

HONK IF YOU'RE HORNY

Written by

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1 EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET. NIGHT. 1

A well-groomed, 20-something Polynesian male, in a dark, heavy coat, puts his guitar case in the boot of a taxicab. He gets in, and the cab, with radio blaring, races away.

2 INT. MOVING CAB. CITY. NIGHT 2

The leather seats are worn and sticky. There's a cheap plastic air freshener on the dash, and another one in the back. There's a silver crucifix on a chain hanging from the rearview mirror. The radio is pumping out obnoxious, outdated rock music. The cabbie is a once handsome white male in his fifties. He's wearing a light blue, sweat-stained shirt that was probably a better fit a few years back. His hair is long at the back and his left ear is pierced.

DRIVER

So... a muso are ya mate?

The DRIVER dims the radio, and tries again with more gusto.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

So, mate. You're a muso then are ya?

PASSENGER

Me? Nah, not really.

DRIVER

"Not really" huh? What's your axe?

PASSENGER

Hm?

DRIVER

Your axe my man. In the case. Guitar? Bass? Flugelhorn? Sawn-off shotgun? Cos I tell ya what brother if you're plannin' on pullin' a heist I'm a mean getaway driver!

The DRIVER turns around to face the PASSENGER. The PASSENGER tries hard not to recoil at the driver's gruesome black eye.

PASSENGER

I'm good thanks.

Pause.

DRIVER

So what is it?

PASSENGER

What?

DRIVER

Your axe!

PASSENGER

Bass.

DRIVER

Fender?

PASSENGER

Sammick.

DRIVER

No shit. Well, I'm a Fender man myself.

The PASSENGER is happy to let the DRIVER have the last word on the subject.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Yep, nothin' gets the girls more juiced up than some heavy riffs on a Fender Strat. But you'd know all about that wouldn't ya mate?

The DRIVER looks the PASSENGER up and down in a way that is not un-creepy, making the PASSENGER uncomfortable.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

It's an impressive package bro, if you don't mind me saying so. But take it from me, make hay while the sun shines, 'cos it don't last. When you get to my age, you take what you can get.

The PASSENGER makes a mental note of the DRIVER'S I.D card. The DRIVER'S name is TERRY.

TERRY

But hey, if you're broad-minded, you can still have your fun. Like the other night right? I pick up this couple, and they're goin' real hot 'n heavy in the back seat. I mean they're practically doin' it right about where you're sittin' bro!

The PASSENGER'S ears prick up, but he tries not to show it.

TERRY (CONT'D)

So I told 'em I said, "Hey! Wait till ya get home, eh! Fuckin' deviants!" Thirty seconds later they're back at it again! Heavier! So I pulled over and I told 'em I said, "Look, no one gets off in my cab except me alright?"

(MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)

So cut it the fuck out!" And they're all goin' "oh no we're sorry, we'll be good," and all this bullshit, and they promise to lay off each other, right? And just to prove it, she, and this chick is fuckin' filthy brother...

3 INT. STATIONARY CAB. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE. NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 3

A SEXY WOMAN dressed in high-heels and a red party dress climbs over the seats and sits down next to TERRY. She smiles at him suggestively and runs her hand through her dark hair.

TERRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

She climbs over to ride up front with me!

4 INT. MOVING CAB. CITY. NIGHT 4

The PASSENGER is trying just a little too hard to look disinterested.

PASSENGER

You don't say.

TERRY

The fuck I don't! So we get back on the road right?

5 INT. MOVING CAB. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE. NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 5

The SEXY WOMAN'S hand is gently massaging TERRY'S thigh.

TERRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And no shit, she starts rubbin' my leg!

6 INT. MOVING CAB. CITY. NIGHT 6

TERRY

Boing! Instant boner right? I mean it's totally obvious like some kinda seismic shift in my jeans.

7 INT. MOVING CAB. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE. NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 7

The SEXY WOMAN shoots TERRY a sly look as her hand creeps up his inner thigh.

TERRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

So she works her hand up in between the goal posts and...

