

ANITA BLACKMAN

by
Fiddler On The Hoof

FADE IN:

Alluring gardens and fresh red paint furbish the barns - old money certainly resides here.

Two WOMEN traverse a cobblestone path and enter the stables.

SUPER: MERRY OLD ENGLAND

INT. RIDING STABLES - DAY

Rows of horse enclosures and hay bales.

ASHLEY (32), overweight and taking awkward steps in a tight skirt, chats up OLGA (33), straight hair and glasses in a Jan Brady sort of way.

ASHLEY

I don't know if I should try this.

OLGA

Don't be silly. The first time I hopped on I was terrified. All that bouncing and thrashing about. But you get used to it. Smooth as butter.

Ashley clutches her belly.

ASHLEY

Oh, don't mention food. I broke my diet in a big way last night. If I so much as think about food I'll be sick.

Olga stops, points to one of the enclosures.

OLGA

Oh, look. That's our horse.

Ashley tilts her head curiously.

ASHLEY

Looks a bit old, don't he? What'd you say his name is again?

OLGA

It's a she, first of all. And her name is Anita Blackman.

ASHLEY

Anita what?

OLGA

Anita Blackman. You know. Named after the Hollywood actress from the 1930s.

INSERT: PICTURE

A B&W production still of a very pale WOMAN in a bonnet holding an umbrella.

OLGA (V.O.)

She was in the movie. What's the name again? Oh! *Please Come With Me In The Garden Of Eden.*

BACK TO SCENE

ASHLEY

Never heard of it.

WHINNY! NEIGH!

OLGA

(gushing)

Oh, will you just look at her. What a magnificent creature.

Ashley squirms, a pained expression on her face.

OLGA

Are you alright?

ASHLEY

(lies)

Yes.

OLGA

Does the whinny of a horse make you uncomfortable?

ASHLEY

No. That bloody Knickerbocker Glory I had at Wimpy's is making me uncomfortable.

OLGA

How many did you have?

WHINNY!

ASHLEY

Three.

Squeak. Phbbbt...

Silence.

OLGA

What was that?

ASHLEY

What was what?

OLGA

Did you just fluff?

ASHLEY

No.

OLGA

You didn't just pop one right then?

ASHLEY

No!

Olga sniffs the air, waits...

OLGA

Oh, that's rancid! You did!

ASHLEY

Oh, bugger! So what if I did? It's not like I just killed the bloody horse.

WHINNNY-ARRUGHH! THUMP!

A POOF of DUST and HAY envelop our two stunned girls. A long, pregnant pause follows.

OLGA

Oh. My. God. You just killed Anita Blackman with your fluff.

ASHLEY

I did not!

OLGA

Then how do you explain this?

ASHLEY

A heart attack, most likely.

OLGA

From your fluff!

ASHLEY

Well, Jesus H. Christ, what the fuck do we do now?

Olga checks the stable. She races to a back wall and grabs a SHOVEL off a rack.

OLGA

We've got to bury her quick. If Amy comes and finds her horse dead she's gonna flip. Not to mention Sir Loyne.

ASHLEY

Sir Loyne Berger? The dignitary?

OLGA

Yes, yes. He's the co-owner of the horse. He named it after his wife.

Ashley thinks as Olga sets to digging. She races to the horse and beats it furiously on the chest.

OLGA

What are you doing?

ASHLEY

CPR.

OLGA

You can't do CPR on a dead horse.

ASHLEY

Well, we have to do something!

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

Olga grabs Ashley to try and stop her.

ASHLEY

Let go of me!

OLGA

Stop it! She's dead!

ASHLEY

I can bring her back.

OLGA

No, you can't, you silly fat cow!

Ashley suddenly stops, grimaces in pain.

ASHLEY

Uh oh.

OLGA

Uh oh, what?

Ashley glances down, afraid to speak.

OLGA

(firm)

Uh oh, what?

ASHLEY

(barely audible)

Trouble... Red Rocks...

Olga, trying to discern it...

OLGA
Barney Rubble from Bedrock?

Ashley, like Roger Water's screaming at a group of school children who've refused to eat their meat:

ASHLEY
My Aunt Flo is here from Red Rocks!

OLGA
My, God, woman! You're up to your arse
in bodily functions.

A trail of blood snakes along Ashley's leg. She tries to staunch the flow with her hand.

ASHLEY
Give me a napkin.

OLGA
I don't have a bloody napkin. Stop it.
I have to dig.

ASHLEY
No, you don't.

OLGA
Yes, I do!

Ashley wrestles for the shovel when Olga smacks her hand away, leaving a bloody palm print on her face.

ASHLEY
Now look what you've done!

SCREAM!

The girls look up and there's AMY (32), captivating in her riding gear, but noticeably aghast.

OLGA
Oh. Hello, Amy.

AMY
What have you done to my horse?!

OLGA

Umm...

Ashley wipes her face with her sleeve.

ASHLEY

Excuse me, but it was all my fault. It was...

Amy goes limp and drops to her knees, sobbing.

AMY

(softly)

Anita Blackman...

OLGA

Amy, we're so sorry.

AMY

Ah-needa... Blackman...

Olga peers over at Ashley, who cracks a smile. Olga purses her lips and turns away.

Amy sobs uncontrollably, her mournful tears christening the ground like the first rains of Spring.

OLGA

Amy, please.

Amy raises her arms skyward, and shouts to the Heavens:

AMY

Ah-needa...

(snort)

...black...

(gasp)

... Man!

Olga can barely contain herself.

ASHLEY

Oh, dear Lord.

Ashley and Olga break out in hysterics.

Amy glances up through damp eyes, incredulous.

AMY

The fuck are you two wart hogs going
on about?

Ashley cackles, drops her head on the horse's chest and smacks
it repeatedly with her open palm.

Amy has a pitchfork in hand and heads towards them with a head
full of steam.

OLGA

Amy, wait! Look!

AMY

You sick cunts!

Amy whirls and --

AMY

Sir Loyne!

-- loses the grip on the pitchfork, sending it flying and...

THWACK! THUMP!

A POOF of DUST and HAY envelop our three stunned girls. A
long, pregnant pause follows.

ASHLEY

You've just killed Sir Loyne Berger,
the dignitary.

OLGA

It's true.

Amy scans the room, then to Olga.

AMY

Give me that bloody shovel.

FADE OUT.