

LARRY'S - BLATHNAID

Written by:
Sean Mahoney
mahoneyseanp@gmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. PARK - DAY

LARRY's depressed on the edge of a bridge, sipping off a can, a few empties beside him. Swans swim in the stream below.

He's 25 and below average in most meaningful ways. His t-shirt reads "NERO" in ironed on letters.

He stares at his phone - a contact page for Siobhan - her smug smile staring back at him.

About to press call - it rings! Uncle Ted's picture pops up - giving the two finger salute.

LARRY

Alright.

FLASH CUT TO SPLIT SCREEN:

EXT. UNCLE TED'S HOUSE -

A 3-up/3-down semi-d with evidence of kids and a general malaise - except for the very pink stretch limousine in the driveway, extending onto the sidewalk.

UNCLE TED (late 40s) cleans it with great care. His mechanic's shirt has a "Ted" patch, with several buttons opened to show-off his chain.

UNCLE TED

Did ya call her?

LARRY

Who?

UNCLE TED

Ah, good lad, that's the spirit.
Fuck her and her big toothy grin.
Where ya at?

LARRY

In the park.

UNCLE TED

Paedo Park?

Larry glances at some moms and kids on the playground.

LARRY

I don't think so...

UNCLE TED

They're all fulla paedos. I'd have me girls spend six months with the Magdalene's before a half hour in any public fuckin' park.

LARRY

It's just some mams and kids.

UNCLE TED

They're the worst of 'em.

As Uncle Ted gets to the rear door of the limo, he notices three bullet holes, sticks his fingers into them.

Larry drops his can at a swan... misses.

LARRY

I don't think there are lady paedos.

UNCLE TED

Are ya jokin' me? Probably one in three. Anyone could be... schoolteachers, grannies, Enya. It's just havin' a thing for the younger fellas, like. Not necessarily toddlers.

LARRY

Ya think Enya's a paedo?

UNCLE TED

Ehm... no, no, probably not. Maybe though. Deadly singer anyway.

He imitates an Enya voice for a moment - badly. Larry holds the phone away from his ear.

UNCLE TED (CONT'D)

C'mere to me... do ya still do that fancy writin' shite?

LARRY

Not really.

UNCLE TED

Ah, ya do so. Leg it back. Ya can see the surprise I got for Blathnaid's debs.

Uncle Ted admires the limo and hangs up...

END SPLIT SCREEN:

Larry's phone screen reveals Siobhan's contact page again. He takes a deep breath and calls.

EXT. PARK -

As her voicemail answers, Larry walks the edge of the stream, staring at her photo. Her voice is annoyingly cheery...

SIOBHAN

(answer message)

Hey, it's Siobhan. Thanks a mil for calling but I can't answer right now because Larry, my sooo EX-boyfriend won't stop calling and texting me from all different numbers so I can't even block him and now there's no point having my phone on until I get a new number but I don't really want to do that because then sooo many of you have to change your contact info for me.

Larry notices his beer can floating in the stream ahead...

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

Larry, if it's you again, just fucking stop already. It's sooo over. You were sort of cool for about ten minutes a long time ago but now you're just a pathetic loser so fucking cop on already, you've no chance.

Larry steps into the stream, pursuing the meandering can...

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

If this isn't Larry and I haven't talked to you lately - thanks for calling, luv - yes I broke up with him and yes I kicked him out and yes I can't stand him - but that's probably not why you're calling anyway so leave a message and I'll call right back because I am checking messages but I'm just deleting Larry's without even listening - so no point leaving any ya clueless prick! For fuck's sake!

He picks up the can...

The old man pulls out a few feet of a thick rope and snaps it taut a few times.

OLD MAN

This here's good hangin' rope.
Atlas brand. Known world about fer
manufacturin' quality product.

Larry takes it and snaps it a few more times.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Tree limb? Or just what's handy?

LARRY

There's a crossbeam in a garage
I've been eyeing.

OLD MAN

Sturdy?

