

Spiritual Connections Episode Six: Armageddon

By

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FADE IN:

INT. CREM DE LA CREM FUNERAL PARLOUR- EVENING

SAM, sixties, sits behind the reception desk writing notes.

A door slams.

Sam looks up to see IONA, thirties, approach.

SAM

Is that you all done then, love?

IONA

Yep. All finished. I'll see you on Monday, yeah?

SAM

Yes, love. You will.

Iona adjusts her coat then heads to the door.

SAM (cont'd)

Iona, love?

She spins around to face Sam.

IONA

Yeah?

SAM

Have you made a decision about coming back to the Welfare Centre? We've all missed you, you know... It's just not the same without you.

IONA

I don't think I can handle it just now, Sa... err Dad.

SAM

Why ever not? Don't let Mary stop you from doing the things you love. You're a different woman now... Just look at you- you're happy, confident, got yourself a hunk of a boyfriend and you've got a lovely father to boot!

She grins.

IONA

I don't know about the boyfriend thing, to be honest.

SAM

Oh love, you're not thinking of going back to 'dining at the Y' are you? I thought you'd be sick of fish suppers by now.

IONA

Dining at the what?

SAM

You know what I mean, love. Slipping back into comfortable shoes.

She shakes her head.

IONA

Err, no... Nothing like that. I just haven't heard from him since last week, that's all.

SAM

Oh that's a shame. Maybe he's away on business or something?

She shrugs.

IONA

Maybe... I do miss him though. At least I've got something to remember him by.

SAM

Aah! That's lovely, a keepsake. What is it, love? Anything nice?

IONA

A bruised kidney.

Sam's mouth drops open.

SAM

Look, going back to the other thing. I think this has all gone too far. It needs nipping in the bud.

IONA

What does?

SAM

This Mary thing. Look, say no if you want, but I've been speaking to Mary and she's agreed for us all to meet up on neutral territory... You know, get things out in the open instead of avoiding each other. What do you think?

Iona bites her lip as she thinks.

She begins to speak.

IONA

N...

SAM

For me? Come on, love... Please?

IONA

Oh I suppose. Just for ten minutes... And if she starts then I'm off.

SAM

Of course. Tomorrow morning alright with you?

IONA

Tomorrow? Jesus! How long have you had this planned?

Sam smirks.

SAM

I thought it would be better to meet her early. There's more chance of her being sober in the morning.

IONA

You can wrap me round your little finger, you know that? Okay. What time and where?

SAM

Ten o'clock at the park?

IONA

Yeah okay. I'll wait on the benches near the bogs, yeah?

SAM
Yes, okay love. See you in the morning.

EXT. BONELICK PARK- MORNING.

Sam and Iona sit on a bench in front of the toilet cubicles. Sam squirms around uncomfortably.

IONA
She's not gonna show, is she?

SAM
She'll be here. She's probably just running late. It's only quarter past. We'll give her another ten minutes, eh?

She checks her watch.

IONA
Oh I suppose. I'm wasting my day off here, you know.

Sam stands. He crosses his legs and fidgets.

SAM
Ooh. I'm bursting, love... Just nipping to the toilets, won't be long.

Iona nods as Sam disappears into the toilet block.

She checks her watch again then looks left and right. She scowls as she sees MARY, sixties, in the distance.

A false smile from both parties as Mary nears the bench, then sits down.

IONA
Morning Mary. You okay?

MARY
Yep... Sam not here?

IONA
Yeah, he's just nipped to the bog.

Sam exits the toilet block then heads to the bench.

He sits between Mary and Iona.

SAM

Morning Mary... It's thronged in those toilets. I've never seen anything like it, they're lining up to use the cubicle. I'm glad I only needed a gypsy's.

MARY

Did we really need to know that, Sam? Show some decorum for God's sake.

Mary whips a hip-flask out of her bag.

She takes a big swig.

MARY (cont'd)

Why are we here then? What are you expecting to achieve, may I ask?

SAM

I just wanted you and Iona to sort things out a bit, Mary. It's not right... I know you've never seen eye to eye, but it needs sorting.

