An echo of a crackly landlady’s voice with a satisfied element speaks to someone after sex.

   LANDLADY (V.O.)
   There’s something about good sex
   that makes you wanna take a crap.

Roy Munson hurls in a toilet.

His landlady continues to give his limp ego a boost.

   LANDLADY (V.O.)
   Ah come on, it wasn’t that bad.

Hurls.

   LANDLADY (V.O.)
   You must have jarred something
   loose baby.

Hurls some more.

A blurry scene comes in, with a leg being wrapped up in a cheap nylon over enunciated varicose veins.

INT. ROY’S BUNGALOW – 1997 – DAY

Beyond her leg is Roy bent over at the toilet as he sees her put on her torn clothing with a cigarette hanging from her mouth.

Hurls again.

A mixture of white puke and a tinge of yellow spills from his mouth.

As she stands up, her holed panties show stains which roy notices.

Hurls.

(CONTINUED)
Then, as he hurls some more, it blurs out again, and on to a scuffle where roy is being manhandled by a group of men who has been taken for a ride in a game of bowl gambling.

**INT. BOWLING ALLEY - CHUTE - NIGHT**

Roy is screaming as his hand is being lowered to a ball chute. A few of his victims push his hand down inside the mechanical menace as it hums to life.

He yells and screams for help.

**ROY**

No! Somebody! Help, help! Oh god no. No!

Suddenly...

**INT. ROY’S BUNGALOW - PRESENT - DAY TIME**

His alarm sounds just as he wakes up screaming from his sleep. He falls out of bed to the floor.

As he picks himself up, he smashes the clock with his hook.

Then walks to the bathroom in his underwear which has more holes than a golf course.

He scratches his butt.

But pricks himself with the hook.

**ROY**

Ah! Shit.

He looks back to see another new hole.

**ROY (CONT’D)**

Damn it.
INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

He opens his medicine cabinet to grab a toothbrush, but his hook gets caught, and takes down the door in one go.

He only has a sombre expression as he reaches for his toothbrush now. Roy then opens his hook, and slides the brush in between the tongs.

Then uses his other hand to squeeze the toothpaste.

He then turns on the water, but does not see what color the water is.

He places the brush in the flow of the brown and putrid flow once or twice, and then starts to brush his teeth.

With his mouth closed, he works up a good lather with his eyes shut.

Some of the liquid oozes from a corner of his mouth.

It’s a gross brown, like the color of shit.

As he opens his eyes, he can see the disgusting color, and tries to turn on the water higher to clear the line.

Instead however...

A KNOCK on his door.

He tries to spit it out, but some of it drips on his chest.

Another knock.

His annoyance builds as the knocks keep coming.

With a mouthful of paste...

    ROY
    Just a minute!

More knocks.

He grabs a towel, but it drops in the toilet which now gets roy much angrier.

(CONTINUED)
More knocks.

Now, instead of cleaning himself, he goes to answer the door fully angered.

**EXT. DOOR – ROY’S BUNGALOW – CHURCH LADY – DAY**

It swings open fast, and he stands in front of a pretty woman dressed in conservative plain clothing, and a bible in her hand.

In her point of view, all she can see, is roy. With nothing on, except his underwear, and a frothy mouth of brown paste oozing slowly down his chin and chest.

ROY
(Mouthful)
Yes?

She freaks and screams, and turns to run to her group who is going door to door.

Roy has a confused look, as if to say what’s her problem?

**EXT. CHURCH LADY – CONTINUOUS**

She stops at one man in a frightful state. He tries to calm her down.

REVEREND
Whoa there lassie, where’s the fire?

CHURCH LADY
There’s a man over there with shit coming out of his mouth. He – he – was indecent.

As she shakes with fright, her reverend takes it upon himself to fight his new enemy.

REVEREND
Did he have yellow eyes?

(CONTINUED)
CHURCH LADY
Yes. And — and a hook.

REVEREND
(Southern drawl)
Looks like a child of god has gone
off of the heavenly reservation.
Get ready my children, we have a
demon to quell.

From roy’s point of view, he can see the holy congregation
begin to walk to his bungalow.

With an amount of fear, he slams his door.

INT. ROY’S BUNGALOW – DAY

In a hurry he starts to grab some clothes off of the floor,
as he wipes his mouth. Then heads to the bathroom to rinse
his mouth out some more.

At the same time, he can now hear the reverend outside his
door preaching of his evils.

REVEREND (V.O.)
Come on out you vile heathen. The
lord will free your soul of the
creature within you.

Roy hurries faster to dress, as his door is now being knocked
on harder, except now, with feet.

He looks at the door which seems to push inward a rather
gross angle.

EXT. DOOR – ROY’S BUNGALOW – CHURCH GROUP

They take turns kicking the door as the reverend continues
his holy sermon.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

REVEREND
God’s child will be set free. We are his sword and shield to the darkness.

INT. ROY’S BUNGALOW – DAY

As roy finishes dressing, he zips up his pants too fast and catches his manhood in the fly.

ROY
(Screams)
Ah!

EXT. DOOR – ROY’S BUNGALOW – CHURCH GROUP

The reverend hears his scream, and adds his tribute of blessings.

REVEREND
Yes! God has spoken!

Behind the door roy curses.

ROY (V.O.)
Fuck! Shit!

REVEREND
Yes! Fight him child!

Each member now has the door starting to break in small sections.

INT. ROY’S BUNGALOW

Roy sees the door starting to buckle from outside, like a holy light which creep in the cracks. He looks around for another door.

Only one direction remains.

His bathroom window.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Roy pounces to it, and opens it up fast. Then climbs through as his right foot catches a local gas line from a heater.

It comes loose, and starts to spew natural gas.

He makes it out of his window, but not before it breaks from his body weight which has his body slice down the wall like a knife.

As he falls out to the backyard, he rolls a few times and stops just shy of a large pile of dog shit.

ROY
(Fully relieved)
Whew.

He stands up.

INT. ROY’S BUNGALOW – CHURCH GROUP INVADIES

The door breaks down, and all spill in to see nothing but strewn around garbage and nude magazines with white stains on them.

The reverend has some trouble seeing the interior, and reaches into his pocket for a lighter.

His church lady asks...

CHURCH LADY
What’s that smell?

REVEREND
That is the stench of evil my children.

He flicks his lighter.

EXT. ROY WALKS AWAY – DAY

As he strolls on, he puts on his ‘K’ Mart tweed blazer like a rogue poker player. At the same time behind him, his bungalow explodes in a furious chaos of fire and debris.
CONTINUED:

A mushroom like nuclear cloud rises behind his crown.

A few body parts drop around his position, as well as a few bibles which are ablaze.

Another explosion.

His landlady screams her discontent.

LANDLADY
   You son of a bitch! This’ll cost you munson!

Roy gives the finger behind his head.

He puts on his fedora as he struts away from the carnage with an old disco song of ‘Burn Baby Burn’.

Titles begin.

INT. MONTAGE OF BOWLING GAME ALLEYS

Each set shows roy bowling to success from one town to the next as he wins local tournaments.

His rubber hand raises up as he wins each set which displays marks or scratches from each game.

In one hall, a group of women show off their chests after getting beers out of a cooler.

Their nipples are erect and the only thing seen beneath which roy smirks at, but does not phase his concentration.

He throws the ball, and then - A STRIKE!

Admiration cheers bound as he takes a beer from a girl.

He wraps his hook around her chest, and his hook comes dangerously close to one nipple.

It closes and opens which causes the girl to look down with wide eyes.
CONTINUED:

A phased score board crosses as each game he takes on progresses to more wins.

Until one final game is seen.

END TITLES.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

Roy is set up, then stroll with grace to the penalty line, and tosses his ball.

The crowd is silent, but starts to build to excitement as the ball reaches the head pin.

STRIKE!

A loud cheer has the hall on its feet as roy wins another game with poise, and professionalism.

That’s until one woman walks up to him with a big cheque in her hands and a skimpy top to match her low intelligence.

Roy takes the cheque as the owner shakes his hand.

OWNER
We’re even now roy.

Everybody claps for roy.

ROY
So no more debt?

OWNER
Nope. All squared.

ROY
Thank god.

Roy puts down the cheque, as a waitress delivers a beer for him.

ROY (CONT’D)
Thanks you.

(CONTINUED)
WAITRESS
You’re welcome.

She walks away with her tail wiggling which causes roy to stir on the spot.

He smiles as she glances back to him to see his hair a disheveled mess of thin strands.

Not an attractive sight, but for his playing it can heighten anyone’s libido to do some stupid things in their lives, including a rendezvous in the back alley.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - ROY AND THE WAITRESS - DAY

Roy rocks back and forth against the brick wall as he hears a few moans and groans coming from below him.

He looks down to his waitress as she bobs her head back and forth in slow motion.

He grunts and pushes a few more times as he starts to climax.

He stiffens up, and lets out a smooth easy breath as the waitress stands up and wipes her mouth off with the back of her hand.

He notices the corner of her mouth.

It has some semen which looks like a string stuck to her face.

ROY
(Point to the corner of mouth )
Uh, you have uh, right here.

WAITRESS
Oops.

She wipes the rest away.

WAITRESS (CONT’D)
So, you got my eighty bucks?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ROY
What?

WAITRESS
Hey gotta make a living too you know.

ROY
But you’re a waitress. I thought this was (Cut Off)

WAITRESS
Thought this was what? A freebee? Eighty bucks roy.

Roy digs in his pockets and drags out a small humble bills of twenties which he counts out like a scrooge.

ROY
Twenty, forty, sixty, sixty five, seventy. Eighty.

WAITRESS
Thanks sweetie. You’re a doll.

She kisses his cheek once, and prances off back to her daily job.

Roy is left standing there still hanging out in the alley.

He looks up to the sky for an answer which will never come.

His hair thrashes badly with a slight wind.

Like half boiled spaghetti strands.

He closes his eyes.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY – AFTER NOON

Roy is sitting at a bar nursing a drink as a few bowlers play a game. A television in front of him shows a sports report of an up an coming event in London England.

His eyes perk up.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

The bar tender is sweeping the floor.

ROY
Hey can you turn that up for a moment?

The tender ignores him.

ROY (CONT’D)
Hey!

Annoyed, the tender walks over.

BAR TENDER
What the fuck do you want?

ROY
I wanted the television turned up a little.

BAR TENDER
You got fingers, do it yourself asshole.

Roy lifts his hand to show a hook.

The tender scowls and then turns up the television and resumes his chore.

On the television a sports caster gives his story in the native tongue of a british accent.

REPORTER (O.S.)
In just a month, the tournament of the millennium will start here at one of the most prestigious bowling alley - Noble Slats.

ROY
Noble slats?
REPORTER (O.S.)
Yes noble slats, where a purse of ten million pounds will go to the winner and become the best in the world. One can only wonder who will take this task of throwing his best game against some of the most professional bowlers in the country. Last year's winner Dean Hawthorne just cleaned up with his powerful style of brute strength against Keith Unger's graceful poise in the pin's last game. With a one pin difference, Dean crushed Keith's confidence and landed his title as the best in the world. When asked about his game he said this...

A flip to Dean in an interview.

DEAN (O.S.)
(Cockney accent)
I only wished that uh - my father were here to see it. Then I could tell him to (BEEP) (BEEP) (BEEP) right off!

