

CHUNDERGRADUATES

Written by

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(PILOT)

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PHIL AND PARENTS OUTSIDE THEIR HOUSE FILLING UP THE CAR WITH VARIOUS BOXES.

PETE:

You excited then mate?

SUE:

Remember darl! Two hours, one phone call. That's all it takes. You're uncle Frank and Aunt Mary are just around the corner.

PETE:

Leave him be woman! Us Halls men can look after ourselves. I wish I could bloody leave home, he's lucky to be getting away!

PETE WINKS AT PHIL.

SUE:

Pete! Do you remember what happened to your sister Liz on her first day? Ended up in bed with that Spanish bloke!

PHIL:

What Uncle Manuel?

SUE:

No! I'm talking about the other one!

PETE:

Other what?

SUE (whisper):

You know. Other Spanish.

PETE:

Why are you whispering?

SUE:

You remember him Pete, Juan his name was. Awful fella! Wouldn't leave her alone for weeks! She had to get him deported in the end!

PHIL'S DAD LOOKS IN EMBARRASSMENT AT HER NAIVE RACISM, YET SMILES.

PHIL:

Little bit racist mum?

SUE:

Phillip, it's true! Back to Malaga! Not only that but he was really greasy as well! First time I saw him I knew he wasn't to be trusted!

PETE:

Love, we've talked about this, you can't say that kind of thing nowadays.

SUE:

I'm not being racist! Spanish people are really friendly. I love that Rafael Nadal and that one out of Il Divo!

PHIL (under his breath):

Il Divo are Italian.

SUE IGNORES PHIL'S COMMENT.

SUE:

He just had those pervy Spanish eyes. You know what I mean?

PHIL:

Not really mum, does uncle Manuel know about these views?

SUE (serious):

Well he's only half Spanish darling, fortunately, and he's never raped anyone. So...

PHIL:

Always good to know.

PETE:

Right. Let's get this show on the road shall we?

PHIL'S DAD SLAMS THE BOOT WHICH IMMEDIATELY LEADS TO THE OPENING CREDITS. MUSIC: DARWIN DEEZ - RADAR DETECTOR

SCENE 2: EXT. CAR ARRIVING AT THE UNIVERSITY.

CAR ARRIVES OUTSIDE ACCOMMODATION WHERE IT'S BUSTLING WITH NEW STUDENTS ALL ARRIVING WITH PARENTS ETC.

PETE:

You go on and get your keys son, we'll get your stuff out of the car.

PHIL:

Alright? How will you know what room I'm in?

PETE:

We'll find it, don't you worry, go and sort your keys out.

SCENE 3: INT. ACCOMMODATION OFFICE.

PHIL GOES INTO ACCOMMODATION OFFICE WHERE HE IS GREETED BY A STRANGE LOOKING MIDDLE-AGED MAN. EXTREMELY CREEPY LOOKING AND VERY ANGRY. HE IGNORES PHIL WHILST HE IS OBVIOUSLY WAITING FOR SERVICE. PHIL TRIES TO GET HIS ATTENTION WITH A GRUNT THEN A COUGH, UNTIL HE FINALLY GIVES UP AND RINGS THE BELL AVAILABLE TO HIM.

RON:

Alright! Alright! Hold your horses. No need to get that aggressive! I've got a very delicate bell!

RON POINTS TO THE BELL ON HIS DESK OBLIVIOUS TO WHAT HE'S JUST SAID. PHIL TAKEN BACK FROM WHAT RON HAS JUST SAID.

PHIL:

Of course, sorry, I'm just here to collect my keys.

RON (angrily):

What room?

PHIL:

Aren't you supposed to tell me?

BEAT.

RON (angrily):

There's no need for that kind of sarcastic...! You think you're better than me because I work in an accommodation office? Is that what this is?

PHIL:

What?! No...I don't even know you, can I just have my keys please?

RON:

Well, Albert Einstein, how am I supposed to do that without your name?

PHIL:

Sorry, of course, My name is Phillip, Phillip Halls.

RON:

Right and how do you spell Halls?

PHIL:

It's just the usual way.

RON:

Right well I'm actually partially dyslexic, which, if you don't know, means I have trouble spelling.

PHIL:

Yeah, I know what dyslexic means.

RON:

Oh you're a doctor now are you?

PHIL:

No?

RON:

No? Right, when I need some advice from a doctor I'll be going down to visit my local GP, Dr. Foot, fantastic physician. So...

HE THEN REALISES HE'S GONE COMPLETELY OFF TRACK AND IS BEGINNING TO LOOK MORONIC.

RON (cont'd):

...Here your keys Phillip Halls, I've got my eyes, ears and mouth on you.

RON REALISES WHAT HE'S JUST SAID, HE SLIDES PHIL'S KEYS ACROSS THE DESK AND THEY FALL TO THE GROUND.

PHIL (sarcastic):

Thanks mate! Lovely to meet you.

PHIL TURNS AND SHAKES HIS HEAD AT THE START TO HIS UNIVERSITY LIFE.

AS HE TURNS IMMEDIATELY HE SEE'S A VISION OF BEAUTY, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL HE HAS EVER SEEN ENTERING HIS HALLS, EVERYTHING SLOWS DOWN FOR HIM UNTIL SHE LEAVES HIS PERIPHERAL VISION, HE THEN ENTERS THE LIFT WHILST THE LIFT GOES UP HE CONTINUES THINKING ABOUT THAT GIRL HE HAS SEEN IT THEN.

SCENE 4: INT. CORRIDOR AND PHIL'S ROOM.

CUTS TO PHIL LEAVING THE LIFT ARRIVING AT THE SIXTH FLOOR. JUST OUTSIDE THE LIFT HE SEE'S A CHINESE STUDENT JUST ON THE PHONE OUTSIDE THE LIFT AND TWO MORE CHINESE STUDENTS WALK PAST CHATTING ANIMATEDLY, ONE CARRYING A WOK THE OTHER HOLDING A POT NOODLE, IGNORING PHIL'S ARRIVAL PHIL LOOKS AT THE POT NOODLE CONFUSED AT WHY CHINESE PEOPLE ARE EATING POT NOODLES. HE THEN BEGINS WALKING PAST ALL THE DOORS ON HIS FLOOR SLOWLY HEARING FURTHER ORIENTAL VOICES, WITH CHINESE NAME SIGNS ON THE DOOR, ONE USING A BAG OF EGG FRIED RICE AS A DOOR STOP. HE THEN FIND'S ROOM 203 NOTICING THE DOOR SLIGHTLY AJAR HEARING A FAINT CREAKING IN HIS ROOM. HE WALKS INTO FIND HIS BRAND NEW ROOMMATE FURIOUSLY MASTURBATING, HIS ROOMMATE DOESN'T REALISE HE HAS ARRIVED, PHIL TURNS TO LEAVE AND HE ACCIDENTLY CREAKS THE DOOR.