8 INT. MOVING CAB. CITY. NIGHT 8

HONK! Suddenly TERRY pounds on the horn and quickly winds down the window. As he swerves past a FORD FULL OF BOGANS he leans out the window waving an angry finger gesture.

DRIVER

It's called a fuckin' indicator cunt!

The BOGANS are oozing with aggression and testosterone. They don't react too favourably to TERRY'S comments.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Oh fuck, look out! Hang on!

9 EXT. CITY STREET. NIGHT. 9

TERRY takes a sudden, sharp turn off the main road and down a tight side street. The BOGANS all woop, roar and shake their fists as they begin the chase.

10 INT. SPEEDING CAB. CITY. NIGHT. 10

With the BOGANS in rapid pursuit, TERRY keeps right on talking as he races through the city.

TERRY

And dude, I gotta tell ya this girl is a real artist. She's got the hands of a concert violinist!

11 INT. SPEEDING CAB. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE. NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 11

The SEXY WOMAN pouts her lips and breathes heavily as she moves her hand back and forth, up and down...

TERRY (V/O) (CONT'D)

So I drift away for a second, right?

12 INT. SPEEDING CAB. CITY. NIGHT 12

The PASSENGER holds on for dear life. He looks back at the pursuing FORD full of bloodthirsty BOGANS.

TERRY

And so does the cab, and we go slidin', I mean we're all over the place, and she panics and grabs hold of the closest thing - my balls!

13 EXT. SPEEDING CAB. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE. NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 13

The taxi is racing up a dark hill, far away from the city. TERRY lets out a blood-curdling scream.

The taxi suddenly swerves off the road, and out of shot. There's the sound of screeching breaks and a crash.

TERRY (V.O.)

So we slip right off the road, head-first into a ditch right?

14 INT. SPEEDING CAB. CITY STREET. NIGHT. 14

TERRY'S voice gets louder over the roar of the motor as he attempts to outrun the BOGANS.

TERRY

Bam! I cop the steering wheel full in the face! And my head's throbbin', my balls are powder...

15 INT. STATIONARY CAB. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE. NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 15

The SEXY WOMAN and the SEXY MAN are laughing like maniacs. The SEXY MAN is so tall that his head is touching the ceiling of the cab. He's wearing a tight, white T-shirt that shows off his huge, powerful, tattooed arms.

TERRY (V.O.)

And these two crazy fuckers are laughin' and gigglin' and cacklin' it up like a couple of kids havin' their first joint!

16 INT. SPEEDING CAB. CITY STREET. NIGHT. 16

TERRY

So I'm spittin' tacks at 'em about the damage, the tow-truck, the insurance, my balls, not to mention the fuckin' fare!

17 INT. STATIONARY CAB. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE. NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 17

TERRY is gesticulating angrily which only serves to increase the laughter of the SEXY WOMAN and the SEXY MAN.

TERRY (CONT'D)

And the more I yell at them, the more they're fuckin' laughing!

18 INT. SPEEDING CAB. CITY STREET. NIGHT. 18

TERRY

And then they finally hit me with it. There is no fuckin' fare! They have no money! Not a red fuckin' cent!

- 19 EXT. CITY STREET. NIGHT. 19  
 Seen from above, the cab pulls a sudden left turn down a side-street, leaving the BOGANS racing away down the main drag.
- 20 INT. SPEEDING CAB. CITY STREET. NIGHT. 20  
 TERRY  
 So long cock suckers! Haha! Anyway, they finally stop sniggerin' long enough to suggest that...
- 21 INT. STATIONARY CAB. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE. NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 21  
 The SEXY WOMAN smiles at TERRY and licks her lips.  
 TERRY (V.O.)(CONT'D)  
 Maybe we can come to some sorta arrangement.
- 22 INT. SPEEDING CAB. CITY STREET. NIGHT. 22  
 TERRY  
 And before ya can say "big fuckin' hairy Goombah" this dickhead in the back grabs me!
- 23 INT. STATIONARY CAB. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE. NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 23  
 The SEXY MAN gets TERRY in a brutal, vice-like headlock.  
 TERRY (V.O.)(CONT'D)  
 And this big ape's got a real mean grip on him y'know?
- 24 INT. SPEEDING CAB. CITY STREET. NIGHT. 24  
 TERRY turns around to face THE PASSENGER for extra emphasis.  
 TERRY  
 But this chick up front, she gets to work.
- 25 EXT. CITY STREET. NIGHT. 25  
 The cab is still speeding. It races past a prowling police car. The police give chase.
- 26 INT. SPEEDING CAB. CITY STREET. NIGHT. 26  
 The high-beams and red and blue flashing lights of the pursuing cop car are darting all over the interior of the cab as TERRY attempts to out-run them. The siren is screaming.  
 The PASSENGER looks back at the cops in the vain hope of a rescue. As TERRY'S story cranks up to a fever pitch, the flashbacks get quicker, more intense and much more frequent.

