

Frankie Got The Junk

By

Rob Hill

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Mobile: 07540625176
email: rob-hill@live.co.uk

EXT. HIGH STREET. DAY

FRANKIE is walking down the street. He wears a cheap looking, very plain suit with a loose tie and a coffee stain on the collar. He is skinny and tired looking. He speaks to the camera.

FRANKIE

Act one. They meet. Jerry, my room mate, is a drug dealer. He sells weed to kids and crack to kids who drop out of school, like a reward I guess. I'm meeting Jerry for a drink. And I'm about to tell him to pack his bags and move out.

Frankie enters the pub.

INT. PUB. DAY

Frankie sits down at the bar. JERRY sits next to him and beckons the barmaid over.

JERRY

Two pints of Fosters. Ta.

FRANKIE

Jerry, I've got something to tell you.

JERRY

I've got something to tell you too.

FRANKIE

What?

JERRY

I know you ate my snack a jacks.

FRANKIE

What?

JERRY

My Caramel flavoured snack a jacks. You ate them. I know it.

FRANKIE

What? No, Jerry. I didn't eat your snack a jacks.

(CONTINUED)

JERRY

You ate my fucking snack a jacks.

FRANKIE

I did not eat your bloody snack a jacks!

JERRY

Yes you did, Frankie. Now just fucking admit it!

FRANKIE

I'm not going to admit something I never did.

JERRY

You ate my fucking snack a jacks!

FRANKIE

Christ! Jesus! Fuck! Okay! Here.

Frankie pulls out some loose change and drops it on the bar.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Here's... 93 pence. Buy some more fucking snackajacks.

The barmaid puts the drinks down beside them.

JERRY

So you have cash on you?

FRANKIE

Well, yeah?

JERRY

Good. Cause I don't. These are on you.

Jerry grabs his pint and walks away. Frankie looks frustrated and pulls out a tenner from his pocket. He shows it briefly to the bar maid and slaps it on the bar, picks up his pint, and follows Jerry.

FRANKIE

Anyway, mate. I've got something to tell you. I think you should-

JERRY

Have you got a quid?

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE
No. What I'm saying is-

JERRY
Hang on mate.

Awkward silence.

FRANKIE
What?

JERRY
Nothing, I just wanted you to stop talking.

FRANKIE
Right.

JERRY
What's wrong?

Jerry sits down at a table.

FRANKIE
I was trying to say I think the time has come for you to-

JERRY
What did I do with that 93pence?

FRANKIE
I think you should move-

JERRY
Did I leave it on the bar?

FRANKIE
You need to move-

JERRY
Oh, no... It's in my pocket.

Frankie get's a text. He pulls his phone from his pocket and reads the text while he speaks.

FRANKIE
I think you need to move-

Frankie realizes what the text says. The sound drains out and the camera rapidly shakes to a close up of his face.

GEMMA (V.O)

Frankie, I'm breaking up with you. You're a boring low life nobody and you don't make any money and you're shit in bed. I've been cheating on you for months now anyway. Sorry. Gem :)

JERRY

What is it?

Silence.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Frankie?

FRANKIE

It's Gemma... She's breaking up with me. She said she's been cheating on me.

Long silence.

JERRY

What a cunt.

The sound suddenly rushes back in to the scene.

FRANKIE

I can't believe it.

JERRY

Would it help, Frankie. And please tell me if i'm overstepping the mark... Would it help if we went back home, and got really, really stoned?

FRANKIE

I don't know.

JERRY

Come on, neck that and let's shoot off.

Jerry downs his pint.

JERRY (CONT'D)

What was it you were saying before? I should do something or other?

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE

Don't worry.

JERRY

Neck that.

FRANKIE

What?

JERRY

Fuck sakes.

Jerry takes Frankie's pint and downs it. He gets up and grabs his coat.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Come on mate.

Frankie gets up to follow him.

JERRY (CONT'D)

We've got to go to the shops first though.

FRANKIE

Why?

JERRY

I need to buy some more snack a jacks because you ate all mine.

FRANKIE

Right.

JERRY

You thieving little twat.

INT. STAIRWELL. DAY

Frankie and Jerry come walking up the stairs together. Jerry has a plastic bag in his hand. He is eating a caramel flavoured snack a jack.

JERRY

The thing about snack a jacks is that they satisfy every desire your mouth could ever have. At first it's crispy, crunchy, something to snap a chunk off of.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE

Right.

JERRY

After that it goes soft and squidgy. Something to chew on before you let it dissolve in your mouth.

FRANKIE

Right.

JERRY

And of course, after all that, you're left with that rich caramel taste.

FRANKIE

Right.

