

THE REGULARS Episode 1: Bed, Breakfast and Beer

by

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FADE IN:

1

INT. LAZY DOG MAIN BAR - NIGHT (VERY LATE)

1

BLACK SCREEN

HARRY V.O.

I renamed the pub after my ex
wife...

FADE IN FROM BLACK

ECU of HARRY the Landlord. We pull back slowly while he
delivers his monologue. We become aware that Harry is
talking to a punter as the CAMERA pulls out.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I called it "The Lazy Dog."
Trouble is she named hers after
me. She called it "The Halfway
Inn." Pleased to meet you, by the
way. I'm Harry Knocker, landlord.
It's nice to have someone in here
that isn't a lager lout or yokel.
We get some characters in here
from time to time. Mind you, you
look like you're a step above the
rest.

WIDE SHOT

The punter that Harry was talking to falls off his stool,
drunk and passes out. He lands on the floor with the rest
of the sleeping regulars strewn across the floor and
tables.

HARRY

Brilliant! Why do they all drink
so much?

FADE TO BLACK.

"TITLES"

2

EXT. SANDWICH GREEN VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY

2

Establishing shot of the COUNTRYSIDE / VILLAGE.

HARRY V.O.

Looks nice? Doesn't it? We're
from London, originally. After
the divorce I sent my idiot step
son Jeff to bid on a pub in
Bethnal green. He came back with
one in Sandwich Green... IN
SUFFOLK!

Superimpose "Sandwich Green. Population 459"

Follow up - superimpose "Village idiots 7"

Transpose to shot of the outside of the Pub

HARRY V.O.(CONT'D)
 We've now been here eighteen
 months and the people here are,
 shall we say... unique.

Transpose to shot of the pub car park where there is
 parked:

A car, a van and a tractor. JEFF walks out of the pub in
 his grotty chef whites that USED to be white. He sparks up
 a cigarette. He looks bored.

HARRY V.O.(CONT'D)
 I installed Step son Jeff as the
 resident Chef. Perhaps not my
 wisest move as the last place he
 cooked at spent more on pest
 control than they made on food.

3

INT. LAZY DOG MAIN BAR - EVENING

3

We enter the Lazy Dog main bar at close to closing time.
 JULIE the barmaid is holding court with the regulars: BAZ;
 MAUREEN; BRASSIE and BIG CLIFF. We DON'T HEAR them at
 first as Harry continues his V.O. We CU on each character
 as Harry introduces them. Baz is sat on a bar stool.
 Maureen is standing next to him as always. Big Cliff is
 seated at a table. Brassie is leaning over the bar staring
 at Julie's bosom's.

HARRY V.O.(CONT'D)
 I seem to have inherited Julie,
 the Bar maid. She's been at the
 pub twenty years, knows everyone,
 won't shut up. It is verbal raw
 sewage. They call her the
 bullshit from Bristol. As for my
 regulars... There's Baz and
 Maureen who've both been in the
 village for decades. They've been
 engaged about the same length of
 time. Brassie is one of the many
 idiots this village possesses.
 Not very bright but spends all
 his wages in the pub so I can't
 complain. Big Cliff is a rugby
 man. Can out drink anyone. Does
 not move unless it is to refill
 his blessed pint.

We go straight into a conversation Julie and Brassie are
 having about Julie's enhanced breasts. Julie is holding
 one in each hand.

BRASSIE

So... a thousand pounds a boob?

JULIE

That's right... and well worth it.

BAZ

Who for? You, or the other half?

JULIE

Both of us. It's better shape and stimulation you see.

MAUREEN

What shape are they supposed to be, then, Julie? Pyramid shape?

BRASSIE

So how did they do it then? Remove a nipple and then stuff the gunk in and sew the nipple back on?

MAUREEN

Don't be stupid, Brassie. You must have seen a football being pumped up? Same thing isn't it.

JULIE

It's like the Suffolk Village of the damned around here.

