"The Regulars"

Episode One: “The Face”

by

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FADE IN

EXT. THE SUFFOLK VILLAGE OF SANDWICH GREEN - DAY

POV: We start with an Ariel view of the village and we then descend down and past various landmarks of the village:

The Rugby Pitch, The Church, The School, The village shop.

We then pan further up the street until we rest upon:

The Lazy Dog Public house.

Slightly run down and in need of a lick of paint.

We zoom in on the hanging sign outside the pub, on which is written this week's episode title “The Face”.

CUT TO:

INT. LAZY DOG PUB, MAIN BAR - MORNING

We enter the main bar of the old country pub at dawn. There are bodies strewn over the floor and on bar stools. There is no sign of the landlord HARRY KNOCKER, or his brother, CHEF JEFF at this point. There are empty glasses everywhere, some still upright. We pan across the sleeping patrons and settle on a local, WHIPPY, who, we observe, has the word “cock” written over his head in felt pen. Evidently he was first to pass out.

HARRY and JEFF then appear, unsteadily, from behind the bar. Jeff is still wearing a pair of grotty chef whites that used to be white.

JEFF
Ooh my head. What was in that ice last night?

HARRY
What are you on about ice for?

JEFF
Well, I had a few whiskies with ice, then a gin and tonic with ice, then a few rum and cokes with ice. I felt fine last night and now I’ve got a stinking hangover. It must have been the ice.
HARRY
It wasn’t the ice, my old china. Can’t say I feel too good either. Look at this place. It looks like we took a machine gun to them all.

JEFF
Way my head feels that might have been kinder.

HARRY
Alright. Everyone up now. Come on...

The regulars start stirring, all except Whippy.

JEFF
Who wrote that on his head?

HARRY
The Vicar. Don’t you remember?

JEFF
No.

HARRY
Get this lot out. I’m in need of a shower. You better get this lot cleaned up before the brewery inspection.

FATHER GREENE, a Vicar in his early Sixties, then appears from behind the bar holding his head.

FATHER GREENE
Urgh. That was a good night. Think I may have overdone it slightly.

EDNA THE CHURCH ORGANIST also appears from behind the bar.

EDNA
I should say, Father.

Wipes her mouth.

HARRY
I dread to think. Now, everyone out. We all need a shower.

(glances at Whippy)

Some more than most.

Everyone then exits the pub, with the exception of Whippy, who is still fast asleep.
JEFF
Whips, my old son, time to get up.

Whippy stirs.

WHIPPY
Uh Oh Uh Did I win?

JEFF
Win? Win what? Whippy, it’s Seven Thirty A.M.!!

WHIPPY
Where’s that bird I was with?

JEFF
She left.

WHIPPY
Oh? Why?

JEFF
You spoke to her.

WHIPPY
Hmph. Stuck up cow. What could I have possibly said to offend her?

JEFF
I don’t know, Whips. What did you say?

WHIPPY
I only bet her I could down three black russians. She had to sleep with me if I did it.

HARRY
Yes you did it Whips. Then you passed out. She wasn’t amused.

JEFF
Oh that’s why he has got Co...

Harry put’s his fingers to his lips, indicating Jeff to be quiet.

HARRY
Right! Off with you, Whips. We’ve got to tidy up. Someone’s got to look after this place after you lot have been in here. You don’t think it clears itself up do you?
As Whippy exits, CODWEB MARY, the cleaner, enters wearing a pinny and holding a duster. She immediately looks around at the mess.

HARRY (CONT’D)
It’s all yours Mary...

Harry and Jeff exit.

Codweb Mary glares at the mess for a bit and then silently gets out a black bin liner. Holds it open at one end of a table. She places her feather duster on the other side of the table and slides everything into the black bag, empty glasses, full glasses, the lot.

There is a big rug in the middle of the floor. Mary lifts one side of this and brushes the dust, dirt and broken glass under it.

Harry and Jeff re-enter the main bar. Harry has obviously showered and changed but Jeff looks exactly as we last saw him.

HARRY
Well done, Mary. It looks a lot better.
I’d better give you your wages now then.

Mary gives Harry an appreciative look.

HARRY (CONT’D)
A well earned twenty quid. You can buy yourself a new Purple rinse now.

Mary nods in agreement and leaves. Harry follows her partly out of the door and in doing so, stands on the rug. We HEAR the crunch of BROKEN GLASS. Harry looks down and shakes his head.

