

' GirlFriends '

a comedy drama in six parts
by
Anvil Springstien.

EPISODE FIVE: 'Operation Bentley'

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A
Near the Knuckle
Production

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GirlFriends. Episodes Five & Six.

SYNOPSIS: Briefly... It's summer, 2006.

Due to the major redevelopment of The Ascot Racecourse, Royal Ascot has relocated to York for the next two years.

This gives four relatively poor Geordie lasses the chance of a lifetime: Instead of nipping down the bookies for a fifty pence each way bet on some nag, it's time to stretch the overdraft, cash the child benefit, put on that frock, hire a big hat and head off to York to meet the Queen.

Under surveillance from the outset by a crack team of Stealth Bailiffs, our girls are undeterred in their quest for a bit of the high life.

Borrowing a chauffeurs uniform and employing the driving skills of one of their husbands, our four lifelong thirty-something friends leave their hard gritty existence behind them as they embark on a 'Ladies Day' experience that may change their lives forever.

Who could imagine giving in to the amorous affections of an aristocrat simply because the toilets are so amazingly clean?

Who could possibly have thought that, with the help of a decent bout of e-coli at a Buck' House garden party, a Geordie lass could be the next Queen of England?

It's all possible and more as 'GirlFriends' gan wild in Ascot' (sorry, 'York')

Main Characters:

Chaffee -

Born in Jarrow, Chaffee has done well for herself: Of Asian descent, Chaffee is the product of a rare case of inter-racial adoption. After the glassworks closed ten years ago, and feeling the need to better herself, she studied to be a journalist and ended up as the Weathergirl on the local TV station. Trouble is... she is about to be replaced by a newer, fresher, younger model. Her adoptive parents dead, Chaffee has a special relationship with her Uncle Alan who is, and always has been, like a father to her. Maybe this is because, biologically speaking at least, he *is* her father. Chaffee doesn't know this... at least I think Chaffee doesn't know this? But anyway, that's another story.

Dawn -

Dawn is single and has always been the 'looker' of the group. Historically she has always put herself about a bit. Lets face it, life is for living isn't? This has left little time in her life for other interests like developing a career. Now in her mid-thirties she feels slightly 'alone' and, inside at least, full of regret. That said, she's exceptionally good at throwing doubt, loneliness and regret to one side when there's a good time to be had - it won't stop her going to a party... and it definitely won't stop her getting shagged!

René -

René, the oldest of the four girls (forty next month) is married to Jack Scrapps who made his money running a window cleaning firm. Like the rest of the lasses she was born in Jarrow but now lives in a big house in Jesmond, a posh part of Newcastle. She likes to think she is better... and posher than the others. This comes out in a rather maternal attitude. René and Jack are, sadly, childless (though this sadness is never conveyed to the other three who have always believed childlessness was a choice René had made early in life). It is due to this maternal attitude, that her and Jacks impending financial ruin is something she feels she has to hide from the others.

Maria -

Single Parent with two kids. Having the harshest life of the group, Maria is surprisingly dippy. Easily embarrassed, she is hardly one of the jokers in the pack. She has two girls (ten and eight - that's their ages - not how much they cost in old money). Maria doesn't quite take a back seat but she is definitely not as forthcoming as the rest of the girls.

Uncle Alan -

Chaffees' only surviving relative. Retired from mining due to lung disease. Housebound and wearing an oxygen mask, Chaffee's Uncle Alans' only pleasure is a small bet on the Gee Gees. Mind, he knaas his stuff like! His greatest love is Chaffee. Okay, it's not in this story but I know you want to know more... so, briefly, Alan had a secret liaison with a young asian woman 38 years ago. Back then, this really was *tainted love*. The pregnancy was hushed up by her family but came to the fore after a secret home birth goes tragically wrong. A young dead asian woman, an unwanted *female* baby, Alans brother and wife unable to conceive, patchy adoption regulations... It's easy to judge, but they done what they thought was best.

Jack -

Married to René. Jack's great (being married to René, he has to be). Jack started cleaning windows in Jarrow and ended up running an industrial window cleaning empire. However, the advent of Pilkingtons Self-Cleaning Glass has devastated his business and thrown him into bankruptcy. The big house in Jesmond is up for sale, and the only thing Jack owns outright is a 'racing green' Bentley which he keeps in a lock-up in Jarrow to foil the bailiffs.

Jeremy -

Jeremy St John Smythe is a real life Lord and is 131st in line to the throne. Stinking rich with both old money and new, Jeremy is a surprisingly nice chap. Sandhurst graduate he may be but meeting Dawn and the rest of the girls will stretch his loyalty to the crown, and his business sense, to the limits.

'GIRLFRIENDS' - OPERATION BENTLEY.

1 INT. JACK & RENÉ SCRAPPS POSH HOUSE. KITCHEN - EVENING. 1

MUSIC: (OVER) BACKGROUND: 'WHEATUS' - 'TEENAGE DIRTBAG'.

OUR FOUR FEMALE CHARACTERS HAVE CLUBBED TOGETHER TO PAY FOR AN **AGEING MEDIUM** TO COME ROUND FOR A SEANCE. THIS IS A REGULAR 'NIGHT OUT' FOR THE LASSES.

THREE OF OUR FEMALE CHARACTERS (**DAWN, RENÉ AND MARIA**) ARE IN THE KITCHEN DURING A BREAK IN THE SEANCE. DAWN HAS THE BACK DOOR OPEN. MARIA & RENÉ ARE WEARING LARGE HATS AND ARE FILLING WINE GLASSES AND PUTTING SNACKS IN BOWLS. THEY ARE IN 'PARTY MOOD'. A CD PLAYS IN THE BACKGROUND.

DAWN NOBLE

Where do yer put yer empties, Reenee?

RENÉ & MARIA
(together)

Ren-ay!

IN THE YEARS SINCE MOVING TO JESMOND, RENÉ (ORIGINALLY PRONOUNCED REE-NEE) HAS INSISTED HER NAME IS ACTUALLY PRONOUNCED 'REN-AY'. DAWN, A LIFE-LONG FRIEND, CAN NEVER REMEMBER THIS. PERHAPS THIS FORGETFULNESS IS DELIBERATE?

DAWN NOBLE

Okay then, *Ren-ay*... where d'you put yer friggin' empties?

RENÉ SCRAPPS

In the friggin' bin!

DAWN EXITS THE BACK-DOOR INTO A UTILITY AREA/GARAGE.

MARIA BLENKINSOPP

Eee, we recycle everything on our estate...

RENÉ SCRAPPS

Wey, that's a waste of time, they just
throw it away y'know.
(shouted)

Red or white?

MARIA BLENKINSOPP

Nah... We get a newsletter. We recycled
enough last month, right, to make thirty
thousand,
(shouted)

...get this, Dawn, right, thirty
thousand... big fluffy winter fleeces!

DAWN NOBLE

(shouted)

Red, please!

DAWN NOTICES A COUPLE OF 'FOR SALE' SIGNS LYING NEXT TO THE
BIN.

RENÉ SCRAPPS

There you go, waste of time. What self
respecting geordie lad is going to be
seen dead in a big fluffy winter fleece?

MARIA BLENKINSOPP

God, I never thought of that? D'you think
I'll need a pin with this?

DAWN NOBLE

(shouted)

Thirty thousand lime green button-down-
collar Ben Sherman shirts, maybe?

RENÉ SCRAPPS

Your Council, Maria, are gonna' end up
with a big fluffy winter fleece mountain.
Kier Hardy'll be turning in his grave!

MARIA BLENKINSOPP

Did he work for the council, then?

RENÉ

Who?

DAWN THROWS THE EMPTIES, LOUDLY, INTO THE BIN AND RETURNS,
CLOSING THE DOOR.

MARIA

Kier Hardy.

RENÉ SCRAPPS

There should be a pin in the box?

DAWN PUSHES A BUTTON ON THE CD PLAYER.

MUSIC (OVER) STOPS.

DAWN NOBLE

Come on, put them away and lets get back
into the er... spirit of the occasion. I
wanna' see if I'm gonna' meet a tall dark
handsome stranger. Preferably tonight.

CUT TO:

2 INT. JACK & RENÉ SCRAPPS POSH HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - EVENING.

2

OUR THREE FEMALE CHARACTERS MOVE FROM THE KITCHEN TO THE
LIVING ROOM WHERE AN **AGEING MEDIUM** IS SAT AT THE HEAD OF A
LOW COFFEE TABLE. SHE IS WINDING UP A PALM READING FOR OUR
FOURTH FEMALE CHARACTER; **CHAFFEE HARTLEY**. THEY ALL SIT.

AGEING MEDIUM

...and it looks like you'll have many many sunny mornings - there'll be a bit of rain and dark clouds occasionally - but, in your life, my pet... the sun will always find a way. There.

OUR AGEING MEDIUM GENTLY CLOSES CHAFFEES PALM.

AGEING MEDIUM (cont'd)

Now (BEAT) Are we all back? Eh, you young'uns, you certainly know how to enjoy yourselves. In my day, this was all white cloths, candles and lots of crucifixes... is that the right word? Crucifixes? Cruciffee? No! Anyway, this is a lot more fun. Now,

OUR AGEING MEDIUM HOLDS OUT HER HANDS INVITINGLY. THEY ALL JOIN HANDS, FORMING A CIRCLE AROUND THE COFFEE TABLE.

AGEING MEDIUM (cont'd)

I'm feeling an old presence...

DAWN

That'll be Reenee.

MARIA

(whispered)

Ren-ay!

THE GIRLS CHUCKLE.

AGEING MEDIUM

...does anyone have a great grandma, sadly passed across the divide? No? She says don't worry about the workhouse... it didn't do her any harm, so don't be afraid...

DAWN NOBLE

Anything about horses?

AGEING MEDIUM

...no, not 'afraid'? Ashamed! Yes, that's it... 'Ashamed'. Don't be ashamed! Her name is Helen. Helen Bootsy. Anyone? No? Somebody else coming through... He's... he's an Indian Chief. Sorry? Ooh, I know this one... And to you, too! Oh he's gone. Thank god. Tosser. Now, Ooh... I just felt the trenches rush right through me. Did anyone have anyone killed in the war? Shot for cowardice, apparently. No?

DAWN NOBLE

D'yer see any horses?

AGEING MEDIUM

No...

MARIA BLENKINSOPP

(suddenly flustered)

Oh, oh... it's nearly Six Thirty Five. Shouldn't we...

DAWN

Wey aye!

DAWN BREAKS THE CIRCLE AND GRABBING THE TV REMOTE, TURNS ON THE TV.

CHAFFEE HARTLEY

Oh no, Dawn...

RENÉ SCRAPPS

Oh, c'mon Chaffee, it's tradition.

DAWN NOBLE

Besides, we need to know if the goings gonna' be soft or hard or whatever they call it.

AGEING MEDIUM

What's going on dear?

RENÉ SCRAPPS

We'll get back to the dead in a second pet, we just need to check the weather. Help your self to another drink.

AGEING MEDIUM

(smiling)

Ooh.

THE TV COMES ON TO A QUICK, PUNCHY ADVERT FOR '**STEALTH BAILIFFS.CO.UK**'. WE SEE MEN IN BLACK JUMP-SUITS AND BALACLAVAS USING A POLICE 'INTRUDER' TO SMASH A FRONT DOOR. THE AD' CUTS TO THE INTERIOR AS THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN. OUR BAILIFFS GIVE A BIG 'THUMBS UP' TO CAMERA. A STERN, GRUFF, SHOUTED V/O ACCOMPANIES THE AD'.

ADVERT V/O

Stealth Bailiffs.CO.UK - 100% Ex Special Forces...

AD' CUTS TO FOOTAGE OF SAS MEN DROPPING FROM HELICOPTER ON ROPES, CLASSIC FOOTAGE OF IRANIAN EMBASSY SIEGE, THEN TO A BLACK CAR SMASHING THROUGH FACTORY GATES,

ADVERT RAPID V/O

...100% Debt Recovery.

THEN TO A 'DEBTOR' BEING LED AWAY IN HANDCUFFS.

ADVERT V/O (cont'd)

RENE

Somebody owes you a debt? Get Stealth Bailiffs.CO.UK to pay them a visit. No Debt too tough! No Crim' too rough! Stealth Bailiffs.CO.UK...

These people are the scum of the earth. Pass us that bottle of red, Chaffee, I need a drink.

THE FREEPHONE NUMBER STAMPS ONTO THE SCREEN AS OUR V/O TURNS INTO A JOLLY JINGLE:

ADVERT V/O (cont'd as Jingle)

Oh Eight Nine Eight... Twenty Seven,
Twenty Seven, Twenty Seven.

THE ADVERT ENDS WITH THE STEALTH BAILIFFS.CO.UK LOGO SLAMMING ONTO THE SCREEN FROM ONE END OF A POLICE 'INTRUDER' ACCOMPANIED BY THE RETURN OF OUR GRUFF VOICE OVER:

ADVERT V/O (cont'd)

Stealth Bailiffs.CO.UK!

A POSHER AND VERY RAPID V/O TAILS THE AD':

ADVERT RAPID V/O (cont'd)

CHAFFEE

Stealth Bailiffs.CO.UK is a division of The Shanghai and Hong Kong Bank. Your house is at risk should you fail to keep up payments. Calender offer while stocks last.

Come on Dawn, turn the bloody thing off.

AGEING MEDIUM

(following the Ad' intently)

Oh dear...

DAWN

Hold on... here we go...

THE TV CUTS TO THE STATION IDENT' THEN TO A SHOT OF DAFFODILS SWAYING IN A SPRING BREEZE. DAWN USES THE REMOTE TO INCREASE THE VOLUME.

TV V/O

And now the Weather, with Chaffee
Hartley...

ALL THE GIRLS CHEER LOUDLY.

CHAFFEE HARTLEY

How many times...

CHAFFEE IS SHUSHED BY THE GIRLS. THE TV CUTS TO CHAFFEE
STANDING IN FRONT OF AN ANIMATED MAP OF THE NORTH EAST.

