

MR. BOWLING BALL

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. FAMILY HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Ultra modern sleek and clean. DUNCAN (50's) sits at a long glass top table. He's filling in a birthday card. Taking care over his handwriting.

HARPER (early 20's), with a bottle of orange juice in hand, watches him.

HARPER

You really think it's a good idea to give them a card like that?

Duncan leans back in his chair.

DUNCAN

I got you an interview with this guy. Believe me, when I say he's the top, top Boss. So, I know where his sense of humour is at.

Harper moves over next to Duncan, he picks the card up. The front of it says, 'I can't believe you're not dead yet.'

HARPER

How's he gonna like this?

DUNCAN

Edgy humour can get you brownie points, if done right. Everyone else in the office is gonna get him world's greatest Boss. Top guy, brilliant at golf. Boring, boring, boring cards. This is gonna stand out. And a little light teasing goes a long way.

HARPER

I don't know, Dad. Seems kind of insane to insult your Boss like that.

Duncan snatches the card back from him. Pointing a finger at Harper.

DUNCAN

You do your interview well and he's going to be your Boss. In fact, you're gonna give him this birthday card.

(MORE)

DUNCAN (CONT'D)  
He already knows you're my son. But  
this will give you extra points.

Harper opens up his orange juice takes a big gulping drink.  
He doesn't look convinced.

INT. CARD SHOP - DAY

Harper is looking at all the rude cards. Thumbing through  
them.

Muttering to himself.

HARPER  
I don't even know if I should get  
him one.

A WORKER walks past. Harper reaches out grabs a hold of them.

HARPER (CONT'D)  
Excuse me. I'm looking for an  
attention grabbing card.

The worker smiles back.

CARD WORKER  
I'll try and help if I can.

HARPER  
Something that says, you know,  
you're an old fucker, hope you die  
soon. Stupid old fuckhead.  
Something like that.

The worker frowns.

CARD WORKER  
I don't think we got anything like  
that.

HARPER  
I need edgy humour.

CARD WORKER  
I think that might be too much  
edge.

HARPER  
The edge I need has to be sharp  
enough to cut. Do you know what I  
mean?

The worker backs away from him, shaking their head. Whatever this is, they want no part of it.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Harper, now dressed in a suit, sits in a small narrow waiting room with three other MEN. All similarly dressed.

No windows. Only a single dim light bulb above them. A row of hard plastic chairs.

They're all nervous. One of the men leans forwards.

FIRST MAN

Do you guys know what you're gonna say first?

Another of the men raises his hand slightly.

SECOND MAN

I read online it's a good interview technique to speak first.

Another of the men smiles.

THIRD MAN

I think I'm just gonna start off with a joke.

Harper nods.

HARPER

Yeah, I'm gonna call him a big stupid dumb fuckhead. Then I'm gonna give him a birthday card.

The other interviewees all share a look. No idea what Harper is talking about.

INT. OFFICE DAY - DAY

Harper now sits on one side of a conference table. Faced down by ANDERSON (60s). Short and bald. But his gold watch and expensive tailor-made suit makes him stand out from the others.

A stern looking WOMAN on his left. And a tall skinny MAN on his right. Both holding pens and notepads. Ready for the interview.

Harper, nervously leans forwards handing over the birthday card from his Dad.

Anderson smiles.

ANDERSON

I've worked with your father for many years. He's a good man.

HARPER

I think you'll want to check out that card before you make any final decisions on him.

Anderson opens the card. He smiles when he sees the front of it.

ANDERSON

I just knew he'd get me something like this.

He shows the card to the woman on his left and the man on the right, they too give polite chuckles.

Harper sees them enjoying the card and gets a rush of blood to the head.

HARPER

Well, I was going to get you a card too. But I couldn't find one that said. Stupid baldly, fat, idiot. Dum-dum face.

The three people in front of him are stunned.

Harper laughs, but laughs alone.

HARPER (CONT'D)

You're so old they should just throw you in a home and forget about you.

Again, the three in front of him just stare open mouthed, shocked.

Harper, laughs at his own jokes.

HARPER (CONT'D)

My God, you're ugly. Look at you. Big stupid bald head of yours. It's like a bowling ball.

He then grabs a marker pen. Pulls off the top.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Hey, let me sign the bowling ball. Happy birthday bowling ball.

Harper, climbs up onto the desk attempting to literally sign Anderson's head.

The man and woman have to physically restrain him.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Out from the office Harper is escorted by two large security guards.

Holding his arms behind his back, they're forcefully, dragging him away.

Harper has a huge smile at his face, clearly enjoying himself. Still doing his "comedy".

HARPER

I'll be back. You stupid bald idiot. And I'll be back soon cuz you might be dead, because you're so old and stupid. I want to sign that bowling ball head of yours. I want to sign the bowling ball.

(singing)

Everybody sign the bowling ball.  
Everybody sign the bowling ball.  
Everybody sign the bowling ball.

He's thrown out through a door.

INT. DUNCAN'S CAR - DAY

Waiting in a busy car park. Duncan's air guitaring to some rock and roll music when the front passenger door opens. Harper climbs inside. Duncan quickly turns the music off. Looking at him excited.

DUNCAN

So, how did it go?

Harper smiles at him confidently. Gives him a thumbs up.

HARPER

I got the job.

Duncan's eyes grow wide, filled with excitement.

DUNCAN

You got the job?

HARPER

I did what you said. I got the job.

Suddenly, Duncan's phone starts to ring. He pulls it out.  
Incoming call from Anderson.

He frowns.

DUNCAN  
Why is he calling me?

HARPER  
Probably to congratulate you. I am  
your son, after all.

Duncan beams with pride.

Duncan answers the phone. Anderson is screaming at him from  
the other end. Duncan's faces drops, he looks mortified.

**FADE TO BLACK**

**THE END**