

SCRIPT TITLE

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## LADIES DAY BY 'DB' MORGAN

### ACT ONE

To an epic soundtrack- a monumental event is nigh!

#### INT. THE BACK OF A BLACK CAB - EVENING

Dull tone of a car engine. We focus on a closeup of a man's face: JACK PIPER (26- startling eyes- macho- steely). He has an animal mask- a LION- rested on his head.

We pull back- three men sit in the cab- tense/subdued- with animal masks rested on their heads: Jack the lion, HAIRPIN TONY (51- more goatlike than the GOAT mask on his head) and THE OX (29 - a violent, scarred thug) wears a GORILLA and a Leeds United football shirt.

Opposite Jack, The Ox- focussed- snorts a line of coke from the back of his hand as Jack adjusts his testicles, picks up a CAN OF LAGER, cracks the ringpull and drains it. He scrunches it, tossing it across the car. Jack sucks in air and lets rip a huge belch, double palming it across the car to Hairpin; who flicks him the finger.

Jack turns to The Ox, to find him fitting brass knuckles to his hand. Jack places his hand over the Ox's and tactfully pulls the brass knuckles off, shaking his head to him in distaste as he tosses the weapon under the seat.

#### EXT. A TOWN STREET - A BATTERED OLD BLACK CAB

Freeze frame on Jack...

JACK PIPER

That's me; Jack. Travelling Jack Piper; and you might well ask what the fuck we're about to do, and you know what... that's the exact same question's been plaguin' me for the past few hours. I'm not a villain (beat) i'm a map designer. Or at least I was until some bollock invented the in car sat-nav and snuffed my life out. So, I got a city and guilds in technical design and a first aid certificate as way of a skill set;  
(MORE)

JACK PIPER (CONT'D)  
 a wife who can't even bear to look  
 at me coz we're squatting in her  
 parents spare room and living on  
 fucking handouts, and yeah, i'm  
 shitting it (beat) green as a  
 spring meadow and way out my  
 fucking depth. But what'm I gonna  
 do. The first viable business  
 opportunity that comes my way;  
 that's what. So let's see how that  
 one panned out!

**EXT. GALA BINGO HALL**

The group run into A CHEAP BINGO HALL, scattering a group of old biddies as they fling the doors open.

**INT. GALA BINGO LOBBY**

The group leap over the counter and The Ox grabs the shocked PRISTINE ATTENDANT. He bangs the man's head several times on the office door, screaming for it to be opened. Jack holds the MANAGER against a wall with his elbow as Hairpin keeps guard. The terrified attendant types a code into the door.

**INT. BINGO HALL - BACK OFFICE**

The group run into the back office and overpower the two NERDY (mid twenties) BINGO OFFICIALS and march them towards a safe.

**INT. GALA BINGO LOBBY**

The group run out of the back office and vault the counter, carrying several holdalls of money. As they reach the exit a FEMALE SALVATION ARMY OFFICER- a kindly blue rinser- bars their way with a stern wagging finger.

SALVATION ARMY LADY  
 (Bold preaching)  
 Our lord jesus tells us that if you  
 see your enemy hungry, go buy that  
 person lunch, or if he's thirsty,  
 get him a drink. Your generosity  
 will surprise him with goodness. Do  
 not let evil get the best of you;  
 get the best of evil by doing good.

The Ox nods with impressed ponderment... then headbutts her hard in the face.

The elderly lady flies through the air and smashes against a wall- falling to the floor clutching her chest.

The group flee through the entrance, towards the cab- leaving Jack bringing up the rear. He pauses and looks at the old woman.

The Ox stops for him to catch up- beckoning him on as Jack runs back to the old lady and places down his bag. He checks her airway, places her in the recovery position and then heads for the door... to see the taxi roar away. A moment later two police cars skid into its place. Jack stops- lowers his head in despair and is jumped on by four police officers.

**ON SCREEN - 'NINE YEARS LATER'**

**INT. A QUIET NOOK IN THE CORNER OF A PUB**

The dulllest pub on earth. An old jukebox in the corner repeats the same loop as an old drunk slumps into the corner of the bar, laughing to himself. The Ox stands at the bar ordering drinks.