HARRY
I suppose you get what you pay for.

JEFF
Cor. I feel a lot better after that spruce.

HARRY
Oh. You actually bothered to shower, did you, Bro?

JEFF
Well no. I did my pits and crack though.
HARRY
Charming. Still, place is better now Mary’s been. Have you sorted the kitchen out ready for the inspection?

JEFF
Yeah I did it yesterday.

HARRY
But you’ve cooked since.

JEFF
Oh Yeah. Don’t worry, I’ll get on it in a minute.

HARRY
Lazy sod. Good job I got the brains in the family or we’d be buggered.

Harry opens the till, in doing so he spots a set of car keys next to the till.

HARRY (CONT’D)
Who’s keys are these?

JEFF
Oh they’re Big Cliff’s new motor. He didn’t want to drive it pissed.

HARRY
Wise choice. Look at this. We haven’t done very well this week.

JEFF
What’s up? Profit down again?

HARRY
Profit? We haven’t seen any profit for three months. I wish you’d help a bit. You call yourself my business partner but muggins, here, does all the work to get the punters in.

JEFF
I organised the quiz for the OAP’s the other week.
HARRY
And what a disaster that was. We paid out more in False teeth and Zimmer repairs than we sold beer. What we need is some big event, pack the place out. I suppose I’ll have to sort that out too.

JEFF
No. I can do it. Give me a bit of time to come up with something. I won’t let you down, bruv. I promise. It’ll be the biggest event yet.

HARRY
Well, while you’re thinking, can we have a Look at that outside paint job before the brewery turn up. I’m sure that old pub name is starting to show through again.

JEFF
I can sort that out for you. I did a bit of decorating in my youth.

HARRY
Yes I remember. Redecorating the pavement, normally.

EXT. LAZY DOG PUB, OUTSIDE FRONT - DAY

Harry and Jeff are stood, staring up at the front of the pub. Sure enough, the words “THE WINDMILL” are starting to show through the existing paintwork.

HARRY
Can you really sort that?

JEFF
What time’s the inspection?

HARRY
One O’clock.

JEFF
What time is it now?

HARRY
Eleven.

JEFF
Piece of cake.
HARRY
Yes but I’ve tried your cake.

JEFF
Hey! I’ve got an idea.

HARRY
Oh God.

JEFF
No. Hear me out. We need an event, right? To get the punters in so the brewery doesn’t chuck us out.

HARRY
(Nervously)
Yes.

JEFF
We need an attraction, don’t we?

HARRY
Obviously. But what is there around here? The Germans flew over Suffolk every day, loaded with bombs and never bothered. Waste of a good bomb.

JEFF
Back in a minute. I’ve just got a few calls to make.

HARRY
Hurry up the. We haven’t got long.

At his point, FATHER GREENE and EDNA cycle by on a tandem.

HARRY (CONT’D)
Morning. Nice to see you’ve both recovered.

FATHER GREENE
Indeed young man, Indeed.
(to Edna)
Come on. Try harder. My ankles are playing up.

Harry watches them as they unsteadily cycle down the road.

HARRY
It takes all sorts.

JEFF reappears.
JEFF
Am I a genius or am I a genius?

HARRY
A word I do not normally associate with you. What have you done?

JEFF
Sorted the event out. It’s gonna be big.

HARRY
What’s going on then?

JEFF
Not what… but who.

HARRY
Who then?

JEFF
Only the biggest living legend that Suffolk has ever seen. Premier league footballer, international film star.

HARRY
Really? Who?

JEFF
Only John Bloody Wark, that’s who.

HARRY
John?

JEFF
Wark. You know… Warky. Ipswich Town legend. He does these after dinner gigs these days cos his knee’s playing up.

HARRY
How the hell did you get him then?

JEFF
My old mate is in the game and he owes me one. So we got him.

HARRY
Well you do surprise me. How much will it cost?
JEFF
He’s not cheap, I’ll admit. But it’ll bring in the footy fans.

HARRY
Sounds ideal. When can we get him then?

JEFF
That’s the snag. He’s had a cancellation so it’s got to be tonight.

HARRY
Jeff, I can’t promote this thing in Six weeks, let alone Six hours.