REPORTER (O.S.)
As you can see, his audacity apparently made him number one in most people's views. But as for the queen, well she left a comment which we cannot repeat. This is Kyle Harbinger for IXLC News.

Roy leans back in his chair and smiles to himself.

The bar tender approaches.

BAR TENDER
Anything else?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ROY
Yeah, a ticket to london.

BAR TENDER
You gotta be on your knees for that buddy.

Roy glances to him, as the tender smiles to show dirty yellow and black teeth.

He then scurries out to escape.

EXT. CITY STREETS - PAWN SHOP
He stops and looks in to see the shop owner, then enters inside.

INT. PAWN SHOP
Roy glances to a few items as he makes his way to the front counter.

An old man slumps his way out from the back to see roy scanning his things.

OWNER
Hey, you want something?

ROY
Uh yeah. I was wanting to pay for my ring.

OWNER
Well, let’s see here.

He reaches to a drawer to pull out a folder, he opens it and reads out loud.

OWNER (CONT’D)
Okay, last month’s pay was one hundred dollars, which makes the total now, two hundred and fifty six owing.

(CONTINUED)
Roy reaches into his pocket, and pulls out a wad of cash.

OWNER (CONT’D)
Looks like a good week. How many did you take them for now?

ROY
Nah, I won it fair and square. Paid off the rest on the road too.

OWNER
Not bad. Not bad, now if you can take that attitude of yours of winning, then you can get to the las vegas tournament. I hear the purse is now two million sumollies.

Roy smiles as he unrolls his cash and counts out the owing total.

ROY
Nope. Got my eye on a bigger bowling tournament.

OWNER
Oh? Which one?

ROY
In London, england my friend. Ten millions pounds to the winner.

OWNER
(Whistles)
So how are you gonna get a ticket? Not to mention on living expenses.

ROY
Well, I’ll just have to go on the road to build up my capital for my new venture.

OWNER
Bull shit. Hand it over.
CONTINUED:

Roy then gives the total to the owner with satisfaction on his face.

The owner, then opens a cabinet and pulls out roy’s circuit ring.

Roy takes it, and looks at it closely with admiration.

Behind him, a meek voice calls out...

VOICE
Roy?

Roy turns around in slow mo to see his ex claudia standing there in her beautiful glory.

She smiles as roy takes his hat off to display his thing and lifeless hair.

He grins.

ROY
Claudia.

CLAUDIA
Hi roy. It’s been a long time.

ROY
Too long. What the hell are you doing here? I thought you went overseas?

CLAUDIA
I did. Landed in london as my last stop. Then the money ran out.

ROY
Well, if you’re looking for a loan can’t help you.

CLAUDIA
I don’t need one.
CONTINUED:

ROY
How the hell did you get here if you’re so broke?

CLAUDIA
I married a nice man. A rich man.

ROY
Figures. But you still haven’t told me why you’re here. As in the store.

CLAUDIA
Got a proposition for you.

ROY
Oh yeah?

The owner watches in silence as claudia approaches roy with a demure expression.

CLAUDIA
Yeah. One that might make you a very rich person.

ROY
(Apprehensive)
Oh yeah?

She is now too close for comfort.

CLAUDIA
Yeah. Join me for lunch?

He hesitates.

ROY
Don’t mind if I do. See ya frank.

FRANK
Whatever you slut.

Roy and claudia walk out of the store.

CUT TO:
INT. CAFE - DAY

Roy enjoys his slice of pie as claudia watches him eat. Customers chat as waitresses walk around refilling cups of coffee.

It is a seedy place, one of which cleanliness does not make the record books.

Roy happens to glance at a table where a woman’s head is bobbing up and down in a guys lap.

Claudia sees it, and states.

CLAUDIA
Brings back memories doesn’t it?

ROY
(Mouthful)
I’ll say.

He swallows, and takes a drink of his coffee to wash it down.

ROY (CONT’D)
So this, proposition.

CLAUDIA
Right. Well, I know you have some problems with money. Like back in the pawn shop.

ROY
That? That’s just - just a little get by money.

CLAUDIA
Roy. You are flat broke, and you’ve been going on the road to just get by. I am offering you a chance to win the big one.

Roy perks up as he puts together in his mind that the fact she lives in london, and the tournament is held there.

(CONTINUED)
ROY
You want me in the tournament don’t you?

CLAUDIA
It’s a great prize roy. You’d never have to pawn your ring again.

ROY
But what’s in it for you?

Claudia smiles sheepishly as she sits back in her seat, but not without getting stuck to it from a wad of gum.

CLAUDIA
Me? Just a ten percent cut.

ROY
Ten percent? As in running off with the ninety percent coming to me.

CLAUDIA
No. Remember, I’m married to a very rich man.

ROY
What’s he like?

CLAUDIA
He’s nice. Caring when he wants to be. And he doesn’t ask me where I’m going all the time.

ROY
Sounds like a cool person. So what does he do?

CLAUDIA
He’s a – consultant.

ROY
Consultant? In what?

CLAUDIA
In loans.

(CONTINUED)
ROY
(Smiles innocently)
Well, at least you got your head on straight. Not making bad decisions like you used to.

CLAUDIA
True. But I really think you can win the tournament roy.

ROY
I don’t know. This all sounds too good to be true. And with you, it ain’t.

CLAUDIA
I’m surprised after all this time you don’t trust me anymore. I thought we bonded.

ROY
Bonded. Bonded? You stole my share of the five hundred thousand made to Amish. How’s that being bonded?

CLAUDIA
Amish forgave me. He wrote me a long letter saying so. His family however thought otherwise and took a number out on me.

ROY
A what?

CLAUDIA
A hit. But it didn’t work.

ROY
How?

CLAUDIA
Cause when he came looking for me, I offered him a deal he couldn’t possibly refuse.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Roy smiles and starts to laugh.

ROY
Claudia, you will never change.

CLAUDIA
Is that wrong?

ROY
In so many ways.

EXT. STREETS – DAY

They walk side by side as they chat some more about Roy’s possible future.

ROY
Okay, say I take you on the offer, what’s to say you wouldn’t just take it and run off like a fart?

CLAUDIA
Roy, they don’t pay in cash. So you’re safe from me. At least until you cash it.

ROY
Which is what I meant. Claudia, I just for once would like to have a life for myself without debts, or people looking for me because I owe so much. Not to mention an ex-girlfriend who can be as dangerous as a mafia don with money. Can you just please leave me alone? I’ll make it to London on my own. I don’t need your help to be indebted to you for the rest of my life.

Roy walks ahead of her a few paces, which leaves Claudia gazing at the sidewalk.
CONTINUED:

CLAUDIA
I’m sorry roy. I’m sorry I took your money.

Roy spins around.

ROY
Sorry doesn’t cut it anymore claudia. You hurt me, and amish. You destroy peoples lives like it’s second nature.

CLAUDIA
I just, I just - want,

ROY
Want what?

CLAUDIA
I want - a normal life.

ROY
You can’t have normal. You never could. You live for the thrill of being close to getting caught or killed. I mean when you dragged me and Amish to vegas, I thought you could really feel a friendship between us.

Roy turns to walk away again.

CLAUDIA
Please roy.

ROY
No. I’ll get there on my own.

Claudia stops to watch his back as he disappears in the crowd of pedestrians.
EXT. CITY WALK – DAY

Roy continues to stroll on the sidewalk when suddenly a group of gangs fight together with knives and guns.

A few shots ring out but roy is not phased by such atrocities.

He walks on, as someone runs past an old woman (80’s) and snatches her purse.

She stops, and pulls out a large 44. Magnum and shoots her robber in the back.

OLD WOMAN

You fucking prick!

The robber falls on his face.

She smiles and blows at the muzzle of the gun.

Roy continues.

EXT. NEAR A DELI – DAY

As he rounds a street corner, two kids (11 years old each) run by with a bag in their hands. A store owner chases them with a large metal bat.

When they trip to the ground, the owner catches up and starts to beat them with the bat like a hit man on a mission.

A metal clang is heard with each hit.

They yell and scream for help, but this also does not phase roy in the least.

He walks on some more as he takes his fedora off.

EXT. POLICE STATION – DAY

Roy strolls past a flight of steps as police officers escort in a group of criminals. One thug manages to grasp one officers gun, and starts to shoot them without mercy.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:
Roy ducks as a few bullets whiz past his head.
One criminal passes roy, and bumps him out of the way.
Roy is now annoyed.

ROY
Hey!
The criminal stops and looks back.

CRIMINAL
What? You fucking got a problem?

ROY
Yeah, say excuse me when you bump into someone.

CRIMINAL
Is that so?
He approaches roy slowly with the gun in his hand.
Roy sees it, but stands his ground.

ROY
Yeah, that’s so asswipe.
The criminal points the gun to roy’s head, and is about to fire when suddenly, roy lifts his hook and jams it in the trigger cage.
Both struggle as roy opens the hook and crushes the mans finger.
As he releases, roy then uses a quick reflex and uses the hook on the thugs testicles.

ROY (CONT’D)
Not so tough now without your gun huh?

CRIMINAL
Oh god! Please! Please, I’m sorry man, really. Really.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Roy tightens the grip a bit.

The criminal is now on his tiptoes with the hook on his bag snugly.

A few officers run to them, and tackle both to the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLDING CELLS - AFTER NOON

Roy leans against the cell door. His eyes move side to side to see other prisoners in separate cells.

A few grunts come from across his own.

He then sees a prisoner behind one other.

Roy’s face cringes to see them having male sex.

Then he hears something most foul.

PRISONER #1
(Spanks his partner)
Who’s my bitch? (Slap) huh? Who’s my bitch.

PRISONER #2
I am. Oh god yes. Spank me daddy.

Roy slowly backs away from his door to hide in the shadows of his cell.

A few slaps are heard some more.

A guard walks by but does not pay attention to the grunting inmates.

He walks on.

Roy simply stares at the guard in total surprise.

Then back at the two men.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

He sits on his cot as the grunts start to build up in intensity.

Slap slap slap.

Roy covers his ears meekly as the two horn dogs come to their climax.

Then, without reservation he can hear one say to the other.

PRISONER #1
Now, lick it good bitch.

Roy slumps his shoulders.

A lone prisoner screams which echo’s in the corridor.

Another prisoner shouts his discontent.

PRISONER (V.O.)
Hey shut it fucker!

Screams.

PRISONER (V.O.)
I said shut it!

BLEND TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - AFTER NOON

Roy walks out in a trance like state to see claudia standing alone on a corner.

He shakes his experience off and walks to her.

ROY
Thought you left for home?

CLAUDIA
I was about to. But not before asking you one more time.

ROY
Forget it.

(CONTINUED)
Claudia pulls out a large envelope and slaps it on his shoulder as he turns to walk away.

ROY (CONT’D)
What’s this?

CLAUDIA
Expense money. The ticket is inside.

ROY
No. You’re not going to do this to me again.

CLAUDIA
I’m not.

Roy turns around to see her eyes all puffy from crying.

ROY
You know you’re good Claudia. Real good.

CLAUDIA
Roy, there’s also something I didn’t tell you about the tournament.

Here it comes.

ROY
I knew it.

CLAUDIA
No you don’t.

Claudia strolls to a bench and sits down.

Roy reluctantly joins her.

CLAUDIA (CONT’D)
Your rival is going to be there.