JAMIE:

You caught me, only human. Come in, come in.

HIS ROOMMATE APPEARS COMPLETELY UNEMBARRASSED BY THE MORTIFYING SITUATION, SUDDENLY PHIL'S PARENTS ENTER THE ROOM WITH ALL THE BOXES JUST AS JAMIE HAS BUTTONED HIS TROUSERS BACK UP. JAMIE GREET'S PHIL'S PARENTS ENTHUSIASTICALLY.

JAMIE:

Nice to meet you, I'm Jamie.

PETE:

Nice to meet you Jamie, I'm Pete, Phil's father.

GOES TO SHAKE PETE'S HAND. PETE LOOKS SUSPICIOUSLY AT HIS HAND AS SUE GIVES JAMIE A HUG.

SUE:

Lovely to meet you Jamie, I'm Sue, Phil's mum. I hope you look after our little Philly Willy won't you!

SUE GRABS PHIL'S CHEEKS IN A HIGHLY EMBARRASSING MANNER.

JAMIE:

Willy by name...

PAUSE, NO ONE LAUGHS AT HIS CRUDE JOKE WHILST JAMIE CONDUCTS A CREEPY GRIN.

SUE:

So have you two been getting to know each other then?

PHIL REMAINS DISTRAUGHT AT WHAT HE HAS JUST WITNESSED.

JAMIE:

Oh yeah, you've got a very nice son, he's got a beautiful face. Sorry, friend I didn't quite catch your tag.

PHIL SNAPS OUT OF HIS COMATOSE.

PHIL:

Sorry?

JAMIE:

What's your name chum?

PHIL STILL IS STRUGGLING TO COME TO TERMS WITH THE FACT HE HAS JUST SEEN HIS NEW ROOMMATE FURIOUSLY MASTURBATING. THERE'S AN EERIE SILENCE IN THE ROOM. SUE SENSES THIS AND TRIES TO BREAK THE SILENCE.

SUE:

Go on Phil tell him your name.

PETE:

Well there's not much point telling him his name now is there love? Jamie, have your family left already?

JAMIE:

Ha! No Pete, funny story really, I don't, legally, actually have any.

PETE:

Oh right.

PETE SENSES HE SHOULD ASK NO FURTHER.

JAMIE:

No, it's nothing peculiar, it's just basically down to my mother, her boyfriend, his sister...And there was the whole court case, sexual charge/restraining order nonsense that I won't bore you with...

ALL THE FAMILY, PARTICULARLY PHIL LOOK EXTREMELY ALARMED, JAMIE SWIFTLY MOVES THE CONVERSATION ON.

JAMIE (cont'd):

Oh yeah, I took the liberty of assigning our beds for us, no need to thank me.

I'll just be having the bigger one just here with the comfy mattress and you err, you draw the lucky straw and have that one next to the toilet.

JAMIE POINTS TO THE BED HE HAD BEEN FURIOUSLY MASTURBATING MOMENTS AGO. PHIL TURNS TO LOOK AT JAMIE'S APPARENT NEW BED WHICH IS A COMPLETE MESS BUT WITH BRAND NEW DUVET COVERS ETC.

PHIL (unenthusiastically):

Brilliant.

PHIL BEGINS UNPACKING VARIOUS CLOTHES. AND DISCOVERS ONE OF HIS MOTHERS LEOPARD THONGS.

PHIL (embarrassed):

Mum! What the hell is this?!

PETE:

I was just about to ask the same!

IN THE BACKGROUND JAMIE'S ATTENTION IS AROUSED.

SUE:

Philly, don't be silly. It's just some of mummy's naughty underwear that must have been packed by mistake. Put it on the on the window sill for now and I'll take them back later.

PETE:

Well I've never bloody seen them before!

PHIL:

How can you accidentally pack a leopard print thong in my luggage? Surely that hasn't fitted you for at least thirty years?

JAMIE'S ATTENTION IS IMMEDIATELY TURNED TO FOLLOWING HER THONG.

SUE:

Phillip! Pete tell him!

PETE:

Well he does have a point love.

PETE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.

PETE:

Bloody hell, look at the time! We're going to have to leave you son. Your mothers got her "appointment" at six...

SUE:

Pete!

PETE:

...And I've got my poker night don't I? Are you OK with all these boxes?

PHIL (reluctantly):

Yeah, I'll be fine, I guess I'll just walk you two to the car then.

JAMIE:

Shall I come with?

PHIL:

Um...No your alright.

JAMIE:

Are you sure? I can change my pants if it makes you feel any more comfortable?

PHIL (confused):

Why would? Why would that help?

JAMIE:

Well I haven't really changed them for a while, and they do reek of urine, I thought that might be why.

PHIL LOOKS DISGUSTED.

SCENE 5: EXT. CAR PARK NEXT TO CAR.

SUE:

Look after yourself sweetheart! And stick with that Jamie, he seems like a nice young man.

PHIL:

Mum! When I walked in he was flogging the bishop in my bloody bed!

PETE:

What?!

PETE IMMEDIATELY LOOKS AT HIS RIGHT HAND IN DISGUST.

SUE:

What does that mean?

PETE & PHIL:

He was wanking!

PETE (cont'd):

Oh bloody hell! Which hand was he using?

PHIL:

Um...His right. Does it matter?!

PETE:

Oh god! I shook hands with that little prick! He's literally given me a wank handshake!

PETE VIGOROUSLY RUBS HIS RIGHT HAND ON HIS TROUSERS

PHIL:

Dad, I'm not to sure about this, you know.

PETE:

About what?

PHIL:

You know the whole university thing. Maybe I should just leave it a year.

PETE:

Hey! You'll be fine son.

PHIL:

I don't know dad, it seems a bit weird, there's that mental accommodation guy, my roommate appears to be some kind of freakish masturbating addict and all the Chinese students are using bags of economy sized egg fried rice as door stops. It just all seems too much change from home.

PETE:

I know you, you no you, you can deal with anything life throws at you, and you'll make other friends, just remember there's loads of people in the same boat.