CHAFFEE AS WEATHERGIRL

Well, what a beautiful day it's been
across the whole of the region. And the
good news for all you royal racegoers is
that it's set to continue for the rest of
the week. With temperatures in the high
twenties, you'd be wise to remember to
pack the sun screen, mind. That said, if
you are going to go to Ladies Day
tomorrow... and I certainly am...

RENÉ, MARIA & DAWN
(clinking glasses)

And we certainly are!

CHAFFEE AS WEATHERGIRL

...it might be wise to take a cardi' due
to this light breeze from the north. The
'going' in York, I've been assured by the
Sports Department, is soft to firm.
Whatever that means? That's about it from
me... have a great evening. Goodnight.

AS THE TV CUTS TO A SOAP POWDER AD' DAWN ZAPS THE TV OFF. THE
GIRLS CHEER LOUDLY AND APPLAUD. CHAFFEE IS, AS USUAL,
EMBARRASSED.

AGEING MEDIUM

I've never liked that one. Bit smarmy, if you ask me? I *do* like that Michael Fish, though?

THERE IS A BRIEF SILENCE.

CHAFFEE HARTLEY

Anyway... shall we talk to some more dead people?

AGEING MEDIUM

Ooh, yes, let's!

CUT TO:

3 INT/EXT. JACK & RENÉ SCRAPPS HOUSE. FRONT DOOR - LATER.

3

OUR HOST IS SEEING OUR AGEING MEDIUM, WHO BY NOW IS QUITE DRUNK, TO THE DOOR. SHE IS HANDING HER SOME MONEY IN FOLDED NOTES. TO THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE IS AN EMPTY DRIVE WITH LARGE WHITE DOUBLE DOORS LEADING TO THE REAR OF THE PROPERTY. ON THE DOORS, IN BLACK, ARE PAINTED THE WORDS: 'JACK SCRAPPS. INDUSTRIAL WINDOW CLEANING. 0191 265 2012'.

RENÉ SCRAPPS

You should count it you know, pet, just to be on the safe side.

AGEING MEDIUM

Oh, no dear, I just know it's all there. Goodnight!

CUT TO:

4 EXT. THE STREET. SAME.

4

ACROSS THE STREET IN A WHITE TRANSIT VAN ARE TWO EMPLOYEES OF **STEALTH BAILIFFS.CO.UK.**

THEY OBSERVE OUR MEDIUM THROUGH BINOCULARS AS SHE MAKES HER WAY, DOWN THE PATH, TO A WAITING TAXI.

WE HEAR THE WHIRR OF A 35MM CAMERA.

CUT TO:

5 INT. JACK & RENÉ SCRAPPS POSH HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - SAME. 5

MARIA FLOPS INTO AN ARMCHAIR.

MARIA

Eee, that was fun.

THEY REFILL THEIR GLASSES WHILE IMITATING THE MEDIUM.

DAWN

'Does anyone know anyone who might have known anyone who knows anyone who is or who could possibly be... dead?'

CHAFFEE

'Eee, I just felt the trenches rush right through me!'

MARIA

Hey, what about Chaffee, on the telly!

DAWN

Aye! 'Bit fuckin' smarmy if you ask me!'

MARIA

'I never liked her!'

DAWN

'Aye, but that Michael Fish looks a canny fuck?'

THEY ALL BREAK DOWN LAUGHING. RENÉ RETURNS FROM THE HALLWAY.

RENÉ

Value for money, that one, eh?

CHAFFEE

She was pissed as a fart!

RENÉ GOES TO SIT, THEN REMEMBERS, TURNS & SHOUTS UPSTAIRS:

RENÉ

Jack, man? It's okay love, she's gone!

CHAFFEE

God! I totally forgot about Jack? He's been quiet? Did you have him locked in the attic filling in a little diary?

DAWN

Aye, dear diary... wife downstairs getting pissed with mates and talking to dead people... again!

JACK POPS HIS HEAD AROUND THE LIVING ROOM DOOR. HE SMILES, BROADLY.

JACK SCRAPPS

Evening all. The old witch gone then?

DAWN

How man, Jack... been surfing some porn sites up there have yer?

JACK PUTS ON A POSH VOICE:

JACK SCRAPPS

Actually Madam, one has been preparing ones uniform for tomorrow...

JACK STEPS OUT FROM BEHIND THE DOOR REVEALING A GRAY CHAUFFEURS UNIFORM, WHITE SHIRT AND BLACK TIE. THE GIRLS SCREAM IN AMUSEMENT.

MARIA

Jack man! You look like a real life chauffeur!

JACK

That's not all, lasses... what about... this?

JACK PULLS A GRAY PEAKED CAP FROM BEHIND HIS BACK AND PLACES IT SMARTLY ON HIS HEAD. THEY ALL FALL ABOUT. MARIA HANDS JACK A GLASS OF WINE. RENÉ TAKES IT OFF HIM.

RENÉ

Not while you're in uniform, Jeeves... go up and get changed.

JACK SCRAPPS

(saluting)

Yes Ma'am, straight away Ma'am, three bags full Ma'am.

JACK LEAVES.

CHAFFEE

Didn't think you were into role play, René?

MARIA

Where did he get *that* from?

DAWN

I wanna' see him as a fireman.

MARIA

Has he got a firemans uniform?

DAWN

Wait'll you see his hose!

CHAFFEE

Gannin' 'soft to firm'.

DAWN, RENE, CHAFFEE

Whatever *that* means!

THEY ALL LAUGH. WELL, ALMOST ALL.

MARIA

Sorry?

RENÉ

He borrowed it off Billy Duncanson up the road. Used to drive Gazza around apparently.

CHAFFEE

Where is the 'Pride & Joy' by the way? I notice the drive's empty.

RENÉ

It's er... being serviced. Wouldn't want it to breakdown on the way to Royal Ascot, would we?

MARIA

Oh god! I forgot... I'll miss me bus! Got to get the bairns to me Mams or I won't be going anywhere tomorrow.

CHAFFEE

Sod the bus. Share a taxi with me and Dawn.

DAWN

Aye, c'mon Maria. You can both drop me off in the town. I've got free tickets to see Billy 'D' and I'm not missing that for the world!

RENE

Who the fuck is Billy Dee when he's about?

CHAFFEE

Some pop singer, right. He came second on American Idol about four hundred years ago, and guess what...

CHAFFEE (cont'd)

MARIA

...she voted for him!

She voted for him!

DAWN

He should've won, man.

RENÉ

In America?

CHAFFEE

Cost the soft cow thirty odd quid on the phone.

RENE

You never did?

MARIA

Aye, she did!

CHAFFEE

She voted for his nice tight black
american *bum*, didn't yer!

DAWN

Okay, enough! C'mon kids! My giro, my
money. So... Newcastle Cabs okay?

DAWN GRABS THE PHONE AND STARTS DIALING A CAB.

DAWN (cont'd)

...what time yer picking us up in the
morning, Reenee?

RENÉ, MARIA & CHAFFEE

Ren-ay!

CUT TO:

6 INT/EXT. TAXI. NEWCASTLE CITY CENTRE. RAINING - NIGHT.

6

CHAFFEE & MARIA ARE JUST DROPPING DAWN OFF AT A CLUB CALLED
THE **JAZZ CAFE**. DAWN HAS JUST SHUT THE TAXI DOOR AND IS
TALKING TO CHAFFEE AND MARIA THROUGH THE WOUND-DOWN WINDOW.
ON THE WALL OF THE CLUB IS A POSTER OF TONIGHTS HEADLINER -
BILLY 'D' - HE'S TALL, BLACK, GOOD-LOOKING. DAWN HAS HER COAT
PULLED UP OVER HER HEAD.

DAWN

Are you sure you'll not take any money?

CHAFFEE

Howay, man, stick it on some nag
tomorrow.

DAWN

You don't fancy it, then?

MARIA

Nah... I've got to make a list for me
mam... you know how dippy she is.

CHAFFEE HOLDS UP A CARRIER BAG IT HAS 'T MOBILE' WRITTEN ON
THE SIDE.

CHAFFEE

And I'm teaching me Uncle Alan predictive
text. Tell you what, mind, Dawn... (she
indicates the poster) we can see the
attraction. girl.

DAWN TURNS, BRIEFLY.

DAWN

Phwoar, Eh! Hey, mind, there's a rabbit
or two loose back at Jack and Reenee's,
like.

MARIA

What d'yer mean?

CHAFFEE

Maria man, are you stupid or what?

DAWN

Take legal advice before you answer
that, Maria.

CHAFFEE

All the Malings gone...

MARIA

Aye? She said it's away being cleaned?

CHAFFEE

Cleaned?

DAWN

She puts it through the dishwasher, man!

CHAFFEE

And I've never known that car being out of Jacks sight for a second.

DAWN

Serviced my arse...

CHAFFEE

He loves that car more than he loves her!

DAWN

Aye, and tell 'Sherlock' here about the 'For Sale' signs lying next to the bin.

CHAFFEE

By Auction!

MARIA

Auction?

DAWN

Anyway, I'm getting soaked, I'll see y'all in the morning.

MARIA

They're selling the house?

CHAFFEE

Nine sharp, Dawn. You know what yer like.

DAWN

(to maria)

She said it was gonna' be 'sunny'?

CHAFFEE

It's night-time, *Sherlock*!

DAWN

Ah, fuck off.

CHAFFEE STARTS TO WIND UP THE WINDOW.

CHAFFEE

Love you too!

MARIA

They're selling the house?

DAWN TURNS TO HURRY INTO THE CLUB AS THE TAXI PULLS AWAY, HER PROGRESS IS HALTED ABRUPTLY AS SHE BANGS INTO A VERY WET, VERY COLD MAN CARRYING A GUITAR CASE.

BILLY 'D'

Oh, excuse me Ma'am? Hey, could you er... could you possibly direct me to a place called The Jazz Cafe? I'm not having much luck finding the place.

DAWN

Yank, I think your luck is just about to change.

CUT TO:

7 INT. JACK & RENÉ SCRAPPS HOUSE. THE BEDROOM - NIGHT.

7

JACK AND RENÉ ARE LYING ON THE BED IN PYJAMAS/DRESSING GOWN ETC'. JACK IS PATENTLY STRUGGLING WITH ACCOUNT STATEMENTS AND SPREADSHEETS.

JACK

I can't make head nor tail of this lot?
It's hopeless...

RENÉ

C'mon Jack, it's been a long day all round. Why don't you put it away and look at it again on Monday? It'll make sense then.

JACK

Yeah, maybe you're right...

THE PHONE RINGS. THEY LOOK AT ONE ANOTHER. A WORRIED PAUSE.

RENÉ

Don't answer it Jack... No, Jack, don't!
You know who it'll be... Pull it out from the wall and ignore them.

JACK GRABS THE PHONE LEAD BUT BEFORE HE CAN UNPLUG IT THE ANSWER-PHONE KICKS IN WITH A LONG 'BEEP'. THE VOICE LEAVING THE MESSAGE HAS A COCKNEY ACCENT AND IS THREATENING IN IT'S CALMNESS.

STEALTH BAILIFFS

Come now, Mr Scrapps... why don't you pick up the phone? We know your awake. We can see your light on.

JACK JUMPS TO THE WINDOW. THE STREET SEEMS DESERTED.

STEALTH BAILIFFS (cont'd)

People have a responsibility to pay their debts, Mr Scrapps... it's how the world works. You may have noticed we have replaced the 'For Sale' sign again and have billed you for the cost. I must say... your debt does seem to be growing at an exponential rate Mr Scrapps. The kind of debt that might require the sale of one classic British Racing Green Bentley limousine, registration number Romeo Zero Yankee Alpha Lima One. Where is the car Mr Scrapps? You know we'll find it. And when we do find it we'll...

JACK RIPS THE CORD, VIOLENTLY, OUT OFF THE WALL.

JACK

Over my dead body...

RENÉ LEANS OVER TO THE BEDSIDE LAMP.

RENÉ

C'mon Jack... fuck 'em... They can't kill us. Lets get some sleep...

SHE SWITCHES OFF THE LAMP.

JACK

Bastards.

THERE IS A LONG SILENCE.

RENÉ

Jack? (beat) D'you remember great grandma
Helen? (beat) Helen Bootsy?

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE UP TO:

8 INT. DAWNS COUNCIL FLAT. BEDROOM - MORNING.

8

DAWN IS IN BED. THE CURTAINS ARE DRAWN KEEPING OUT THE
SUNLIGHT... IT IS QUITE DARK... COSY. DAWN HAS A SATISFIED
SMILE ON HER FACE. SHE SOFTLY STROKES THE ARM THAT LAYS
ACROSS HER CHEST.

DAWN
(quietly)

You awake?

BILLY 'D'

Mmmm.

DAWN

I thought you were fantastic last night,
yank.

BILLY 'D'

I thought you were fantastic too, baby...

DAWN

Dawn... my name's Dawn.

BILLY 'D'

I knew that baby... I knew that.

DAWN

Middlesbrough's only half an hour away
y'know... if you haven't got a hotel
tonight I could give you a key?

BILLY 'D' SMILES AND OPENS HIS EYES.

BILLY 'D'

A key, huh?

DAWN

Yeah... a key...

THEY KISS. GENTLY. BILLY PULLS AWAY AND SLOWLY STROKES DAWNS
FACE.

BILLY 'D'

By the way, I'm Canadia...

THEY ARE BOTH STARTLED BY A LOUD AND PERSISTENT KNOCK ON THE
DOOR. VOICES SHOUT THROUGH THE LETTERBOX. IT'S THE GIRLS.
DAWN GRABS THE ALARM CLOCK FROM THE BEDSIDE TABLE.

DAWN

Shit! It's the gang!

SHE THROWS BACK THE DUVET AND DIVES OUT OF THE BED, HURRIEDLY
STARTING TO DRESS.

BILLY 'D'

(worried)

'Gang'? What gang?

