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OLIVER TWISTED
more 'Dick' than Dickens

by
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INT. FANCY HOTEL - NIGHT

OLIVER, a charismatic handsome hustler in his 40's, strolls through the front entrance with a rich and giddily excited older woman, MILDRED, on his arm.

As the rest of the staff go about their business the Filipino NIGHT PORTER watches Oliver as he adjusts his expensive suit and gold cuff links then winks at Mildred.

OLIVER

Time to learn what a real man is.

Mildred giggles as the Night Porter approaches and sycophantically shakes Oliver's hand.

INT. PENTHOUSE SUITE, HOTEL - NIGHT

The Night Porter swings open the large doors to the plushly decorated penthouse and Oliver and Mildred enter.

OLIVER

Giles, have room service send up caviar and a a bottle of your finest champagne.

As the Night Porter exits Mildred stares at Oliver as he steps closer and begins to slowly undress her.

MILDRED

I'm trembling.

OLIVER

So am I.

MILDRED

Can I ask, how much is the caviar and the...?

OLIVER

The way your husband takes you for granted. Tantamount to war crime.

The mention of her husband brings Mildred back on track.

OLIVER

A woman of your calibre deserves the very best but if it's too expensive...

(lightly kissing her)

I don't like you paying. I feel like such a cad.

MILDRED
No, you're magnificent. Anyway
it's his money.

He has her undressed down to her large and unsightly bra
and underwear.

OLIVER
I love large underwear.

MILDRED
You're such a man.

OLIVER
I am, aren't I.

MILDRED
I feel like such a nasty girl.

OLIVER
You are Mildred. You're a nasty
bitch.

MILDRED
Call me that again.

OLIVER
You're a nasty skanky bitch whore
Mildred and I'm going to spank
that ample ass of yours.

Mildred turns and raises her posterior in the air.

MILDRED
Please, spank me, spank me now.

Oliver stands behind her, tries not to laugh at the
absurdity of her pose, positions himself to get the best
angle, loosens his hand, raises it high, holds it for a
second, then brings it down hard - WHACK - way too hard, on
Mildred's raised posterior.

INT. STANLEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

In his sparsely furnished modern apartment the bespectacled
STANLEY, 40's, a suicidal social incompetent, watches the
darkened window of the apartment building across from him.

He slides a razor blade across his wrist, winces at the
pain but draws no blood.

Glancing at the darkened window he empties a can of soup
into a saucepan, pulls a lighter out of his pocket and
lights the gas on the cooker.

A noose hangs above his bed and as he pushes it out of the way he reaches for his pen and paper and writes the words: 'DON'T CRY FOR ME' then scribbles out the word 'DON'T'

He stares at the flame under the soup, blows it out, breathes in the sleep inducing gas, slumps on the chair, and prepares himself for death, but, as the light in the apartment across the way clicks on, Stanley leaps up.

He bounds across the room to get to the gas but trips, catches his head in the noose and as he swings across the room, choking by the neck, the gas fills the place.

Through his bulging eyes he sees the distant female form in the window across from him, reaches into his pocket, clicks the lighter and suddenly the room is engulfed in a brief puff of flame, resulting in the gas light coming back on under the soup.

With blackened face and hair and eyebrows singed he reaches across for the chair with his feet and manages to balance himself enough to take the rope off his neck then slumps to the floor, but he stealthily jumps up again, grabs a pair of binoculars off the shelf, positions himself at the window, pulls his glasses off, brings the binoculars to his eyes and, as he focuses them, we see from his point of view, a close up of the woman in the window. This woman is JULIET; tender but tough looking, 30's and as she takes off her coat, and checks her junk mail Stanley watches her every move.

She dumps her mail in the bin then stands at the window and looks out, lost and isolated in her own separated world, utterly unaware that she is being watched.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE PENTHOUSE, HOTEL - NIGHT

As the room service BELLBOY is about to knock on the door he hesitates when he hears a loud smack immediately followed by a high pitched muffled wail.

He cautiously knocks and waits for Oliver to open the door.

OLIVER

Come in my good man.

As the Bellboy wheels the trolley in he sees Mildred in the bathroom checking her red raw buttocks in the mirror.

INT. BATHROOM, PENTHOUSE SUITE, HOTEL - NIGHT

A shocked Mildred touches the multitude of hand prints scorched onto her buttocks as Oliver appears at the bathroom door.

MILDRED
They are like tatoos.

OLIVER
Something to remember me by.

MILDRED
You're a powerhouse god of a man.

OLIVER
I am. But perhaps you should tip
the waiter?

MILDRED
My purse is over there.

Oliver gets the purse and registers Mildred's shock as he
takes out a hundred.

OLIVER
A small price for such large
discretion.

He slips the Bellboy the hundred and as the bellboy exits
Oliver enters the bathroom, holds Mildred from behind and
the two of them stare into the mirror.

OLIVER
How's your ass?

MILDRED
It hurts.

OLIVER
Not half as much as it's going
to.

INT. STANLEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Stanley watches Juliet empty her uneaten dinner into the
bin, take a tub of ice cream from the fridge, switch off
the light and, with the binoculars, he follows her across
to the other window as she enters her darkened bedroom.
(During the following action he has a casual domestic
conversation with her while he imagines her responses.)

STANLEY
How was your day?
(Listens)
Really? And what did you say to
him?
(Listens)
Good for you.
(Listens)
Me? Well, it's strange because
one of the guys at work today;
(MORE)

STANLEY(cont'd)

I don't think he meant offence by it; it was actually quite funny, but he was trying to figure out why a woman like you would be with a man like me, and it got me thinking, because the truth is I couldn't answer him.

(Listens)

Why is a woman like you with me?

(Listens then wells up)

You really mean that? That, literally, is the nicest thing anybody's ever...

(Listens))

You're genuinely asking that question?

(Listens)

My god look at you. When I see you, I just...everything lonely, vacuous, meaningless all floats away and the whole world makes sense.

(Listens and reacts)

Don't cry. Don't cry.

(Listens)

You know I want children.

(Listens then laughs)

I'm not laughing...I'm...it's not a woman's place to propose. Of course I want to say yes, of course I'm flattered but it should be me asking you not you asking me.

(Listens)

Okay, if you insist, then yes, of course yes, I'd be honoured to be your husband.

He stares at her then slowly moves towards the window and tenderly kisses it as if it were her open mouth.

Juliet switches on the television and the blue light illuminates her as she stands in front of it and Stanley adjusts the binocular focus as he watches Juliet slide the spoon into her mouth, take a mouthful of ice cream, put the tub down, then, with the spoon sticking out of her mouth she slides out of her skirt, revealing a birthmark at the top of her thigh.

Stanley becomes embarrassed as he catches a glimpse of her panties, pulls the binoculars away from his eyes, turns away from the window, waits for a few moments then looks back at Juliet, and, as she unbuttons her blouse, Stanley is riveted but, as her blouse falls to the floor, revealing her bra, he pulls the binoculars away again and faces away from the window.

Waiting for a few moments he looks back and relaxes as he sees her climbing under the covers and, as she tastes some more ice cream and watches television, Stanley makes himself comfortable as he prepares to watch her for the rest of the night.

INT. HOTEL, HALLWAY OUTSIDE PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

As they exit the penthouse a flustered and thrilled Mildred grabs Oliver's exhausted ass but as Oliver suddenly sees the Hotel Manager, MICHAELS, 50's uptight bully, walking up the hallway with a male and female guest he does a quick about turn, drags Mildred into the corner and kisses her hard.

The Hotel Manager quickly moves the guests past the kissing couple and as they turn the corner Oliver pulls his mouth off a breathless Mildred.

MILDRED
You're an animal.

OLIVER
I am, aren't I?

Mildred grabs his balls.

MILDRED
We have the room for the night.

OLIVER
Let's not lose the run of
ourselves Mildred.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Oliver tries to act casual as he watches the hallways leading to the foyer while behind him Mildred is astounded by the cost of the bill.

NIGHTPORTER
I'll check it for you again.

OLIVER
Giles, this is disgraceful.

NIGHTPORTER
Sir, I would lose my job if I...

Mildred looks around, worried somebody might overhear.

MILDRED
Please, let's not make a scene.

Mildred counts out a large sum of money.

NIGHTPORTER

I'm sorry sir.

OLIVER

Shame on you.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

On the street Oliver closes the door of the taxi, kisses Mildred goodbye and, as the taxi pulls away, he cautiously strolls back towards the hotel entrance and as the Night Porter checks it's all clear he gives Oliver a casual thumbs up and Oliver re-enters the hotel.

NIGHTPORTER

You call me Giles? I'm Filipino
you fucking idiot.

OLIVER

Just take your slice and give me
the rest you whining fuck.

NIGHTPORTER

They are getting older.

OLIVER

Skip the postmortem and give me
the cash before he comes back.

Louis Prima's 'Just a Gigolo' kicks in as the Night Porter counts out the cash we follow Oliver as he takes the cash, opens the cuff links and slips off the shoes as he makes his way through a staff side door.

INT. HOTEL STAFF BACK STAIRS - NIGHT

Oliver descends the stairs, takes off the fancy jacket and as he unbuttons his shirt he passes the Bellboy on the stairs and slips him some money.

BELLBOY

You still owe me two hundred you
prick.

INT. HOTEL LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Steam hangs in the air and a small old Vietnamese woman shouts a moral lecture at Oliver in her native language as Oliver takes off his trousers and shirt and, as he stands in his underwear, the woman puts the jacket back up with the rest of the hotel customers' clothes, dumps the shirt in the laundry, and, as Oliver lays some cash on the counter, she throws him a small bag containing a shirt, dickie-bow and trousers, and, as he slips on his trousers, the Vietnamese woman continues her moral lecture but Oliver simply smiles, kisses her forehead, and exits.

INT. HOTEL BASEMENT CORRIDORS - NIGHT

As Oliver moves through the maze of gradually darkening corridors, he pulls on his shoes and dickie-bow and whistles to Louis Prima's song as if it were in his head.

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mayhem prevails in the squalid kitchen as Oliver grabs a piece of meat off the counter but before he can get it into his mouth a paranoid and sweating Commie Chef threatens him with a meat cleaver, grabs the meat back off him and, as Oliver holds his hands up with mock innocence, the Commie Chef turns away but Oliver quickly grabs another piece, shoves it in his mouth, moves through the kitchen to a food trolley with a docket attached to it and as he pushes the trolley into the restaurant we realise that, despite his apparent peacock pomp, Oliver is in fact a waiter.

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The Hotel Manager suspiciously approaches Oliver.

MANAGER

How long have you been here?

OLIVER

Me?

MANAGER

Did I see you upstairs?

OLIVER

Me?

MANAGER

Please stop saying 'me.'

OLIVER

Me?

As the Manager is about to explode LOUISE appears, 40s, middle class, alcoholic and married to the Manager.

LOUISE
I need some money dear.

MANAGER
What are you doing in here?

LOUISE
Didn't I just answer that?

Oliver smirks and Louise takes him in.

LOUISE
Aren't you going to introduce me dear?

MANAGER
My wife, Louise. My waiter, Oliver.

LOUISE
What's it like to work for my husband?

OLIVER
Almost as magnificent as being married to him I'm sure.

The Manager gives Oliver a withering look and as he grabs Louise's arm she mockingly feigns hurt.

LOUISE
Oh, you're so strong dear.

As the Manager leads Louise away, Oliver takes in her large swaying posterior then shakes his head.

EXT. BUILDING WHERE OLIVER AND STANLEY LIVE - DAY

Next morning, an exhausted but beautiful woman, LISA, 30's, closely scans the windows of the building, and watches the front door as a school girl and her mother enter, then she revs up her car and pulls away.

INT. STANLEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Stanley, still in the same clothes, having remained awake all night keeping watch over her, watches Juliet through his binoculars as she climbs out of her bed, moves into her living room, opens the window and moves to her bathroom.

INT. OLIVER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Oliver, in his shabby apartment, lies sprawled over his bed, semi-clothed and unconscious, with an almost empty whiskey bottle in his hand while a large sleeping female form lies concealed under the bed covers beside him. A knock on the door wakes him from his stupor and the large female form continues sleeping as Oliver stumbles to the door and looks through the peephole to see a young girl.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OLIVER'S APARTMENT - DAY

A school uniform clad, DOROTHY; too tall ten year old with thick metal braces on her teeth, knocks on the door as her mother GERTRUDE proudly waits at the end of the hall. Oliver pulls open the door.

DOROTHY

Good morning sir, would you like
to buy a box of cookies for Saint
Imelda's Girls School?

The girl averts her eyes as Oliver scratches his balls.

OLIVER

A box of what?

DOROTHY

Cookies sir. Mummy cooked them.

OLIVER

How much?

DOROTHY

Any donation you can afford sir.

Oliver checks his pockets.

OLIVER

What age are you?

DOROTHY

Eleven and three quarters sir.

OLIVER

So you're probably too young to
know what a hangover is? Or
extreme constipation caused by
too much alcohol and no solids?
Haven't had a shit in two weeks.
Backed up like a fat chick's ass
in a g-string.

Dorothy is confounded. The girl's mother frowns but decides to keep out of sight. Realizing he has no money left Oliver eyes the cookies.

OLIVER

Does Sister Imelda's allow a man
to check the merchandise before
he buys?

Oliver grabs a cookie, stuffs it in his mouth and chews but, as the foul taste permeates around his taste buds, he balks, and talks to the shocked girl with his mouth full.

OLIVER

I hope this Mummy of yours is
good looking because she sure as
shit ain't going to get by on her
cooking skills.

The little girl turns to her appalled mother and the offended Mother, GERTRUDE, rushes to the door.

GERTRUDE

What did you just say?

Oliver gives Gertrude the once over. Unimpressed.

OLIVER

I said...but you've just answered
that. Maybe you have brains at
least?

GERTRUDE

What's that supposed to mean?

OLIVER

Not even one out of three?
(looking to the girl)
Girlie if I was you I'd sign
myself into the nearest
orphanage.

He spits the cookie out and wretches.

OLIVER

If you'll excuse me your cookie
has caused in me a need to vomit.

GERTRUDE

You owe her money.

OLIVER

Money? Lady, you're lucky I don't
sue you for food poisoning. And
impersonating a woman.

As he slams the door shut on their faces Dorothy looks to her mother and tries to make her feel better.

DOROTHY
I like your cookies Mummy.

GERTRUDE
Shut your hole.