PHIL:

What? Other people have walked in on the first day to their roommate furiously masturbating?

PETE LAUGHS.

PETE:

Well no, but you know what I mean mate, you'll be fine, I know you will. And anyway least you don't have to pretend to like your mothers lasagne any more.

SUE:

Oi! What about my lasagne?

PETE AND PHIL LAUGH.

PHIL:

Thanks Dad.

PETE:

No worries mate, but we really need to get going.

PETE AND PHIL ARE ABOUT TO SHAKE HANDS BEFORE REALISING THE WANK HANDSHAKE INCIDENT AND DECIDE TO HUG INSTEAD.

SCENE 6: INT. ACCOMMODATION STAIRCASE:

PHIL IS WALKING BACK INTO HIS ACCOMMODATION WHERE HE SEE'S A HUGE QUEUE TO GO UP THE STAIRS. THIS IS DUE TO A SMALL GEORDIE GENTLEMAN (NORMAN) CARRYING A LARGE BOX OF KITCHEN UTENSILS. THE BOTTOM OF NORMAN'S BOX OPENS AND VARIOUS KITCHEN UTENSILS FALL OUT E.g. PLATES SMASHING ON THE STAIRS NEXT TO ALL THE QUEUEING PEOPLE.

NORMAN:

Oh for fuck sake!

QUEUE MEMBER 1:

Hurry up you stupid ginger twat!

QUEUE MEMBER 2:

What a fucking geordie dick head!

PARENT OF QUEUE MEMBER:

God! I hate gingers!

A COMPLETE RANDOM DISABLED STUDENT (IN A WHEELCHAIR), WITH NO CONNECTION TO ANYTHING THAT IS HAPPENING OPENS THE DOOR NEXT TO THE STAIRCASE AND SHOUTS:

RANDOM DOOR OPENER:

You...Prick!

AND CLOSES THE DOOR. PHIL LOOKS BEMUSED AT THE DISABLED STUDENT AND GOES OVER TO HELP NORMAN PICK UP HIS POSSESSIONS AND HELPS HIM CARRY THEM TO HIS ROOM.

PHIL:

You alright mate? You need a hand?

NORMAN:

Aye, cheers.

ONE OF THE ROWDY QUEUE MEMBERS NUDGES NORMAN AS HE IS PICKING UP HIS POSSESSIONS.

PHIL:

What's your problem, mate?

QUEUE MEMBER:

Whatever "mate"!

PHIL GIVES AN EVIL GLARE TO THE PUSHER AS HE WALKS PAST. HE WILL TURN OUT TO BE PHIL'S LOVE INTEREST'S BOYFRIEND.

PHIL:

I'm Phil by the way. What about you?

NORMAN:

It's just Norman.

PHIL:

Good to meet you just Norman! Ha!

NORMAN LOOKS BLANK.

NORMAN:

No, I meant my names just...Norman.

PHIL GIVES A LOOK AS IF TO SAY "HOW DIDN'T YOU GET THAT JOKE".

PHIL:

Yeah...

PHIL (cont'd):

So, what room are you in? I'll help you carry your stuff.

NORMAN:

Um...204 I think, no idea where it is though like.

PHIL:

204? I'm 203! That's right next to me! I've got a right freak living with me though.

SCENE 7: INT. CORRIDOR AND NORMAN'S ROOM.

IT CUTS TO PHIL AND NORMAN WALKING CARRYING NORMAN'S POSSESSIONS.

PHIL (cont'd):

And then he literally gave my dad a wank handshake!

NORMAN:

Eurgh! With with his hand?

PHIL GIVES A LOOK AS IF TO SAY "WHAT ELSE WOULD IT HAVE BEEN WITH?"

NORMAN (cont'd):

Right, 204, this is me.

NORMAN PUT'S HIS KEY IN THE DOOR AND FINDS IT'S ALREADY OPENED, AND WALKS IN TO FIND THE MOST STEREOTYPICAL GAY 18 YEAR OLD IMAGINABLE. HALF THE ROOM DECORATED IN HORRENDOUSLY GAY ACCESSORIES.

MARCO:

O.M.G! Hi roomies! Now who's the lucky man? You two look like such a sweet couple B.T.W!

NORMAN:

No! We aren't like...that...

MARCO:

Like what gorgeous?

NORMAN:

You know, gay.

MARCO:

That's a shame.

MARCO CHEEKILY WINKS AT NORMAN. NORMAN LOOKS UNCOMFORTABLE.

MARCO:

I forgot to introduce myself! I'm so rude when I get excited! Names Marco. What about you two?

PHIL:

Nice to meet you mate. I'm Phil and this is, Norman, isn't it?

NORMAN GLANCES OVER TO THE BARE UN-DECORATED SIDE OF THE ROOM.

Norman:

Aye. I would guess that's my side of the room then?

MARCO:

I know it looks a bit bare, but we can change that in no time gorgeous.

NORMAN:

Well, I've got my Ant and Dec alarm clock. Oh and I've brought my Alan Shearer shirt signed by Gazza!

MARCO:

Oh which designers that?

PHIL:

Woah woah! You own an Ant and Dec alarm clock?

NORMAN:

Of course, Ant's me mam's second cousin twice removed.

MARCO:

What's Shearer?

NORMAN:

What's Shearer?! Alan Shearer! Toon army's Alan Shearer! He's a regional legend man! Me cousin, cousin Andrew stole this from the locale children hospital. He only charged me a fiver.

MARCO:

He sound delightful. However, I must confess! I'm not a massive football fan. Except for that David James, his ball handling skills are second to none.

PHIL:

Ha. David James is like 104, he's rubbish now!

MARCO:

I don't actually know who he is. It was only for the purpose of a joke darling. All I need to know is he's a big black fella, with a scorching arse.

NORMAN:

Right. So what do you actually like then?

MARCO:

Heat magazine, Zach Efron, buying see through tank tops etc. Which is handy because I'm doing fashion marketing.

NORMAN AND PHIL LOOK INDIFFERENT.

MARCO (cont'd):

What about you two? I guess neither of you are joining me?

MARCO LOOKS AT BOTH OF THEIR CLOTHES IN A BITCHY FASHION.

PHIL:

Um...No, actually I'm doing Economics. I actually have no idea what I'm doing, I hate maths with a passion.

PHIL AND NORMAN LAUGH.