ROY
Who?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CLAUDIA
Who do you think?

ROY
McCracken.

She can only nod.

ROY (CONT’D)
This is low. Even for you.

CLAUDIA
I didn’t pick the players. He just wound up on the list.

ROY
I bet.

Claudia now gets annoyed by his attitude and gets up.

ROY (CONT’D)
Wait.

She stops.

ROY (CONT’D)
I don’t believe this. I cannot believe I’m going to say it.

CLAUDIA
Well?

ROY
Okay. I’m in. But not because you felt like getting me on my feet again to ease your conscience.

CLAUDIA
It’s not.

ROY
Then why?

(CONTINUED)
CLAUDIA
I am doing this for something totally different.

ROY
Like?

CLAUDIA
I can’t tell you. You’d never believe me anyway.

ROY
Probably not.

Roy stands up and pockets the envelope.

CLAUDIA
You leave next Monday. Nine AM.

ROY
Okay. Well, I’m not saying thank you.

CLAUDIA
Don’t push yourself.

She turns to walk away in a huff.

Roy has an exasperated look on his face.

EXT. HEATHROW AIRPORT – DAY

Roy walks out of the terminal with one bag in his hand. A cab driver approaches and tries to pull the bag from his hand as he accommodates Roy.

CAB DRIVER
Need a cab sir?

But with slight confusion, roy pulls back to defend himself.

ROY
Hey get your dirty hands off my bag.

(CONTINUED)
Customers glance to them both and make an uncomfortable atmosphere by his sudden statement.

CAB DRIVER
Sir, do you need a cab?

ROY
What? Oh. Yeah I do.

Roy gives his bag to the driver now.

CAB DRIVER
Bloody yanks.

Roy gets in his cab, and the driver puts the bag in the trunk and shuts it.

Then climbs in his cab.

INT. CAB

The driver looks into the rear view mirror to see roy with a scowl on his face.

CAB DRIVER
Where to sir?

ROY
Uh, Hotel blanc?

CAB DRIVER
Right.

He starts the cab and drives away.

An old disco tune starts, ‘Staying Alive’ to roll through.

Later on...

EXT. PICADILLY SQUARE - DAY

Roy walks amongst the daily shoppers as he gazes from one shop to the next.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

In one window, he sees a woman test a whip on another woman’s back with her boyfriend watching it all.

Roy winces and strolls on.

EXT. NEAR FISH SHOP - DAY

Roy eats a roll of deep fried fish as he continues to go from shop to shop. He tilts his head to the side to eat his oversized piece of fish, but does not see a cockroach climbing around his food.

He opens his mouth, and bites down hard which crunches down on the roach.

As he smiles wide, he picks his teeth and pulls out half the body of the roach.

He coughs and spits as pedestrians glance to him.

Roy throws away his tainted food.

EXT. A BUM - DAY

It lands on a bums lap, which causes the man to smile as he starts to eat the half eaten cockroach and fish roll.

EXT. COFFEE VENDOR - DAY

Roy stops to see a man sitting in a chair watching a television. With slight curiosity, roy spots what the screen shows.

Roy can see the vendor’s left hand moving up and down in his lap as he gazes at the screen with all male swimmers in a porno.

Roy then spots a few cups on the counter which are stained badly.

He walks away.
EXT. HISTORIC SITE - DAY

Roy stops to take a picture of a statue where a man on a horse is poised up for an attack.

Then a plop on his shoulder as a pigeon takes a dump on him.

He throws the camera.

EXT. A NEARBY WINDOW

The camera goes through the very large plate glass window and shatters it completely.

Roy walks away somberly.

EXT. DOUBLE DECKER BUS - LATER ON - DAY

Roy is on the top floor alone as he takes pictures with a new camera.

He snaps many pictures with glee as another plop of pigeon poop lands on his now dirty shoulder.

He looks up and throws his new camera.

It misses.

EXT. PARLIAMENT WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

But it does go through a secure window of the parliament building.

Alarms go off.

Bobbies and royal guards run out of the court yard as roy slumps down in his seat to hide his stupidity.

He takes his fedora off to hide his face.
EXT. ABBEY ROAD - DAY

Roy stops to look down at the sidewalk where the beatles once crossed for an album cover.

He steps out with one foot, and then another.

He then walks across it nonchalantly as he smiles wide.

Then does a twist dance move on it as passer by people simply glance and walk on.

His uncomfortable expression suggests he should stop while he was ahead.

Then he strolls on.

EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - LIVERPOOL - DUSK

Outside a bowling alley roy saunters up to see a ragged row of men laying on the sidewalk in pain.

Each grab their groins as they groan and moan.

ROY
(To nearest man)
What happened buddy?

HURT MAN
(In a cockney accent)
What does it look like ya bastard?
Me nuggets got crushed.

ROY
Crushed? By what?

He looks to all who are grabbing their groin.

HURT MAN
Not by what, by who.

ROY
Who?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HURT MAN
Yeah. Fucking king of the slats.

ROY
King.

HURT MAN
Don’t go in there. Not if you treasure your nuts.

Intrigued, roy advances to the entrance and walks in to hear a bowling ball smash a strike.

ROY
My kind of sound.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - DUSK

Roy looks around to see an old seedy place full of old people nursing ale mugs. A far off lane shows a group of people together as another strike is made by someone he cannot see.

Curious, he approaches.

A bar tender grumbles.

BAR TENDER
Ya got business here pal?

ROY
Just looking. I heard this was one of the best lanes in liverpool.

BAR TENDER
It is. So what the fuck do ya want?

ROY
Ale would be good.

The tender grabs a dirty mug, and wipes it out with a dirty rag.

Roy smiles as he glances to the lane where another strike is made by a good player.
CONTINUED:

ROY (CONT’D)
Who’s playing over there?

BAR TENDER
Why? Ya got business wit him?

ROY
No. Thought I could play a few
games to warm up for the
tournament.

Suddenly, as if the whole place could hear, the bowling stops
and the group disperses to see who said those words.

Roy walks to the counter, and grabs his ale.

The tender grabs his jacket.

BAR TENDER
That’s two pounds thirty.

ROY
Oh.

He digs in his pocket, and tosses down a twenty pound note.

ROY (CONT’D)
Keep it.

The scruffy looking tender takes it and pockets it.

Roy walks to a table as the group moves to their tables and
sit down.

But one man approaches in a calm and cool demeanor.

Roy sees him.

ROY (CONT’D)
Hello. Care for one?

BOWLER
I get mine for free.

ROY
Oh. Well, join me?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BOWLER
Who the fuck are ya anyway?

Roy seems to be distraught by this person’s attitude, but tries to keep calm as he drinks his ale.

ROY
Just a bowler here for the tournament.

BOWLER
Is that so? You’re a fucking yank aren’t ya?

ROY
Yeah.

BOWLER
Got a lot of balls walking in here with your expensive suit and hat drinking our fucking ale.

ROY
It’s not expensive. Bought it second hand.

BOWLER
Who gives a shit. Why are ya here?

ROY
Just a wanna play a game.

BOWLER
Ya do, do ya?

ROY
Yup.

BOWLER
Right. What’s your stakes?

ROY
Well, as you can see, I have sort of a handicap.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:
Roy holds up his rubber hand.
The bowler smiles as he glances to the house.
People laugh.

   BOWLER
   What’s that?

   ROY
   A rubber hand. Covers my hook.

   BOWLER
   So?

   ROY
   So if I can beat you in a straight game of a set of three, you become my assistant in the tournament.

Suddenly the whole place laughs.

   BOWLER
   You? Beat me? Ya got fucking pudding for brains sweetheart. Even if ya do win, though highly unlikely, I’ll still wrangle your nuts for the hell of it.

Roy sips his ale.

   ROY
   Fair deal.

The bowler laughs some more as he heads back to his bowling pit.
The tender presses a button on a control panel behind him.
Then, the pins set up.
Roy brings his ale over.
He then places it down, and takes his jacket off.

(CONTINUED)
A waitress brings over a pair of bowling shoes in just roy’s size.

ROY (CONT’D)
How’d you know I was a ten?

WAITRESS
It’s a gift love, I can tell what a victim wears.

Roy smirks as the bowler gets himself ready.

He glances back to roy.

BOWLER
We’ll take a toss for the frame.

ROY
Sounds good.

All customers approach silently as the bowler takes a stance on the alley.

Then, slowly walks forward and tosses the ball.

It spins and arcs to the head pin with pinpoint accuracy.

STRIKE

Roy smiles and claps.

His rubber fingers wiggle side to side which causes the house to howl at the site.

Roy is next.

He picks up a ball from the chute, then inches his way up.

He tosses the ball, and it spins like his opponents.

STRIKE

All are quiet.

Then as roy smiles to his foe, a tune of ‘Relax – By, Frankie Goes to hollywood’ begins their game.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Roy throws strike after strike which causes the crowd to stand up and cheer.

His opponent is not amused.

Next, the bowler gives his strikes in retaliation to meet roy’s luck.

Each man gives his all to wow the patrons in full force.

A few elderly women stand to lift their tops to expose themselves to roy in a juvenile manner.

Oranges in socks.

He cringes as he sees varicose veins splay out from under their brassieres.

One young man (30’s) who sees it grabs his sack and licks his lips to tease the aged crones.

The bowler stops to throw some peanuts to have them halt their vile displays.

Roy shakes his head and continues to bowl again.

STRIKE

Then the bowler makes more strikes, until finally...

INT. LAST FRAME - LATER ON

Roy is sitting as he waits for his opponent to shoot. No sound is heard, a pin can drop and one could hear it.

He throws his ball with precise accuracy.

STRIKE

He waits a few seconds for his ball.

Then takes it, and stands ready.

He tosses.

(CONTINUED)
He then holds up his hand as the crowd cheers. As he sits down roy notices the score.

Roy 279 - Bowler - 295

Roy takes a few steps, tosses the ball.

STRIKE

He waits for his ball to arrive.

He glances to his foe, who crunches his fists and gestures to his groin as a reminder.

The ball arrives.

Roy spins back and takes a step, tosses the ball.

It is a one ten split ball.

His opponent giggles like a school kid to see such a rare sight.

Roy eyeballs the lanes.

Then, tosses his ball.

It rolls down the right side in such a way, that the ball arcs back to the center with just enough edge to catch the one pin, and send it flying across the lane to hit the ten pin.

SPARE

The crowd gets to their feet and cheer louder than before which now leaves the bowler in awe as he stares down the lane.

Roy is patted on the back with people commenting on the incredible shot.

His foe slumps back in his seat and glances to his buddies who seem angered.
He stands up quickly and approaches roy.
Roy covers his groin.
Then, the bowler holds out his hand.
The crowd stops cheering for a moment.

Bowler
I’ve never been beaten like that in ages. How the hell did ya pull that shot off?

Roy looks at the large man’s hand.
He puts down his celebratory drink, and shakes with a friendly face.

Roy
Just lady luck on my side.

His foe grins, which turns to a wide smile as he now pats his back and hollers to the bar tender.

Bowler
Ale’s on me, all round.

Cheers fill the hall.

Roy
Name’s Roy, roy munson.

Bowler
Gerald, Gerald Spinner.

Roy
Well gerald, let’s talk.

As both sit down, the same aged flashers dance as they lift up their tops again to tease.
Roy looks away in disgust as Gerald throws more peanuts at them.

