

Outcall

By

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FADE IN:

**INT. APARTMENT- DAY**

BUZZ. BUZZ!

iPhone flashes.

SUPERIMPOSE TEXT MESSAGE:

*24 Parker St. 2hr. Shave Enema Massage. Pd in full CC. 100 tip! Client John. 5pm. 54369901.*

**INT. APARTMENT- DAY- MOMENTS LATER**

Rear view of BAMBI 26, probably not her real name.

Her long slender legs move all the way to a perfect model's body. Fishnet stockings, suspenders. Leather G-string and top.

Walks in heels that defy physics. High class. High price.

Dons a trench coat which covers everything to below her knees.

She grabs a duffel bag and her phone. Walks to the door.

**EXT. HOUSE- DAY**

A small 50's weatherboard house. Needs a serious renovation. The rusty mailbox has a rustier number 24.

Surrounded by overgrown grass, weeds and bushes.

A broken concrete path to the door.

Bambi walks up the path. Very, very carefully.

**INT- LOUNGE- DAY**

The lounge room decor suggests we have entered 1958. Wallpaper, pictures and paintings that pre-date Elvis.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK!

JOHN, 81 unkempt grey hair and whiskers, sits in his retro recliner. A walking frame next to him. In his pajamas.

JOHN

Come in. The front door is open.

The sound of high heels on wooden floors.

Bambi enters the lounge. Has a look around. Not the usual type of place she plies her trade.

BAMBI

Hi darling. Are you John?

JOHN

Yes. Hello, love. That's me.

John reaches across to the side table and grabs his glasses. Puts on those big, thick black frames.

Lifts his head, looks through the bottom half of his specs.

JOHN

Oh, so you're a new girl.

BAMBI

Sure am honey. This is my first week with this agency.

JOHN

You are a little bit early.

BAMBI

Yea, no traffic. Can give you a bit of extra time if that's OK?

JOHN

Oh, that's wonderful, love. You girls provide such a great service for us lonely old codgers.

BAMBI

(looks at phone)

So I have a shave, a back wash and a massage, that's what we're doing?

JOHN

Sounds simply divine, love.

BAMBI

So, um. We'll start with the shave?

JOHN

Yes, very good.

BAMBI

(sniffs)

Wanna quick shower first?

JOHN

Good idea. Soften things up a bit.

BAMBI

(winks)

Don't worry, I'll get you hard  
again.

John slowly creaks his way out of the recliner. Takes off his glasses. Places on the table.

Takes out his hearing aids. Left ear. Places it on the table. Right ear. Places that one on the table.

Takes out his dentures. Places them in a glass on the table.

Grabs the handles of the walker. Shuffles slowly past Bambi. One small frame jump at a time.

BAMBI

(points)

The bedroom through here, darling?

John nods.

BAMBI

I'll just go and set up.

**INT. BATHROOM- DAY**

Steam rises.

Outdated. An old toilet with a commode perched over top.

A bathtub. A curtain partly across. There is a shower head on the wall. The hot water streams down into the bath.

We see John's upper body. He lathers the soap around his face and chest. Hums a happy tune to himself. 'Ode to Joy'.

Suddenly the curtain is pulled all the way across.

John is startled. Drops the soap.

Bambi stands there. Although we only see her from half chest up, his widened eyes are a dead giveaway that she is naked.

She steps into the bathtub.

John begins to bend down for the soap. Bambi touches his chest with her hand.

BAMBI

Let me get that for you, darling.

She faces the other way. Backs up to his body. John takes a step back to the wall, right under the shower head. The water fully flows over his head and face.

She begins to bend forward.

John wipes the water from his face.

Is it possible his eyes could have got any wider? They avert slowly downward. Mouth gapes open.

Bambi emerges again in to our view.

She now lathers his whole body with the soap. Slow movements. She makes sure every inch of him gets clean.

A tremble, a flinch or two. A roll of those wide eyes, a deep breath in. Clearly John enjoys the shower routine.

