

DYING AND KILLING

Screenplay

by

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INT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

Bespectacled WOODY FALLON (late 20's) stands at the mic. Hands in pocket. Mid-set. Static. Nervy. Lacking confidence. Delivery is slow. No energy. MURMURS in the crowd. NOT going well.

WOODY

. . . So I was standing there.
Naked. Covered in nothing but--

JOHNNY (OFF)

--SHIT!

WOODY

. . .embarrassment.

JOHNNY (OFF)

RUBBISH! GET OFF!

ANGLE ON: the HECKLER, JOHNNY DRISCOLL (early 20's). Iceberg cool - electro-haired - indie-kid. Surrounded by tragically post-Mod Camden-set entourage. So retro they're futuristic.

WOODY

The n-night--

JOHNNY

--SUCKED! LIKE YOU!

Woody grabs the mic. Brings it closer. Tries to speak over Johnny.

WOODY

The night. . . didn't go. . .

JOHNNY

HOME! GO HOME!!

WOODY

. . . to plan. . .

Plastic glass SMACKS Woody full in the face. His specs fly off. He is drenched in lager.

Another plastic glass follows. Woody ducks. Steps back. Specs CRUNCH. Meat in stage/foot sandwich.

JOHNNY

OFF! OFF! OFF!

Crowd comes together in collective HECKLES and BOOS! Chants of 'OFF! OFF! OFF!' saturate the room.

POV: Woody LOOKS out: LIGHT blinds. Missiles project toward him. In silhouette - the savage crowd bay for blood.

ANGLE ON: Woody - resigned to his fate. A salvo of random objects are missiled at him: cans; bottles (plastic); toilet rolls; tampons (used/unused); furry toy; a rubber chicken.

INT. TOILET CUBICLE - NIGHT

BIRD'S EYE VIEW: way down on WOODY. Distant/small. In the toilet. Like his career. Fingers fiddle broken specs. Mind ponders broken dreams.

Door opens. Fleeting burst of MUSIC gives way to booming LAUGHTER - Johnny's laughter.

JOHNNY (off/on phone)

Should've been here, mate. We
destroyed him.

Woody's fists flex. Knuckles whiten.

INT. TOILET - NIGHT

Johnny urinates. Chuckling. Finishes off. Zips up.

JOHNNY (into phone)

Harsh! Nah! Kid wasn't fit to be
on the stage. It was embarrassing.

Cubicle BURSTS open. Woody bull-rushes Johnny. Slams his face into the Mirror. CRUNCH!

WOODY

You killed me! You killed--

Mirror-split-imaged Johnny smiles.

JOHNNY

--Killed?

Johnny hammers an elbow into Woody's guts. Woody doubles-up. GASPS for breath.

JOHNNY (CONT.)

You were dying on your arse!

Johnny spits blood onto tiles.

JOHNNY (CONT.)

You gotta ask yourself why you get up there.

WOODY

I love comedy.

JOHNNY

I love masturbation. Don't mean I wanna do it on stage.

WOODY

What makes you such an expert?

JOHNNY

I'm a singer. And I kill on stage! My advice to you is give up or go back to school. You gotta lot to learn, kid!

WOODY

Don't call me kid!

Johnny laughs. A fist forms behind Woody's back.

JOHNNY

Good. Anger. Passion. But you ain't no killer!

Woody swings a haymaker. Plants it straight in Johnny's solar plexus. The rock 'n' rolla stumbles back.

WOODY

--I'll KILL you! You CAMDEN CUNT!

Woody grabs Johnny by the lapels. SLAMS Johnny through the cubicle doors. Johnny comes out fighting. Grabs Woody's throat.

JOHNNY

You can't kill me! I'm everything
you wannabe! In fact, you're not
even a wannabe. You're a never-gonna-be.
There's more talent in my colon than. . .

Woody pushes Johnny to the floor.

Rains down a hail of punches on Johnny's face.

ANGLE/WOODY'S BACK TO US: Punch after punch SLAMS down on the Camdenite.

Woody raises his arm up. Hands are bloodied. Arm plunges down with force. Woody's fist crashes through Johnny's chest.

Woody PULLS OUT JOHNNY'S HEART!

Holds it aloft. It pulses softly in his grip. Woody squeezes the heart until it BURSTS!

Woody releases a primal SCREAM!!

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. TOILET - NIGHT

Woody holding NOTHING in his hand. No Johnny either. Scene has played out in Woody's mind.

FADE OUT/IN:

INT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

Packed club. MC (30s) is on stage.

MC

I thought we'd seen the last of this
comic. Yet, he's back. Like Lazurus.
So, put your hands together. Give a
massive West End welcome to Woody Fallon!

Smattering of APPLAUSE brings Woody to the stage.

Woody is transformed. Dressed head-to-toe in black. Hair styled. Pushed up/styled like that of Johnnys'. Body language oozes confidence.

Woody grabs the mic. Plants the stand behind him pro-like.

WOODY

Lock up your daughters. I'm back.
Lock up your daughters. . .
Don't say that to an Austrian.
They tend to take it a bit far.

Crowd LAUGH. Hesitant. Is this the same guy WE saw last week?

WOODY

I wanna talk about love. I hate love.
Love's something you find when
you're not looking for it. . .
Like testicular cancer.

Bigger LAUGH.

WOODY

Got a lot in common, though. Both
result in having your bollocks removed -
in the most painful way possible.

More LAUGHS. The crowd love him.

WOODY

My girlfriend shocked me recently.
She announced she was becoming a
Jehovah's witness. . . I asked why?
She said, "I get a lot of comfort from
the witness programme." I said
"But I get a lot of comfort from
masturbation. . . . I don't feel the
need to do it on people's doorsteps."

HUGE LAUGH! Massive round of applause.

Woody's killing! He smiles. FREEZE FRAME!

FADE OUT: