

HOW NOT TO CHANGE

YOUR BOYFRIEND

by

Alison Wilkie

Flat 6  
53 Eardley Crescent  
London SW5 9JT  
ENGLAND

Tel: 0207 3417337  
Mob: 0796 1742204

Email: [alison@burningbridges.org.uk](mailto:alison@burningbridges.org.uk)  
Web: [www.burningbridges.org.uk](http://www.burningbridges.org.uk)

FADE IN:

**EXT. PROMENADE -- NIGHT (AUTUMN. PRESENT DAY)**

The sea rages.

Thunder claps.

LIGHTNING spotlights the cliffs.

Titanic waves HURL over the wall and cascade onto the road.

And a beautiful, unhinged-looking woman, (ANGEL, 30) battles along the promenade in ridiculously high-heeled shoes.

...As a wild-eyed man in purple brothel-creepers, (JOEY, 30's) hightails it after her.

JOEY

Angel!

But Angel staggers on --

Until a FLASH OF LIGHTNING reveals a giant ladder in her path.

And she halts. She wants to run under, but... She can't fight her superstition...

So skidding, slip-sliding, whip-lashed by wind and rain, she teeters her way around it in her heels.

As Joey hares right under the ladder and thrusts her against a lifebuoy.

Thunder CLAPS.

And they kiss, hungrily - Angel can't help herself.

ANGEL

You forgot my birthday!

JOEY

Never!

He kisses her again, as they are engulfed in a wave.

And a squeaking billboard swings from one hinge, announcing: WELCOME TO SUNNYFORD.

**EXT. STAIRCASE OF BLOCK OF FLATS -- NIGHT**

A dripping-wet VAGRANT, (60) scoots up the concrete steps...

**EXT. OUTSIDE WALKWAY OF ANGEL & JOEY'S FLAT -- CONTINUOUS**

...And shelters under the eaves. As a woman SQUEALS.

And The Vagrant peers in a window:

Cue FURIOUS, THROBBING, ROCK MUSIC...as a flash of lightning illuminates Angel, in a red bra and blindfold, skidding across the living room on her ass.

ANGEL

Joeeeeeeeey!

High-heeled shoes are held aloft and red lace rips from her ra-ra skirt, as she shoots along the polished wood and CRASHES out of sight.

And hurtling after, in shiny purple pants and rippling, washboard stomach, cannonballs Joey.

The Vagrant flattens his cheek against the glass.

We hear SPLITTING FABRIC.. The CLUNK-CLICK of heavy metal...

ANGEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Let me go!

The THUD of something slamming against a wall...

JOEY (O.S.)

Who's in charge?

ANGEL (O.S.)

You... You are Joey.

JOEY (O.S.)

And who tells you what to do?

ANGEL (O.S.)

You.

(GASPS)

You tell me.

The Vagrant looks about perturbed, should he call for help?

JOEY (O.S.)

Beg me, beautiful.

The Vagrant presses his nose to the glass --

And we see a row of canvasses, propped up against the wall. All half-finished paintings of Angel, mostly naked.

JOEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Joey can't hear you?

ANGEL (O.S.)

Please Joey, please--

JOEY (O.S.)  
Thatta girl!

And Joey swaggers past the window, balancing a pair of knickers on his nose.

JOEY (CONT'D)  
This birthday requires ice cream.

He pulls on a sheepskin jacket.

...And The Vagrant scarpers.

**INT. ANGEL & JOEY'S FLAT, BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS**

Angel on a fluffy, zebra-striped bedspread, with the blindfold stuck at an angle over one eye. And one of her wrists handcuffed to the bedpost.

ANGEL  
Don't leave me?

Joey wraps her in a red silk dressing-gown.

JOEY  
Won't be long, my siren-song.

ANGEL  
Well bloody hurry then.

**EXT. OUTSIDE WALKWAY OF ANGEL & JOEY'S FLAT -- CONTINUOUS**

Joey jogs along the corridor.

ANGEL (O.S.)  
(Yelling)  
And don't you dare take my bike!

**EXT. SUNNYFORD HIGH STREET -- NIGHT**

Joey see-saws wildly in the storm, astride a bright pink bicycle. ...And skids to a halt outside a supermarket.

**INT. ANGEL & JOEY'S FLAT, BEDROOM -- NIGHT**

Photographs on the wall:

Joey on the beach, in a fireman's outfit - giving Angel a fireman's lift in her bikini.

ANGEL (V.O.)  
Life with Joey wasn't normal.