DAWN

The Girls. Me mates. We're gannin' out
for the day. We've had it planned for
months... Shit! Why didn't I set the
fuckin' alarm?

CUT AWAY TO:

9 EXT. DAWNS' COUNCIL FLAT. FRONT DOOR - SAME.

9

THE 'GIRLS' - BIG HATS, POSH FROCKS, ARE BANGING ON THE DOOR AND SHOUTING FRIENDLY ABUSE THROUGH THE LETTER BOX. THIS IS NOT THE FIRST TIME THEY HAVE HAD TO GET DAWN OUT OF BED.

CHAFFEE

You've got ten seconds to get washed and shaved Dawn Noble!

RENÉ

Why is it always her!

CHAFFEE

Christ knows why they called her 'Dawn'!

MARIA LOOKS BACK DOWN THE PATH TO JACK, WHO, DRESSED IN HIS CHAUFFEURS UNIFORM IS LEANING, ARMS FOLDED, AGAINST A CLASSIC BRITISH RACING GREEN BENTLEY LIMOUSINE.

RENÉ

(faux posh)

I say, Parker? One better put a fork in that champagne!

JACK

Right away, Maam.

BACK TO SCENE:

DAWN DROPS A VERY POSH FROCK OVER HER HEAD, SPRAYING HER ARMPITS WITH AN AEROSOL SHE HOLDS IN HER HAND.

DAWN

(shouted)

I won't be a minute...

SHE LIFTS THE FROCK, SPRAYING HER MORE INTIMATE PARTS.

BILLY 'D' IS VISIBLY STUNNED BY THE ELABORATE OUTFIT, AND THE PROPITIOUS USE OF THE AEROSOL.

DAWN (cont'd)

Ladies Day!

BILLY 'D'
(laughing)

Ladies Day?

DAWN

I know... Slappers more like.
(shouted)

Two Tics!

THE SHOUTING AND KNOCKING CONTINUES.

DAWN (cont'd)

Look, you're gonna' have to let yourself
out (beat) Make yourself some tea and
toast, and make sure the door's shut
behind you, but don't pinch anything,
right!

CUT AWAY TO:

10 EXT. DAWNS' COUNCIL FLAT. FRONT DOOR - SAME.

10

RENÉ IS SHOUTING THROUGH THE LETTERBOX.

RENÉ
(shouted)

Dawn! For fucks sake, man!

BACK TO SCENE:

BILLY 'D'
(shocked)

Ascot? As in 'Ascot near Windsor'?

DAWN CONTINUES TO HURRIEDLY DRESS

DAWN

Not just Ascot, yank... Royal Ascot!

BILLY 'D'

But I've played Ascot. It's in
Buckinghamshire! You'll never get to
Ascot. It'll take hours?

DAWN IS HURRIEDLY PUTTING LIPSTICK ON IN FRONT OF A MIRROR.

DAWN

Christ, no wonder none of you could find
any weapons of mass destruction...

BILLY 'D'

What?

DAWN TURNS, PULLING ON A LARGE HAT. SHE HAS LIPSTICK ACROSS
HER FACE. SHE SMILES.

DAWN

Ascots not at Ascot, yer yank fool...
it's at York!

CUT TO:

11 EXT/INT. STREET. BENTLEY LIMO - SHORT TIME LATER.

11

JACK HOLDS OPEN THE DOOR AS DAWN RUSHES DOWN THE PATH. HE
SALUTES.

JACK

Your carriage awaits, Madam.

DAWN SQUEALS IN DELIGHT AS SHE JOINS THE GIRLS IN THE LIMO.
JACK CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND HER. AS HE DOES, HE NOTICES AN
OMINOUS BLACK CAR SLOWLY COME TO A HALT ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE
OF THE ROAD. IT'S WINDOWS ARE DARKENED.

JACK (cont'd)

Shit...

THE CAR DOOR SHUT BEHIND HER, DAWN IS FLUSTERED AND APOLOGETIC. THE GIRLS ALL CHEER.

DAWN

I know... Sorry! Sorry I'm late. Sorry, sorry... I had this dead bad cramp, right. Kept me awake all night...

ONE OF THE GIRLS (MARIA) GESTURES OUT OF THE WINDOW, TOWARDS DAWNS FLAT.

MARIA

Eee, Dawn... there's a black man in your door?

CHAFFEE

So... was the bad cramp a good shag, then, Dawn?

WE CUT BRIEFLY TO THE FRONT OF DAWNS' COUNCIL FLAT. LEANING AGAINST THE DOORFRAME DRESSED ONLY IN A TOWEL IS OUR CANADIAN, BILLY 'D'. HE IS SMILING. HE UNFOLDS HIS ARMS AND ACKNOWLEDGES THE GIRLS. WE CUT AWAY BRIEFLY TO THE REGISTRATION PLATE OF THE CLASSIC BENTLEY, IT SAYS 'ROYAL 1'. THERE IS MUCH WAVING AND LAUGHING AS THE BENTLEY PULLS AWAY.

DAWN

(shouted)

Tarraa, Yank!

CUT TO:

12 INT. DAWNS' COUNCIL FLAT. FRONT DOOR - SAME.

12

BILLY 'D' STANDS AT THE OPEN DOOR UNTIL THE BENTLEY TURNS THE CORNER. JUST AS HE SHUTS THE DOOR WE NOTICE THE LARGE BLACK CAR HAS ALSO PULLED AWAY FROM THE OPPOSITE KERB. HE MUTTERS TO HIMSELF, SMILING IN MOCK FRUSTRATION.

BILLY 'D'

Canadian!

CUT AWAY TO:

13 EXT/INT. STREET. BLACK CAR - SAME.

13

THE DRIVER AND PASSENGER ARE BOTH DRESSED IN BLACK ROLL NECKED JUMP-SUITS. THE DRIVER IS TALKING INTO A RADIO AS HIS PASSENGER IS PULLING A BLACK BALACLAVA OVER HIS FACE. OUR DRIVER HAS A COCKNEY ACCENT.

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE

Roger that, Bravo Two Zero... Target moving. Target turning left onto... Shit!

OUR BLACK CAR HAS TO BRAKE RAPIDLY TO AVOID A MIDDLE-AGED FEMALE TEACHER WHO IS STANDING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD WITH HER HAND IN THE AIR. SHE GLARES AT OUR DRIVER. (OUR PASSENGER QUICKLY TEARS OFF HIS BALACLAVA). BEHIND HER A VERY LONG SNAKE OF SCHOOL CHILDREN BEGIN CROSSING THE ROAD. THEY ARE ALL HOLDING HANDS.

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE (cont'd)
(urgently)

Bravo Two Zero, Bravo Two Zero. Target lost. Target lost. Moving to plan 'B'.

HE RAMS THE CAR INTO REVERSE, LOOKING OVER HIS SHOULDER AS THE CLUTCH SCREAMS.

BACK TO SCENE:

OUR 'YANK' BILLY 'D' IS WHISTLING TO HIMSELF, CHUFFED AT THE SITUATION. FINDING THE KITCHEN, HE PUTS THE KETTLE ON THE HOB, TURNING ON THE GAS... HE LOOKS AROUND FOR SOME TYPE OF IGNITION SWITCH. EVENTUALLY HIS EYE'S FALL UPON A LARGE BOX OF GIANT KITCHEN MATCHES... HE PULLS OUT A MATCH. HE STRIKES ONE... IT'S DAMP. HE PULLS A SECOND MATCH OUT OF THE BOX. THIS TOO IS DAMP. BEFORE HE HAS THE CHANCE TO STRIKE THE THIRD MATCH THE KITCHEN DOOR BURSTS OPEN TO REVEAL TWO BALACLAVED MEN. THEY ARE HOLDING ON TO A POLICE 'INTRUDER'. BEHIND THEM WE CAN SEE THE FRONT OF A BLACK CAR.

CUT AWAY TO:

14 EXT/INT. BENTLEY LIMO - SAME.

14

WE SEE JACKS BENTLEY GLIDE DOWN A SLIP ROAD AND JOIN A MOTORWAY. WE SEE THE ANGEL OF THE NORTH. THE GIRLS, DRINKING CHAMPAGNE, ARE ALL SINGING THEIR OWN VERSION OF A REBEL SONG.

ALL

Oh, we're all off to Ascot in the green,
in the green, where the Bentley glistens
in the sun...

MARIA SHOUTS THROUGH TO JACK.

MARIA

How man, Jack... this car is just lush!

JACK BEAMS.

RENÉ

More Champagne, ladies?

BACK TO SCENE:

OUR 'YANK', HAVING BEEN BUNDLED TO THE KITCHEN FLOOR, IS NOW SECURED WITH PLASTIC TIE-WRAPPS, A STRIP OF GAFFER TAPE ACROSS HIS MOUTH AND A HOOD OVER HIS HEAD. TWO MEN IN BLACK JUMP-SUITS, BALACLAVAS ETC', STAND OVER HIM. ONE OF THEM HOLDS A MOBILE RADIO. THEY BOTH HAVE COCKNEY ACCENTS.

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE

Tango Foxtrot Alpha to Bravo Two Zero...
Operation Bentley is 'Go'. We'll have our
destination in three minutes.

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE HANDS THE RADIO TO **STEALTH BAILIFF TWO**, HE THEN PRODUCES A FLICK KNIFE, SQUATS DOWN AND PULLS THE HOOD OFF THE HEAD OF THE 'YANK'. HE HARSHLY RIPS OFF THE GAFFER TAPE, WHICH IS LEFT HANGING FROM HIS CHEEK.

BILLY 'D'

What the fuck? Look... I swear... I
didn't know she was married... I only met
her last night! Honestly! I didn't
know...

THE FLICK KNIFE CLICKS OPEN.

BILLY 'D' (cont'd)

Who the fuck *are* you guys?

STEALTH BAILIFF TWO

Chill out, yank.

BILLY 'D'

I'm Canadian.

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE

Asylum seeker, eh! Coming over here, eh, Davey?

STEALTH BAILIFF TWO

...shagging all our women.

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE

Bet you got a free mobile phone, eh?

BILLY 'D'

What the fuck do you want, man?

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE

Well, my little European friend, we're gonna' ask you the one question that immigration didn't ask...

STEALTH BAILIFF TWO

(angry)

Where's the mutton gone in the posh Danny?

BILLY 'D'

Sorry?

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE

The tart!

STEALTH BAILIFF TWO

In the fuckin' Danny!

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE

Spill the beans mate,

HE WAVES THE FLICK KNIFE CLOSE TO OUR 'YANKS' GENITAL AREA.

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE (cont'd)

...or lose the jewels.

STEALTH BAILIFF TWO

We haven't got all bleedin' day, mate.

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE

Then again, Davey...

HE GRABS THE HANGING GAFFER TAPE, REPLACING IT OVER THE 'YANKS' MOUTH. HE PATS HIM, CONDESCENDINGLY, ON THE HEAD.

STEALTH BAILIFF TWO

...maybe we have.

THE FLICK KNIFE IS RAMMED INTO THE FLOORBOARDS, BTWN OUR BILLY 'D'S LEGS... MILLIMETRES AWAY FROM HIS GROIN. OUR 'YANK' MUMBLES A SCREAM. **STEALTH BAILIFF ONE** REACHES INTO A BREAST POCKET AND PRODUCES A PACKET OF CIGARETTES, PUTTING ONE BTWN HIS LIPS. HE PICKS UP ONE OF THE SCATTERED GIANT KITCHEN MATCHES FROM THE FLOOR. OUR 'YANK' IS DESPERATELY TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING. HE REMOVES THE CIGARETTE.

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE

Maybe we see just how much pain you
foreigners can take? What do you say to
that, eh, Sonny Jim?

HE RIPS OFF THE GAFFER TAPE, AGAIN LEAVING IT HANGING ON THE
'YANKS' CHEEK. OUR 'YANK' SPLUTTERS, BREATHLESS NOW:

BILLY 'D'

No, please... don't, don't light the
cigarette!

HE STRIKES THE MATCH BUT IT DOESN'T FLARE. **STEALTH BAILIFF
TWO** HOLDS OUT A LIGHTER.

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE

Scared of a bit of passive smoking are
we?

BILLY 'D'

No! Honestly... don't light the cig...

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE

(shouted)

Enough!

HE SLAPS OUR 'YANK', BRUTALLY, ACROSS THE FACE. THE GAFFER
TAPE IS REPLACED.

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE (cont'd)

(softly)

What are you, sonny? A walking fuckin'
health warning? See, Davey? Just (beat)
one (beat) big (beat) Poof...

HE STARES AT OUR 'YANK' AS HE PUTS THE CIGARETTE TO HIS
LIPS... **STEALTH BAILIFF TWO** CLICKS THE LIGHTER.

CUT AWAY TO:

15 EXT. BACKYARD. - SAME.

15

KABOOM! THE WINDOW AND DOOR BLOW OUT. (DOUBLE BEAT) FROM THE SMOKE EMERGES OUR NEAR NAKED BILLY 'D'. HE STUMBLES OUT OF SHOT, PAST THE CAR, COUGHING... WE HEAR RADIO STATIC.

RADIO (OVER)

Bravo Two Zero to Tango Foxtrot Alpha?
Come in Tango Foxtrot Alpha? Bravo Two...
Hello? Davey? Davey? Are you there?
Davey...

WE HEAR A LOUD LORRY AIRHORN (OVER).

CUT TO:

16 EXT. MOTORWAY HARD SHOULDER - DAY.

16

LORRY AIRHORN CONTINUES (OVER).

RENÉ AND DAWN ARE SQUATTING ON THE GRASS AT THE EDGE OF THE HARD SHOULDER. JACK IS STANDING IN FRONT OF THEM, HIS JACKET HELD OPEN. MORE LORRIES PASS - HORNS BLARING. MARIA & CHAFFEE WAVE AT THE PASSING PANTECHNICS.

RENÉ

For fucks sake Jack, your supposed to be
shielding us!

