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All's Well

Written

By

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FADE IN:

INT. BEDSIT - LIT

Rugged seventy year old transgender person LOU enters, clutching a brown leather shoulder bag.

He closes the door behind him, then casually places the bag down upon the dining table to his right.

He stands in reverie and scratches his head in wonder, then dips his hand into the bag without looking inside.

He lifts out an iPhone.

He inquisitively studies the iPhone, before placing it down on the table next to the bag.

Using the same action, he lifts out a brown padded envelope.

With a raised brow he squeezes, then shakes it.

He unwraps the envelope to reveal a transparent bag containing a white substance.

LOU (*Aside*)

'ullo.

He carelessly rips the transparent bag and to his annoyance the white powder spills out across the table.

LOU (CONT'D)

(*Aback*)

Shitting hell!

With a shake of the head, he dips his finger into the substance, then rubs it into his gums and licks his lips.

LOU (CONT'D)

Hm.

He takes a credit card from his wallet and makes a small one-inch line with the substance.

He leans over the table to snort the line from off the table.

Short silence as he digests the substance, before he slips his hand into the bag once more.

He puffs out his cheeks in shock as he reveals a black handgun of no particular brand.

LOU (CONT'D)

Fuck me.

He carefully studies the handgun.

The iPhone begins to vibrate, then ring to the tune of Gangsters Paradise.

He places the handgun down upon the table, then picks up the iPhone.

He mistakenly presses the speaker icon upon working out how to answer the call.

LOU

(Cautiously)

'Ullo-?

PSYCHO O.S

Who the fuck's that-?

LOU

Lou. Who's that-?

PSYCHO O.S

Never fucking mind who this is, dude. What the fuck are you doing with my phone-?

LOU

I found it-

PSYCHO O.S

Did you happen to find a bag as well-?

LOU

Yeah, I did.

PSYCHO O.S

So where'd ya live, dude? I'll come and collect it-

LOU

I'm afraid that's not possible-

PSYCHO O.S

What'd ya mean, It's not possible-?

LOU

I'm about to take it down to the police station. It's lost property as far as I'm concerned-

PSYCHO

Listen to me, dude, I want that bag back within the next half hour, or you're a fucking dead man, d' ya get me-?

LOU shrugs shoulders and grins.

LOU

Am I-?

The line goes dead.

LOU (CONT'D)

'ullo...? You still there...?

In his annoyance he places the phone down on the table, then fumbles with the handgun as he goes to pick it up.

SFX: BANG!

He gasps and lets go of the handgun, causing him to step away from the table.

Staring at the handgun, he picks it up off the floor, and along with the bag takes them to the armchair, where he sits down.

He looks inside the bag and lifts out a mascara, lipstick, and small mirror.

He applies the mascara and lipstick, using the mirror. He then brushes his hair with a hairbrush that he finds inside the bag.

Continuous loud banging on the door.

He remains seated as his eyes bulge towards the door, then gazes over at the white substance, spread across the dining table.

He gets up, then quickly sweeps the white powder back into the transparent bag.

He drops it back inside the bag with the iPhone, then slides the handgun into his jacket pocket.

He enables the security chain, then opens the door-

Shaven headed PSYCHO (30's). He wears a thin scar down the left side of his chubby face and sports an orange puffer jacket, blue chinos and red sneakers.

LOU (CONT'D)
(*Dispassionately*)
Yeah?

PSYCHO'S eyes roll with evil intent.

PSYCHO
Alright there?

LOU
What'd you want?

PSYCHO
The bag.

LOU shakes head nonchalantly at him and attempts to close the door.

PSYCHO sticks his foot between and pushes forward.

LOU
I don't know what you want from me.

PSYCHO
Stop fucking about and give me the bag.

LOU
You sure you've come to the right...?

PSYCHO
(*Angrily*)
...What'd you mean, you thieving cunt! I fuckin' know I've come to the right place! I traced the phone to this address.

He forces his way in, breaking the chain upon doing so.

LOU

(Shaken)

Get out, before I call the
police!

PSYCHO

What's the fuckin' charge for
collecting what belongs to my
girlfriend, you thieving cunt?!

LOU

Just get out!

PSYCHO eyes the bag on the table.

PSYCHO

You lying cunt!

Together they lunge for the bag.

PSYCHO manages to grab the handle.

LOU retreats.

PSYCHO (CONT'D)

Shut the fuckin' door, for fuck
sake!

LOU methodically shuts the door.

LOU

I had to be sure you were the
owner, didn't I? You could've
been anyone for all I know.

PSYCHO

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Well I'm here
now, ain' I?

LOU

How'd you find out where I lived
so quickly?

PSYCHO

I told ya already. I traced the
Phone.