JEFF
Don’t worry about that. Brassie’s a mad fan of his. I’ve let him know. Word’ll get around in no time.

HARRY
I appreciate your help, brother, I really do. But this is putting us up against it, somewhat.

JEFF
Trust me. It’ll be cool. Right, I’m off to get some paint and I’ll sort your sign out.

HARRY
Our sign.

JEFF
How come when things go well it’s you’re, this, that or the other. And when things go wrong, it’s both of us?

HARRY
I’m older and wiser, brother. Now clear off and be quick as you can.

EXT. LAZY DOG PUB, CAR PARK – DAY

Jeff walks up to his white Astra van and notices he has a puncture. He looks at it and scratches his head.

Looking up, he notices Big Cliff’s gleaming new Mercedes. He looks towards the pub and smiles.
EXT. BIG CLIFF’S MERCEDES – DAY

Jeff is driving Big Cliff’s Mercedes down the country roads. The radio is blaring out “Highway to hell” by AC/DC. Jeff is singing along and playing air guitar at the same time.

EXT. DIY STORE, CAR PARK – DAY

The Mercedes pulls into the car park, narrowly missing a customer and trolly.

INT. DIY STORE – DAY

Jeff picks up three tins of whitewash from the shelf. He is a little unsteady with these but manages to get them to the checkout.

JEFF
Oops. Sorry love. Nearly creamed you with that stuff.

CHECKOUT GIRL
I beg your pardon?

JEFF
I meant the paint, I nearly dropped it on you.

The checkout girl runs the order through the till.

CHECKOUT GIRL
Twenty ninety nine, please sir.

JEFF
For that lot? Bloody hell.

CHECKOUT GIRL
You can’t put it back now, sir. I’ve put it through the till.

Jeff frantically checks his pockets but comes up with the dough.

JEFF
Bloody hell. Here you go.

Jeff pays and leaves.
EXT. BIG CLIFF’S MERCEDES – DAY

Jeff is again at the wheel with AC/DC blaring out. The paint tins and his mobile phone are on the front seat. Jeff is again using his air guitar and singing along.

Jeff’s MOBILE RINGS.

We see HARRY appear on the display.

JEFF

Jeff is driving and talking on the mobile at the same time. This is causing him to veer slightly into the middle lane.

JEFF
Yeah… I’m on the way back now… No. It’s got a puncture. I borrowed Cliff’s new Merc. Nice motor. He won’t know. See yah.

Just at this point, another car suddenly comes into view from the opposite direction. Jeff swerves, so does the other car,

JEFF (CONT’D)
Sshhhhhiiiiittttttttt!

We see the other car end up in the ditch as they narrowly avoided each other. Jeff appears to be ok and a little startled, drives straight off.

POV shot at Jeff’s face as he glances down at the passenger seat. He does a double take. His face drops.

INT. LAZY DOG PUB, MAIN BAR – DAY

Harry is with the brewery inspector, showing him around the pub.

HARRY
Here’s the main bar area. As you can see, all is in order.

INSPECTOR
Yes, very good. What’s your clientele like?

HARRY
Well, there’s one of my regulars sat over there.
Harry points over to an old man sat in the corner with a pint on the go. The old man subsequently pulls his false teeth out and gives them a rinse in his pint and slips them back in.

EXT. LAZY DOG PUB, CAR PARK – DAY

Big Cliff’s Mercedes pulls into the car park. The Mercedes parks up.

POV shot of the door opening and Jeff’s boot stepping out. As he does so, a big blob of whitewash follows him out and slides down his boot.

INT. LAZY DOG PUB, MAIN BAR – DAY

Harry has just pulled out a crate of ale.

HARRY
These are all in date too.

INSPECTOR
Yes, that seems OK too.

The Inspector ticks something on his clipboard.

EXT. LAZY DOG PUB, OUTSIDE FRONT – DAY

We see Jeff propping up a ladder against the front of the pub. He takes up the two remaining tins of whitewash and places them precariously on a ledge. At the time of doing this we see the Inspectors car directly below.

There then comes a whistle...

BRASSIE
Oi! Jeff

JEFF
What you doing, Brassie? Got the word about yet?

BRASSIE
Not half. He’s my ultimate hero. I’ve been supporting Ipswich since I was eleven.

Brassie displays the same old John Wark T-Shirt he constantly wears.