ANOTHER LORRY PASSES. IT'S AIRHORN CREATING A FAMILIAR DOPPLER EFFECT.

CUT TO:

17 INT. BENTLEY LIMO. MINUTES LATER - SAME.

17

RENÉ IS SHUTTING THE DOOR AS THE BENTLEY EASES AWAY FROM THE HARD SHOULDER. THE MOOD IS GLEEFUL, ADVENTUROUS.

RENÉ

God, how embarrassing. That champagne
went straight through me.

DAWN

And me...

CHAFFEE

Well, I paid the deposit on those frocks
so I hope you haven't weed on them!

RENÉ

Bit of salt'll sort that...

MARIA

(incredulous)

Salt? Isn't that red wine and carpets?

CHAFFEE

Not piss and posh frocks, that's for
sure!

RENÉ

God, Chaffee, you can be so fuckin'
common sometimes.

CHAFFEE

Sez the woman who's just been pissing on
the hard shoulder.

DAWN

Look at it this way... piss or no piss,
reckon we made some lorry drivers day,
back there, Reenee.

ALL

Ren-ay!

DAWN

Oh, fuck off.

WE HEAR A LOUD LORRY AIRHORN (OVER).

CUT TO:

18 INT. SMALL LORRY DRIVERS CAB - SAME.

18

AIRHORN CONTINUES (OVER).

THE DRIVER OF THE SMALL LORRY IS AS EXCITED AS HE'S EVER BEEN. THIS SLIGHTLY UNNERVES THE FEMALE HITCH-HIKER SAT NEXT TO HIM. HE SCREAMS INTO HIS CB RADIO WHILST OPERATING HIS 'MUCH LARGER LORRY' AIR-HORN FROM A PULL-STRING OVER HIS HEAD. HE HAS A PRONOUNCED MIDLANDS ACCENT. OKAY, IT'S NOT EVEN A 'SMALL LORRY'... MORE LIKE A LARGE VAN - BUT IT WANTS TO BE A 'LORRY' AS MUCH AS HE WANTS TO BE A 'LORRY DRIVER'... THAT'S THE POINT.

RUBBER GOOSE

Yeeeeeeeeeeee! Haaaaaaaaaaaa! Breaker one nine for a copy? This is Rubber Goose burning black, A1 Southbound. One nine for a copy? This is Rubber Goose. All you big rigs out there, I have just twentied the Queen... that's right you heard me, black-cat this you bastards, the Queen! E.R.! Numero Uno! Her Maj'! Liz! Lillibet! ...taking a dump... on the hard shoulder!

CB RADIO 1 (STATIC)

And I've just seen the pope being buggered by a giraffe!

CB RADIO 2 (STATIC)

Clear the channel, bucketmouths!

RUBBER GOOSE

What! No, really... lad's, the Queen! Q,U,W,Double E,N,E. Taking a dump...

taking a fucking dump! On the hard shoulder!

ANGEL 'O THE NORTH (OVER)

Rubber Goose, this is Angel 'o the North. What's you twenty? Come back.

RUBBER GOOSE

Angel? Rubber Goose here. I'm southbound out of the fifty fifth parallel, five klicks below Scotch Corner, and this ain't no jackanory, brother. Come back.

CUT AWAY TO:

19 INT. ANGELS LORRY - SAME.

19

ANGEL IS A 'REAL' LORRY DRIVER.

ANGEL 'O THE NORTH

You sure been slapping your goose grease on this story, brother, 'cos I'm about fifty out of fifty five and right in your twenty and I ain't eyeballed nothin'... What kinda' sad no-mark tosser would think any of us would believe...

AS HE SPEAKS A RACING GREEN BENTLEY SLOWLY OVERTAKES HIS RIG, INDICATES, AND THEN PULLS SLOWLY INTO THE INSIDE LANE. A WOMAN IN A LARGE HAT WAVES REGALLY AT HIM THROUGH THE WINDOW.

ANGEL 'O THE NORTH (cont'd)

Holy Shit! Rubber Goose, Rubber Goose, Eyeball, eyeball! Green Bentley Limousine... registration... Hold on... R,O,Y,A,L,1. 'Royal One'! Rubber Goose? Rip out my tongue and shove it up my coal-hole, you are now a legend! A legend, d'yer hear! Indicating... Junction 46? Looks like Liz got caught short on her way to the races!

BACK TO SCENE:

RUBBER GOOSE

Yeeeeeeee! Haaaaaaa!

HE SOUNDS HIS HORN YET AGAIN. THEN IN HIS EXCITEMENT SCREAMS AT HIS PASSENGER.

RUBBER GOOSE (cont'd)

Oh, this is grrrreat! This is better than getting a blow-job when driving yer rig! This is...

HE REALISES HIS POTENTIAL ERROR.

RUBBER GOOSE (cont'd)

...well, maybe not as good as a er, blow-job when, er, your...

OUR HITCH-HIKER LOOKS AT HIM AS IF HE IS A TOTAL MORON. HE REALISES HE IS PROBABLY NEVER GOING TO GET THE 'PROVERBIAL BLOW-JOB WHILST DRIVING THE RIG'. STILL, WHO CARES... HE'S A LEGEND NOW.

RUBBER GOOSE (cont'd)

Ah, fuck it!

HE SOUNDS HIS AIR HORNS AND GRABS THE MICROPHONE.

RUBBER GOOSE (cont'd)

Yeeeeeeeeee...

CUT AWAY TO:

20 INT. CONTROL ROOM. SOMEWHERE - SAME.

20

ON THE TABLE SITUATED AT ONE END OF THE ROOM IS WHAT LOOKS LIKE SOPHISTICATED RADIO EQUIPMENT. NEXT TO THE RADIO IS A LARGE SPEAKER ARRAY. FROM THIS WE CAN HEAR THE CELEBRATIONS OF RUBBER GOOSE.

SPEAKER ARRAY

...eee! Haaaaaaaaaaaaa!

A HAND CLICKS A SWITCH ON THE RADIO. IMMEDIATELY RUBBER GOOSE IS SILENT. THE OWNER OF AN ANONYMOUS HAND PRESSES A BUTTON ON THE BASE OF A MICROPHONE.

BRAVO TWO ZERO

Bravo Two Zero to Tango Foxtrot Alpha?
Come in Tango Foxtrot Alpha? Bravo Two
Zero to Tango Foxtrot Alpha?

CUT TO:

21 INT. CASUALTY DEPT'. NHS HOSPITAL. NEWCASTLE - SAME.

21

OUR TWO 'STEALTH BAILIFFS' ARE SAT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FRONT ROW OF A PACKED WAITING ROOM. THEY HAVE ALREADY RECEIVED SOME FIRST AID AS THEY HAVE VARIOUS PLASTERS AND BANDAGES ATTACHED TO THEM. THEIR CLOTHING IS TORN AND SCORCHED. STEALTH BAILIFF ONE HAS BOTH INDEX FINGERS BANDAGED AND SUPPORTED BY ALUMINIUM SPLINTS. A SMALL FEMALE NURSE (WEARING BLUE PLASTIC GLOVES & CARRYING A BED-PAN) WALKS BY AS HE TRIES TO ANSWER HIS RADIO.

RADIO

Bravo Two Zero to Tango Foxtrot Alpha?

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE

Tango Foxtrot Alpha receiving...

NURSE

You're going to have to switch that off,
I'm afraid.

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE

Yeah, in a minute, love. Tango Foxtrot
Alpha...

NURSE

No mobiles in the hospital, sir.

SHE PUTS DOWN THE BED-PAN ON AN EMPTY SEAT NEXT TO STEALTH BAILIFF ONE AND POINTS TO A HUGE SIGN ON THE WALL THAT SAYS: 'SWITCH OFF ALL MOBILE PHONES'.

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE

(angry)

Look, it's not a bleedin' *mobile*. It's a ultra low frequency *military radio*...

NURSE

I don't care if it's the pope being bugged by a giraffe, sir. It's going off right now.

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE PLACES ONE BANDAGED FINGER UNDER THE CHIN OF OUR NURSE. LIFTING HER CHIN SLIGHTLY, HE SPEAKS, LOW AND MENACING.

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE

Do you know... who I am?

SHE GRABS HIM BY A BROKEN FINGER. BENDING IT BACK AS FAR AS SHE CAN. HE SCREAMS IN AGONY. SHE REMAINS IMPASSIVE THROUGHOUT.

NURSE

Elton John? Tony Blair? Gandhi? Or Perez De fuckin' Cuella? The sign still says...

SHE GRABS THE RADIO WITH HER FREE HAND.

NURSE (cont'd)

...no mobile phones!

SHE DROPS THE RADIO INTO THE BED-PAN. IT SPLASHES. STEALTH BAILIFF ONE PULLS HIS FINGER FROM HER GRASP, PROTECTING IT UNDER HIS ARM.

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE

Shit!

NURSE

Exactly...

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE

Davey, quick, get that radio outa' there!

NURSE

...but not just any shit...

STEALTH BAILIFF TWO

Eh...

NURSE

Super - bug - shit!

THE WHOLE OF THE WAITING ROOM, WITH MILITARY PRECISION,
INSTANTLY SHUFFLE ONE SEAT AWAY FROM THE BEDPAN. OUR NURSE
STARTS TO WALK AWAY, LEAVING THE BEDPAN BEHIND.

NURSE (cont'd)

You want to contact anyone... you use the
payphone on the wall like everyone else.

SHE STOPS. TURNS.

NURSE (cont'd)

Okay?

WHOLE WAITING ROOM

Yes, Nurse.

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE

Shit! (beat) Shit! Shit! Shit! (beat)
Davey... gimme ten pence for the phone!
C'mon! Quick!

STEALTH BAILIFF TWO

I er, I er, haven't got any change? Can't
we just wait and get seen to? Somebody
else'll catch up with the Bentley...

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE ERUPTS. HE STANDS AND TURNS TO THE SEATED
WAITING ROOM AS IF THEY WERE AN AUDIENCE.

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE

Somebody else! Some...Body...Else! Four
old tarts and a fucking window cleaner
are not... going to make a fool... out of
me! So, somebody give me ten pence,
pronto! 'Cos this... is now... personal!

THE ROOM IS STUNNED INTO SILENCE. AN OLD WOMAN APPEARS AT HIS
SIDE. SHE IS OPENING A SMALL TARTAN PURSE.

OLD WOMAN

You won't use it to buy more drugs will
you son?

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE THROWS HIS ARMS IN THE AIR.

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE

Arrrrrrrrrgh!

FADE TO BLACK.

CREDITS ROLL OVER.

END OF EPISODE.

to be continued

' GirlFriends '

a comedy drama in six parts
by
Anvil Springstien.

EPISODE SIX:
'Unkl Aln Lrns 2 Txt'

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A
Near the Knuckle
Production

-THIS DOCUMENT CONTAINS A DIGITAL SIGNATURE-

1 INT/EXT. BENTLEY LIMO'. RACECOURSE ENTRANCE - LATER. 1
THE CAR IS IN A LARGE QUEUE OF OTHER ASSORTED VEHICLES.

JACK

Looks like we're here for the duration,
girls, it's hardly moving?

RENÉ

Just enough time for Dawn to tell us all
the juicy details from last night then.

DAWN

And were exactly, would you like me to
begin?

CHAFFEE

Well, we don't want to know what his
singing's like, eh Maria?

MARIA

(whispered)

Rene? Not in front of Jack?

JACK

I heard that, Maria Blenkinsop!

RENÉ

Well, you're not gonna' hear this! Bit of
privacy if you don't mind, Parker, while
us lasses talk about shaggin' gorgeous
black men!

JACK

Believe me, it's the last thing I wanna'
hear you lot talk about.

JACK LEANS FORWARD AND FLICKS A SWITCH ON THE DASH. A GLASS
SCREEN RISES UP BEHIND HIM. HE HEARS THE START OF THE CHAT
BEFORE THE SCREEN REACHES THE TOP.

CHAFFEE (OS)

So, you got back to your flat, *and...*

JACK IS LEFT IN SILENCE. HE MOVES THE CAR FORWARD A FEW MORE
FEET... AND PUTS ON THE HAND BRAKE. NEXT TO THE HAND BRAKE IS
A 3 WAY SWITCH. HIS FINGERS TOY WITH THE SWITCH FOR A FEW
SECONDS... HE SMILES.

JACK

What women don't know, won't harm them...

JACK SLOWLY FLICKS THE SWITCH ACTIVATING THE CARS INTERCOM
SYSTEM. HE HEARS DAWNS VOICE THROUGH A SPEAKER ON THE DASH

DAWN (THRO' SPEAKER)

...like a fuckin' babies arm, man!

HE HEARS THE GIRLS LAUGH.

DAWN (cont'd)

Anyway, while we're in the confession
box, Rene... what's gannin' on with you
and Jack?

RENÉ

What?

MARIA

(splurted)

Your selling the house!

RENÉ

What?

CHAFFEE

Oh, come on, Rene... we're your mates, man. We know something's going on...

DAWN

We're not stupid, man!

RENÉ

We're not selling the house!

MARIA

(almost hysterical)

Are you getting divorced?

RENÉ

No, man, Maria, calm down...

CHAFFEE

Well, what then?

RENÉ

It's just a cash flow...

DAWN

Cash flow?

CHAFFEE

When have you ever been short of a few bob?

MARIA

(again, almost hysterical)

Cash flow!

RENÉ

Oh, for christs sake, look... Jack put in a bid for the cleaning contract on the new Sage...

MARIA

Ooh, it's lovely innit.

CHAFFEE

Lots of glass, I know that.

RENÉ

Exactly. Put a lot of money into something called 'cherry pickers'... then the builders opted for something called 'Pilkingtons Self-Cleaning Glass'...

MARIA

(quietly hysterical)

Self cleaning glass!

DAWN

Maria!

CHAFFEE

Why didn't you tell us?

MARIA

(louder)

Self cleaning glass!

DAWN

We're your best mates?

MARIA

(tears)

Ooh!