The tender brings a large tray of ale to their table.
EXT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

As the fun continues, the same defeated earlier players are still in pain as a bobby walks past the hall.

He looks down to see them, but pays no mind.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

A hand with a cigarette which lays limp in between chubby fingers as the smoke lingers in the air. A pinky ring is seen with a gold crest over a black standard.

A cuff of a sleeve is seen just peeking out from an expensive suits pressed cuff.

The smoke moves and wafts around until it passes over a face which looks somewhat blotchy with red stains.

Then it clears to show Ernie McCracken in a chair as one man throws a punch to his face.

Ernie tilts sideways as he sobs out loud.

His tormentor, a mafia boss speaks to him.

    MAFIA BOSS
    (Cockney accent)
    Well ernie. Seems you couldn’t keep your hands to yourself.

Ernie spits blood.

    ERNIE
    (Sobs)
    I didn’t know she got married.

    MAFIA BOSS
    All the same. Your pecker can’t just sit still for once. Now I have to make an example of you. Like all the rest.

(CONTINUED)
Behind ernie, is a wall with various beaten men chained up for display.

Ernie looks back to see them all bloodied and spent with broken bones.

One man has his elbow bone sticking out which he definitely notices.

ERNIE
Please, it was a mistake. I can make it up to you.

MAFIA BOSS
I’m sure you can. As you know next month is the yearly bowling tournament at the noble slats. What I want is for you to lose that tournament.

ERNIE
But - but don’t you have pros like me? I mean they are good, but my game is way out of their league.

MAFIA BOSS
True. Most times you could get your nuts in a wringer if you won after the game. But I do have a lot of pull in this shit hole. So winning won’t be a problem for you. Especially when I put on a wager which will cripple the foundation’s equity plans.

ERNIE
It shouldn’t be a problem then.

Ernie calms down some more as he spits a few more times which annoys the boss.

MAFIA BOSS
Oi! Do you fucking pay for that carpet?

(CONTINUED)
ERNIE
Sorry. Just feels disgusting in my mouth.

MAFIA BOSS
I’ll give you fucking disgusting if keep it up. Knock it off.

ERNIE
Sorry. So what’s the plan?

MAFIA BOSS
You get to play one of your most brilliant games. Then, when you think you’re winning, you lose your edge. I want you to throw off your game.

Ernie looks at him as if he is crazy.

ERNIE
Why?

MAFIA BOSS
Why? Cause I am betting against you that’s why. Just keep winning until the eighth frame, then lose it.

ERNIE
(Taps foot on the carpet)
Seems a bit - a bit - off.

MAFIA BOSS
You got a nervous twitch of something?

ERNIE
No. No, just never threw a game before.
MAFIA BOSS
Well now you are, got it? Cause if you so much as want to win, I’ll not only cut you to pieces, I’ll make sure most chinese restaurants in this city get your meat as a substitute. Nobody will know if its cat, or dog.

Ernie gulps a few times as his thug punches him one last time.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. PICADILLY SQUARE - DAY
Roy and his new found friends take a walk along the shops to buy new clothes for the tournament.

Gerald stops at one shop, then enters with his friends following in.

INT. SHOP - DAY
Roy sees various kinds of retro looking pants, shirts, and shoes. He smiles as he picks up a pair of spats and sees his reflection in the shiny leather.

Gerald spots a shirt on a rack and picks it up to scrutinize it once or twice.

GERALD
Hey roy, take a look at this one.

The shirt is off color yellow, with a tinge of green that highlights the collar.

Roy gazes at it a few seconds.

ROY
Nah, too puke looking.

(CONTINUED)
GERALD
Yeah. Reminds me when I was home from school sick. Mum made me some porridge to help ease my stomach. Didn’t work, threw up chunks as far as the eye can see.

Outside a bum throws up in front of the shop.

GERALD (CONT’D)
Just like that.

Roy sees the bum and winces.

The bum looks up to roy, and sneers as he walks away.

Another of gerald’s friends catches their attention.

His name is Bradly Cole.

BRADLY
Oi! Look at this.

All turn to notice brad holding up a long gown which flows so nicely with his body shape.

Another patron sees him, and grabs his groin as he licks his lips.

BRADLY (CONT’D)
I could get used to this.

GERALD
Jesus brad, you’re just like your brother. Even in prison you and him were always at each other about who’s more attractive and shit. Cut it out you sorry sack of shit.

BRADLY
Sorry.

Bradly puts it down.

(CONTINUED)
Roy is in awe of hearing such drastic comments from a brute like Gerald.

ROY
Um, can we get on with it?

GERALD
Yeah sure. What do you think?

Gerald holds up a pair of tweed slacks.

ROY
Not bad, kind of outdated, but on the right track.

Gerald pleased with himself, rolls up the slacks and walks to the counter.

Roy follows as he blows a heavy breath.

EXT. OUTDOOR BAR - DAY

Roy and the others are enjoying a glass of ale in the sunlight. Each man downs their pints, and orders more as roy is only on his first one.

GERALD
Waitress. Four more please.

Gerald looks at roy.

GERALD (CONT’D)
Oi! Ya haven’t even touched yours yet.

ROY
Pacing myself.

GERALD
Bah, if ya want to be an english bowler, ya got to be - more -

BRADLY
Barbaric.

CONTINUED:
GERALD
Right, barbaric about it. Go on, chug it down.

Roy takes a breath, and starts to drink his ale with more gusto.

His friends egg him on by cheering.

FRIENDS
Chug chug chug.

Roy gets to the last of it, and slams down the pint glass.

Gerald and the others clap to his new resolve.

Roy lets out a loud belch.

GERALD
Good one. Not too many that can blow wind like that.

The waitress comes over with a new round for all.

Her features are quite pretty for a cockney girl. With red hair, and green eyes, most guys would trip seeing this fresh lassie from the pastures.

Yet in Gerald’s case, she knows him only too well.

GERALD (CONT’D)
Ah thanks a bunch love.

As she walks away, he pats her rear which makes her stop, take a hold of her tray then swings it hard down on the back of his head.

His head slams so hard on the table, the drinks go flying upwards at a height of about twenty feet because of his weight.

Roy jumps out of his chair as Gerald then rolls to his side, and falls to the cement.

His friends start to laugh as they scatter.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

The waitress simply takes a nearby jug of water, and pours it over Gerald’s face.

He wakes up sputtering and coughing.

Roy helps him up.

ROY
Holy shit Gerald. You okay?

GERALD
Yeah, ouch. Forgot how strong her swing is.

He nurses the back of his head.

He sits down as other patrons go back to their business.

Gerald spots her coming back with a cold cloth.

She hands it to him.

GERALD (CONT’D)
Sorry love.

WAITRESS
Don’t you sorry me. You know better than to lay a hand on me arse.

GERALD
Really Lucy it was just a misunderstanding.

LUCY
Oh really? A hand which pats my arse a mistake?

GERALD
Well it looks so, so delectable.

LUCY
(Folds her arms and glances away)
Hmf.

(MORE)
LUCY (CONT'D)
A lot of good it will do ya if you keep it up like you’ve been doing. And why haven’t I heard from you in the last week?

GERALD
I’ve been doing a lot of practising love. The tournaments in two more weeks, I have to look my best and bowl my best.

LUCY
I’m not coming again. Last year you made me clean the toilet on our last date.

GERALD
Sorry love.

She looks to gerald who in her eyes sees a man who is being honest for once in his life.

But his friends know better.

Roy smiles as she grins to gerald.

LUCY
Well, I’ll be in your corner this year. But this time, you are going to take me to a posh shin dig.

GERALD
(Fingers up)
I promise.

LUCY
You better.

She then leans down to kiss his cheek in a sweet manner.

His friends add their own way of congratulating him.

FRIENDS
Aww!

(CONTINUED)
GERALD
Shut your gobs.

Lucy walks away.

ROY
You got a good lady there.

GERALD
Yeah. She’s a real pisser if ya don’t watch yourself.

ROY
Gets mad easily huh?

GERALD
No I mean she’ll piss on your head in your sleep.

Roy laughs as he picks his ale up to drink it fast.

Roy then spots claudia on a corner.

She sees him and walks over to his group.

He stands and runs his fingers in his thin hair.

Gerald watches with wide eyes for he knows who she is.

CLAUDIA
Well, I see you got an assistant.

ROY
Yup. Let me introduce my friends.

He helps her enter the bar by opening a gate.

ROY (CONT’D)
Claudia, this is Gerald Spinner. To his right is Bradly Cole. And to his left is -

CARL
(Shakes)
Carl Nickle - mum.

(CONTINUED)
Claudia sits down with Roy as Gerald drinks his ale in a hurry. Then orders some more.

**Gerald**
Another round. Plus one.

**Roy**
Yeah we’ve been upping our game in more ways than one.

**Claudia**
That’s good Roy. I’m glad for you.

**Roy**
(Prideful)
Yeah a great bunch of guys here.

Gerald’s hand shakes as he takes another pint and drinks it fast.

**Claudia**
Is something wrong?

**Gerald**
Wrong? What could be wrong? Anything wrong fellas?

**Fellows**
No, no nothing wrong. Absolutely not.

For a moment Roy simply watches them agree with each other so easily. Something is wrong in the back of his mind.

**Claudia**
Roy I can’t stay long. I’ve come to tell you that Ernie is to throw the game.

**Roy**
What?
CLAUDIA
It’s a condition that if he throws the game, he gets to keep his nuts intact.

ROY
Let me guess. He got you into bed.

CLAUDIA
Roy, I didn’t do it because of us. We, just - just...

ROY
Never mind. I don’t care about ernie. Although watching him squirm like a bug would be a beneficial thing to see.

CLAUDIA
Roy.

ROY
No forget it. Let him eat shit for once like he made me do.

CLAUDIA
Oh roy, he’s scared, and doesn’t know what to do.

Roy stares at her for a moment, then stands up.

ROY
Claudia, I can’t get involved with him anymore. He’s just too much trouble for anyone to handle. I’m sorry.

CLAUDIA
I’m sorry too roy.

She gets up and walks away disappointed.

Roy sits back down.

(CONTINUED)
GERALD
Roy, ya didn’t tell me you knew THE Claudia.

ROY
A long time ago. Now she’s just the same as I knew her back then. A real grifter if I ever saw one.

GERALD
You do know who she’s married to right?

ROY
No and I don’t care.

GERALD
Roy, she’s hitched with the most powerful mob boss in liverpool. A real hatchet man. The kind you’d rather ask nicely to put a bullet in your skull.

As roy lets this sink in, he picks his pint up once more, and drinks.

Then, with a blank stare, he looks up and screams his total discontent.

ROY
Nooo!

All patrons watch him.

His friends lean back in their chairs to soak in what they had just witnessed.

EXT. PARK WALK – DAY

Roy saunters aimlessly with his friends in silence. Gerald seems perturbed by roy’s manner of depression and tries to knock him out of his slump.
GERALD
Come on Roy. It’s not all that bad.

ROY
Not all that bad. I just find out my ex is married to some mafia boss, she’s got me hook line and sinker to this tournament, I was hoping to bang her one last time before I push up daisies. Now did I miss something?

GERALD
She has a charity.

ROY
A charity. A charity.

Roy walks around with his arms flaying up and down.

His hook misses Brad.

ROY (CONT’D)
So that makes it alright. She has a charity.