LOU

How'd you manage that?

PSYCHO

(Intolerantly)

Shut up!

He begins checking the contents of the bag.

PSYCHO
I just wanna make sure
everything's still here.

LOU
Well I haven't touched anything.

PSYCHO
(Knowingly)
So you thought ya could get away
with it, did ya?

LOU
Get away with it?

PSYCHO
Yeah, get away with it.
Pauses.
You can't get one over on
technology. It's far too smart
for ol' cunts like you. You'll
have to think of summin' better
than that to outwit Apple, dude.

LOU
I don't know anyone called
Apple.

PSYCHO
Ha! You cunt! Apple is a fuckin'
phone app.

PSYCHO grabs the transparent bag and the powder spills
out onto the table.

He drops the iPhone into his jacket pocket, then stares
knowingly at LOU.

PSYCHO (CONT'D)
You've opened this, haven't cha?
It's been opened.

LOU
I don't know what you're...

PSYCHO
...If you've had any of this
Charlie, you're in for it, ya
get me?

LOU turns away in horror.

PSYCHO (CONT'D)

Have I got the word *cunt* stamped
across my forehead, or summink?

LOU

I don't know what you're talking
about.

PSYCHO

No one likes a fuckin' liar,
pal.

LOU

I know. I realise that... But I
haven't touched your stuff, I
swear to you. That's exactly how
I found it.

PSYCHO reveals a flick knife from his pocket. He begins
to snort the white powder off the six inch blade.

LOU stands and shakes his head in dismay.

PSYCHO

You've been dipping your
nostrils in my stash, haven't
cha?

LOU

No, I haven't, I swear.

PSYCHO points the flick knife as he stalks him around the
room.

PSYCHO

I'm not fuckin' stupid, pal! I
can see when my stash has been
fuckin' opened, you thieving
cunt!

LOU

But I never touched it, I swear.

PSYCHO

You're fuckin' liar!

LOU

(Gasping nervously)

All right! All right! Let me
breathe for a minute, will ya?

He wipes his brow with his sleeve.

LOU (CONT'D)

I was curious... I admit. But I
just wanted to see what it was,
that's all... But I never
touched anything, I swear.

PSYCHO becomes distracted by the iPhone ringing inside
his pocket.

He turns away and answers the call.

PSYCHO

(Agitated)

Alright honeychops... Yeah,
yeah... I've got it... I'm
checking it right now... Yeah,
yeah. Wait till I get there. I
won't be that long... I've just
gotta clear up a few things
first... All right honeychops.
Cool.

He ends the call, then drops the phone back inside his
pocket.

PSYCHO (CONT'D)

You just better hope you haven't
taken too many liberties with my
stash, or I'm gonna have to
cutcha.

LOU

You what? That's a bit extreme,
isn't it?

PSYCHO

No, it fuckin' isn't extreme.

LOU

I can pay you for what I've had,
if it makes things easier.

PSYCHO begins to spread the white powder across the
table.

He opens a small tin from his pocket and takes out a
razor blade.

He gives LOU a warning stare, then begins cutting the powder with the blade.

PSYCHO

Just remember, you owe me.

LOU

How much?

PSYCHO

I dunno yet. I ain't worked out how much you've taken. This stuff isn't summin' you casually indulge with. This bag cost me seventy grand. And I'll know exactly what you've taken when I weigh it, later. And if I think you've taken liberties, I'll come back here tomorrow and slice your bollocks off, if you've got any, that is.

LOU

Just tell me how much I owe and I'll pay you.

PSYCHO stares at him and shows him a mischievous grin.

PSYCHO

You're a bit odd, ain'tcha?

LOU

I dunno. Am I?

PSYCHO

Yeah, you are.

Pauses.

And why are you wearing lipstick, and what looks like mascara?

Protracted silence.

LOU

Oh, that.

Pauses.

Why... does it bother you, then?

PSYCHO

No, It doesn't bother me, pal. So what should I call you, then, Lou, or is it Louise?

LOU
Call me whatever you want to. I
don't really care.

PSYCHO
(Chuckles)
Louise, then.

LOU
And you?

PSYCHO
Mind your own fuckin' business.

LOU
Oh. OK.

PSYCHO hands him a rolled twenty.

PSYCHO
Here. Take it. Have another
fuckin' line on me. It'll calm
your nerves.

LOU rudely snatches it from his hand, then leans over the
table and snorts another line of Charlie.

LOU
Thanks.

PSYCHO
Are you a crossdresser, then?
Are you wearing knickers?

LOU shows evidence of his disposition as he shies away
from the question.

PSYCHO bears an intense threatening gaze.

LOU
Actually, I think you'd better
go. You've got your bag. And
anyway, someone's waiting for
you from what I can tell from
that phone call you just
received.

