

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - DAY

TOM is sat in a slouched position, wearing an inexpensive and unkempt suit. On the opposite side of the desk sits JOE, shuffling through some documents.

JOE

Now, I've been looking at some recent numbers, and your sales are falling. In fact, they're almost non-existent. What have you got to say for yourself?

TOM

Nothing.

JOE

So are you happy with your performances?

TOM

I'm not unhappy with the performances.

JOE

You've earned a hundred and forty quid in two weeks. Are you telling me you're happy with that?

TOM

It's a hundred and forty quid I never had before.

JOE

How are you surviving? How do you pay rent? How do you pay for food? How are you looking after yourself on such dismal wages?

TOM

Not a problem, because I still live at home with my mother, and she looks after me.

JOE

And you're twenty three?

TOM

Twenty four next month.

JOE

Okay, here's what's gonna happen. You're gonna have to make three

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JOE (cont'd)
sales today, or I will seriously
have to reconsider your position
here.

TOM
You're gonna fire me?!

JOE
It's a possibility. I don't want
people with a negative attitude in
my office.

TOM
(snarling)
What are you on about?! I always
have a positive attitude!

JOE
Yeah; I'm not convinced.

TOM
Whatever. I don't think I wanna be
doing this job for much longer
anyway.

JOE
What do you mean?

TOM
It's just the same old crap every
day. I don't want to spend the rest
of my working life having doors
slammed shut in my face.

JOE
Do you truly know that?

TOM
Yes. This is a terrible job.

JOE
I think it's generally agreed that
being a door-to-door salesman is
the greatest job on the planet.

TOM
Not on this planet though.

JOE
You won't quit. You can't quit.
(beat)
Are you gonna quit?

TOM

Not yet, no. I'll probably stick around until I can find a better job.

JOE

And what job would that be exactly?

Tom thinks.

TOM

I've always thought I'd make a good bus driver.

Joe shakes his head, seemingly dispirited.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT GARDEN - DAY

Tom enters the garden and approaches the door. He is dressed in a brightly coloured bib displaying the slogan 'Save The Badgers' on it, whilst holding a creased pitchcard.

Tom KNOCKS several times on the door and waits, inspecting the overgrown weeds in the garden.

A middle-aged, shabby-looking man (STEVE) eventually answers the door, equipped with a can of cider, looking somewhat drunk.

TOM

(languidly)

Afternoon. My name's Thomas Webber and I've just been having a really quick chat with all your neighbours on behalf of The Badger Foundation.

Tom passes the pitchcard to Steve.

TOM CONT'D

Have you heard of us before?

Steve inspects the pitchcard with a glazed expression.

STEVE

Something to do with badgers I imagine.

TOM

Yep. The Badger Foundation are on a never-ending struggle to protect and conserve the habitats of all the UK's badgers.

(CONTINUED)

Steve gulps down the final millimetres of his cider before crushing the can firmly in his hands and burying it deep into the overgrown weeds.

STEVE

Sorry. Carry on.

TOM

Well today I'm looking for some positive people who will be able to help out The Badger Foundation for as little as five pounds per month. I'm sure we can count on your support right?

STEVE

Unlikely, to be honest mate. Especially if it's a never-ending struggle. There's no point in supporting a never-ending struggle. I'd literally be wasting money - and I haven't got a lot.

Tom pulls out a crumpled piece of paper from his pocket and unfolds it.

TOM

(reading from paper)

But every penny The Badger Foundation receives can go a long way to...

STEVE

Hang on mate. One second.

Steve disappears back into his house, leaving his front door open. Tom, impatiently waiting, folds his script up back into his pocket.

TOM

(muttering)

For fuck's sake.

Steve eventually returns with two cans of cider; one already opened. He passes the unopened can to Tom.

STEVE

There you go matey. Get stuck into that.

TOM

I can't really drink at the minute - I'm working.

STEVE

One can won't do you any harm. What the boss doesn't know won't hurt him. In fact, I won't listen to another word you've got to say unless you drink some.

Tom reluctantly CRACKS open the can and drinks a few sips-worth. He offers the can back to Steve, but Steve refuses to accept.

STEVE CONT'D

You hardly had any. Have some more gulps.

TOM

Gulps?!

Tom begins to drink more of the cider. Steve uses his hand to elevate the can in Tom's mouth.

STEVE

That's it. Keep going.

Tom's cheeks expand, forcing him to spit out some cider.

STEVE CONT'D

Good effort.

Tom briefly struggles for breath.

STEVE CONT'D

So come on then - how does this badger story end?

TOM

It ends in you giving a fiver a month.