Baz spots Brassie salivating over Julie.

BAZ

Steady on Brassie. You'll end up having a stroke!

BRASSIE

That's what I'm hoping for.

BAZ

So when are the deadly duo back, Julie?

JULIE

They were supposed to be back early afternoon, Baz, but knowing them they've probably had an argument and one of them has copped a sulk.

BRASSIE

I felt a bit sick this morning. Must mean the pipes want cleaning again.

JULIE

SULK you moron. They've had a
barnie, Brassie.

MAUREEN

They're not that bad, Julie.
Harry needs to relax a little and
Jeff just needs to pull his socks
up.

BAZ

You ought to tell them both that.

Jeff enters carrying his holiday bag that he proceeds to
dump on the floor.

JEFF

Never again. Ever.

JULIE

What's up? Not a good
destination?

JEFF

The Norfolk broads, fine. Just
don't ever expect me to go with
him again.

Harry enters with his bag.

HARRY

I don't know what you're moaning
about. I wasn't the dip who left
his wallet at home. I had to pay
for everything.

JULIE

Why are you so late?

JEFF

He left HIS wallet in the B & B.
We had to go back and get it.
Plus those bloody roadworks held
us up.

HARRY

This last forty-eight hours we
have lived off my account.
Ungrateful sod.

JEFF

I'm not ungrateful. Look, all I
wanted to do was to follow that
bit of skirt into the club. No,
no. We couldn't do that. Drinks
too expensive.

HARRY

Why don't you join a dating site if your so worried about a bit of skirt.

JEFF

I've tried. They banned me from them all.

HARRY

How have things been, Julie? OK?

JULIE

So, so. Just this mob in as usual.

JEFF

Oh so you haven't done any food?

JULIE

We don't do food when you're here, Jeff. Just a minute, the roadworks are supposed to be diverting the traffic through Sandwich Green.

HARRY

Yes, and everyone is so unhappy about it. (Big grin on his face)

BAZ

I take it you're not.

HARRY

Nope. Think about it. More trade.

JEFF

More food?

JULIE

I wouldn't bet on it.

HARRY

Our night away has also not been in vain.

JEFF

Oh how so?

HARRY

Well I know what we are going to do with those spare rooms we have. We do 'em up and rent 'em out. B & B style. Baz and Brassie could do them up and put a bit of brushwork on the walls. Door in to the bathrooms. Sorted.

JULIE

Which rooms?

HARRY

The spare room upstairs next to
Jeff's room and the room
downstairs underneath.

(to Baz)

Bazza me old mate.

BAZ

No.

HARRY

How about I wipe your bar tab
clean?

BAZ

Done.

HARRY

Same for you, Brassie.

JULIE

Are you sure that's wise?

HARRY

It's only fifteen quid.

JULIE

That was before you left
yesterday. He came in here half
an hour after you left and has
been in here ever since.

Everyone looks at Brassie who is now sat at a table
grinning inanely, holding a newspaper upside down.

HARRY

OK How much is it now?

JULIE

£278!

HARRY

Bloody hell. I'll let him a have
a couple of freebies instead.

JEFF

Why does it have to be the room
next to mine. They might hear me.

BIG CLIFF

What would they be hearing, Jeff?

JEFF

Well, I might be entertaining.

Julie bursts out laughing.

JULIE

More like you'll have one of your mucky movies on.

JEFF

Who told you about them? Anyway, they're not mine. They're Bazza's.

Maureen thwacks Baz round the head.

MAUREEN

I told you to get rid of those.

BAZ

I did. I sold them to Jeff.

HARRY

Cheer up, Jeff. You never know, We might get Angelina Jolie in here one night.

JEFF

Oh. I never thought of that. Birds. Cracking idea, Harry. Cracking.

4

INT. LAZY DOG MAIN BAR - DAY

4

It is the following morning and Baz and Brassie are tooled up ready for the day of decorating ahead. They are receiving instructions from Harry.