TERRY

Aw, you're fucking kidding me! Now, no disrespect to my wife 'n all, when she's not chuckin' things and whackin' me around the head, she's a real mean cocksucker! But even with this moron breathin' in my ear-hole and dribblin' down my neck this has still gotta be some of the best fuckin' head I've had in years! But this girl's just gettin' the ball rolling my man, 'cos when she gets me real hard, and sees how big I am, her eyes light up, and she leaps on up like some kinda fuckin' Olympic acrobat, and starts to go for gold! So she's grindin' and moanin' away and this fuckhead in the back with the railway sleeper arms around my neck is goin', "Yeah baby, do it, fuck him baby, that's it, just like that..." And while she's fuckin' me, the two of them start suckin' face! But it's not till she starts to come, right? That this big fuckin' ape finally loosens up his grip, and I can get to work on this girl!

27 EXT. DITCH/BANK. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE. NIGHT. (FLASHBACK) 27

The taxi is stuck in a ditch on the edge of a steep bank. The windows are steamed up. The cab is bouncing up and down. There are muffled moans and groans coming from inside.

DRIVER (V/O)

And I gotta tell ya buddy this girl's jelly. She doesn't know if she's comin' or goin'!

28 INT. SPEEDING CAB. CITY STREET. NIGHT. 28

There's no stopping TERRY now. He's lost himself in his own narrative. The quick flashbacks from inside and outside the taxi bouncing up and down in the ditch steadily increase in intensity and frequency as he continues to rant and rave.

TERRY

Her arms and legs are flappin' all over the place, and it's like she's losin' control of her motor functions or some shit like that, 'cos there's this long stream of drool runnin' down one side of her mouth!

(MORE)



TERRY (CONT'D)

The windows are all steamed up, can't see a fuckin' thing, and the cab's bouncing up and down so hard in the ditch it feels like it's gonna come loose! But I don't give a fuck 'cos I gotta finish! So I step it up a couple of gears right? And I'm gettin' closer and closer, and I'm almost fuckin' there when wouldn't you fuckin' know it?

29 EXT. DITCH/BANK. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE. NIGHT. (FLASHBACK) 29

The cab shakes loose from the ditch and bounces over the edge of the bank and disappears out of shot. The moans and groans of cartoonish ecstasy instantly turn to full-blooded screams of terror.

30 INT. SPEEDING CAB. CITY STREET. NIGHT 30

And so begins a frantic series of shots from inside the cab as it plummets down the long, bouncy, scrub-covered bank, all intercut with frantic interior shots of the cop chase, from the PASSENGER'S point of view, as well as a long, intense close up of TERRY ranting, racing and revving up to the climax of his story.

TERRY

So we're flyin' full tit down this bank right? But I'm way too close to stop now, I mean I couldn't stop even if I wanted to! And I don't know where the fuck we are but it must be some kinda mountain range 'cos once I start to pop, it seems to last forever! And brother I swear to you it's like nothin' I ever felt before. It's like my stomach's leapin' out of my throat and my brain's explodin' in my head!

31 EXT. CITY STREETS. NIGHT. 31

The cab bursts out of a side-street and screeches into a miraculously tight park in a TAXI-RANK. TERRY instantly turns the engine, the lights and the radio off. Suddenly the taxi is dark and quiet. The police car races by, completely unaware. Its lights and blaring siren fade into the distance.

