

THE SPERMDADDY

pilot Episode

by Chris Rubino

© Stungbyjellyfish

INT. APARTMENT -- DAY

We hear loud SNORING as we fade up from black to reveal a large, tipped-over distillery jar in the foreground of a roomy, plush apartment with all the mod-cons. The camera tracks over a trail of potato peelings on the floor that leads to a set of feet. They belong to RANDOLPH. Randolph, 44, has fallen asleep sat on the end of his bed, trousers half on and toothbrush in mouth.

There's a knock at the door. Randolph doesn't move. Another knock follows.

RANDOLPH
(eyes closed)
Goosha Guddahh.

A third knock and Randolph springs up.

RANDOLPH
I sshed -
(takes the toothbrush out)
I said use the Buddha!

He immediately regrets shouting. Randolph surveys the devastation through bleary eyes. Last night's drinking session has left beer cans, tubing and potatoes strewn around. We hear a monastic chime; the doorbell. Randolph finds a piece of peel in his long, matted hair.

CUT TO -

Brushing his teeth, Randolph opens his front door. A tanned man with cropped hair smiles back at him. This is STUNTMAN, 42. The "Jesus" T-shirt he's wearing barely covers his bulging muscles and pot-belly. In one hand he's holding a six-pack of beer, in the other a cheesecake.

STUNTMAN
Morning Randolph!

Stuntman hands Randolph the cake.

STUNTMAN
Raspberry today.

Stuntman's leather trousers creak as he walks by. Randolph leans out and peers down the corridor.

STUNTMAN (OS)

I don't like using the Buddha,
Randolph. Don't feel right
pressing the belly of such
a significant religious figure
just to gain entrance.

Randolph follows him in. Behind them we see a line of
paintings in the hall, all of them of Randolph and all
nudes.

RANDOLPH

(sits on the bed)

We run out of booze then, bro?

STUNTMAN

Yes Randolph, we did.

Randolph spits toothpaste into an empty and swigs from a
new can.

RANDOLPH

You see, you run out of beer,
it means you can't have drunk
your limit. And that's how you
protect your liver.

STUNTMAN

You're a wise man, Randolph.

RANDOLPH

Your body's your temple, bro.

He picks up a potato.

STUNTMAN

When we ran out, you wanted to
hit the home-made vodka again.

RANDOLPH

And we ran out of that, too?

STUNTMAN

No, you just wanted to bypass
the brewing process.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

Stuntman is struggling to stop a possessed-looking Randolph sucking the "juice" from a raw potato.

STUNTMAN

Randolph! Give it back here!

They wrestle over the potato.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

RANDOLPH

No one said quitting
drinking was gonna be
easy, brother.

He takes another swig. Stuntman is studying Randolph's latest unfinished portrait.

STUNTMAN

Randolph, I believe you've
gained a few pounds. You
want to tell Bianca to stop
bringing you treats.

RANDOLPH

(nods in resignation)
Yeah, well the restraining
order didn't include harassment
by cake. Besides, I'm documenting
the changes in my body over my
life. This is my Magnus Opus.
Wouldn't be much of a life's work
if it never changed.

Stuntman is again impressed by Randolph's logic.

RANDOLPH

Why so early, bro? You know
my mornings are for cleansing.

About to meditate, he crosses his legs.

STUNTMAN

You'll have to cleanse later,
Randolph. It's the first of
the month again.

RANDOLPH

You bear uncool tidings, bro.

STUNTMAN

I am afraid we have to go
outside. It's time to do
"The Run".

FADE TO BLACK

Insert -- THE RUN

FADE UP FROM BLACK

EXT. APARTMENT CAR-PARK -- DAY

CLOSE on Randolph's face. He's listening, nodding.

STUNTMAN (OC)

This isn't the first time
you've done this, Randolph
Bailey. You've done it every
month for the last twenty years.

Randolph takes a calming swig of beer then hands the can to
Stuntman who pops it in his rucksack.

RANDOLPH

Ok, bro but after this run
we cut back on the drinking.
Wean ourselves off slowly.

STUNTMAN

Sure Randolph.

The two men are standing under an overpass. With matching
grunge baggy trousers and top, Randolph looks the
archetypal hippy.

RANDOLPH

The same route as always?

STUNTMAN

Parking lot to grocery
store. Grocery store to
bank. Bank, crosswalk,
Benefits Office. Easy.

RANDOLPH
(looks around nervously)
Easy's easy for you to say.
You're not agoraphobic.

Randolph is hanging back under the shadow of the overpass. Stuntman holds his hands out. Randolph takes them and steps, like a child learning to walk, into the daylight.

STUNTMAN
There you go.

Randolph relaxes and smiles.

RANDOLPH
Ok.

STUNTMAN
Easy does it...and I'm
letting go.

Stuntman lets go of Randolph's hands. Randolph takes a deep breath. Then they start to trot down the path with Randolph consciously sticking to the inside lane.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) A bin blocks Randolph and he stops. Stuntman jogs back and pushes it aside. Randolph continues.

B) The Crosswalk. Randolph swigs beer, steels himself and crosses. He freezes when an old woman and her tiny dog appear. Stuntman steps in front of Randolph as if shielding him from sniper fire whilst his friend shouts at the pensioner.

D) Stuntman is leaning against a tree in a wide-open park. He ushers Randolph over. Randolph's afraid but he closes his eyes and sets off, running blindly past his friend.