INT. FRONT OF OLIVER AND STANLEY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

As Gertrude and her daughter exit, a surly, scrawny, beady eyed LANDLORD takes out a rent book, picks his warty nose, then opens the rent book with his snot covered finger.

INT. STANLEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

A sudden knocking on his door jolts Stanley and, putting down his binoculars, he reaches for cash on the shelf and opens the door to his Landlord.

STANLEY
How are you today Mister Dunne?

LANDLORD
How the fuck do you think I am?

As the Landlord grabs the money, he ticks the rent book in the space beside Stanley's name and, as he moves away Stanley hesitatingly calls after him.

STANLEY
I was hoping to ask you about the
bathrooms...they seem to be...

LANDLORD
There are queues of people out
there who'd think your bathroom
was nothing short of luxurious.
You want me to let your room to
one of them?

STANLEY
It's a very lovely bathroom.

INT. STANLEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Stanley closes the door, grapples with the air in frustration at his own cowardice but suddenly stops when he hears faint music from across the way, grabs the binoculars and looks across at Juliet as she slowly dances to Marvin Gaye's, 'What's Going On?'

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OLIVER'S APARTMENT - DAY

The Landlord comes up the stairs, stands outside Oliver's door, checks the rentbook and sees that everybody's rent is ticked as paid except Oliver who hasn't had a tick beside his name in several weeks.

INT. OLIVER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Aggressive knocking on the door wakes Oliver again, and, as he bolts upright in bed, the bottle crashes to the floor.

INT. STANLEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Stanley briefly looks up from the binoculars as he hears the thud of the crashing bottle upstairs then looks back across at Juliet as she moves into the bathroom.

INT. OLIVER'S APARTMENT - DAY

As the banging on his door continues Oliver looks through the peephole, sees it's the Landlord, stumbles into the bathroom, drops to his knees and pukes into the toilet.

INT. STANLEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Stanley watches Juliet as she puts toothpaste on her toothbrush and talks to herself in the mirror.

INT. OLIVER'S APARTMENT - DAY

The banging on the door continues as a barefoot Oliver sneaks out of the bathroom, moves to the bed then - CRUNCH - he steps on a piece of the broken bottle and wants to scream out but can't.

INT. STANLEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Stanley follows Juliet with the binoculars as she moves into the living room and, as she brushes her teeth, she dances to Marvin Gaye then goes back into her bathroom.

INT. OLIVER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Oliver, sitting on the bed while the banging on the door continues, struggles to take the piece of broken glass out of his foot as the female form beside him begins to stir.

INT. STANLEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

As Juliet disrobes to get into the shower Stanley looks away then looks back to see her naked leg vanishing into the shower.

INT. OLIVER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Oliver pulls at the glass impaled into his foot then freezes as the knocking abruptly stops.

INT. STANLEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Stanley watches Juliet's body move to the music behind the frosted glass of the shower.

INT. OLIVER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Oliver quietly hobbles to the door and listens nervously as he hears something being stuck on the outside of his door.

INT. STANLEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Stanley watches as Juliet, with her back to him, wraps the towel around herself and moves into her living room.

INT. OLIVER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Oliver listens. No sound. He opens the door a tiny amount. Nobody there.

INT. STANLEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Juliet disrobes to get dressed and Stanley puts the binoculars down, closes his eyes, gives her a few moments then looks back as she buttons her blouse.

INT. OLIVER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Oliver opens the door wider, sees the notice stuck on it, tears it off and quickly closes the door.

INT. STANLEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Stanley watches as Juliet pulls on her coat.

INT. OLIVER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Oliver opens the notice and sees clearly in large bold red print - RENT ARREARS. He scans down the page and reads - 48 HOURS TO PAY IN FULL.

INT. STANLEY'S APARTMENT - DAY RIGHT

Stanley watches Juliet as she buttons her coat and exits then grabs his own coat and he too quickly exits.

INT. OLIVER'S APARTMENT - DAY

As Oliver reads the notice he walks toward the bed then - CRACK - he steps onto another piece of glass - and screams and the manager's wife Louise jolts upright from the bed.

EXT. STANLEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

An OLD HOBO watches as Stanley runs across the street, takes a short cut to get ahead of Juliet then quickly turns back and attempts to appear casual as he walks towards her.

Juliet passes by without even seeing him and Stanley turns to say something to her but words fail him. As he walks back the hobo calls after him.

OLD HOBO

How many times are you going to do that?

Stanley approaches the Hobo and throws him some coins.

STANLEY

I can't.

OLD HOBO

Waited my whole life for the next big thing, the thing that was going to kick everything in, the thing that was going to change all the shit. It never came.

Stanley looks in the direction that Juliet went and, though he wants to run after her, he doesn't; instead he walks with grim fatalistic determination back to his apartment.

INT. OLIVER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Having sex with the very vigorous Louise, Oliver glances at her handbag on the table and as he thrusts deeper into her she bites his ear and smacks his ass very hard.

LOUISE
Call me your little pony!

OLIVER
(in pain)
What?

LOUISE
(approaching climax)
Call me your little pony, you
bastard!

She bites his ear harder and he screams out.

OLIVER
Jesus Christ! You're my little
pony!

Bucking like a mule at a backstreet rodeo, she launches a frenzied series of slaps on Oliver's buttocks and, though he is in terrible pain, Oliver keeps his eye on the prize - her handbag - and as he thrusts faster and deeper, she snorts and neighs like a crazy horse, screaming out:

LOUISE
Ride your little pony Daddy! Ride
her all the way to the stable!

INT. STANLEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

As Stanley tests the strength of the rope he hears Louise climaxing upstairs.

INT. OLIVER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Louise finishes her post coital wash and comes back from the bathroom as Oliver stares at the handbag and winces at the pain in his buttocks.

LOUISE
That bathroom isn't fit for human
use. No wonder you're blocked.

OLIVER
Can we not discuss my rectum?

LOUISE
You'll get piles you know.

OLIVER
You can't turn up drunk like that
again; he'll fire me.

LOUISE

Have someone do to you what you just did to me, you'll be unblocked pretty quickly. Doesn't doing someone that hard in the ass violate your parole? If I sat on a stool right now I'd slide down onto it. And, fuck him.

OLIVER

My foot still hurts.

LOUISE

We have another one for you.

OLIVER

Another corpse.

LOUISE

Don't be smart. You owe me. Camilla is her name.

Oliver reaches for the bag, but Louise turns around.

OLIVER

(indicating handbag)

I hate to ask you this but...You know I wouldn't unless it was absolutely -

LOUISE

How do you think that makes me feel?

OLIVER

I didn't mean -

LOUISE

Used. That's what. Used for your pleasure.

OLIVER

(pointing to his buttocks)

My pleasure? Were you here?

Louise reaches into the bag and takes out a wad of cash.

LOUISE

Take it - prostitute! Take it - whore! Charlatan Casanova.

OLIVER

(feigning hurt)

Honey, every time you do this, a part of me -

LOUISE
There's more to me than my
husband's money you slimy sack of
sweaty shit.

OLIVER
That's a lot of S's.

Louise looks at him in disgust.

LOUISE
No wonder you haven't a friend in
the world.

She throws the money at him and as it bursts into the air and rains down like expensive snow - SLAM - the door is shut and Louise is gone and, as the money floats down around him, Oliver smiles.

INT. STANLEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

As Stanley makes his final preparations, he lays the suicide letter out on the bed, grabs a toilet roll, and, tightly gripping the rope, he enters his bathroom.

INT. OLIVER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Picking up the last of the money Oliver smells his armpits and, unimpressed with the scent, he reaches into his underwear, scratches his balls, smells his hand, and, even less impressed with that scent, he grabs a towel and enters his bathroom.

INT. STANLEY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Stanley looks at the light bulb hanging from the ceiling, wipes the toilet bowl clean with the toilet paper and as he stands on the toilet bowl he tries to balance himself as he ties the rope around the light bulb attachment.

INT. OLIVER'S BATHROOM - DAY

Oliver turns the bath tap on, and, as water splutters out of it, he drops his underwear and sits down on the toilet.

INT. STANLEY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Stanley hears the water filling Oliver's bath upstairs as he checks the rope then puts it around his neck.

INT. OLIVER'S BATHROOM - DAY

Tears of a different kind well up in Oliver as he strains to defecate - the vein throbbing pain of a backed up rectum etched across his bulging face.

INT. STANLEY'S BATHROOM - DAY

As Stanley tightens the rope around his neck he loses balance and one of his bare feet slip into the toilet bowl. As his other foot precariously balances on the edge of the bowl he looks down in disgust and shakes the dirty water off as best as he can without falling off the toilet bowl.

INT. OLIVER'S BATHROOM - DAY

Like a woman giving birth Oliver is turning purple as he desperately pushes with everything he's got.

INT. STANLEY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Stanley steadies himself, brings his feet to the edge of the toilet bowl, closes his eyes, braces himself to jump, grits his teeth, and spits out the words:

STANLEY

Do it.

INT. OLIVER'S BATHROOM - DAY

On the verge of bursting Oliver wails out then as his unbearably noisy ass explodes into the toilet he exclaims:

OLIVER

THANK YOU LORD!

INT. STANLEY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Stanley hears the noise upstairs then slaps his face and brings his feet closer to the edge of the toilet bowl.

STANLEY

Do it now.

He slaps his face harder.

STANLEY

Do it now you coward.

INT. OLIVER'S BATHROOM - DAY

Oliver is in ecstasy as he finally gets exquisite relief but as he reaches across for toilet paper his relief turns to horror as he sees that the toilet roll holder is empty.

OLIVER
MOTHER...

INT. STANLEY'S BATHROOM - DAY

As Oliver calls out:

OLIVER
...FUCKER!

Stanley jumps and the rope pulls on the light and the light pulls on the ceiling and the ceiling collapses.

INT. OLIVER'S BATHROOM/STANLEY'S BATHROOM - DAY

Oliver feels the ground giving way beneath him, then, still sitting on the toilet, he plummets through the floor and crashes onto Stanley's chest.

Unaware that Stanley is pinned underneath him Oliver recovers from the shock and, with the toilet still beneath him, as he peers through the dusty debris, he is delighted to see Stanley's toilet roll.

As Oliver stands and wipes his ass he doesn't see the semi-conscious Stanley underneath him then he pulls up his underwear, has a quick look around, opens Stanley's fridge, grabs a piece of meat and quickly exits.

INT. BANK - DAY

As Oliver whistles to himself, queuing for the cashier, holding cash and his rent arrears notice, the man in front reads a newspaper. Oliver smiles at an old lady but when the man turns the newspaper to the sports section Oliver stops. As the man turns to the horse racing section of the newspaper, Oliver starts to sweat as, overlaid, we hear the soft sound of horse's hooves. Oliver rushes to the counter.

OLIVER
(to cashier)
I need to pay this into my
account now.

CASHIER
You're not next in the queue sir.

OLIVER
You don't understand -

EXT. BANK - DAY

Oliver comes hurtling through the bank doors as he is thrown out by the security guard and as he lies on the ground, gripping the money and rent arrears notice, he looks across the road and sees the Bookies Office.

INT. HOTEL, ACCOUNTS DEPARTMENT - DAY

Stanley uses one of those calculators that prints receipts as he goes through the hotel accounts then he stops and draws the razor blade across his wrist.

INT. BOOKIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Oliver screams at the horse race on television then tears up the betting slip and rent arrears notice.

INT. HOTEL, ACCOUNTS DEPARTMENT - DAY

The Hotel Manager enters and sniffs the air.

HOTEL MANAGER
You finished those accounts yet?

Stanley shakes his head in the negative.

HOTEL MANAGER
What's that smell? Stanley, did you shit in your pants?

STANLEY
No sir. There was a problem in the hotel apartments sir. The toilet gave way and...

HOTEL MANAGER
Stanley?

STANLEY
Yes sir?

HOTEL MANAGER
Do I look like I care about your problems?

As the manager exits, Stanley bites back the rage, continues tapping in numbers, then stops, and smashes the calculator against the wall.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

Stanley determinedly moves down the corridor, stands outside the manager's office, raises his fist to pound on the frosted glass of the door, but courage fails him.

INT. HOTEL MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

As the manager checks the reservations he is unaware of Stanley's silhouette at the door.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

Stanley lowers his fist, moves down the corridor and as we follow him, he passes Oliver coming from the other direction - neither man recognizing the other, just two strangers in a corridor - but when we come to Oliver we stop following Stanley and follow Oliver instead and, as Stanley disappears around the corner, a side door opens and Oliver is dragged into a room by the drunken Louise.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Oliver stares at Louise holding a bottle and three glasses.

LOUISE
 Drinky little dinky?

CAMILLA, 50s, Louise's drunk horny friend steps out from the bathroom, a wide eyed smile etched across her face.

OLIVER
 Are you two fucking insane?

LOUISE
 Let's do it right here right now.

OLIVER
 He's next door for Christ's sake.

LOUISE
 I owe you an apology. And I'm going to make it up to you and Camilla here is going to help me.

As Louise moves forward she stumbles and laughs loudly.

INT. HOTEL MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

The Hotel Manager frowns as he hears his wife's manic laughter.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Oliver tries to drag Louise off him but there is a sudden pounding on the door as the Hotel Manager calls out.

HOTEL MANAGER (O.C.)

Louise?

Oliver whispers in panic as Louise laughs louder.

OLIVER

Shit. Fuck. Motherfucking shit.
Shit fuck mother.

Lousie calls out.

LOUISE

Coming dear.

As Louise moves to open the door Oliver panics and tries to find somewhere to hide but the best he can do is stand behind the door as the manager barges in.

HOTEL MANAGER

Who's here with you?

LOUISE

My lover. My big cocked lover.

The Manager relaxes as Camilla appears but as Oliver makes a run for it the manager hears the sound and as he attempts to give chase the suddenly vulnerable Louise grabs him.

LOUISE

Why don't you love me anymore?

The manager looks at her in disgust then pushes her away.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE ROOM, HOTEL - DAY

As he gets out the door the Manager is just in time to see Oliver's shoes vanishing around the corner.

EXT. HIGH FLAT ROOF OF HOTEL - DAY

Nervously peering down at the traffic below Stanley stands on the precipice of death, willing himself to jump, but, as the door bursts open Stanley watches as Oliver rushes out, slams it behind him and firmly bolts it shut.

STANLEY

Don't come near me.