Joey harnessed with ropes - half way up a cliff in his swimming trunks, grinning for the camera with a red rose in his teeth.

ANGEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But neither was it dull.

Angel and Joey laughing in a nightclub. Joey is looking fabulous - dressed up as a woman.

ANGEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
You don't hook up with the Joeys  
of this world looking for peace  
and quiet.

Angel, handcuffed, lies on her back with the blindfold over one eye and gazes up at the photographs.

**EXT. SUNNYFORD HIGH STREET -- NIGHT**

Joey strides from the shop with a tub of ice cream and swigs from a can of beer.

ANGEL (V.O.)  
But maybe I was changing.

He makes for the bike - it's GONE? And pirouettes around --  
As the Vagrant pedals wildly in the distance.

JOEY  
Oi!

Joey bolts off in pursuit.

ANGEL (V.O.)  
Do people change?

**INT. ANGEL & JOEY'S FLAT -- NIGHT**

The bedside clock reads 4:00 AM. As Angel stretches out her free hand to yank open the bedside drawer.

She grapples for the key inside... And almost, almost, has a hold of it... But it shoots out of reach and falls down the back of the cupboard.

Defeated, she grabs something from the drawer and falls back on the bed. And focuses on what she has in her hand:

A pregnancy test reading positive.

ANGEL (V.O.)  
Can Joey?

**INT. THE PIDDLER PIKE PUB -- AFTERNOON**

Giant plastic crabs hang in fishing nets from the ceiling and ROCK MUSIC ROARS...

As Angel serves the only customer, a WOBBLY ELDERLY GENTLEMAN (85) with a half of bitter - and gets back to reading 'Happy Parenting' magazine.

And her brazen-faced colleague, JAZZ, (40) struts her glorious, leather-clad butt past the optic bottles, pumps out a shot of whiskey and knocks it back.

...And spears a pin in a plasticine model of a fat, red, man wearing an off-white vest.

Angel winces.

JAZZ

What? It's damn impossible to get to the lav with that sleaze ball about.

ANGEL

Still I'm not sure--

Jazz grabs her magazine.

JAZZ

Happy Parenting?

ANGEL

(Blushing)

It's the maddest thing...

JAZZ

Yeah?

She thrusts another pin in the doll.

ANGEL

Yeah...

She watches Jazz attack the doll, pin after furious pin.

JAZZ

What's the thing?

Jazz squeezes the doll and gives it a good shake.

ANGEL

I... I like all the pictures of happy couples.

Jazz gives her a curious look.

JAZZ

No danger of you and Joey getting your mug-shots in there, then.

Angel forces a smile. As her MOBILE RINGS.

ANGEL  
(To phone - curt)  
I'm working, Joey.

A human version of the voodoo doll, complete with dirty vest, (JOHN SMITH, 50) thuds down a crate of beer.

JOHN SMITH  
That's good to know.

ANGEL  
(To John Smith)  
Oh, two minutes, boss.

JOHN SMITH  
That's all it takes.

He licks his lips and plods out.

ANGEL  
(To phone - loud  
whisper)  
No, no promises! If I had a  
necklace for every promise you've  
broken, I'd own the crown fucking  
jewels.

**EXT. BETTING SHOP -- AFTERNOON**

Joey wears decorator's overalls as he paces the street, talking into his mobile.

JOEY  
(To phone)  
I mean it baby, I'm on my knees.  
Let me make it up to you?

A tattooed biker, also in painting overalls, (DUDE, 32) skids out of the bookies and pulls the door open wide.

DUDE  
Joey!

He points to a television set inside...

And Joey stares pop-eyed at the horse race on the screen, covers his phone and does a little foxtrot.

JOEY  
Come on, come on... Oh yes yes,  
yes! You dancer!  
(To phone)  
How about I make you dinner?

**INT. THE PIDDLED PIKE PUB -- AFTERNOON**

Angel clicks off the phone as Jazz downs another whiskey.

JAZZ

Ditch the playboy and move in with me. That room won't stay vacant forever.

ANGEL

(In shock)

He says he's making me dinner.

JAZZ

What?

ANGEL

So I've decided to give him just one more, very last, final chance. He's never made me dinner before. Perhaps he's about to change.

JAZZ

Dogs like Joey never change.

She rips a leg off the voodoo doll, hurls it across the bar, and struts towards a door marked MERRY MERMAIDS.

**INT. PUB TOILETS -- AFTERNOON**

A toilet FLUSHES as Jazz strides out of a cubicle - and John Smith blocks her way.