STEVE

Yeah, good one mate. Funny. I'd love to help the badgers, I really would. But to be honest, I've been unemployed for over ten years, I'm as skint as they're made. And it won't change - I'll always be broke. I have no desirable skills, no investments in any assets, no motivation to even leave the house. I'm basically a dreg on society.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

We will accept donations from
literally anyone.

STEVE

You see, it's me who's the charity
case. Maybe you'd like to go
knocking on behalf of me. Call it
'The Steve Foundation', and get me
five pound a month - because I'd
rather spend my money on cider.

Steve drinks some of his cider.

TOM

Are you Steve?

STEVE

Guilty.

Steve finishes off his cider with several hearty gulps. He
crushes the empty can in his hands and throws it into the
overgrown weeds.

Tom offers his can to Steve.

TOM

Do you want this one?

Steve grabs the cider from Tom and immediately drinks some.

STEVE

Do you wanna come in for a drink?

TOM

(hesitant)

Erm...

STEVE

I haven't got many left, but you
could always go to the off-licence
down the road and buy some more.
There's a few offers on I think.

TOM

I'd really love to Steve; honestly,
truly. But these bloody badgers
won't save themselves.

STEVE

Are you sure? It's good cider.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

How good can cider be?

STEVE

Good enough to make you forget how much of a train-crash of a life you have.

(beat)

If you have enough anyway.

TOM

You keep your ciders to yourself.

STEVE

This is my last one now.

TOM

Okay. I must crack on.

STEVE

No worries pal, no worries. Good luck with your badgers. And remember, if you ever fancy a few drinks sometime, you've got my address.

Tom slowly backs away.

TOM

Alright then. I'll see you later Steve.

Steve holds up his can of cider as a goodbye gesture before shutting his door.

Tom begins to walk out the garden, but soon stops. Tom sighs loudly and turns back to KNOCK on Steve's door.

Steve answers.

STEVE

I knew you'd change your mind. Come on in.

TOM

No. It's just that you've still got my pitchcard. Could you get it for me please?

STEVE

Oh right, yeah, sure...the pitchcard.

(CONTINUED)

Steve disappears briefly before returning with the pitchcard and handing it to Tom.

TOM
Cheers.

STEVE
And don't forget - I'm always here.

TOM
Yep. I'll never forget. Okay, bye then.

Steve shuts his door. Tom walks into the neighbouring garden, KNOCKS several times on the door, and waits.

An angry man eventually answers.

ANGRY MAN
(shouting)
Fuckoff!

The angry man slams his door shut causing Tom to fall back slightly.

Tom rips his bib off and discards of it in an wheelie bin. He takes out a packet of cigarettes, picks one out and begins to smoke, releasing a stressful sigh.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH STREET CAFE - DAY

Tom is sat alone, deep in thought, periodically snacking from a tray of chips on the table.

EDWARD and MATT enter.

EDWARD
Tommy Boy! What's going down?

TOM
Edward, my name's Tom. Please don't call me 'Tommy Boy'.

EDWARD
Sure thing Tombo.

Edward and Matt take a seat at Tom's table.

EDWARD CONT'D
Hey, I'll tell you what, it's a wonderful day for sales don't you
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EDWARD CONT'D (cont'd)
think? I'm on four already and it's
only dinner time.

TOM
Four? Seriously?

EDWARD
Would you expect anything less?

MATT
How many sales are you on Tom?

TOM
Well it doesn't really matter does
it because the day's not over yet
so...

MATT
You haven't done any have you?

TOM
Well it's not my fault. I've been
given a terrible territory to do.

Edward TUTS.

EDWARD
Excuses, excuses.

TOM
It's not an excuse, it's a reason.
A perfectly valid reason.

EDWARD
Aw guys, I need to tell you. One of
my...

(looks at Tom)
...four sales, she was delightful.
Single mother of two, and they're
always the best. They get ever so
lonely when the kids are at school.

Edward pulls out a crumpled piece of paper from his pocket.

EDWARD CONT'D
Managed to get her number.
Obviously she had no real choice in
the matter. I have yet to come
across a specimen of oestrogen who
hasn't yielded to the powers of my
sexual magnetism.

(CONTINUED)

MATT

Are you not put off by the fact
she's got two kids?

EDWARD

Not all all. She could have three
by the time I'm finished with her.

Edward smiles.

TOM

You do seem to get an awful lot of
numbers don't you Edward?

EDWARD

Four already this week. And it's
only Tuesday.

MATT

You want to be careful with all
these women though. I heard that
you can get throat cancer from
blowjobs.

EDWARD

Throat cancer? Blowjobs?