Momentarily surprised that he is not alone on the roof Oliver turns to Stanley, then, ignoring him, he presses his ear against the bolted door and strains to listen.

STANLEY

Don't try to stop me.

Oliver gestures for him to hush and turns his attention back to listening at the door.

STANLEY

I'm serious, I'll do it.

The door rattles as the Manager tries to open it from the inside. Oliver freezes in silence but Stanley feels slighted by Oliver's indifference to him.

STANLEY

I said I swear I'll jump.

Oliver gestures and silently mouths, 'Shut the fuck up' as the door continues to rattle then abruptly stops.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE ROOF DOOR - DAY

The Manager listens, then, almost crying, Louise arrives.

LOUISE

Why does nobody love me anymore?

The Manager stares at her and sympathetically moves to her.

INT. HIGH FLAT ROOF OF HOTEL - DAY

Oliver listens as he hears the Manager and Louise descending the inside stairs, then he relaxes, casually sticks a cigarette in his mouth, strolls over to the edge of the building and fearlessly looks over the edge.

Stanley sees how close Oliver's shoe's are to the edge then sees his own shoes are half a meter away from the edge so he steps closer too but becomes instantly terrified.

Oliver lights his cigarette, flicks the match into the air, watches it gracefully fall to the street below and, without looking at Stanley, he draws deeply on the cigarette.

OLIVER

What if you land on someone?

STANLEY

I don't care.

OLIVER
Jump, don't jump, for all the
shit I give. Just don't be
drawing attention up here.

STANLEY
Who are you hiding from?

OLIVER
What's it to you?

Stanley shrugs and they stand in silence.

OLIVER
What every man hides from.

STANLEY
Himself?

OLIVER
No, you fucking idiot. A woman.

STANLEY
A woman?

OLIVER
Two to be precise.

STANLEY
What did you do to them?

OLIVER
Nothing. We got it on and things
got crazy.

STANLEY
What do you mean 'got it on'?

OLIVER
What do you think I mean
Einstein?

STANLEY
You were intimate?

OLIVER
Not the word I would've used.

STANLEY
What word would you use?

OLIVER
I humped them in half my friend.

STANLEY
Friend?

OLIVER
Not to be taken literally my
friend.

STANLEY
Why are you hiding from them?

OLIVER
Ever listen to a jealous woman?
Like an air raid siren.

STANLEY
One discovered you were with the
other?

OLIVER
Wouldn't have been too difficult
seeing as they were both there.

STANLEY
What do you mean?

OLIVER
Is this a fucking interview?

STANLEY
You were with two women,
simultaneously, at the same time?

OLIVER
No wonder you hate yourself, I
just met you and already I want
to throw you off the building.

STANLEY
Who said I hate myself?

Oliver stubs out the remainder of the cigarette and looks
at Stanley for the first time.

OLIVER
Look at you; your clothes, hair,
shoes; your glasses for Christ's
sake. Who willingly buys a pair
of specs like that?

(Sniffs the air)
Smell that? The stench of self-
loathing reeks off everything
about you. Jump and stop
bothering me.

STANLEY
There's no need to be
deliberately hurtful.

OLIVER
You're starting to sound like the women. What size shoe are you?

STANLEY
Nine. Why?

OLIVER
Too small. Any cash on you?

STANLEY
You want me to give you money?

OLIVER
Unless there's a super fast Chinese takeaway on the way down it's not going to be much use to you now, is it?

Stanley throws money at him and Oliver picks it up, impressed by the amount.

OLIVER
Where does a man working in a shithole like this get this kind of money? What do you do?

STANLEY
I'm the accountant.

OLIVER
They pay you fucks this much?

STANLEY
No, my father died last week. Left me...

OLIVER
No need to go into the details.

Stanley takes out the last of his money.

STANLEY
Here's some more.

Oliver greedily takes it.

OLIVER
Maybe you're not such an asshole after all?

STANLEY
You think so?

OLIVER
Then again I've never been the most astute judge of character.
(MORE)

OLIVER(cont'd)

Adios amigo. Say hello to your
old man from the other side.

As Oliver moves to unbolt the door Stanley has an idea.

STANLEY

There's more where that came
from.

Oliver stops.

STANLEY

A massive amount of money.

OLIVER

My favorite sentence in the
English language.

STANLEY

I'll give you all of it.

OLIVER

I always liked you.

STANLEY

On one condition.

Oliver looks to Heaven and mumbles to God.

OLIVER

Always a fucking condition.

STANLEY

I want to know love. Teach me how
to make a woman to love me.

OLIVER

You want to learn how to be a
man?

Stanley nods and Oliver considers this.

OLIVER

Exactly how massive is massive?
Never mind. Let me see your
glasses.

Stanley tentatively hands over his glasses and as Oliver
casually throws them off the building Stanley watches in
horror at the loss of his glasses but Oliver grabs his chin
and turns his face to him and stares into his eyes.

OLIVER

You do what I tell you without
question?

STANLEY

Within reason.

OLIVER

Fuck reason. Lesson one, men are reasonable, women are psychotic.

CUT TO:

We follow the glasses down as they smash into a fat greasy taxi driver's windshield causing him to skid all over the road resulting in an absurdly comical multi-car pile up.

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR - DAY

Stanley and Oliver are in the elevator as Stanley rubs his glasses free eyes and attempts to focus.

OLIVER

How much did dear old Dad leave?

STANLEY

You'll get all the rest when you're done.

OLIVER

We'll need a quick word with a lawyer friend of mine. In the meantime you take care of all expenses. And a time constraint. One week. In seven days I'll teach you about life, living, being a man, and nailing a woman. Midnight one week from today you give me every cent you have, then kill yourself.

STANLEY

I don't want to 'nail' a...I adore women.

OLIVER

Your sycophantic shit is stinking up the air ducts. Touch. Taste. Enter. No wonder women think you're a twat. Women don't want to be adored. They want to be challenged. Treated as equals. Then humped in half. Adoration is Hellish; being humped in half is Heavenly. A little less adoration and a little more humping. Okay suicide boy?

Stanley extends his hand and introduces himself.

STANLEY

Don't call me...I'm Stanley.

Oliver takes Stanley's hand.

OLIVER
Oliver.

STANLEY
Stan and Ollie.

OLIVER
More like Oliver and Twat. Don't
ever call me Ollie.

STANLEY
Have I just made a deal with the
devil?

The elevator doors slide open.

OLIVER
Baby, old Nick ain't got nothing
on me.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HOTEL - DAY -

Oliver and Stanley come out and as they make their way through the banged up cars Oliver surveys the damage then ducks when he sees the Manager, and leads Stanley in the opposite direction.

OLIVER
Take this for example. Twenty to
one odds it was a woman driver
who caused this pile up. But will
she take responsibility for it?
Which leads us to lesson two.
Right or wrong, women are going
to blame you. So you might as
well do whatever and whoever you
want because right or wrong?

STANLEY
Women are going to blame you.

As Oliver nods in appreciation and they move away the Taxi Driver picks up Stanley's mangled glasses, peers up at the high building, then looking through the cracked glasses, his vision and ours becomes skewed.

INT. OLIVER'S APARTMENT - DAY

The Landlord slams the notice on Oliver's door and we see the red writing splayed across it - 24 HOURS TO PAY IN FULL

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Stanley stares out the window at the end of the hall as Oliver and his shady LAWYER watch him from a distance.

LAWYER

Don't you think you should bring him to a psychiatrist or something?

OLIVER

What do I give a fuck? He's some piece of shit nonce accountant. I give him a week longer on earth and he gives me his Daddy's fortune. Strangers die everyday, you don't cry for them do you? This twat is my own personal stranger. Only difference is he has a short sell by date attached to a sure thing lottery ticket. Fuck sympathy. Hello cash.

LAWYER

You're all heart.

OLIVER

There's not a single honest man in this whole city and I'm the one who gets the lecture in humanity from a lawyer?

LAWYER

I don't give a damn about him either, I just had to ask.

OLIVER

Conscience clear now?

LAWYER

Clear as the fat percentage I'm going to get off this deal.

Stanley walks up the hallway as the lawyer offers a pen and the freshly written up contract.

OLIVER

Alright my friend?

LAWYER

Ready to sign your contract?

EXT. OUTSIDE LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

People pass on the busy streets and traffic blares as Stanley watches Oliver stare up and down the street as if trying to gauge something.

OLIVER
Don't move.

Stanley winces as Oliver plucks a single strand of hair from Stanley's head, holds it up in the air like a golfer checking the wind direction, lets it go, watches which way it floats, then takes out a coin, throws it in the air, catches it, conceals it, then reveals it, and points left.

OLIVER
Heads it is. This way.

STANLEY
What are we doing?

Oliver stops, slips his hand around Stanley's shoulder and gestures for him to focus on the many passing people and as Stanley focuses, particularly on the beautiful women, and listens to Oliver's hypnotic words, everything slows down.

OLIVER
This is your playground. Anything
and everything you want is ripe
to be picked off these streets.

Oliver snaps him out of it and suddenly steps into a fast walk and Stanley struggles to keep up with him as he talks.

OLIVER
The seven laws to becoming a man
Learn to dress.
Learn to tell a joke.
Learn to fight.
Learn to seduce.
Learn to take solitary
confinement.
Learn to make a woman come.
Learn to be a hero.

STANLEY
Where did you learn this?

OLIVER
The University of Vulva. Now,
where's your credit card?

STANLEY
For what?

OLIVER
You're going to learn to dress.

STANLEY
I'm happy with these clothes.

Oliver stops him outside a massive shopping centre.

OLIVER
Stanley, you're an accountant, a
sad dumb fuck accountant. What
woman would want to touch you?

STANLEY
I know. You're right.

OLIVER
See? That's the shit I'm talking
about you fucker. If you've got
to be an accountant then god damn
it be the best accountant there
is. Be the motherfucking genius
king of accountants. The nameless
faceless grey skinned friendless
fucks in accounting departments
across the world should whisper
your name in wannabe reverence.
The very thought of you should
cause plain Jane accountants to
leave damp spots on their lonely
office chairs. Don't be just
'some' fucking accountant, be
'the' fucking accountant. When it
comes to calculating you be King
Cock. You get my drift?

STANLEY
You really think I could be?

OLIVER
Right now you're a poster boy for
the Salvation Army Stanley. An
accountant who dresses like an
accountant. If you're going to
kill yourself the least you can
do with your brief remaining time
is learn to be a bad boy, to live
on the edge, with style, doing
something important in the
glorious moment to moment mayhem
of a temporary existence. So, my
friend, give me your credit card.

INT. VARIOUS LARGE CLOTHING STORES - DAY

Montage of Stanley trying on different clothes as Oliver argues with him on every choice then forces him to try on something more sophisticated. As the montage comes to an end the tall braces wearing cookie selling girl Dorothy and her mother Gertrude and her short father WILLIAM enter and when Gertrude sees Oliver she angrily points him out. William approaches Oliver and as he taps him on the chest Stanley is instantly frightened by the potential violence.

WILLIAM

Do you know who I am?

Oliver looks across, sees Gertrude and her daughter staring back at him, and figures out who William is.

OLIVER

A pussy whipped motherfucker?

WILLIAM

Excuse me?

OLIVER

We're working here my friend so now's not a good time.

WILLIAM

I demand an apology from you.

OLIVER

Jesus Christ man, where's your self respect?

WILLIAM

What?

OLIVER

When was the last time you got laid?

WILLIAM

What?

OLIVER

You heard me. When?

WILLIAM

Not that it's any of your business but last night as a matter of fact. Twice in fact.

OLIVER

I mean with your wife.

William's hesitation is an admission of guilt.

WILLIAM

I demand you apologize to my wife and daughter right now. I may be of short stature sir but I am required by law to warn you that I am a black belt.

OLIVER

Though I'm not required by law to give you some counsel, out of pity, I will. Do yourself a favour buddy, your life is mapped out. Get out. You got a dumb daughter with a mouthful of metal and a bitch wife with a bra full of nothing.

WILLIAM

What did you just say?

OLIVER

Again with the hearing problem.

Oliver looks over at the surly girl.

OLIVER

For the brief time I can look at her without the flare from her toothy braces blinding me I wonder how a little guy like you and an average height skank like your wife managed to push out a six foot six pre pubescent? You getting my drift here?

Stanley watches in horrified fascination as he sees that Oliver has nailed William's deepest insecurity.

OLIVER

I can see you've thought about it. Stop pushing the thought away. It's time to reach into your wallet to pay for a DNA verification test followed buy a one way ticket to Honolulu. Or if, by some genetic mutation, she proves to be yours then use the Honolulu money to by your wife a decent pair of jugs. You're better than that bitch and you know it. Now go back to her, take your balls back out of her handbag, reattach them between your legs and be a man for Christ's sake.

William looks to his frowning wife and daughter, absorbs the full impact of Oliver's words, turns back, and with sincere appreciation etched on his epiphany inspired face, he shakes Oliver's hand.

WILLIAM

Thank you.

Oliver and Stanley watch as William goes back to his wife.

GERTRUDE

What are you doing?

WILLIAM

We're leaving.

GERTRUDE

That's how you defend my honour?
Your daughter's honour?

WILLIAM

What height am I?

GERTRUDE

Scared because he's bigger?

WILLIAM

Why is she so tall?

GERTRUDE/DOROTHY

What?

WILLIAM

Again with the hearing problem
again.

Confounded Gertrude attempts to speak but words fail her.

DOROTHY

Mummy?

WILLIAM

Things are about to change around
here.

As he walks away Gertrude peers over at Oliver and he winks as he picks up a massive bra and gives her the thumbs up.

OLIVER

Evidently you're not alone in
needing lessons on how to be a
man Stanley. There's money to be
made in this racket.

(picking up a shirt)

This is perfect.

STANLEY
I'm not wearing that.

OLIVER
Who said it was for you?

STANLEY
I have to buy your clothes too?

OLIVER
How can I be an effective wing
man for you dressed like a hobo?

STANLEY
Choose something less expensive.

OLIVER
You'll be dead in a week. What's
the point in skimping on cash?

Stanley nods and they make their way to the cash register.

OLIVER
Who was your first woman?

STANLEY
What?

OLIVER
Presuming there's more than one.

Oliver sees by Stanley's face that there was only one.

OLIVER
I don't believe it. Only one?

STANLEY
Keep your voice down.

OLIVER
You're almost a virgin for
Christ's sake. Who was she?