JOHN SMITH

You're drinking all my profits.

JAZZ

(Winks)

That's why I'm so hospitable.

He pushes her back inside the cubicle.

JOHN SMITH

(Twinkling)

And now it's pay-back.

Jazz ducks under his arm and runs out --

As John Smith pounds out after and drags her into a clinch.

JOHN SMITH (CONT'D)

Everything has a price my lovely.  
And mine is one little kiss.

Jazz breaks free, with John Smith chasing after --

JOHN SMITH (CONT'D)  
Come on now Jazz, don't pretend  
you don't like it.

JAZZ  
I don't!

And she's thrust up against a sink. As John Smith pushes his lips to Jazz's mouth.

Jazz BOOTS him hard in the crotch - and he HOWLS as he collapses, clutching his groin.

**INT. THE PIDDLED PIKE PUB -- CONTINUOUS**

Jazz skids into the bar, grabs keys from a hook and yanks hold of Angel.

JAZZ  
Leg it!!

And the girls bust out of the pub.

**EXT. SUNNYFORD HIGH STREET -- MOMENTS LATER**

Jazz battles with the bunch of keys in the door of a silver Jaguar and the door flies open.

**INT/EXT. SILVER JAGUAR -- CONTINUOUS**

Angel and Jazz in the car, Jazz staring at the controls.

ANGEL  
Can you drive?

Jazz pulls a face.

ANGEL (CONT'D)  
Move over.

JAZZ  
In those?

Angel is (as usual) wearing ridiculously high strappy platforms.

ANGEL  
Get out!

Jazz jumps out and Angel slides across.

...As John Smith thunders down the street towards them.

Jazz whizzes around the car and leaps into the passenger seat - and they glance behind at John Smith's red face --

As Angel SCREECHES the Jaguar down the street.  
 And John Smith topples over, clutching his leg.  
 ...As Angel winces into the rear-view mirror.

**EXT. SILVER JAGUAR -- LATER**

The silver Jaguar rockets along the seafront.

**EXT. SILVER JAGUAR -- EVENING**

Angel's worried face through the windscreen.

ANGEL  
 It almost looks like that voodoo  
 malarkey works!

The car hurtles along a dirt track, towards the cliffs.

JAZZ (O.S.)  
 Didn't I mention I'm living with a  
 witch?

**INT/EXT. SILVER JAGUAR -- MOMENTS LATER**

Angel stares at Jazz, as the car rumbles by bushes --

BOUNCES on grassy shrubs --

And THUDS against something hard. It stops.

**EXT. HILLSIDE -- NIGHT**

Angel and Jazz climb down a steep hillside, on their hands  
 and knees.

JAZZ  
 Witch, warlock, something like  
 that. He could be useful to you.

Angel clings to a rock, bewildered.

JAZZ (CONT'D)  
 In your situation.

ANGEL  
 My what?

The Jaguar rolls down the hillside.

JAZZ  
 With Joey!

They watch transfixed, as the car lurches head-first off the cliff.

ANGEL

You want me to put a spell on him?

An almighty BOOM resounds around the coast.

**INT. ANGEL & JOEY'S FLAT, KITCHEN -- NIGHT**

Angel straightens the mats and cutlery on the pretty tablecloth, patiently waiting for 'dinner-a-deux' and gazes at the clock in defeat. It's midnight.

Sipping orange juice, she regards the pregnancy test propped up against the salt cellar.

ANGEL

(To the test)

The thing is Joey, this may sound dull, but I'm looking for some stability...solidity...

(Struggling)

Some demonstration of your dedication... Oh, bollocks.

She bangs her head on the table and paces the floor - past an artist's easel displaying a half-finished painting of a young girl - and KICKS a pair of men's leopard-print brothel creepers.

A moment. As Angel stares at the shoes... And in a fit of rage, scoops them up and rushes out of the door.

**EXT. OUTSIDE WALKWAY OF ANGEL & JOEY'S FLAT -- NIGHT**

Angel hurls Joey's shoes down the garbage shoot.

ANGEL

You can't keep breaking your promises!

**INT/EXT. GARBAGE SHED -- NIGHT**

The Vagrant, asleep against a large metal garbage bin, wakes with a start as two heavy objects clank-clank into the drum.

**EXT. OUTSIDE WALKWAY OF ANGEL & JOEY'S FLAT -- CONTINUOUS**

Angel slams shut the garbage shoot. ...Hears Joey coming up the steps, SCREEEECHING out a drunken version of a pop song about an angel...

And hurries inside.