We locate Jack and Hairpin Tony sitting around a table, staring at a cake. This is the worst cake ever made- an uneven landscape of off-colour icing with the phrase 'WE CUM HO E' etched on it. Patches of icing have been ripped off and you wouldn't want to feed it to a pig.

JACK PIPER

What the fuck is that?

He looks at Hairpin- a wirey mess of a man who always looks sexually charged.

HAIRPIN TONY

(gravelly)

Don't be like that- mum made it for ya.

JACK PIPER

Is she on crack.

Hairpin pauses, before answering.

HAIRPIN TONY

NO! She's an ill woman... she made it in bed.

THE OX

(calling over)

Ill, bed and cake aren't exactly three words you want in the same fucking sentence.

HAIRPIN TONY  
 (after a confused pause)  
 And where's your bloody cake?

JACK PIPER  
 It's a beautiful gesture mate,  
 please be sure to thank her.  
 (pause) did you take a picture?

HAIRPIN TONY  
 (guttled)  
 No. (long pause) Why?

JACK PIPER  
 It's a record breaker mate. But  
 what's with all the...

He points to the missing letters and icing.

HAIRPIN TONY  
 She's got emphysema... she  
 spluttered a bit. Had to pick out  
 the... you know.. had to pick off  
 the phlegm... Can't have a cake  
 with phlegm on it (beat) can ya.

Jack stares at Hairpin in disbelief; then remembers his  
 caring side.

JACK PIPER  
 We'll have some a bit later yeah.

HAIRPIN TONY  
 (proudly)  
 You'll get the first slice.

Jack smiles warmly as The Ox returns to the table and slams  
 the tray of beer bottles and shots on top of the cake:  
 gesturing 'job done' to Jack as Hairpin stares, broken  
 hearted, at the cake.

#### **INT. A QUIET CORNER OF THE PUB**

Jack shields the phone to his ear.

JACK PIPER  
 (awkward/on phone)  
 ...yeah well i'm home now... How's  
 yer mum?

Jack listens intently down the phone- his face saddens. He  
 rests the phone between his shoulder and ear and scratches  
 his arse, foraging, as he belches away from the phone.

JACK PIPER (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
 Tell her i'll drop by tomorrow!

Jack sniffs his finger, grimaces and looks to the table as Hairpin looks back- smiling. He waves a small envelope.

JACK PIPER (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
 I've got a bit of money for you  
 both. Maybe you'll be able to buy  
 that new horsey (saddened) Oh!  
 Obviously a bit minted then.

Jack lightly bangs his fist into a wooden beam.

JACK PIPER (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
 Yeah well maybe you can buy  
 something else you want. Look I got  
 to go; tell your mum i'll come by  
 tomorrow--- What do you mean don't--  
 it's been nine years muppet and I  
 want to see ya -- well that's her  
 problem--- i'll see ya tomorrow.

Jack clicks off the phone. His face tinged with sadness. He pockets the phone and returns to the table.

HAIRPIN TONY  
 You alright Jack.

JACK PIPER  
 (trying to hide it)  
 Yeah fine.

Hairpin slides the envelope across the table...

HAIRPIN TONY  
 It's not much.

JACK PIPER  
 (snappy)  
 Well it needs to be.

He rips open the bulging envelope and tips the contents onto the table- a wad of five pound notes, together with about a hundred pounds in small change. He stares in disbelief.

THE OX  
 (menacing justification)  
 Don't look at me; you're the one  
 who got caught and lost most of  
 the money.

HAIRPIN TONY  
 (deeply embarrassed)  
 It's a recession... And mum needed  
 a new defibrillator.

Jack slumps back into his chair.

JACK PIPER  
 (slow and deliberate)  
 You had thousands- I saw it with me  
 own eyes.

THE OX  
 No you had thousands and you lost  
 the lot. You left us with about  
 twenty grand.

JACK PIPER  
 I've just done nine fucking years  
 for you!

Jack nods towards The Ox.

JACK PIPER (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
 What about you.

The Ox drops his head.

THE OX  
 (laced with sarcasm)  
 defibrillator my arse. He bought a  
 blow up rubber doll.

HAIRPIN TONY  
 (angered under his breath)  
 A 'REAL DOLL'.

JACK PIPER  
 A what?

THE OX  
 (mocking)  
 A blow up rubber dolly.