BACK TO SCENE

The two men come to a standstill just over the road from the The Benefits Office. As Stuntman is about to cross, Randolph puts a hand on his shoulder.

RANDOLPH
Wait.

STUNTMAN

What?

Randolph points to a CCTV camera.

RANDOLPH

Pie in the sky.

STUNTMAN

(sensing a drama)

Oh, hasn't that always
been there?

RANDOLPH

No bro. It's new.

STUNTMAN

I don't think they put it
there because of you,
Randolph.

RANDOLPH

Just like in The Matrix.
Well I've had enough,
brother.

(waves at the camera)

Hey! Here I am! Over here!

STUNTMAN

Randolph!

RANDOLPH

(to the camera)

What you gonna do, huh?
Poison my food?! Pop a
little plutonium in the
post!?

Two policemen exit the building, unaware of Randolph's rage
against the machine. Randolph sees them and immediately
calms down. They pass.

RANDOLPH

Now that was close. You
see, the Octopus' tentacles
stretch everywhere, man.

As they cross the road, Randolph covers his face from the

camera.

INT. BENEFITS OFFICE -- DAY

Randolph is at The Housing Benefit counter. A young clerk takes his booklet.

CLERK

You know, if you're not earning, you really should move into a cheaper flat. This is a little excessive.

Randolph taps his ear, makes a strange hand gesture and mumbles something.

CLERK

Sorry? Oh, you're deaf. hold on ... Linsey! What do I do if the customer's - (looks for help but none comes. Uncertain, he stamps the page) That's your rent then, sir. One thousand two hundred dollars.

The clerk smiles compassionately, mouths "byeee" and gives a wave.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) Disability Benefit. Randolph swigs a beer and bangs the can on the counter, making the clerk jump.

RANDOLPH

Alcoholic.
(wipes his mouth)
Oh, and arthritis.

He moves his thumb up and down and grimaces.

B) War Veterans Benefit. A motherly type looks at Randolph.

MOTHERLY TYPE

It's ever so brave what you boys did against the Taliban.

Randolph agrees and pretends to shoot her with a finger-gun.

C) Family Welfare & Travel Subsidy. The clerk is scrutinizing the identity card of an old woman.

CLERK

If your Mother could fly
all the way to Scotland,
why can't she come in and
make the claim herself?

RANDOLPH

Good question, bro. She's
missing.

CLERK

Missing?

RANDOLPH

Yeah, you know how sometimes
they lose your baggage at
airports? Well, they lost
Mum. We got the bags sent
back and everything but it's
just not the same, you dig?

The clerk doesn't believe a word but approves the application anyway.

BACK TO SCENE

A satisfied Randolph leans up against the Unemployment Benefits counter. He's surprised to see a small photo of himself in a heart-shaped frame.

WOMAN'S VOICE (OC)

Cooee! Randy-wandy!

Bianca, a small, portly woman dressed librarian-style, gives a little wave.

RANDOLPH

Bianca! What the -!
(he controls himself)
What the hell are you doing
here?

BIANCA

(excited)

We have a new manager, Randy!
He transferred me here.

RANDOLPH

Did you forget to tell
your new manager about the
restraining order, you
fricking nut-job?! And
leaving cheesecake on my
doorstep every morning is
just a nutritious form of
stalking!

BIANCA

Randy, even a court-imposed
distance just makes the heart
grow fonder.

RANDOLPH

But that distance is supposed
to be 100 meters! Move back!

BIANCA

Well, I could go right to the
end of the office, I suppose.
But I have your unemployment
cheque right here.

She hovers, about to walk away. Randolph twitches in
indecision but is then momentarily distracted when he
notices a succulent white spot on Bianca's chin.

RANDOLPH

Just give me the cheque!

She lovingly holds the cheque to her lips then places it in
Randolph's hand.

BIANCA

Your Donald Duck socks are
still at my place, Randy-wandy.

He grimaces and walks away.

BIANCA

They have your smell!

RANDOLPH
(to himself)
One night 16 years ago and
she still smells my frickin'
socks!

He shudders.

INT. BENEFITS OFFICE CORRIDOR -- DAY (continuous)

Dunc, a tall, athletic, 16 year-old half-cast, is listening to his i-pod and bouncing his basketball. He bumps into Randolph.

DUNC
Oh, hey Dad.

RANDOLPH
Jesus, you here too?!

DUNC
You come in to see Mum?

RANDOLPH
Listen man, I am not your
Dad! Me and your insane
Mother had one night! One!
And you'll be surprised to
hear I was a little drunk.
Check out a poster of
Shaquille O'Neil, man!
That's what your Dad looks
like.

Dunc considers the possibility.

DUNC
Yeah, Shaq rocks. Catch
you later Dad.

He walks off, bouncing his ball.

TV SCREEN -- The 6 Million Dollar Man is running towards us in trade-mark slow-motion to the series' soundtrack.

STUNTMAN (OC)
Lee Majors had that perfect
(more)

STUNTMAN (Cont'd)
balance. Look at him just
floating along right there,
like one of The Good Lord's
most divine creations.

We are back in Randolph's apartment. He and Stuntman are
watching a dvd and sipping beer.

RANDOLPH
(calculating the takings
from the booklets)
And once again we out-system
the system.
(takes a deep swig)
We gotta nip this drinking
thing in the bud, Stunt.