STANLEY
Does it matter?

OLIVER
How did it happen?

STANLEY
Outside a bar. She was...and she
brought me down a...and she took
it out...I don't want to...

OLIVER
And what? Tell me.

STANLEY
And before I...before I could...I
arrived on her.

OLIVER
You what?

STANLEY
Please keep your voice down.

OLIVER
You *arrived* on her? You fucking
arrived on her? Jesus Christ
Stanley, what was it, the D-Day
landings?

STANLEY
I don't use profanity. What am I
supposed to say?

OLIVER
Fuck profanity. You came on her,
you shot your load, you
discharged your muck, you blasted
your baby batter, you...

As they turn and see the girl on the cash register staring
at them in shock Oliver lays the shirt on the counter.

OLIVER
Just this please.

EXT. BUILDING WHERE OLIVER AND STANLEY LIVE - DAY

Lisa - the woman who was closely watching the building
earlier - sits in her car with her young boy JOEY, a moody
and dangerously precocious nine year old.

She watches the front door of the building as Oliver and
Stanley, carrying shopping bags, go inside, then looks to
the surly Joey, remains silent, and pulls away in the car.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OLIVER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Oliver stops outside his door, looks at the suitcase and
clothes outside then reads the notice on the door: EVICTED

INT. STANLEY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Stanley watches Juliet through the binoculars but is
interrupted by a pounding on the door and when he opens it
Oliver is standing there with his suitcase.

OLIVER
You're on the couch.

Stanley is speechless as Oliver barges in, enters the bedroom, deposits his bags and returns.

OLIVER
What's with the face? You look like a woman, all dumb and surprised. You think this is a one lesson deal?

Oliver looks out the window and sees Juliet in the distance.

OLIVER
Nice view.

Stanley rushes over and closes the curtains.

STANLEY
What are you doing?

OLIVER
You want a degree in life then you're in for the long haul my friend. Where's the bathroom?

Oliver moves to the bathroom and closes the door. Stanley hesitates then follows him and pushes open the door to reveal Oliver, trousers around his ankles, on the toilet.

OLIVER
What happened to your ceiling?

STANLEY
Why am I on the couch?

OLIVER
Do you have a bad back? No. Me? Yes. Hence you on the couch.

STANLEY
This is my place.

OLIVER
It's now our place. And I say 'our' only as a kindness to you. Read the contract. You will of course continue paying the rent but this place of ours is mine so please leave my bathroom, I'm trying to take a shit. Oh, and get your wallet; we're going out.

STANLEY
No we're not.

OLIVER

Yes we are and you my friend
because you need to learn a
little about the female of the
species.

Stanley slams the door shut as he exits the bathroom,
hesitates then moves to the window and takes a peek at
Juliet through the curtains.

INT. GERRY'S BAR - NIGHT

Oliver and a nervous Stanley are in the bar, watching
women, as the barman GERRY pours a couple of whiskeys

OLIVER

Slow night Gerry.

GERRY

Not enough alcoholics around
these days.

OLIVER

I'll drink to that.

Oliver points out a woman to Stanley and Stanley sweats.

STANLEY

I can't do this.

OLIVER

Horseshit. Most of us live our
lives never experiencing a great
passion, a great yearning. Never
experience really living or come
close to actually dying. Most of
us never have the courage to try
for anything. Dictate your own
rules and the game gets
interesting. The ball goes into
play and victims line up and
every throw is double sixes. The
only thing that makes me appear
remarkable is how ordinary you
are. Time to invent a new self
Stanley. The self we create to
deal with pain of the real self.
Because what we call 'character'
is nothing more than an invented
series of tics and twitches that
can be learned by anybody.
Remember that. Anybody can be
anybody. Grow a little pair of
balls and you'll be a man my son.
Now look at this woman over here.
Tell me what you know about her.

STANLEY

Nothing I don't know who she is.

OLIVER

Yes you do.

STANLEY

How? I've never seen her before in my life. How would I...?

OLIVER

Look deeper. Look at her clothes. Watch her movements. What deliberate choices has she made about herself? What character signals is she sending out? What is she looking for? Needs, desires and hopes. Watch her. Laughs a little too readily, a little too loudly. Determine what she's compensating for and exploit the shit out of that weakness. Look at her tits.

STANLEY

I'm not comfortable doing this.

OLIVER

Shut your whining hole and look at her jugs.

STANLEY

What about them?

OLIVER

See the way she arches her back, you could rest your glass on the inside curve of her spine? Tits are sagging and she's not happy about it but she's not one for surgery so she uses a reinforced bra and an arched spine.

STANLEY

How would you know she's not into surgery? You can't know that.

OLIVER

Look at the mole on her neck. She's scratched it twice already. Conscious of it but still has never had it removed. And she has a kid. At least one.

STANLEY

How do you know?

OLIVER

See those tiny slivers of skin showing beneath her top. Too white. Stretch marks. It's also why the tits sagged early. And you want to know why she's here? Wants cock.

STANLEY

How can you possibly know that?

OLIVER

Chick with one kid that we know of in a bar on a weeknight? Screaming brats, sagging tits and stretch marks. Life is passing her by and she wants cock and she wants it fast because baby sitters are expensive. Now look closer. Tell me what you see?

STANLEY

She's...lonely.

OLIVER

Everybody's fucking lonely. You get no points for that. We're all dishonest rats in the sewer but what kind of loneliness is it? How can you exploit it to your advantage?

STANLEY

I just want to meet a nice girl.

OLIVER

Then go to Disneyland and dry hump Snow White's mannequin because there are no such things as nice girls, there are just different degrees of ass. You want to tap that ass?

STANLEY

But she's a parent. A mother.

OLIVER

So fucking what? I'm a parent; you think that makes me dead from the neck down?

STANLEY

You have a child?

OLIVER

Who gives a shit? We're losing focus here.

STANLEY

Boy or girl?

OLIVER

You're worse than a woman. Who knows. It was ten years ago and nothing to do with me. Now focus here, look at her, she's damaged goods. Best thing in the world for a man like you is a damaged woman. A woman who has been hurt and fucked around by an alpha male sex god like me so many times that eventually all she wants for the rest of her conservative days is a half ordinary, half decent, fully mediocre man like you.

Stanley is hurt and looks at Oliver.

OLIVER

That's the look. Damaged chicks lap that shit up. You'll get more pussy than Frank Sinatra with that nonce puppy dog look. Walk over and talk to her.

STANLEY

I can't. What do I say?

OLIVER

Can I buy you a drink?

STANLEY

That's it?

Stanley gets up and tries to stop the nervous shaking. Oliver grabs him and pulls him in for a pep talk.

OLIVER

A shivering excuse for a man. Why would a woman would want to touch you like this? Get some perspective man. Your life does not depend on getting this woman. This is a simple seduction. Stop putting your whole life, balls and cock on the line here. This will be a simple rejection or a simple success. Walk over to her like a man, take the power back.

Stanley hesitates then with deeply inhibited movements he begins to walk towards the woman but Oliver stops him.

OLIVER

What the fuck are you doing? I said walk like a man.

STANLEY

I am. How?

OLIVER

Swing your arms like your chest muscles are too big to let your arms straight down by your sides. And, John Wayne style, open your legs like your balls are too big to allow you to close your legs.

STANLEY

But what happens when she finds out that...my...aren't massive; that they're small, ordinary?

OLIVER

What?

STANLEY

I have below average testes.

OLIVER

Who gives a rat's ass? By the time you score your small balls will be in like Flynn doing the horizontal mambo and it'll be too late for her to complain.

STANLEY

What if I want to see her again?

OLIVER

Why would you? Do your thing, get out. Different poon every night. Now go, you can do this.

Stanley makes to move to the woman but before he reaches her she picks up her coat and exits. A confused Stanley moves back to Oliver.

OLIVER

Pick another.

STANLEY

But I thought she...

OLIVER

Don't hesitate Small Balls, pick another.

Stanley looks at a skinny woman.

STANLEY

What about her?

OLIVER

Anorexic lesbian - only thing
she'll eat is pussy.

They look at a woman with massive breasts.

OLIVER

She'd kill you. Tits so big, when
she needs a new bra she has to
apply for planning permission.

They look at two women in push up bras.

STANLEY

Them?

OLIVER

Prancing around in their push up
padded bras, pretending they're
four sizes bigger than they are,
then you get them home and all
you get is two dried apricots
swinging from the vine. I think
not. There should be an
advertising authority to back you
in bringing a civil case against
these lovely liars. Sue them for
false advertising. Women. Lovely
liars. What about...?

Suddenly one of the women screams and Stanley falls off the
stool as a gun is brought to the back of Oliver's head.

The other customers hesitate then in the scramble to get
out of the bar they knock over the jukebox halting the
music as it crashes to the floor.

Glass half raised, Oliver calmly looks at Gerry behind the
bar as the gun is jammed harder into the back of his skull.

MANAGER (O/C)

Move and I'll kill you.

Oliver pauses, then slowly and confidently brings the glass
to his lips and drains the scotch.

MANAGER (O/C)

I said don't move.

Oliver places the glass on the counter, turns to face the
barrel of the shotgun, looks into the almost crying eyes of
his manic boss, the Hotel Manager.

HOTEL MANAGER
You screwed my wife.

OLIVER
That I did, but, in my defense,
it was only because she begged me
to.

The Manager wails a piercing heartbreaking scream and makes to pull the trigger but - WHACK! - Gerry hits him from behind with a hurley and the manager collapses.

OLIVER
Gerry, this place is going down
the toilet.

GERRY
Sorry about that Oliver; have a
drink on the house?

As Gerry reaches for the bottle Stanley scrapes himself off the floor and stares at the unconscious manager.

OLIVER
Sit down my friend, Gerry here is
giving us one on the house. Do
you think that means I've lost my
job? It was him who I was hiding
from on the roof.

STANLEY
Shouldn't you call the police or
something?

OLIVER
Gerry will take care of that.

As Gerry pours two large whiskeys Stanley looks at Oliver with a new found awe.

GERRY
Oliver, can I ask you a question?

OLIVER
Don't let it interrupt your
pouring.

GERRY
Can I ask...did you ever...my wife?

Oliver pauses to carefully consider the question.

OLIVER
I'm offended you asked Gerry; you
know that bitch is too ugly.

Tense silence as Gerry stops pouring and stares at Oliver.

GERRY
You're right, she is.

Gerry laughs, and moves to put the bottle back.

OLIVER
Gerry...leave the bottle.

INT. STANLEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

A drunk and laughing Stanley and Oliver slump onto Stanley's bed and end up close together.

OLIVER
Don't worry you're not my type. I
like my men with big tits and no
dicks.

STANLEY
You want to know my type?

Stanley stumbles up, turns off the light, pulls back the curtain and hands Oliver the binoculars.

OLIVER
Small Balls? Resident pervert.

STANLEY
That window with the blue light
from the television.

Oliver looks through binoculars at Juliet as she watches television. He focuses on her birth mark.

OLIVER
Nice birth mark on her.

STANLEY
Her name is Juliet. A school
teacher. Isn't she an angel?

OLIVER
No woman is a saint. Way you talk
about her you'd think butter
wouldn't melt in her ass.

Stanley shocks Oliver by grabbing the binoculars.

STANLEY
I knew I shouldn't have shown
you.

OLIVER
Jesus, Small Balls you're serious
about this girl?

Stanley wells up.

STANLEY
I fucking love her.

INT. STANLEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

From the window Stanley and Oliver are watching Juliet below as she walks across the street to work.

STANLEY
Same time leaving every day and
same time coming home everyday
and more beautiful every day.

OLIVER
I got you to say 'fucking' last
night. That's a victory.

As Juliet passes the public telephone box Stanley continues lovingly watching her but Oliver has suddenly begun to focus on the telephone box.

OLIVER
You have to talk to her.

STANLEY
I can't. No way. I don't know how
to talk to women.

OLIVER
That's what you're going to learn
tonight.

EXT. STREET WHERE STANLEY LIVES - DAY

As Stanley and Oliver move down the street, unknown to Stanley Oliver stops, takes out his bookie pencil and quickly writes down the number of the public telephone box on a betting slip.

INT. SEX SHOP - DAY

Stanley tries not to look at the sex objects as Oliver picks up a can of pheromone spray.

STANLEY
What is it?

OLIVER
Pheromone spray. One squirt; the
women will be sniffing around you
like dogs. Works on real dogs
too.

Oliver nods at the guy behind the counter, slips him some money and the guy slips him a small bag of pills.

STANLEY
And what are they?

OLIVER
Facilitators.

INT. STANLEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Beers open, Stanley and Oliver are at the window again watching Juliet below as she walks home.

As Stanley lovingly gazes at her Oliver picks up Stanley's phone, taps in the number and waits.

Juliet reacts down on the street below as the public phone box rings.

Stanley suddenly realizes what Oliver is doing and panics.

STANLEY
What are you doing?

Stanley looks down at Juliet, watching in terrified excitement as Juliet looks around, hesitating beside the ringing phone.

Smiling at Stanley's yearning Oliver watches Juliet.

OLIVER
Come on baby, answer it.

Juliet reaches for the phone.

STANLEY
I can't. No, I can't.

But then she changes her mind and Stanley tries to conceal his disappointment as she chooses to ignore the phone and decides to continue walking home.

INT. STANLEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

As Oliver swigs on a beer, Stanley tries to focus on the small pill that Oliver holds out in his hand.

OLIVER
You and me my friend are going to pop them. Wash them down with this.

STANLEY
What will it do?

OLIVER
Make a man of you.

INT. STANLEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dressed in his underwear Stanley is insanely high and drunk and uninhibited as he demands more poppers.

STANLEY
Give me more. Give me more.

OLIVER
We'll take more when we get out.
Bend over.

Stanley bends over and Oliver sprays the pheromone spray onto his underwear.

STANLEY
More, spray more.

OLIVER
I've created a monster.

STANLEY
You said I had to learn to be bad.

OLIVER
Then say 'fucking' again.

STANLEY
No.

OLIVER
Just 'fuck' then. Come on altar boy you can say 'fuck.'

STANLEY
I don't use profanity and I'm not going to start now. Spray me.

OLIVER
Come on fuck-fuck say it.

STANLEY
I only say damn. Spray the damn sexy spray.

EXT. BUSY STREET - NIGHT

Oliver and Stanley get thrown out of a bar but high on the poppers Stanley just laughs and shouts at the bouncer.