A MAN, late twenties, slinks out of the toilet cubicle buttoning up his trousers.

MARY

It's her who's awkward, dear. I'm easy going. I try to get on with everybody.

IONA

You? Easy going? You've hated me since you first set eyes on me.

MARY

Now that's a lie dear. I just don't agree with certain things...

IONA

Like what? What have I ever done to offend you?

MARY

It's the 'flap-fiddling' thing, dear. It's not right.

IONA

Excuse me?

SAM

I think you'll find that you've got quite the wrong impression of Iona, love... She's got herself a fella and my God, you ought to see him, Mary.

MARY

You? Got a bloke? Is it a pre-op or something?

SAM

Don't be so hurtful Mary. I've seen him and believe me, he's one hundred percent man. He put me in mind of Colton Ford.

MARY

Colton who?

SAM

Oh no-one. Sorry Mary... I was just thinking out loud.

Another MAN zips up his flies as he exits the toilets.

MARY

Well dear, it doesn't make the slightest bit of difference to me if you're cunnilingual or not. I just don't like it being rammed down my throat.

Sam and Iona stifle a giggle.

MARY (cont'd)

It's nothing to be laughing at. I don't want to hear all the sordid details about your private life, dear.

A look of fury creeps into Iona's expression.

IONA

Excuse me, Mary. But I don't think I've ever mentioned anything about my sex life to you.

MARY

And make sure you keep it that way, dear.

SAM

Right. That's one thing sorted...
Look ladies, I know it's difficult
for you both - you've all had a bit
of a shock to the system recently.
I'm not expecting it to be all
smiles and roses, but it would be
nice if you could at least tolerate
each other.

IONA

I'd be able to tolerate her a lot
more if she'd keep her opinions to
herself. Her insults were bad
enough before I knew we were
related, but when it comes from my
own mother... it cuts me to the
core.

MARY

Must be a deep cut, dear.

Mary proudly smirks to herself.

SAM

Mary! That's exactly what I'm
talking about. Just think before
you speak, eh? You'll give her a
complex... We've got the big event
coming up soon and I'd hate it if
Iona missed out after all that
planning.

MARY

She's not clever enough to get a
complex, dear. If you'd have said a
'simplex'...

Another two men creep unnoticed from the toilets doing up
their flies, one of whom is Mary's husband, ROY, forties.

IONA

Please Mary, I understand that you
don't particularly like me...
Believe me, the feeling's mutual.
Let's just try and keep it
professional eh?

MARY

Oh, I'll see what I can do. I can't
help myself at times. I think I
might have a bit of Tourette's.

IONA

What's Tourette's, the brand of
that paint-stripper you drink?

Mary stands from the bench in a huff, ready to leave.

She notices ALAN, forties, wearing a smart suit, sheepishly
exit the toilets.

MARY

Ooh look who it is, Sam! It's the
holiday-home man from the Welfare
Centre.

Alan smiles as he tries to conceal his embarrassment at
being spotted.

MARY (cont'd)

You not out looking for cottages
today then, dear? I hope you've not
been smoking in there.

Alan's eyes widen.

He wipes his mouth and scarpers.

Mary turns back to Sam and Iona.

MARY (cont'd)

If that's all, I'll be off...
Things to do.

SAM

Well I'd rather we had a bit more
of a chat Mary, now were all here.

MARY

Ooh the perfect little family,
aren't we? You'll be wanting to
book us all a caravan holiday to
Skegness next.

SAM

Don't be so bitter, love.

MARY

I'm not bitter, I'm bloody
freezing. Why did we have to meet
in a park? And at this ungodly
hour?

SAM

Let's have a little stroll then.
Get ourselves warmer.

Mary points her finger towards the pathway.

MARY

There's a pub down there. Can't we
go and have a drink?

SAM

What do you think, Iona?

No response.

SAM (cont'd)

Iona? Come on... For me?

She shakes her head.

IONA

Yeah okay. If we must... I'm game.

MARY

Sam, I thought you said she wasn't
ga... Oh whatever, dears.

They stroll along the pathway.

Iona walks a few steps ahead kicking up the fallen leaves.