STUNTMAN
The Lord works in mysterious
ways, Randolph. Maybe that
was a sign he wants you and
Bianca together.

RANDOLPH
Well Stunt, that would be
mysterious when you consider
how much I hate her. Seriously,
you have a white spot on your
face, you pick it. Out of
consideration to other people.

STUNTMAN
But she does make a humdinger
of a cheesecake, Randolph. I
think it's the breadcrumbs
she uses -
(points to the screen)
Lookie, this is my bit!

RANDOLPH
(reads newspaper)
"We must reduce our carbon
footprint". Did we step
in any carbon on the way over?

STUNTMAN
Ah, jeez!

RANDOLPH
(looks up)
Sorry man, missed it.

STUNTMAN
They cut it. They cut my
stunt with Lee Majors!

He leans back, disappointed.

RANDOLPH
Come on, Stuntman. You know
you did it, right? That's
what counts, bro.

Stuntman gets up.

STUNTMAN
The Lord is telling me pride
in past achievements is a
sin, Randolph. I do tend
to forget that it was his
intervention that changed
my life.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

Stuntman is dressed in a twee jacket.

STUNTMAN
Beethoven, Nooooo!

A large St. Bernard jumps up and sends him crashing.

CUT TO --

Stuntman wakes up with the dog licking his face.

STUNTMAN
Owwwwwww.

MAN'S VOICE (OC)
Stand-in Dad, you ok? Dammit,
we have to get another
Fall-guy! Jesus!

The dog carries on licking.

STUNTMAN
(smiling, semi-conscious)
Jesus...

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

RANDOLPH
Look bro, you and me've
been neighbours for years.
It's time to bear soul.

STUNTMAN
I have moved on, Randolph.

RANDOLPH
(impatient)
Oh, come on! Tell me why
you stopped being a
stuntman, Stuntman!

STUNTMAN
Randolph, I do not like
to talk about it. Now I
best go and let you get on
with your paintin'.

Stuntman goes to the door.

RANDOLPH
(stretches out on the sofa)
You're spreading an uncool
vibe locking your past up
like that, bro. You wanna
watch it don't break out
and come looking for you!

INT. RANDOLPH'S APARTMENT -- DAY (later)

We are CLOSE on a puffy piece of white flesh. It's Randolph's buttocks. He's naked, beer and paintbrush in one hand, a palette of colors in the other. He studies himself in the mirror, then on canvas.

RANDOLPH
Randolph Bailey, you're
a work of art, man.

He celebrates with a swig. A knock at the door nearly makes

him spill the beer.

RANDOLPH

Frickin'!...Use the Buddha!
(to himself)
You gotta get to grips with
the drinking, Randy-boy.

CUT TO --

Randolph, a towel now round his waist, yanks the door open.

RANDOLPH

Come on Stunt! I -

A gaunt, dark-eyed young woman, 25, dressed entirely in black, waits for him to finish.

RANDOLPH

Oh, sorry, sister. Why
does no one use the
Buddha buzzer?
(tipsy, he presses it)
Spreads good vibes, see?

The woman recoils at the stench of alcohol. She looks him up and down.

WOMAN

You Randolph Bailey?

RANDOLPH

One and the same little
sister. Unless you're from
the tax department.

WOMAN

(takes a deep breath)
Ok, my name's Delilah.

RANDOLPH

Delightful to meet you,
Delilah.

DELILAH

Yes and I've just come from
the Bognor Sperm bank.

RANDOLPH

But I don't do Sperm bank
till the second week of the
month. Sperm bank and Blood
Donation.

(he belches)

'Scuse me. You gotta get
a handle on the drinking,
Randy-boy.

DELILAH

Look -

(takes out a letter)

I've just come from the
Sperm bank because I'm
your ejaculate number ninety.

RANDOLPH

You're my what?

DELILAH

Ejaculate number ninety.

Randolph studies the letter.

RANDOLPH

Well, lookie, that's my
name right there.

DELILAH

Yes and next to it, that's me.

They look at each other for A BEAT. Delilah nods as
something dawns on Randolph. He slams the door in her face.

DELILAH

(loud, through the door)

Oh, that means you're my
Father by the way! In case
you didn't get it!

He opens it again and suddenly sober, snatches the letter.

RANDOLPH

Let me see that.

(speed-reads)

Must be some kinda mistake.

(more)

RANDOLPH (Cont'd)
Look, what about this guy,
"Art"? You need to find him.
Find Art. He's your Daddy!

He hands her the letter.

DELILAH
(slaps the letter
back on his chest)
That stands for Assisted
Reproductive Technology!
Look, that's your name.
You're my Father!

Randolph looks at the letter again but now the combination of shock and alcohol is blurring his vision. He tries to focus.

DELILAH
So are you going to let
me in or are you doing
something you wouldn't
want your little girl
to see?

He hands her the can, turns and steps inside. She goes to follow but the door closes on her again. She sighs in frustration.

INT. RANDOLPH'S APARTMENT -- DAY (continuous)

Randolph looks around for help. Should he Run? Hide? He rushes to his balcony.

RANDOLPH
STUNTMAN! GET OUT HERE, BRO!

CUT TO --

In his lounge, Stuntman is wearing a pink dress and working up a sweat with heavy dumbbells. KYLIE MINOGUE is blaring out from speakers next to a poster declaring "BUST YOUR ASS FOR GOD" and a cardboard cut-out Lee Majors.

