

Frankie Got The Junk

By

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ACT ONE. THEY MEET.

Black Screen.

FRANKIE (V.O)  
My name is Frankie

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE. NIGHT

Frankie is raising a sombrero above his head screaming, Jerry is practicing his kung fu next to him, the screen freezes. (NES Pause sfx)

FRANKIE (V.O) (CONT'D)  
I wasn't always like this.

CUT TO:

24 HOURS EARLIER

EXT. HIGH STREET. AFTERNOON

FRANKIE is walking down the street. He wears a cheap white shirt with a loose tie. He is skinny and tired looking. He speaks to the camera.

FRANKIE  
Some are born great, some achieve greatness, others have greatness thrust upon them. That's what my career adviser told me....

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE. DAY

Frankie is at his desk. He is on the phone.

FRANKIE  
OK, if you change your mind, oh OK,  
Yeah, yeah thanks anyway. OK.  
Goodb....

Frankie is cut off, he looks at the phone and then hangs up. He looks fed up.

His boss approaches. His boss chucks a load of papers down on Frankie's desk.

(CONTINUED)

BOSS  
Work harder Frankie.

Frankie looks at the camera with a defeated stare.

EXT. HIGH STREET. AFTERNOON

Frankie is still walking down the street.

FRANKIE  
Granted he had a face full of pot  
noodle and a sweat stained shirt  
two sizes too small for him.  
Between that and the inspirational  
poster with the words 'dream big'  
and a picture of a eagle or some  
shit, I must admit, at the time I  
was moved.

Anyway, that's another story for  
another time. I started to get my  
life together, I found a decent  
flat and put an ad out for a  
roommate, titled working  
professional looking for similar,

Frankie stops walking.

FRANKIE  
Enter Jerry.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOORSTEP. DAY

Frankie opens the door to reveal Jerry standing there with a  
box of his things.

JERRY  
Frankie, I presume. Stick the  
kettle on.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH STREET. AFTERNOON

Frankie is still walking down the street.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE

That was five years ago. Jerry is a drug dealer, I'm meeting him now to tell him to get out of my life. So Gemma can move in.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEAFRONT. DAY

Frankie and Gemma are sat on the waterfront eating ice cream and laughing. They are walking along together and are very much in love.

FRANKIE (V.O)

Gemma, the most beautiful girl I have ever seen, every minute with her is just...well y'know.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH STREET. AFTERNOON

Frankie is approaching the pub.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Jerry has to go, I have to take control.

Frankie enters the pub.

INT. PUB. AFTERNOON

Jerry is sat down at the bar, They acknowledge each other, Frankie sits down next to Jerry. Jerry beckons the Barmaid over.

BARMAID

What you having?

JERRY

Two pints of lager. Ta.

FRANKIE

Jerry, I've got something to tell you.

JERRY

I've got something to tell you too.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE

Can I go first mate, I...

JERRY

I know you ate my Cracka Snacks.

FRANKIE

What?

JERRY

My Caramel flavored Cracka Snacks. You ate them. I know it.

FRANKIE

What? No, Jerry. I really need to talk to you.

JERRY

You ate my Cracka Snacks.

FRANKIE

I did not eat your bloody Cracka Snacks! I really need to talk to you.

JERRY

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

FRANKIE

I'm not going to admit something I didn't do.

JERRY

You ate my fucking Cracka Snacks!

FRANKIE

Right, ok then if you want to do this.

JERRY

Yeah I do.

FRANKIE

You sure?

JERRY

Yes.

FRANKIE

How can you blame me for missing food, you eat everything you see and Cracka snacks are the only

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE (cont'd)  
thing you actually pay for so it  
doesn't take a fucking detective to  
figure out what happened to them.

JERRY  
I don't eat everything (said  
embarrassingly)

FRANKIE  
you don't what?

JERRY  
give me one example?

FRANKIE  
one example?, ok. On average you  
eat 7 slices of toast in one  
sitting...

JERRY  
Lies.

FRANKIE  
With my butter.

JERRY  
Liar.

FRANKIE  
and my bread actually.

JERRY  
When did this become about butter  
and bread!?

FRANKIE  
Also, another thing, I came home  
the other day after work, opened  
the fridge and guess what I found?

JERRY  
a personality?

FRANKIE  
No Jerry...

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN. EVENING

Frankie opens the fridge door, he looks at the block of cheese and then looks at the camera with a defeated stare.

FRANKIE (V.O)

I found a block of cheese that had been bitten into, sat in the middle of the fridge...

CUT TO:

INT. PUB. AFTERNOON

FRANKIE

was that even nice?

JERRY

I thought it was communal cheese?

FRANKIE

Oh god, my point is, Jerry...you don't pull your weight, you need to pay for stuff, rent, cheese...anything...