HAIRPIN TONY  
 (agitated)  
 IT'S NOT A BLOW UP RUBBER FUCKING  
 DOLLY, IT'S A REAL DOLL (beat) a  
 sculptured lifelike companion.

JACK PIPER  
 You spent ten grand on a blow up  
 fucking rubber doll.

Irritated, Hairpin hastily pulls a couple of photographs from  
 his wallet and waves them in front of Jack's face.

HAIRPIN TONY  
 DOES THAT LOOK LIKE A BLOW UP  
 RUBBER FUCKING DOLLY TO YOU. She,  
 is, my life partner... my queen!

He flicks through several photographs of the doll in various  
 items of skimpy lingerie and other pictures of her naked and  
 bending in all sorts of lurid sexual positions.

JACK PIPER  
I don't fucking believe this.

HAIRPIN TONY  
(lightening up)  
I know. It's amazing.. even her  
skin feels real.. And when you're  
fucking her... Well, it's like  
slipping into a pot of honey.

JACK PIPER  
Shutup Hairpin.

Jack turns towards the Ox.

JACK PIPER (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
And you?

The Ox sucks in air and attempts to justify himself.

HAIRPIN TONY  
(without hesitation)  
He spunked it all at the bookies.

The Ox rises tall and confronts Tony.

THE OX  
AT LEAST I DON'T DRESS A SINDY DOLL  
LIKE A DUTCH HOOKER AND DRIVE HER  
AROUND TOWN LIKE A FUCKING TWAT.

HAIRPIN TONY  
AT LEAST I GOT SOMETHING TO SHOW  
FOR MY MONEY. AT LEAST... Oh fuck  
off!

The pair square up to each other. Jack nods with stark realization and sinks the shots one by one as The Ox and Hairpin push each other around in the nook.

Fade TO BLACK.

**LOUD FRANTIC KNOCKING**

**INT. A BEDROOM - NIGHT**

A light switches on to reveal a couple in bed, back to back and miles apart. The loud knocking continues as a middle aged man, ARCHIE BAMFORTH, climbs out of bed and grabs a pink frilly dressing gown.



**EXT. ARCHIE'S HOUSE - A DARKENED FRONT DOOR**

JACK PIPER, broad and chiselled, in silhouette, bangs hard on the door. He sways vigorously- extremely drunk.

**INT. DESCENDING STAIRS**

Archie- paunchy and startled- trudges down the stairs as the knocking intensifies.

ARCHIE BAMFORTH  
Alright alright.

**EXT. ARCHIE'S HOUSE - A DARKENED FRONT DOOR**

A porch light switches on and we see the man at the door more clearly. He is heavily tattooed. We HEAR clanking of the door chain, the door opens a few inches and Archie peers through the door.

Jack's foot kicks the door open and enters the house...

**INT. ARCHIE'S DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY**

...forcing Archie by the chest against the wall.

JACK PIPER  
Where's my fucking wife.

Archie mumbles a few incoherent words and nods towards the upstairs as Jack stares at him lingeringly.

JACK PIPER (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
(menacingly toying)  
Archie!

Jack slowly lifts his fist and cranks it back theatrically as Archie cowers against the wall.

We pan out to see a woman, MILLIE PIPER, standing on the stairs. Archie stares towards her and Jack follows his gaze. Millie, mid thirties, is weathered but hot. She wears a small nightdress and stares at Jack unflinchingly. Jack's look softens- he stares back at her and loosens his grip.

Millie launches herself towards Jack and begins pushing him wildly in the chest. Steering him away from Archie she slaps him repeatedly as Archie slides down the wall in relief.

Jack retreats to the door- continuing to defend the flourish of emotion that rains down on him- as Archie rises and grabs a golf club from O/C. He looks a picture idiot in his wife's dressing gown, 'manning up' with the weapon.

Now half in and half outside, with the door closing, Jack spies the weapon in Archie's hand and forces his way back inside. Millie leaps towards Archie in his defence- trying to wrestle the club from his hands- as Archie hurls timid abuse (unheard to us) at the intruder. He pushes Millie away and she falls through a coat rack.

Jack attacks... He sidesteps a feeble attempted hit from the club and punches Archie once in the face. Out cold- Archie falls to the floor.

SLOW FADE OUT.

#### **EXT. A RACECOURSE**

Blazing sunshine over a packed race day. Excited bustle as we establish the event: flash cars, fancy hats... the smell of money and desire.