CUT TO --

Randolph looks into his flat, half expecting the front door

to be kicked in.

RANDOLPH
STUNTMAN!!!

Stuntman's pokes his head out onto his balcony.

STUNTMAN
(sweating)
You finished paintin',
Randolph? You want me
to come over, take a lookie?

RANDOLPH
Screw the painting! I
gotta hide, bro!

Randolph climbs over to Stuntman's balcony.

CUT TO --

Delilah is about to knock on the door again. She hears something from the flat next door and goes over.

CUT TO --

Inside Stuntman's flat. Randolph is looking at his friend's curious appearance.

STUNTMAN
Look, it's a gift for my
sister, ok? I'm breaking
it in for her.

RANDOLPH
Hey bro, I didn't say -

An aggressive knock at the door cuts him short.

DELILAH (OC)
I can hear you in there,
Daddy dearest!

Stuntman looks at his friend.

CUT TO --

Delilah outside Stuntman's door.

DELILAH

I guess Mum must have been
the smart one.

She knocks again. The door opens. Stuntman is pulling on
his T-shirt.

DELILAH

Hi. Can I speak to Mr
Bailey, please?

STUNTMAN

I'm sorry, Mr Bailey is
unavailable.

DELILAH

What are you, his steroid
monkey secretary? Tell Mr
Bailey the result of his
(reads from the letter)
"highly motile spermatozoa"
is here. And I'm not going
away!

She hands Stuntman the letter. He looks at it.

STUNTMAN

Uh, I'll just go consult
with Mr Bailey about this.

DELILAH

You do that, Monkey Man.

Stuntman goes over to the wardrobe in which Randolph has
hidden.

STUNTMAN

Randolph, it says's here,
I think it says ... that
you're that lady's Daddy.

RANDOLPH

(inside the wardrobe)
Don't believe everything
you read, bro!

STUNTMAN

I really don't think this
is one of those government
conspiracy things.

The wardrobe door creaks open. Randolph gives his friend a look of resent.

INT. RANDOLPH'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Randolph, back in his own clothes, is edgy. He's sitting on the sofa with Stuntman. Delilah is sitting opposite.

STUNTMAN

So ... have you just come
from a funeral?

DELILAH

No.

STUNTMAN

Oh. Black suits you.

Randolph nervously cracks open a beer.

DELILAH

Seriously? It's not even
one.

RANDOLPH

Hey, I used to have a vodka
rack next to my toilet roll,
so believe me, this is cutting
down ... You want one?

DELILAH

I shot up at breakfast, thanks.
(looks round)
Nice pad. Must cost a pretty
penny. So what does Daddy do?

RANDOLPH

Uh, I let The State do the work.

DELILAH

What?

RANDOLPH

You know, Unemployment benefit,
Disability, all that. It's a
gold-mine if you know the
loopholes.

DELILAH

Ah, I'm so proud! My Father's
a benefits scrounge.
(sees a picture of Randolph)
Eeh, is that you?

RANDOLPH

That's just a pet project.
(gets up and covers the picture)
You see, my life is all about
trying to get back in touch
with the Earth Mother. Cos,
you know, we've all lost
touch, man.

He sits.

DELILAH

You're a hippy?

STUNTMAN

Uh, Randolph is more a ...
lifestyle guru.

RANDOLPH

Yeah. Guru. Thanks bro.
Look ... Delilah, is it?
I don't know what kind of
vibe you're on here exactly.

DELILAH

What kind of ... it's only
natural that I have a few
questions! I mean, you must
have questions.

Randolph looks blankly at her. There's a moment of
uncomfortable silence. Randolph grabs another beer.

RANDOLPH

Look, I have a very busy
schedule, so -

DELILAH

Oh, I'm sorry. Am I keeping
you from your drinking?
How are you ever busy?

RANDOLPH

Oh, I keep busy! You know,
fighting for the common-man,
resisting the machine, uh,
spreading a positive vibe ...

DELILAH

(looks round)

Well, for a freedom fighter
you have a big dvd collection.
Look, I just want you to know
me. Don't you want that?

RANDOLPH

Sure ... are you online?

DELILAH

What? Why?

RANDOLPH

We can be Facebook friends.

STUNTMAN

Or Myspace.

RANDOLPH

Myspace. Or Skype.

DELILAH

No! Look, you're my Father!
I want a relationship with
you!

RANDOLPH

You can't just force a
connection, little sister. I
think we all need some
time to, you know, sit
back and ... process.

DELILAH

Well, I don't have time! I'm
here because ... I'm in trouble.

RANDOLPH

What do you mean, trouble?
I knew it, Stunt. I knew I
should've listened to that
vibe I picked up this morning!

He sits back, closes his eyes and starts breathing deeply.

DELILAH

What's he doing?

STUNTMAN

Your Father can sense things,
Delilah. Although that feeling
this morning might've been
last night's potato vodka.

Randolph holds his hands to his head.

RANDOLPH

I'm tuning in ...

DELILAH

Oh, give me a break.

RANDOLPH

I'm getting something! I'm
sensing ... pregnant. It's
pregnant trouble, isn't it?

DELILAH

For your information, I'm
dying.

RANDOLPH

Huh?

STUNTMAN

(whispers)

She said she's dying, Randolph.

RANDOLPH

That's what I thought she said.
I did not pick that up.

DELILAH

Look, I need an operation.
I thought maybe you'd help me.

