

**Slidelick & Sidekick**

**Written by**

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FADE IN:

INT. RADIO BIGSHOT - LIT

Two zany radio presenters stationed next to one another inside a booth.

SLIDELICK 40, suffers from tourettes and before he speaks he twitches. He has bulbous blue eyes, a large potato shaped face, long dishevelled hair and blown-up lips. "The word Fuck is replaced by the word Hedgehog."

His sidekick, love guru, MARSHALL DICKSLAP is unnaturally hairy. He wears a black Kaftan and is covered in wooden beads and metal rings.

Female PRODUCER 33 sits in a booth opposite. Her long red hair brushes the floor when she walks. She has a long pointed nose, thin lips and speaks mellifluously.

SHORT JINGLE.

PRODUCER

They are outrageous! They are  
dangerously hilarious! Introducing  
Arthur Slidelick!

Slidelick stands up and jazz waves.

PRODUCER V.O /

Also his love guru sidekick,  
Marshall Dickslap!

Marshall Dickslap gets up and does the sign of the cross.

SLIDELICK

Hedgehog.

(coughs)

Good evening listeners, and  
welcome to this evening's show. We  
have lots going on throughout the  
next two hours, so stay with us  
and let us bring you down to earth  
with a crash bang wallop. Hedgehog

(coughs)

Now you see her. Now you don't,  
but doesn't our producer have a  
mellifluous sounding voice?

Hedgehog.

Short silence.

SLIDELICK /  
 Sorica... not enough takers.  
 (coughs)  
 Hedgehog. I did my best, hun.

PRODUCER V.O  
 Fuck off!

SLIDELICK  
 Hedgehog.  
 (coughs)  
 Oooo... So who've we got on the  
 show tonight, Dickslap?

Slidelick accidentally knocks his coffee over Dickslap's lap, during a bout of coughing and twitching. Marshall Dickslap screams as he quickly jumps out of his seat.

MARSHALL DICKSLAP  
 (angrily)  
 Bollox, bollox, bollox, bollox!

He grabs a towel and storms towards the floor of the studio where he lifts up his Kaftan and wipes his inner thighs with the towel. He wears tiger patterned pants.

SLIDELICK  
 Hedgehog.  
 (coughs)  
 What are you doing, Dickslap?

Marshall Dickslap turns his head 180.

MARSHALL DICKSLAP  
 Are we on air yet?

SLIDELICK  
 Hedgehog.  
 (coughs)  
 Of course we are on fucking air.  
 What has got into you this  
 evening, Dickslap? Hedgehog.  
 (coughs)  
 Wake up, Dickslap! Too much love is  
 no good for that solitary brain  
 cell of yours... makes you loopy.  
 Ask any...  
 (coughs)  
 Hedgehog. Monk.

Marshall Dickslap covers his ears and crouches.

MARSHALL DICKSLAP

I can't hear you. I'm Mutt and  
Jeff.

He gets up and reenters the booth.

LOUD PROTRACTED FART

He waves the gas in Slidelick's direction.

SLIDELICK

(chokes, coughs)

AH!!! You disgusting hairy ape!  
Stop that?!

Marshall Dickslap jumps as he attempts to catch the  
invisible, smelly gas in the hollow of his hands.

MARSHALL DICKSLAP

Certainly. Which way did it go?

He points at the Producer.

MARSHALL DICKSLAP /

She has it!

SLIDELICK

(coughs)

Hedgehog. GET OUT!

MARSHALL DICKSLAP

It's time.

Slidelick sits back down.

SLIDELICK

I don't want to know.

Marshall Dickslap takes centre stage and swings his hips  
wildly and mimics stirring a huge pot of food.

MARSHALL DICKSLAP

(repeats)

I AM THE LOVE GURU. LADIES WAIT  
YOUR TURN.

SLIDELICK

(over mic)

And I'm Arthur Slidelick... you  
can wait yours.

The Producer enters the arena on rollerblades. Marshall Dickslap sits back down.

SLIDELICK

(to Producer)

What are you doing? We haven't started the show yet. Go away!

MARSHALL DICKSLAP

Yeah come over here for a quick slap. You can play the Dickslap theme tune. D' you like wind instruments?

PRODUCER

Fuck off, you hairy whore.

MARSHALL DICKSLAP

Stop frothing at the mouth, then.

SLIDELICK

Here's a song for the red witch.

A song by Chris de Burgh begins.

Marshall Dickslap puts the headphones to his ear.

SONG

*"LADY IN RED IS DANCING WITH ME  
CHEEK TO CHEEK. THERE'S NOBODY  
HERE BUT YOU AND ME. SO HOW COULD  
I FORGET THE WAY YOU LOOK  
TONIGHT."*

SLIDELICK

Hedgehog.