NORMAN:

Me neither, I applied for medicine and I got no offers. For anything, had to go through clearing in the end.

NORMAN PAUSES IN SILENCE .

MARCO:

So what are you doing?

NORMAN RELUCTANTLY REPLIES.

NORMAN:

Geography.

AWKWARD PAUSE.

PHIL:

Right? Good. I'm starving. Anyone fancy some food?

MARCO:

Oh! I'd love something to nibble on!

MARCO SEDUCTIVELY WINKS AT NORMAN AGAIN. NORMAN GIVES ANOTHER UNCOMFORTABLE GLARE BACK.

MARCO:

I haven't eaten since my m&s hoisin sauce duck wrap with avocado seasoning on junction 33.

NORMAN:

Aye!

PHIL RELUCTANTLY REALISES HE SHOULD INVITE JAMIE.

PHIL:

I suppose I better check on the Wankasauras Rex then.

MARCO:

Who?

PHIL:

Don't ask...

Scene 8: INT. DINNER HALL.

PHIL, NORMAN AND MARCO ARE WALKING DOWN TOWARDS THE DINNER TABLE WITH THEIR FOOD, JAMIE LISTENING TO HEAVY METAL ON HIS PORTABLE CD PLAYER, TWO STEPS BEHIND.

PHIL (TO MARCO):

He was literally wanking.

MARCO:

Eurgh! With his hand?

PHIL:

Yeah?

PHIL LOOKS AT MARCO AS HE DID AT NORMAN WHEN HE GAVE THE SAME RESPONSE AND BEGINS TO THINK IS EVERYONE REALLY STUPID. JAMIE TAKES OFF HIS HEADPHONES AS HE SITS DOWN. ALL OF THEM SIT DOWN AT A VACANT TABLE, THE ONLY ONE IN BUSY ROOM, WITH THEIR FOOD. IT APPEARS A BIT AWKWARD PRIMARILY DUE TO THE FACT THAT NONE OF THE BOYS KNOW EACH OTHER.

JAMIE:

I looked it up right? This CD player, I have in my hands, for those of you who aren't as technologically advanced, CD stands for compact (pause) disc.

PHIL:

Surely that makes you less technologically advanced owning a portable CD player?

JAMIE:

Err No. I think you'll find that in PC monthly, this CD player got voted best portable music storage device 1999. So...

JAMIE SMIRKS AS HE BELIEVES THAT IRRELEVANT COMMENT HAS WON HIM THE ARGUMENT. PHIL LOOKS BEMUSED.

JAMIE (cont'd):

Anyway. In 1999, yeah? This little piece of technology was worth £89.99. Guess what I wrangled it down to in cancer research UK?

PHIL:

Didn't feel like paying the full price in cancer research then?

JAMIE:

No! What would be the point?

PHIL LOOKS STUNNED.

MARCO:

Shall I go grab the knives and forks? Anyone fancy a spoon?

MARCO IMMEDIATELY GIVES A CHEEKY LOOK TO NORMAN. NORMAN LOOKS IN DISCOMFORT.

NORMAN:

Just the knife and fork for me.

PHIL:

Um, Yeah, cheers mate.

JAMIE PAUSES AND BEGINS PULLING SOMETHING OUT OF HIS TROUSER POCKET.

JAMIE:

Don't worry about it, I've got my own.

JAMIE PULLS OUT A SPORK, DISINFECTANT SPRAY AND A CLOTH. THE BOYS WATCH CURIOUSLY. HE BEGINS SPRAYING HIS SPORK, HIS FOOD AND ALL THE AREAS AROUND THE TABLE, ALMOST SPRAYING THE OTHERS FOOD, HE SAYS NOTHING EMPHASISING HOW HE BELIEVES IT IS NORMAL. NORMAN BEGINS MOVING HIS PLATE AWAY TO AVOID THE SPRAY, BUT JAMIE FOLLOWS HIS MOVE.

JAMIE:

I'm just going to get some more napkins

JAMIE LOOKS UP AT THE OTHERS.

JAMIE:

...For later.

JAMIE LEAVES THE TABLE IN SEARCH FOR A NAPKIN.

PHIL:

Later better not involve my bloody bed!

MARCO:

Least he cleans up his mess.

NORMAN:

Do you reckon he uses that spray on his nob?

BOTH MARCO AND PHIL LAUGH. JAMIE RETURNS AND STARTS LAUGHING WITH THEM EVEN THOUGH HE HAS NO IDEA WHAT THEY ARE LAUGHING AT, NORMAN REACTS SURPRISED BUT PLEASED SOMEONE HAS LAUGHED AT A JOKE HE HAS MADE. THEY HEAR A LOUD POSHED VOICE YOUNG MAN (PORTER) ENTER THEIR PROXIMITY, WEARING A JACK WILLS GILET, WINKLEPICKERS AND WEARING SUNGLASSES INSIDE AT NIGHT TIME. HE PUTS THE SUNGLASSES ONTO HIS HEAD.

PORTER:

Yeah, yeah...absolutly muntered!...Yeah, Had at least approx. 10 black sambucas, 4 jaegars, and then on to a fucking shit load of cava!...

PORTER ACKNOWLEDGES THE OTHERS PRESENCE DISMISSIVELY WITH A NOD.

PORTER:

Yeah, Absolutely rat arsed...Heh, yeah! Still managed to wangle myself an absolute stunner....yeah, at least an 8.3 on the LAD scale, heh...OK, yeah, speak to you later mum.

PORTER SITS DOWN UNINVITED.

PORTER:

Sorry chaps, just woke up literally 10 minutes ago, massive night, massive night!

PHIL:

Yeah, we heard.

PORTER:

What time is it? Breakfast? Heh!

NO ONE LAUGHS.

PORTER:

You guys got plans tonight?

NORMAN:

Well we...

PORTER INTERRUPTS.

PORTER:

...No, of course you don't. I've got tickets to literally the biggest night of the year, maybe even your lives. Probably definitely, in your case. (Points at Jamie).

PHIL:

Really?

PORTER HANDS OVER FOUR TICKETS TO PHIL.

PORTER:

If you come, right? I will promise you there will be at least ten woman for each of you.

PURPOSEFULLY DOESN'T POINT AT JAMIE. BUT STILL LOOKS AT HIM WHILST HE POINTS AT THE OTHER TWO.

PORTER:

And even if you don't get your fingers in some trout pie.

HE SMELLS HIS FINGERS AND PAUSES TO WAIT FOR LAUGHTER. NO ONE LAUGHS.