RENÉ

(angry - shouted)

Maria, will you shut up!

CHAFFEE

Come on, Rene, we're only friggin' asking!

JACK FEELS THE NEED TO INTERVENE. THE SCREEN LOWERS.

JACK

Enough! The lot of you! Look, Rene, tell them what's going on... they're your best friends! They care about you. They care about me, for christs sake! I'm sick to death of hiding it from them. (beat) The stuff about the Cherry Pickers... and the Sage contract... that just took us over the edge, man...

RENÉ

Jack, man, no!

JACK

It's nothing to be ashamed of, and if you won't tell them I will. We spent everything on IVF. There, it's out. All our savings have gone on IVF treatment. It's all down to me...

RENÉ
(tearful)

It's not your fault, Jack! It's me!

JACK

Who cares who's fault it is! It's nobody's fault! We spent it all on IVF. Have done for years... took out loan after loan to pay for it. Now they're calling them in. Debt collectors, bailiffs, like wolves round sheep.

THE CAR FALLS SILENT.

JACK (cont'd)

The house is up for auction on Wednesday...

CHAFFEE HOLD RENES' HAND.

DAWN

Oh, god, Jack.

JACK

Look, it's not as bad as it sounds... I've got a meeting on Monday about offloading the cherry pickers. He knows I'm short but I know he needs them on site, like now, so... I get the asking price, we're in the clear... for a few more weeks at least. Anyway, look, we're moving...

JACK EASES THE CAR FORWARD.

JACK (cont'd)

...Why don't we forget about it and just enjoy the day. Let's face it, how many times are we gonna' get to Royal Ascot again?

DAWN

You must be worried sick.

JACK

We can do all the worrying we like after Monday. All the worrying in the world won't change nothing now

CHAFFEE

Aye, true enough. C'mon Rene... anyway, who knows, we might win a packet on the gee gees?

RENÉ

(sniffing)

Heh, fat chance. What do we know about horses? Jacks never put a bet on in his life...

JACK

Well, there's a first time for everything.

CHAFFEE

And that's not taking into account our secret weapon.

RENÉ

Ha! What 'secret weapon'?

DAWN

Chaffees Uncle Alan!

JACK

Aye, he knaa's his stuff when it comes to the gee gee's, does Alan.

RENÉ

What goods her uncle Alan in Jarrow? Oh god, Jack? Jack? You've missed it? It's Car Park 'G'?

MARIA

Chaffee just bought him a mobile phone and showed him how to use predictive text.

RENÉ

Sorry, Jack... It's car park 'G' Jack!

JACK

I know, but they keep waving us through?

CHAFFEE

It'll be the car? They think we're all Nobs.

MARIA

Ian Paisley!

ALL

What?

MARIA

The bloke in the IVF!

CUT TO:

2 INT. UNCLE ALANS COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME.

2

SFX: BACKGROUND TV. HISS OF OXYGEN GAS

UNCLE ALAN HAS BEEN MORE OR LESS WHEELCHAIR BOUND FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS DUE TO CONTRACTING 'BLACK-LUNG' AFTER WORKING MOST OF HIS LIFE DOWN THE PIT. ONE OF HIS GREAT LOVES IS THE HORSES. ANOTHER IS STRONG TEA. HIS LIVING ROOM HAS NOT CHANGED MUCH IN THE LAST TWENTY OR THIRTY YEARS. HE SITS IN AN OLD ARMCHAIR ('HIS' CHAIR), A CUP OF STRONG TEA ON THE FLOOR. THE TELEVISION IS SWITCHED TO CHANNEL 4 FOR THE DAYS RACING. HE HAS A REMOTE, A PEN & A COPY OF THE RACING POST ON HIS KNEE. AT THE SIDE OF HIS CHAIR IS A STEEL TROLLEY WITH WHEELS. IN THE TROLLEY ARE TWO OXYGEN BOTTLES. PLASTIC TUBES RUN FROM THE BOTTLES TO A PLASTIC MASK WHICH IS ATTACHED PERMANENTLY TO THE FACE OF UNCLE ALAN BY ELASTIC LOOPS THAT GO BEHIND HIS EARS. IT IS ONLY REMOVED WHEN HE SIPS HIS CUP OF STRONG TEA.

TODAY SEE'S A STRANGE OBJECT IN THIS PICTURE: A BOX ON THE ARM OF THE CHAIR CONTAINING A SONY ERICSON MOBILE PHONE.

HE OPENS THE BOX AND FIRST REMOVES A FOLDED PIECE OF A4 PAPER THAT CHAFFEE HAS GIVEN HIM. ON IT SHE HAS HAND WRITTEN VARIOUS REMINDERS AND PROCEDURES: HOW TO SEND AND ANSWER A TEXT ETC'.

HE THUMBS THE WRITING, LOVINGLY, THEN READS THE TOP LINE SILENTLY WITH HIS FINGER.

PLACING THE PAPER ON HIS KNEE, HE FIRST REMOVES THE MOBILE FROM THE BOX, THEN THE MAINS-LEAD.

HE FIDDLES FOR A FEW SECONDS WITH THE LEAD, EVENTUALLY FINDING THE RIGHT END AND ATTACHING IT TO THE MOBILE.

HE LEANS DOWN AND PLUGS THE OTHER END OF THE LEAD INTO THE WALL. PICKING UP HIS CUP OF TEA AS HE RETURNS TO THE UPRIGHT POSITION.

HE REMOVES ONE LOOP OF ELASTIC ALLOWING THE MASK TO HANG OFF ONE EAR.

HE SIPS A SMALL AMOUNT OF TEA BEFORE BEFORE HIS CHEST CONVULSES INTO A COUGHING FIT.

HE STRUGGLES TO RETURN THE CUP TO THE FLOOR WITHOUT SPILLING ANY OF THE TEA.

THE LOOP OF ELASTIC IS RETURNED TO HIS EAR AND, AFTER A SECOND OR TWO OF SITTING UPRIGHT, THE COUGHING SUBSIDES.

HE CLOSES HIS EYES. AND BREATHE.

WE HEAR THE PROGRAMME IDENT' MUSIC (OVER) FOR 'CHANNEL 4 RACING'.

HE OPENS HIS EYES AND PICKING UP THE MOBILE, TURNS IT OVER A COUPLE OF TIMES IN HIS HANDS.

HE FINDS A SMALL BUTTON AND PRESSES IT.

THE SCREEN BURSTS TO LIFE ACCOMPANIED BY A JINGLE AND A VOICE.

MOBILE PHONE

Welcome to T Mobile...

CUT TO:

3 EXT. PRIVATE CAR PARK. YORK MEMBERS ENCLOSURE - LATER.

3

THE BENTLEY IS PARKED AMONGST AN INCREDIBLE AMOUNT OF ROLLERS, PORCHES, JAGUARS, AND THE LIKE. JACK HAS THE TRUNK OPEN AND IS THROWING A LINEN TABLECLOTH OVER A 'SELF ASSEMBLY' PICNIC TABLE. MARIA WAITS WITH A NUMBER OF CHAMPAGNE GLASSES IN HER HAND. DAWN IS UNFOLDING PICNIC CHAIRS. CHAFFEE IS STIRRING A LARGE GLASS JUG FULL OF PIMMS AND ICE. RENÉ IS HOLDING A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE.

RENÉ

(under her breath)

Jesus, Jack... we're not supposed to be here? This is where all the nobs go.

JACK

Well? Whose faults that? Besides, they can only tell us to leave. Relax. Enjoy it. Dawn, I'll do that, you're bursting the bubble. Sit down, all of you. Relax.

MARIA

People are staring.

CHAFFEE

Their tags are all blue?

DAWN

They're not staring at us? It's the car, man. It's the poshest one here, Jack!

JACK BEAMS AT THE COMPLIMENT.

MARIA

Well, I'm taking this off.

THE GIRLS ALL REMOVE THEIR RED ENTRANCE TAGS. JACK STARTS TO POUR DRINKS.

JACK

Would Mod'em like a pimms?

RENÉ

Oh, aye, gan on then... But have you seen this map? We've got miles to walk to get to our entrance.

MARIA

What's that, there then?

TWENTY YARDS AWAY, AT THE BASE OF THE MAIN STAND IS A WHITE PICKET FENCE ENCLOSING A SMALL GARDEN WITH TABLES AND PARASOLS. BEYOND THAT ARE TWO DOUBLE GLASS DOORS INTO THE WALL OF THE MAIN STAND. ABOVE THE DOORS IS A SIGN EMBEDDED IN THE IVY COVERED WALL. IT SAYS: 'ROYAL ENCLOSURE - MEMBERS ONLY'. THERE IS A SMALL GATE IN THE PICKET FENCE, THIS TOO HAS A SIGN: 'MEMBERS ONLY'. STANDING AT THE GATE IS A YOUNG MAN IN LIVERY. IN THE GARDEN, A SPATTERING OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

RENÉ

Not for the likes of us, Maria, that's for certain.

CHAFFEE

That'll be where the Queen goes, Maria.

MARIA

God... can you imagine?

DAWN FILLS HER GLASS FROM THE JUG, AND STANDS.

DAWN

Well... I'm not one for imagining. As my
old man used to say, Shy bairns gan
hungry. C'mon!

DAWN STARTS WALKING TOWARDS THE GATE. CHAFFEE GRABS HER
GLASS.

CHAFFEE

This, I've got to see...

FOLLOWED BY A RELUCTANT RENÉ.

RENÉ

(resignation)

Oh, shit!

MARIA

(nervous)

God, no, I couldn't!

DAWN, CHAFFEE & RENÉ ARRIVE AT THE GATE LEAVING MARIA AT THE
CAR WITH JACK.

DAWN

(faux posh)

Members only, young man?

GATE-KEEPER

Of course, Madame...

HE OPENS THE GATE AND LOWERS HIS HEAD. THE THREE GIRLS WALK
THROUGH, GRINNING. DAWN TURNS BACK TO THE CAR.

DAWN
(faux posh)

I say... Chlamydia? Do hurry along, gel!

JACK HANDS MARIA A FULL GLASS OF PIMMS.

JACK

Miss Chlamydia, do hurry along.

MARIA

Oh, god...

MARIA TAKES THE GLASS AND, HOLDING ONTO HER HAT, RUSHES TO THE GATE. THE YOUNG GATE-KEEPER IS STILL HOLDING IT OPEN. MARIA STOPS, FLUSTERED. SHE HANDS THE YOUNG GATE-KEEPER HER GLASS.

GATE-KEEPER

Madame?

MARIA FIDDLES AROUND IN HER HANDBAG. PRODUCES A TEN PENCE PIECE AND, TAKING HER GLASS, PUTS THE TEN PENCE PIECE INTO THE HAND OF A BEMUSED GATE-KEEPER.

MARIA

Thank you.

SFX. MOTORWAY NOISES. (OVER).

CUT TO:

4 EXT. MOTORWAY. HARD SHOULDER - DAY.

4

SFX. MOTORWAY NOISES. CONTINUE. (OVER).

OUR STEALTH BAILIFFS ARE LEANING AGAINST THEIR BLACK CAR WHICH IS PARKED ON THE HARD SHOULDER. THE BONNET IS UP AND WE CAN SEE STEAM RISING FROM IT. IN FRONT OF THE CAR IS AN 'AA' VAN. AN 'AA' MECHANIC APPEARS FROM UNDER THE BONNET.

'AA' MECHANIC

Here's your problem mate, some knob-end
rammed this half-way through yer
radiator.

HE IS HOLDING A BATTERED 'FLICK KNIFE'.

'AA' MECHANIC (cont'd)

What kind of prick would carry one of
these around? (beat) Not to worry. I know
this old trick with half a dozen eggs
that'll get you where you're going.
(double beat) You haven't got any have
you? (beat) Eggs, I mean?

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE STARTS TO BANG HIS HEAD ON THE ROOF OF
THE CAR.

CUT TO:

5 INT. MEMBERS LOUNGE/BAR AREA. THE GIRLS TABLE - SAME.

5

THE GIRLS ARE SAT AT A LARGE TABLE NEXT TO A HUGE WINDOW
WHICH LOOKS OUT DIRECTLY ONTO THE FINISHING LINE. A WAITER IS
HELPING MARIA TO HER SEAT.

DAWN

Order some drinks while you've got him
there, Maria.

MARIA

(flustered)

Oh, god? What are we having?

CHAFFEE

Why, Champagne of course, Chlamydia,
dear.

MARIA

Er, four glasses...

RENÉ

A bottle?

MARIA

A bottle of...

DAWN

Large!

MARIA

A large bottle of champ...

CHAFFEE

Pink. Pink champagne!

MARIA

A large bottle of pink champagne, please.

WAITER

Certainly. And your preference, Madam?

MARIA

Oh, er, just the er, house...

RENÉ IS LIGHTING A CIGARETTE.

RENÉ

And an ashtray.

MARIA

(smiling, awkward)

A large bottle of the house pink, and a
er, large ashtray...

WAITER

And will there be anything else, Madam?

MARIA

What? (beat) Oh...

MARIA RUMMAGES IN HER HANDBAG AND PRODUCES ANOTHER TEN PENCE PIECE.

MARIA (cont'd)

Thank you.

OUR WAITER TURNS AND LEAVES, A BROAD SMILE ACROSS HIS FACE. A MAN IN MORNING DRESS APPEARS.

DAWN

Maria?

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

I say, excuse me, but...

MARIA

Sorry, we've just ordered.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

No. I know. I was just wondering...

RENÉ

Your not selling anything are you?

CHAFFEE

'Cos if you are, we're not buying.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

No, I assure you...

DAWN

He'll be one of these Touts.

MARIA

Eee, he sounds more like a lord to me?

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

Well, yes, actually...

MARIA

(impressed)

A real life lord?

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

Look, Ladies...

THE GIRLS SCREAM AND CHUCKLE AT BEING CALLED 'LADIES'.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE (cont'd)

...er, allow me to introduce myself.
Jeremy St John Smythe, at your disposal.