MARY (cont'd)

What in the name of Christ's cock
and balls are you doing, dear?
You're not five.

IONA

It's relaxing, Mary.

MARY

Relaxing? Kicking leaves? Grow up
for Christ's sake dear.

Sam joins her in kicking leaves in the air, laughing.

SAM

Come on, Mary. Have a go. It's good
fun.

MARY

You can piss off and grow up too.

SAM
Oh, go on love. You might even
enjoy it.

MARY
Oh for heavens sake!

She begrudgingly kicks up the leaves.
Her face breaks into a slight smile.

SAM
There you go, what did I tell you?
Mary grins, kicking higher and harder.

She giggles.

As she kicks, her shoe hits upon something concealed beneath
the leaves.

The brown mess flies up into the air, splattering on Mary's
face.

She sticks out her tongue towards her cheek. It touches on a
chunk. Her face drops. She doubles up then heaves.

Sam and Iona grimace. Mary slowly rises. She spits then
wipes a tear from her eye.

She turns to face them.

MARY
Don't even say a word.

EXT. THE FLIDDY ARMS- LATER

A small run-down pub on the edge of the park, with a boarded
up window and graffiti on the wall.

Mary, Iona and Sam head inside.

INT. THE FLIDDY ARMS

A solitary BARMAID, forties, leans on the bar looking
extremely bored.

Sam, Mary and Iona enter, heading towards the bar.

SAM

You go and get yourself cleaned up,
Mary. I'll get a round in. Vodka is
it?

MARY

Yes, dear. Thank you. Better make
it a double.

Sam flashes a look to Iona.

Mary scuttles off towards the toilets.

SAM

What are you having, love?

IONA

Oh sod it, I'll have a vodka as
well.

SAM

Okey-doke. You go and get us a nice
table. I'll bring the drinks over.

IONA

Thanks Sa... Dad. Where do you want
to sit, anywhere?

Sam glances around the deserted lounge.

SAM

Take your pick, love. How about
over there by the fire?

Iona nods in agreement, then heads off.

BARMAID

Yes. Can I help you?

SAM

Three double vodkas please, love.
Make it house vodka, eh?

BARMAID

God, you're brave aren't you?

They laugh.

The barmaid pours the drinks as Sam watches.

SAM

Not very busy today, love. Is it
always like this?

BARMAID

I've only just opened up, it's pretty early you know!

SAM

Oh! We don't normally hit the top shelf at this time of the day.

BARMAID

Save your breath, duck. I've heard it a thousand times. It's not my job to judge.

SAM

Quite. One for yourself, love?

BARMAID

No thanks, I'm not an alky.

Sam blushes as he hands over a twenty pound note to the barmaid.

SAM

Does it get very busy in here?

BARMAID

It will later on.

SAM

Oh yeah, why's that? Is it Giro day?

BARMAID

Yeah, it is... We've got a comedian on tonight as well. He always pulls in the crowd.

She points towards a poster behind the bar, which reads 'Daz Punk. Coming at ya thick 'n' fast!'

SAM

Oh, right. Good is he?

BARMAID

Very good... I am biased though- he's my husband. He's a bit close to the knuckle. You know, a bit too in your face. He shocks some folk, when he fires into them without warning!

She lets out an unearthly cackle, revealing teeth like old tombstones. Sam smiles hesitantly, unsure how to react.

The awkward moment is interrupted as the main door flies open. GRANT, fifties, scruffily dressed approaches the bar.

BARMAID (cont'd)
Mornin' Grant.

Grant winks and flashes a toothless smile.

SAM
Well it sounds intriguing, but I don't think we'll be stopping that long.

BARMAID
Yeah... That's what they all say.

She hands over Sam's change.

GRANT
Pint o' wife-beater please, Tits.

The barmaid pours a pint of beer without batting an eyelid.

Sam observes, open mouthed. The barmaid notices Sam's aghast expression. He mouths the word 'tits?'

She nonchalantly points a wizened finger towards the name badge on her blouse. It reads 'Letitia'.

He forces a laugh, picks up the drinks then heads over to join Iona.

IONA
Ooh, lovely. Thank you very much.
Cheers!