JERRY

Frankie, Frankie, Frankie.

Long Pause

FRANKIE

...What?

JERRY

You ate my Cracka snacks.

FRANKIE

Okay! (Laughs) Here.

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

JERRY

Frankie, no, don't...

FRANKIE

No, no, no... you have got where you wanted to get to...Here's... 90 pence. Buy some more Cracka Snacks.

Frankie is pushing the coins around counting it out.

(CONTINUED)

JERRY

Frankie, ah...get off it.

Jerry pulls the money towards him.

The barmaid puts the drinks down beside them.

FRANKIE

Enjoy the money I gave you.

JERRY

Frankie, calm down you are upsetting Hannah.

FRANKIE

I'm not upsetting anyone.

JERRY

So you have cash on you?

FRANKIE

yeah.

JERRY

Good. These are on you.

FRANKIE

Yeah.

Jerry grabs his pint and walks away. Frankie looks frustrated and pulls out a fiver and some change from his wallet and slaps it on the bar. He goes to walk away but gets called back by the barmaid...

BARMAID

You are 90 pence short Frankie.

He turns around and with annoyance takes the money back and takes out a tenner and slaps it down on the bar.

Frankie walks around to the table where Jerry is sat and sits down opposite him.

FRANKIE

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

JERRY

Have you got a quid?



FRANKIE  
No...I really need to talk to y...

JERRY  
Hang on mate.

Awkward silence.

FRANKIE  
What?

JERRY  
Nothing, I just wanted you to stop talking.

FRANKIE  
Right. Can I carry on now?

JERRY  
So what's wrong?

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  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GEMMA (V.O) (cont'd)  
and you're shit in bed. I've been  
cheating on you for months now.  
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.

The sound suddenly rushes back in to the scene.

JERRY  
Fuck. Ah well. (said nonchalantly)

Frankie looks at Jerry with disdain and despair.

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  
No.

JERRY  
Frankie don't be so wet, let's just  
go back and smoke-

FRANKIE  
NO JERRY! (Frankie shouts angrily,  
showing his frustration)

They both sit there quietly, Frankie staring at his phone  
and Jerry looking upset for due to being shouted at.

FRANKIE  
Goddammit. (Frankie looks  
devastated)

(CONTINUED)

JERRY

She wasn't good for you, you know.

Frankie sighs and shakes his head, he doesn't care for Jerry's point of view.

Long silence. Jerry is thinking.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Oh Wait! I almost forgot. I have something special.

Jerry starts to rummage around in his pockets.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Forgive me, this isn't just "special"... This is a whole next level thing.

Jerry continues to rummage.

Frankie sits there staring into space, in shock and speechless.

Jerry pulls out a baggy of circular white pills and holds it up showing it to Frankie. Frankie gestures with derision, rolling his eyes.

JERRY

Don't be like that, Frankie. This is my livelihood. I wouldn't insult you and... phones. Is it phones?

FRANKIE

Livelihood?

JERRY

Shut up and listen. This stuff is amazing. I got it from the guy, you know the one who has a dribbling lip cause he got stabbed in the face. He Said it's like nothing he's ever had before.

FRANKIE

...What is it?

Jerry sits there staring at Frankie for a second.

JERRY

I don't actually know.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE

...

JERRY

But, he said it was incredible, he could only describe it as Naughty Clobber.

FRANKIE

...

JERRY

Mate it's versatile, you can pop it like a pill, roll it up and smoke it, crush it up and snort it, you can stir it into a drink...you can put it in tea, dilute it in tea, you love tea!

Frankie looks at Jerry with a defeated stare.

JERRY (CONT'D)

We drink tea already and those are always nice times...

JERRY (CONT'D)

Anyway, what do you say?

Long pause.

FRANKIE

No.

JERRY

(sternly)

Frankie...

Frankie starts to drift away and hears Gemma's voice repeating in his head. Jerry is speaking to him, but is inaudible, Frankie interrupts Jerry...

FRANKIE

My girlfriend just broke up with me, Jerry.

JERRY

I know mate, she's a cunt.

FRANKIE

See? This is why I don't want your bloody drugs.

(CONTINUED)

JERRY  
Because Gemmas a c-

FRANKIE  
You can't call women that, Jerry!

JERRY  
What if she's being one?

FRANKIE  
I'm not taking any fucking  
drugs. I'm not you. You do what  
you want and leave me to do what I  
want.

Silence.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
Fuck this. I'm going home.

JERRY  
Well I'm coming too.

FRANKIE  
Why?

JERRY  
Where you go I go. Neck that.

Jerry downs his pint.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Neck that.

FRANKIE  
No.

JERRY  
Fucks sakes.

Jerry takes Frankie's pint and downs it.