AGAIN THE GIRLS DOUBLE UP WITH LAUGHTER.

RENÉ

(laughing)

Well, *Lord* Jeremy St John Smythe, what
can us *Ladies* do for you?

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

It is rather delicate but I noticed
you're... well, I was wondering if any of
you...

JEREMY PULLS A FIFTY POUND NOTE FROM HIS WALLET AND HOLDS IT OUT.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE (cont'd)

I mean, I'll gladly pay?

THE MOOD CHANGES INSTANTLY.

RENÉ

(looking around)

How, man! Put yer fuckin' money away!

MARIA

(embarrassed)

Oh, god... he thinks we're whores from the 'boro!

THE CHAMPAGNE ARRIVES.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

What? No! No. Sorry? Look, crossed purposes, I feel... please, sorry, allow me pay for this...

JEREMY THROWS A HANDFUL OF NOTES ONTO THE WAITERS TRAY.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE (cont'd)

I had no wish to offend?

CHAFFEE

You didn't, eh?

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

Believe me. I just wanted to borrow a er, cigarette!

THE GIRLS ARE STOPPED IN THEIR TRACKS.

MARIA

A... cigarette?

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

I'm prepared to pay?

JEREMY PULLS UP THE SLEEVE OF HIS SUIT SHOWING THE UNDERSIDE OF HIS LOWER ARM.

Been patched up for three days... smelled the smoke and... well... Sorry, no, I'll leave. No offence meant. Honestly...

DAWN

Howay, man, Reenee...

MARIA

(hissed)

Ren-ay!

DAWN

Give the man a tab.

CHAFFEE

Would you like to sit down?

THE WAITER, WHO THROUGHOUT THIS BRIEF EXCHANGE HAS BEEN PUTTING GLASSES ON THE TABLE AND POURING A SMALL AMOUNT IN EACH, TALKS QUIETLY TO MARIA WHILST HOLDING BACK A HUGE GRIN.

WAITER

Would Madam like an extra glass?

MARIA

What? Oh, er, yes... please. And one for the gentlemen.

SHE HANDS HIM ANOTHER TEN PENCE PIECE. HE LEAVES AS JEREMY SITS.

DAWN

Maria, will you stop fuckin' doing that!

MARIA

Doing what?

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

Think I er, need that cigarette, now.

CUT AWAY TO:

6 EXT. PRIVATE CAR PARK. YORK MEMBERS ENCLOSURE - SAME.

6

JACK IS SITTING AT THE WHEEL OF HIS BENTLEY, DOOR WIDE OPEN, HAVING A CIGARETTE LIT BY ANOTHER CHAUFFEUR. ANOTHER CHAUFFEUR IS LOOKING OVER THE CAR - OBVIOUSLY IMPRESSED. THEY ARE CHATTING AND DRINKING FROM AN ASSORTMENT OF GLASSES AND PAPER-CUPS.

CHAUFFEUR NUMBER 1

So how long have you had it, now?

JACK

'Bout six years...

CHAUFFEUR NUMBER 2

And it's all original?

JACK

Everything. Well, more or less. I had Bentley upgrade the telly to a colour one. Oh, and the original drinks cabinet wasn't refrigerated. Mind, the dead body in the boot's fairly new.

CHAUFFEUR NUMBER 1

Sorry?

CHAUFFEUR NUMBER 2

You wouldn't be interested in selling?
Not that I could afford it, but, y'know?
Ha! I could always put the wife on the
game!

JACK LAUGHS AND WRAPS HIS HAND AROUND THE STEERING WHEEL
IMPERSONATING A MOVIE STAR.

JACK

From my cold dead hand!

CHAUFFEUR NUMBER 1

My brothers got a body in his cellar.

JACK

What?

SFX. LOUD LAUGHTER (OVER).

BACK TO SCENE:

LOUD LAUGHTER. CONTINUES (OVER).

THE GIRLS ARE HAVING A GREAT TIME. THEY ARE ENAMoured BY
JEREMY'S CHARM AND WIT. THEY ARE ALL SMOKING. THE ASHTRAY IS
MORE OR LESS FULL. THERE ARE THREE BOTTLES OF CHAMPAGNE ON
THE TABLE.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

Anyway, then the Queen Mother, god rest
her soul, turns to the Queen and says:
'Lillibet, I'm sure Charles'll be fine as
long as Diana gives him his head'.

DAWN, RENÉ & CHAFFEE DOUBLE UP AGAIN WITH LAUGHTER.

MARIA

Sorry?

RENÉ

Dawn, your turn to explain.

A TEXT ALERT SOUNDS. THE LAUGHTER SUBSIDES.

CHAFFEE

Hold on? It's Mission Control.

CHAFFEE TAKES THE TEXT.

RENÉ

Remember, everything, on the nose, and an even split.

RENE THROWS A TENNER INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE TABLE. THE OTHERS FOLLOW SUIT.

CHAFFEE

Okay... c'mon Dawn, your the boldest.

DAWN

Why me? I've never put a bet on in my life!

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

I'll help? (double beat) ...for another cigarette.

THERE IS A PAUSE.

DAWN

(smiling)

Okay. But only if we win...

CUT TO:

7 INT. MONTAGE: GV/S YORK RACECOURSE/UNCLE ALANS - SAME. 7

MONTAGE: APPROPRIATE MUSIC (OVER).

- 1) UNCLE ALAN TEXTING.
- 2) JEREMY & DAWN PUTTING ON BETS.
- 3) C/U'S HORSES RACING ON THE TRACK. SFX RAPID HOOVES.
- 4) THE GIRLS CELEBRATING - DRINKING CHAMPAGNE.
- 5) JEREMY CELEBRATES WITH A CIGARETTE.
- 6) UNCLE ALAN CIRCLING HORSES IN THE RACING POST.
- 7) JEREMY & DAWN PUTTING ON BETS.
- 8) C/U'S HORSES RACING ON THE TRACK.
- 9) UNCLE ALAN TEXTING.
- 10) C/U'S HORSES RACING ON THE TRACK.
- 11) DAWN JUMPS INTO A HUG WITH JEREMY - THEY SWING AROUND.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

Ha! The man's a total genius!

- 12) UNCLE ALAN CIRCLES ANOTHER HORSE.
- 13) JEREMY HAS FOUR CIGARETTES IN HIS MOUTH.
- 14) THEN FIVE.
- 15) THEN SIX.
- 16) THEN SEVEN.

CUT TO:

8 INT. EXEC' BOOKING HALL. YORK RACECOURSE - LATER. 8

MUSIC FADES.

DAWN & JEREMY ARE IN THE EXECUTIVE BOOKING HALL. JEREMY PULLS A WINNING SLIP FROM UNDER THE COUNTER GLASS. HE TEASES DAWN WITH IT. HOLDING IT ABOVE HER HEAD.

DAWN

Give us it here, man...

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

Ah, hah! Have a guess what it says? Have a guess?

DAWN GRABS THE SLIP.

DAWN

Jesus Christ! It can't be? It can't be?

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

It is!

DAWN

Oh, my god? Oh, fuck? Oh, fuck? Oh, fuck?
Oh, god? Jez, I'm gonna' piss myself...
Toilet. Jez! Real quick!

DAWNS TEXT ALERT SOUNDS. SHE LOOKS AT THE SCREEN.

DAWN (cont'd)

Oh, shit! Oh, go on Jeremy...

SHE GIVES JEREMY THE PHONE.

DAWN (cont'd)

...you do it... 'Out of Order'. Quick!
All of it... on the nose again, yeah?

HE TURNS TO AN EMPTY WINDOW AND TALKS RAPIDLY TO THE CLERK.

DAWN (cont'd)

Hurreeeeeee!

HE TURNS BACK WITH A BETTING SLIP IN HIS HAND.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE
(initially 'mock geordie')

'On the Nurze, mind', my little northern princess. So this could all be gone in ten minutes.

DAWN

It'll be around much longer than the contents of my fuckin' bladder if you don't shut up... toilets! Now, yer posh git!

DAWN & JEREMY RUN THROUGH CORRIDORS. THEY GET TO A LADIES TOILET BUT THE QUEUE EXTENDS QUITE A WAY OUTSIDE THE TOILET.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

I know, this way...

JEREMY PUSHES THROUGH A DOOR AND FLASHES A PASS AT AN ATTENDANT. THEY RUN UP A FLIGHT OF STAIRS AND INTO ANOTHER, CARPETED CORRIDOR.

DAWN

Jez, man...

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

Believe me, you'll like it! It's where the posh people pee!

HE DRAGS HER DOWN THE CARPETED CORRIDOR. SHE PULLS HIM TO A HALT AT A SMALL SIDE CORRIDOR.

DAWN

Here, Jez!

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

No, Dawn, not here...

IN THE SMALL CORRIDOR IS A TOILET ENTRANCE. ACROSS THE DOOR IS A 2 INCH WIDE BLUE TAPE. IT HAS GOLD EDGES.

DAWN

What?

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

It's for the Queen! That's what the blue tape means... nobody else is allowed to use it!

DAWN GRABS THE EDGE OF THE TAPE AND GENTLY PULLS IT. IT COMES OFF THE DOOR.

DAWN

Jez, man, who the fucks going to know!

SHE GRABS HIS HAND AND PUSHES ON THE DOOR.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

Dawn, no, seriously...

DAWN

Look, it's either this or ruin this nice carpet... besides, me mam always said I was her 'little queen'.

DAWN PULLS HIM THROUGH AND REPLACES THE TAPE. THE DOOR CLOSES.

CUT TO:

9 INT. QUEENS TOILET - SAME.

9

THERE ARE FOUR CUBICLES IN THE IMMACULATELY CLEAN TOILET. THREE OF THEM HAVE THE SAME BLUE & GOLD TAPE ACROSS THE DOOR. ONE OF THEM HAS A SIGN ON IT WHICH SAYS 'OUT OF ORDER'. JEREMY IS PACING THE FLOOR. HE KEEPS LOOKING AT HIS WATCH. WE CAN HEAR DAWN PEEING. ON THE WALL A SPEAKER CRACKLES (LOW) WITH RACE-DAY COMMENTARY. •

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

Dawn, honestly, you can't imagine what a breach of protocol this is! If somebody comes through that door? Think of the embarrassment! My God! Ending up in the Tower for using the Queens toilet? I can't think of anything worse?

THE DOOR WITH THE 'OUT OF ORDER' SIGN ON IT OPENS. DAWNS HEAD APPEARS.

DAWN

Bet I can think of something better though...

DAWN GRABS JEREMY AND DRAGS HIM INTO THE CUBICLE, SLAMMING THE DOOR.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

Dawn, for gods sake!

DAWN

(smiling - seductive)

131st in line to the throne, eh?

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

Dawn... look...

DAWN HEARS THE DOOR OPEN. VOICES. DAWN THROWS HER HAND ACROSS JEREMY'S MOUTH.

DAWN

Shhhhh!

THEY HEAR TWO PEOPLE ENTER. A MALE AND A FEMALE. WE BRIEFLY CUT AWAY TO OUTSIDE OF THE CUBICLES. FROM A LOW SHOT WE SEE THE LEGS OF A WOMAN, SENSIBLE SHOES, A CORGI DOG, AND THE BOOTED LEGS OF A MAN WHO IS OBVIOUSLY A JOCKEY. OUR MALE VOICE HAS AN ITALIAN ACCENT.

MALE JOCKEY VOICE

Sort of a strange choice of venue, if you don't mind me saying, Ma'am?

FEMALE VOICE

One has to be discreet in these matters.

MALE JOCKEY VOICE

Of course, Ma'am... and 'discretion' is my middle name.

FEMALE VOICE

You understand the instructions?

MALE JOCKEY

It'll look like it's the most natural thing in the world, Ma'am.

FEMALE VOICE

You may count it if you wish. It's all there, you can be assured of that.

MALE JOCKEY VOICE

Oh, I am assured, I am very assured indeed.

FEMALE VOICE

Very well. Tyson? Come boy...

DAWN AND JEREMY ARE BOTH SQUATTING ON THE TOILET SEAT, THEIR BACKS LEANING AGAINST THE WALLS. DAWN IS STIFLING A GIGGLE. THEY HEAR THE DOOR SHUT. JEREMY SIGNALS DAWN TO BE QUIET. HE SLOWLY STANDS AND LOOKS OVER THE DOOR TO CHECK THAT THE COAST IS CLEAR.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

Phew! God, Dawn, that was close!

DAWN

C'mon, Jez... live a bit, man. So...
where were we?

THEY KISS. JEREMY DECIDES TO 'LIVE A BIT'.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

I believe you were about to seduce me in
the Queens toilet...

DAWN

Oh, really?

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

May as well go to the Tower for a sheep
as for a lamb.

DAWN FIDDLES WITH JEREMY'S BELT AND TROUSERS.

DAWN

What's your favourite 'queens toilet'
position, then, eh Jez?

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

Well, er... I'd never thought? Does...
does one appreciate oral? In the North?

DAWN

Wey Aye man!

DAWN STEPS ONTO THE TOILET SEAT AND, SITTING ON THE CISTERN,
PULL UP HER POSH FROCK AND GRABS JEREMY'S HEAD WITH HER HAND.

DAWN (cont'd)

Am gagging for a bit of posh oral me,
like!

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

Well, actually, I was rather thinking...
Ah well, queen and regiment and all that,
what.

JEREMY'S HEAD DISAPPEARS UNDER LAYERS OF CRINOLINE. THERE IS
LOTS OF ODD MOVEMENT ACCOMPANIED BY LOUD STRANGE NOISES FROM
JEREMY. DAWN LOOKS NONPLUSSED. SHE FEELS FOR THE BACK OF
JEREMY'S HAIR AND PULLS HIS HEAD FROM UNDER THE FROCK.

DAWN

Obviously a wealth of stuff they didn't
teach you at Sandhurst then, eh, Jez?