STANLEY

I have been thrown out of much
finer establishments than this.

Stanley hears the thud of music in the bar across the way and cars skid to a halt as he drags Oliver across the street into the bar.

INT. GAY NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The drugs shoot through Stanley in a wave of paranoia as he stares at the sweaty leather clad macho men as they dance on the floor then he makes to quickly exit but Oliver stops him when he sees two women in the corner.

OLIVER

Wait. The fag hags who hang
around these places presume
you're no threat. In like Flynn.

A gloriously camp man, ALFRED, 40's approaches.

ALFRED

Hello boys.

OLIVER

My friend here is an undercover
hetro. Wants to come out of the
closet.

ALFRED

Undercover? James Bond.
(sings operatic style)
For Your Ass Only.

Oliver enjoys Stanley's embarrassment.

OLIVER

Don't blow his cover.

Alfred laughs as Oliver moves over to two large Gothic style ladies with studs on their tongues and rings on their lips and as he whispers to them and points in Stanley's direction Alfred continues singing 'For Your Ass Only.'

STANLEY

Could you please not do that?

ALFRED

(Sings)
We had joy; we had fun, when I
slammed it up your bum. I swear I
wont blow your cover. Unless you
really want me to.

Oliver approaches with the two large ladies, GLORIA, 30s, unstable and prone to psychosis, and her extra large bottomed friend ADINE.

OLIVER
Stanley, meet Gloria. Gloria,
meet the one and only Stanley.

GLORIA
You're my kind of man. Let's go.

As Gloria and her friend pick up their coats to leave Stanley turns to Oliver.

STANLEY
What did you say to her?

OLIVER
Shut up and don't fuck it up.

INT. GLORIA'S PLACE - NIGHT

As Gloria pours drinks Stanley tries to focus on the photographs on the wall but Gloria's dog keeps sniffing his ass and each time he pushes the dog away the dog becomes more determined than ever to bury his nose in Stanley's pheromone drenched ass.

GLORIA
He's never done that before,
sorry.

Gloria moves in closer, grabs Stanley and as she greedily kisses him he closes his eyes and as they kiss the dog keeps sniffing Stanley's ass. It all seems to be going splendidly well until we move around to see that Gloria's eyes are calmly open.

Stanley continues kissing her and as he opens his eyes for a second, mouths still clamped together, he does a double take as he sees her eyes are wide open.

They stare at each other eyeball to eyeball as they continue kissing, and while Gloria is perfectly calm, Stanley becomes uncomfortable and he stops the kiss.

GLORIA
What's wrong?

STANLEY
Nothing.

GLORIA
It's the eye thing isn't it?

STANLEY

Thing?

GLORIA

Keeping them open.

STANLEY

(Covering)

I hadn't noticed.

GLORIA

I just like to watch while I,
while we...I just like to watch. Is
that alright?

Stanley nods. They kiss again with their eyes open and we see Gloria from Stanley's p.o.v. looking like a calm whacko. Stanley looks anywhere except at her then as the dog tries to hump his leg he politely breaks the kiss.

STANLEY

Can I use your bathroom?

INT. GLORIA'S BATHROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT

Stanley meets Oliver in the hallway as he carries two beers into the bedroom.

OLIVER

Nothing like a fat bottomed girl.
Don't know whether to eat it,
fuck it, or beat it. Slip her ass
between two slices of bread and
you could cure world hunger.

STANLEY

What did you say to her about me?

OLIVER

Why, what's wrong?

STANLEY

She kisses with her eyes open.

OLIVER

So?

STANLEY

She was staring at me.

OLIVER

That's a walk in the park. I had
a chick once who every time I did
her doggy style her tang gasped
like a fart machine.

(MORE)

OLIVER(cont'd)

Initially I thought I could, you know, grin and bear it, but after a couple of days...

He demonstrates hot air rising combined with the sounds.

OLIVER

And that smell, a very peculiar kind of natural perfume my friend. And that other one - when she came? Destroyed the sheets. Like humping a sperm whale. And the other one who claimed my milk was good for her follicles so she'd insist mid sex that I, as you'd say, arrive on her hair. Women are psychos my friend. Sometimes that's good, sometimes bad, but as long as you know it in advance, you know better how to stalk your prey.

STANLEY

Prey?

OLIVER

If you want to.

As Oliver moves away Stanley goes into the bathroom.

INT. GLORIA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Stanley pulls off his trousers and underwear, smells the pheromone drenched underwear, rolls them up in a ball, looks around for somewhere to put them, pulls open the window, throws the underwear out the window, quickly pulls his trousers back on and stares at himself in the mirror.

STANLEY

Who do want to be?

INT. GLORIA'S PLACE - NIGHT

As Stanley returns Gloria has stripped down to her underwear.

GLORIA

Too many men are pussies. I like the way you're holding back on taking me too. Making me wait, making me want it more.

The dog sniffs Stanley's crotch, looks confused then exits.

GLORIA

He told me you'd be the man I can act out my fantasies with. The ones I can't tell to anyone, except you.

Stanley struggles to clear his throat.

STANLEY

What type of...?

GLORIA

I lie in bed, pretending I'm asleep, and you're a thief breaking in. You think the place is empty but then you're surprised to see me asleep, my outline underneath the light bedsheet, and you know it's too good an opportunity, so you slowly slide the sheet off me and have a good look at my body, my heaving breasts, my exposed bottom. Then you gently taste me from behind and in my sleep I'm getting pleasure but then I wake and as I'm about to scream you clamp your hand around my throat. I tell you my boyfriend is on his way home and you tell me you're going to force him to taste you as I watch. And I get embarrassed because the thought turns me on and you notice this so you tell me you're going to take my boyfriend from behind as I taste him and I slowly open my legs as I reach for your...then I put on a strap-on and, as I give you a reach around, I fuck you hard in the ass. What do you think?

Stanley is speechless and a little terrified. Then the panting dog bursts back in the door with Stanley's underwear in his mouth.

GLORIA

Strong, silent type. I like that. Give me a second.

As Gloria exists to her bedroom Stanley grabs the underwear from the dog, bolts for the door, and the dog follows him as he runs out, whispering 'Oliver?' But there is no reply. He hides in the doorway as Gloria passes him, kicking the dog, and we follow her as she steps back into the empty room, wearing her bra, panties and an obscenely large Strap-on.

GLORIA
Stanley?

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE GLORIA'S PLACE - NIGHT -

Inside the elevator a panicked and semi-clad Stanley pushes the growling amorous dog out of the elevator as he presses the elevator buttons, waiting for the doors to slide shut.

As Gloria steps out into the hallway Stanley backs into the corner of the lift praying for the elevator doors to close and as he hears her coming down the hallway he sees the massive Strap-on followed by her ample body.

GLORIA
What are you doing?

STANLEY
I'm not who you think I am.

GLORIA
Come on out here Stanley and get laid by a real woman.

The elevator doors slide closed but, instead of closing all the way, they slam against the strap-on then repeatedly slam against it again and again, straining to close as the dog sniffs frantically through the opening.

Stanley kicks out at the strap-on causing it to fly out and the dog whelps as the elevator doors finally slam shut.

EXT. BUILDING WHERE STANLEY AND OLIVER LIVE - DAY

Next morning. Still watching the building Lisa suddenly gets out of her car, walks around opens the door and holds it open for her kid to get out but Joey doesn't move.

INT. STANLEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Next morning. A fully clothed, badly hung over and unconscious Stanley lies on the bed as Oliver enters, holding the betting slip and tapping in the phone number.

OLIVER
Gloria wasn't too impressed with you last night but it's okay, I pacified her for you.

STANLEY
How?

OLIVER
Don't ask.

STANLEY

I don't like who I'm becoming.
All I'm doing is learning how to
manipulate people, learning how
to lie more effectively.

OLIVER

That's not true. All you're doing
is peeling away the layers of
bullshit and lies to reveal the
simple truth. And you know what
that truth is? I want to fuck
you. And you know what her truth
is? She wants to fuck you. And
that's the gospel truth. You
ready?

Oliver stands beside him and they watch Juliet as she walks
then reacts as the phone rings.

Both men watch as Juliet stops, tentatively reaches for the
phone then picks it up and Stanley hears her voice through
the earpiece.

JULIET (O.C.)

Hello?

Stanley instantly becomes a nervous wreck and can't speak.
Oliver covers the mouthpiece and is surprisingly gentle.

OLIVER

Talk to her. Just say hello.

Stanley vigorously shakes his head and Oliver hangs up.

OLIVER

What the fuck is wrong with you?

Stanley watches Juliet as she hangs up and walks away.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE STANLEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lisa clips a note to Joey's collar, fixes his schoolbag
then kisses him but he stubbornly wipes away the kiss.

MOTHER

You're going to be okay.

Joey gives his mother the middle finger salute and as she
knocks on the door, she bites back tears before going to
the end of the hall and hiding. Oliver answers the door.

OLIVER

No cookies today.

Oliver makes to close the door but stops when he sees the kid hasn't moved away.

OLIVER
Hey deaf mute, no cookies.

Joey just stares at Oliver.

OLIVER
What the fuck are you looking at?

Stanley appears at the door and looks at Joey.

STANLEY
Hello.

OLIVER
I think he's one of them retarded kids.
(loud slow speech)
Hey kid, who are you and what the fuck do you want?

Stanley crouches down and adopts a patronizing voice.

STANLEY
Hello little boy, can you speak?

JOEY
Fuck you pervert.

Stanley backs off in shock.

OLIVER
That's it kid, you tell him.

JOEY
And fuck you too.

OLIVER
Toilet-mouthed motherfucker.

Oliver steps out and checks the hall as Stanley sees the note around Joey's neck and tentatively opens it.

As Oliver stares down the corridor Lisa pulls herself back into the corner and he doesn't see her.

OLIVER
Hey, Ricky Retardo, where's your mother?

STANLEY
Wait, listen.
(reading)
'Oliver. I cannot handle his behavior anymore.
(MORE)

STANLEY(cont'd)

I've been offered a contract for five days and I'm taking it. Joey is at an age now where he needs a father's discipline, where he needs to learn what it means to be a man. Signed Lisa. P.S. He's in school at eight thirty. This is the address...'

OLIVER

Get the fuck out of here. Who put you up to this? This is a joke. Check the calender. April first.

Joey just continues to stare at Oliver.

OLIVER

How do I even know if the piss ant is mine?

Joey punches him hard in the balls and Oliver goes down.

STANLEY

He's yours alright.

OLIVER

Toilet-mouth piece of shit motherfucker, you think you're staying here, you can go fuck yourself.

Lisa runs back up the corridor and rushes in.

LISA

See what I have to contend with?

Oliver is stunned to see Lisa.

OLIVER

What are you trying to do to me?

LISA

He needs a father.

OLIVER

Prove the little bastard's mine.

Again with terrific speed Joey kicks him in the balls.

LISA

Joey please don't kick your father's testicles. Oliver you've avoided being a parent for nine years. Can you be a father for five damn days?

Oliver looks to Stanley.

STANLEY

We can't just throw him out on the street.

Oliver stands.

OLIVER

Punching me in the nuts? I should throw him out the motherfucking window.

LISA

I see you haven't changed.

OLIVER

And rest assured I never will. I don't want to spend five minutes with the piss ant much less five days but you go on your bullshit trip, however, let me tell you, this is a once off deal. Don't dream of dumping him on me again.

LISA

I have to go. You going to be okay?

Joey ignores her and she gives her number to Oliver.

LISA

The number I'll be staying at.

Lisa hesitates, kisses Joey hard, then as she exits, Oliver watches her go down the corridor and vanish.

STANLEY

Joey, you're very welcome to stay here.

As Joey turns around and strolls into the apartment Oliver and Stanley stare at him.

OLIVER

It's the fucking Omen. Ever hear of thank you piss ant?

Joey turns and tries to punch Oliver in the balls again but Oliver is ready for him and quickly moves out of the way.

OLIVER

Woooahh, hands off the merchandise that made you.

Joey points up and as Oliver looks up Joey again hits him with deadly accuracy in the balls and Oliver groans and collapses onto the couch.

STANLEY

He'll need a sandwich.

Oliver holds his balls and as he and Joey stare at each other Stanley throws Joey an apple and quickly makes him a sandwich for school.

STANLEY

He's going to be late.

OLIVER

For what?

STANLEY

School. Quick, get dressed.

OLIVER

You think I'm bring this devil child to school? You bring him.

STANLEY

But I'm not his parent.

OLIVER

Pretend you are, I don't give a shit. My balls are...I should be in hospital having a big assed nurse caressing my nut sack not bringing that shithead to school.

JOEY

Don't talk about women like that.

OLIVER

Like what?

JOEY

Like shit.

OLIVER

Watch your mouth kid.

JOEY

That's funny.

OLIVER

What is?

JOEY

The way you talk about women you think you're qualified to give me a lesson in morality?

OLIVER

Just my luck. Two hundred and fifty million sperm in each ejaculation and I end up with some kind of prodigy. You're nine years of old you cheeky shit; What would you know about morality or qualification?

JOEY

What's age got to do with it? You're what, sixty, and you don't know jack shit about it either?

OLIVER

Where did you get that rancid mouth of yours you cheeky fuck?

JOEY

Where did you get that rancid mouth of yours you cheeky fuck?

OLIVER

Get your mother. I can't believe that bitch did this to me.

Joey throws the apple with vicious force and again hits Oliver in the nuts with deadly accuracy. Oliver screams out in pain and lunges for Joey but Stanley quickly intercedes.

STANLEY

Okay, I'll bring him.

As Stanley ushers Joey out the door, Oliver, grabbing his balls, yells at them from the couch.

OLIVER

Don't bring him to school. He knows too much already, send the genius out to get a job, he's old enough, let him earn his keep.

As they close the door Oliver looks down at his balls and talks to them in a baby's voice.

OLIVER

Are you okay boys? I know. I'm sorry. Did the bold boy hit you?

He picks up the apple, takes a bite, chews but suddenly stops, thinks for a long moment, then whispers to himself.

OLIVER

I have a son.

EXT/INT. - BUS - DAY

Joey and Stanley sit together in silence as the bus drives. Joey looks out the window and Stanley stares straight ahead. Without looking at Stanley, Joey at last speaks.

JOEY

Why does he talk about women like that?

STANLEY

He thinks...he thinks it makes him a man.

Silence.

JOEY

It makes him a dick.

Silence.