RANDOLPH

But I don't know how to do
an operation. You should
try a doctor.

DELILAH

(irritated)
I don't want you to do
the operation! I need
you to pay for it!

RANDOLPH

(relieved)
Oh, ok. Well, the thing is
I just bought an X-box and -

Stuntman nudges him.

DELILAH

Look, without this operation
I don't have much time left.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

Delilah is in handcuffs.

VOICE OVER (OC)

The fine is set at 50,000
dollars, to be paid by the
end of the month. Failure
of payment will result in
immediate imprisonment.

She's led away.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

DELILAH

I need 50 grand.

Randolph coughs again.

RANDOLPH

Fu - ! Fifty - I don't
have that kind of money!

DELILAH

Oh, come on! Look at all
this stuff. You must be
loaded.

RANDOLPH

Possessions have no monetary
value to me.

DELILAH

Good, then sell them!

RANDOLPH

Why don't you tell us what
you have?

STUNTMAN

Randolph!

RANDOLPH

What?

DELILAH

It's ok, mister. I'm just
surprised he didn't "pick
it up". It's cancer, ok?
I got cancer! Frankly, now
I've met you, I don't know
why I ever thought you'd
be interested! You don't
care about anyone!

(she gets up)

And you never cared about me!

She runs into the kitchen and slams the door.

INT. RANDOLPH'S APARTMENT -- DAY (later)

Randolph and Stuntman are sitting in front of the kitchen
door with an untouched set of beers. Randolph tries to
meditate as Delilah's sobbing starts up again.

RANDOLPH

I can't chill when she
does that, man!

(looks at the cans)

I don't even want a beer.

(more)

RANDOLPH (Cont'd)

I suppose this is what
going cold-turkey must be
like.

(stretches out his hand)

I am sensing great sadness
from behind my kitchen door,
man.

STUNTMAN

(nods)

You want to try again?

Delilah lets out a particularly pathetic whimper.

RANDOLPH

Guess that's what a Dad
would do, right?

CUT TO -- Delilah's side

A composed Delilah checks her watch then puts a tweezer up
one nostril.

RANDOLPH (OC)

Uh, hey there Delilah.
It's me again, your Daddy,
Randolph.

DELILAH

Leave me alone!

She yanks some hairs out, yelps in pain, then switches
effortlessly to exaggerated sobbing.

DELILAH

You're just going to let
me die!

CUT TO -- Randolph's side

Randolph gives Stuntman a look of helplessness.

RANDOLPH

Look, uh, help yourself
to a beer from the fridge,
yeah?

Stuntman waves encouragement.

RANDOLPH

Uh, ok, look Delilah, you know the guy on my doorbell, that Buddha dude? Well he once said that death is like, just a part of The Circle Of Life. Or was that The Cycle Of Life? Anyway, the point is Buddha is right here, on my door, spreading a cool vibe.

(he's losing it)

So I guess what I'm saying is ... maybe one day, there'll be doorbells that look like you.

She starts crying even louder than before. Randolph winces at having made matters worse.

CUT TO -- Delilah's side

Still making crying noises, Delilah is rummaging through the fridge. She finds an onion and starts peeling it.

DELILAH

You never wanted me!

(chops the onion)

I hate you!

CUT TO -- Randolph's side. She's really getting to him.

RANDOLPH

Hey, y'know, hate is like, one very negative word. Maybe we should just get to know each other a bit?

He looks to Stuntman who scribbles on a piece of paper and holds it up. Randolph nods.

RANDOLPH

(reading)

I-promise-you-Delilah,-I-will-not-let-you-die-alone!

CUT TO -- Delilah's side

Delilah is holding bits of crushed onion under her

streaming eyes. A bit gets in and it stings.

DELILAH

Ow! Bitch!

CUT TO -- Randolph's side

RANDOLPH

(soothing, through the door)

Look, about the money.

I guess we can get it
together. I could even
sell the x-box ...

As he gestures to Stuntman that he doesn't mean it, the door opens. Delilah is panda-eyed with smeared make-up. She sniffs and finishes munching a last piece of onion.

DELILAH

Oh, Daddy! I knew you'd help me!

She falls into his arms. For Randolph, this is way too much intimacy. He doesn't know where to put his hands.

RANDOLPH

There you are!

(pats her)

Let's get a beer in you, eh?

She sniffs and nods.

INT. RANDOLPH'S APARTMENT -- DAY (later)

Three cans of beer clink together.

RANDOLPH

To motile spermatozoa!

They all take a swig.

STUNTMAN

So you can still drink with
the cancer?

Delilah downs her can.

DELILAH
(wipes mouth)
I'm terminal, what's the
worst that can happen?

Stuntman picks up the letter on the table.

DELILAH
(grabs Randolph's arm)
Woaahh!

RANDOLPH
Oww! What is it?

DELILAH
Sorry!
(lets go of him)
It's my cancers! They make
me go a bit woozy at times!

Randolph rubs his arm.

RANDOLPH
I'm quite literally feeling
your pain.

DELILAH
I just ... hope I get that
operation soon.

Randolph looks from Delilah to Stuntman.

RANDOLPH
You know what? I'm going to
write you a cheque!

DELILAH
(plays innocent)
Hmm?

RANDOLPH
And I'm going to do it
right now. Before you
hurt me again.

Randolph pulls a box out from under the table. Delilah's
eyes light up as he takes out his cheque-book.