Matt nods.

EDWARD CONT'D

That'll just apply to the women
though. They're the ones who are
actually...

Edward mimes giving a blowjob, all the while staring at Tom
with direct eye contact.

EDWARD CONT'D

That's their problem as far as I'm
concerned.

Edward leans back in his seat.

TOM

Well, although I would love to stay
and absorb your marvellous life
philosophies Edward, there are
seventy more doors that need
slamming in my face before my day
is done.

Tom stands up and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tom is sat down with a customer (MARY). The living room is decorated with religious relics and ornaments and Mary is holding an open Bible.

MARY

And of course, as the Earth is over 5,000 years old, it can only be a matter of time before Jehovah; the almighty God, supreme being and creator of the universe, descends back to the planet to take his true believers with him - all the while massacring the rest of humanity.

TOM

It's weird. I bet you don't normally get people knocking on your door to talk about Jehovah, do you? It's usually the other way round isn't it?

MARY

That's true. Unfortunately Thomas, there aren't many people like yourself who actively seek out the teachings of Jehovah.

TOM

(doubtful)

Well...I wouldn't go that far.

MARY

There will always be a place in the congregation for young believers such as yourself.

Tom thinks.

TOM

What are the hours like?

MARY

A relationship with Jehovah is a life-long commitment Thomas.

TOM

That's quite tricky for me. I play in a pool team on Thursday's.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

And of course there's always the guarantee of going to Heaven.

TOM

Yeah...that's not really good enough though.

(then)

Do you get any free stuff?

MARY

Jehovah's love doesn't cost a penny.

TOM

No. I think I'll pass.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT GARDEN - DAY

Edward approaches the door, whistling a tune and subtly dancing along. He KNOCKS several times on the door and waits, continuing the whistling and dancing.

The door opens revealing a middle-aged WOMAN smoking a cigarette.

EDWARD

Hey! Now don't worry, I'm not here to change your religion or anything. I just thought that a beautiful woman like yourself would like to take advantage of an exclusive film package I'm offering.

(then)

Do you like films?

WOMAN

Not really.

EDWARD

What?! Not even the romantic ones? Y'know; boy knocks on girls' door, girl answers; girl invites boy in for a drink, girl gives boy a blowjob.

WOMAN

Ooh, ya' cheeky devil. You can come in, but I'm not promising to do all those things.

(CONTINUED)

EDWARD

That's absolutely fine love.

Edward steps into the house.

EDWARD CONT'D

You can forget the drink.

The door shuts behind Edward.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tom is slumped in his chair, visibly bored. Mary is reading from her Bible.

MARY

"Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding" Proverbs 3:15.

TOM

That's another good one.

MARY

"For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life."

TOM

Do you think maybe we could get round to filling out this form?

MARY

Answer me this Thomas - how do you explore your spiritual relationship with God?

TOM

Erm...I don't really. I kind of believe in dinosaurs, and evolution and stuff.

MARY

Oh Thomas! You shouldn't let these scientists brainwash you with all their facts and evidence. You should be more open-minded. How else can we accurately explain how humans came to be without the teachings of Jehovah?

(CONTINUED)

TOM

Through facts and evidence?

MARY

But are they really facts? And is it really evidence?

TOM

I think about crazy stuff like that when I'm stoned sometimes. It's amazing how your mind wonders when you've had a joint. Like last night - I was wondering how many wanks I must have had in my lifetime. It must be thousands! No, tens of thousands! Three hundred and sixty five days in a year, averaging...what...two wanks a day? It's probably more like two and half a day thinking about it. That - for the last fourteen years. I mean, that's a staggering amount of wrist action.

Tom sits pensively while Mary is somewhat aghast.

TOM CONT'D

Think of all those little sperm geniuses I might have produced...only for them to be crumpled up in various tissues, flannels and socks.

MARY

Shall we get on with the form then?

TOM

Yep. Just your signature here.

Tom passes the application form and a pen to Mary. Mary signs her name and passes the form and pen back.

Tom stands up.

TOM CONT'D

Well Mary, on behalf of The Badger Foundation, I'd like to thank you for your contribution in supporting the well-being of all the UK's badgers.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

Just before you go Thomas, I'd like to give you some literature on Jehovah.

TOM

There's really no need, honestly.

MARY

Nonsense.

Mary grabs a pamphlet from a table and passes it to Tom.

TOM

Thanks. I'll be sure to give it a skim.

MARY

Ooh no! Don't just skim it. It will require your full attention for you to truly absorb Jehovah's message.

TOM

Yeah that's what I meant.
(then)
Well, I best be off then.

