

Mugger Rugger

by
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FADE IN:

TITLE CARD: MUGGER RUGGER

EXT. BLEAK EMPTY URBAN BACK STREET - LATE NIGHT

POSH OLD BOY (a jolly and decidedly old-fashioned man of indiscriminate age) cheerfully and bombastically whistles as he walks down the empty, bleak, poorly-lit street.

Sudden RUNNING STEPS as three YOUTHS rush him. (They are dressed like some hideous cliché of gang kids.) THUD. The YOUTHS try to wrestle him to the ground. But the POSH OLD BOY robustly holds his ground with a grin.

POSH OLD BOY
 OOOOFF! What the Devil? AH-HA! OH!
 I see... Impromptu late-night rugby
 scrum is it, lads? What youth! What
 vigour! And they DARE to say all
 your generation does is stay
 indoors playing 'com-puter games'!
 PAH to the naysayers, I say! PAH!

Scuffle. First signs of initial confusion from the YOUTHS.

YOUTH ONE
 Get his phone. His phone!

POSH OLD BOY
 That's right! Wouldn't want
 anything to happen to my phone in
 this ruck of ours, would we? Good
 thinking, old bean!

YOUTH TWO
 Nah, mate. Just shut your baff ting
 mouth and give us your cash and
 such, yeah?

POSH OLD BOY
 Ah! You want money do you, eh?
 WINK! I see your game! A sponsored
 impromptu late-night rugby scrum,
 for charity! Collecting for good
 causes! For the local rugger club
 no doubt! It is to be highly
 commended; three young, aggressively
 be-hooded chaps such as yourselves!
 And SO late at night! Such energy!
 Such activeness! Such commitment to
 the cause!

More shoving and pushing from the YOUTHS.

YOUTH TWO
 What's this batty brai on?

POSH OLD BOY

NOTHING! No performance enhancing drugs have ever sullied my lips, OR my bladder! I am utterly committed to a level playing field, to fairness, to HONOUR! And on the subject: I'm loath to mention it - but this scrum of ours, although great rugged fun, is a tad unfair. There are three of you, but just one of me! ... Admittedly, I am a man of stature. A former Sports Master at one of this great nation's finest education establishments, no less!

YOUTH TWO is very obviously trying to rip his wallet from his suit jacket.

YOUTH THREE

MAN have you found his wallet yet? I'm not sure how much more of this bumba clart fool-talk bum-bum-chatter I can take.

YOUTH TWO

Give it up you chump-fool douche-daisy!

More vigorous shoving and scuffling. The POSH OLD BOY stares off wistfully.

POSH OLD BOY

AH! That's the spirit! Furious passions excited! Lovely action. What a rugger ruckus we're having! ... But what's this? There is no rugby ball! Surely a prerequisite! And for shame! There's is no referee for us to besmirch the honour of his wife either!

He looks up, likes what he sees and salutes proudly.

POSH OLD BOY (CONT'D)

AH, wait a minute! There IS that camera up on high that seems VERY interested in the proceedings... HA-HA! The fourth official! OLD EAGLE EYES!

There's a CCTV camera pointed directly at them.

YOUTH ONE

CCTV po-po peepers be fixed on us bruv! Frig this warped-business clap-trap! Scram lads!

YOUTH TWO

Yeah, fool's a nutter. Let's ghost!

The THREE YOUTHS extract themselves from the ruck and run away.

POSH OLD BOY

Boys! Come back. Come back, BOYS!

Their running footsteps disappear into the distance.

The POSH OLD BOY hangs his head.

POSH OLD BOY (CONT'D)

(Sad)

Such larks! Such energy! They do their generation credit...

(Suddenly upbeat)

But wait! I shall try do my OWN generation such a credit -

(Insanely excited)

And give chase! Yes! Choo-Choo!

He gives chase, making train sounds. Hectic bounding.

POSH OLD BOY (CONT'D)

Here comes the pain train! All aboard! CH-CH-CH-CH-CH! CHOO-CHOO!

He starts to gain on the YOUTHS. They are terrified.

YOUTH ONE

Run!

YOUTH TWO

Run, mans! RUN. He's catching! Man's face be all hectic like.

YOUTH THREE

Dude's bonce is smoking like a real train chuff-chuff.

POSH OLD BOY

Ready or not - here I come! "Fe-Fi-Fo, oh my lord, you've stuck your finger up my bum". RUG-GER!

THUD. He clatters into them and tackles them to the ground.

POSH OLD BOY (CONT'D)

GOTCHA! I DEMAND a ruck!

The YOUTHS are broken.

FADE OUT.