(coughs)

Can we just get on with the show!

PRODUCER

I just had a call from a mother, asking if we could tone it down. They have a three year old who keeps repeating the words Dickslap.

MARSHALL DICKSLAP

Tell her to turn off the radio and put the child to bed!

Marshall Dickslap races to the centre of the studio and swings his hips once again.

MARSHALL DICKSLAP

(repeats)

I AM THE LOVE GURU. LADIES WAIT  
YOUR TURN.

He races back to his seat.

SLIDELICK

(to Producer)

What did you say to that caller?

PRODUCER

I suggested Macbeth.

SLIDELICK

What did she say to that?

MARSHALL DICKSLAP

She said she's going to report us  
to OFCOM.

PRODUCER

(rises)

Actually, I told her to fuck off!  
and take a taxi to Coventry.

MARSHALL DICKSLAP

I like that.

Producer exits.

SLIDELICK

Hedgehog.

(coughs)

Dickslap?

MARSHALL DICKSLAP

What?

SLIDELICK

I can't stand interfering cu-

LONG BLEEP

MARSHALL DICKSLAP

Wipe out. I can't stand the word  
cu-

LONG BLEEP

SLIDELICK

Did you do that?

MARSHALL DICKSLAP

Yep. Because I knew I was going to use the word cu-

LONG BLEEP

SLIDELICK

Hedgehog.

(coughs)

OK. Stop. Let's get on with the show. Our listeners are getting very annoyed. They're bored of this shit.

MARSHALL DICKSLAP

That's an anagram of this?

SLIDELICK

What?

MARSHALL DICKSLAP

Shit, is an anagram of this.

SLIDELICK

Of what?

(coughs)

Hedgehog.

MARSHALL DICKSLAP

(confused)

This, you cretin!

SLIDELICK

I'm no different to you, Dickslap. Hedgehog.

(coughs)

I'm a monster fuck too.

MARSHALL DICKSLAP

How does the song go?

SLIDELICK

Give me that microphone.

Slidelick takes the floor. He points and gesticulates towards Marshall Dickslap who sits agape.

SLIDELICK /  
 (repeats)  
 PUT ME JACK UP YOUR HEDGEHOG.  
 (coughs)  
 ME PUT ME HEDGEHOG UP YOUR  
 JUMPER. I GOT THIS TINGLING IN  
 ME HEDGEHOG. HANGING AND I FEEL  
 MESELF A BANGING, A BANGING ME  
 HEDGEHOG.

Marshall Dickslap gets up and grabs the microphone back from Slidelick.

MARSHALL DICKSLAP  
 What's a loada balony?

SLIDELICK  
 What?

MARSHALL DICKSLAP  
 What the fuck was that, Slidelick?

SLIDELICK  
 What's wrong with it?

MARSHALL DICKSLAP  
 That's not my song!

Marshall Dickslap hogs the microphone and raps to his tune as he gyrates his hips.

MARSHALL DICKSLAP /  
 I AM THE LOVE GURU. LADIES  
 WAIT YOUR TURN. I AM THE LOVE  
 GURU. LADIES WAIT YOUR TURN. I  
 AM THE FRUIT OF THE LOOM. BOOM  
 BOOM BOOM. RIDE THE DICKSLAP. RIDE  
 THE DICKSLAP. RIDE THE DICKSLAP TO  
 MY TUNE.

Slidelick grabs the mic from him.

SLIDELICK  
 Hedgehog.  
 (coughs)  
 You disgusting hairy fairy!  
 Sit down!

Marshall Dickslap takes his seat.



MARSHALL DICKSLAP -  
I AM THE LOVE GURU.

SLIDELICK  
Ladies beware.

Producer enters holding a sheet of paper.

SLIDELICK  
What do you want this time?

PRODUCER  
I've now received two hundred and  
fifty-one thousand complaints in  
the last ten minutes. And the  
phones are still ringing. I've had  
to put them all on silent.

SLIDELICK  
Hedgehog.  
(coughs)  
Tell them to switch over if they  
don't like it.

MARSHALL DICKSLAP  
Tell them to bog off.

PRODUCER  
Right.

SLIDELICK  
I've just received an email from  
the White House.

MARSHALL DICKSLAP  
What does it say?

SLAPSTICK  
It says that the new President has  
suffered a coronary. Hedgehog.  
(coughs)  
And that he's run out of white  
substances.

Marshall Dickslap searches his man bag.

MARSHALL DICKSLAP  
I have some somewhere. Oh... lots  
of crack, and some amyl nitrate if  
he's desperate enough.

SLIDELICK

Oh look, here's another one.  
All the women watching the show  
are shaving their fannies, due to  
your grotesquity. There's a slogan  
here - READ OUR LIPS. NO MORE  
BUSH.

Producer enters once again.