HARRY

Right, we're just going to nip to the brewery and then the wholesaler. We'll be gone most of the day so you should be done by the time we get back.

JEFF

Just give the kitchen the once over if you get a chance.

HARRY

Your priority is the two rooms. Only don't muck 'em up. I want them available to use as guest rooms tomorrow. See you.

BRASSIE

Leave it to us, Harry. No problem.

JEFF

Oh can we nip to the D.I.Y. merchant. I need to pick up a drill bit.

HARRY

What do you want a drill bit for?

JEFF

Um no reason. Just some project of mine.

Harry and Jeff exit.

BAZ

Well you scarper upstairs and do that room and I'll do downstairs. You sure you know what you're doing?

BRASSIE

Yes, Baz. Just get on with it.

5 **INT. LAZY DOG MAIN BAR - DAY**

5

Harry and Jeff enter the bar. There is an eerie silence.

JEFF

Bit quiet ain't it?

HARRY

That's not a good sign. Come on. let's see if the pub is still standing.

6 **INT. GUEST ROOM 1 - DAY**

6

Harry and Jeff open the door to the new guest room to find a lovely, neat and tidy room with the bed made.

HARRY

My god.

JEFF

It's smashing. Do you wanna look upstairs?

HARRY

No. It'll be fine if this is anything to go by. They've done a good job. Come on, get that stew on the go. I'm just gonna have a quick smoke.

7

EXT. LAZY DOG CAR PARK - DAY

7

Harry is outside smoking a cigarette, getting some air and sanity from the pub for five minutes. The Village vicar, FATHER GREENE cycles past in a 1940's style bike with a whicker basket. His Vicars black cape is flapping in the wind. He careers straight into a ditch, slightly worse for wear.

HARRY

Blimey Vicar, are you OK?

Harry helps Father Greene up.

FATHER GREENE

Oh no Harry. It looks like it is beyond repair.

HARRY

Looks like a slight buckled wheel to me, rev. Nothing a good, hard knee into it won't sort out. I'll get Jeff to do it later.

FATHER GREENE

I don't mean the bicycle.

Father Greene picks up a box of wine which is pouring out wine from a piercing in the box, watering can style.

HARRY

Oh don't worry Father. I know where you can get another nice box of red. The shops just opened.

FATHER GREENE

Oh bless you Harry, dear boy. Bless you. God will be smiling on you today, my friend.

HARRY

Do you reckon? Well, if you could have a word with him later. Tell him to throw a few quid my way will you? Got the tax returns coming up and all that guff.

FATHER GREENE

Oh come. Harry, my boy. Money's not everything. In fact, sometimes I believe it to be a sin. And besides... He's skint. You've seen the clothes he wears. You've got your health, Harry, that's all you can ask for.

Father Greene then starts coughing in a too much drink and too many fags kind of way.

HARRY

Yes, well you ain't sounding too sharp, Father. Look, why don't you take it easy? You run around this village like a lawnmower run on Red Bull. Only last Sunday they found you asleep under the church organ.

FATHER GREENE

It was my birthday the night before, Harry. And the Sandwich Green way is to drink your age, you know that.

HARRY

Yes, but you're 74!

FATHER GREENE

I know. Can't wait for next year.

HARRY

Why don't you get yourself another pair of hands? You know, to help out a bit. In fact, I know just the bloke...

FATHER GREENE

Who?

HARRY

Brass...

FATHER GREENE

Sweet Jesus, No. I want someone...

HARRY

With a brain cell? He isn't as stupid as he looks, Father. He's got a heart of gold. He did get a word in the sport crossword the other day. It wasn't the right word but it still fit the 3 spaces. Look, OK, he is bloody stupid but he can do all the menial jobs. Polishing the church pews, lighting the candles and filling up the font.

FATHER GREENE

Harry, you seem to forget. I buried his mother last year - at the second attempt!

