

The Ex That Likes To Wreck

By

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EXT. HOME - 9PM

FADE IN

Run down area, cars pulling up to join party, loud head banging music can be heard from inside

INT. PARTY - 9PM

JIM, 26, slim, glasses, scruffy shoes

Jim's getting sandwiches through on a plate and putting drinks on table. Just then the doorbell rings

HARRY, 27, tall, trainers

DAMON, 28, big, hard man, football top, jogging bottoms, trainers

Jim answers the door

JIM

hiya.

HARRY

Hey, a'right, how ye doing pal?

JIM

Brillo thanks.

DAMON

New pad eh. Its fantastic.

JIM

I know, bit mold up corner but that can soon be fixed.

DAMON

Now live home alone all the girls will want a piece of you.

JIM

Aye, enough o' that!!!! If you come round here you'll find I've served out some pork pies and sandwiches my Mum's been making all day. I'll just go get the rest.

Jim runs in to kitchen

HARRY
What a dump, eh?

DAMON
I know, he'll never find a bird
living in a shit hole like this.

HARRY
I know.

DAMON
Want any of this genuinely
disgusting food?

HARRY
Aw naw, I'm not touching food made
by Katty Anny. Didn't you hear
what happened in that hotel where
she cooks. All the foreigners on
holiday died of food poison.

DAMON
That was her!

HARRY
Shh, here he comes.

Jim comes through with more food on plate.

JIM
Enjoying party still?

HARRY
Fantastic.

JIM
My Mum's sandwiches?

Harry picks one up takes a bite out of it and nods his head

HARRY
Yummy.

JIM
OK, I'll just go get the rest of
the food whilst you 2 boggle and
bad mouth the place.

Harry spits out the bite he took from sandwich and washes
the taste away with a shot of golden berry.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

There we go much better.

Harry and Damon are looking out living room window.

DAMON

So horrible.

A man and a woman get out of a silver car.

HARRY

Ho - haw - ho. Daemon would you look at that.

AILSAL, 22, blonde hair, slim figure, badly over done make up, horrible gray pinafore, black tights, high heels, horrible gray headscarf.

MARTIN, 29, blue jeans, leather coat, steal toes.

DAMON

Aw naw, don't say she's coming to spoil the party. And I think she's bringing a boyfriend to. Hey Ailsa give him a break, he's just finished with you your the last thing he needs.

Jim walks back through with more food and the door bell rings. Harry snatches the plate out of Jim's hands.

HARRY

I'll take that and I'll answer the door.

Damon pulls Jim out of the way of the door. so he can't see.

DAMON

Come this way show me round your pad.

Harry answers the door

FRED, 56, old clothes.

Harry pulls Fred in to pad mistaking him for Martin. She walks him to the living room.

FRED

I-

Harry interrupts.

HARRY
Have these sandwiches?

She stuffs them in his mouth preventing him from talking.

HARRY
And these sausage rolls.

Harry continually stuffing food in Fred's gob.

HARRY
And don't forget to wash that down
with a wee bit dandelion and
burdock.

INT. KITCHEN - 9.30PM

Damon and Jim are standing at window talking about area.

JIM
It's amazing living in this area, I
can see the old Ravenscraig from
here.

DAMON
Yeah, and look over there and
abandoned graveyard.

Damon points to the otherside of flat
.....Bunt out car.

JIM
Excuse me a minute, just off to the
lav.

Damon walks in the living room to keep an eye on Fred with
Harry.

DAMON
So what's happening through
here. Well she's not shown any
stead the brave cow that she is but
I'm trying to keep his fucking trap
shut.

Jim walks in to living room while Harry and Damon forget
about him.

HARRY
Shit!!!!

FRED
Jim?

JIM
Hey Fred, you've come to join the party?

HARRY & DAMON
Eh!!!!

JIM
New neighbor.

FRED
I've come to complain about this awful din. I've got work the morn 4am start I need to sleep.

At that minute the doorbell rings again.

HARRY & DAMON
Uh-oh.

FADE OUT