

The Doghouse Club - Episode One

by

Callum McKay

07925 275978
callum.mckay95@outlook.com

FADE IN:

EXT. 32 PARKSIDE - DAY

A large detached property, a 1960s car waits outside. The front door opens and a three year old girl runs out towards the car. She is followed by a woman carrying a two year old boy. This woman is BETTE Hill, 36, black hair, simple dress.

On Bette: Tired, but more than a match for the daily trials she faces.

Bette puts the children in the car and turns to look back at the front door.

On Bette: Expectant.

Bette's POV: No one at the door, nor does it look like anyone's coming.

On Bette: Irritable

She marches back into the house.

INT. 32 PARKSIDE HALLWAY - DAY

She stands at the foot of the stairs.

BETTE
(shouting)
Will you get a bloody move on!

GRAHAM (O.S.)
(calm)
All in good time.

Huffing, Bette turns away to head back outside. At the foot of the door she picks up a kit bag and a helmet sitting on top of it. This should be our first indication of who this family is.

On helmet: The unmistakable helmet design of Graham Hill.

EXT. 32 PARKSIDE - DAY

Bette storms outside and loads the bag and helmet into the boot, slamming the bootlid shut.

INT. CAR - DAY

Bette sits in the passenger seat glaring at the door. Finally, her husband saunters into view, casually smoking a cigarette. This is GRAHAM Hill, 33, handsome with a moustache. He walks towards the car and climbs in.

INT. CAR - DAY (LATER)

The family drive. The children fidget in the back, the parents sit in silence.

Bette glances at the clock.

Beat.

BETTE
(annoyed)
You're late even by your standards.

GRAHAM
(smooth)
Oh Tony won't mind.

BETTE
I'm not worried about Tony. I told Gladys we'd drop the kids off at hers at ten. Not much chance of that now.

GRAHAM
Well what has Gladys got on that's so urgent?

BETTE
That's not important.

GRAHAM
Well then...

BETTE
Being on time's important. I don't care what you think it makes a good impression. Today's a big day, try and rise to the occasion.

Beat.

BETTE (CONT.)
You're a contender now.

Beat.

GRAHAM
(grins)
Indeed I am.

OPENING TITLES:

EXT. PIT WALL - DAY

Bette sits on the pitwall with a lap chart. It should not be obvious that they are at a race track until...

Graham Hill roars past the pitwall in his new BRM Formula One car. As he does, Bette records the lap time.

BRM's chief designer, TONY Rudd, approaches Bette.

TONY
How's he going?

BETTE

Looking good so far.

TONY

I should hope so. They boys worked all winter to sort out the engine.

BETTE

Well it does look faster.

TONY

Ah the proof of the pudding is in the eating. We'll wait and see what Graham has to say.

BETTE

Apologies for arriving late. Graham was taking things at a rather leisurely pace this morning.

TONY

(laughs)

Ah I'm not surprised. As long as he is not leisurely on track it's fine by me.

Graham roars past again. Bette charts the lap. Tony looks over her shoulder.

TONY

(reading)

Six tenths off? Hmm, tyres are fading. Best get him in.

As Graham comes past a third time, Tony holds out the pit board instructing him to pit next lap. Bette stands from the pitwall and walks across the pitlane to the BRM garage where the mechanics are waiting, smoking and chatting. Bette passes them and at the back of the garage, boils a kettle and starts making tea for the team.

INT. BRM GARAGE - DAY

The mechanics wheel the car into the garage and start working away at it. Graham stands with Tony. Bette starts handing out mugs of tea.

BETTE

Here we go boys.

MECHANIC #1

Ta Bette.

GRAHAM

Come on lads, tea's not going to make the old girl go faster.

At this juncture, the mechanics do not touch the tea Bette has given them, they are solely focused on their job. Bette

moves to the back of the garage, out of the way. There is nowhere to sit, so she leans against a cold stone wall.

GRAHAM

Can we do something about the springs? I was crashing through the bumps around four and five.

TONY

Anything else?