SAM
Cheers! What's Mary up to? She's been gone a while.

Iona shrugs as she takes a sip of her drink.

Mary breezes back into the lounge.

She joins Sam and Iona at the table.

SAM (cont'd)
You okay, Mary? All done?

MARY
I'm as good as I'm going to be, considering. I can still smell it though... It's not right, people

MARY
leaving dog's eggs all over the
pavement.

IONA
You've got to admit, Mary. It was
bloody funny. You'll look back and
laugh at this one day.

Mary scowls as she takes a gulp of her drink.

MARY
Is this fresh ice, dear? I can't be
doing with that frozen shite.

SAM
I couldn't tell you... I was
getting a bit worried, Mary.. You
were gone ages.

MARY
Well, I had to reverse-park my
breakfast whilst I was there... And
those toilets were filthy. I've
never seen anything like it- and
I've been to Egypt at that. Bloody
horrible they were. Only one
cubicle, brimming with turd
casserole and Dracula's Teabags
scattered all over the floor.

Sam splutters his drink.

SAM
Oh dear. I'm surprised you used
them. Did you hover?

MARY
I did not! I used the disabled one.

IONA
How did you get in there? I thought
you needed a key?

MARY
It's quite simple, dear. You can
open the lock from the outside
using a coin. Tricks of the trade.

Mary produces a hip flask from her bag.

She tops up her glass.

SAM

Mary, put that away. You'll get us
chucked out.

Mary tuts, opens her coat then quickly pops the hip flask
into her inside pocket.

MARY

Jesus, it's like a bloody wake in
here. They could at least put the
jukebox on.

SAM

The barmaid reckons it'll be
heaving in here later, Mary.
They've got a comedian on!

MARY

They'll certainly be heaving if
they have to use the toilets,
that's for sure... A comedian?
Where are we, the eighties?

SAM

He's supposed to be good. It's the
barmaid's husband, actually.

Mary looks at the barmaid.

MARY

Well, he must have a good sense of
humour to be married to that
rat-frightener.

IONA

Don't be so horrible, Mary. She
can't help how she looks.

MARY

A bit of make-up and a smile
wouldn't hurt though would it? It's
not really going to draw people in,
having that wretch behind the bar.
I've seen dog's arses with more
going for them than that.

A shrill ring resonates through the empty lounge.

Mary fishes around inside her bag. She produces a mobile
phone.

She presses a button then holds it to her ear.

MARY (cont'd)

Hello?

She listens intently.

MARY (cont'd)

Mum? What do you want?

(beat)

I'm in the pub, dear.

(beat)

No, The Flid, near the park.

(beat)

Do you have to?

(beat)

Oh, I suppose. Don't tell Roy though, I don't want a bloody family reunion.

She hangs up then throws the phone back into her bag.

SAM

Was that your mother, love?

MARY

No! It was Rosemary West, asking if I needed my garden landscaping... Of course it was my mother. I don't get a minute's peace. She's on her way in a bloody taxi!

SAM

Oh, are we stopping a while then?

MARY

Yeah, just for a couple, eh? I want to be back for two o'clock at the latest.

IONA

Ooh! I'll get another round in then!

SUPER: NINE HOURS LATER

The room is now packed full of people.

Edith sits with Sam, Mary and Iona. Their table is littered with empty glasses.

DAZ PUNK, forties, in a cheap looking suit, stands behind a microphone on the stage.

DAZ PUNK

Good evening, ladies and gents. My name's Daz Punk, and I'll be your entertainment for the evening.

The crowd clap and cheer. Daz soaks it all up.

DAZ PUNK

I've just been having a look what sort of audience we've got here tonight... Didn't realise it was a care in the community outing today.

He points towards Mary and Edith.

DAZ PUNK (cont'd)

Jesus! Look at you two... Who dug you up?

The crowd laugh hysterically.

Mary scowls, Edith smiles sweetly- oblivious to the attention.

DAZ PUNK (cont'd)

The nursing home's across the road, love... Oh, bless 'em. They got attracted to the flashing lights!

More laughs fill the pub.

DAZ PUNK (cont'd)

I'm sorry, love. Didn't mean to offend you. Is that your mother sat beside you?