RANDOLPH

You know, I think I always
knew you were out there,
somewhere. I can sense these
things.

STUNTMAN

Uh, Randolph ...

RANDOLPH

Don't worry, Stunt. We won't
have to sell the x-box.

As Randolph's pen touches the cheque Stuntman stops him.

STUNTMAN

It says here Delilah is
"ejaculate number ninety".

DELILAH

Friends just call me Ninety.

RANDOLPH

You think I should write that
on the cheque?

DELILAH

Write it to Delilah! That's
D-E-L-

STUNTMAN

No! Number ninety of three
hundred and twelve successful
IVF treatments!

RANDOLPH

Oh, with you, bro. Oh!
(takes the letter)
Let me see!

STUNTMAN

(whispers)

I say at least because, as
you and I both know, we men
usually make more than one
sperm at a time.

RANDOLPH

Three hundred and twelve!
I have three hundred and
twelve babies?!

Now he grabs Delilah's arm for support.

DELILAH

Ow!

Randolph's turned pale and is blinking.

STUNTMAN

Randolph, you Ok?

DELILAH

He's not going into one
of his trances again, is he?

Randolph rubs his eyes.

BEGIN RANDOLPH'S DREAM

Delilah and Stuntman are cradling babies in each arm. The room is full of wailing infants, on chairs, tables, the tv; there's not an inch to spare.

BACK TO SCENE

Randolph shakes himself out of the nightmare and tries to re-focus.

RANDOLPH

I have three hundred and
twelve babies ...

He rubs his eyes again.

BEGIN RANDOLPH'S DREAM #2

Now the room is full of young men and women, all dressed in black, like Delilah. Some are carrying Randolph's possessions out the door whilst others pass round cheques.

BACK TO SCENE

Randolph snaps out of it.

STUNTMAN

Randolph, what is it?

RANDOLPH

They're coming for me!

STUNTMAN

What? Who is?

RANDOLPH

The babies!

DELILAH

Look hippy Dad, when the mushrooms wear off, write my cheque, Ok?

RANDOLPH

(thinking, panicking)

She's might just be the first! The others could be "in trouble" too!

DELILAH

Screw them! I got cancer!

Randolph gets up and begins pacing the room.

RANDOLPH

What if they all turn up together? They'll take everything! ... I have to beat them to it! That way they won't be mad. Find them first, check they're ok. Like a Dad would do.

STUNTMAN

Randolph, have you been on the mushrooms?

DELILAH

So what, now you're going to find all your children?!

RANDOLPH

(dreamy)

Yeah ... I have to find all my children.

DELILAH

(soothing)

Daddy, just fill out this little cheque then everything can go back to how it was before.

RANDOLPH

Huh? No ... No going back now, new daughter.

(puts hand on Stuntman's shoulder)

Stunt, we gotta get our things. We have to do "The Run" again.

EXT. BOGNOR SPERM BANK -- DAY

The pristine, glass building twinkles in the afternoon sun, dominating the street like some towering church. Stuntman and Delilah look on in awe. From behind a nearby tree, Randolph checks the coast is clear, then jogs up.

DELILAH

It takes you an hour for a ten minute walk?

RANDOLPH

(arrives)

S'the concrete jungle, man. Danger round every corner.

DELILAH

Well, I guess I didn't miss you taking me to Disneyland as a kid. So what now?

RANDOLPH

(looks at the entrance)

Now I find out what happened to twenty six years worth of sperm.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

A teenage Randolph collects a beaker at a counter from an old female nurse. She passes over a few porn magazines with slim, blonde women on the cover.

OLD NURSE
Sweedish Sauna Girls. Knock
yourself out.

CUT TO --

A mid-twenties Randolph at the counter. The same nurse, who hasn't aged a bit, passes over the beaker and magazines. This time it's black women with big afros on the cover.

OLD NURSE
Amazonian Beauties. Knock
yourself out.

CUT TO --

A mid-thirties Randolph. The same nurse, still perfectly preserved, gives Randolph the beaker and a J C Penney catalogue.

OLD NURSE
Post is late. Use the
underwear section. Knock
yourself out.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

DELILAH
Hello! You're wasting your
time! They won't just hand
you over a list of names.

RANDOLPH
Look, just trust me on this,
Delilah. Spermdaddy knows best.

INT. BOGNOR SPERM BANK -- DAY (continuous)

At the counter, the Old Nurse from the flashback is shaking her head.

OLD NURSE
Sorry, we can't just hand
you over a list of names.

From the other side of the room, Delilah gives Randolph and

Stuntman an "I-told-you-so" glare.

RANDOLPH

Listen, I understand that
this might seem a little
unusual -

OLD NURSE

A little illegal.

RANDOLPH

Yeah, look, I've had a,
what was it? A Tiffany.

STUNTMAN

That's epiphany, Randolph.

RANDOLPH

Right, one of those. I've
found my conscience.

OLD NURSE

That's very nice for you
Mr Bailey but we still don't
give out names. Now why
don't you just go to your
favorite room and have a
good time?

(passes over a beaker and magazine
with female body builders)

Today we have "Pump and
Grind", knock yourse -

RANDOLPH

No! No more deposits! I'm
here to find out what
happened to all my sperms!

The nurse pulls the counter window shut. Delilah smirks.
Randolph goes over and sits next to her. She pointedly
turns away. Sitting shoulder to shoulder they finger their
hair in perfect unison. Sat like this, their physical
resemblance is striking.