#### **EXT. THE PADDOCK**

We watch a caravan of horses parade around the ring- majestic as they prance and paw at the ground.

#### **EXT. THE STARTING GATE**

The horses line up in the starting crate, puffing and pawing in anticipation. The gates fly open and the horses spring into action. (Racing commentary follows)

#### **EXT. BEHIND THE CROWD ENCLOSURE**

Through a jostling, baying crowd we watch the horses turn the first corner and break into a majestic gallop.

#### **INT. A STABLE BLOCK**

To the raucous sounds of the race, we creep through a pristine stable block- walls of prize photos and trophies. We hear the subtle moans of passion as we approach a closed stable door. Seeping through a crack in the woodwork we locate a couple making love on a pile of straw bales in the corner of the stable.

ANNABEL LAKE (45- stunning Brunette) is astride a stable hand- DANIEL PIPER (26- clean cut/rugged); riding him vigorously as we listen to the bustle of the race at the nearby track. She gently whips him with a riding crop as she becomes more animated and the race sounds become more frenzied.

**EXT. THE VIP BOX- RACESIDE**

A bloated man with hives all over his face, OSCAR LAKE, smokes a fat cigar as he roars on his horse. Immaculately dressed, sporting a glistening pocket watch. He is flanked by TWO BURLY MINDERS.

Oscar's face ripples as he bawls obscenities towards the track and the horses race towards the finish line. In SLOW MOTION the jockeys usher them along with their whips.

**INT. THE STABLE**

Annabel Lake crack her whip- riding the Stable hand furiously, digging her nails into his shoulder.

**EXT. THE VIP BOX- RACESIDE**

Oscar roars on his horse, motioning to a minder to move aside a few punters who obscure his view. The man roughly dispels the small crowd as Oscar steps forward, belching cigar smoke into the crowd as he roars his steed towards the finish line.

**EXT. THE RACETRACK- TOWARDS THE FINISH LINE**

A trio of horses approach the line, a length separates them. Oscar grabs at the shoulder of one of his minders and shakes him with anticipation. Oscar and his minders jump and bustle with raucous excitement as his horse wins the race.

**INT. THE STABLE**

Annabel Lake collapses onto the Stable hand, kissing him all over his upper torso as she laughs and grabs listlessly towards her clothes- hanging on a pitch fork.

**EXT. THE WINNERS ENCLOSURE- A SHORT WHILE LATER**

Husband and wife, Oscar and Annabel Lake stand side by side next to their winning racehorse. Her smart clothes are ever so slightly crumpled and she has straw in her ruffled hair. Several racing journalists stand with microphones as a few photographers snap away.

OSCAR LAKE V/O

There are three types of people who make money from gambling. Bookies, bookies accountants, and those fortunate enough to be on the bookies payroll. Everyone else (pause) well they're just fucking mugs!

Oscar gushes to the journalist as he is handed a giant cheque and beams a broad smile for the camera. Oscar pulls Annabel into an embrace and kisses her for the cameras. Her face tells a story of disgust!

**EXT. ARCHIE'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY**

Jack hunches with his head inside a shrubbery, vomiting violently. He retracts his head and wipes his face.

JACK PIPER  
Open the door Mill...

He shuffles to the letter box and peers inside.

MILLIE PIPER  
Piss off Jack.

Through the letterbox we observe Millie tending to her unconscious partner. Jack walks away and staggers drunkenly around the drive. He approaches a pristine Audi TT, wrestles off the wing mirror and throws it at the front door. He grabs a large flowerpot and hurls that towards the door.

JACK PIPER  
(meekly begging)  
Just open the door. Please!

Jack grabs a large lion statue and prepares to use it as a battering ram. Drunkenly staggering he weighs up the attack.

RACHEL PIPER (O.S.)  
DAD-- FOR CHRIST'S SAKE--- DAD.

Jack looks up to see his daughter staring down at him from an upstairs window- 19, striking, spiky peroxide hair and as colourful as a parrot.

RACHEL PIPER (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
Put Simba down... PUT THE SODDING  
LION DOWN DAD and just... Just  
check yourself out for a second  
will you. You're acting like a  
bloody animal.

Jack carefully replaces the statue on a wall and straightens himself down.