HARRY

Oh yes, I did hear about that.
How is the Poodle now?

FATHER GREENE

(shakes his head)

Well, I suppose it wasn't all his fault. Stringfellows is busy on a weekend night. Anyway, I must be away. I'm not your normal nine to five vicar, you know. I've got an exorcism to bang out. Mrs Blackbeard reckons her living room is haunted so I'm going round to get rid of any evil spirits.

HARRY

As well as drinking them?

FATHER GREENE

By the end of the day the whole house will be haunted and at twenty five quid a room, should be a nice little earner. Might get to PVC the vicarage windows at this rate.

HARRY

You're full of it, aren't you, Father.

FATHER GREENE

Alcohol, mainly. Take care, Harry, my friend. People to marry, Babies to christen and many to bury.

Father Greene bikes off in comedy buckled wheel fashion.

HARRY

Make sure you don't bury the bride and christen a corpse, you drunken old sod!

8

INT. LAZY DOG KITCHEN - DAY

8

Jeff is mooching about in the kitchen. Looking busy but creating nothing. Harry walks in.

HARRY

Have you seen my jock strap anywhere, Jeff? I'm playing badminton later with Farmer Nash.

JEFF

Cobweb Mary has washed all your badminton gear and bunged it out on the line. I told her you had a big game against that old tight arse so I said you'd probably appreciate it, H.

HARRY

Well I am shocked young Jeffrey. You two have used a bit of initiative for a change. Better strap ourselves in 'cos it could be a bumpy ride!

Harry takes the lid off a saucepan on the hob and grimaces.

HARRY (CONT'D)

What on earth is that?

JEFF

What?

HARRY

This?

JEFF

Well, what does it look like?

HARRY

Pond Algae.

JEFF

That's soup I did for the biddies from Masonry court.

HARRY

That was a fortnight ago.

JEFF

And...

Harry shakes his head and walks out to retrieve his badminton gear.

9

EXT. LAZY DOG GARDEN - DAY

9

Harry steps outside and then stops suddenly.

CUT TO:

We view the washing line that contains 5 shuttlecocks and a bent badminton racket.

CUT TO:

Back onto a baffled Harry.

HARRY
I don't... bloody nora... she's
only gone and... JEFF!

Jeff pokes his head out of the door.

JEFF
What's up? You find your jock
strap, Harry?

HARRY
Our cleaner's a jock bloody
strap. She's only gone and put it
all in the machine. Look at it.
How am I supposed to play with
that?

JEFF
Err... Badly?

10

INT. LAZY DOG MAIN BAR - DAY

10

Early evening and the regulars are in tow with Harry, Jeff
and Julie behind the bar.

HARRY
Next time, do it my way or not at
all as your Grandad used to say.

JEFF
Here, H. What was Grandad like?
The only picture I have of him
was the very faded one I took off
Nanna's dartboard.

HARRY
Oh he was a real Casanova. The
total opposite of you. Everyone
warmed to him, especially the
ladies. He had a special sort of
magnetism.

JEFF
What did he look like? My picture
is so old and creased it could
have been anybody.

HARRY
He was tall, had a distinctive
limp. He also had this scar from
his right eye down to his mouth.
And half his left ear was
missing.

JEFF
Blimey! What was it? Old war
injuries?

HARRY

No. He forgot to put the guard on
the food mixer.

In walks three members of the Bowls club. All are aged
seventy plus. Their bowls whites are grass stained and
they are nursing cuts and bruises. One member is helping
another walk with his dodgy ankle.

HARRY (CONT'D)

What happened to you lot?

ELDERLY BOWLER

Oh there was punch up on rink
three. Big Brenda got arrested!

Big Cliff's ears prick up.

BIG CLIFF

My wife's been arrested?

JEFF

You better run then, Cliff.

BIG CLIFF

You're joking aren't you? Means I
get more time in here.