RANDOLPH

So, like how did you find
me, Delilah?

DELILAH

Tell you for 50 grand.

Stuntman is now leafing through the magazine.

RANDOLPH

Look, I'm your Father. So I'm
telling you to tell me.

(turns further away)

Ok, those were uncool vibes.
I'm sorry.

He brushes the bad "vibes" away. They sit in silence.

RANDOLPH

(feigned interest)

So ... uh tell me, Delilah,
where did you go to school?

DELILAH

(stern)

School.

RANDOLPH

Ah, right. That figures. And
you ... have a boyfriend?

DELILAH

Oh, every day. Husbands too.

Randolph doesn't get it.

RANDOLPH

So the whole death thing. You
want like, your ashes scattered
on the Ganges? Personally, I
always thought it'd be cool to
mummified, y'know -

DELILAH

(turns to him)

Seriously? This is your
attempt at bonding?

Randolph withers under her glare. He's about to give up
when a stocky male nurse walks past. He recognizes Delilah
and comes back. Without warning, the male nurse falls to
his knees.

DELILAH
(through gritted teeth)
What are you doing? Not here!

MALE NURSE
But Mistress, you said -

DELILAH
Get up, you idiot!

The nurse gets up and stands in front of her.

MALE NURSE
Have I been bad, Mistress?

DELILAH
Just go away! Shoo!

Unsure, he moves off. Delilah tries to avoid Randolph's questioning look.

RANDOLPH
What exactly do you do for
a living, Delilah?

BEGIN RANDOLPH'S DREAM

A leather clad Delilah is reading a printout whilst resting one high-heeled foot on the male nurse's back. He is naked save for the dog collar round his neck and is on all fours like a good slave.

BACK TO SCENE

Randolph ponders the morose countenance of the Sperm Bank staff. Then he notices his daughter's wicked smile and the answer dawns on him.

RANDOLPH
You didn't ...

Delilah's grin is all the confirmation Randolph needs. He rushes to the counter and knocks on the glass pane. Stuntman quickly puts the dirty magazine down. The Old Nurse opens the window.

OLD NURSE
What now?

RANDOLPH

I really need that information.

(she tries to close the
window but he stops her)

Look, I know people who work
at a place like this have
problems meeting people.
Outside they all make jokes,
they sneer at you. You see,
they don't get how amazing you
guys in here are.

(an exchange of looks confirms
a mutual understanding)

They don't get you, you dig?

The nurse looks at him.

RANDOLPH

But me, I understand you, sister.
And my friend here -

She leans forward to whisper in his ear.

OLD NURSE

Room two hundred and seven.
Give me ten minutes.

RANDOLPH

What?

She closes the window.

RANDOLPH

No! Not me! I meant -

The look of terror in Randolph's eyes CUTS TO the look on
his face as he is suddenly taking the Old Nurse from
behind. He seems in absolute agony. She's loving it, eyes
shut and moaning in toothless excitement. Randolph dare'nt
look down, so he stares at the ceiling and with one hand
grasps blindly, finds a beaker and holds it up.

RANDOLPH

Ok! Now think; it's just a
deposit! JUST ANOTHER DEPOSIT!!

INT. BOGNOR SPERM BANK -- DAY

Insert -- 10 minutes later

Back at the counter The Old Nurse smiles at Randolph. Both of them are flushed, hair all over the place. Randolph looks freaked. They watch as the printer churns out an almighty list.

EXT. BOGNOR SPERM BANK -- DAY (continuous)

Dazed, Randolph approaches Delilah and Stuntman. He hands Stuntman the printout; there's a lot of pages.

STUNTMAN

Phewee! Looks like you're
the Daddy of a whole Goddam
city, Randolph!

RANDOLPH

(in shock)
Just another deposit ...

Randolph looks around; the outside world is beginning to spin. Without warning, Delilah snatches the printout.

DELILAH

I'll have that!

She jumps away from Stuntman.

STUNTMAN

Hey, come on! Your Daddy needs
that!

He takes a step forward but Delilah stops him with a look that would turn the hardest of men to stone.

DELILAH

Uh-uh! Come any closer apeman
and I'll scream!

STUNTMAN

But ... you know what he
just went through to get it!

RANDOLPH

(delirious)
Buddah, is that you?

DELILAH

What about what I've been
through? None of these people
tried to find him! I did! Me!

Randolph is staggering around. Delilah steps aside and as she does, Stuntman makes a lunge. As Delilah twists to avoid him she throws the printout in the air. They watch it fall gently to the ground, coming to rest before a dainty pair of shoes. Bianca, a cheesecake under her arm, bends down and picks it up.

BIANCA

Randy-wandy, what's this?

Bianca leafs through the printout.

RANDOLPH

Buddah?

BIANCA

Who are all these people,
Randy?

Randolph squints and sees a new spot on Bianca's face.

RANDOLPH

Bianca? I thought ...
(watches her reading)
Those names, they're -
(chuckles hysterically)
they're all my babies!

Bianca looks at him in disbelief. Randolph manages a manic smile, then he faints.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP FROM BLACK

The interior of Randolph's flat comes into focus. It's evening and on the tv screen Lee Majors is throwing bionic punches. Randolph wakes sat next to Stuntman.

RANDOLPH

Stunt ... how'd I get home?

STUNTMAN

I carried you, Randolph.