MARY

Yes. What of it?

DAZ PUNK

I wasn't talking to you, love. I was talking to the younger one.

He points towards Edith. The crowd cheer.

DAZ PUNK (cont'd)

It's nice to see some old timers in here... I bet the last time those pair saw a cock, they were still on ration.

MARY
 Actually, I'm looking at one right
 now.

More laughs and applause.

DAZ PUNK
 Touche, touche. They're touchy,
 lesbians, aren't they?

Sam and Iona look uncomfortable at all the attention.

IONA
 I'm just nipping to the loo, back
 in a mo.

MARY
 Use the disabled, dear.

IONA
 Yeah, I'm going to.

She heads past the comedian towards the toilets.

DAZ PUNK
 Oh look, speaking of lezzas,
 there's another one here... Going
 for a piss, love? Don't forget to
 shake your lettuce.

Iona flicks two fingers towards him as she passes.

DAZ PUNK (cont'd)
 God, you're a happy sod aren't you?
 Smile! It won't break your face...
 I bet when you were born, the
 nurses slapped your mother!

INT. THE FLIDDY ARMS- PASSAGEWAY

Iona rummages around in her pocket. She produces a coin.

She bends down to use it to turn the disabled cubicle's door
 lock.

Next to her, the Men's toilet door creaks open.

ROY, forties, steps out.

ROY
 Iona! What are you doing?

Iona spins around.

IONA

Oh my God. What are you doing here?

ROY

I just came for a game of pool with the lads. We're in the tap room... How have you been?

IONA

I'm good thanks... God I've missed you. I can't stop thinking about you. I'm getting a 'wide-on' as we speak, actually.

She grabs his hand, then pulls him towards the disabled loo.

IONA (cont'd)

Get yourself in here, and let me show you how much I've missed ya!

INT. THE FLIDDY ARMS- MAIN BAR

The comedian continues with his assault on Mary and Edith.

DAZ PUNK

Not heard of deodorant round these parts? I can smell you from here! I bet it's really easy to find you in the dark, just follow your nose.

MARY

And I'd be able to find you in the dark. I'd just have to feel around for your penis, it wouldn't be hard.

Daz blushes slightly, stalling. The barmaid lets out an audible laugh.

DAZ PUNK

You're feisty. I like that. What do you do, love?

MARY

I'm a medium.

DAZ PUNK

Looking at you, I'd say you were more like a supersize. I've seen cows with less meat on 'em... Eh, I bet meat was cheap when you were a girl.

MARY

Speaking of meat... I'd say you're more like a tiny, needle dick. The only thing funny about you is the size of your old lad.

Daz takes a nervous sip of his pint. He turns away from Mary.

DAZ PUNK

Ahem. Moving on. I was on the bus yesterday, and these two nuns got on...

Mary shouts out.

MARY

I've not finished yet, dear.

He spins around to face Mary.

DAZ PUNK

I BEG your pardon? Get your own fucking stage, Stokes.

MARY

I'm getting a message for you, dear!

The pub quietens down.

DAZ PUNK

Oh, this'll be good. Go on then. Is it next weeks lottery numbers?

MARY

Now they're telling me that you've been to the doctors a few times. He's put your mind at rest a little, hasn't he?

Daz looks shocked, he struggles for a response. The barmaid stops what she is doing.

MARY (cont'd)

Well, they're telling me to tell you that despite what the doctor said, it's not all that common and it does matter. To your wife, anyway!

He sits down on his stool on stage, speechless.

The barmaid's mouth gapes open. She stands frozen to the spot, pint in hand.

MARY (cont'd)

No wonder your wife seeks
satisfaction from a Rampant Rabbit,
a rolling pin and the next door
neighbour... Usually all at the
same time.

Daz glares towards the barmaid.

DAZ PUNK

Sharon, is that true? Have you been
shagging with backwards Pete again?

The barmaid drops the glass in her hand. It smashes on the floor.

She flees. Daz follows.

The audience mutter between themselves, shocked at the events.

Mary, completely unphased, turns to Sam.