STANLEY

He's your father.

Silence.

JOEY

He's a dick.

Long silence.

JOEY

Thanks for the sandwich.

Silence.

STANLEY

You're welcome.

As the bus continues they haven't looked at each other and they're still sitting in silence but there is a relaxed ease between them now and both of them are aware of it.

INT. JOEY'S SCHOOL - DAY

As Stanley brings Joey into his class he smiles and makes to leave but he does a double take when he sees who Joey's teacher is - Juliet, the woman he has been watching through his window. He stands in stunned paralysis staring at her until the children start laughing and she approaches him.

JULIET

Hello.

Stanley goes red with self-consciousness and can't answer.

JULIET
Are you okay?

STANLEY
I'm Joey's...father.

JULIET
Have we met before?

STANLEY
I don't think...no.

The large burly Principal Mister Rose interrupts.

JULIET
This is our Principal, Mister
Rose.

As Juliet moves away the Principal takes Stanley's hand.

PRINCIPAL
Do you think you are free to
arrange an appointment for
tomorrow?

But Stanley barely hears him as he watches Juliet float
away.

INT. STANLEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Oliver, Stanley and Joey silently watch television. Joey
sneaks a glance at Oliver but Oliver doesn't respond. As
Joey looks back at the television Oliver sneaks a glance at
Joey but Joey doesn't respond.

INT. STANLEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Joey, in his school uniform, with bag on his back is
waiting to leave as Stanley struggles to get Oliver to go
with them.

STANLEY
But you have to come.

OLIVER
You told him you were his father
so who gives a shit?

STANLEY
You, I hope.

Oliver grabs his coat.

OLIVER
Kid, you're getting to be a real
pain in the scrotum.

EXT/INT. BUS - DAY

Joey and Stanley sit near the front in the same seat but Oliver slouches at the back, watching them. As Joey turns around to look at him Oliver studiously looks away.

INT. JOEY'S SCHOOL - DAY

As Joey leaves them to go to class Stanley smiles.

STANLEY
See you later.

Oliver makes to say something but Joey is gone.

INT. JOEY'S SCHOOL, OUTSIDE PRINCIPAL ROSE'S OFFICE - DAY

As Oliver and Stanley sit outside Stanley contentedly smiles.

OLIVER
What the hell are you grinning
at?

Stanley abruptly stops smiling.

INT. JOEY'S SCHOOL, PRINCIPAL ROSE'S OFFICE - DAY

From his high chair Principal Rose smiles at both of them as they uncomfortably sit in the lower chairs.

PRINCIPAL
It really is so good to meet you
at last.

STANLEY
Same here.

Oliver says nothing so Stanley nudges him.

OLIVER
Yeah, it's a real...it really is.

PRINCIPAL
Joey is some boy.

STANLEY
He is, isn't he.

OLIVER
Yeah, he's some boyo alright.

PRINCIPAL
And how readily he has accepted
you two is an inspiration.

OLIVER
What do you mean?

PRINCIPAL
The two of you. His acceptance.

OLIVER
You're losing me here Rosie.

PRINCIPAL
The way he has welcomed you as a
couple.

OLIVER
As a what?

PRINCIPAL
It's okay, Joey told me you
were...together.

OLIVER
Me and him?

PRINCIPAL
If I've been indiscreet please
forgive me.

OLIVER
Me and him?

PRINCIPAL
If I've offended you I apologize.

OLIVER
Me and...? Me? Gay? Look at me.
Me? Look at me for Christ's sake.
I'm a pussy magnet. In fact I
don't give a shit you think I'm a
knob jockey but don't you think
if I was I'd get better far
superior dick than this twat?

PRINCIPAL
I think he's rather nice.

OLIVER
 Do you now? Okay, while you two
 hold hands and reminisce about
 'The Wizard of Oz' I'm going to
 find Joey and give him a good old
 heterosexual hiding.

As Oliver exits The Principal stares at Stanley then tentatively begins to sing a song from The Wizard of Oz. Stanley smiles politely and as he exits Principal Rose just shrugs and continues singing to himself.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

Stanley rushes after Oliver who is peering into the doors of different classes scanning for Joey.

OLIVER
 Told you I'd get you laid.

STANLEY
 With a woman. Why do they all
 sing to me?

OLIVER
 You inspire them. There's the
 little shit.

STANLEY
 Remember, I'm his father.

Oliver pulls open the door and points at Joey.

OLIVER
 You, shithead, outside now.

Oliver hears the teacher's voice behind him.

JULIET
 Excuse me?

Oliver turns to dismiss the teacher but does a double take when he sees it is Juliet.

OLIVER
 You're his teacher?

JULIET
 And who are you?

OLIVER
 His...his, I'm Oliver.

Stanley enters and blushes when he sees Juliet.

JULIET
You must be Stanley's partner?

Oliver is dismayed.

OLIVER
Do I look gay to you?

JULIET
What does gay look like?

OLIVER
Like him. Not me. You for
example? You're obviously not a
carpet-muncher. Look at me for
god's sake. I'm as manly as a man
can be. You tell her Stanley,
aren't I?

Stanley can't help getting revenge.

STANLEY
He's so manly. It's sensational.

JOEY
Nice one Stan.

OLIVER
Shut your hole, lying shithead.

JULIET
Please do not use that language
in my class.

OLIVER
I apologize, but that degenerate
lowlife...okay boys and girls,
hands up who thinks I look gay?

The boys and girls hesitate then slowly one starts to put
his hand up but Oliver snaps at him.

OLIVER
Put your hand down; you don't
even know what I'm talking about.
You, sexy teacher, take a gander
at the goods and tell me I look
gay.

JULIET
Me thinks he doth protest too
much. What's that from children?

The children laugh in recognition and say, 'Hamlet.'

OLIVER
 Don't get all Shakespearey on me.
 Give a woman an inch and she'll
 take all six inches. Or in my
 case, nine and a half. Joey, tell
 your teacher and this class right
 now that I'm no fag.

The large security guard appears and Oliver looks at his barrel chest.

OLIVER
 Aren't you a big boy?

Juliet looks at Oliver like he's just said the gayest thing imaginable and the kids laugh.

OLIVER
 I didn't mean it that way. I
 meant it in a casual threatening
 way. The way Jimmy Cagney
 would've said it.
 (Imitating Cagney)
 'Aren't you a big boy?'

He looks to the security man.

OLIVER
 You know what I mean don't you?

CUT TO

Oliver being thrown out of the building with the kids cheering at the top window.

INT. TOY STORE - DAY

Oliver, Stanley and Joey shop for a baseball and glove in the toy store. Joey tries to feign indifference but he is excited as he turns to Stanley.

JOEY
 Can I have a look around?

STANLEY
 Of course, go ahead.

As Joey moves away Oliver is jealous.

OLIVER
 Why did he ask you?

STANLEY
 What?

OLIVER
He asked you could he...never
mind.

STANLEY
Are you okay?

OLIVER
I have a son, can you believe
that?

STANLEY
Who is going to grow up like you.

OLIVER
A mini me.

STANLEY
You want that?

OLIVER
Absolutely.

Stanley looks at Oliver, asking him to consider his answer.

OLIVER
Why wouldn't I?

Stanley says nothing as Oliver considers Joey becoming just
like him then realizes it's the last thing he wants.

OLIVER
No. My god, no.

STANLEY
Then do something.

OLIVER
Do what?

STANLEY
Teach by example.

OLIVER
The kid thinks I'm an asshole.

STANLEY
He might be right.

OLIVER
What do I do?

STANLEY
Be good I suppose.

OLIVER
How?

STANLEY

I don't know. Do three good deeds.

OLIVER

What the fuck are they?

STANLEY

Nice things for people.

OLIVER

Okay. I can do that.

An unsure Oliver makes to continue walking then stops.

OLIVER

Like what?

STANLEY

You'd have to destroy the personal image you've spent years creating. There's no way you're going to sacrifice that.

OLIVER

That's a lovely speech. Now, how to be good. Give me the skinny on how to fake it.

STANLEY

You're unbelievable. Tell me a single good deed you'd like to do for someone?

OLIVER

There are several women I'd like to do good deeds for, real good.

STANLEY

If you're not going to take this seriously...

OLIVER

Jesus Christ Stan, help me out here will you? I'm obviously not too up on the good deeds notion. What makes a good man? I have no idea. Teach me?

STANLEY

Keep it simple. On the street, pick up a piece of paper and put it in the bin. Give a little to the poor. Help an old lady across the street.

OLIVER

That's it?

STANLEY

The imitation of goodness can make you become what you imitate.

OLIVER

Don't get all Mister Miagi on me you shit; you don't wear it well.

STANLEY

Do three good deeds a day, three deeds that are of no benefit to you, without telling anybody about it, then you will feel the difference inside here.

OLIVER

But I spent years developing my asshole-iality. I'm just supposed to drop all that hard learned magic? The world kicks the shit out of good guys. Good guys don't finish last; they're not even allowed to enter the fucking race.

Joey returns with a glove and baseball.

JOEY

Ready?

Oliver looks at Joey, forces a smile and nods.

INT. PARK - DAY

In the park the other kids play soccer but Oliver and Stanley watch, broken hearted, as Joey finds it difficult to fit in.

Then the ball rolls towards Stanley and Stanley stops it with his foot, and Oliver jealously watches as Stanley nods to Joey and passes the ball across to him.

As Joey makes to kick it, another kid, IGNATIUS, a spoilt brat, comes in, slips the ball away from him and scores and Oliver winces as he sees Joey's deflation.

Ignatius stands beside Joey and looks over at Oliver and Stanley.

IGNATIUS

That your Mommie and Daddy?

Joey smiles calmly then smacks Ignatius in the face, busting his nose. As Ignatius screams in pain Joey strolls over to proud Oliver and a horrified Stanley.

STANLEY

Joey, what did you do?

JOEY

He said you two were my Mommie and Daddy.

OLIVER

He what?

STANLEY

Let's just leave Oliver.

OLIVER

Which one did he say was the Mommie?

JOEY

What?

OLIVER

Of the two of us which one was supposed to be the...mother figure?

JOEY

I didn't ask him.

OLIVER

You can't just hit people because they called Stanley a woman.

STANLEY

What?

OLIVER

Even if it was, frankly, a splendid slap.

JOEY

It was good, wasn't it?

OLIVER

Where did you learn to throw a dig like that son?

STANLEY

Oliver...

OLIVER

What?

STANLEY

Can I have a word?

As Oliver moves to Stanley he proudly speaks to Joey.

OLIVER
Give me a second slugger.

STANLEY
Don't you see what you're doing?

OLIVER
You telling me that wasn't a
great crack on the nose?

STANLEY
But surely you...

OLIVER
Kid's a natural.

STANLEY
Your son is a bully Oliver.
Remember what we talked about?
Yet here you are rewarding his
behavior with...

OLIVER
Alright, shut the fuck up, I get
the point. It's worse than having
a fucking wife with you.

Oliver moves back to the excited Joey.

JOEY
Did you hear the crack when I...?

OLIVER
Stop boasting; no more breaking
noses okay?

JOEY
But I thought...

OLIVER
Well you thought wrong.

Joey is confused and hurt as Oliver stares at him, their moment of connection destroyed. Stanley moves to Joey as Oliver walks away and Ignatius' pockmarked rich father, RONALD, rushes over to tackle Stanley.

RONALD
His nose could be broken. Your
son might have broken his nose.

Oliver turns back disgusted that anybody would think that Joey is Stanley's son.

OLIVER

What is it with you people? You think that deadbeat is his son? Look at him for Christ's sake? He has a sperm count in the minus.

RONALD

Who are you?

OLIVER

I'm Joey's old man.

STANLEY

Oliver, let's go.

RONALD

Look what your ruffian son did to Ignatius.

OLIVER

My what son? From what I heard, little Ignatius here is a bit of a chip off the old yuppie smart ass piece of shit block himself.

RONALD

I beg your pardon.

OLIVER

No need to beg, you can have it. I pardon you.

Stanley sees that Joey is getting excited by Oliver standing up for him.

STANLEY

Oliver, please...

OLIVER

What's your hurry?

JOEY

Yeah Stanley, what's your hurry? You tell him Dad.

Oliver responds to being called 'Dad' - he likes it.

RONALD

I could call the police right now.

STANLEY

There's no need for that.

OLIVER
 Yeah, you could but the local cop
 is probably at home getting some
 pipe work done by Ignatius'
 mother. Let's go son.

As they make to move away Ronald calls after them.

RONALD
 How dare you.

Instead of continuing to walk away Oliver sees the excited
 look in Joey's eyes and goes back to Ronald and Ignatius.

OLIVER
 Dare I? You telling me you're a
 hundred percent sure the only
 pipe ever laid in your house is
 yours? Don't be naive my
 pockmarked friend.

Joey laughs and gives the middle finger salute to Ignatius.

JOEY
 You tell him Dad.

Fuelled by his son's newfound admiration for him Oliver
 steps closer to Ronald.

OLIVER
 Look at you; rich shirt, squeaky
 clean new shoes and hard worked
 for credit cards stuck in your
 steam cleaned suit. Yet you're
 the one here. Despite all that
 hard work, you're the one stuck
 in the park with the brat who's
 probably not yours in the first
 place. Where is the little lovely
 loving wife?

RONALD
 Dead.

OLIVER
 Who's going down on her right now
 do you think?

RONALD
 My wife died last month.

Oliver struggles to ignore what he has just heard.

OLIVER
 So the only thing going down on
 her are worms?

Oliver laughs at his own joke, a little too loudly and a little too forced. Looking around to see that nobody else is laughing he struggles to maintain his smile.

OLIVER
Come on, don't bullshit me. For
real, where is the missus?

As Ronald begins to weep his son tenderly takes his hand.

IGNATIUS
Dad, it's okay.

OLIVER
Tell me you're shitting me.
You've got to be shitting me.

As Oliver looks to Joey he tries to laugh but Joey just looks back at him in embarrassed silence, all admiration gone. Stanley puts his hand on Ronald's shoulder.

OLIVER
Suddenly I'm the bad guy?

Oliver's embarrassment turns to anger.

OLIVER
What are you crying about you
fuck? Drama queen histrionics.
Making me look bad in front of my
kid you fucking rich nonce. Come
on Joey let's get the fuck out of
here.

But Joey doesn't move. He looks at Ronald then to Ignatius.

JOEY
I'm sorry.