PORTER:

You know, trout's a kind of fish...

PORTER' PHONE STARTS RINGING WITH THE MOST RIDICULOUS DANCE RING TONE E.g. BASSHUNTER - All I EVER WANTED.

PORTER:

Anyway, must dash there isn't enough of me to go around! I'm literally too in demand! Ha! Just tell them Porter sent you, they'll know what that means.

PORTER WINKS AND ANSWERS HIS PHONE, AND WALKS AWAY.

PORTER:

Yeah! Yeah! You should have seen her mate, she was literally getting raped...yeah, in the alleyway!

THE FOUR BOYS TURN TO EACH OTHER IN CURIOSNESS AND EXCITEMENT.

SCENE 9: INT. GENERIC CORNER SHOP.

MARCO:

Anyone fancy going halves on a two bottles of breezer?

PHIL:

Well I'm partial to a beer mate but I suppose we can get some for strawpaedos?

MARCO:

Oh! I love a good suck on a paedo!

PHIL:

Ha! Marco, you're a dirty man mate!

MARCO:

Wait till you see me get a couple down my throat.

NORMAN LOOKS IN DISGUST.

NORMAN:

Jesus Christ!

PHIL:

What you drinking Norm?

NORMAN:

What?

PHIL:

What's your tippie?

NORMAN PICKS UP A BOTTLE OF NEWCASTLE BROWN ALE.

NORMAN:

Think I fancy a bit of brown like.

A LARGE BLACK MALE WALKS PAST.

MARCO:

Oh! Great minds roomie.

PHIL:

Ha!

THE GAY JOKE GOES ALL OVER NORMAN'S HEAD.

PHIL (cont'd):

Where the hells Jamie gone?

NORMAN:

He's probably wanking into your pillow.

PHIL:

Oh cheers mate, I'd almost erased that memory.

NORMAN:

Have you talked to him about it yet?

PHIL:

He didn't even act like it was weird, he literally thought it was a normal thing to do.

MARCO:

What will you do if you catch him again?

PHIL:

I dunno. Join him? What the fuck would you do?

MARCO IS ABOUT TO ANSWER.

PHIL (cont'd):

Don't answer that.

MARCO:

I've got standards!

JAMIE ENTERS WITH A TROLLY OF RED BULL AND CONDOMS PLACED ON TOP OBVIOUSLY TO ENSURE THE OTHER BOYS COULD SEE. DOING THE VULCAN SALUTE. NO ONE LAUGHS.

JAMIE:

Greetings travellers!

PHIL:

Surely you don't need all those?

JAMIE:

Big night planned. We're going to need all of these "bad boys". Ladies watch out, the lads are hitting town.

JAMIE SAYS THIS AWKWARDLY AND CAN CLEARLY NOT PULL IT OFF. AS HE'S SAYING IT HE FISTS THE AIR, HARD. AWKWARD SILENCE BETWEEN ALL THE OTHER BOYS.

NORMAN:

Why do you have five million red bulls?

JAMIE:

Seventeen actually. So...

JAMIE SMIRKS AS IF HE'S INTELLECTUALLY SUPERIOR.

PHIL:

Why so many?

JAMIE:

I like to achieve what is known as a "natural high".

NORMAN:

Well it's not exactly natural if you buy it in a can.

JAMIE:

FYI, for your information, caffeine is found in various beans, leaves and plants. So...

JAMIE STROLLS OFF SLOWLY WITH HIS TROLLY TOWARDS THE CHECKOUT THINKING HE HAS WON ANOTHER ARGUMENT. THE BOYS LOOK AT EACH OTHER ANNOYED WITH JAMIE AND FOLLOW HIM TO THE CHECKOUT, TO SEE A CHAVVY, MILDLY ATTRACTIVE (6/10) GIRL ON THE CHECKOUT. SHE LOOKS AT THE STACK OF CONDOMS AND REDBULLS UNENTHUSIASTICALLY.

CHERYL (making small talk):

Busy weekend?

JAMIE (seriously):

Yeah, probably definitely going to fill these "bad boys" up this weekend. And there's one with your name on it.

THE GIRL LOOKS DISGUSTED.

JAMIE (cont'd):

Not literally, I haven't written on it. Biro can pierce the latex.

JAMIE GRABS THE BOX AND THE PEN NEXT TO THE COUNTER. AND LOOKS AT HER NAME TAG.

JAMIE (to himself):

I can just write on the box? Right, Cheryl times one.

JAMIE (to Cheryl):

Shall I put you down for two?

CHERYL:

Um...No thanks.

JAMIE:

Just the one then?

CHERYL TRIES TO RUSH HIM ON.

CHERYL:

Um...no I don't want any.

JAMIE (serious):

Are you sure? I won't charge you for any of them that do go inside...

JAMIE POINTS TO THE LOWER HALF OF CHERYL AND LOOKS DOWN.

JAMIE (cont'd):

...You

CHERYL:

No.

CHERYL KEEPS TRYING TO RUSH HIM ON.

CHERYL (cont'd):

That's £21.99.

JAMIE:

Your loss, I've kissed someone way fitter than you anyway.

JAMIE(louder):

...And it was a girl. So...

JAMIE GETS HIS WALLET OUT. THE ATMOSPHERE IS AWKWARD TO SAY THE LEAST, THERE IS A QUEUE MOUNTING. JAMIE IS OBLIVIOUS.

JAMIE (cont'd):

Do you have change for a fifty?

RANDOM QUEUE MEMBER (angry):

Fucking hell! Try picking up women on your own time you fat loser. I've got mouths to feed.

RANDOM QUEUE MEMBER SHOWS HIM THE PICTURE OF HIS SON, WHO LOOKS AS THOUGH HE HAS SPECIAL NEEDS. PHIL INTERVENES SWIFTLY.

PHIL (to Cheryl):

Sorry about this heres £22.00.

JAMIE (to random queue member):

Nice picture, your son's got a very rounded face.

RANDOM QUEUE MEMBER (angry):

That's my daughter.

JAMIE:

She's got a very bald head...

PHIL REALISES THE QUEUE MEMBERS ANGER AND HINTS FOR JAMIE TO LEAVE THE SHOP.

PHIL:

Jamie, wait outside mate.

JAMIE LEAVES THE SHOP.

NORMAN:

Sorry about that. Could be worse, Phil has to share a room with him.

CHERYL:

Lucky you.