GERALD
A good one. One that needs to be publicized.

ROY
Yeah I’ll bet. What’s her game? New makeup tips without the nuclear additives?

GERALD
Oi! Shut your gob. She’s done a lot of good lately. And you should know her better.
ROY
I Do! That’s the point. She’s just using the public to get what she wants, what she deserves. No matter who gets hurt in the process.

GERALD
Oi! I said, shut your gob.

ROY
So what’s her charity huh? Dogs? Cats? Saving bee hives?

GERALD
It’s leprosy.

ROY
Oh! Leprosy, I should have known. How in the hell did I miss that one? Leprosy!!

He shouts to the park where no one is paying attention.

Gerald walks up to roy, and as roy spins around he meets gerald’s fist right under his jaw line.

Roy is sent back a few feet, but recovers to smirk at Gerald.

ROY (CONT’D)
So, you can fight. Alright, I’ll take you on. No problem.

Then without any warning, gerald and his crew jump on roy and begin to give him a gang bang without mercy. All the while, an old tune of ‘Show me the way – Styx’

A foot kicks roy’s face, brad jumps up and lands on his chest to make a loud crunch sound.

Gerald goes to his knees, and grabs roy’s thinning hair and starts to punch him in his face,

Roy tries to fight back with his hook, but is unsuccessful.

Carl uses a stuffed toy which he grabbed from a passing kid.

(CONTINUED)
Roy simply looks at him with confused eyes as a fist slams his nose.

ROY (CONT’D)
Ah! Shit!

The song continues as an above view shows all the men ravaging roy like a raw steak.

‘Show me The Way’ continues until...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GERALD’S HOUSE – DAY

Roy sits on a sofa as Gerald brings in a bag of ice and hands it to roy.

ROY
Thanks.

GERALD
No problem.

Roy glances to carl who is using a needle on his leg.

ROY
I didn’t know you were a diabetic.

CARL
I’m not. I got this shit for half price.

ROY
What is it?

CARL
What do ya think? It’s smack.

ROY
You mean heroine?

CARL
Yeah. Do ya mind?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ROY
No, not at all. Smack away.

Carl presses the needle into his leg some more until his eyes glaze over. The euphoria kicks in.

Gerald hands Roy a bottle of beer.

ROY (CONT’D)
Thanks.

Gerald sits back down.

ROY (CONT’D)
Leprosy. How the hell did she get herself into that one?

GERALD
I don’t know. We found out by sheer luck when a friend of mine played a night of poker at the slug fest.

ROY
Slug fest.

GERALD
Contest night where if ya lose to someone drinking a pint of ale as fast as ya can, you go to the pit.

Roy nurses his nose with the ice as Gerald continues.

GERALD (CONT’D)
That’s where fists fly like it’s new years eve.

ROY
Gotcha.

GERALD
Anyway, carl heard about miss claudia’s charity. Brad did a bit detective work, and found out where her operations are.
CONTINUED:

ROY
And that is where?

EXT. CHURCH – NIGHT

Roy stands outside with Gerald as both stare at the old stone steps of the church.

A single light is on just above the door.

It opens, and claudia stands there.

CLAUDIA
Hi roy.

ROY
Claudia.

CLAUDIA
Gerald.

GERALD
Hi miss claudia.

CLAUDIA
Can you stop with the miss? Sounds like an elevator in an outhouse.

GERALD
Sorry miss.

She invites them in the church, and closes the door behind them.

INT. CHURCH – NIGHT

Roy is stumped to see so many beds occupied by little children that are so sick, one would think no one in the city cares.

Roy looks around to see the kids with bandages on arms, legs, faces.

He covers his mouth.

(CONTINUED)
CLAUDIA
It’s not contagious. These kids are city dwellers. Abandoned. None got the nutrition while on the streets.

ROY
Oh my god.

CLAUDIA
It starts slow. Working its way into the blood stream, then as you can see, begins to affect their tiny bodies.

A little girl looks up with tears in her eyes. A large scab is on her small cheek as she lies down on her cot.

A nun approaches from the shadows.

NUN
Miss claudia, we have the dressings ready.

CLAUDIA
Fine.

Roy walks to one cot where a young boy tries to sleep on his side. He then notices a red blotch near his small ankle.

Roy kneels next to the cot to watch him.

Gerald slowly walks to him.

GERALD
(Whispers)
Something isn’t it? All these kids affected but not one single political body will take responsibility for them.

ROY
How was she able to keep this up?

(CONTINUED)
GERALD
She uses the money people will be able to give. But without any larger funds coming in, she takes it out of her own pocket.

Roy covers his mouth to hide a weep. His eyes tear up as he watches the boy’s small chest rise and fall.

A few wheezes can be heard with each breath.

GERALD (CONT’D)
The state won’t abdicate any medicine for them. They say others who are more important get it first.

ROY
That’s insane. These kids are no more than - than third graders.

GERALD
Some are younger.

ROY
God.

Claudia then kneels with a tray which the nun has brought her. She starts to tend to one child’s open wounds with a soft damp cloth.

Roy glances to claudia with a new admiration in his eyes.

Tears fall as he watches her wipe down the small child’s face and arms.

He walks to her.

ROY (CONT’D)
Claudia, I - I

CLAUDIA
You don’t need to say it. You didn’t know.

(CONTINUED)
ROY
It’s not the point. I jumped to conclusions.

CLAUDIA
Yes. You did. But it’s forgotten. Just help me, it’s all I need.

Roy meekly smiles and takes his jacket off along with Gerald.

From above the entire church is seen with cots lined up in three rows with small bed lamps beside each one for security.

Roy grabs a new rag, and moves to the next cot beside Claudia.

Gerald also follows suit with another child.

Then...

CUT TO:

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - UNKNOWN LOCATION - NIGHT

Ernie is bowling by himself as others watch behind like statues. He makes strike after strike which would wow some people, yet his rough captors are not even phased.

His lower lip is bruised from his beating, but does not relent on making strikes for his pleasure.

The mafia boss walks in.

MAFIA BOSS
Looking good there Ernie.

ERNIE
Yeah good.

The boss sits down as Ernie tosses another ball and hits a strike.

MAFIA BOSS
You could be the best in the world with that arm.

(CONTINUED)
ERNEIE
I am the best.

MAFIA BOSS
Really.

ERNEIE
Yeah really.

MAFIA BOSS
Watch yourself, I do not take to intimidation, especially not from some ego blasted yank like you.

ERNEIE
Look, just let me bowl. It’s what I’m good at.

MAFIA BOSS
Fine. Fine.

The boss nods to one of his henchmen. Then he walks over to ernie, and grabs his arm.

ERNEIE
Oh come on, I’m just getting in the groove here.

MAFIA BOSS
All in good time.

The henchman holds his left arm as they stand in front of the boss.

MAFIA BOSS (CONT’D)
Look, I’ve been doing some thinking about what you said.

ERNEIE
What do you mean?

MAFIA BOSS
Do you really think you can beat everyone in the tournament?

(CONTINUED)
ERNIE
With my eyes closed.

MAFIA BOSS
Some of the boys had seen your rival Roy Manson -

ERNIE
Munson.

MAFIA BOSS
Munson at a church where my wife Claudia is doing her usual pathetic good deed to help kids.

ERNIE
So?

MAFIA BOSS
So if you are the best, then I'll rescind my wager against you and bet against him. You could be very rich by the end of the tournament.

Ernie smiles as he glances to his captor.

ERNIE
As long as I keep practicing it won't be a problem. Last time we bowled together, I almost lost. Except Roy now a days is run down, lost his edge, a complete waste of skin.

MAFIA BOSS
Then you agree he can lose.

ERNIE
Most definitely.

The boss nods his approval, and tilts his head ever so slightly to have the henchman to release Ernie.

ERNIE (CONT’D)
I want fifty percent.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

The boss laughs.

    MAFIA BOSS
    You got a lot of balls to carry Ernie. I’ll give you that. Thirty percent.

Ernie thinks for a few seconds.

    ERNIE
    Okay. Thirty.

    MAFIA BOSS
    (Points)
    Do not disappoint me.

They leave him alone without guards.

He walks back to the chute, and picks up his signature resin ball with a red rose in the center.

He looks at it.

Then he smiles as he sees his own reflection.

    ERNIE
    Roy, can’t wait to shove this down your throat a second time.

He then spins to the alley with grace, and tosses his ball.

STRIKE

    ERNIE (CONT’D)
    Yeah, still got it. Yes. Yes.

EXT. WALK HOME - CLAUDIA AND ROY - NIGHT

Claudia is silent as roy walks beside her. Much like on a first date out of school.

Both feel uncomfortable until claudia breaks the ice.

    CLAUDIA
    Jamie was asking about you.

(CONTINUED)
ROY
Who’s jamie?

CLAUDIA
The little boy you were helping.
With the big figurine of superman.

ROY
Oh yeah. He’s a cool kid.

CLAUDIA
He likes you. Wanted me to tell you to win, no matter what.

ROY
Well that’s why I’m here.

Both smile as they continue to stroll.

CLAUDIA
How’s your um - your uh...

ROY
Love life?

CLAUDIA
Sorry for asking.

ROY
Ah, after you left I did the bar scenes and club scenes. But could never find that one right person. Ran into an old friend in one club though.

CLAUDIA
Oh? Was she nice?

ROY
Well, she would have been up until we ended up in the bathroom playing. That’s when I knew.

CLAUDIA
Knew what?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ROY
That she wasn’t for me.

CLAUDIA
How could you tell?

ROY
Because when I was about to give her a good tongue lashing, her penis was sticking out.

Claudia looks at him with disgust in her eyes.

ROY (CONT’D)
Well who can blame him. I mean I do have the charm.

Claudia smirks.

CLAUDIA
Yes you do.

Both arrive at Roy’s hotel.

ROY
Well, uh claudia. I’m glad you let me see what it is you’re doing. It’s courageous. Those kids must look up to you.

CLAUDIA
Well, it’s not enough. The real reason I wanted to you to partake in the tournament, was to win the prize. I could ask my husband, but he is as cheap as Scottish banker.

ROY
That bad huh?

CLAUDIA
I need three million pounds to make a new shelter for these kids. The church can only do so much.
ROY
Listen, I thought about it a long time and found you to be a real bitch sometimes. But when I saw the kids in pain like that, I thought about how many parents must have abandoned them because they couldn’t get the medical help they needed.

CLAUDIA
So you’ll –

ROY
When I win, I’ll give you the three million pounds. But, in front of a lawyer I pick.

Claudia smiles and thrust up against him to hug him tight.

CLAUDIA
Oh roy, thank you so much.

ROY
Now, now. I have to win it first. So don’t start whooping it up prematurely.

Claudia lets go.

CLAUDIA
Thanks.

ROY
You’re welcome.

CLAUDIA
Well I have to get back. My husband’s always got me on a short leash.

ROY
Not possible.

As she smiles, she walks away under the street lamps.
CONTINUED:

A local bobby saunters around with his hands behind his back as he tilts his cap to claudia.

Bobby
Miss.

Claudia
Hi.

Roy smirks and then goes up to his hotel room.

INT. HALL WAY – NIGHT

He drags his room key out, and unlocks the door. Then enters.

INT. HOTEL ROOM – CONTINUOUS

Within seconds, three thugs grab roy and start to beat him senseless.

