

Little Red Hoodie

written by

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(c)

FADE IN:

EXT/INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Bespectacled Taxi Driver TERRY JONES (40), resets his fare meter, after dropping off a passenger.

A spritely LITTLE RED HOODIE (21), wears a hooded shiny red coat. She opens the door and quickly jumps in the back.

He turns to face her with a friendly smile. She grins back at him.

TERRY JONES

(jokingly)

Bloody hell. You're keen, aintcha?

LITTLE RED HOODIE

Am I?

TERRY JONES

I'd say so. I've barely set me meter before you jump in without telling me where you want to go.

LITTLE RED HOODIE

Oh, sorry. It's really shit out there. It hasn't stopped raining all day.

Her hood drops down and she flicks her long hair back to reveal a fresh smiley face.

LITTLE RED HOODIE /

Would you like me to get out and get in again?

TERRY JONES

Nah, you're alright.

(starts meter)

You look like Little Red Riding Hood dressed in that coat.

LITTLE RED HOODIE O.S

Oh, don't you start. I've been called that all night by my work mates.

TERRY JONES

So where are you going then?

LITTLE RED HODDIE
Soho House. D'you know it?

TERRY JONES
Yeah.

He sets off. She lies her umbrella down and crosses her legs.

LITTLE RED HODDIE
So how's your night been then,
Cabbie?

TERRY JONES O.S
Don't ask.

LITTLE RED HODDIE
That bad, then?

TERRY JONES O.S
You could say that, yeah.

LITTLE RED HODDIE
Would you like me to brighten it
up for you?

TERRY JONES
Yeah I would.
(grins knowingly)
How do you propose you'll do
that, then?

He watches her through his rear view mirror as she uncrosses her legs and unzips her coat to reveal a low cut dress and black stockings.

LITTLE RED HODDIE
See for yourself.

She's shapely and glamorous.

TERRY JONES
You're not winding me up, are
you?

LITTLE RED HODDIE
No.

She pulls up her dress then swings her legs back and forth to reveal her French knickers.

TERRY JONES

(tuts)

Would you mind just stopping that now, c'mon.

LITTLE RED HODDIE

I thought you wanted cheering up.

TERRY JONES

I do. But not like that. You'll get me shot, you will.

LITTLE RED HODDIE

(sulky)

It's only a bit of fun. Cheer up.

She sits up straight then stares out of the side window.

TERRY JONES O.S

It's my job to get you to where you want to go safely and as quickly as possible. The last thing I need is to be distracted.

LITTLE RED HODDIE

You remind me of my dad. He's a taxi driver.

TERRY JONES -

(mumbles)

Christ. Her dad's a taxi driver.

She climbs off the back seat then sits down on one of the flip-up seats directly behind him.

LITTLE RED HODDIE

Dontcha fancy me, then?

TERRY JONES

It's not about that, is it?

LITTLE RED HODDIE

What's it about then?

TERRY JONES

There's a time and place for everything.

LITTLE RED HODDIE

You wouldn't be the first you know.

TERRY JONES

No?

LITTLE RED HODDIE

No. I've had quite a few taxi drivers. You're the first that's ever turned me down.

TERRY JONES

Am I?

LITTLE RED HODDIE

Yeah.

(pauses)

You're not gay, are you?

TERRY JONES

Right, that's enough.

He stops the cab.

LITTLE RED HODDIE

What are you doing?

TERRY JONES

Get out!

LITTLE RED HODDIE

No!

TERRY JONES

Look, get out, or I'll call the police and have you removed.

LITTLE RED HODDIE

You miserable git!

She climbs out and slams the door shut. He drives off.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

During the downpour, she zips up her coat and pulls up her hood as she stands in torment at the side of the road.

INT. MOVING TAXI - NIGHT

The flash of headlights torment him as he shakes his head and grits his teeth when he spots her umbrella on the back seat.

He stops the taxi and completes a U-Turn.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Little Red Hoodie walks along the pavement while she looks for a taxi with its hire light on.

She spots a TAXI heading towards her and immediately runs out in the road, waving her arms frantically for it stop.

The Taxi stops. She climbs straight in and sits on the back seat.

INT. MOVING TAXI - NIGHT

She spots her umbrella and sighs.

LITTLE RED HOODIE
There it is! My umbrella.

TERRY JONES
Sorry.

LITTLE RED HOODIE
I forgive you.

TERRY JONES -
Will you behave yourself this time?

LITTLE RED HOODIE
Yeah. I promise.

TERRY JONES
Right, let's get you to Soho House in one piece.

LITTLE RED HOODIE
Thanks for coming back for me.

TERRY JONES
Think nothing of it.

LITTLE RED HOODIE
My dad would kill me if he found out I got kicked out of a taxi.

TERRY JONES
What's your dad's name? I'll tell him it was all my fault.

LITTLE RED HOODIE
No, you won't.

TERRY JONES

Why not?

LITTLE RED HOODIE

Because I don't really know him.

TERRY JONES

You don't know him?

LITTLE RED HOODIE

Not personally. I haven't met him yet.

TERRY JONES

Sorry, you've lost me, love. I'm not quite with ya.

LITTLE RED HOODIE

Well, I only found out he was my dad last week through a DNA test.

TERRY JONES

What's his name? I still might know him.

LITTLE RED HOODIE

Terry Jones.

He turns his head 360 degrees in horror.

TERRY JONES

Terry Jones?!

LITTLE RED HOODIE

Yeah.

With a look of utter astonishment he loses control of the vehicle and skids along the road, before it comes to a stop when he crashes into street furniture.

FADE OUT.

THE END