FRANKIE  
...You done?

CUT TO:

EXT. PUB. NIGHT.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
We've got to go to the shops first.

FRANKIE  
Why?

JERRY  
I need to buy some more Cracka  
Snacks because you ate all mine.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
You thieving little twat.

Frankie looks at the camera with a defeated stare.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

Frankie and Jerry come walking down the street together. Jerry has a plastic bag in his hand. He is eating caramel flavored 'Cracka Snacks'.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
You need to forget about her mate,  
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.

JERRY  
She bloody does. And you need to  
forget about her.

JERRY(CONT)  
You need to find something to take  
your mind off of her.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE

Like what?

As Frankie speaks an arcade machine lights up and chimes in the middle of the street in the distance, they both turn and look at it, they look back at each other...

JERRY

Like that.

Jerry steps towards it, Frankie pulls him back.

FRANKIE

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.

They both look at it for a few seconds, before Jerry interrupts the silence...

JERRY(CONT)

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

Frankie rolls his eyes and takes the plastic bag from Jerry's hand. He leaves and enters the house. Jerry stares at the machine for a while, then takes a bite from his caramel flavored Cracka Snack.

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Frankie brings in the cups of tea. Jerry has set up the machine against the wall. Frankie passes Jerry his tea and they both stare at the machine.

FRANKIE

so what is it?

Frankie takes a sip of his tea. Jerry also.

(CONTINUED)

JERRY

JankuMan.

FRANKIE

JankuMan?

JERRY

You've never played JankuMan?

FRANKIE

Nope.

JERRY

First released in Japan on May 21st, 1987. It is considered one of the classics of the medium, virtually synonymous with video games, and an icon of 1980s popular culture...

Frankie takes another sip of his tea.

FRANKIE

Hmmm...

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Let's have a go then...

Frankie steps towards it, Jerry pulls him back...

JERRY

Patience Frankie, patience, first things first.

Camera cuts to them both sat down on the sofa, Jerry pulls out the Junk...

Jerry passes Frankie a pill and they both raise it up to their eyes.

There is a pull focus from the pill to their eyes.

JERRY

So this is what we should do, we should take these, play that and forget about everything else.

FRANKIE

I don't want to take your drugs.

JERRY

Frankie, behave, I think... just... take one, give it 25 to 30 minutes

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



JERRY (cont'd)  
and you'll know you made the right  
choice, I think you'll just know.  
You trust me right?

FRANKIE  
Not even a little.

JERRY  
Frankie, you have to realise that  
we are just one tiny pixel in a  
vast spectrum.

FRANKIE  
What are you talking about?

JERRY  
I don't know mate, just take the  
fucking drugs.

FRANKIE  
No.

JERRY  
Yes.

FRANKIE  
No.

JERRY  
Why?

FRANKIE  
No.

JERRY  
What?

FRANKIE  
Just - no. I'm not taking any  
drugs and nothing you say or do is  
going to convince me otherwise, I'm  
not like you and I never will be.

JERRY  
You're so like me.

FRANKIE  
Piss off Jerry.

JERRY  
Fine. You sit there being a  
miserable little gimp and watch me  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JERRY (cont'd)  
have a brilliant time getting off  
my tits and playing video games.

FRANKIE  
Maybe I will.

JERRY  
Good.

FRANKIE  
Yeah.

JERRY  
Drink your tea.

Jerry leans down and grabs Frankies tea. As he picks it up he drops a pill in the cup and then leans back and gives Frankie his cup.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Here's to us.

FRANKIE  
Cheers.

JERRY  
Boring shit.

They cheers and swig their tea. They sit in silence for a moment. Jerry turns to Frankie.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
I put some in your tea by the way.

Frankies eyes open wide and he turns to scream at Jerry.

FRANKIE  
You did what!? I'm going to kill  
you you cu-

Cut to black. '25-30 minutes later'

Frankie and Jerry are hugging each other.

FRANKIE  
I love you, Jerry.

JERRY  
I love you too, Frankie.

FRANKIE

I'd be so lost without you. You are the light of my life.

JERRY

You are the chosen one.

FRANKIE

If we were a computer game you would be Mario and I would be Luigi.

JERRY

No, mate. You're so Mario. You're Mario, and Donkey Kong, and fucking Master Chief. Frankie, you are the hero.

FRANKIE

I wish you were my Dad.

JERRY

What?

FRANKIE

Shall we play this game then?

MONTAGE OF THEM TAKING THE JUNK.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE. NIGHT

A close up of Frankie and Jerry's faces as the light from the screen breaks the darkness and illuminates them both. The 8 bit music plays and the camera slowly zooms in on Frankie's face.

FRANKIE (V.O)

Jerry was right. It was amazing.