PRODUCER

You stupid, stupid morons! We've  
been taken off air! I have just  
received damning calls from the  
King, and now the PM.

SLIDELICK

What are they saying?

PRODUCER

Go home, before it is too late.

SLIDELICK

Hedgehog.

(coughs)

You go home. We must finish the  
show.

PRODUCER

OK. But don't say you haven't been  
warned.

SLIDELICK

(to Marshall Dickslap)

I was gassin' with the chauffeur  
on the way in. I asked him if he  
listened to the show while he was  
working.

MARSHALL DICKSLAP

What did he say?

SLIDELICK

He said no, he'll be too busy  
shagging your wife.

MARSHALL DICKSLAP

I don't have a wife.

SLIDELICK

Sorry, I meant your mother.

MARSHALL DICKSLAP

I don't have a mother.

SLIDELICK

I know. I know. For Christ sake  
just agree, Dickslap!

MARSHALL DICKSLAP

Damn it!

(raps)

I AM THE LOVE GURU. LADIES  
WAIT YOUR TURN.

SLIDELICK

He's must have you mixed up with  
someone else.

MARSHALL DICKSLAP

Tell him. Tell him, he's a fool.

SLIDELICK

I will.

PRODUCER

That's it! We are officially  
off air.

SLIDELICK

And the police have arrived to  
arrest us.

MARSHALL DICKSLAP

They can't do that!

PRODUCER

You tell them.

MARSHALL DICKSLAP

But I'm a love guru.

PRODUCER

No. You're a hairy whore.

SLIDELICK

And I am Arthur Slidelick.

PRODUCER

Get you coats, you're dead  
air.

MARSHALL

But what about the show?

PRODUCER

Look. you've upset the King.  
The White House, and the police  
are waiting in the foyer. They  
want a word. So get your coats and  
fuck off!

INT. MARSHALL DICKSLAPS BEDROOM - MORNING.

Marshall Dickslap lies naked on the bed with his  
Dickslap BABES.

They cavort and snort whilst more BABES wait in a queue  
outside the bedroom door dressed in orange Kaftans.

His iPhone rings. He leans across two naked babes to show  
his very hairy arse.

MARSHALL DICKSLAP

(on phone)

Who's this-? What did I do-?  
Shalom to you too

He ends the call and discards the phone.

MARSHALL DICKSLAP /

(to babes)

Right, you lot. The Dickslap needs  
re-tuning. You'll all have to come  
back tomorrow.

A Dickslap Babe's head appears from under the quilt. Her  
face is covered in froth.

MARSHALL DICKSLAP /

Right! Everybody out!

One by one they exit. When alone he stands with a  
tambourine in hand and begins to chant around the bedroom,  
dressed in his black Kaftan.

MARSHALL DICKSLAP /

HARI KRISHNA. HARI KRISHNA. HARI  
KRISHNA. HARI KRISHNA. HARI  
KRISHNA.

INT. SLIDELICK'S BEDROOM- MORNING.

Slidelick lies in his King sized bed. He sports gold pyjamas and a diamond head band. He strokes his pet ferret.

Telephone rings. He answers.

SLIDELICK

What-? what did I do-? It was just  
a bit of fun- Well I'm flabbergasted!

He slams down the phone and lifts up the quilt.

SLIDELICK /

(to ferrets)

And you can stop that. I'm already licked  
you greedy little bleeders.

TWO FERRETS pop their heads out from under the quilt.

SLIDELICK /

Right! Everybody out!

He picks up the phone again and dials.

SLIDELICK /

Moggers- It's Slidelick- I know- I  
Know, it's not my fault- can't you  
just help me out for old times  
sake-?

He lies face down on the bed and sobs and cries  
himself to sleep.

INT. MARSHALLS DICKSLAP'S BEDROOM - CONT'D

Marshall ties a rope to the light fitment and stands  
on a chair to hang himself.

He puts the rope around his neck, then covers his head  
with an orange hood.

At that moment the door bursts open and the ARMY storm in,  
with their machine guns at the ready to shoot.

THE ARMY

Freeze!

The chair wobbles beneath him as the Army quickly unties him, then carries him away screaming and kicking with the hood covering his head.

INT. SLIDELICK'S BEDROOM - CONT'D

Slidelick sits up in bed with a look of total dejection. A glass of water in one hand that shakes, a bottle of pills in the other that shakes.

And about to drink and swallow the pills, the Army crash through his window, automatics ready to fire.

ARMY

Freeze!

He jumps off the bed and tries to leg it out, but he is easily apprehended and carried away screaming and kicking.

SLIDELICK

Hedgehog! Hedgehog! Hedgehog!

Hedgehog! Hedgehog! Hedgehog!

(distant)

Hedgehog...

FADE OUT.

END