

Your Slezzy Heart

By

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FADE IN

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Thick, hard rain beats against the windshield of a battered English lorry.

The engine PURRS, the wipers swing furiously.

A lone hitch-hiker is passed by.

The radio plays sultry music. Uncomfortably low.

The light is dim, highlighting only the edges of the various possessions within.

The speed dial is steady.

INT. LADIES BATHROOM - NIGHT

MUSIC CONTINUES:

Slender LIME high heels surround two lightly tanned, feet. PINK toenails. Calves sleek and long.

The bright florescent lights flicker above.

A cockroach scurries along the BROWN stained tiled floor.

Inside one of the cubicle's a WOMAN can be heard STRAINING.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

MUSIC CONTINUES:

Five meaty fingers grasp the BLACK steering wheel. The other five hold a radio C.B to the Mouth of the perma-tanned COLIN RIVERDALE, in his fifties sporting a sleezy cowboy look.

Lucky charms and various religious jewelery dangle from the dashboard, they sway and JINGLE.

His RASPING YORKSHIRE ACCENT cuts through the night.

COLIN

Ten four Jack Rabbit I hear what your trying to say. But what really happened was, well...I lost my love for the industry, and indeed for the music.

(CONTINUED)

Two South African gold records was a hell of a legacy. But in the end I just left. Turned my back on it, I said no longer would the world revere the name...Paolo Sanchez

COLIN

A much better ring than Colin Riverdale by the way.

JACK RABBIT

(Nordic Accent)

I hear you man, fame can't last forever. Never does.

COLIN

Besides, the night is my mistress now.

JACK RABBIT

Sure.

COLIN

Well that's enough jabbering, 'bout time I stopped off at my favorite watering hole and found me some poon.

COLIN

This is me, The Midnight Wanderer signing off. Good night and God bless.

Colin puts the C.B back in its holder.

INT. LADIES BATHROOM - NIGHT

MUSIC CONTINUES:

A bleached blond wig is adjusted and PINK lipstick applied to fat, juicy lips.

WOMAN IN THE CUBICLE

Shit, i'm out of toilet paper.
Excuse me love could you do me a favour.

The cockroach creeps around her foot.

A kiss is blown in the mirror.

CRUNCH the cockroach gets it, heel through the heart.

(CONTINUED)

A tropical looking ASIAN CHICK blows a kiss to herself in the mirror, all the right curves in all the right places.

WOMAN IN THE CUBICLE
Could you fetch me some toilet
paper. Anything really?

She slinks out the room.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

The lorry slows and pulls into a car park, overlooked by a lonesome redbrick, Shithole.

A neon sign flickers and humms into life. It reads 'SMOKEYS'

INT. BINGO HALL - NIGHT

Leaning on his plinth is bingo caller extraordinaire, VIC DISCO, in his early forties, he's all shit eating grins and camp hand gestures. A Butlin's red coat castoff.

VIC
Buckle my shoe, Thirty
Two...Gateway to heaven, Twenty
Seven...Two little ducks.

A MURMUR of QUACKS comes from the regulars.

VIC
That's right Twenty Two...

MILDRED, Smokey's oldest SILVER haired devotee shoots him a look, as if to say 'Twat'.

A SCREECHING mop bucket with a busted wheel rolls past, no-one seems to notice.

ANGELA, Smokey's Slag in residence steps out of the ladies bathroom, wafting the door.

She peers around the bar, notices Colin, and adjusts her bra all in one fluid movement.

Colin has a roll up in one hand and a pint in the other. Within the foam of his pint reads 'SOMEWHERE IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND'.

He leers at the BARMAID.

Angela appears, and puts her hands through Colin's slick back WHITE hair.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA
Alright sex machine...

Colin groans, embarrassed that she's next to him.

COLIN
And what do you want?

ANGELA
Was wondering if you fancied round two, last Thursday was amazing.

COLIN
Amazing? It was rape! I was clearly inebriated and said no on several, clear occasions.

ANGELA
Your playing hard to get.

COLIN
Just stand aside Bint, I've got some ogling to do.