JULIE

Thought you were working later?

BIG CLIFF

Course I am. These Double
Decker's don't drive themselves.

Harry helps the elderly bowlers to the door.

HARRY

You're better off going to the
quacks rather than staying in
here. I don't want any blood on
the carpet. Thinking of having
them cleaned, soon.

At this point a young, slender BLONDE walks in. Jeff
doesn't notice at first, but everyone else does!

HARRY (CONT'D)

Good evening love, what can I get
you?

BLONDE

Hello. (big saucy smile) mmm I'd
like a slimline tonic, please. No
ice.

Jeff looks up and does a double take.

JEFF

Cor... Umm. I'm just going to
take this up to my room.

He then produces out of nowhere the longest drill bit you
have ever seen and legs it upstairs.

Harry gets the drink.

HARRY

Here you go. Pound sixty, please.
Would you like a slice of lemon
in there too?

The blonde hands over the cash and nods.

BLONDE

Please. I also wonder if you
might have a room for the night?

HARRY

Oh we have two rooms but they're
not ready yet.

BLONDE

But the sign outside.

HARRY

Sign? what sign?

JULIE

Jeff put it up earlier.

HARRY

He's in a hurry isn't he? Um OK
Yes, we have a room. Julie, could
you please pass me the key to
room one. The downstairs one.

JULIE

Here you go.

There is then the SOUND of drilling coming from upstairs.

HARRY

What is he doing up there?

JULIE

Putting up a shelf for his DVD
collection I would imagine.

HARRY

(to the blonde)
Feel free to sit with my
regulars.

The blonde looks and listens in on the conversation.

Big Cliff is there with a half-full pint, a full pint, a short and a glass of red wine. Brassie has a lager as does Baz. Maureen is nodding off.

BAZ

I don't call losing three fingers only a scratch, Brassie!

BIG CLIFF

What was he doing anyway?

BRASSIE

Gawd knows. But I've told him to sue the manufacturer. It distinctly said on the side of the chainsaw to "only use when well lubricated"

Cliff and Baz look at each other.

BAZ

Don't you think they meant the chain?

BRASSIE

No. That bloody thing was covered in oil!

BLONDE

(to Harry)

I think I'll go to my room after all.

HARRY

Oh OK. Do you have any luggage?

BLONDE

Only this case here.

HARRY

Brassie - would you be so kind as to take the case to the ladies room? Please?

Brassie looks the blonde up and down.

BRASSIE

Yeah, alright.

11

INT. GUEST ROOM 1 - DAY

11

Brassie and the blonde enter the guest room and Brassie places the case on the bed. He then goes to the door and tries to lean against it looking cool, like.

BRASSIE
Anything else I can do for you
madam?

BLONDE
Er. No. I'm alright, thanks.

BRASSIE
Well if you need anything in the
night. Anything. I'm always
downstairs.

Brassie flicks his hair suggestively and then turns round to leave revealing a thick white stripe of gloss paint on his back from a still wet door frame.

12 **INT. JEFF'S ROOM - DAY** 12

Jeff is drilling a spy hole about head height into his wall.

13 **INT. GUEST ROOM 2 - DAY** 13

We view the wall adjacent to Jeff's. There is a framed oil painting of Margaret Thatcher on the wall. The drill bit pokes out of the wall through one of her eyes. Lucky, that.

14 **INT. LAZY DOG MAIN BAR - DAY** 14

Harry is trying to entertain and telling everyone about the Norfolk Broads. Julie boring everyone about the greater experience she had there with her husband Paul.

Suddenly there is BOOM sound. Everyone stops for a moment.

BAZ
What was that?

JULIE
Jeff still "Doing it himself"
upstairs I imagine.

Boom.

HARRY
That wasn't from upstairs.

Boom.

JULIE
It's coming from outside.

The main door to the bar opens and lodged in the doorway is a massive, fat, out of breath, bearded Lorry driver, STACKS, Looking like he hasn't washed this month.