JOHN

This is very different to the--  
 (high pitch, widened eyes)  
 --O--O--OTHER girls.  
 (beat)  
 They've never done this before.

BAMBI

(talks into his ear)  
 I trust it's OK, darling.

John takes in a big deep breath.

Bambi's right shoulder. Subtle rhythmic movement.

BAMBI

Mmmm. From what I can feel it seems  
 that it is more than OK.

A big stupid grin comes across John's blank face.

Bambi moves away.

BAMBI

OK big boy. Looks like we've  
 softened you up enough...  
 (looks down)  
 ...in most places anyway.  
 (winks)  
 Put on a towel and meet me in the  
 boudoir for your shave.

Bambi steps out of the bathtub. Takes a towel and wraps around her body. Walks out the door.

The big stupid grin, wide eyes and blank face remain as John turns off the shower taps.

**INT. BEDROOM- NIGHT**

Bambi again adorns the leather lingerie, fishnets and heels. On the dressing table we see a cut throat razor, shaving cream and a selection of massage oils.

A stand with a large plastic water container. A long rubber tube descends all the way to a bucket on the floor.

John lying flat on the bed. Has not lost that stupid grin.

Bambi rips the towel away from John.

Squirts some shave cream on her hand. Her foamy hand moves down to between his legs. Inner mid thigh. Then up his leg.

John's eyes widen again.

She flicks open the cut throat and we see her disappear.

**INT. BEDROOM- NIGHT- MOMENTS LATER**

John's eyes squint. His face contorts.

GUSHING PROPULSION of water. A long WATERY FART.

His mouth opens wide and he breathes deeply out. The look of sheer relief on his face.

Bambi views the water container on the stand. Yep, it's empty.

**INT. BEDROOM- NIGHT- MOMENTS LATER**

SQUELCH. SLAP.

Bambi's oily hands run up and down John's back. Slow caresses, long strokes. She knows exactly what she is doing.

Bends forward and whispers in his ear.

BAMBI

Want to roll over, honey?

John positions himself on his back as quick as any 81 year old has probably ever done before.

He looks pretty proud of himself. And that stupid grin.

BUZZ. BUZZ!

iPhone flashes.

BAMBI

Sorry, darling. Let me check this.

Bambi looks at the message.

Pulls her head back and looks at it one more time.

**INT- LOUNGE- NIGHT**

Bambi is flustered. She rushes to button up her trench coat while she walks with duffel bag under one arm.

But she walks too fast in those heels and falls sideways. Twists her ankle. Duffel bag, the zip undone of course, spills it's contents over the floor.

She starts to repack on her hands and knees.

KNOCK. KNOCK!

Bambi looks up.

ELAINE (O.S)

YOO-HOO! Hi John. It's Elaine. Can I come in? The door's open.

ELAINE, 54 short and round walks into the lounge. She sees Bambi looking up at her.

ELAINE

OH! Hello.  
(looks confused)  
Um, who are you?

Bambi does not reply. Puts the last item in the duffel bag. Zips it up this time. Grabs her phone.

Stands up unsteadily. Starts to text.

SUPERIMPOSE: Texting.

*Just-- after-- 7.-- On-- my-- way-- now.*

Elaine takes a step back.

ELAINE

HELLO? Excuse me Miss! Who are you?  
And where is John?

Bambi points to the bedroom as she waddles past Elaine.

Bambi hits the send button on her phone.

SUPERIMPOSE RECEIVED TEXT MESSAGE:

*Bambs, a fuck up!! Sent u wrng addr. Shld b 24 Barker St not Parker St. Client John not happy, tip refunded. Can u b there by 7? Sorry!*

SUPERIMPOSE: Bambi's text reply.

*Just after 7. On my way now.*

We see her walk out. Rather unsteadily.

**INT. BEDROOM- NIGHT**

Elaine walks through the bedroom door.

Clearly in sight the corporate logo on her polo shirt:

*SHACS: SUNSHINE HOME AGED CARE SERVICES*

She gasps when she sets eyes on John.

He still wears that stupid grin. And only that.

FADE OUT:

THE END