CUT AWAY TO:

10 INT. MEMBERS LOUNGE/BAR AREA. THE GIRLS TABLE - SAME. 10

THE GIRLS ARE STANDING, EXCITED, WATCHING THE RACE THROUGH
THE WINDOWS. RENÉ IS USING JEREMY'S BINOCULARS.

RENÉ

She's about halfway down the field...
Gonna' have to do a lot to pull this one
off?

MARIA

I never knew it could be this exciting?
D'yer think yer Uncle Alans watching?

CHAFFEE

Watching? I know exactly what he's doing
right now.

He'll be staring straight at the telly,
cup of mud for tea at his side, going
'C'mon girl, ride him, c'mon...

MIX TO:

11 INT. UNCLE ALANS COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME.

11

SFX: RACING. TV. (OVER)

HIS OXYGEN MASK HANGING FROM ONE EAR, UNCLE ALAN HAS A CUP OF TEA IN HIS HAND WHICH HE SLOWLY PLACES IT ON THE FLOOR AT THE SIDE OF HIS ARMCHAIR. AS HE DOES THIS HE NEVER MOVES HIS EYES FROM THE TELEVISION.

UNCLE ALAN

C'mon girl, ride him girl, ride him.

BACK TO SCENE:

DAWN IS ASTRIDE JEREMY WHO IS NOW SAT ON THE TOILET SEAT.

THE SPEAKER ON THE WALL OF THE TOILETS CRACKLES WITH THE RACE COMMENTARY.

DAWN

Oh... better, eh?

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

Oh, er, yes... rather.

RACE SPEAKER

...and 'Out of Order' coming
through fast on the inside
closely followed by
Cherbourg...

DAWN (cont'd)

Come on, easy now, easy... (double beat)
Bit faster, now... Don't tell me yet.
Faster... Steady... Oh, god!

RACE FX (OVER) RISES.

DAWN

Steady... faster, now,
faster! Jez? Oh, god! No, not
yet! (beat) Not yet! Now! No!
No! Not yet... Not yet...
(beat) Now! Tell me now! Tell
me now! Tell me now!

RACE SPEAKER

...and it's Out of Order by a
neck as they come up to the
line it's Out of Order
followed by Cherbourg making
ground as they come up to the
line it's Lindsey Smith on
Out of Order... and Out of
Order wins Cherbourg second
followed by...

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

About two hundred and fifty thousand...

CUT AWAY TO:

12 INT/EXT. STEALTH BAILIFFS CAR. RACECOURSE ENTRANCE - SAME. 12

OUR TWO STEALTH BAILIFFS HAVE ARRIVED AT YORK RACECOURSE.
STEALTH BAILIFF ONE HAS JUST BEEN TOLD THE ENTRANCE FEE FOR A
CAR AND TWO PASSENGERS.

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE

(screamed)

How much!

BACK TO SCENE:

WE SEE THE CUBICLE DOOR WITH THE 'OUT OF ORDER' SIGN.

DAWN (OOS)

Arrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrgh!

WE HEAR DAWN ORGASM AT LENGTH & LOUDLY (OOS).

THERE IS A LONG SILENCE.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE (OOS)

Phew... Heavens. (double beat) Dawn?

DAWN (OOS)
(coming down)

Fuck-in' hell...

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE (OOS)

Dawn?

DAWN (OOS)

Yeah?

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE (OOS)

Fancy meeting my mother?

DAWN (OOS)

Eh?

CUT TO:

13 INT. MEMBERS LOUNGE/BAR AREA. THE GIRLS TABLE - SAME. 13

THE REST OF THE GIRLS ARE WILDLY CELEBRATING THE WIN OF 'OUT OF ORDER'. MARIA, FAR FROM BEING SHY AND WITHDRAWN, IS NOW QUITE ANIMATED. SHE PUNCHES THE AIR.

MARIA

'Out of Order' or what!

RENÉ

We need to borrow a calculator... Right now.

CHAFFEE
(serious)

Okay, before we go any further... Uncle Alan gets a fifth, right?

RENÉ

A sixth.

CHAFFEE

A sixth?

MARIA

How, man, Chaffee! There's Jack as well!

CHAFFEE

Shit, I forgot about Jack! Sorry, Reenee?

RENE & MARIA

Ren-ay!

THEY LAUGH AT CHAFFEES UNUSUAL ERROR.

MARIA

(quite tipsy now)

Ha! You've never done that before! Hic!
Oh, eh? Talking of fuck-ups... where *is*
Mrs Nobles little brat?

CHAFFEE

Maria? Have you gone through some life-
changing experience?

RENÉ

Alcohol might have something to do with
it...

CHAFFEE

Mind, she's got a point... Where *is* Mrs
Nobles little brat?

CUT TO:

14 INT/EXT. PRIVATE BOX. MAIN STAND. YORK RACECOURSE - SAME.

14

JEREMY IS INTRODUCING DAWN TO HIS MOTHER. SHE RESEMBLES THE QUEEN MUM - LOTS OF LILAC WITH MATCHING HAT. DAWN IS STILL STRAIGHTENING HER DRESS.

MATER

Surely, not The Nobles of Northumberland?

DAWN

Wey aye, I suppose?

MATER

Good lord... We thought 'he who shall not be named' got you all?

CONFUSED, DAWN LOOKS TO JEREMY. HE WHISPERS AN ASIDE.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

Cromwell...

MATER

Where *have* you been hiding? My great great grandfather, the Duke of York, knew Lady Jane Noble... quite intimately apparently?

DAWN

Must run in the family then...

MATER

Sorry, dear?

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

Mother... we really have to get a move on if we want to put something on the last race...

MATER PRODUCES A HANKIE.

MATER

Just look at the state of you, Jeremy?

SHE LICKS THE HANKIE AND STARTS TO DAB AROUND JEREMY'S MOUTH.

MATER (cont'd)

I don't know, Jeremy... all that money on finishing school and he's still such a messy eater!'

DAWN

(giggling)

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

Mother...

I'm sure he'll improve if given his head.

SHE LICKS THE HANKIE AGAIN, THEN SNIFFS IT, DISCOVERING AN ODD ODOUR.

MATER (cont'd)

Not too sure about the smoked salmon up here, dear?

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

Mother, please...

MATER

Have you met Elizabeth, my dear?

DAWN

Elizabeth who?

MATER

The Second, dear... Elizabeth? Young Dawn Noble... from the Northumberland Nobles.

ELIZABETH THE SECOND (OOS)

Good lord! We thought you where all dead,
dear?

A MOBILE PHONE STARTS TO RING TO THE TUNE OF 'TEENAGE
DIRTBAG'.

MATER

I do hope that's not yours, Elizabeth?

CUT TO:

15 INT. MEMBERS LOUNGE/BAR AREA. THE GIRLS TABLE - SAME. 15

THE GIRLS ARE WONDERING WHERE DAWN & JEREMY HAVE DISAPPEARED
TO? MARIA IS TRYING TO CALL HER ON THE MOBILE. CHAFFEE IS
FRANTICALLY TEXTING UNCLE ALAN. RENÉ IS TRYING TO USE A
CALCULATOR TO WORK OUT THEIR WINNINGS. THE LAST RACE IS ABOUT
TO START.

MARIA

Come on, come on, Dawn. C'mon... Dawn
will yer answer the fuck... Thank Christ!
Dawn, where are you? The last race is
about to start. Who? Dawn, it could be
the queen of fuckin' England for all I
care, but if we don't get this bet on...
Of course it's me? What? No, she's trying
to text him now... what? We reckon on the
nose again...

THE TANNOY SYSTEM IS MAKING A LONG ANNOUNCEMENT.

MARIA (cont'd)

What? Sorry? Look, just get to the
bookies, Dawn. No, man! We'll text it to
you! Run, Dawn, man, Run!

SHE ENDS THE CALL.

MARIA (cont'd)

Argh! We're sweating like pigs and she's gassin' with someone from Queen!

CHAFFEE

Queen?

RENE

Listen...

MARIA

Any joy?

CHAFFEE

(worried)

He just keeps sending blank texts?

MARIA

He's managed it all afternoon, man?

CHAFFEE

His oxygen must be getting low? He gets confused...

RENE

D'you two know how much we are about to lose?

MARIA

Tell him to turn it up, Man!

CHAFFEE

I've told him, for christs sake! Do I look thick, Maria? Don't dare!

RENE

Two hundred and fifty six thousand four
hundred and twenty three pounds, forty
two pence...

CHAFFEE & MARIA

Fuckin' hell...

CHAFFEE'S MOBILE RECEIVES A TEXT ALERT. THE GIRLS GO QUIET.
MARIA CROSSES HER FINGERS.

MARIA

(whispered)

Come on, Uncle Alan. Come on, Uncle Alan.
Come on, Uncle Alan...

CHAFFEE PRESSES A BUTTON.

CHAFFEE

(excited)

Got it!

CUT TO:

16 INT. MAIN STAND. PASSAGEWAYS. YORK RACECOURSE - SAME.

16

DAWN & JEREMY ARE RACING, HAND IN HAND, THROUGH VARIOUS
PASSAGEWAYS BENEATH THE MAIN STAND. THEY PULL EACH OTHER ROUND
CORNERS. THEY BUMP INTO PEOPLE. DAWN HOLDS HER MOBILE TRYING
CATCH QUICK GLIMPSES OF THE SCREEN.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

Anything yet?

DAWN

Nothing...

THEY TURN ANOTHER CORNER, BUMPING INTO A VENDOR PUSHING A
TROLLEY. THE TROLLEY UPTURNS, IT'S CONTENTS SPILL EVERYWHERE.
DAWN'S PHONE FLIES OUT OF HER HAND.

DAWN (cont'd)

Shit!

SHE SEARCHES FOR IT AMONGST THE MESS WHILST JEREMY PLACATES THE VENDOR WITH A HANDFUL OF NOTES.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

Sorry, look, I'm sure this will cover it?

DAWN

Got it!

THEY RUN THE FEW EXTRA YARDS TO THE BOOKIES WINDOW. JEREMY AND DAWN LOOK TO THE CLOCK AND THE TV MONITORS. THE PERSON IN FRONT OF THEM TURNS AND WALKS AWAY, HAVING PUT ON HIS BET.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

Hi, sorry... er, all of this...

HE HANDS THE CLERK THE SLIP.

...on the nose on, on...

HE LOOKS AT DAWN.

Anything?

THE CLERK

This window is about to close, sir?

DAWN

Oh... c'mon on, don't be broken!

THE TEXT ALERT SOUNDS.

THE CLERK

Sir? I must...

DAWN HANDS HIM THE PHONE.

DAWN

You do it... for luck!

DAWN WALKS RAPIDLY AWAY, HEAD IN HANDS - THE MOMENT HAS BECOME TOO MUCH. JEREMY'S POV: HE LOOKS AT HER IN HER ANGUISH.

THE CLERK

Sir?

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

All of it!

JEREMY LOOKS AT THE PHONE.

On the nose on...

WE SEE THE CLERKS HAND C/U STAMP THE SLIP AND PUSH IT THROUGH A FRANKING MACHINE.

CUT AWAY TO:

17 EXT. RACETRACK - SAME.

17

THE TRAPS OPEN RELEASING THE HORSES FOR THE LAST RACE.

TANNOY (OVER)

And they're off!

BACK TO SCENE:

JEREMY GRABS DAWNS HAND.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

Dawn? You okay?

DAWN

(staring)

You ever felt lucky? Like it was going to be your day? I just felt it... just then.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

You looked... ill.

DAWN

I've never felt more alive in my life.
Howay, man! C'mon! Let's get back to the
girls. Quick!

SHE STARTS TO RUN.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

Yes, but Dawn...

DAWN

C'mon, man! Run!

DAWN IS RUNNING AS FAST AS SHE CAN. JEREMY FOLLOWS.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

Yes, but Dawn...

CUT TO:

18 MONTAGE:

18

RACE COMMENTARY (OVER).

WE SEE THE RACE UNFOLD.

1) THE GIRLS CHEER THE HORSE ON.

2) JEREMY & DAWN RACE THROUGH THE CORRIDORS.

3) OUR HORSE EASES INTO THE LEAD.

4) THE GIRLS SCREAM.

5) JEREMY AND DAWN BURST THROUGH THE DOORS INTO THE BAR AREA.

COMMENTARY CONTINUES (OVER).

DAWN

How are we doing? How are we doing?

RENÉ

Did you get there in time?

DAWN

Yeah...

CHAFFEE

Arrrgh! We're winning, Dawn. Come here, quick!

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

Dawn, listen...

RENÉ

(binoculars)

We're winning by miles!

MARIA

Four lengths, man, Dawn. Four lengths!

CHAFFEE

The fat lady is about to sing, girls!

DAWN

(shouted)

C'mon yer nag... C'mon!

CUT AWAY TO:

THE HORSE FALLS.

BACK TO SCENE:

RENÉ
(binoculars)
Jusus Christ, he's on his
arse!

RACE COMMENTARY
And the favourite has fallen
with less than a furlong left
of the race, both rider and
jockey are on their feet...

CHAFFEE
Get up! Get up!

RACE COMMENTARY
...but that's the only good
news for trainer Len Lewis
after dominating the last
race of the day the laurels
now go to 'Ayreshire Lad' by
a neck followed by 'Ringo's
Choice' in second then
Dobbies Delight' in third.
Two fallers, 'Global
Navigator' the 100 to 1
outsider, and the shock of
the day the favourite,
'Quantum Leap'...

DAWN (cont'd)
It's too late, Chaffee. That's the race
over...
A LONG SILENCE IS BROKEN BY CHAFFEE..

CHAFFEE
Hey, come on... nothing ventured, nothing
gained, eh...

MARIA
Why did he pick that fuckin' nag!

CHAFFEE
What?

RENÉ
Maria!

MARIA (cont'd)

(angry)

Oh, it's alright for her! She's got a fuckin job!

DAWN

(shocked)

Maria!

CHAFFEE

(angry)

I have, have I? As from next month this little blond haired blue eyed foetus with tits that point up at the sky takes over and I'm out!