CHERYL BEGINS SCANNING THE ALCOHOL.

PHIL:

I caught him wanking today, the first day! In my bed! As I walked in. Who does that?!

CHERYL (unenthusiastically):

I honestly don't care...That's £30.45.

PHIL HANDS OVER THE MONEY.

RANDOM QUEUE MEMBER:

I'd lose that prick lads, he's gonna get his head kicked in!

MARCO:

Thanks for the advice, gorgeous.

RANDOM QUEUE MEMBER (aggressively):

You what?

PHIL:

Right let's get drinking!

SCENE 10: INT. PHIL AND JAMIE'S ROOM.

MUSIC: FRATELLIS - HENRIETTA. IT CUTS TO A MONTAGE OF THEM GETTING READY FOR THEIR BIG NIGHT OUT, NORMAN DRINKING NEWCASTLE BROWN, PHIL DRINKING A GENERIC LAGER, JAMIE DRINKING A RED BULL AND MARCO DRINKING A BARCADI BREEZER. CHOOSING CLOTHES, GELLING HAIR. WE LEARN INFORMATION ABOUT THE CHARACTERS THROUGH THEM GETTING READY. E.G. JAMIE WILL ONLY HAVE TWO T-SHIRTS AVAILABLE TO HIM, AND SHOWS HIM PICKING BETWEEN THE TWO, BOTH STAINED WITH FOOD, ONE HAVING IRON MAIDEN PRINTED ON IT, THE OTHER METALLICA. PHIL GELLING HIS HAIR AND LAUGHING AT NORMAN FALLING OVER WHILST PUTTING ON HIS TROUSERS, DUE TO MARCO PINCHING HIS ARSE AND LAUGHING.

SCENE 11: INT. BUS.

THEN CUTS TO THEM LAUGHING AND TALKING AND GETTING TO KNOW EACH OTHER ON THE BUS, THE BUS BEING PACKED WITH STUDENTS READY FOR THEIR FIRST NIGHT OUT AT UNIVERSITY. PHIL MAKES ROMANTIC EYE CONTACT WITH A GIRL (ANNA) YOU CAN SENSE THERE IS A ROMANTIC CONNECTION, WHEREAS MARCO MAKES CHEEKY EYE CONTACT WITH A HUGE HOMOSEXUAL BLACK MALE. JAMIE ON THE OTHER HAND IS RECLUSIVE, DOWNING A HUGE BOTTLE OF RED BULL YET STILL SMILING IN A CREEPY FASHION. THEY ALL APPEAR VERY UP FOR A BIG NIGHT OUT.

SCENE 12: EXT. NIGHTCLUB.

EVERYONE GETS OFF THE BUS AND INTO THE QUEUE FOR THE NIGHTCLUB. THE BOYS HOVERING AT THE BACK. THEY REACH THE DOOR LOOKING EXCITED THEY HAND OVER THE TICKETS TO THE BOUNCER AS EVERYONE WHO HAS DONE BEFORE THEM.

PHIL:

There you go my good man.

THE BOUNCER LOOKS AT THE TICKETS.

BOUNCER:

Sorry lads, wrong nightclub, you want err...Relapse across the road.

THE BOYS ALL TURN AROUND TO THEIR NIGHTCLUB, IT HAVING A NEON SIGN. SPELLING RELAPSE! HOWEVER THE E AND L HAVE COMPLETELY GONE OUT, AS THEY WATCH THE S FLICKER AND DIE, WHILST THE EXCLAMATION POINT CONTINUALLY FLASHES, SHOWING JUST R.A.P.E! THE CLUB IS AN EXCUSE FOR A NIGHTCLUB AND LOOKS MORE LIKE A HIGH CLASS BROTHEL. THE CAMERA PANS ACROSS THE BOYS EXPRESSIONS, ALL LOOKING IN DISGUST, MARCO MOUTHING "WHAT THE FUCK" EXCEPT FOR FINALLY JAMIE WITH A HUGE SMILE ON HIS FACE, HE GETS OUT HIS DISINFECTANT SPRAY AND SPRAYS INTO HIS HANDS, THEN RUBBING THEM VIGOROUSLY, IN A CREEPY FASHION. THE BOYS WALK OVER TO THEIR SECOND LOT OF BOUNCERS THESE LOOKING FAR MORE ROUGH, WEARING DIRTY TANK TOPS THAT LOOK LIKE THEY'VE NEVER BEEN WASHED. MARCO SAYS IN A SARCASTIC MANNER.

MARCO:

Oh! I love your tank tops boys! Now did you two take advantage of the two for one at River island?

BOUNCER:

You what?

PHIL INTERVENES SWIFTLY.

PHIL:

Oh hi, sorry mate, I think we've got four free entrance tickets for tonight. The bloke that gave us them is called Porter, I think.

BOUNCER ANGRILY LOOKS AT MARCO THEN TURNS TO PHIL.

BOUNCER:

You think you need to pay to come in this shithole? And who the fuck is Porter anyway?

BOUNCER TURNS ROUND AND ASKS HIS COLLEAGUE.

BOUNCER:

Oi Terry, you heard of Porter?

TERRY:

Never 'eard of him Bazzdog.

PHIL (sarcastic):

Right, thanks anyway, bazzdog, are we OK to go in?

BOUNCER:

Whatever.

PHIL:

Brilliant.

THE BOYS WALK IN. WITH NORMAN LAST.

NORMAN:

Is there anything to eat in here like?

BOUNCER:

Not unless your after a bit of crusty bacon snadger! Am I right Terry?

BOTH LAUGH.

TERRY:

Good one Barry. It's dripping with dirty crust in there!

NORMAN WALKS AWAY CONFUSED NOT LAUGHING OR UNDERSTANDING THE DISGUSTING JOKE, THE BOUNCERS CHORTLING AS HE ENTERS THE SEEDY CLUB.

SCENE 13: INT. NIGHTCLUB.

THE BOYS ENTER TO FIND IT ALMOST EMPTY WITH TOO MANY EXCESSIVE LIGHTS AND REDICULOUS DANCE MUSIC (E.G. BASSHUNTER - ALL I EVER WANTED). THEY GO OVER TO THE BAR TO ORDER SOME DRINKS.

MARCO:

This place makes me want to vomit, from my mouth.

PHIL BREAKS THE ICE.

PHIL:

Let' just get some drinks? If we get hammered maybe we won't be able to remember how horrible it is tomorrow morning.