Two old women bicker as they waddle up to the bar. They cast admiring glances at Colin.

COLIN
Who knows what you've got.

ANGELA
Fine then, moody Mary.

Angela storms off, She is visably hurt.

Colin continues to leer at the barmaid. The barmaid is Sally, early 20's, pretty.

SALLY
How many times do I have to tell you to stop looking at my tits?

COLIN
If I don't do it darling no-one else will.

SALLY
You make me sick.

COLIN
It's just the way i'm made.

Vic strolls upto the Bar.

VIC

Sally my love, could you get me a Tia Maria, coke, a slice of lemon, ice and with one of those cute little umbrella's on top. Please.

SALLY

What colour do you want the umbrella?

Vic ponders.

VIC

I think i'll have...

SALLY

You can Fuck off. Don't you recognise sarcasm?

She starts to make the drink.

SALLY

I really don't know what i've done to deserve you two Fuck wits.

COLIN

Why what have I done?

VIC

Has he been ogling at your big, fat tits again Sally love?

Sally covers her chest.

SALLY

Do you mind.

COLIN

(To Victor)

Look what you've gone and done.

SALLY

Okay, okay lets get this straight Casanova I'm sure your pretty cool when it comes the Blue rinse brigade, but there's not a chance in hell you could make it with me or anyone else under thirty with half a brain.

COLIN

Oh good. A challenge.

(CONTINUED)

VIC

I feel a wager coming.

Colin leans back and surveys his kingdom.

SALLY

Not so fast we need some rules...

As Colin leans in with a glint in his eye, his GOLD chain clinks against his pintpot.

COLIN

Continue...

SALLY

Here it is, if you Jimmy Long Schlong, manage to talk to anyone of my choosing for over say...Five minutes then...

COLIN

You'll get your rat out?

SALLY

No...

COLIN

I can touch your feet?

SALLY

Urgh, no...

VIC

Flash your tits?

SALLY

Deal. But as your not going to win, and of that i'm confident...

VIC

(To Colin)

Fighting talk.

SALLY

Then my friend, I don't ever wanna see your slimy, repugnant little face around here again.

COLIN

Fine by me there's always church

(CONTINUED)

VIC
Church?

COLIN
Bingo and Church. The two best
places for Pussy.

SALLY
Wow.

COLIN
Indeed.

Shaking her head in disgust, Sally turns and flicks a towel
over her shoulder.

She scans the bingo hall.

VIC
You'll have a time there's no-one
worthy in this grimy, little
shithole.

The Asian Chick is sat on her own. Sally spots her straight
away.

SALLY
Who's That? I don't think we've
seen her around before.

VIC
Who?

SALLY
The Chinese girl. She looks smart.
No way she'll fall for his Shit.

COLIN
Good choice, not had a Chinese in
ages.

Colin makes a gun with his fingers and pretends to shoot
Sally down.

He jumps down from his stool with vigour. He's an incredibly
squat man, 5'3 at most.

He releases a further button, producing a few sprigs of
gleaming chest hair.

He SMACKS his Arse with both hands.

COLIN
(To Himself)
Big poppa.

Sally, gobsmacked, puts her head in her hands.

Colin strolls down the long, bingo aisle. His spurs CLUNK, with every step.

Older women swoon as he passes by.

COLIN
(V.O)
Okay Wanderer, keep your cool. You are a man and she is a lady, I am the Leopard and she is the Prey...

He stops. Takes a bottle of breath freshener from his holster, and sprays to the back of his throat. Twice.

ASIAN CHICK
Hello...Big boy.

COLIN
How do you do my dear. May I?

ASIAN CHICK
Sure.

Colin slides into his seat, like a heap of molten sex lava.

COLIN
The name's Riverdale. Colin Riverdale.

She offers a dainty paw. She flutters her eyes.

ASIAN CHICK
Hi Colin. I'm Lily. I like your holster, bet you'd need a pretty big gun for that?

COLIN
(V.O)
Bloody Hell! This is going pretty damn well, too well almost. Move in for the kill!