JEFF
Good man. This will put us on the map.
BRASSIE
Harry’s asked me and Cliff to do the door.
I reckon there’s about Seventy odd coming.

JEFF
Wow that’s cool Brass. Well done. I must press on with this, though. See you.

BRASSIE
Yeah I can’t wait.

JEFF
Neither can I, Brass.

Jeff takes up the painting again and brushes a few strokes. He then looks down to see Brassie still there, watching.

JEFF
Still here Brassie?

BRASSIE
I’m too excited. I can’t wait.

JEFF
Well you can’t stay there all day.

BRASSIE
I’ll go shall I?

JEFF
That would be nice.

Brassie waves. Jeff then puts his brush into the pot and starts painting. He takes a look round to see if Brassie is still there and spots a lovely blonde with a low cut top walking below him.

He follows her, open mouthed and then tries to put his brush in the pain pot again but proceeds to inadvertently push it off the ledge.

The white paint descends and splats on the bonnet of the Inspectors car.

At that moment, Harry and the Inspector walk into view.

INSPECTOR
Thank you Mr Knocker. I’ll be calling again in a few months.
Harry and the Inspector shake hands and then both turn to the inspectors car. Both of their faces drop like a stone. They both then look up.

Jeff has since made himself scarce and is nowhere to be seen.

INSPECTOR (CONT’D)
Remarkable sized pigeons you’ve got round here.

HARRY
(Speechless)
Um... yes they are a bit aren’t they.

INT. LAZY DOG PUB, MAIN BAR - EVENING

The pub has not yet opened for the evening. Harry is pottering about behind the bar, positioning glasses etc. JULIE the Barmaid enters with her coat on ready to start her shift. Julie wears a large pair of spectacles and talks with a broad Bristol accent, which can be rather grating to the people of Suffolk.

JULIE
Evening Boss.

HARRY
Evening Julie. How are you?

JULIE
Well, I’ve had a hell of a day...

HARRY
(sarcastically)
You must tell me about it someday.

JULIE
Hubby has been out all day.

HARRY
Oh God.

JULIE
He told me he was ploughing the Rough fields this afternoon, and do you know what?

HARRY
Go on. He’s dug up the holy grail?

JULIE
No no. He only didn’t go ploughing.
HARRY
(bored)
Really?

JULIE
You’ll never guess.

HARRY
Shot up the Champs Elysees? Skinny dipped in Trafalgar square?

JULIE
No. He’s done them years ago. No. He went shopping. He only went and bought me a nurses uniform. He’s like it when I dress up.

HARRY
A Nurses uniform? And where did he buy that?

JULIE
Well that’s the funny thing. He had shopping bags full of other stuff but he left it for me to find in his overnight bag. Must have been hiding it for a surprise?

HARRY
Um. Yes, I don’t really think he would have left it there as a surprise for you. Maybe he didn’t want you to find it at all, if you get what I mean?

JULIE
(Dumb)
Of course it’s a surprise. What else would it be?

JEFF Enters. Suprisingly spruce for once.

HARRY
Ah Jeff. Take over this conversation will you. I’ve got things I must do urgently, like replace the toilet paper.

JEFF
You haven’t noticed, have you?

HARRY
Noticed what?

JULIE
He’s washed.
JEFF
Washed, shaved, showered. Old Spiced.

HARRY
My god. What’s this. The new you?

JEFF
After our little counselling session this morning, I decided to turn over a new leaf. I’ve got you entertainment tonight. Painted over your sign and had a nice, clean wash.

HARRY
Yes. The real reason for the bathing is the fact you got covered in paint earlier. That’s not the only thing he managed to cover in paint! I’m surprised we are still allowed to run this pub.

At that moment, Harry spots that someone has drawn a walrus moustache on his beloved Kim Wilde Photograph that adorns the wall behind the bar.

HARRY (CONT’D)
What’s this? Someone has defaced my beloved Kim’s face with a felt pen.

JULIE
I always hated that picture.

HARRY
Sacrilege! How dare they!

JEFF
Put it this way, Harry. It is Movember! She’s only doing her bit for charity.

HARRY
Sixteen years I’ve had that photograph. Sixteen years!

JEFF
You could have got a signed one.

HARRY
It was signed. It’s just worn off.

JULIE
How did it wear off?
HARRY
When I cleaned it.

JEFF
Why would you need to clean it?