STACKS

Hi. Wondered if I could have a room for the night.

JULIE

No, we've just let it out. Sorry.

HARRY

Now let's not be hasty, Julie. We have one room left. On the first floor.

STACKS

Cool. I'll have it. Beats sleeping in the cab again.

HARRY

Do you need any help getting through the door, there, Mr?

STACKS

Stacks, they call me. Haystacks. After that famous wrestler, Big Daddy. Cos of my size.

JULIE

Are you sure it's wise to put him upstairs? Those steps are not the strongest.

HARRY

Oh it's OK Julie. I think I know what Jeff has been doing with that Drill. Give "Stacks" the keys to guest room two, please.

STACKS

Do you mind if I dump my food wrappers in here.

HARRY

No. There's a bin in that corner.

STACKS

Thanks.

Stacks then enters fully into the bar with a massive bin liner full of rubbish.

STACKS (CONT'D)

Is there a Burger van round here? I haven't eaten for an hour. The Doctor says I've got to eat regularly to keep my blood sugar levels up. It ain't easy sitting down all day driving an artic.

HARRY

They probably mean fruit or veg,
Mr Stacks.

STACKS

(grimaces)
I hate sodding fruit.

BAZ

No Shit!

Maureen whacks Bazza's shin.

STACKS

What do they know anyway? They
only give you the time of day if
you're on your bloody death bed.

HARRY

There's Greasy Gertrude's Burger
van about eighteen miles away Mr
Stacks. The pork is cheap, the
eggs are burnt and the coffee is
putrid.

STACKS

Hmph. It just took me half an
hour to get out of the cab.

HARRY

We do food at this pub. Here,
have a look at our menu.

STACKS

Anything you'd recommend?

BAZ

How about a treadmill?

Maureen kicks Bazza's other shin.

HARRY

What do you fancy?

STACKS

Burger... Hot Dog... Chips...
Pizza... Ice Cream...

HARRY

Well I'm sure my chef could
recreate his best Roadside Burger
Mr Stacks. You know, kick it on
the floor a bit...

STACKS

(reading the menu)
What's organic?

HARRY

It's meat, poultry, fruit and veg
that's been grown naturally
without the need of a pesticide.
My Regular Barry swears by
organic produce don't you, Baz.

BAZ

Well, Maureen does, H. The
downstairs bog is very organic in
the morning.

Stacks walks off.

HARRY

You berk, Bazza.

BAZ

What?

HARRY

I could have sold starter, main
and dessert three times over to
that blob and we triple the price
for that organic junk and made a
bit of profit for once.

BAZ

But it's not organic. It comes
out of a tin from the village
shop.

HARRY

But the blob wouldn't know that.
For all his taste buds know it
could be out of the cat litter
tray.

BAZ

At least Jeff would get one good
review.

Stacks re-enters and then produces a large water carrier
filled to the brim with yellow liquid. He puts it close to
Big Cliff's face who immediately turns and starts to dry
retch.

STACKS

Can you get rid of this, please?
But I want the bottle back.

HARRY

Julie - Get rid of that please.

JULIE

Why me?

HARRY

I'm the boss and you're the understudy.

JULIE

Sod off - Brassie get rid of that.

BRASSIE

Sure.

Brassie takes the bottle and then walks round and starts pouring the offending yellow liquid down the bar sink where all the glasses are ready to be washed up.

BRASSIE (CONT'D)

What is it? Lucozade?

Harry turns to see what Brassie is doing.

HARRY

Not in there!

Everyone turns to see where Brassie was pouring the liquid and they are all horrified.

JULIE

Yeah not in there.

(beat)

Use Jeff's Kitchen sink.

Harry shakes his head at Brassie who then goes outside to use the drain.

STACKS

I think I'll go straight up. One of the eggs I had this morning must have been on the turn.