Mary grabs Tom's hand with a strong hold, pulling him closer.

MARY

Will you take this moment to pray to Jehovah with me?

TOM

He's probably not listening.

Tom tries to pull away but Mary keeps a firm grip.

MARY

Close your eyes Thomas.

Tom reluctantly shuts his eyes with Mary following suit.

After a few seconds, Mary reopens her eyes.

MARY CONT'D

What did you pray for?

Tom opens his eyes.

TOM
Oh, y'know, the usual. Peace on
Earth...and...

MARY
Good will to all men?

TOM
Yep. And to the women.

Tom pulls his hands away, breaking Mary's grip. He swiftly
heads towards the front door.

TOM CONT'D
Okay then. Bye-bye.

MARY
Peace be with you.

Tom exits as Mary closes the door behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT GARDEN - DAY

Tom walks up the pathway of Mary's garden, disposing of the
pamphlet in Mary's wheelie bin.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Edward is sprawled on the sofa, extremely delighted. Fading
out, we see the woman finishing off giving Edward a blowjob.

The woman gets to her feet.

WOMAN
How was that?

EDWARD
Are you not gonna finish me off?

WOMAN
I'm not really the swallowing type.
You can finish yourself off in the
kitchen if you like.

EDWARD
Nah, it's fine. I'll save it til
later.

(CONTINUED)

Edward buttons up his trousers. The woman grabs a packet of cigarettes from a table, picks one out, lights up and begins to smoke.

EDWARD CONT'D

You know, you want to be careful doing that. Too much of it and you could get throat cancer.

WOMAN

Well I've been smoking for over forty years now. I doubt I'll be stopping anytime soon.

EDWARD

No, not the smoking. I meant the blowjobs. You can get throat cancer from...

Edward mimes giving a blowjob.

WOMAN

Can you?

EDWARD

Yep.

WOMAN

Well I've been giving blowjobs longer than I've been smoking so...

The woman chuckles. Edward politely joins in but soon stops.

EDWARD

How old are you exactly?
(then)

In fact, y'know what, I'd rather not know.

Edward stands up.

EDWARD CONT'D

Well, thank you for the suck-job darling; much appreciated. But time is ticking and I'm a working man so...

WOMAN

I understand sweetheart. I've had my five a day now anyway.

EDWARD
Your...five a day?

WOMAN
Yeah. I've already had one guy
selling the Internet, another
selling insurance, two guys that
were selling loft insulation.
(then)
I mean, you salesmen are everywhere
nowadays.

Edward points down to his groin.

EDWARD
Did I have the biggest...

WOMAN
You had the third biggest.

Edward nods, somewhat contently.

EDWARD
Not bad.

WOMAN
You take it easy now won't you?

EDWARD
Not as easy as you take it I won't,
but thanks.

Edward heads towards the front door.

WOMAN
Bye-bye now.

Edward exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT GARDEN - DAY

Edward walks up the garden path with a visible bulge
protruding from his groin.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOCAL PARK - DAY

Tom is sat on a park bench, smoking a cigarette. He flicks his cigarette away, and briefly sits in silence.

Tom glances at his watch, stands up, and walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT GARDEN - DAY

Tom KNOCKS on the door and waits. Steve answers.

TOM

Alright Steve. How about that drink?

Tom holds up a six pack of ciders as a beaming smile glows upon Steve's face.

STEVE

Come on in. Glad to see you. I've been drinking that water crap for hours.

Tom steps into the house as the door shuts behind.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Kirsty is sat in her computer chair whilst Edward is sat atop the desk.

Edward has his sleeves rolled up, displaying his tattoos.

EDWARD

And this one is the symbol for peace, this one for love, and this one for beauty.

KIRSTY

They're nice.

EDWARD

Yeah, I like Buddhism. It really fits with my personality.

KIRSTY

Since when have you been into Buddhism?

(CONTINUED)

EDWARD

I've been watching a few documentaries recently. I'm not too big on the reincarnation bit of it because I can't see how...

(points to himself)

...this can be improved upon in a future life - but I like the tattoos.

(then)

Do you want to smell my cologne?

Edward leans in towards Kirsty.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tom and Steve are sat down drinking cider. Tom finishes a gulp of his can and puts it down on a table, which is already populated with several empty cider cans.

TOM

But, he's not walking the streets every day, when it's pissing it down, and windy. And he keeps saying, "You're too lazy and you've got a negative attitude and you need to be making more sales." And it's like, well maybe I don't want to make more sales.

(beat)

I really do need to though because I work on commission only, but that's not the point.

Tom drink some cider.