HARRY
(embarrassed)
Um. I had an accident, once.

JEFF
You could say it’s in honour of our guest tonight. He’s famous for his ‘tache.

The Phone rings behind the bar.

HARRY
Could you get that please, Julie. I’m in mourning.

JULIE
Good Evening… The Lazy Dog.

Harry and Jeff burst out in giggles. Julie turns her back on them both.

HARRY
Got her again!

JEFF
That’s the only plus having the pub named “The Lazy Dog”. Take the piss out of the barmaid.

HARRY
Another enquiry about tonight, I expect?

Julie puts down the phone and turns solemnly towards Harry and Jeff.

JULIE
You’re not going to like this.

HARRY
Why?

JULIE
That was John Wark’s agent. He’s might have to cancel tonight.
JEFF
You’re joking?

JULIE
No. He was run off the road earlier today. Seems he’s got a broken arm. It was a hit and run.

HARRY
That’s absolutely bloody marvellous. I knew it was too good to be true. What the hell are we going to do now then?

JEFF
(sheepish)
So, they haven’t caught them then?

JULIE
Didn’t say.

JEFF
Did they get a description of the other car?

HARRY
How do you know it was another car? It could have been a tractor, hit and run, round here.

JEFF
Oh. I don’t. Yeah you’re right.

HARRY
So what are we going to do then? We’re soon going to be inundated with seventy screaming mad football fans, demanding the pleasure of an evening with John Wark.

JULIE
I could do a few songs?

HARRY
You even dare go near that Microphone and it’s cord will be used for a more sinister purpose!

JULIE
Don’t blow a fuse. I’m only trying to help.
JEFF
I could ring my mate, see if he can get someone else?

HARRY
We open in ten minutes!

JULIE
You could get Elvin Pressly, the Elvis impersonator, in again?

HARRY
He won’t be released for another month.

JEFF
Wait! I’ve got an idea. Give me a tick.

Jeff exits, sharpish.

JULIE
Where’s he going?

HARRY
I have no idea. I just hope it’s good.

There is a knock at the door.

HARRY (CONT’D)
It’s open. I knew this was too good to be true.

BIG CLIFF, BRASSIE and WHIPPY walk into the main bar. Whippy has still got the word “cock” written on his forehead in felt pen from this morning.

HARRY
Have you washed today Whippy?

WHIPPY
Yeah, why?

HARRY
No reason.

BRASSIE
Is he here yet? I’m so excited, I’ve wet two pairs of underpants, already.

HARRY
Well prepare to wet a third.
BIG CLIFF
He’s not coming?

HARRY
Exactly.

Brassie screams and starts crying uncontrollably.

HARRY
Take him out the back, cliff. There’s some Kleenex kicking around somewhere there too.

Big Cliff walks up close to the bar and places his face too close to Harry’s for comfort.

BIG CLIFF
I am still getting paid for this.

HARRY
Was that a question or a statement?

BIG CLIFF
Just make sure I do.
(indicates to Brassie)
And this snivelling ball of puss.
Where’s my car keys? I left them here last night.

JULIE
Here they are. Don’t panic you big oaf.

Julie hands the keys over to Big Cliff as Jeff enters.

JEFF
Julie. No!

JULIE
What’s the matter?

JEFF
(retracting)
Um. Nothing. Whippy, Can I borrow you a min?

HARRY
Have you sorted anything?

In the background, Big Cliff lifts Brassie up with ease and throws him over his shoulder and takes him out the back. Jeff is half watching this.
JEFF

Hmm

HARRY

Have you managed to get a replacement?

JEFF

Er. Sort of.

Jeff and Whippy exit.

HARRY

He worries me to death, that boy. You wouldn’t think we are related.

JULIE

Where’s he taking Whippy?

HARRY

I don’t know. Probably to get both their Heads examined.

Jeff re-enters alone.

HARRY

Well?

JEFF

Don’t worry. John Wark will be here soon.

HARRY

Oh. So he’s coming now then?

JEFF

Sort of. Um. Has Cliff moved his car yet?

JULIE

No, I’ve only just given him his keys.

JEFF

Good.

HARRY

What do you mean sort of...?

At this point, the main bar door swings open and dozens of Ipswich football supporters tumble in.

SUPPORTER #1

Is this the right pub? John Wark’s appearing Here? tonight?
HARRY
Yes you’ve come to the right place. What can I get you?