LARRY

I believe so.

OLD MAN

Few feet oughtta suit ya, but I'll
provide a touch extra just in case.

He pulls out a rusty pocketknife and cuts a length.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Would ya be requiring anything
further?

LARRY

That should do it. Thank you.
You've been very helpful.

The old man smiles, points to his "Here to Help" shirt. Larry walks off...

OLD MAN

Hold on there, Sonny.

Larry turns back.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

I trust ya know how to tie a proper
noose now?

Larry tries to tie a proper noose... no chance. The old man takes it back and starts deftly tying.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
 Time was, every lad worth his salt
 knew the basic knots.

EXT. UNCLE TED'S HOUSE - DAY

Larry walks up with the noose around his neck and the rope dragging behind. The shining pink limo is still in the driveway - but Larry barely takes notice...

Uncle Ted pops out of the sunroof, smoking a cigar.

UNCLE TED
 Larry-O!

LARRY
 (a bit startled)
 Oh, hey. Uncle Ted... O.

UNCLE TED
 (indicating the limo)
 Top class ain't it? Blathnaid's
 gonna shit herself.

LARRY
 Oh. Yeah. Where'd ya get it?

Uncle Ted climbs out the sunroof and hops down...

UNCLE TED
 Hey. What's with yer rope?

LARRY
 Oh... a prop. Had an audition.

UNCLE TED
 Ya get it?

LARRY
 Nah.

UNCLE TED
 Daft fuckers. Don't know what
 they're missing.

An awkward pause - then he points out the bullet holes...

UNCLE TED (CONT'D)
 Look here. Ya remember The Squirrel
 from the Ballymun crew? Got shot up
 in his limousine a few months ago?

LARRY

I do.

UNCLE TED

Ta da! The Guards brought it into us to get all his brains off the seats. Came back to do all their ballistics stuff, photos and all that CSI shite, ain't been back since.

An older neighbor on the sidewalk detours around the limo...

NEIGHBOR

Liberace pop by, Ted?

UNCLE TED

Fuck off, Owen, ya jealous prick.
(then to Larry)
Yep, she's been lost in the 'aul bureaucratic shuffle, me thinks.

LARRY

Top class.

UNCLE TED

So I took a loan of it, and now me daughter'll be rollin' to her debs in high style.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

CLOSE-UP - Larry's hand writes in calligraphy. Big black letters on a big white sheet of paper: BLATHNAID & GARRETH.

Larry's sitting on a duffel bag, writing. The usual garage junk has been pushed aside to accommodate a mattress. The noose dangles from the rope, draped over a crossbeam.

EXT. UNCLE TED'S HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - DAY

Uncle Ted wears a black suit and chauffeur's cap. He's about to open the back door of the limo - now with the sign taped over the bullet holes.

UNCLE TED

Alright, open 'em.

BLATHNAID - 15 and all done up in a debs dress - opens her eyes to see the big surprise...

BLATHNAID
In me fuckin' hole!

UNCLE TED
What? It's class! Wait'll Garreth
sees it.

BLATHNAID
It's morto!

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Larry hears them outside as he stacks boxes, then gets up on them and ties the rope to the cross-beam.

UNCLE TED (O.S.)
Says the one goin' to her debs with
her own cousin.

BLATHNAID (O.S.)
Aunt Finula's making me!

UNCLE TED (O.S.)
Couldn't get yerself a proper date,
ya can at least take a proper
vehicle. Save a bit a face.

BLATHNAID (O.S.)
You're ruining everything!

Larry half listens while pulling the noose around his neck.
Uncle Ted enters...

UNCLE TED
Fuck's sake, kid! What are ya at?

Larry yanks the noose off and gets down.

LARRY
Nothin' - it's just... part of that
audition I had.

UNCLE TED
Come on, Larry. I know yer down on
yer luck and all, but things aren't
really so bad.

LARRY
Yeah? Siobhan dumped me, my acting
career is nowhere, and I'm after
movin' inta yer fuckin' garage!

