

Taxi for Murphy
an original screenplay by
Herman's Hermits

FADE IN:

INT. THE DOG AND BOLLOCKS - NIGHT

A typical old English Pub, football memorabilia adorns the room. Brit pop plays in the background.

THREE MEN 50's, sit around a table, ANTHONY DAWSON, Average looks, JASON STERLING, athletic build, handsome and he knows it, STEVIE MILLER, the runt of the gang, lack of size, lack of brains.

Anthony gulps a beer down, slams a glass on the table. His phone rings, he glances at the number.

ANTHONY

Aww, I fucking hate these nuisance calls.

JASON

Me too... You can block those numbers.

He flips open the phone, puts it to his ear.

ANTHONY

Hello.

(nods his head)

You have to stop calling this phone, take it off the call list.

Anthony closes the phone.

JASON

What did the fucker say?

ANTHONY

I was suppose to be home from the pub three hours ago.

STEVIE

Must have been one of those psycho hotlines.

ANTHONY

Psychic buddy, psychic.

STEVIE

Aye I see what your saying, I just don't know what you mean.

Anthony kicks back his chair.

ANTHONY

Alright whose round is it?

JASON

You, you fucking cheap arse.

Anthony raises his hands in the air.

ANTHONY

Easy there, I bought a round... last week.

STEVIE

You're as tight as camel's arse in a sandstorm.

Jason and Anthony laugh, high five each other.

ANTHONY

I see how it is.

BILL ROBSON 70's, leans onto their table.

BILL

Can I ask you boy's a question?

He pulls a chair up.

JASON

Sure Bill, what's up?

BILL

Does this dog belong to one you?

Bill separates his leg and lifts it in the air, a small Jack Russell clings on humping the shit out of his leg.

BILL (CONT'D)

Good job this is my fake leg.

Anthony grabs the dog.

ANTHONY

Scrappy! control yourself... sorry Bill he's in the moment.

JASON

Why don't you take him in the bathroom and finish it for him? Blue balls on a dog can't be pleasant.

Anthony gives Jason the death stare.

JASON (CONT'D)

Ok then.

ANTHONY

I gotta hold onto the dog now, I
can't get those drinks in.

Stevie sighs.

STEVIE

You're pathetic.

He goes to the bar counter.

BILL

I'll take a Guinness while you're up
there.

Jason and Anthony stare on at Bill, who places his false leg
on the table.

BILL (CONT'D)

Have I told you boys how I got this?

ANTHONY

You've tried.

JASON

It's just that we don't care.

Anthony sits back down with Scrappy in hand who tries to
lick his own balls.

JASON (CONT'D)

I wish I could do that.

Anthony holds Scrappy outreached in Jason's direction.

ANTHONY

Go for it... I'm sure you'll make a
friend for life.

Stevie returns with the drink.

BILL

So it was a dark and stormy night --

JASON

-- Sweet Lord, here we go.

ANTHONY

Is it always a dark and stormy night?

BILL

Aye it be.

JASON

Yes it is... Not 'aye it be', you're not a freaking pirate.

BILL

So there I was all alone, walking Craders road by myself.

ANTHONY

Usually if you're all alone then you would be by yourself... it comes hand in hand.

STEVIE

C'mon, let him tell the story, I'm fascinated.

Stevie picks up the wooden leg.

BILL

Thank you little Goblin... so where was I? It was --

ANTHONY

-- No! You were all alone, by yourself, just you nobody else on Craders road.

Bill takes a gulp of his Guinness.

BILL

Ahh. When all of a sudden up ahead I see a small car parked on the side of the road... it was a taxi.

STEVIE

How do you know?

BILL

It read 'Taxi' on the back.

STEVIE

Ohhh that makes sense.

Stevie glances at the other two, they both hold their heads in their hands.

JASON

Is this gonna be over soon?

Scrappy starts licking Anthony's beer.

JASON (CONT'D)

Oh shit, first his balls then your beer and you're too cheap to throw it out.