SUPPORTER 2#
Where is he then?

HARRY
Not here yet, but we’ve only just opened.

SUPPORTER 1#
I hope he buys a round.

HARRY
I’m sure he will. What can I get you?

SUPPORTER 1#
What is it? Lager’s all round, boys?

SUPPORTER 3#
I’ll have a bitter.

SUPPORTER 1#
Nine pints of lager and one bitter please, landlord.

HARRY
Coming right up. Julie...

Julie shakes her head but starts pulling the pints anyway.

JEFF
I’m just going to see if he’s arrived yet.

SUPPORTER 2#
He’d better be here soon, I’ve got to get the Train back. Bloody miles from where I live.

Jeff exits as more supporters pile in. Harry takes orders, while Julie pulls the pints.

Jeff re-enters. Smiling broadly.

JEFF
He’s here!
HARRY
Right, can you make sure Larry and Cliff are in position on the door before any more of this lot turn up.

JEFF
Will do.

Pandemonium in the bar as it is rammed.

Jeff re-enters and stands by the door ready to announce...

JEFF
Ladies and Gentlemen. It is my very special privilege to be able to present to you.

The noise level of the punters reduces as they wait in anticipation.

JEFF
A man that needs little introduction around these parts. He has played football in the premier league. He has appeared on the big screen with the likes of Sylvester Stallone and Michael Caine. Appearing here tonight, I give you... Mr John Wark.

Thunderous applause for a few seconds until...

WHIPPY appears through the door, dressed in Black wig, Fake Moustache and wearing a retro Ipswich Town Football kit for the 1970’s.

The applause turns to stunned silence and then the boo’s start ringing around the pub.

EXT: LAZY DOG PUB, FRONT DOOR – NIGHT

Big Cliff and Brassie are standing outside the front door, trying to resemble a pair of bouncers. We can hear an almighty commotion from inside the pub. We HEAR broken glass, shouting and all sorts going on.

BRASSIE
Cor. It’s all going on in there. I told you he’s my all-time hero. They must think he’s amazing?
BIG CLIFF
Yeah. Do me a favour and shut up about him.
It’s all I’ve heard all day. John Wark this, John Wark that.

BRASSIE
Sorry.

They both return to their “Bouncer” pose. We see a lone person walk up to the front door. His arm is in a sling. This is the REAL JOHN WARK. He goes to enter the pub.

BRASSIE
(doesn’t recognise him)
Sorry mate. It’s one in, one out at the moment.

JOHN WARK
But I’m booked for this place.

BIG CLIFF
Yeah, pull the other one, mate.

JOHN WARK
No, I am really.

BRASSIE
Who do you think you are, Johnny Wark or something?

BIG CLIFF
Mate. Hop it!

The real John Wark turns away from the door and trots off.

INT. LAZY DOG PUB, MAIN BAR – NIGHT

It is closing time. The place has been wrecked. The last of the evening’s punters staggers past the broken chairs and tables and out of the door.

HARRY
Mary’s going to earn her money tomorrow.

JULIE
So did I tonight. I must have pulled five hundred pints. My arm is killing me.

HARRY
Even I had to pull some. Jeff, my boy.
You did well. We made a tidy sum tonight.
JEFF
We did?

HARRY
Yes. We sure did. Although I don’t know if we’ll ever see Bazza in here anymore. Whatever possessed you to talk him into posing as John Wark? I thought they were going to kill him.

JEFF
They nearly did. Luckily, they saw the funny Side in the end.

Big Cliff enters the main bar. He has white paint dripping from his hand.

HARRY
What’s up, Cliff?

BIG CLIFF
Who’s driven my bloody car today?

Harry and Julie both turn and look at Jeff.
Jeff turns and looks at Big Cliff, then makes a mad dash out the front door.

EXT: LAZY DOG PUB, REAR ENTRANCE - NIGHT

We can see the rear entrance to the pub and among the crates of beer, we see a couple of wheelie Bins. We hear a muffled voice.

JEFF
Cliff? Can I come out now?

The lid to one of the wheelie bins opens and JEFF’S head appears, covered in white paint.

JEFF (CONT’D)
Cliff? Cliff?

We pan out to a deserted, dark and damp, Pub car park. Jeff’s voice can be heard and slowly fades away.

FADE OUT