JERRY

Cheer the fuck up, Frankie!

FRANKIE

What?

JERRY

You're being miserable and it's bringing me down!

FRANKIE

What?

JERRY

You need to forget about Gemma. She's a fucking rhino slag.

FRANKIE

Don't call her a rhino!

JERRY

She is a rhino.

FRANKIE

What does that even mean?

JERRY

She has a big rhino nose.

FRANKIE

No she doesn't.

(CONTINUED)

JERRY

She bloody does. And you need to get stoned and forget about her.

FRANKIE

No I don't!

JERRY

Yes you do! You need to find something to take your mind off of her.

FRANKIE

Like what?

They notice a Ms.Pacman machine in the stairwell outside their flat.

JERRY

Like that.

FRANKIE

What is it?

JERRY

Ms. Pacman.

FRANKIE

Well we can't just take it. It might belong to someone.

JERRY

Frankie, this is a sign. A gift from a higher power to teach you how to be a man and grow some testicles.

FRANKIE

I have testicles.

JERRY

Tiny little gay ones.

FRANKIE

What?

JERRY

Get the kettle on. I'll grab the machine and get it inside. Then we'll get fucked up and play pacman until you forget all about Gemma.

Frankie rolls his eyes and takes the plastic bag from Jerry's hand. He leaves and enters the room. Jerry stares at the machine and takes a bite from his caramel flavoured snackajack.

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY

Frankie brings in the cups of tea. Jerry has set up the machine against the wall. Frankie puts the tea on the table.

FRANKIE
Tea here, mate.

JERRY
Cheers.

Frankie takes a swig from his tea.

FRANKIE
So is this game any good?

JERRY
Have you never played it?

FRANKIE
Nope.

JERRY
Well, let's get stoned and play it.

FRANKIE
Do we need to get stoned?

JERRY
Yes we do indeed.

FRANKIE
Why?

JERRY
Trust me, Frankie. We need to get stoned. It will be better. Draw the curtains will you?

FRANKIE
Why?

JERRY
Just draw the fucking curtains!

Frankie reluctantly draws the curtains. They are plunged in to complete darkness.

(CONTINUED)

JERRY

Why isn't it turning on?

FRANKIE

Because you haven't plugged it in,
Jerry.

JERRY

Oh...

We hear Jerry plug in the machine.

CUT TO:

A close up of Frankie and Jerry's faces as the light from the screen breaks the darkness and illuminates their faces. The pacman music plays and the camera slowly zooms in on Frankie's face.

FRANKIE (V.O)

Jerry was right. It was better
stoned.

CUT TO:

The camera circles the boys as they are sat playing pacman and smoking weed.

FRANKIE (V.O)

Not that it wasn't great before
hand. The lights, the sounds.

There is a cutting montage of the boys smoking drugs and playing pacman. The camera starts to circle Frankie. He speaks to the camera.

FRANKIE

I'm no drug addict, but getting
high felt good. It helped to take
my mind off of she who shall not be
named... voldemort.

JERRY

have you got the drugs?

FRANKIE

I'm no gamer, but this felt
awesome. We battled through level
after level. The ghosts kept
coming, but we fought them off. At
first I was unable to defeat them.

A few men dressed as the Pacman ghosts enter and approach Frankie.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Jerry was a true hero. He made sure they stayed the fuck away and he taught me how to deal with them.

Jerry starts to fight with the men. He fights them off and they all explode and leave thick pixel numbers floating in the air.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

As time went on, I got better. I became a machine, just like the game itself. Me, Jerry and Ms. Pacman ere familiar now. We saw the game as a way to pass the time, a way to forget what needs to be forgotten. We got stoned, and we ate snackajacks and we played pacman all night long. Soon the morning came, and soon after that it was night time again. Before I knew it a week had gone by and we were lost in a world of blind corners and pixelated corridors. The lights, the sounds...

Jerry walks through the living room.

JERRY

Wac-a-wac-a-wac-a-wac-a-wac-a...

He walks out the room.

FRANKIE

Everything... It drew us in. This was more than just a game now. It was life. A challenge. I heard there is two hundred and fifty five levels.

Jerry sits down next to Frankie.

JERRY

Two hundred and fifty six if you include the kill screen.

FRANKIE

The what?

JERRY

The kill screen. An unbeatable level.

(CONTINUED)

The phone rings and Jerry gets up to get it.

FRANKIE

That sounds like a challenge to me.

We hear Jerry arguing with someone on the phone. Jerry returns with the phone.

JERRY

Gemma's on the phone, she would like to speak to you...

There is a long silence.

FRANKIE

Who?

CUT TO BLACK.