CUT TO:

The is a montage of them playing the game.

Jerry sits down next to Frankie.

Frankie is reading something on his phone

FRANKIE

It says there are two hundred and fifty five levels here mate.

(CONTINUED)

JERRY

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

FRANKIE

The what?

JERRY

The kill screen. An unbeatable level, the designers didn't think anyone would be retarded enough to go that far so they put in a kill screen, I never saw it, really fucked up.

Frankie sits there in thinking about what he just heard.

JERRY (CONT'D)

you and I are going to see it together

FRANKIE

Jerry?

JERRY

Yeah?

FRANKIE

Do you think I have what it takes?

JERRY

Of course you do  
Frankie. You're the hero

The guys speed up their gaming, they start to play more furiously and take drugs more regularly.

FRANKIE (V.O)

The lights, the sounds.

Montage of Gaming and Frankie/Jerry taking the Junk.

JERRY

Have you got the Junk?

JERRY (CONT'D)

Frankie? Have you got the Junk?

Frankie drifts away into an unconscious dreamworld, he closes his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Frankie? Frankie? Frankie you  
twat.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Frankie opens his eyes, he is in an empty office corridor. Silence. He hears multiple footsteps approaching. Suddenly four faceless men come hurtling around the corner and chase Frankie. He runs through a series of corridors, he is lost in a maze. The men finally have him cornered, he crouches down into the corner and shields himself.

The men start walking towards him, they start repeating individual sentences over and over.

MR RED  
Work Harder Frankie!

MR PINK  
You're ninety pence short Frankie!

MR GREEN  
Frankie, I'm Breaking up with you!

MR ORANGE  
Do you think I have what it takes?

Mr Orange steps forward ahead of the others and as he approaches Frankie, Jerry appears out of nowhere and punches him, the man bursts into orange pixels.

The rest of the men turn blue, turn around and run away, Jerry turns to Frankie, puts his hand out to help him up...

JERRY  
Of course you do Frankie, You're  
the hero.

Frankie stands to his feet and feels empowered, Jerry and Frankie chase after the remaining men.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM. MORNING

Frankie and Jerry are both lying on sofas.

FRANKIE

I don't think... in my current state... which is clarity... which is a word that I'd use... that I probably would...But I'm very aware that I'm inside myself.

Long pause.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Looking out...

Very long pause.

JERRY

Mate I might go to bed.

They both start laughing wildly.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM. EVENING

FRANKIE (V.O)

As time went on, I became a machine, just like the game itself. Me, Jerry and the 'JankuMan' are familiar now. We saw the game as a way to pass the time, a way to forget what needs to be forgotten. We got high, low and everything in between, we ate cracka snacks and played video games all night long. Soon the morning came, and soon after that it was night again. Before I knew it a week had gone by and we were lost in a maze of twisty corridors, all alike. The lights, the sounds... The Junk and Jerry had saved me. Right when I needed to be saved.

FRANKIE (V.O)

Everything... It drew us in. This was more than just a game now. It was life. I didn't need anything else.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE. DAY

Frankie marches into his boss's office

BOSS

Frankie! where the hell have you  
be-

Without hesitation Frankie proceeds to slap him across the face. He stares at his boss. His boss looks shocked and confused.

Frankie leaves.

INT. LIVING ROOM. EVENING

The guys are sat on the sofa taking some more of 'The Junk'.

The phone rings and Jerry gets up to get it. We hear Jerry arguing with someone on the phone.

FRANKIE

I can't believe I was ever gonna  
ask Jerry to move out.

Jerry returns with the phone...

JERRY

You were going to ask me to move  
out?

FRANKIE

You heard that? I thought I was  
saying all that in my head.

JERRY

No mate, you've been talking out  
loud literally this entire time.

FRANKIE

Oh...

JERRY

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

There is a long silence.

(CONTINUED)

FRANKIE

Who?

Frankie levels up.

JERRY

(laughs) Brilliant. I'll deal with her.... Fuck you Gemma.

Jerry leaves to put the phone down.

The camera is straight on at Frankie, he sits there with a smile on his face, he slowly looks around the room, bit by bit his smile starts to drop as he starts to realise what has happened.

Jerry enters the room again.

JERRY

Frankie, have you got the junk?

long silence.

The room darkens and all colour starts to fade, the reality of the room is revealed. Frankie looks at 'The Junk' on the table, he is shown to be tired and sick. Frankie looks up at Jerry...

FRANKIE

Jerry...

Jerry is playing the game, with his back to Frankie.

JERRY

Yes Frankie?

FRANKIE

Do you think I have what it takes?

Long silence.

JERRY

Of course you do Frankie. You're the hero.

The camera hovers on Frankie face as the screen glitches into Frankie's kill screen.

CUT TO BLACK.