GRAHAM

We need to do something to stabilise the rear. No point having that peach of an engine if I can't use the power out of the turns.

TONY

Alright. We'll sort it out then fill the tank and do a long run.

Graham wanders off, lighting a cigarette as he goes. Tony heads over to Bette.

TONY

We'll do a full race run once the boys are finished so you'll need more time sheets.

BETTE

I have more in the car.

EXT. PADDOCK - DAY

Bette takes out a stack of papers from the boot of the car. Bette looks up at the sky and sees the skies darken. Concerned, Bette also takes her raincoat.

EXT. PIT WALL - DAY

Bette is back on the pitwall keeping the lap times, now being soaked by drizzling rain. Despite the raincoat, Bette is obviously cold and wet, but it is part of the job. Every time Graham passes, Bette is showered in spray.

Tony stands under the cover of the garage.

TONY

(shouting)

Doing a good job Bette! Keep it up.

Bette doesn't respond. As Graham passes again, she struggles to write the lap time as she shivers.

As Graham comes out of the final corner, he slides, coming dangerously close to hitting the stone pitwall.

On Bette: Concern, fear.

Graham manages to correct and avoid a crash. He passes by again, as soon as the spray hits Bette's face, she returns to her job of keeping the lap times. Any fear has been replaced by cold indifference.

EXT. PIT WALL - DAY (LATER)

The rain has now stopped. Graham brings the BRM into the pits, he climbs out and the mechanics wheel the car back into the garage. Graham removes his helmet and goggles. The top of his head is the only clean part of him.

GRAHAM

Nice work boys. It was getting hairy out there, but the crate seemed to cope well.

TONY

Good to know. We'll strip her down tonight and give the engine a going over.

GRAHAM

That's what we like to hear. Want to be ready for Zandvoort.

Bette walks over. She removes her raincoat and does her best to arrange her wet hair into something stylish.

TONY

How did we do Bette?

BETTE

The times were consistent, but in those conditions there's no way of knowing until we see the rest of the field.

TONY

I suppose.

BETTE

Is there anything I can dry myself off with?

Tony only just notices that Bette is dripping wet and shivering.

TONY

Oh God, Bette, sorry, um...

Tony looks around, there is nothing to hand except a few oily rags.

TONY (CONT.)

Doesn't look like it.

BETTE
 (such a martyr)
 Oh never mind. I'll just do myself
 a tea. Anyone else want one?

The mechanics grunt. Bette takes that as a 'yes'.

INT. CAR - DUSK

Graham drives himself and Bette.

BETTE
 How was it?

GRAHAM
 Good. Surprisingly so. I know
 Tony's been fretting recently over
 the new engine rules but it ran
 smoothly all day.

BETTE
 And in all conditions.

Beat.

GRAHAM
 (grins)
 Oh now are you annoyed because you
 got wet? You know I don't spray you
 on purpose.

BETTE
 I know. It's just the way the track
 goes. But I wouldn't mind something
 just to make sitting on that pit
 wall a bit more bearable. I am
 soaked through.

GRAHAM
 We'll have to remember to bring a
 towel next time.

BETTE
 Oh I will.

EXT. GLADYS' HOUSE - DUSK

Graham pulls up outside the house. Bette climbs out and
 knocks on the door. Her aunt, GLADYS, answers. The children
 are with her.

GLADYS
 Ah Bette. At last. Was starting to
 wonder where you'd got to.

BETTE
 Yes, sorry about that Gladys. It
 took us a while to get away from
 (MORE)

BETTE (cont'd)
the track. They weren't too much
trouble were they?

GLADYS
They were fine, but I can't keep
looking after them Bette. I'm happy
doing the odd day but this is just
too much.

BETTE
I know. I'm sorry, but I can't
bring them to the tracks. I
couldn't keep an eye on them what
with the time-keeping and looking
after the team, and I don't want
them anywhere near the car.

GLADYS
I know, I know. I'm just saying...
What about Edna, Phyllis,
Constance? I'm sure any of them
will be willing to help.

