

Recovery Road

By

George Lawson

Anything is Addictive

lawson.george@hotmail.com

FADE IN

EXT. GARDEN, HOUSE BOURNEMOUTH-DAY

VENOM PIPES, 32, bulky, muscly, in a hoodie, crouches in the grass, edging towards a garden gnome.

The RESIDENT, 28, lies on a sunbed wearing speedos and sunglasses.

Venom sprints towards the garden gnome, picks it up and makes for the garden wall. He jumps, misses the top.

RESIDENT

Oi!

Resident lowers his sunglasses. Venom abandons the wall, camera pans out to reveal ladder against the wall.

Resident sits up, Venom bypasses him, sprints towards the street.

EXT. STREET, PATH, BOURNEMOUTH-CONTINUOUS

Venom sprints, glances behind him.

Resident follows 100 yards away.

Venom runs into a KID holding an ice-cream, knocks it out of his hand. He runs down a street turning, rubs cream off.

The Kid scrunches up his face in preparation to wail.

EXT. TOWN HALL, BOURNEMOUTH-CONTINUOUS

Venom sprints towards the Town Hall, bursts through the door.

He slams the door behind him, turns.

A box lies in the centre of the room. Three people sit on chairs before him, staring:

MADELINE KYM, 25, smartly-dressed, glasses.

BLOT MISFIRE, 22, overweight, greasy, wearing a bright cap, licks a gobstopper.

SIV HILDA, 24 Scarlett dress, lipstick, handbag and lipstick of a 20's ballroom generation, unimpressed

(CONTINUED)

SIV

This session started ten minutes ago. You're late.

MADELINE

That's enough, Siv. You can see he's in a hurry.

Venom regains his breath.

Well, what are you waiting for?
Take a seat.

MIKE 23, in a Janitor overall and broom, grabs a seat and hands it to Venom. Venom drags the seat next to Blot.

MADELINE

Would you mind locking the door so we're not disturbed Mike?

Mike nods, locks the door. Blot plops a gobstopper into his mouth, gazes down at Venom's pockets, Gnome's rod partly visible. Venom pushes it in, covers up his pockets, inches the seat further away from Blot.

Thanks. Anyway, welcome to the third Recovery Club session, I think we should begin by introducing ourselves and why we're here to our new guest, um...

VENOM

Venom.

MADELINE

Venom.

BLOT

Venom.

Madeline glances at Siv.
Siv?

Siv puts on a superior smile.

SIV

Madame Siv Hilda. Does it need repeating?

BLOT

Siv.

Siv glares at Blot. She twirls her hair.

(CONTINUED)

SIV

Not that a ballroom dancer should
reveal her true secrets, but you're
in the presence of a celebrity. I
scored a 10/10 in the national
ballroom trials...

CU on Madeline, her eyes hooding as Siv's speech turns into
mumbles:

MADELINE V.O

She can't stop talking about
herself. I need a drink...
(One of the judges told me it
was a faultless performance,
movement like a swan.
This bastard of a judge had
the cheek to scrutinise my
makeup...)

Madeline wakes up, Siv's voice returns.
... So it just dripped all down my
face... Like a clown on prosac.

The group stare at Madeline.

MADELINE

Give Mike his broom back, Siv. And
that's not the reason why you're
here is it?

Siv gazes at her feet.
Is it?

Siv glares at Madeline.

Blot leans over to Venom.

BLOT

(whispers)

She thinks she lives in the 20s.
She can live in my 20s.

Silence. The group stare at Blot.

MADELINE

Moving on... Venom, let me explain
box 101 here. We all must give up a
weekly item...

Madeline indicates to the box in the centre of the room,
full of items; A blanket, toys, and a dancing trophy.

CU on Venom's red face, sweat-dripping, her voice, mumbles.

(CONTINUED)

VENOM V.O

I really shouldn't have gone
through that door.

(glances down)

I hope she doesn't notice the giant
bulge I've got down there. That
gnome is really prominent...

MADELINE

Moving on... Blot?

Blot licks the gobstopper, plops it in his mouth.

MADELINE

Don't be shy.

Blot takes the gobstopper out of his mouth.

MADELINE

Go on, Blot.

Blot glances at Venom. He offers him his gobstopper.

VENOM

I'm alright... thanks. Big lunch.

Blot raises the gobstopper to his mouth.

MADELINE

No Blot, don't, don't put it...