MARY

Ooh, nature calls. Back in a
moment, Sam. I've got Bungle's
finger poking out.

INT. THE FLIDDY ARMS- DISABLED TOILET

Roy stands with his back to the wall, eyes closed and trousers around his ankles.

Iona kneels in front of him.

Roy guides Iona's head with his hands.

He bites his lip and moans.

ROY

Oh, that's it... A bit faster...
Nearly there.

INT. THE FLIDDY ARMS- PASSAGEWAY

Mary scoots over to the disabled toilet.

She tries the door.

MARY
Bloody hell, what's that girl
playing at?

She knocks on the door. No reply.

She produces a two pence piece from her pocket, then begins to turn the lock.

MARY (cont'd)
Iona! Are you decent? I need the
loo, dear.

Still no response.

She pushes the door open.

MARY (cont'd)
Come on, Iona!

INT. THE FLIDDY ARMS- DISABLED TOILET

Roy grunts with pleasure, then exhales deeply.

Iona turns towards the door as it creaks open. Mary's head appears in the doorway.

A stream of thick, white, steaming semen lands in Iona's hair.

MARY
Roy!... Iona? What the?

Roy slowly opens his eyes.

ROY
Mary! What the fuck are you doing
here, love?

MARY
Well I was trying to bond with my
daughter, but I see you've beat me
to that.

Iona starts to cry.

She stands then pushes her way past Mary.

MARY (cont'd)
I take it you like your step-father
then, Iona? I think I preferred you
when you were a slit-licker, to be
honest.

Iona slams the door as she leaves.

MARY (cont'd)
And you? What have you got to say
for yourself?

ROY
I... I don't know what to say,
love.

MARY
Do I not give you enough attention?
Is there really any need to go out
and get some elsewhere?

He struggles to pull up his trousers.

ROY
I don't know. It's nice to get a
bit of 'vanilla' at times.

A look of fury on Mary's face.

MARY
Vanilla? Bloody vanilla? I thought
you like a bit of adventure?

ROY
I do, Mary, but not to the extremes
that you do. Your latest little
kink is a step too far.

MARY
Too far? You said you liked it when
I mothered you.

ROY
Not in that way, Mary. I'm starting
to get a right nappy-rash.

INT. THE FLIDDY ARMS

Iona runs to the table. She grabs Sam's hand to pull him to
his feet.

SAM
Iona, love, what's the matter?

IONA
I need to speak to you. Right now!

SAM
Okay. Back in a minute, Edith.

Edith slouches with her head on the table, fast asleep and snoring. Her false teeth lie in a puddle of drool next to her drink.

EXT. THE FLIDDY ARMS- CAR PARK

Sam and Iona rush along the car park.

They sit on a bench in the beer garden.

Daz Punk packs a microphone and his suit into the boot of a nearby car, weeping as he does so.

SAM
What's wrong, love?

She bursts into tears again, barely able to speak.

IONA
Oh Sa... Dad, it's terrible.

SAM
Oh, love. Come here.

He pulls her towards him. She rests her head on his shoulder, still sobbing.

Sam hugs Iona and kisses her hair.

He pulls away, his face drops. He licks his lips, then shakes his head slightly.

SAM (cont'd)
You been using Head and Shoulders,
love?

Sam notices Mary stomping across the car park towards them.

SAM (cont'd)
Aye aye! Here comes trouble!

Iona turns her head.

IONA
Oh fucking hell.

SAM
What have you been falling out
about now?

Mary yells at the top of her voice, pointing to the ground
in front of her.

MARY
Iona! Get your father-gobbling arse
over here!

Daz lifts his head out of the boot of his car, checking out
the commotion.

He mutters to himself.

DAZ PUNK
That fucking bitch. Nobody speaks
to me like that. It's now or never,
Daz!

He moves a picnic blanket in the boot, uncovering a gun.

He grabs it, then spins around.

He points the gun at Mary's chest.

DAZ PUNK (cont'd)
I'm not shooting blanks now, am I?

He squeezes the trigger.

Mary's mouth drops open. A silent scream.

A loud bang.

Mary clutches her chest and wails. She heavily drops to the
floor.

FADE OUT