia kisses roy's lips as lucy grabs Gerald.

Then carl grabs bradly.

Later on...

EXT. HEATHROW AIRPORT - ERNIE

As ernie exits a cab, the front entrance shows a line of police officers ready to arrest him.

Ernie drops his bag and raises his hands high.

POLICE OFFICER

Ernie McCracken, you are under
arrest for aiding and abetting a
known criminal faction.

Police cuff him.

Ernie weeps as he is escorted to an awaiting police car.

After he gets, in the officer closes his door.

At the window ernie looks out just as a scroll paragraph shows his demise...

'Ernie McCracken was charged with aiding a known criminal for personal gain. Through various law foundations only one lawyer agreed to represent him. It was Oswald's attorney.'

INT. JAILHOUSE - TUBER

Tuber stares out from his cell door as he watches a gang of guys scrub and clean filthy toilets with small brushes.

Behind him is two prisoners on a bed with one behind the other having sex.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INMATE #1
(Husky voice, Spanks
lover)
Come on love, who's your daddy?

INMATE #2
You are daddy. Oh yes, beat me some
more. Oh yes!

Slap, slap, slap.

SCROLL MESSAGE

'Mafia boss simply known as Tuber was given a four hundred and thirty six year sentence for his role as the kingpin in what was to be the most important bust to police in a century. Other political bodies involved also received various sentences from community service, to picking up garbage in neighborhood parks.'

INT. CHURCH - ROY AND CLAUDIA

Roy and Claudia stand at an alter as a preacher gives his sermon of blessed wedding vows.

PREACHER
I now pronounce you husband and
wife.

Roy lifts her veil, but not before ripping it with his ring.

They slightly struggle as they giggle together.

Then, he kisses her deeply.

The congregation applauds their union.

'Roy and Claudia Munson got married soon after the tournament. With their new wealth both started a new phase wing for the deprived or abandoned kids with leprosy.'

INT. OTHER CHURCH - CARL - BRADLY

Both kiss in front of a crowd of latex wearing freaks. Some hold whips and chains as others hold dildos, or other forms of debauchery.

'Carl and Bradley got hitched because of the one kiss back in the tournament. Since they can't get dates in the first place, Carl simply said, 'I'd rather keep it in the family.'

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - LIVERPOOL

Gerald and Lucy sit together at a table as bowlers play the game in total fun.

Behind them, a group of Lepor kids take turns throwing balls down the alley.

One of the kids loses his finger.

He gazes at a friend, then they both laugh.

'Gerald and Lucy live together happily. Both oversee the operations of the Leprosy foundation for Claudia and Roy. Up until Gerald misused some of the funds which caused the foundation's bankruptcy. Lucy hit him so hard he lost his functional ability for his bowel movements. They've been happily married since.'

EXT. OFF THE COAST OF AUSTRALIA - DAY

Roy and Claudia enjoy a day of sun together on a cruise ship made for a hundred people. Though they are the only people on the boat.

At the helm is Roy at an outdoor steering wheel.

Claudia is by his side.

CLAUDIA

So what do you think about - ufo's?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROY

Ufo's? I never really gave it much thought.

CLAUDIA

I got a great idea.

Roy glances to Claudia.

ROY

No way. No, no more of these little shenanigans claudia. Every time you get that gleam in your eyes, something bad happens.

Both argue as the boat drifts off into the horizon.

CLAUDIA

Come on honey.

ROY

Don't come on honey me, we have a nice nest egg to retire with so no more of your bright ideas.

CLAUDIA

Please? Please?!

As the ship disappears within the setting sunlight, a zipper being undone is heard.

ROY

Shit.

THE END.

FADE OUT: