

Untitled

Written by

(Printed with an unregistered version of Fade In)

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY.

A man is sat putting on his coat next to the MRI machine. He has a bandage on one wrist. This is Ben. The technician appears from behind the machine.

TECHNICIAN
You'll get the results in a couple of weeks.

Ben smiles and picks up a crutch from the floor next to him and stands and exits.

INT. FOYER - DAY.

Ben exits the MRI room. In the foyer Mike (now he's out of the ring) is sat waiting next to an older woman.

TECHNICIAN
Michael Belmont.

Mike stands and enters, passing Ben on the way. Ben hobbles toward the older woman. She stands and gives him a hand down the hall.

INT. FLAT. DAY.

Dust hangs in the air of the small dingy flat. Strewn around the place are flyers for takeaways and comedy gigs. The TV is kicked in and glass is scattered around the bottom of it.

A man, early 30's, enters. He is carrying a small sports bag and is in a plain tracksuit. This is BEN. His right wrist is bandaged. He looks around the flat. He chucks his bag on the sofa.

A woman appears behind him. She is in her late 50's early 60's. This is BELLE. She is dressed fairly plainly but has bright pink finger nails. She eyes the mess and the TV but doesn't mention anything.

BELLE
You're sure you don't want me to stay?

BEN
I'll be fine.

BELLE
You'll be bored.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gestures at the TV.

BEN

I've got porn. (Looks at his wrist)
Damn. Maybe you should stay. I may
need a hand.

Belle raises an eyebrow.

BELLE

You'll be fine. I'm at the Yard
tonight but if you need me give me a
shout.

BEN

Will do. Have a good gig.

Belle smiles and leaves. Ben looks around again. He goes into the bedroom. The bed is unmade. He ignores it and continues to the bathroom. He pauses outside the closed door. He then pushes it open slowly. Inside is a bathroom with blood splattered over it and smudged bloody hand prints. He shuts the door again and returns to the lounge.

In the lounge he sits and looks at the broken TV. He then takes out his phone and dials. He puts it on speaker and rests it on the small coffee table in front of him.

ANSWERPHONE

You have 17 new messages. First
message.

GAV

Jesus Christ mate. I know the Yard's
a shit gig but fuck. Hope you're
feeling better...

Ben leans over and presses next message

ANSWERPHONE

Message two.

TONY

You stupid fucking twat. Why did you
go and do a thing like that for? That
was my thing. You nicked my fucking
thunder. Now what I am supposed to
do? Fucking upstager. Call me when
you're out. It's Tony B.T.W.

ANSWERPHONE

Message three.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WANDA

Oh my god Ben. Why didn't you call me? Are you ok? No, of course you're not. God, I don't know what to say. I'll come and see you. Shit, I hate hospitals. But I'll come. I'll come. I hope you're ok.

ANSWERPHONE

Message four.

ARTHUR

So you've only gone and done it hey. So fucking predictable.

Ben leans in and is about to press next message but he doesn't. He lays back and listens.

You'll get no sympathy from me. Cowards way out. If you weren't so fucking funny I'd tell you to stay dead. Fuck you and your cry for help. I gave your gig to Barry by the way. He died on his arse. Which is better than dying in a hospital by the way. Give me a shout when you're back. I've got your money from that embarrassment you tried to send yourself on.

ANSWERPHONE

Message five.

As it begins Ben gets up and goes to the kitchen. The message plays in the background.

BARRY

Hey Ben, Barry here. Sorry to hear about your.. thing. Wouldn't have expected that of you. Wow. Goes to show. Anyway I'm calling to let you know Arthur gave me your gig in your... absence. Hope that was ok. I didn't want you thinking I was jumping into your grave... Shit, no. Er, anyway I died on my... shit, not died. Er, it was a shit gig. So come back soon.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

Ben is making himself a coffee while the messages are churned out. He then makes his way back to the lounge.

RAUCOUS BORIS

(Heavily Russian)
Hey my horse, what you do something like that for? You fucking pussy-man? You some sort of dolly-boy? Hey my man? In Russia you try this you queer. Simple. You not queer Ben. You queer you would have tried to fuck Boris. You don't try to fuck Boris so you not queer. So why you do this? Barry, he queer. He go fuck a mule. Don't act like queer. Act like funnyman. Glad you not dead. Bye.

Ben rolls his eyes.

ANSWERPHONE

Message fifteen.

ADAM

Hey mate, it's Adam. Lord and Saviour. Just checking how you are. Obviously. Just had my stitches out. How's the leg? Sorry again about that. But in fairness to myself I was pissed. Give me a call when you're good. Speak soon mate.

Ben smiles.

ANSWERPHONE

Message sixteen.

DOM

Hey, it's Dom. I thought I'd wait till the calls from all your 'friends and colleagues' had died down. Sorry I wasn't there mate. Fucking corporate in Doha. Didn't hear till... well it doesn't matter. I'm back now. Beer when you're ready. Anytime.

Ben is about to pick up the phone when one more message begins.

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ANSWERPHONE

Message seventeen.

SPYROS

Hey, it's Spyros. You lost me a monkey you prick. I had 20 on Barry being the first of you funny cunts to try and do himself in. Still, glad you failed mate. See you at the yard Thursday? Got a tasty tip and I'm not talking about Berty Bassett's cock.

Ben hangs up and redials.

BEN

Dom, beer?