PSYCHO
I'm going. But I need to know
something before I do.

LOU
And what's that?

PSYCHO
Did you see anyone with this bag
before you found it?

LOU
I don't think so. But my eyes
are not as good as they used to
be.

PSYCHO begins to pace the floor tormentingly.

PSYCHO
So you didn't notice anyone
hanging around, then?

LOU
No. But I can't remember. My
memory isn't as good as it used
to be, either.

PSYCHO
(Dismayed)
What?

PSYCHO sweeps up the substance into the transparent bag.

LOU
(Nervously)
Is that all, then?

PSYCHO
Shut up! I'm thinking.

LOU opens the door for him to leave.

LOU
Can you go now, please? You've
got what you came for.

Short silence.

PSYCHO
Are you a jogger?

LOU
Yeah. So what of it?

PSYCHO

So you must find bags all the time, what with being a jogger.

LOU

Yeah, I do. This is the third one I've had this month, actually.

PSYCHO

So did you stick your fuckin' nose inside them, like you did with this one?

LOU

Not really.

PSYCHO

Why not?

LOU

(Sarcastically)

Because I had sex with all the others.

PSYCHO roars in uncontrollable laughter.

LOU looks on bemused.

LOU (CONT'D)

Well the first one I did, anyway. She liked it up the arse, but the other one had baby's things in it, so it put me off a bit, you know?

PSYCHO

(Aback)

You almost fuckin' had me there, you loopy cunt.

Pauses.

You're fuckin' asking for it, ain'tcha? Ha,ha,ha,ha,ha. You're a fuckin' headcase.

LOU

Yeah. Well. They weren't any use to anyone, were they? There wasn't anything to suggest who they belonged to. Just rotten old bags, really.

PSYCHO suddenly stops laughing and becomes serious as he puts down the bag and shuts the door.

He grabs LOU by the throat and forces him over the armchair.

LOU (CONT'D)

Let go of me! You're hurting me!

PSYCHO

I hope you're not making light of a fuckin' murder, pal! Because if you think you're funny, I'll show ya what's funny! I'll show ya a fuckin' joke, pal! So ya wanna see a joke, do ya? Here then! Here's a fuckin' joke! (*Cuban accent*) Say hello to my little friend, you cunt!

He pins him down with his forearm wedged behind his neck. With his free hand he pulls down LOU'S bottoms and forces himself inside his anus.

LOU'S facial expression contorts with pain as he yelps with each thrust of PSYCHO'S hips.

LOU

Please...!

PSYCHO

Is this what you did to those rotten old bags you found, you fuckin' dirty cunt?!

The iPhone rings in his pocket.

PSYCHO (CONT'D)

FUCK SAKE! YOU'RE SHITTING ME!

He releases himself and pulls up his chinos. He gets to his feet and answers the call.

LOU watches him closely as he pulls up his bottoms, then slowly gets to his feet.

PSYCHO (CONT'D)

What now...?! I'm coming!

He ends the call, then grabs the bag.

LOU

Is that it, then? Are you finished with me?

PSYCHO

Yep. All's well.

LOU

So you're not angry with me anymore, then?

PSYCHO

Nope. You're off the hook.

Pauses.

Now fuck off and let me go.

LOU

Rightyo.

Pauses.

Do you realise what you've just done?

PSYCHO

Whatcha gonna do about it... call the fuckin feds? You probably enjoyed it, you ol' cunt?

LOU

Is that what you think, then?

PSYCHO

I don't think, right?

PSYCHO slings the bag over his shoulder and steps towards the door.

LOU

I was twelve the last time that happened.

PSYCHO

Well you've had plenty of time to get over it, then, haven't cha?

LOU

Yeah, I s'pose so.

PSYCHO

Look, I ain't got time for all
this sentimental bollocks. I've
gotta go.

LOU stares dispassionately at him as his eyes narrow.

PSYCHO (CONT'D)

Oh, and don't worry about paying
me anything for the Charlie.
It's on me. And if you think
about going to the feds, I'll
come back. And you know what
that means, don'tcha?

LOU

Yeah.

Pauses

Haven't you forgotten something?

PSYCHO

No. What's that?

LOU

This contraption here.

He reveals the handgun.

PSYCHO

(Worriedly)

Where'd ya get that?

LOU

It was in the bag.

PSYCHO

You better give it back then,
hadn't cha?

LOU

Sure.

Without further ado he shoots him once in the groyne and
once in the face.

PSYCHO'S eyes roll back inside his head as he hits the
door with a thud, then slides down into a crumpled heap
of flesh.

LOU stares down at his cadaver and shakes his head in
disgust.

LOU (CONT'D)

Cunt!

FADE OUT:

END

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