32 INT. STATIONARY CAB. CAB RANK. NIGHT. 32

The PASSENGER watches the police car disappear as TERRY talks softly and soulfully.

TERRY

Then everything goes completely white.

(MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)

There's this bolt of electricity running through every part of your body, goin' stronger and stronger, faster and faster, until it's goin' so fast it becomes this beautiful low hum, and time stands still for a moment, just for your pleasure. And brother it's like every load I ever shot; every wad I ever blew; every time I ever came, all rolled into one! And I know it's the same for these other two, 'cos by the time we get down to the bottom of where ever the hell we are, the entire cab is dripping with cum!

33 EXT. CAB RANK. NIGHT. 33

TERRY switches on the lights, starts up the engine, and eases the cab back onto the road.

34 INT. MOVING CAB. CITY STREET. NIGHT 34

With the police no longer giving chase, TERRY is driving much more sedately. He is wistful, almost tearing up as he talks.

TERRY

It's real quiet. No-one's sayin' nothin'. Well what can ya say? We're just catchin' our breath and wonderin' if we're still alive. Tryin' to get our heads around what just happened.

35 EXT/INT. ROADSIDE. BOTTOM OF THE BANK. NIGHT. 35

A thin cloud of dust clears to reveal the cab resting at the bottom of the bank. The SEXY MAN gets out and opens up the door for the SEXY WOMAN. She pats TERRY on the cheek as she gets out. The SEXY MAN takes her by the hand and leads her away, swinging the door closed on TERRY.

TERRY (V.O.)

And then, just like that, they say, "Thanks driver," and disappear into the night.

TERRY wipes the condensation from the window for one last look, but there's nobody there.

TERRY (V/O)

And when I look back, it's like they were never there...

36 INT. MOVING CAB. CITY STREET. NIGHT. 36

The PASSENGER'S breath gradually returns to him as the cab gently cruises along.

TERRY

Almost like the whole thing never happened.

PASSENGER

Yeah, almost, huh?

TERRY

So I finish me shift, and slip into bed next to the unsuspecting wife at the usual time. Perfect fuckin' crime mate! It's like they say, "you never know your luck in the big city".

The PASSENGER glances at the meter, and pats for his wallet. It's not where he thought it was. TERRY begins to slow down and look for an address. He suddenly loses his bravado.

TERRY (CONT'D)

319, 324, 32... Oh, ah, is this you mate?

37 EXT. CHURCH. NIGHT.

37

The taxi pulls up outside a large church with a neon cross.

PASSENGER (V.O.)

Yup. That's the one.

TERRY (V.O.)

But this is my wife's church.

38 INT. STATIONARY CAB. OUTSIDE CHURCH. NIGHT.

38

The PASSENGER is still having trouble locating his wallet.

TERRY

I've never seen you here before.

At last the PASSENGER finds his wallet in the inside pocket of his coat. He has a large cross, not unlike the one hanging from TERRY'S rearview mirror, hanging around his neck.

PASSENGER

I just started this month.

TERRY turns white as a ghost.

TERRY

Oh.

The PASSENGER leans in with his wallet, and the subtle hint of a smile.

PASSENGER

So Terry, will money be okay?

TERRY turns around sharply, but he's relieved to see that the PASSENGER has broken into a full smile. The PASSENGER is amused by TERRY'S discomfort, and he's pleased with his own joke. the PASSENGER grins and shakes his head as he pays. TERRY breathes easier. It seems that, for the time being, the PASSENGER is letting him off the hook.

39

EXT. CHURCH. NIGHT

39

The PASSENGER is greatly relieved to be standing on solid ground again. As it starts to rain, he grabs his guitar case from the boot and slams it shut.

The PASSENGER pauses for a moment to watch the cab disappear into the night. He notices a bumper sticker - "HONK IF YOU'RE HORNY". As he wanders up the steps to the door of the church, TERRY honks the horn twice.

THE END