IT CUTS OUT TO NORMAN, MARCO AND JAMIE TALKING.

NORMAN:

...And that's how me mam fell out with Dec.. It was originally Sheila and Dec. Until the charges.

PHIL HANDS DRINKS OVER TO THE GUYS. THEN OUT OF NO WHERE, ENTERS PORTER, EXTREMELY DRUNK, BY HIMSELF, AND PUTS HIS ARM ROUND ALL THE BOYS, EXCEPT JAMIE.

PORTER:

Boys! Boys! I bet you're bloody glad you came! Can you feel the atmosphere! Like really feel it?! It's literally electric! Just look at all the clunge!

ALL OF THEM TURN TO LOOK AT 3 OF THE 5 WOMEN IN THE CLUB BY THE BAR. ALL MIDDLE-AGED, ALL HORRENDOUSLY UGLY AND ALL MUTTON DRESSED AS LAMB. ONE WEARING AN EYE PATCH AND ONE WITH A LARGE TATTOO IN ARABIC. NORMAN TURNS AROUND AND SEES A MAN VOMITING IN THE INSIDE OF HIS UNBUTTONED SHIRT IN THE CORNER. AND SHOWS A HILARIOUS EXPRESSION. NO DIALOGUE IS NEEDED, THE BOYS EXPRESSIONS SAY IT ALL.

PORTER:

Let's get the shots in lads!

Norman:

We've only just bought a round man!

PORTER:

Nonsense! Barmaid! Get me five...ten...twenty black Sambucus!

MONTAGE: MUSIC: CHUMBAWUMBA - TUBTHUMPING. THE BOYS START DOWNING SHOTS IN AN EXCESSIVE MANNER (EXCEPT JAMIE, WHO CONTINUES DRINKING REDBULL WHILST SMILING) "HE DRINKS A WHISKY DRINK" PORTER DOWNS A WHISKY. "HE DRINKS A VODKA DRINK" MARCO DOWNS A VODKA. "HE DRINKS A LAGER DRINK" PHIL DOWNS THE LAGER. "HE DRINKS A CIDER DRINK" NORMAN DOWNS CIDER. THE CAMERA STARTS GETTING FUZZY AND KEEPS SHOWING THEM DRINKING AND BONDING INCLUDING PORTER ETC WHILST JAMIE WONDERS OFF OUT OF THE NIGHTCLUB.

SCENE 14: EXT. RANDOM STREET.

PORTER:

I am absolutely schwabbalangoed!

PHIL:

Same, I don't think I've ever drunk that much in my entire life. Where were all your mates tonight then?

PORTER (confused):

Who?

PHIL:

You know, your mates, the ones you were talking about before.

PORTER (in realisation of his previous lie):

Oh oh yeah! Of course, my mates. They couldn't come unfortunately.

MARCO:

Pourquoi?

PORTER:

I don't speak Chinese, I'm afraid.

MARCO (annoyed):

Why?

PORTER:

Probably revising or something. What's with all the questions? It's supposed to be a mental night out!

PORTER SWIFTLY ATTEMPTS TO CHANGE TOPIC.

PORTER (cont'd):

Look let's hit the kebabi, they do a spanking donner!

SCENE 15: INT. KEBAB SHOP.

GETTING TO THE KEBAB SHOP AND IN THE KEBAB SHOP TALKING WHILST EATING DONNER KEBABS, ALL DRUNK JAMIE ISN'T WITH THEM.

PORTER:

Where's that weird little fat loser with the man boobs?

NORMAN:

Who your mam?

PORTER:

Ha banter!

PHIL:

You mean Jamie?

PORTER:

Yeah! Who the even invited that gay?

MARCO:

What?

PHIL:

You did! You gave him a ticket.

PORTER:

Eurgh! Absolute mare! He's literally the biggest poon repellent I've ever witnessed, and I've been on a shit loads of nights out as you can probably tell. I couldn't even pull with him there. You'd probably get more clunge than him.

POINTS AT MARCO. MARCO EXTREMELY DRUNK NOT REALLY PAYING ATTENTION TO WHAT HE IS SAYING, AS HE IS STARING AT SOME RANDOM MANS ARSE.

MARCO:

Uh-uh.

A CROWD OF PEOPLE MOVE OUT OF THE WAY, THE BOYS TURN ROUND TO FIND JAMIE HAS BEEN STANDING THERE THE ENTIRE TIME. HE SEEMS UNFAZED THAT THEY HAVE BEEN SLAGGING HIM OFF.

PHIL:

Oh alright Jamie? Didn't see you there, you had a good night so far?

JAMIE:

Hi guys! Thought I'd also join you for a h'ebab as they call it in the middle east.

NORMAN IS HORRENDOUSLY DRUNK THE ENTIRE TIME, MUTTERING VARIOUS THINGS TO HIMSELF THROUGHOUT THE SCENE, WHILST MARCO IS ALSO DRUNK CONTINUALLY SEEKING EYE CONTACT FROM VARIOUS MEN.

NORMAN:

Your mam's got a nice kebab...

PHIL:

Covered in my garlic sauce.

PORTER:

Ha! Banter! The comedies just flowing, we're on fire!

JAMIE:

Actually, If you had taken some time out to ask her, I think you'd find she's a vegetarian and furthermore going on your latter statement she doesn't even like garlic and/or sauce!

JAMIE PUTS ON A FACE AS IF "I'VE SHOWED THEM". THE BOYS ALL STOP LAUGHING AND REALISE IT IS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO MAKE FUN OF JAMIE. JAMIE THEN STARTS TO GET OUT HIS OWN CUTLERY AND SPRAY HIS HANDS/SPORK/FOOD AND SURROUNDING TABLE AREAS, THIS GOES ON FOR AN EXCESSIVE AMOUNT OF TIME WHILST PORTER AND PHIL ARE LOOKING CONFUSED AS TO WHAT HE'S DOING.

PORTER:

You know you're fucking weird mate.

JAMIE SMILES AS IF HE'S RECEIVED A COMPLIMENT. NORMAN HAS A PIECE OF DONNA MEAT STUCK ON HIS FACE. AND LOOKS CONTINUALLY DRUNK.

MARCO:

I think someone's ready for bed.

CUTS TO NORMAN LEANING ON PHIL'S SHOULDER AND GRUNTING DUE TO ALCOHOL.

JAMIE:

Before we go, I'd like to make a toast. Is that OK with you Norman?