HARRY

Your room is just through that door and up the stairs on the left.

STACKS

Yeah Cheers.

Stacks disappears through the door. We hear the squeak of each step as he slowly, very slowly, makes it upstairs. Harry and Julie wince at each other with each step, hoping they don't give way, then the noise stops.

HARRY

Thank god for that.

BAZ
I thought I was in for another
repair job, there.

Jeff enters.

HARRY
Where have you been?

JEFF
Busy. Just doing some alterations
to my room. With these two doing
the rooms up I thought I'd do
mine, too.

HARRY
You must show me one day.

JEFF
Where's our guest?

BRASSIE
Just gone up, Jeff.

JEFF
Oh well, think I'll have an early
night.

JULIE
Yes but Je...

Jeff exits.

HARRY
It's OK Julie. Jeff's had a
tiring weekend away. Let him
sleep.

FLASH, 60, Bald head, Glasses, bland brown suit and tie,
enters the bar

HARRY (CONT'D)
Hello Flash. How's things?

FLASH
OK

HARRY
Haven't seen you in a while?

FLASH
No.

HARRY
Well I'm glad we cleared that one
up. Bloody hell. What would you
like to drink, Flash?

FLASH
Lemonade tops, please Harry.

HARRY
Righto, Flasho.

FLASH
Advice needed.

HARRY
Huh?

FLASH
Advice needed.

HARRY
Last time you wanted advice it
was what colour scart lead you
were going to buy.

FLASH
I went with brown.

HARRY
Wonderful.

FLASH
Blended in better with the
carpet.

HARRY
You've got a brown carpet too?

FLASH
Yeah. What? Too flashy?

HARRY
Not at all.

FLASH
The Tie.

HARRY
Eh? What about it?

FLASH
What do you think?

HARRY
Well, yeah. It's a tie isn't it.

FLASH
Not too over the top?

HARRY
It's brown too, Flash.

FLASH
Yes, but it's silk.

HARRY
Kill me now.

FLASH
I hear you have an attractive young lady staying here.

HARRY
Yes, that's right, Flash. Hang about, how do you know about that? She only checked in half an hour ago.

FLASH
Social media. Jeff put up a picture of her saying he wouldn't mind giving her one.

HARRY
Bloody hell, he'll get us arrested!

15

EXT. LAZY DOG MAIN BAR WINDOW - DAY

15

Two characters, BILLY, 35, looks like a tramp and GARLICK MICK, 70, scarf and fingerless gloves, are outside the pub window. Garlick is peering in.

BILLY
Can you see her, then, Garlick?

GARLICK
Not half, Billy. Cor she's got fantastic knockers.

BILLY
First bit of crumpet we've had in the village for years. What colour hair's she got?

GARLICK
She's bald.

BILLY
Bald? Let me have a butchers. That's Flash you berk!

16

INT. LAZY DOG MAIN BAR - DAY

16

ECU - Flash (looking into camera)

FLASH
Thay sayall chee-up bey-ar at thisear pub with a sloight twee-ust... buh.

Reverse shot of Barry holding up a card with the exact same dialogue on. Barry is teaching Flash "Suffolk"

BARRY
Very good that, Flash. Now the next one.

Barry changes to another card that reads:

They do fooward hayare too if ass what yer aafter?

Superimpose subtitle: They do food here too if that's what you're after?

17

INT. LAZY DOG MAIN BAR - NIGHT

17

BARRY
So when am I getting the cash for those tickets then, Jeff?

JEFF
Ah Erm Well, having a bit of a cash flow crisis at the moment and Harry's not helping. He's borrowing money off me, now.

MAUREEN
Well that's a sign he likes you.

JEFF
Twenty quid he borrowed off me last Friday morning. All so he could make up my wages Friday evening.

BARRY
Well you got it back, then.

Harry enters.

HARRY
Jeffrey, a word, please. Look you total dingbat, you can't go taking pictures of our guests and uploading them onto social media.