He coughs up blood as one man smashes his face hard.

Roy hits the carpet and lays there as the mob boss walks in the room.

He sits on a chair to observe roy.

Roy
(Weak)
Who the hell are you?

Mafia Boss
Seems you’re in a pickle there Roy Munson.

Roy
How do you know me?

Mafia Boss
Oh, your pal Ernie McCracken gave us details about you. Really, he’s just a fucking tool box without the tools. You however, are different.
CONTINUED:

ROY

How?

MAFIA BOSS
Well for one, you didn’t shag my wife like Ernie did. Not that I care much about it, I mean she is a real sweet heart in bed. Knows how to polish a knob the right way.

Roy slowly sits up on the carpet to face him.

ROY

What do you want with me?

MAFIA BOSS
Well, as you already know the tournament starts in a few days. I was just telling ernie how he is going to be very rich once you threw the game.

ROY

I don’t throw games.

A henchman walks up, and kicks his face.

MAFIA BOSS
Yes you do. And you will. I promised a gaggle of politicians that their pockets will run green like a saint patrick's day parade. The wager is set on you to lose in the eighth frame.

ROY

Can’t do it.

Another kick.

The boss winces as roy flops backwards.

(CONTINUED)
MAFIA BOSS
You know, claudia has been more cooperative lately when I told her about how I was going to shut down that church. Devastated her. I never saw a woman’s eyes go red like that.

ROY
You touch a hair on her so help me you fat fucking piece of shit.

Roy gets up, and then is knocked out by a henchman’s blackjack.

The mob boss gets up and looks at roy with calm and cool eyes.

MAFIA BOSS
Nobody talks to me like that. Not even claudia. But since you’re new to England, I’ll let this one pass.

He then leaves with his cohorts.

Roy rolls onto his side and grasps his stomach and face.

He groans in pain, and then a few weeps escape his lips.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NEXT DAY

A hard knock on the door wakes roy up. His eyes are bloodshot, and his face is marked with scrapes from his thugs boot.

He slowly rolls up to his knees, and with extra strength, manages to walk to the door.

He opens it.

Gerald is there all hyped up to practise when he sees roy.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

GERALD
Jesus Christ.

Gerald’s buddies walk in too.

GERALD (CONT’D)
What the fuck happened to you?

ROY
Our friendly boss showed up last night.

Roy weakly walks to a small fridge and grabs an ice tray and a cloth.

Gerald sits down.

GERALD
Here?

ROY
Yes here. Ow!

GERALD
What did he want?

ROY
Wanted me to throw the game for Ernie. Eighth frame.

CARL
You might have to, since you know what he’s like, he won’t hesitate to kill miss claudia, and you for that matter.

Roy sits on his bed.

Gerald joins him.

GERALD
Look, I have some friends that can help.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ROY
With what? If I don’t throw the
game the church is shut down, and
the kids will most likely be placed
in a sanatarium.

GERALD
Trust me roy. Please, trust me.

Both look at each other for a moment.

ROY
What are you gonna do?

Gerald smiles wide.

CUT TO:

INT. GERALDS HOUSE - LUCY ARRIVES - DAY

Lucy walks in to see roy all battered and bruised. She winces
as she comments.

LUCY
Ouch. Looks painful.

ROY
Trust me it is.

LUCY
Reminds me when Gerald and I did a
night of Klingon love making.

Gerald smirks as he adds...

GERALD
Well those horns of yours were
really - -

ROY
Hey. Don’t wanna hear about it.

Both giggle together.

(CONTINUED)
LUCY
Especially that whip.

ROY
Hey!

LUCY
Okay, I got a position at the tourney as a cocktail girl. Now I also have a few friends doing the toilet work and odd cleaning. This is where we’ll get him.

ROY
In the toilet?

LUCY
So to speak. Brad?

Roy glances to brad who is monkeying with electronic devices.

ROY
I was about to ask what you were doing.

BRADLY
I making up some bugs.

ROY
Bugs?

BRADLY
Small microphones. We used to use these back in school when we caught a few of our prim and proper teachers shagging it out in the janitor’s closet. Then we wired them to the local PA system and let the shit fly.

Gerald laughs.

(CONTINUED)
GERALD
You never saw two people run fast like that. I thought he was gonna make to Sheffield in record time.

Roy smirks as he picks a bug up.

It looks like a cockroach.

BRADLY
Careful with that. Real sensitive devices.

ROY
How did you get this stuff?

BRADLY
Had a cousin who worked for MI5 for twenty years. Gave me these just to have fun with.

GERALD
Oh we will.

ROY
So why the toilet?

LUCY
Cause that’s where his highness does his best thinking. We can capture anything he says and use it against him when you win.

GERALD
We also sent word to the local station what were gonna be doing. They promised us three squads.

Roy smirks as he scrutinizes the bug up close.
BLACKNESS

Cheers are heard along with claps and foot stomps. A reporter begins his segment...

REPORTER (V.O.)
Here we are ladies and gentlemen, at the world class alley, the noble slats. Where some of the best bowlers will fight it out for the title of being the best in the world, plus winning a purse of ten million pounds prize money.

INT. NOBLE SLATS – DAY

The crowds are large in numbers as they sit against a long back row of seats where they have the best view of the bowlers.

The bowlers are seen drinking ales and eating greasy foods.

Reporter is seen now.

INT. NOBLE SLATS – REPORTER – ON THE FLOOR

REPORTER
Good afternoon, today we have a great line up of the first round where last years winner Dean Hawthorn is to take first pick of a lane he feels comfortable with. Now most times players usually let the panel pick for them, but because of growing animosity against such rules the panel decided to allow the players this luxury. And as you can see behind me...

Reporter turns.

(CONTINUED)
Dean points to a middle lane as his side kicks get his ball and shoes ready like slaves.

Dean shouts his discontent as one slave shakes in front of his taskmaster.

DEAN
You little (BEEP)(BEEP)(BEEP) ing (BEEP) hole!

INT. NOBLE SLATS – ROY’S ARRIVAL

Roy now walks into the large bowling arena where the crowds suddenly go quiet as he and Gerald stroll to their assigned alley way.

REPORTER (V.O.)
And here comes the american legend in his own mind, Roy Munson. Where a few years back almost won a Las Vegas tournament against his rival Ernie McCracken. It seems the tours he as amassed hasn’t paid off. It’s a wonder he still bowls.

Another reporter butts in...

REPORTER #2 (V.O.)
Absolutely right, his streak has become something of an enigma since Las Vegas. But I have been told that his new approach to the game will astound us, or so his assistant says.
Then a row of lights shine on a corner where Ernie McCracken walks out with his troupe of thugs.

The crowds cheer louder which roy notices right away.

Gerald spots them, and scowls.

INT. NOBLE SLATS - REPORTER BOX

REPORTER
And here’s Ernie McCracken. Winner of the Las Vegas tournament of one million dollars, plus an endorsement deal with a new male enhancement drug company which I was told later was a complete wasted investment. Ernie lost nearly all of his winnings in that venture, plus had a law suit against him for failing to appear in commercials. One can only guess what has brought him here.

REPORTER #2
Like we don’t know already. Roy and Ernie has had a lot of animosity against one another for years. Now we’ll see how this game can make or break these two legends.

Back on the floor.

Roy and gerald converse as Ernie approaches their pit.

Roy glances up.

ERNIE
Roy.

ROY
Ernie.

ERNIE
Who’s your school buddy?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ROY
I wouldn’t piss him off to much. Or he’ll rip off your head and shit in the hole.

Ernie looks to Gerald who starts to eat a pint glass.

Ernie’s eyes go wide and scurries off like a wimp.

ROY (CONT’D)
What a wienie.

GERALD
Just tell me when to beat him into the ground.

ROY
How’s the girl’s coming?

CUT TO:

INT. TOILET – CONTINUOUS

Lucy is on her knees as she hunkers down behind a toilet reserved only for the mob boss.

Carefully, she places the bug just up and behind the water tank.

Then, cleans up around herself, and makes it look like she is doing the floor.

She looks behind herself, and sees the coast is clear.

Then, leaves the bathroom.

EXT. TOILET – DAY

She then leaves with her cart, and rounds a corner just as the boss and his crones walk down the hall.

The boss enters the bathroom.
INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The boss sees his sign on the door which displays a rather obvious message.

‘For Mob Boss’

MAFIA BOSS

Assholes.

INT. STALL - CONTINUOUS

As he pulls his pants down to use the toilet, he also retrieves his cell phone to make a call.

He hears a few rings then...

MAFIA BOSS

Yeah this is Tuber. Yeah I want a full spread against Roy Munson. Yeah fifty million. Eighth frame. And also tell that fucking prick his royal highness governor Oswald that his piece of shit wife was not at the site.

On the other end a loud voice roars. But the voice cannot be made out very clear.

MAFIA BOSS (CONT’D)

Look I don’t give a shit about the so called leprosy foundation. It’s all a money front as you all know. So using this game won’t be a hassle. I mean where do you think I’m getting this money from anyway?

More talking on the phone.

(CONTINUED)
MAFIA BOSS (CONT’D)
Of course my wife doesn’t know. If she knew how much money this foundation had...

CUT TO:

INT. DARK ROOM – LISTENERS

Brad and carl are listening to the conversation and recording it all as they smile bright and wide.

MAFIA BOSS (V.O.)
She would just take it and run. So you tell Mister Oswald that his place in the senate is safe. Without this game he would be on the fucking bread line like every other piece of shit in the city.

Brad nods his head up an down knowing full well they have the boss by his balls. Plus a bonus.

CARL
I didn’t know how far this went up.

BRADLY
Holy shit, we’re gonna be heros.

CARL
Sh.

MAFIA BOSS (V.O.)
And you tell the others that when those two yanks finish their little scrimmage, take them out. I mean public take out. Use your best snipers.

Both carl and brad look at each other.

CARL
Shit.
CONTINUED:

They then start to pack up their stuff.

CUT TO:

INT. NOBLE SLATS — START OF GAME

All players line up at before the foul line, and toss their ball for a first shot.

Each ball races down the alley ways and then...

STRIKE on roy’s and Ernie’s alley way.

Others don’t even come close.

INT. NOBLE SLATS — REPORTER BOX

REPORTER
And here we go. The first traditional ball sent down the alley way to start the historical fight of who, is going to be the best in the world.

REPORTER #2
With all of this male testosterone, one can only imagine of how these men will destroy one another. Last year it was Dean against Keith Unger who lost by just two pins. Now it’s roy and Ernie who seems to be the favorite because of their rivalry. This crowd sees blood.

The crowds shout and cheer as Roy is first against his opponent that looks like a logger rather than a bowler.

He is tall, hard looking, half shaven.

Gerald leans to roy.

(CONTINUED)
GERALD
Okay, I did some research on this guy.

ROY
And?

GERALD
Just ask him about how his benny is doing.

Roy shrugs his shoulders and glances to his foe.

ROY
Hey how’s your benny?

The logger type bowler leers at roy, then grits his teeth until the front two break completely.

He then turns to shoot down the alley.

He tosses his ball.

The front pin goes down along with a few others leaving him a spare chance.

Roy smiles.

GERALD
His benny is a rabbit.

ROY
A what?

GERALD
Rabbit. Once I heard about his rabbit escaping out its pen and ran across the road, only to be flattened by a local truck. He almost never recovered.