BETTE
Hopefully. I'll phone them tonight.
(to children)
Say goodbye to Aunt Gladys.

The girl, Brigitte, mutters 'goodbye' shyly, the boy, Damon,
says nothing.

BETTE
Come on then.

Bette lifts Damon into her arms and carries him to the car,
Brigitte follows.

INT. CAR - DUSK

Bette loads Brigitte and Damon into the back seats.

GRAHAM
Hello Brigitte. Did you have fun
with Aunt Gladys?

Brigitte just nods. The children are tired. Damon yawns.

GRAHAM
Ah I think it's straight to bed
when we get in.

EXT. 32 PARKSIDE - DUSK

The car pulls up on the drive, Bette lifts out a sleeping
Damon, Graham helps Brigitte out.

INT. 32 PARKSIDE, BRIGETTE'S BEDROOM - DUSK

Brigette lies in bed, Graham enters.

GRAHAM

Are you comfortable princess?

Brigette just yawns, Graham tucks her in and kisses her.

GRAHAM

(whispering)

Goodnight princess.

Graham switches off the light and closes the door.

INT. 32 PARKSIDE, LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Bette collapses onto the sofa with a glass of wine. Graham comes in.

GRAHAM

Brigette's down for the night.

BETTE

Good.

GRAHAM

What was Gladys saying to you when you were picking them up?

BETTE

That she can't keep looking after the children anymore.

GRAHAM

Why not?

BETTE

That's not important. She did us a favour, that's all. Now I've got to find someone else.

GRAHAM

I'm sure you'll manage.

BETTE

Well I'll have to, won't I? The new season's only a few weeks away so we won't be around very often.

Graham picks up a pack of cigarettes and matches from a table and pockets them.

GRAHAM

You'll think of something.

BETTE

Gladys suggested getting in touch with Edna or any of the others.

Graham is now putting on his jacket.

GRAHAM

There you go.

BETTE

I know, but I don't want to keep asking favours...

(notices Graham's activities)

Are you going somewhere?

GRAHAM

Meeting Tony and the others, bit of a pre-season get-together. I told you at the track.

BETTE

You did not.

GRAHAM

Didn't I? Hmm, well there you are.

Graham gives Bette a peck on the cheek.

GRAHAM

I'll be back late.

He strides out of the room.

GRAHAM (O.S.)

See you in the morning.

SFX: Door closing.

Bette is alone. She sits silently for a moment before moving over to the phone, which she dials.

BETTE

(into receiver)

Hello? Hello Edna? It's Bette...How are you?...Oh fine, we were at the track again today, got absolutely soaked...They're doing well.

Actually it's about the children I'm calling. You see Gladys has said she won't be able to look after them for a while, and Graham's season starts soon, in fact he's got a race coming up in a few weeks. I was wondering if you'd be able...You would?...Oh thank you that would be fantastic. I'll give you the dates of the races closer to the time. Alright then, thank you Edna...take care now...bye.

Bette hangs up and breathes a sigh of relief.

SFX: Upstairs, Damon is crying.

Bette goes upstairs to comfort her son.

INT. 32 PARKSIDE, KITCHEN - DAY

Damon and Brigitte sit at the table, Damon in a highchair. Bette is fixing them breakfast. Graham comes into the room.

GRAHAM
(bright)
Morning all. Sleep well?

BETTE
(not looking at him)
Yes.

Graham picks up Damon.

GRAHAM
Morning champ. Did you sleep well?

Damon doesn't speak.

GRAHAM
(to Brigitte)
What about you Brigitte? What are you having for breakfast?

BRIGETTE
Toast.

GRAHAM
Toast? That sounds nice.
(to Bette)
And how about I do your mother and I some bacon sandwiches?

BETTE
I've already eaten. But you go ahead. You need your energy.

Graham starts frying bacon.

GRAHAM
(cheekily)
Because I need to restore my strength after the test? Or to brace myself for the bollocking I am about to receive.

To be Continued...