Anthony shrugs.

ANTHONY

Won't be the worst thing I've tasted.
(to Bill)
So, taxi, Craders road... Next.

BILL

It was scary I tell you, I saw a Red haired beauty step outta the driver's seat.

JASON

Holy shit! That is scary... Woman drivers.

BILL

She open the door to the backseat, pulled a gun and fired four shots. She turned, looked at me I'll never forget her face.

STEVIE

What did she look like?

BILL

I can't remember, but I won't forget it... Anyways it was dark and stormy.

STEVIE

That was great.

Anthony and Jason look at each other, then back at Bill.

JASON

Wasn't this story suppose to be about your leg.

BILL

Ahh yes. Well I tried to call Martha, there was no answer which was unusual. So I left her a voicemail told her I was on my home.

Bill takes a huge sip... his hand is visibly shaken.

ANTHONY

Everything ok?

BILL

I walk upstairs and find her tied naked to the bedposts... The neighbor Danny Murphy was butt naked too on top of her.

STEVIE

So that's why she didn't get your phone call, that son of a bitch was holding her down.

BILL

(to Stevie)

Why don't you fall down more?...

(to the guys)

So anyways I backed up in disgust and tripped down the stairs and broke my leg in seven places, so the doctors just removed it.

The guys glance back and forth at each other, then raise their glasses.

STEVIE ANTHONY AND JASON

To Bill and his leg.

Suddenly thunder CRASHES outside, lighting fills the room.

JASON

Wow what the fuck?

The front door swings open, an ominous figure stands in the doorway. Yellow raincoat dripping wet, all eyes on the figure. She pulls down their hood to reveal a RED HAired BEAUTY 40's she scans the room, looks at the BARMAN.

RED HAired BEAUTY

Where is your bathroom?

The Barman points to the back of the bar. She marches to the bathroom, brushes up against Jason on the way.

JASON

Ohh sexy, you can drip wet on me anytime?

She turns around gets in his face, then checks over at Bill. He hides behind his pint. She makes her way to the bathroom.

ANTHONY

Well is that her?

BILL

That it is.

JASON
That what is?

STEVIE
Are you sure?

BILL
Well... no.

She comes back out of the bathroom, approaches Jason. She takes two fingers, places them slowly into his mouth back and forth. Jason's eyes light up... she stops. Checks to the barman.

RED HAired BEAUTY
Hey barman just to let you know you're outta toilet paper.

Jason gags, the other guys laugh.

RED HAired BEAUTY (CONT'D)
Taxi for Murphy!

BILL
What the fuck?

DANNY MURPHY 60's appears from the other side of the bar. A huge smirk across his face.

DANNY
That would me love.

Danny leaves the bar with the Red Haired Beauty, she checks one more time back at Bill before she exits.

ANTHONY
(to Bill)
Was that?

Bill just nods. Scrappy starts humping the pint glass.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Oh God, I need to get him outta here.

Anthony stands up to leave.

JASON
Yeah... you best be outta here incase you gotta buy a round.

ANTHONY
Shut up shit mouth.

EXT. THE DOG AND BOLLOCKS - NIGHT

Anthony drags Scrappy by the leash.

ANTHONY

Let's go home buddy... what the fuck?

Anthony notices a Taxi pulled over to the side of the road. Shoes appear to be sticking out of the boot/trunk of the car. Loud screams can be heard.

Anthony approaches cautiously, Scrappy's tail wags furiously.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Not now boy.

He gets closer as the screams get louder. He places his hand on the boot/trunk. Slowly lifts the lid. He jumps back about five feet.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Sweet Jesus!

Danny is on top of the Red Haired Beauty riding her full on butt naked the both of them.

DANNY

Get the fuck outta here.

Anthony looks back, Bill, Jason and Stevie stand outside the pub. Anthony nods to Bill, he nods back. Anthony releases his grip on the leash. Scrappy makes a flying leap.

Doggy Style.

FADE OUT: