BILLY THE BOMB

Written by

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ESTABLISHING SHOT

EXT. STREET - DAY

A Ford Mustang sits parked on double yellow lines, a TRAFFIC WARDEN walks round admiring it, then proceeds to write out a ticket.

BILLY THE BOMB (45) big, bald and angry walks round the corner to find the Traffic Warden about to stick the ticket on the windscreen.

BILLY THE BOMB
Oi meter maid, What the fuck do you think your doing?

TRAFFIC WARDEN
Is this your vehicle Sir?

BILLY THE BOMB
Aye, get your stinking hands off.

TRAFFIC WARDEN
I’m issuing a ticket because the vehicle is illegally parked.

BILLY THE BOMB
Look mein fuhrer , touch my Sally and I’ll be touching you.

TRAFFIC WARDEN
Sir, I don’t make the laws I just enforce them, challenge the fine through the council’s parking complaints procedure if you don’t agree with it.

BILLY THE BOMB
I’ll challenge you, you fuckin idiot.

Billy walks over to the Traffic Warden, noses touching.

TRAFFIC WARDEN
I’m only doing my job Sir, if you threaten me again I’ll call the police.

BILLY THE BOMB
I dare you.

Traffic Warden pulls out his radio.

TRAFFIC WARDEN
Five to control, I have an emergency over.
Quick as a flash, Billy pulls his head back and headbutts him just above the eye. He falls down bleeding, screaming for help.

Billy kneels over the top of him, grabs his ears and headbutts him again breaking his nose.

The Traffic Warden now unconscious, in a pool of blood.

BILLY THE BOMB
You should listen to people.

WARDENS RADIO
Come in five, come in five.

Billy jumps in the Mustang, takes a cigarette out of a packet on the dashboard.

After looking through all his pockets, he opens the glove compartment to where a lighter sits, right next to his POLICE ID BADGE.

~ The End ~