COLIN
I'd sure would like to get to know you my dear. Perhaps a more intimate venue.

She twists her finger through her locks.

LILY

Well i'm just dying to get to know
you...Colin.

COLIN

(V.O)

She is just delightful, my hearts
beating so fast. Ive not felt like
this since...

COLIN

Me? You want to know me?

COLIN

(V.O)

Mellisa...

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

SUPER: 1974, SOUTH AFRICA.

Lava lamps, a disco ball and life size posters of Colin, in
his twenties with a ginger afro and a handle bar mustache
adorn the room. Stamped across them in large, garish letters
read: PAOLO SANCHEZ, DISCO SENSATION!, UNBREAKABLE
MOONLIGHT.

Two oily BLACK thighs dance and sway to the Sultry disco
beat of 'Unbreakable Moonlight'. This is Mellisa, with a
strong, hard gaze and an unforgettable AFRIKAANS DIALECT.

Colin swivels in his WHITE EGG CHAIR, he faces Mellisa, a
glass of champagne in one hand, the bottle in the other.

MELLISA

Paolo Darling, promise to make love
to me with all the force of a
Wildebeast in migrating season.

COLIN

All in good time sweetheart,
there's something...

MELLISA

There's just something about your
voice and those strings, it just
melts me inside, makes me want to
smother you deep within my thighs.

COLIN

Well, yes, but...

(CONTINUED)

MELLISA

And of course all of that wonderful money you bring.

COLIN

Yeah, that's kinda what I want to get of my chest...I, I don't want this anymore, I thought I did. But...

MELLISA

What are you trying to say?

COLIN

It's the music, it's crap, I mean Unforgettable Moonlight, It means absolutely nothing, It's rubbish.

MELLISA

And what about this home! My things?

Colin stands up and begins to pace.

COLIN

The Midnight Wanderer, and Aladdin's Cave were alright, but I wanna live again, go back to the band and jam, like in the good old days.

MELLISA

And what about me? Stupid man!

She pushes Colin into a corner. Aggressive.

COLIN

Now, hunnypie don't be like that.

MELISSA

You are nothing without me you weak, little man. I will take your things, this is my home go! Leave!

COLIN

But I love you...sweetheart.

MELISSA

Ha, I just loved your money!

ON THE DOORSTEP

A loud SLAM and Colin is out on his own. In disgust he rips off his handlebar mustache.

INT. BINGO HALL - NIGHT

AT THE BAR

Sally and Vic are both slumped on the bar exhausted.

VIC

Sally love, give it up. He's won,
they've been talking for two hours.

SALLY

No, never...How could this happen?

AT THE TABLE

COLIN

(Solemn)

It was my winter of discontent,
there was no way I could carry on.
I vowed that no woman would treat
me that way.

Lily is Bored, checks her make-up in her mirror.

LILY

Uh, Huh

COLIN

And then things definitely got
worse for me after the...Donkey
incident.

LILY

Okay...

Lily picks up her bag and gets up.

LILY

I am going.

COLIN

Where? Will I ever see you again?

LILY

Only to the bathroom silly, I need
to powder my nose.

Lily slinks off. Colin slumps his head on the table. Sally
and Vic creep over.

SALLY

Alright? Colin love...

(CONTINUED)

COLIN

All this time, she's still had a hold on me, with her deep claws.

VIC

It'll be okay.

COLIN

Look at me, I leech on women, treat 'em like crap. I bet I look a right burke.

VIC

Well, yeah.

COLIN

I bet she's not coming back too...

VIC

No, I don't think she is.

Colin drags himself up and trudges toward the exit.

SALLY

You in tomorrow, Col?

Colin undoes his holster and throws it to the ground. He swings as he leans on the door. He scans the hall, one last time. He exits.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

A small gaggle of people gather and find their seats. At the back is Colin, smart suit, clean shaven and humble.

He sits on his own.

As the priest begins his sermon, He notices a well dressed woman looking at him. He looks over, it's Angela, much different this time.

He winks.

She smiles.

FADE OUT.

THE END