STEVE

It's fine to feel a bit low at times Tom. That's what the cider's for.

TOM

Y'know, I think even you've got a better life than me at the minute. You get to sit down, get pissed, and watch telly all day.

STEVE

I've made some terrible mistakes in my life Tom, but that was the path I chose. I deserve to be in this

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STEVE (cont'd)
position, I can only blame myself.
If I could be your age and start
all over again - I'd certainly do
things differently.

TOM
Would you not drink as much cider?

STEVE
I'd drink more cider. Cider is my
passion.

Steve takes a gulp of cider.

STEVE CONT'D
I would've wanted to do better in
life in order to fund my enthusiasm
for cider.

Steve takes another gulp.

STEVE CONT'D
I mean, at the moment, I'm lucky if
I can afford to have six cans in a
day. Those benefits will only buy
you so many litres.
(then)
I guess what I'm trying to say, is,
you should follow your passions in
life. If you're not enjoying where
you are now, then make some
changes. You never know, you might
just get to where you wanna be.

TOM
It's easier just to get pissed
though innit?

STEVE
Tell me about it.

Tom and Steve simultaneously drink their ciders.

TOM
I think I should quit. You're
right, there's so much more I could
achieve, and this job is just
holding me back. I'm gonna do it.
I'm quitting.

Tom takes out his phone and begins dialing.

TOM
Hey Joe. It's Tom. I've got some
news for you.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Joe is sat at his desk on his mobile phone.

INTERCUT between Living Room and Joe's Office.

JOE
Have you got three sales? You've
finally done it haven't you? Well
done Tom, I'm proud of you. It took
you all of three months but you
finally did it. And it's only
onwards and upwards from here on
out. If you keep performing like
this consistently your career will
start rapidly progressing.

TOM
Yeah...whatever. I quit.

Tom disconnects the call.

TOM CONT'D
Done.

STEVE
How does it feel?

TOM
Yeah, it feels good. I'm a free man
now. I can do whatever I want.

STEVE
That's very bold of you, quitting
like that. Especially in these
tough economic times. I mean, you
probably won't find another job for
at least a year.

Steve takes a large gulp of cider as Tom's face gradually
begins to freeze.

STEVE CONT'D
Still - who needs a job when you've
got cider?

(CONTINUED)

TOM
Steve I've got to go. I'm sorry,
but I've made a terrible mistake.

Tom rushes to his feet and heads towards the front door.

TOM CONT'D
You can keep the rest of the
cidars, but I have to go.

STEVE
Are you coming back?

TOM
I dunno. Probably not.

STEVE
Could you bring me a sandwich back
if you do?

Tom opens the front door.

STEVE CONT'D
Cheese and pickle!

The front door shuts as Tom exits.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Kirsty is sat focused on her computer while Edward is on the
floor doing press-ups.

EDWARD
(after each press-up)

Twenty eight...twenty
nine...thirty...thirty one...

Tom enters.

EDWARD CONT'D
Thirty two...

Tom, in a rush, stumbles over Edward.

TOM
Get out my way!

Tom marches on towards Joe's office and enters as Edward
gets to his feet and turns to Kirsty.

(CONTINUED)

EDWARD

See. Over thirty press-ups in a minute.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Tom hurriedly enters.

TOM

I'm really sorry. I don't quit. I take it all back. I made a huge mistake.

JOE

What the hell has been happening today?

TOM

I just got really sad, that's all. I think it's men's problems.

Tom takes a seat.

JOE

You lost your attitude didn't you?

TOM

No. My attitude was perfect. It's just that it was really cold today...and it rained for a bit. But my attitude was fine.

JOE

Don't give me this cold weather bullshit. A positive attitude in cold weather is equivalent to a nice, fluffy coat. You are indestructible when you have a positive attitude.

(then)

You are on seriously thin ice now. One more mistake, no matter how small, and you're gone.

TOM

That's so unreasonable. What if I'm late because of a bus not being on time?

(CONTINUED)

JOE
Then you get on an earlier bus.

TOM
What if there's been an accident?

JOE
What kind of accident?

TOM
Decapitated limbs on the road.

JOE
I'll give you an extra five
minutes.

Tom releases a powerful sigh. Joe then starts sniffing the air.

JOE CONT'D
Have been drinking alcohol?

TOM
No. I haven't had any cider.

Joe inquisitively looks at Tom.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVING BUS - NIGHT

Tom is sat with his head slouched against a window. Sat opposite him are three chavvy youths. One of the youths is playing loud techno music from their phone.

Tom disapprovingly glances at the youths several times. He briefly makes eye contact with one of them before quickly diverting his eyes.

End of Episode.