NORMAN IS TOO DRUNK TO UTTER A REAL WORD.

NORMAN:

Eurgh!

JAMIE IS COMPLETELY SOBER AND STILL GUZZLING HIS REDBULL.

JAMIE:

If I'm being honest, and I'm sure you guys feel the same, I don't think any guy could ask for a better set of best friends.

PHIL LOOKS AT JAMIE IN DISBELIEVE AS IF TO SAY "I'VE ONLY KNOWN YOU FOR A FEW HOURS".

JAMIE:

Now whilst I was away, I was thinking of some possible names for our "possy". You can shoot them down if you want, or add to the current selection we've got on offer.

JAMIE TAKES OUT A CRUMPLED PIECE OF PAPER FROM HIS POCKET.

JAMIE (cont'd):

Number 1, I like a lot, is simply, The falcons. That one has a bird theme, you might have noticed. Number 2, is slightly similar in a way, it's The eagles. Now that's after a rock and roll band, you may or may not have heard of, they were big in the eighties.

PORTER SHAKES HIS HEAD AS IF TO SAY "SHUT UP!"

JAMIE (cont'd):

And finally my personal favourite, or "fave" if you will, is the fisters, now by choosing this as our official name, if we were to vote on it, it would require us to bump fists every time we were to see each other, like in fantastic 5. Now let's have a quick practice now, see if we can get a feel for it, if, for example, we were to choose it. Right you ready?

JAMIE LOOKS AROUND THE OTHERS EXCITED BY THE PROSPECT, THE OTHERS ARE ALMOST NOT EVEN PAYING ATTENTION.

JAMIE (cont'd):

I'm a little excited! 1! 2! 3! FISTERS!

JAMIE FISTS HIS HAND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TABLE, NONE OF THE BOYS FOLLOW SUIT. THE ENTIRE KEBAB SHOP GOES SILENT WITH DISGUST. ALL THE BOYS THAT AREN'T TOO DRUNK PRETEND THEY AREN'T WITH JAMIE AND LOOKS DOWN.

JAMIE:

Come on! FISTERS!

A RANDOM GENTLEMAN WAITING IN LINE FOR A KEBAB TURNS ROUND AND LOOKS AT JAMIE IN DISGUST.

RANDOM GENTLEMAN:

What the fucks your problem mate?

JAMIE REPLIES AS IF HE HAS SAID SOMETHING COMPLETELY ACCEPTABLE.

JAMIE:

What's your problem? I'm just practicing my new secret handshake with my new best friends, does that offend you?

THE RANDOM GENTLEMAN SHAKES HIS HEAD AND TURNS AROUND, REALISING THE STUPIDITY OF JAMIE.

PHIL:

Right, let's make a move.

ALL THE BOYS STAND UP TO LEAVE, JAMIE REMAINS SEATED. MARCO GIVES NORMAN A HELPING HAND.

PORTER:

Wait there, I've just got to say bye to Dave.

PHIL:

Who?

PORTER:

The kebab shop owner, we go way back.

PORTER BEGINS SHOUTING TOWARD THE COUNTER.

PORTER (cont'd):

Dave! Dave! Oi! Iraqi Dave!

A SMALL ARAB MAN COMES FROM BEHIND THE DONNER KEBAB, WITH A HARSH MIDDLE-EASTERN ACCENT.

IRAQI DAVE:

Yes.

PORTER:

Iraqi Dave, yet again, unbelievable donner, your kebab skills still cease to amaze. I've been telling you this for years, you have the tastiest meat in the North West. You put Talibani Gary on Westgate road to shame!

IRAQI DAVE HAS NO IDEA WHO PORTER IS.

IRAQI DAVE:

Um...Thankyou. Please come again.

HE BEGINS TALKING IRAQI TO ONE OF HIS COLLEAGUES.

IRAQI DAVE:

(Iraq dialogue).

THEN SLIPS IN "WANKER" WHILST DOING THE WANKING GESTURE.

PORTER:

Absolute top bloke and one of the finest Iraqi's I know.

SCENE 16: EXT. THE KEBAB SHOP.

THE BOYS WALK OUT, NORMAN AND MARCO STUMBLING, SUPPORTING EACH OTHER. THEY WALK OUT TO SEE ONE GIRL VOMITING WHILST THE OTHER HOLDS HER HAIR BACK, THE OTHER GIRL IS THE GIRL PHIL SAW WHEN HE FIRST ARRIVED, PHIL'S EYES LIGHT UP, BOTH PHIL AND ANNA ARE BOTH A BIT DRUNK BUT THIS GIVES PHIL THE CONFIDENCE TO TALK TO HER. THE BOYS ARE RIGHT NEXT TO THEM WHEN THEY SEE THIS.

PORTER:

Ha-ha! Jesus Christ! What a fucking mess!

VICKY:

Fuck off! You fucking posh...

VICKY BEGINS TO VOMIT AGAIN.

PORTER:

Ha! Shotgun not taking her back.

ANNA:

Sorry about this! She's had a bit too much to drink.

PORTER (sarcastic):

You don't say?

PHIL (to Porter):

Shut up.

PHIL (cont'd):

Yeah, we have a few like that. Fortunately no vomit yet though, but the nights young...

ANNA LAUGHS.

NORMAN:

Can we get home? I'm gonna chunder out some bacon...

PHIL (to Anna):

Spoke to soon.

ANNA SMILES. THERE IS CLEARLY CHEMISTRY BETWEEN THE TWO EVEN THOUGH THEY ARE IN DISGUSTING SITUATION, THEY DON'T DROP EYE CONTACT.

ANNA:

Hope you have a good night.

PHIL:

You too. Maybe see you some time?

ANNA:

Maybe...

VICKY BEGINS TO VOMIT AGAIN, RUINING THE MOMENT. PHIL'S WALKS AWAY SMILING TO HIMSELF. PORTER SIGNALS A TAXI.

SCENE 17: INT. TAXI.

THE TAXI STARTS DRIVING AWAY, THE BOYS ARE OUT OF SCENE. TAXI DRIVER HAS A THICK INDIAN ACCENT.

TAXI DRIVER:

Where to sirs?

PHIL:

Johnson house, and be quick mate we've got a vommer.

TAXI DRIVER:

Is vommer near Man-chester?

YOU HEAR NORMAN VOMIT ALL OVER THE TAXI.

PORTER:

Eurgh! Jesus Christ!

THE TAXI DRIVES OFF INTO THE DISTANCE.

END.