Randolph starts scratching his crotch.

RANDOLPH

Ooooooh! Ahhhhh!

STUNTMAN

And you've been doing that for the last hour. You want to check that nurse lady didn't give you more than just the printout.

RANDOLPH

Right! The printout! We still got it?

STUNTMAN

Afraid not.

(hands him a beer)

Bianca didn't appreciate you suddenly discovering your paternal side for everyone except her Duncan.

(Randolph puts the can between his legs)

Oh, and Delilah says she'll make sure they delete all your records at the sperm bank so you really should give her your money.

RANDOLPH

What?! But ...

(sighs, looks at the can)

So that's it? There's nothing else we can do?

Stuntman shrugs his shoulders.

STUNTMAN

We can drown our sorrows.

RANDOLPH

(leans back and closes his eyes)

You know, for just a moment today, it wasn't the worst vibe knowing

(more)

RANDOLPH (Cont'd)
my paintings aren't my only life's
work ... but I guess I was never
gonna win Daddy of the year
anyways.

The sense of defeat is tangible.

RANDOLPH
Pass us another beer, bro.
Can't drink alcohol that's
crotch temperature.

INT. RANDOLPH'S APARTMENT -- DAY

We hear loud SNORING. Randolph has fallen asleep sat on the end of his bed, trousers half on, beer cans strewn everywhere and a bag of no longer frozen peas between his legs. There's a knock at the door.

RANDOLPH
(eyes closed)
Use ... the Buddha.

Another knock and Randolph's eyes open.

CUT TO -

Scratching his crotch, Randolph opens his front door. No one's there. He leans out and peers down the corridor. Then he looks down; on the doormat is a cheesecake and the printout.

EXT. RANDOLPH'S BALCONY -- DAY (continuous)

Randolph leans out on his balcony, printout in hand.

RANDOLPH
STUNTMAN! WAKE UP!! GET
UP, BRO!

A tired looking Stuntman pokes his head out. His hair is tied back in a granny fishnet.

RANDOLPH
Bianca brought the printout
back! Come on Stunt! Get your
overly developed glutoids over here!

INT. RANDOLPH'S APARTMENT -- DAY (later)

The printout is on the floor, stretching from the front door, through the flat right to the rear balcony. Randolph and Stuntman look at it in wonder.

RANDOLPH

That is a lot of names, man.

STUNTMAN

Hey, some of them might even be famous, Randolph. Or have famous families.

RANDOLPH

Don't matter bro. I'm gonna love 'em all exactly the same.

STUNTMAN

Look, you got a Pacino here!

RANDOLPH

Serious? Oh, we gotta see him first!

STUNTMAN

D. Kachinsky, R. Staeps, M Lewinsky. M Lewinsky?
(they look at each other)
Randolph, we have absolutely no idea about these people ...

Randolph nods.

RANDOLPH

Maybe it'd be better if I write first? You know, check the lay of the land. We don't want to get ourselves in, like untranquil waters.

He walks to the balcony and looks out.

RANDOLPH

I mean, when you think about it, the last twenty years, only places outside my flat I seen
(more)

RANDOLPH (Cont'd)

are on The Run.

(Stuntman comes over)

Maybe staying home is a better idea. We could invite them over. I'll write 'em all a nice letter, tell 'em you'll make cocktails.

STUNTMAN

Look at all those names. Like Schindler's List or something. I think this is the Lord's work. It's your calling.

RANDOLPH

You aren't gonna start singing all that Muhammad coming round the mountain stuff again, are you, bro?

(looks at the printout)

So I got a calling, huh?

STUNTMAN

I think so, Randolph.

RANDOLPH

Well, here's a question, Stunt. How exactly are you planning on getting me out there?

He points to the balcony window.

EXT. BLOCK OF FLATS -- DAY

Randolph is completely smashed in the passenger seat of a car. He's wearing a lumberjack hat with flaps to obscure side-vision. Inside the car are photos of his flat all over the dashboard. On his lap is a crate of beer and the printout. On the back seat are his paints, easel and a few bags of potatoes. Stuntman gets in.

STUNTMAN

Hey there, Randolph. How you doing?

RANDOLPH

(tipsy)

We got the flat in the car,
bro! I'm chilled!

Stuntman smiles. There's a tap at the window. Randolph winds it down. Delilah leans in.

DELILAH

So you're really doing this?

RANDOLPH

I told you Delilah, you let
us know as soon as you feel bad.

DELILAH

I feel bad.

RANDOLPH

Listen, I'm gonna find my
other kids. You know, your
brothers and sisters.

DELILAH

They might be maniacs. Might
try to kill you.

RANDOLPH

That's just a risk I gotta
take. Now you ring if you feel,
you know, death creeping up
on you.

DELILAH

I needn't bother. You'll sense
it.

RANDOLPH

I'm not so sure about that. I've
never travelled by car before
and I think it might mix up
my signals.

Stuntman starts the engine.

RANDOLPH

We'll be back soon and we
will get you that operation!

Delilah waves a set of keys.

DELILAH

Don't worry, I'm going to
sell everything in your flat.

RANDOLPH

I'm hoping that side of your
personality you get from your
Mother.

She gives him a knowing stare. Randolph closes the window.
As they hit the ignition, Bianca waddles up next to
Delilah, cheesecake in hand. She's too late; the SpermDaddy
has hit the road.

- End Credits -