RACHEL PIPER (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
Why do you have to be such a macho  
knob Dad... real appealing!

She throws him a pitiful glance.

RACHEL PIPER (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

JACK PIPER  
I wanted to see ya.

RACHEL PIPER  
And I told you to stay away. You  
punched Archie out....

Jack cranes his neck up to the window and grimaces.

JACK PIPER  
Just a little tippy tap love.

RACHEL PIPER  
Go home Dad, find somewhere to  
crash.. Just leave me to sort this  
bloody mess and i'll call you in a  
few days yeah?

Jack nods meekly.

RACHEL PIPER (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
Real clever Dad. (pause) Love you.

Jack smiles, nods and staggers away from the house.

JACK PIPER  
(under his breath)  
I love you too muppet.

#### **INT. ARCHIE'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS HALL**

Millie partonisingly strokes her partner's face as he curls into the foetal position. She stares towards the door, sighs deeply and bites her lip.

#### **EXT. A DOORSTEP- THE SMALL HOURS**

Jack lies curled up on the doorstep, framed by a puddle of sick. He giggles to himself as he sings drunkenly.

JACK PIPER  
Hit the road jack and don't you  
come back no more no more no more  
no more...

A car pulls up- cuts the engine and lights- and the Stable hand, Daniel, leaves the vehicle. He approaches the doorstep and stops by Jack.

DANIEL PIPER  
(deflated)  
Oh bollocks.

He lightly kicks Jack several times before dragging him up to his feet.

**INT. DANIEL'S GAFF**

Daniel flicks on the light switch and drags Jack through the hall and into his lounge- tossing him onto the sofa. He removes Jack's boots and trousers...

JACK PIPER  
(slurring)  
She don't want me mate.

DANIEL PIPER  
One can only wonder why.

Dan is a class above Jack- well kempt and articulate. He grabs a pile of bedding from an adjacent table and throws a blanket over Jack before leaving the room- returning a moment later with a bucket.

DANIEL PIPER (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
Why me Jack?

He lifts Jack's head and prizes open his eyelids.

DANIEL PIPER (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
And don't throw up on the  
axminster.

He leaves the room, flicking off the light switch as Jack breaks wind- long and hard. We hear Dan treading the stairs.

DANIEL PIPER (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
Welcome home brother.

**INT. DAN'S GAFF - NEXT MORNING**

A hand pulls the curtains open flooding the room with light. Jack turns his back to it and grunts inappreciatively.

JACK PIPER  
(half asleep)  
Prisoner 21672 Piper present and  
correct.

Daniel throws him a withering glance as Jack rolls over to face his brother and adjusts his eyes to the early morning brightness.

JACK PIPER (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
That you Tarquin?

DANIEL PIPER  
Don't call me that.

JACK PIPER  
Bollock nose?

DANIEL PIPER  
Or that. (pause) And you took a  
shit in the bucket. Lovely!

He holds his nose and removes the bucket from the room.

DANIEL PIPER (O.C.) (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
...when all the rest of the family  
shunned you like a filthy outcast.

Jack drags himself off the sofa and stretches. He pulls off his dirty shirt and tosses it across the room- revealing many tattoos across his body.

JACK PIPER  
GOT ANY CLEAN CLOTHES.

We hear a tap running and the bucket being swilled out O/C.

DANIEL PIPER  
Up top, second on the right.

JACK PIPER  
Didn't fancy picking me up then?

Jack walks up stairs and enters his brothers immaculate room. He rifles through the beautifully arranged wardrobe, picking up a pair of trousers, shirt and shoes.

DANIEL PIPER  
(calling upstairs)  
Wasn't aware you were getting out.  
And even if I was (beat) I  
wouldn't.

Jack treads down the stairs and returns to the lounge.

JACK PIPER  
You still clearing up horse shit  
for a living.

DANIEL PIPER  
I'd take that over yours any day.

JACK PIPER  
(bitterly)  
Yeah, well I don't have a job.

DANIEL PIPER  
I was talking about your shit.

Daniel stares at the clothes and shoes.

DANIEL PIPER (cont'd) (CONT'D)  
Don't scuff them (beat) and please  
wear clean socks.

JACK PIPER

You aint changed!

DANIEL PIPER

Yeah, well, we can only hope that  
you have.

FADE OUT.