ROY
(Chuckles)
Jesus.

(CONTINUED)
His opponent makes his spare.

Now is roy’s turn.

REPORTER
Well it seems in roy’s pit, his opponent has made a spare. Giving him a first score.

REPORTER #2
I’m surprised he only made a spare. Kyle never gets a spare in the first five frames. This is Roy’s chance.

Roy is up and ready.

He tosses the ball with a nice arc to the front pin.

STRIKE

A tune of Frankie Goes to Hollywood epic song of ‘Two Tribes’ break in.

The crowd cheers as roy smiles as he slaps a hand with Gerald.

Now the battle is on.

Each alley is shown as balls head down the lanes.

With each strike, it matches the tunes cymbal smashes.

Roy spins as he gets another strike.

The crowd is on their feet.

INT. NOBLE SLATS – REPORTER BOX

REPORTER
And another strike for Roy munson.
This man is a machine.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
Ernie McCracken is also replying with his own brand of justice as his continuous streak has been unrelenting.

The tune continues.

INT. NOBLE SLATS - ROY’S PIT

Gerald swigs his ale as he cheers for roy.

GERALD
Give him hell!

Roy glances back to see Gerald as more drunken state. Then laughs.

Ernie however is now in trouble.

INT. ERNIE’S PIT

At his pit, ernie has a chance to make a spare.

But his opponent is distracting him by moving his legs open and closed like a nervous juvenile.

Ernie then glances to him.

ERNIE
Do you need to go to the bathroom?

OPPONENT
No.

ERNIE
Then can you please stop that.

OPPONENT
Stop what?

ERNIE
That, with your legs.
OPPONENT
Making you horny? You know I have a rather nice water bed.

Ernie looks at him with disgust, and then tosses his ball.

SPARE
His opponent gets up, to shake his hand. But ernie just raises a hand to acknowledge him as a good opponent.

Then walks out of the pit in a hurry.

OPPONENT (CONT’D)
I’ll be waiting.

As ernie leaves he notices his rear.

OPPONENT (CONT’D)
Nice ass.

Roy glances to ernie’s pit to see him leave.

INT. NOBLE SLATS – REPORTER BOX

REPORTER
Well Ernie has won against his first opponent by just a spare. This is getting interesting now since most times McCracken ends with a strike.

REPORTER #2
Right you are, and with this growing tension it will only cause more animosity between Munson and Ernie. Whoever comes out of this battle first will be on top of the world.

REPORTER
Now we go to pit number eight where roy is poised to toss his ball.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:
Roy is ready, the crowd quiets down to allow roy to shoot.
Then, he shoots.
As the ball reaches the first pin.
STRIKE

INT. NOBLE SLATS – ARENA
The crowd goes nuts.
His opponent starts to leave without so much as simple good game comment.
Roy offers his hook.
The logger gives him the finger.

REPORTER #2 (V.O.)
Whoa! Not good sportsmanship.

Roy then waves to the cheering fans as gerald grabs a new pint of ale.
Roy sits down.
Bard and carl arrive soon after.

ROY
Hey guys.

BRADLY
Hey. Do we have some good shit for you.

GERALD
What?

CARL
You ever hear of governor Bryce Oswald?

GERALD
Yeah. What about him?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CARL
He’s on the payroll to our good friend the tuber.

GERALD
No shit.

CARL
We got enough to put both away for five hundred years. Their using this tournament as a betting front using - get this - the leprosy foundation.

ROY
But I thought claudia said there wasn’t any money.

BRADLY
She doesn’t know that her fat pig had kept the capital secret. Over fifty million pounds is being wagered against you.

ROY
That much.

BRADLY
This’ll give you a chance to break him completely.

ROY
What about claudia?

BRADLY
What about her?

ROY
Where is she?

All look to each other as the revelation has just sunk in.

Then...
INT. EMPTY ROOM - DAY

Claudia is tied to a chair as a guard watches over her. She wiggles against the bindings, but it does her no good to fight.

Then her fat husband walks in the room.

MAFIA BOSS
Don’t struggle love, it’ll all be over soon enough.

CLAUDIA
What are going to do to roy?

MAFIA BOSS
Nothing, let alone a single bullet to his scrawny noggin.

CLAUDIA
You lousy bastard.

MAFIA BOSS
I’m surprised you didn’t know how much money the charity actually had behind it. I thought with all of your feline resources you could have found some clues.

CLAUDIA
This is not over yet, not by a long shot.

He husband approaches slowly in a menacing way.

MAFIA BOSS
Of course it isn’t. I’m going to keep you forever in this world. You are not going to become a free woman like before, you will be my personal slave. Like I did with my sister before she ran into a train.

Claudia looks away in total disgust. But her husband grabs her chin to make her look into his beady little eyes.

(CONTINUED)
CLAUDIA
You’re a disgusting pig.

MAFIA BOSS
But you like it, don’t you?

He kisses her as she fights him off.

The guard watches with a big smile on his face.

INT. NOBLE SLATS - MOMENTS LATER

Roy waits for his new opponent as the group sits in silence.

Lucy arrives with a tray of Ale and places it down.

LUCY
What’s wrong?

ROY
Claudia’s not here.

LUCY
She was supposed to be here an hour ago.

ROY
What the hell happened to her? Damn it.

GERALD
Easy roy. Don’t get confused now. You’re almost near your goal.

ROY
But not against claudia’s safety.

Lucy sits down to think.

GERALD
Well what do we know?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

    LUCY
    Seems to me, I remember one place
where Claudia went to with her
husband.

    GERALD
    Where?

    LUCY
    Near the old youth center. They
were trying to reopen it but her
fat slob lost interest later. She
usually went back on her own just
to take a look.

    GERALD
    You don’t think...

    ROY
    It’s worth a shot. How fast can you
get the police there?

    CARL
    Just give me the word.

    ROY
    Word’s given.

Carl and brad and lucy leave as the new opponent arrives for
roy.

The crowds get to their feet in support.

INT. NOBLE SLATS - REPORTER BOX

    REPORTER
    And here we go with the last of the
semi finals. Roy Munson against the
new champion Dean Hawthorn. This is
going to be one hell of a game.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

REPORTER #2
I have to agree. Seeing roy using his handicapped hand against Dean’s powerful throws will be a treat for all.

INT. NOBLE SLATS - ROY’S PIT

Dean approaches roy and offers his hand to roy. Both shake like gentlemen as Dean leans close.

DEAN
I like little boys like you. Gonna make you a new asshole.

ROY
Were ever in prison?

DEAN
Yeah. Had me self some good salads inside.

Roy cringes as dean then walks to the ball chute.

Gerald grabs another ale.

Dean makes his stance, and then tosses the ball.

STRIKE

Then cheers resonate as the fight begins.

A tune of ‘Mister Tinker train’ Ozzy Osbourne starts.

Roy gets up as Dean sits down.

He tosses his ball.

STRIKE

As roy turns around, he sees dean’s lustful eyes as he licks his lips in a foul manner.

Gerald glances away.

(CONTINUED)
Meanwhile...

CUT TO:

EXT. NEAR YOUTH CENTER - RAID

Quietly, unmarked trucks and cars arrive at the close to the center and stop.

From one window, a police officer uses binoculars to oversee the area.

Through his eyes he sees an empty lot, but does spot a few cars peeking out from a corner of a building.

    POLICE OFFICER
    Right. We got a plate number, BD86-RUS. Run them.

    POLICE OFFICER #2
    Roger.

Carl is in the back of the car with Brad and Lucy as witnesses.

Then a few seconds later...

    POLICE OFFICER #2 (CONT’D)
    Got it. Belongs to Nigel Finch. Wanted on various counts of fraud, rape, murder, and kidnapping.

    POLICE OFFICER
    Seems we have our hideout. Get the mobile unit ready.

    POLICE OFFICER #2
    Yes sir.

INT. EMPTY ROOM

Claudia sits in silence as she glances to the guard now and then.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Her husband has left leaving both alone.

Suddenly...

The door bashes down and a full squad of police officers parade in with heavy weaponry.

SQUAD SOLDIER
Freeze! Get down on the ground.
Now!

The guard does as he’s told, but not before he utters out loud...

THUG
You’re too late pigs.

CLAUDIA
Roy’s in trouble.

SQUAD SOLDIER
Who’s roy?

CUT TO:

INT. NOBLE SLATS – ROY’S PIT

The cheers echo and build as roy and dean battle it out like pros.

REPORTER (V.O.)
This is incredible. With each frame roy is answering back with a pure instinct no one can match.

Dean tosses his ball.

STRIKE

Roy is next.

He tosses.

STRIKE

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Back and forth they go until the final frame is set up.
Dean tosses his ball.
But loses the frame with only a pin count.
The score is dean, 295 roy 290.
Roy sets up his stance, then tosses the ball.
As before earlier with Gerald, he gets a one ten split.
Roy shakes his head in frustration as the crowd get to their feet to offer support.
Dean grins wide.

REPORTER #2 (V.O.)
This is the ugly side of bowling. The dreaded one ten split which most do not achieve even on the best of games. But as history has shown, roy has made this shot against Ernie in the finals. Let’s see if he can pull this one off again.

Roy sets up, the hall is dead quiet.
Gerald gulps his ale and grabs another with a shaky hand.
Roy moves, then tosses the ball.

INT. NOBLE SLATS - ALLEY
The ball angles oddly to one side, and then runs down the length of the alley just inches from the gutter.
It then slopes towards the center just enough to shave the one pin, then sends it to the ten pin.
SPARE
The crowd goes nuts.
REPORTER (V.O.)
He’s done it! He’s beaten the champion with an impossible shot!
What poise, what grace!

REPORTER #2
Incredible!

As he speaks a slow motion retake is shown.

REPORTER #2 (CONT’D)
Look at that angle, from the gutter alley to the one pin. His talents are definitely one of a kind. A fantastic shot!

Roy sits down as Dean offers his hand to roy in a more calm demeanor.

DEAN
Thanks for the game bloke.

ROY
Thank you too for a great game.

DEAN
Kill ernie.

ROY
My pleasure.

Dean then leaves in his own brooding.

Gerald gets up and starts to hug Roy in excitement.

Roy waves to the crowd for their support.

But his eyes show a sullen expression as he wants to see claudia safe.

REPORTER (V.O.)
Roy has made it to the finals. Now all that is left...
INT. NOBLE SLATS - ERNIE’S PIT

As ernie takes his position he tosses his ball.

REPORTER (V.O.)
Is Ernie McCracken against Keith Unger.

STRIKE

Cheers bound as Ernie shakes the hand of his opponent in triumph.

REPORTER #2 (V.O.)
Well it’s decided. Ernie now plays against his number one rival Roy Munson. Keith has played a great game but for some reason has lost his edge in these last few years. Seems we won’t be seeing him again next season.

Keith walks away as he waves to the fans.

INT. NOBLE SLATS - ROY’S PIT

As roy looks around the arena, he hopes to see claudia. But as fate has it, she cannot be seen yet.

Gerald places an arm on his shoulder.

GERALD
Hey, she’ll be here. Trust me.

ROY
I hope you’re right. I hope she’s okay.

Meanwhile...

INT. BACK AREA - HIDEOUT - SNIPER

A sniper is setting up his weapon in silence. He grabs a scope, and slides it on the rifle barrel.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Then his recoil guard.

A click!