OLIVER
You're apologizing to these
shits? Don't you apologize to...

STANLEY
Oliver, stop.

OLIVER
Stop what? Stop fucking what? I'm
not the one who said...I'm not
the...you're with this rich fuck?

STANLEY
Just leave it.

OLIVER
You sound like a fucking woman.
Just leave it.

(MORE)

OLIVER(cont'd)

Motherfucker is lucky I don't
kick his dentist polished teeth
in.

STANLEY

Oliver, please...

Oliver suddenly pushes Stanley hard and both Stanley and
Joey are shocked.

OLIVER

Who the fuck do you think you're
talking to?

STANLEY

Don't do this.

Too late to back down now without losing face Oliver pushes
Stanley harder and Stanley falls to the ground.

OLIVER

You think we're equals here
fucko? You don't ever tell me
what to do. You want to know what
kind of man your new best friend
here is son?

Stanley gets to his feet.

JOEY

Leave him alone.

OLIVER

You're siding with him?

JOEY

He's better than you.

OLIVER

Is he now?

Oliver rushes at Stanley and hits him a brutally fast three
punch combination to the face and Joey is horrified as
Stanley slumps to the ground.

OLIVER

Better than me now is he?

Joey rushes to help Stanley and as he holds him he looks at
Oliver.

JOEY

You're a dick.

OLIVER

Yeah?

JOEY

Yeah.

Oliver makes a rush at Joey to hit him and stops his fist just short of contact but as he stares at Joey, Joey stares right back at him and they hold this for a long time then Oliver pulls away.

OLIVER

I'm finished with you fucks. All of you all can kiss my hairy independent ass.

As Oliver storms away Joey looks to Ignatius and his crying father.

INT. STANLEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Stanley holds an ice pack against his jaw as Joey watches television. Suddenly the door bursts open and a drunk Oliver is standing there.

OLIVER

Right Fucko, our contract hasn't ended yet; you and me are going for a drink.

STANLEY

We can't leave Joey here alone.

OLIVER

Yes we can.

As Oliver pushes Stanley out he looks to his son but Joey just gives him the middle finger salute and stares back at the television.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Standing at the bar Oliver knocks back another drink and aggressively orders another round.

STANLEY

I understand you're upset but we really should get back to Joey.

Oliver grabs Stanley and pulls him over to a sexy woman and her thug boyfriend.

OLIVER

Forgive the intrusion but this gentleman here asked me to tell you that he'd like to slip his schlong into your missus' muff.

The boyfriend thug rushes at a terrified Stanley.

BOYFRIEND

You have five seconds to get out of here.

STANLEY

No problem.

BOYFRIEND

Have I got a problem?

STANLEY

No, I said no problem.

BOYFRIEND

What's my problem?

STANLEY

No, I said...

BOYFRIEND

You're the fucking problem.

STANLEY

Please, don't do this. My friend here is just angry with me and...

OLIVER

I'm no friend of his mister. A man who talks about your lady like that.

BOYFRIEND

Don't do what? This?

He pushes Stanley and Stanley looks to Oliver for help but Oliver just smiles an ugly smile.

OLIVER

Called it a work of ass he did mister. Ass-tonishing he said. Described it as an ass-terpiece mister. Favourite food must be ass-paragus he said. Then wondered what she was doing with an ass-hole like you mister. His words not mine.

The Boyfriend punches Stanley in the face and as Stanley goes down Oliver laughs at him. As the Boyfriend drags Stanley up to hit him again Oliver casually steps in.

OLIVER

Alright, that's enough.

But the boyfriend ignores him and throws another punch.

OLIVER

I said that's enough Fucko.

The Boyfriend pushes Oliver away and makes to smack Stanley again but before his fist makes impact Oliver steps in and with straight fingers extended he darts the Boyfriend in the throat.

Suddenly unable to breathe the stunned Boyfriend grabs his own throat and as he begins to panic his girlfriend rushes to him. Oliver pulls Stanley off the ground.

OLIVER

Not much of a father figure now,
are you Small Balls?

EXT. JULIET'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Holding Stanley around the back of his neck Oliver pounds on Juliet's door.

OLIVER

You interfere with my business I
interfere with yours. Like many a
moralist you're nothing but a
hypocrite. Everyone thinks you're
the nice guy and I'm the shit.
So, Mister Nice Guy how can you
go to your grave knowing you're a
lying lowlife fake?

Juliet opens the door.

OLIVER

Remember us?

Juliet looks at Stanley's bleeding nose.

JULIET

Are you alright? Come in.

OLIVER

He got into his first fist fight.
He'll survive. For an hour
anyway. He has something to tell
you school teacher. Come on Small
Balls, 'fess up to the lady.

STANLEY

Why are you doing this?

OLIVER

Think you're better than me do
you? Judging me? Go on, tell her.

JULIET
You're hurting him.

OLIVER
You won't be defending him when
you hear...Let me ask you, did
you never think of having that
birth mark on your thigh removed?

Juliet steps back and becomes uneasy.

JULIET
Who are you?

OLIVER
Stanley Small Balls here has the
window to your soul Teach. Tell
her Stan.

Juliet looks to Stanley and he almost weeps.

STANLEY
I never meant to hurt you.

JULIET
What's going on here?

OLIVER
Not only is this liar not Joey's
old man, our resident pervert
here has been watching you
through his window with
binoculars. Too much of a coward
to talk to you he prefers to jerk
off watching you instead.

STANLEY
That's not true, I have never...I
swear to you...

JULIET
You've been spying on me?

STANLEY
It's not like that.

JULIET
Then tell me how it is?

OLIVER
I'll leave you two love birds for
a moment, I have to get somebody.

As Oliver moves away Juliet stares at Stanley.

JULIET
I'm waiting.

STANLEY

I only watched...I know the way you come home and throw your mail in the bin then take it out again. I know the way you love to dance to Mavin Gaye. The way you sit at four in the morning and watch the late night movies. Sometimes I watch them at the same time and pretend we have conversations. I know the way you cry. For no reason. I know I do the same. For no reason.

JULIET

Don't pretend you're a...You're just some scum with a telescope.

STANLEY

I'm not.

JULIET

Then what are you?

STANLEY

Lonely. I was...lonely. I looked at people's lives because I...didn't have one of my own. Then you moved in. And...I really believe if you got to know me...This is not who I am.

JULIET

Then who are you?

STANLEY

The man who loves you.

Juliet stares at him then slams the door shut in his face. As a broken Stanley reaches to touch the door a manic Oliver arrives with a sleepy Joey.

OLIVER

Did we miss the show? Not to worry because the main event is about to kick in and you Joey are going to get to see the true character of your beloved surrogate father here.

EXT. HIGH DANGEROUS BRIDGE - NIGHT

A terrified Stanley is standing on top of the bridge being held by Oliver begging Oliver to stop as Oliver manically grins at Joey.

OLIVER
Can't do it huh? Jump you
cowardly fuck.

Stanley screams for Oliver to stop then Oliver drags him down, dumps him on the ground and turns to Joey.

OLIVER
See Joey? Coward. He's the liar.
Not me. You happy now? Let's get
the fuck out of here.

As Oliver and Joey move away Stanley holds back and looks down at the dangerous water.

Stanley steps back and as Joey turns to look at him Stanley runs at the bridge.

Oliver turns to see what Joey is watching just in time to see Stanley launch himself off the bridge and tumble into the deep water below.

JOEY
He can't swim.

OLIVER
Bit late to give him lessons now.

JOEY
Do something.

OLIVER
What does he want? A round of
applause. I'm not going to freeze
my balls off for that
motherfucker who's only doing
this in the first place to make
me look bad in front of my kid.

JOEY
Help him.

A reluctant Oliver moves back and looks over the bridge.

JOEY
He's drowning.

OLIVER
Not my style kid. I'm not the
humanitarian hero type. It's look
after number one, kill or be
killed, the survival of the... ah
fuck it.

Oliver jumps over the edge of the bridge and launches himself into the water.

Joey watches as Oliver tries to see Stanley under the dark water. He begins to panic and dives one final time returning to the surface with a spluttering Stanley.

He tries to bring him to the edge but Stanley's thrashing panic is endangering them both.

OLIVER

I swear to Christ I'll fucking
drown you myself if you don't
stop hitting me.

Stanley calms down and Oliver drags him to the edge. Stanley coughs and splutters and a jealous Oliver watches as Joey puts his arms around Stanley. Stanley looks up at Oliver, unaware of the jealousy raging through Oliver.

STANLEY

Now you're a hero.

OLIVER

You think so?
(to Joey)
Why don't you call him Dad?

STANLEY

Oliver, he's just...

OLIVER

I'll tell you what, why don't you
two fucks just get married. Two
bastards trying to make me good.
This whole conscience horseshit.
I was much fucking happier before
I met either of you and you know
what, I want the old me back.

Oliver gets up and starts to walk away.

JOEY

Where are you going?

OLIVER

I'm going to get a pint of
whiskey then I'm going to shit in
the cathedral and then I'm going
to Hell and there's nothing you
two good deed dicks can do about
it. You hear me? I want *me* back.

JOEY

Yeah, you do that. Fuck off and
live your all important life.

OLIVER

You know what kid? I tried. I
really did.

(MORE)

OLIVER(cont'd)

But did you ever think, maybe the
deadbeat here is you?

As Oliver turns and walks away Stanley puts his hand on
Joey's shoulder.

STANLEY

He doesn't mean it Joey. He
doesn't mean any of it.

Concealing his emotions Joey pushes Stanley's hand away.

JOEY

Leave me alone.

INT. STANLEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Joey goes into the room and slumps on the bed as Stanley
looks across to Juliet's windows and sees that she has
closed the curtains for the first time. He throws the
binoculars in the bin.

INT. GERRY'S BAR - NIGHT

A DRUNK WOMAN listens at the end of the bar as an equally
drunk and broken Oliver - the only other customer in the
place - stares at a piece of paper on the floor then turns
to Gerry.

OLIVER

You know what a social conscience
is?

Gerry and the Drunk Woman watch Oliver as he slides off his
bar stool, picks the piece of paper off the ground, looks
around for a bin, finds none, then crumples up the paper
and puts it in his pocket.

GERRY

What are you doing?

OLIVER

Developing a social conscience
Gerry. Deciding to do something
good as opposed to not doing it.
It can be something small Gerry,
inane even, but I'm trying, know
what I mean?

Gerry pours Oliver another drink.

OLIVER

You have kids Gerry?

GERRY

Me and Carla tried for years
but...what's a man to do?

OLIVER

I have a son. Born as a result of
sex Gerry. A son. I've been with
many women that I didn't want to
be with, faking; inventing lines
of lies to get what I didn't even
want in the first place. I got no
idea in the world how to make a
woman come Gerry. When it does
happen I feel like a great
Casanova, a spectacular man. But
I got little or no participation
in the actual event. No conscious
awareness of what worked or what
didn't. I've studied, read the
books, watched the videotapes,
read the Cosmo articles, and,
every time, I still fumble
around, listening to the woman's
response, hoping I'm getting it
right. Most of the time I don't -
and when I do I don't know how I
did. You bone some stranger
because every book, every movie,
every song tells you that it's
going to be sublime but, in
truth, most sex with strangers is
boring, time consuming, and
without any real pleasure at all.

As Gerry pours another drink Oliver slumps his head on the
counter and the drunk woman's words are almost to herself.

DRUNK WOMAN

At last, one honest man.

Oliver slowly raises his head.

OLIVER

Say that again.

The drunk woman stares at him.

DRUNK WOMAN

I said nothing.

OLIVER

No please, what you just said,
say it again.

The drunk woman stares at him.

DRUNK WOMAN

I said...one honest man.

Oliver is suddenly wide awake. He looks at Gerry, pushes the drink away and bolts upright.

OLIVER

I have to go.

As he rushes past the drunk woman he stops, tenderly kisses her head, lays some money on the counter for her and bolts out the door. The Drunk Woman looks at Gerry.

DRUNK WOMAN

What did I say?

INT. STANLEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Stanley checks the sleeping Joey then moves to the window and as he sees Juliet on the street below he quickly turns off the light and taps the pay phone number into his phone.

A heartbroken Juliet stops as the pay phone rings then answers it and speaks softly.

JULIET (O.C.)

Hello?

Upstairs, watching her, Stanley suddenly can't speak.

JULIET

Hello?

Stanley tries to say sorry but words fail him as Juliet whispers into the phone.

JULIET

Stanley?

Stanley points to his chest and tries to say, 'It's me' but the words won't come out.

Juliet slowly hangs up the phone and as Stanley hears the hang up click Juliet looks up at his window and he slumps down out of view, with the phone still against his ear.

Juliet looks up at Stanley's window but because he has slumped down onto the floor she sees nothing. As she slowly walks away Stanley finds his voice again and as he slowly begins to talk into the disconnected phone he imagines her replies.

STANLEY

How was your day?

(Listens)

Really?

(MORE)

STANLEY(cont'd)

And what did you say to him?

(Listens)

Good for you.

(Listens)

Me? Well, it's strange because one of the guys at work today; I don't think he meant offence by it, it was actually quite funny, but he was trying to figure out why a woman like you would be with a man like me, and it got me thinking, because the truth is I couldn't answer him.

(Listens)

Why is a woman like you with me?

(Listens then wells up)

You really mean that? That, literally, is the nicest thing anybody's ever...

(Listens))

You're genuinely asking that question?

(Listens)

When I see you, I just...everything lonely, vacuous, meaningless all floats away and the whole world makes sense.

(Listens and reacts)

Don't cry. Don't cry.

Stanley tries not to weep.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Still drunk, Oliver, passes the Old Hobo, takes out a single small denominational coin, looks at it, goes back to the Hobo, considers putting the coin in the cup then stops.

OLIVER

You got change bud?

The Old Hobo looks at the coin.

OLD HOBO

Keep it. You obviously need it more than me.

OLIVER

Cheeky cunt.

Oliver moves to cross the road, and, as he waits for the traffic lights, an old lady stands beside him.

OLIVER

Hey lovely old lady, would you like some help?

OLD LADY
How very kind.

The pedestrian lights turn green and they start to cross but she is slow and Oliver is starting to get frustrated.

OLIVER
I'm in a bit of a hurry here
Grandma so if you could get the
finger out I'd appreciate it.

OLD LADY
Get what?

As the lights start to flash she becomes nervous and turns back around, insisting on going back but Oliver tugs her.