Blot plops the gobstopper back in his mouth.

MADELINE

...back in your mouth. We've
discussed this Blot, once it's out
of your mouth it stays out. Venom,
care to introduce why you're here?

Pause.

VENOM

Me?

MADELINE

Yes.

VENOM

Oh. I'm, um, I'm...

MADELINE

It's alright Venom, you're in a
nice, secure environment.

(CONTINUED)

VENOM

You see, the thing is, I'm addicted
to...

Siv eyes Mike's broom and snatches it. She stands, dances,
twirls and spins.

MADELINE

Siv, give Mike his broom back!

Venom glances around the room. Venom spots Madeline's bag by
her feet, whisky bottle poking out. He leans, over reaches
inside, removes a tin of petrol jelly. Mike snatches his
broom back. Madeline looks at Venom, holding the tin.

VENOM

Petrol jelly... Can't get enough of
petrol jelly!

Venom unscrews cap, dips two fingers in.
Fuck yes, that's the stuff, right
there.

Venom throws it in Box 101.

MADELINE

That's relatively new but... valid
I suppose.

VENOM

Yeah, I can't help it. The smell,
feel...

Venom rubs it around his fingers, sniffs.
Over and over again, like fingering
a mermaid.

Mike, brooming behind Venom pauses, glances at Venom. He
continues brooming.

Blot stares at Siv, sucks gobstopper ferociously.

Siv glances at her legs, adjusts her dress further down.

Venom looks back at Madeline. She frowns.

Venom dives for the box, grabs the tin.

VENOM

(Staring at Madeline)
Just one last go...

(CONTINUED)

He removes the lid, smothers it all over his skin and down his chest and arms, gyrates on the chair. Venom's gnome topples from under his hoodie, smashes on the floor.

Blot's gobstopper rolls from his open mouth onto the floor next to the Gnome.

MADELINE

Of all the things I expected to
come from that bulge a gnome wasn't
one of them.

BANGING at the door. Venom glances up.

LOUDER BANGING at the door. Venom sweats.

Madeline gets up, approaches the door.

VENOM

Wait.

SIV

Why did you have a gnome down your
pants? Compensating for something?
You've stolen that, you shit!

Madeline, pauses, turns to Siv, shocked.

SIV

Trying to trap us under your sexual
spell to steal our things too? I'm
calling the police...

Siv gets out her phone.

MADELINE

Siv, hold on.

BLOT

(Stroking chin)

How do you know? He could be
addicted to Gnomes.

MADELINE

Blot... please... shut up!

Gobstopper falls out of Blots mouth, offended.

MADELINE

We have a choice. Either we call
the police and he gets banged up.

(CONTINUED)

SIV
Which he should-

MADELINE
Let me finish!

Everyone pauses, glances at Blot.

BANGING at the door.

RESIDENT O.S
Give me back my Gnome, lowlife!

MADELINE
OR, we let him recover his stealing
issues here, at the group. What do
you say?

Siv examines her nails.

SIV
Fair enough.

MADELINE
And Blot, what do you...

Blot's chair is empty. Madeline looks around the room.

Blot approaches the door, puts his hand on the lock.

VENOM, MADELINE, SIV
Blot, no!

MADELINE
Don't you move that lock.

BLOT
Give me one good reason.

Blot tightens his grip on the lock.

VENOM
Gobstoppers... I'll buy you three
gobstoppers.

Blot pauses in thought.

BLOT
Make that two...

VENOM
(Confused)
...Ok.

Blot removes his hand from the lock.

EXT. TOWN HALL, BOURNEMOUTH-CONTINUOUS

RESIDENT bangs on the door, Madeline unlocks it and opens.

RESIDENT
Where is he? I know he's in here
somewhere...

Mike sits in Venom's chair, half-naked.

Venom sweeps the floor with his head down in the far corner
of the hall.

Resident advances further into the hall, Madeline pushes him
back.

MADELINE
Excuse me, have you no respect?

RESIDENT
What do you mean?

MADELINE
This is a recovery club.

Madeline points to the rusty sign.

RESIDENT
Oh, I'm sorry.

Resident steps back.

MADELINE
You should be.

Madeline slams the door on him.

Venom offers Mike his overall.

VENOM
Sorry about this, Mike.

Mike snatches the overall off Venom.

Blot smiles, offers his hand to Venom.

BLOT
I'm Blot by the way.

FADE OUT