INT. NOBLE SLATS – ERNIE ARRIVES AT PIT ONE

Ernie places his signature ball down on the chute rail. Roy arrives with Gerald and places his own ball down.

Both look at each other.

ROY
Well, here we are again.

ERNIE
And this time you are going down in the most - pathetic way.

Roy is not phased by his unnecessary comments.

ROY
Just put it up ernie.

ERNIE
You’re going down.

Lights start to flood the arena as the final game begins.

REPORTER (V.O.)
This is it folks, the last stage of this phenomenal tournament. An under dog Roy Munson has overpowered most opponents here to give this crowd a great show.

REPORTER #2 (V.O.)
Exactly, to see both men face each other as before is next to MMA fighters, but without fists. Instead, using their balls to get their results.

Roy takes his stance on the alley.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

The arena quiets down.

He tosses his ball.

STRIKE

Roy sits down as Ernie gets up to take his turn.

He tosses.

STRIKE

Now a tune of ‘Black Betty’ – RamJam starts.

INT. NOBLE SLATS – HIDEOUT

The sniper puts on the last of his equipment on his rifle, and then gets himself into position to scope on roy.

The cross hairs are now aligned with his head. Then it moves to a scoreboard where the sixth frame is seen filled. Two more frames until his trigger happy finger can be used.

INT. NOBLE SLATS – PIT ONE

Roy stands and grabs his ball. Ernie sits down and grabs bottle of water.

Roy tosses.

STRIKE

Ernie nearly chokes as he sees the pins spread out like a magnificent explosion.

He then glances to roy and sneers.

Roy sits down.

Ernie grabs his ball, and raises it up to look at his pretty red rose.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ERNIE
(To the ball)
Come on honey. Make ernie a rich man.

He tosses.

STRIKE

Now it is the seventh frame.

REPORTER (V.O.)
Amazing. These two really hate each other in so many forms. Ernie uses his audacity to mow roy’s confidence down, but roy answers back with just as much force.

REPORTER #2 (V.O.)
And right now, roy is at the top of his game.

Roy tosses his ball.

STRIKE

The crowd cheers louder than before, which causes ernie to shout to the crowd to shut up.

Suddenly they boo him.

INT. NOBLE SLATS - HIDEOUT

The scope focuses right on Roy’s head as Ernie passes him to grab his ball.

SNIPER
Come on you fucking yank, get out of my way.

INT. NOBLE SLATS - CLAUDIA ARRIVES

Roy looks down to the floor as Gerald sees claudia walk in the arena. Gerald smiles and nudges roy.

(CONTINUED)
GERALD
Oi! Are you okay?

ROY
I just need claudia here. She’s the only one who can make me win.

GERALD
Well I gotta tell ya, after all of this time with you. You really are a daft bastard.

ROY
Huh?

Gerald gestures his head towards the doorway. Roy follows to see her sweet face smiling in his direction. He grins wide as Ernie suddenly looks up to see her as well.

ERNIE
Shit.

He tosses the ball and sits down right away.

STRIKE
Roy sees the pins go down, but wonders why ernie sat down so quickly.

Then with caution goes to the chute to grab his ball.

INT. NOBLE SLATS - HIDEOUT

The scope is now beaded on roy’s forehead. His finger reaches the trigger slowly.

Roy takes his stance.

Suddenly the door behind the sniper breaks down with police officers rushing in with semi auto weapons pointed on him.

POLICE OFFICER
Freeze! Stay where you are.
INT. NOBLE SLATS - PIT ONE

Roy moves, and tosses his ball.

STRIKE

It is now the eighth frame.

INT. OBSERVATION BOX - TUBER

As he eats a plate of shrimp, the police break in and raid the box without mercy.

All are handcuffed in the most expedient way as tuber gets up to face the police.

MAFIA BOSS
What the hell is this?

POLICE OFFICER
You’re under arrest on the charges of kidnapping, conspiring to commit murder, as well as conspiring with a high official political senator for monetary gain.

MAFIA BOSS
This is bull shit. Where’s your fucking proof?

One officer lifts up a hand with a recording device.

RECORER (V.O.)
Yeah this is Tuber. Yeah I want a full spread against Roy Munson. Yeah fifty million. Eighth frame. And also tell that fucking prick his royal highness governor Oswald that his piece of shit wife was not at the site.

The officer shuts it off.
CONTINUED:

MAFIA BOSS
God damn pigs. You set me up! My
lawyer is going to have a field day
with this one. Mark my words pigs.

POLICE OFFICER
Get him out of here!

INT. NOBLE SLATS - ARENA

The crowd sees the officers drag out the mafia boss in cuffs.
They chatter amongst themselves as an announcer speaks
loudly...

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Please, everybody sit down.
Everything is under control. Please
take your seats.

As the crowd settles down, the reporters comment.

REPORTER
Well a strange turn of events
today. Seems we had a group of gang
members here who were acting it up
in the observation box. Well
nothing like a good amount of
prison time to cool their heels.

REPORTER #2 (V.O.)
That looked like Tuber from a weird
angle. Oh well. Let’s get this game
on again.

INT. NOBLE SLATS - PIT ONE

Roy watches claudia stroll over to him with a smile on her
face. Ernie grins as he watches only her rear.

Roy and claudia hug tight together.

Gerald weeps slightly as Carl, brad, and lucy arrive also.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ROY
God I missed you.

CLAUDIA
I know. Now, crush this asshole.

ROY
Right.

Ernie tosses his ball.

Partially the pins go down leaving spare change.

Ernie then grabs his ball again, and whispers to it.

ERNIE
Please, please just treat me nice.
I promise to give you the best buff
when we get home.

Roy leans to Gerald.

ROY
I often wonder what he says to his
ball.

GERALD
Who knows, next thing he’ll
probably do is lick it.

Roy glances to Gerald.

Ernie tosses.

SPARE

Now roy stands as the crowd cheers him on.

Claudia claps for support.

Roy then makes his stance.

Tosses his ball.

STRIKE

(CONTINUED)
A great cheer comes from all.
It is now the tenth frame.

REPORTER (V.O.)
This is it folks. The final three segments which will decide who is he best in the world.

Ernie tosses his ball.

STRIKE

Then another.

He picks his ball up with sweat beading on his forehead.

He looks down the alley with sad eyes and tosses his ball.

In slow motion the ball angles down the alley. Then it curves just to the front pin nearly full on.

Then...

STRIKE

A final score shows his score of 299.

Roy stands up and faces his last frame.

He tosses the ball.

STRIKE

The crowd cheers him on.

Claudia claps in synch.

Roy tosses one more time.

STRIKE

Now the fans stomp the floor.

Ernie waves them off as he sulks to himself.
CONTINUED:

Roy then makes his stance, eyes the front pin with sweat dripping from his brow.

His breathing is heard with his heart beating loudly.

He tosses the ball.

INT. NOBLE SLATS - ALLEY

The ball arcs precisely to the front pin, patterns on the ball are seen as a dull milky mist as the ball centers to the front pin.

When suddenly...

STRIKE

The fans go wild, they get to their feet and chant his name like followers to a guru.

CROWD
Roy! Roy! Roy!

INT. NOBLE SLATS - PIT ONE

Roy is ecstatic as he grabs Claudia to hug her tight. Gerald grabs them both in his massive arms and lifts them both in the excitement.

REPORTER (V.O.)
He’s done it! He’s made history!
Roy Munson defeating his old rival Ernie McCracken with a perfect game has done it.

A score board shows Roy - 300

REPORTER (V.O.)
Never has this arena been so rowdy like this. Roy Munson making a mark for himself as the best in the world. Congratulations roy!

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Confetti falls from the ceiling as well as hundreds of balloons. Lights flood the whole place like a nightclub with a loud song to finish with ‘We are the champions’ – Queen.

Claudia kisses roy’s lips as lucy grabs Gerald.

Then carl grabs bradly.

Later on...

EXT. HEATHROW AIRPORT – ERNIE

As ernie exits a cab, the front entrance shows a line of police officers ready to arrest him.

Ernie drops his bag and raises his hands high.

POLICE OFFICER

Ernie McCracken, you are under arrest for aiding and abetting a known criminal faction.

Police cuff him.

Ernie weeps as he is escorted to an awaiting police car.

After he gets, in the officer closes his door.

At the window ernie looks out just as a scroll paragraph shows his demise...

‘Ernie McCracken was charged with aiding a known criminal for personal gain. Through various law foundations only one lawyer agreed to represent him. It was Oswald’s attorney.’

INT. JAILHOUSE – TUBER

Tuber stares out from his cell door as he watches a gang of guys scrub and clean filthy toilets with small brushes.

Behind him is two prisoners on a bed with one behind the other having sex.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

INMATE #1
(Husky voice, Spanks lover)
Come on love, who’s your daddy?

INMATE #2
You are daddy. Oh yes, beat me some more. Oh yes!

Slap, slap, slap.

SCROLL MESSAGE

‘Mafia boss simply known as Tuber was given a four hundred and thirty six year sentence for his role as the kingpin in what was to be the most important bust to police in a century. Other political bodies involved also received various sentences from community service, to picking up garbage in neighborhood parks.’

INT. CHURCH - ROY AND CLAUDIA

Roy and Claudia stand at an alter as a preacher gives his sermon of blessed wedding vows.

PREACHER
I now pronounce you husband and wife.

Roy lifts her veil, but not before ripping it with his ring.

They slightly struggle as they giggle together.

Then, he kisses her deeply.

The congregation applauds their union.

‘Roy and Claudia Munson got married soon after the tournament. With their new wealth both started a new phase wing for the deprived or abandoned kids with leprosy.’
INT. OTHER CHURCH – CARL – BRADLY

Both kiss in front of a crowd of latex wearing freaks. Some hold whips and chains as others hold dildos, or other forms of debauchery.

‘Carl and Bradly got hitched because of the one kiss back in the tournament. Since they can’t get dates in the first place, Carl simply said, ‘I’d rather keep it in the family.’

INT. BOWLING ALLEY – LIVERPOOL

Gerald and Lucy sit together at a table as bowlers play the game in total fun.

Behind them, a group of Lepor kids take turns throwing balls down the alley.

One of the kids loses his finger.

He gazes at a friend, then they both laugh.

‘Gerald and Lucy live together happily. Both oversee the operations of the Leprosy foundation for Claudia and roy. Up until Gerald misused some of the funds which caused the foundations bankruptcy. Lucy hit him so hard he lost his functional ability for his bowel movements. They’ve been happily married since.’

EXT. OFF THE COAST OF AUSTRALIA – DAY

Roy and claudia enjoy a day of sun together on a cruise ship made for a hundred people. Though they are the only people on the boat.

At the helm is roy at an outdoor steering wheel.

Claudia is by his side.

CLAUDIA
So what do you think about – ufo’s?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

ROY
Ufo’s? I never really gave it much thought.

CLAUDIA
I got a great idea.

Roy glances to Claudia.

ROY
No way. No, no more of these little shenanigans claudia. Every time you get that gleam in your eyes, something bad happens.

Both argue as the boat drifts off into the horizon.

CLAUDIA
Come on honey.

ROY
Don’t come on honey me, we have a nice nest egg to retire with so no more of your bright ideas.

CLAUDIA
Please? Please?!

As the ship disappears within the setting sunlight, a zipper being undone is heard.

ROY
Shit.

THE END.