RENÉ

Stop it! All of you! If only you'd been too late, Dawn...

MARIA

(tearful)

All that money...

CHAFFEE

But it was the favourite?

DAWN

Some favourite, eh...

SILENCE.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

Well, actually, er, we never put the money on the favourite...

DAWN

We didn't?

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

No, that's what I kept trying to tell you. The rider was the jockey in the toilets...

CHAFFEE

What jockey?

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

Something we overheard. I figured if the race was bent...

MARIA

Bent?

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

...I figured if the race was bent...
they'd make the most money on long odds.

RENE IS STARING AT HER RACE CARD.

RENÉ

But the 100 to 1 fell too...

CHAFFEE GRABS A RACE CARD FROM THE TABLE.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

That would've looked suspicious anyway so
I threw the lot on the next best...

CHAFFEE

The 33 to 1 shot?

RENÉ

Ayrshire Lad'?

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

Yes. The er...

CHAFFEE

(choked)

The winner.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

Yes. The er... Ha! The winner.

THERE IS SILENCE.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE (cont'd)

Stroke of luck. What!

THE GIRLS ARE IN A STATE OF SHOCK.

DAWN

What's that mean? Exactly?

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

Well it means they'll be ringing the bell
at Lloyds, that's what it means...

MARIA

(pointing & business like)

Yeah but, what's that mean? Exactly?

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

Biggest win I've ever seen... they'll need account numbers off all of you, and they'll expect you to sign some sort of 'no publicity' clause, but apart from that... well, you've all just won the Lottery.

A LONG PAUSE IS BROKEN BY MARIA, WHO, SEEMINGLY, HAS LOST ALL VESTIGES OF HER FORMER CHARACTER.

MARIA

(screamed)

We're fucking rich!

SHE STARTS TO SING:

Ha! We are fucking rich! Me and all my sisters with me...

THE DAM BURSTS. THE GIRLS LOOK AT EACH OTHER, SMILING, AND JOIN IN WITH MARIA'S CELEBRATION. THEY DANCE AND SCREAM. DAWN CATCHES JEREMY'S EYE. HE SPEAKS TO HER BUT HE KNOWS SHE CAN'T HEAR.

THE GIRLS

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

We are fucking rich! Me and all my sisters with me... We are fuckin rich! Get up everybody and...

All er... friends again then are we?

CUT TO:

19 EXT. PRIVATE CAR PARK. YORK MEMBERS ENCLOSURE - SAME.

19

JACK TAKES THE SECOND BLOW FROM THE BASEBALL BAT. HIS HEAD HITS THE GROUND. THERE IS BLOOD ON BOTH HIS MOUTH AND HIS EYE. HE BRINGS HIS HAND TO HIS MOUTH. BEHIND HIM IS A TOW TRUCK AND ON THE BACK OF THE TOW TRUCK IS THE BENTLEY.

JACK

I can get you the money...

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE

This isn't about money anymore old man.
I'm not doing this for money. This is for
pride... for professionalism... for...

'STEALTH BAILIFF ONE' IS DROPPED BY A PUNCH FROM MARIA.

MARIA

Who d'yer think you are yer piece of
shit!

MARIA PICKS UP THE BASEBALL BAT AS RENE AND THE OTHERS RUN TO
HELP JACK TO HIS FEET.

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE

No, please...

MARIA

I'm not doing this for money. Oh, no...

SHE SWINGS BACK THE BAT.

MARIA (cont'd)

This one's for Pride!

SHE HITS HIM ON THE KNEE. HE SCREAMS AND HOLDS OUT HIS HAND
TO PROTECT HIMSELF.

MARIA (cont'd)

This one's for Professionalism...

SHE HITS HIM ON THE BANDAGED HAND.

MARIA (cont'd)

This one is for...

JEREMY'S HAND GRABS THE BASEBALL BAT, STOPPING THE THIRD
BLOW.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

No Maria! This isn't the way! Not this way.

HE USHERS MARIA AND THE REST OF THE GIRLS BEHIND THE TOW TRUCK.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE (cont'd)

Come here, all of you. This isn't the way to handle this. I'll sort this... believe me, it's my job...

THE GIRLS ARE ALL SPITTING VENOM.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE (cont'd)

Trust me... give me three minutes. Stay out of sight and give me three minutes... please... just three minutes...

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE HAS FINALLY REGAINED HIS FEET. AS JEREMY APPROACHES HIM HE LAUGHS AS HE HEARS THE TOW TRUCKS ENGINE FIRE UP AND REV'.

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE

Ha! That's a sight for sore eyes. Make a fool out of me, eh! Four old tarts and a window cleaner. Ha! Make a fool out of me!

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

What company did you say you worked for?

THE TOW TRUCK PULLS AWAY REVEALING THE BAILIFFS BLACK CAR.

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE

No-one make a fool out of Reginald Molehusband... Ha!

THERE IS A MUFFLED BANGING NOISE FROM THE BOOT OF THE BAILIFFS CAR.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

More trouble with the car, Reginald?

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE STRIDES OVER AND POPS THE TRUNK REVEALING THE TOW-TRUCK DRIVER. THE TOW TRUCK DRIVER SHIELDS HIS EYES FROM THE LIGHT.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER

Where's me fuckin' truck?

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE IS SPEECHLESS WITH ANGER. HIS EYES NEARLY BURST FROM HIS HEAD BEFORE HE REGAINS THE USE OF HIS VOICE.

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE

Arrrrrrrrgh!

AS HE SCREAMS HE SLAMS THE TRUNK SHUT ON THE TOW TRUCK DRIVER, LEAVING HIM IN THE BOOT.

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE (cont'd)

Quick, Davey... you drive!

STEALTH BAILIFF TWO

No.

STEALTH BAILIFF ONE

No? I'm giving you a direct ord...

DAVEY DELIVERS A PERFECT UPPERCUT LEAVING STEALTH BAILIFF ONE UNCONSCIOUS ON THE GROUND.

STEALTH BAILIFF TWO

Not anymore you're not...

JEREMY IS OPENING HIS WALLET.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

What company did you say you worked for?

STEALTH BAILIFF TWO

Stealth Bailiffs Dot Co Dot UK. But only
until this eegyT wakes up...

JEREMY HANDS DAVEY A CARD. DAVEY READS IT AND JUMPS TO
ATTENTION, SALUTING.

STEALTH BAILIFF TWO (cont'd)

Sir! Davey Hamilton. Vehicle Acquisition
Division. North. Sir!

JEREMY RETURNS HIS WALLET TO A BREAST POCKET. HE STARES INTO
THE DISTANCE REALISING HE HAS NO WAY OF CONTACTING THE WOMAN
HE HAS FALLEN IN LOVE WITH. HE STARTS TO WALK AWAY.

MUFFLED NOISE FROM THE TRUNK CONTINUES. JEREMY TURNS.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

When he wakes up, tell him you're his
boss... and then tell him he's fired.

JEREMY WALKS AWAY. SADDENED.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE (cont'd)

Ah, well... nothing ventured...

A POLYPHONIC RINGTONE SOUNDS: 'WHEATUS' - 'TEENAGE DIRTBAG'.

JEREMY QUICKLY PATS DOWN HIS POCKETS, REMEMBERING HE STILL
HAS DAWNS PHONE. HE LAUGHS AS HE BRINGS IT TO HIS EAR.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE (cont'd)

Dawn!

CUT TO:

20 INT. TOW TRUCK CAB - SAME.

20

DAWN IS STRUGGLING TO BE HEARD OVER THE NOISE IN THE CAB.

ALL

(football chant)

Toon! Toon! Black and White Army!

Toon! Toon! Black and White Army!

Toon! Toon! Black and White Army!

DAWN

What? I know, I'm sorry... Look, I'm on
Chaffee's phone... she needs to ring her
uncle Alan and tell him... What? Sorry?

SHE SIGNALS THE OTHERS TO BRING IT DOWN A BIT.

DAWN (cont'd)

...I think I love you too, yer posh git!

THE CAB EXPLODES INTO CHEERING.

CUT AWAY TO:

21 EXT. AERIAL VIEWS. MOTORWAY - SAME.

21

THE TOW-TRUCK CONTINUES TO RACE NORTH.

THE CHANTING CONTINUES (OVER).

ALL (OVER)

(football chant)

Toon! Toon! Black and White Army!

Toon! Toon! Black and White Army!

Toon! Toon! Black and White Army!

SFX. MOBILE PHONE RING (OVER).

CUT TO:

22 INT. UNCLE ALANS COUNCIL HOUSE - SAME. 22

SFX. MOBILE PHONE RING. CONTINUES (OVER).

C/U SHOT OF UNCLE ALANS HAND.

BACKGROUND PROGRAMME IDENT' MUSIC SIGNIFYING THE END OF THE DAYS RACING.

HE IS HOLDING THE MOBILE PHONE. IT VIBRATES AS IT RINGS. WE CAN SEE THE SCREEN. IT SAYS '**MY BEAUTIFUL CHAFFEE**' - **CALLING**. WE HOLD THIS SHOT. IT CONTINUES TO RING AND VIBRATE UNTIL IT FALLS FROM HIS HAND. IT LANDS IN A CUP OF COLD TEA.

PROGRAMME IDENT' MUSIC (OVER) FADES.

HISS OF OXYGEN MASK (OVER) RISES.

CUT TO:

23 EXT. ROAD. CENTRE OF LARGE COUNTRY CEMETARY - 1 YEAR LATER. 23

A RACING GREEN BENTLEY LIMOUSINE COMES SLOWLY TO A HALT. A CHAUFFEUR GETS OUT, PLACES A CAP ON HIS HEAD AND OPENS THE REAR DOOR. JACK SCRAPPS, WEARING A VERY EXPENSIVE PINSTRIPE SUIT EMERGES. HE ACKNOWLEDGES THE CHAUFFEUR.

CHAUFFEUR

Sir.

JACK LOOKS AROUND. A LONG BLACK LIMOUSINE PULLS UP IN FRONT OF THE BENTLEY, ANOTHER BEHIND. A THIRD LIMOUSINE PARKS ALONGSIDE. JACK SMILES, TAKES A LUNG-FULL OF COUNTRY AIR AND ADJUSTS HIS CUFFS.

RENÉ

For fucks sake, Jack, man! Are you gonna' leave me in here all friggin' day?

BOTH JACK & THE CHAUFFEUR HELP A HEAVILY PREGNANT RENÉ FROM THE BENTLEY. OTHERS ARE EMERGING FROM THEIR CARS.

MARIA'S CHILDREN

(excited)

Hi, Auntie Reenee!

RENÉ & MARIA

Ren-ay!

MARIA'S CHILDREN
(excited)

Auntie Chaffee!

THE CHILDREN RUN TO HUG CHAFFEE

DAWN

Well, I hope Auntie Dawn gets a hug, too?

THE CHILDREN RUN TO DAWN. RENÉ LOOKS UP THE SLIGHT HILL TO A
LARGE BLACK GRANITE MONUMENT.

RENÉ

And I hope that all *these Aunties* are
prepared to carry *this Auntie* up this
mountain, otherwise we'll be here all
day.

CHAFFEE

C'mon, Dawn, Lets give the whale a push.

DAWN TURNS TO JEREMY, WHO IS HOLDING A BABY WRAPPED IN A
BLANKET.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

Go on, Darling... I'll stay here with the
er, the bairn.

DAWN SMILES AND JOINS THE OTHERS ON THE SHORT WALK UP THE
HILL.

THE SMALL GATHERING STAND IN FRONT OF A LARGE BLACK GRANITE
OBELISK. NEAR THE TOP OF THE BASE, PICKED OUT IN GOLD, ARE
THE WORDS 'ALAN HARTLEY 1939 - 2010'. BELOW THIS ARE SOME RED
CURTAINS COVERING A SMALL PLAQUE.

MARIA

Gan on, Chaffee. When all said and done,
he was *your* Uncle Alan.

CHAFFEE WALKS FORWARD AND PULLS ON A GOLD BRAIDED TASSEL. THE
CURTAINS PART TO REVEAL A BRONZE PLAQUE. ON IT ARE THE
FOLLOWING WORDS:

a lving man and rarly vxed

4 thnk the lrd

he lrnd 2 txt

the grls

aprl 2011

A BABY CRIES IN THE DISTANCE.

JEREMY ST JOHN SMYTHE

(shouted & distant)

Don't worry. I'll change her.

DAWN PRODUCES A BABY'S BOTTLE FROM HER HANDBAG.

DAWN

No offence Jack, but he's a typical
bloke. 131st in line to the throne and
doesn't know whether she needs a shit or
a shovel.

DAWN (cont'd)

I'll see you all back at the car.

DAWN TURNS AND LEAVES.

MARIA

Think your Uncle Alan'll get the joke?

CHAFFEE

Oh, I'm sure he will. It was Dawns idea and anyway, he was a very understanding man.

RENÉ

Like all the men in Dawns life, eh?

THEY LOOK AWAY TO THE CARS.

MARIA

Aye, you won't get more understanding than Lord Jeremy St John Smythe.

CHAFFEE

Wonder what it's like to be 131st in line to the throne?

MARIA

Who knaa's?

RENÉ

Tell you what I do know... One bad bout of e-coli at a Buck House garden party and that baby could be the next Queen of England.

CUT AWAY TO:

DAWN APPROACHING JEREMY AT THE LIMOUSINE.

DAWN

Did Daddy make you cry then, babe?

DAWN HOLDS OUT HER ARMS AND TAKING THE BABY, HOLDS IT ALOFT.

DAWN (cont'd)

How's my little Billy, then?

SHE SPINS ROUND WITH THE BABY UP HIGH.

FRAME FREEZES ON DAWN AND THE SMILING BLACK FACE OF BABY BILLY.

LOUD MUSIC (OVER) WHEATUS - 'TEENAGE DIRTBAG'.

FADE TO BLACK.

CREDITS ROLL (OVER).

END.