UNCLE TED
I wasn't saying yer flying, like.

They sit down on the boxes.

UNCLE TED (CONT'D)
Ah, hell. I guess things are fairly
shite for ya. At the moment, like.
But come now, yer not really ready
to cash out?

LARRY
Dunno. I think I was just kinda
tryin' it on. Yaknowthatkindaway?

Uncle Ted half nods, thinks for a while, then leans to one side and lets rip a loud fart. Larry turns away.

UNCLE TED
Listen, this fuckin' debs is after
givin' me a fierce dose a the
scutters... and Blathnaid hates me.

He takes off the chauffeur's cap and holds it out for Larry.

UNCLE TED (CONT'D)
Do us a favor and drive her for me?

LARRY
Nah. I wouldn't...

UNCLE TED
Ya gotta, kid. I'll probably shit
meself before the night's out.

Uncle Ted pulls Larry up. He sets the cap on Larry's head, then turns him toward a mirror and gently adjusts it.

They both stare at lost Larry, clueless what to do about him.

UNCLE TED (CONT'D)
Kinda suits ya.

EXT. UNCLE TED'S - DAY

Larry's in the limo's driver's seat, wearing the cap and Uncle Ted's ill-fitting suit. Uncle Ted is at the street, giving him a double thumbs up as he backs it out...

SCREEEEEEEECH! A taxi skids to a halt.

TAXI DRIVER
 Fuckin' hell! Watch where yer goin'
 ya bleedin' tick!

UNCLE TED
 Who ya callin' a tick, ya fuckin'
 bollix!

TAXI DRIVER
 The tick reversin' that pink pile a
 shite inta traffic, that's who!

UNCLE TED
 Traffic? It's not the fuckin' M-50!

The taxi peels off.

TAXI DRIVER
 Fuck off!

Uncle Ted waves Larry back again...

UNCLE TED
 Yer grand, Larry-O. She's no pile a
 shite, lad. She's a gleaming pink
 battlecruiser, and you her faithful
 captain.

Larry slowly pulls away.

UNCLE TED (CONT'D)
 Avast and go forth!

EXT. GARRETH'S HOUSE - DAY

Larry pulls the limo to the curb. Blathnaid's got her head
 out the window.

BLATHNAID
 Heyyyyyyy Garreth, ya goofy bitch!

GARRETH - the dorky cousin, waits in his tux - far too
 excited, right next to his mam FINULA - in robe and slippers.

GARRETH
 (climbing in)
 Whoa! Fuckin' class!

Finula's not too impressed, but she is curious.

FINULA
 What's all this?

LARRY
Uncle Ted got it. Fer the debs.

FINULA
He did, did he?

LARRY
He did.

FINULA
A showy prick he is. It's just a
long sex den on wheels, isn't it?

LARRY
It's a limo. Top class.

She leans in to Larry, checking out the front seat and giving him a good peek at her boobs in the robe.

FINULA
And who are you? The cousin Larry?

LARRY
I'm Larry.

FINULA
Out in the garage now, I hear.

LARRY
No.

FINULA
Yer face has sure cleared up.

She waves a hand over her face dramatically and gives a thumbs-up.

FINULA (CONT'D)
And voila! No more spots!

Larry doesn't respond.

FINULA (CONT'D)
You remember. From yer TV spot,
like.

LARRY
No.

FINULA
Ridiculous, that was.

LARRY
No.

FINULA
Still got dumped, I hear.

LARRY
No.

FINULA
Well I'll be fucked if I'm letting
my Garreth off in this rolling
brothel unsupervised. Them hoors'll
have his pants down in no time.

LARRY
Aren't they cousins?

FINULA
Sure the little tramp has nothing
but sluts for friends. They're all
after my Garreth's little thing.

She walks around and gets in the passenger side.

FINULA (CONT'D)
And voila! Let's go, Larry.

Music: SUCH A LONG WAY DOWN

The limo drives off.

FADE TO BLACK.