OLIVER
I don't have time Grandma. Run
and we'll make it.

OLD LADY
Have you been drinking?

OLIVER
Jesus Christ, just get your
fucking finger out and let's get
to the other side so that I can
get my good motherfucking deed in
the bag and as far away from your
wrinkly ass as possible.

As the cars honk their horns the Old Lady starts hitting Oliver with her cane.

OLD LADY
How dare you. Somebody help me!

OLIVER
Ah fuck it.

Oliver scoops her up, throws her over his shoulder and makes a run for the other side and cars skid dangerously close as the old lady screams out. Another car jams on its breaks and Oliver has to jump on the bonnet and slide across it while holding the screaming granny.

As they arrive at the other side he drops the old lady and she smacks him with her cane.

OLIVER
You're fucking welcome.

INT. JULIET'S APARTMENT, STANLEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Juliet lies in bed, unable to sleep, staring at the closed curtains. She gets out of bed, pulls back the curtains and stands in the window, but, as we pull back away from her and into Stanley's room, we see the now sleeping Stanley is still slumped against the window, his arms wrapped around the phone as it rests against his ear.

EXT. BUILDING WHERE STANLEY AND OLIVER LIVE - NIGHT

Oliver stares up at the building, smells his breath, straightens his hair then approaches.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE STANLEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Oliver smells his breath again, cleans his teeth with his shirt sleeve, slips the key in the door and enters.

INT. STANLEY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Oliver faces a cold and distant Stanley.

OLIVER

Listen Stanley, I used people and they used me. It's just what we did. We always understood so we didn't think we were doing any damage to ourselves.

Stanley makes to speak but Oliver interrupts him.

OLIVER

Shut the fuck up and let me finish. This conscience good deed shit is a motherfucker. When it gets in your system it fucks a man up. I have no friends. And I didn't want any. All I knew were barmen and old ladies. Then I meet you, you shithead. And much as I hate you I enjoy hanging with you, you fuck. And I see you with my kid you motherfucker. The jealousy. A nothing weakling nobody not fit to wipe my ass piece of shit and what happens? He takes to you. And I start asking why?

Again Stanley makes to interrupt but Oliver snaps at him.

OLIVER

Small Ba...I mean Stanley, let me finish. Who knows how, but you got to me? You're the last honest man Small Balls and somehow you got to me. And I'm not happy about it. But what's a man to do? I can't live with you and I can't smack you with a spade and bury you in a shallow grave. The kid was right, I am an asshole. I know that now. And I don't want to be that kind of man any more. I want to be a father to him. So what I'm asking is, will you, you know, what is it you religious fucks call it? Redemption. Will you, you know, forgive me, my friend? To be taken literally. My friend.

Oliver suddenly senses there is something wrong by the expression on Stanley's face.

OLIVER

What's wrong?

STANLEY

Ollie, we're in trouble.

Suddenly the barrel of a gun smashes into the side of Stanley's face and he collapses, unconscious, on the floor as the Hotel Manager steps out of the shadows.

MANAGER

How does a closet homo leave hand prints on my wife's posterior?

Terrified for Joey's safety, Oliver looks to the bedroom then speaks quietly to the Hotel Manager.

OLIVER

Let's you and me go outside okay?

The Manager nods and gestures for Oliver to lead the way but as Oliver goes outside the suddenly very childlike voice of Joey rings out from the bedroom.

JOEY (O.C.)

Who are you?

The Manager spins around and stares at the sleepy Joey as he rubs his eyes and comes out of the bedroom. Oliver tries not to panic.

OLIVER
 Come on, this is nothing to do
 with him. He's just some kid.
 Let's go.

The Manager makes to exit with Oliver but Joey rubs his eyes and quietly calls out.

JOEY
 Dad?

The Hotel Manager grins a disgusting grin.

MANAGER
 What did he just call you?

OLIVER
 Don't do this.

MANAGER
 Not so cocky now are you?

Oliver tries to remain calm as the Hotel Manager points the gun at a suddenly scared Joey.

MANAGER
 I never knew you had a kid.

OLIVER
 Joey, outside now. Keep the gun
 on me, not him.

JOEY
 Dad?

OLIVER
 Aim that at me not him. He's
 nobody. Just some little piss
 ant. Aim the gun at me.

JOEY
 Dad?

OLIVER
 I'm not your Dad.

Oliver sees the hurt on the kid's face and the Manager notices it too.

MANAGER
 Not nice to lose someone you love
 is it?

Oliver struggles to control his panic.

OLIVER
 Love? I hate the little shit.
 Mister look at me.

Oliver shouts at Joey as he sees further hurt on his face.

OLIVER
 You get up and walk the fuck out
 of here Joey.

As the Manager's finger tightens on the trigger Joey can't move and Oliver shouts louder.

OLIVER
 I nailed her. Real good, real
 hard. Like you never could.

The Manager turns the gun back on Oliver, his finger squeezing tighter on the trigger, and, as Oliver prepares himself for death, he gently whispers to Joey.

OLIVER
 Please go and don't come back.

Joey starts to cry and Oliver screams at Joey as the Manager turns the gun back on the kid.

OLIVER
 I don't want you here no more,
 you hear me? I was right about
 you. You are a little piss ant!
 Get the fuck out now!

Joey turns to the Manager wipes away his tears and stares into the barrel of the shotgun.

JOEY
 Hey Mister?

MANAGER
 What?

JOEY
 Shoot him. Shoot the piece of
 shit.

The Manager smiles and turns the gun back on Oliver.

HOTEL MANAGER
 How appropriate, even your kid
 hates you.

Oliver is hurt as the Manager turns the gun back on Oliver and pulls on the trigger.

JOEY
 Hey Mister?

Joey points up, and, as the distracted Manager looks up, Joey, with devastating speed and sublime accuracy, punches him hard in the nuts.

The shotgun blasts a hole in the roof as the Manager collapses to the floor, grabbing his nuts, and Oliver kicks the gun out of the Manager's hand, picks it up and grabs Joey in a tight embrace as they look at the groaning Charlie on the floor.

OLIVER

A word of advice kid, don't bang other men's wives.

JOEY

Dad, I'm nine years old.

OLIVER

Good point.

JOEY

Mom's coming back tonight. Be nice to her.

Oliver writes down an address and gives it to Joey as Stanley begins to come around.

OLIVER

Call her and tell her to meet us at this address.

Stanley sits up and touches his bleeding head then becomes uncharacteristically angry.

STANLEY

All I wanted was to love Juliet. That's all I fucking wanted and you came into what was left of my life and ruined it. And now my fucking nose is broken and the woman I love hates me.

Oliver whispers to Joey who runs outside to get Juliet.

STANLEY

You should've left me in the water. You want profanity you motherfucker? Fuck off, Fuck right off, fuck you, fuck me, but mostly just fuck off.

Stanley continues cursing Oliver and manically dances to the phrasing of the words unaware that Juliet has just walked in through the open door and watches him as he gives full joyous vent to his newly discovered capacity for profanity.

Oliver tries to bring his attention to the fact that Juliet is standing there but Stanley just joyously tells him to Fuck Off.

STANLEY

You hear me, I said Fuck off.
Don't interrupt me because I'm
Mister Fuck off. So fuck you.

Oliver gestures again and Stanley turns and sees Juliet standing there and all he can do is whisper 'Fuck.'

OLIVER

Allow me to introduce Mister Fuck
Off.

STANLEY

Fuck off Oliver...I mean...Jesus, I
can't stop saying it.

OLIVER

You'll have to forgive Small
Balls, he got a bang on the head.

JULIET

You ever lie to me again, I'll
wait until you're asleep and
slice those small balls off.

Stanley struggles to control his joy at her return.

STANLEY

Sounds perfectly fucking
reasonable to me.

JULIET

I mean it. I'll use a thin cold
sharp blade and take them off.

STANLEY

I am kind of attached to them.

JULIET

Lie again and you won't be.

STANLEY

What do I get if you lie?

JULIET

You get to forgive me.

STANLEY

Isn't that a little unbalanced?

JULIET

You want out?

As sirens blare in the background they stare at each other, not knowing what to do next.

JOEY
Are you going to just stand there
or kiss her?

STANLEY
I was thinking maybe...

But he doesn't get to finish because Juliet interrupts him with an exquisite much yearned for kiss and as he responds two police officers burst in then holster their weapons when they see the Manager unconscious on the floor. As they stop to watch the kiss one of the cops gives Oliver an impressed thumbs up sign at Stanley's kissing dexterity.

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Standing in the dark empty restaurant Lisa whispers to Joey.

LISA
He's late.

Joey says nothing as she mumbles to herself.

LISA
He's a dick.

JOEY
He's my dad.

LISA
Then where is he Joey? I only
agreed to come here because you
insisted. He has two more minutes
then...

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The manager and his wife stare at Oliver.

MANAGER
And you swear you won't press
charges?

Oliver nods and looks to the manager's wife, LOUISE.

OLIVER
And you and me are square?

Louise nods and Oliver, opening his shirt button, quickly exits.

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

LISA

That's it, we're out of here.

As she grabs Joey and makes to exit she stops as a dazzling array of lights come on and the dark restaurant is suddenly brilliantly lit as, across the restaurant floor, Oliver, wearing his waiter's uniform, pushes out a fully dressed table on wheels tray with candles on it.

Lisa and Joey watch as Oliver takes two chairs, slides them under the table, drapes his cloth over his arm, and regally turns to them.

OLIVER

Good evening, my name is Oliver,
I'll be your waiter this evening.

Lisa looks to Joey. Oliver pulls back a chair inviting Lisa to sit. Again Lisa looks to Joey and as he shrugs Lisa tentatively crosses the restaurant floor and sits.

Louise and her husband, the Manager, watch from the side door as Oliver pulls back a chair for Joey, who sits.

OLIVER

May I recommend the quail to
start, duck for the main, and you
forgive me for dessert.

Lisa can't help but smile. Oliver picks up the wine bottle.

OLIVER

May I offer the lady some wine?

Lisa smiles then suddenly snaps back to reality.

LISA

Can I speak to you for a moment
please?

OLIVER

What's wrong?

LISA

Excuse me Joey.

Joey watches as Lisa takes Oliver by the arm and leads him away from the table to a discreet place in the empty restaurant.

LISA

What do you want Oliver?

OLIVER
What do you mean?

LISA
You've never been nice to anybody
a day in your life without
wanting something for it.

OLIVER
You know me so well?

LISA
You're a vain selfish asshole
Oliver. You're the kind of guy
who calls out his own name during
sex. So let's not bullshit each
other. What do you want?

Humiliated, Oliver looks over at Joey and becomes angry.

OLIVER
You know what Lisa you stupid...?
I don't want anything. Joey
suggested I...

LISA
Didn't take you long to become
your old self did it?

OLIVER
I don't know why the hell I'm
even doing this? You know what,
why don't you two serve
yourselves.

He slams his waiter's cloth on the floor and as he walks
away Lisa moves back to Joey and takes his hand to leave
but suddenly Oliver stops and turns around.

OLIVER
Wait.

Oliver slowly moves back towards them.

OLIVER
You're right. I do want...I want
you to let Joey spend every
second weekend with me.

Joey is thrilled but hides it while Lisa is simply stunned.

OLIVER
On a trial basis.

LISA
You're serious?

Oliver nods.

LISA
What do you think Joey?

JOEY
That lowlife?

Oliver grimaces.

JOEY
I suppose the deadbeat needs
someone to look after him. Why
not?

Oliver smiles and Lisa can't help smiling either.

OLIVER
Wine Madam?

Watching in the distance and touched by the romance Louise
turns to her husband and whispers.

LOUISE
How's your balls?

MANAGER
Sore.

LOUISE
I might know how to make them
better.

They tenderly kiss and she quietly closes the door on us.

EXT. PARK - DAY

As Oliver apologizes and shakes Ignatius's father Ronald's
hand, Stanley, Juliet, Lisa and Joey smile at him.

In the background, Principal Rose and Alfred stroll by hand
in hand and as Joey throws a frisbee at Juliet and she and
Lisa move away to play with Joey.

STANLEY
Now, that was a good deed.

They watch Joey playing frisbee with Juliet and Lisa and
Stanley smiles as he sees warm contentment on Oliver's
face.

STANLEY
Getting soft are we?

OLIVER

Lord knows there's nothing more fucked than family but it's the only one we've got. Anyway I don't know what you're laughing at Small Balls; you may be alive but read the contract, you still have to give me all the money.

STANLEY

That was everything I had.

OLIVER

Bullshit.

STANLEY

I closed my account that day and took out everything I had so I could...then you stopped me.

OLIVER

But there was only a few hundred.

STANLEY

That was everything I had.

OLIVER

What about dear old dead dad?

STANLEY

He died twenty years ago.

OLIVER

You lied to me? All your truth horseshit and you lied to me.

STANLEY

You lied to me too.

OLIVER

About what?

STANLEY

On the roof. You said it was two women but in the bar you said it was the manager.

OLIVER

Yeah, but you didn't know I was lying so you lied first you fuck.

STANLEY

You lied first.

OLIVER

We have our roles in this marriage you piece of shit.

(MORE)

OLIVER(cont'd)

I'm supposed to be the liar and
you're supposed to be the truth
teller and you lied to me you
lowlife liar.

STANLEY

Marriage?

OLIVER

You know what I mean you fuck.
We're partners here.

STANLEY

Partners?

OLIVER

Buddies. Friends. Stan and Ollie.

STANLEY

You and me?

OLIVER

The two musketeers.

STANLEY

What about Joey?

OLIVER

The three musketeers.

STANLEY

What about Juliet?

OLIVER

The four musketeers.

STANLEY

What about Joey's mom?

OLIVER

The five musketeers.

STANLEY

What about - ?

OLIVER

Shut the fuck up. No more lies
okay?

STANLEY

And you? No more lies from you.

OLIVER

I tell lies because people don't
want truths.

(MORE)

OLIVER(cont'd)

They need the invented fictions
that allow them to believe their
lives have meaning, that they
have been listened to, responded
to, and engaged with, so of
course I lie. But I'll tell you
what I will do; for you, my
friend, I'll lie a little less.

Stanley smiles and nods and as we pull back the two friends
stroll towards Joey, Lisa and Juliet and as they join them
we pull back further and further and as Oliver turns to
speak to Stanley, Louis Prima's 'Just a Gigolo' kicks in.

OLIVER

And you lied first you fuck.

THE END