JEFF
I didn't I put it on face...

HARRY
That blonde see's her thrup-ney bits on there and I imagine she'll go potty!

JEFF
Don't get your Y-Fronts in a twist, Harry. Only my media friends can see the pic.

HARRY

Oh well, that's not so bad, then.

JEFF

Yeah, I've only got 900.

HARRY

How have you got 900 friends?

JEFF

Uploaded a doctored pic of Brad Pitt didn't I.

Father Greene opens the pub door and puts his head through.

FATHER GREENE

Have you got a blonde staying here with big...

HARRY

(to Father Greene) OUT!
(to Jeff) Delete that picture you idiot before I gave you a size ten sandwich.

Harry turns back to Flash at the bar.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Rum lot, hey Flash?

FLASH

Indeed. I haven't been in of late as I have decided to get a girlfriend.

HARRY

Really? And when will we meet her?

FLASH

I don't have one, yet. I'm on the lookout. I've always used the advice my mother gave me. "Just be yourself."

HARRY

Wise woman, your mum. Or maybe insane.

FLASH

Seventeen years ago she gave me that advice and I've always held it in good stead.

JEFF

Any luck in the meantime?

FLASH

Oh I went on a date only last week. We went to a lovely restaurant, down near the quayside. I'd just ordered our starters and my date went off to the loo. I found her later, after I'd finished off my last spoonful of desert. She was stuck in the toilet window.

HARRY

Never mind, Flash.

FLASH

Had to call the fire brigade and everything..

JEFF

There's always the next seventeen years.

FLASH

So I thought I'd come and try my luck with this lady in your pub. I have a new technique I'd like to try that I've been reading about. It's called Peacock theory. A Peacock flutters it's beautiful feathers to stand out from the crowd and attract. I shall do the same.

JEFF

But you stand out about as much as a magnolia wall, Flash.

FLASH

Not with these, I don't.

Flash takes out a pair of over-sized party glasses that have Blackpool written on them and they light up. They look ridiculous with Flash's brown suit and demeanor. He puts them on.

The Blonde enters the bar.

BLONDE

(to Harry)

Any chance of another pillow, love? I've got terrible neck-ache.

The Blonde turns and looks at Flash who smiles.

JEFF

I need help. What's been seen can never be unseen.

Jeff exits upstairs again.

24 **INT. JEFF'S ROOM - NIGHT** 24

Jeff enters and paces round the room a bit then picks up a magazine and decides to go to the loo. He exits.

25 **INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - NIGHT** 25

Jeff opens the door to find stacks sitting on the loo reading the newspaper.

STACKS

Evening.

JEFF

Oh Dear God.

Closes the door again swiftly.

26 **INT. LAZY DOG MAIN BAR - NIGHT** 26

Jeff bursts through the door. Harry, Julie and the regulars turn to see what the commotion is.

JEFF

They've only put the door in to the wrong bathroom.

HARRY

What do you mean?

JEFF

These two herbert's have only put a door in from the guest room to our bathroom and not the one they were supposed to.

BAZ

Um.. Brassie did upstairs. I did the one downstairs.

HARRY

You were supposed to be supervising.

(turns to Brassie who is trying to get salt out of the pepper pot or something similarly stupid)

Brassie, what did I tell you about the door?

BRASSIE
 (absolutely plastered)
 Rabbits! Blue ones! Pink ones.

HARRY
 How much sauce has he had today?
 Clearly helping himself to the
 tap.

BAZ
 Well he did say he was getting
 the brew in, frequently.

27

INT. LAZY DOG MAIN BAR - DAY

27

Jeff is putting glasses back on the shelves. Julie is
 dusting the bar. Brassie is at the bar.

Harry enters.

HARRY
 Morning. How are our guests?
 Barbie and the blob.

JULIE
 Both checked out.

HARRY
 Ah good. Julie and Brassie. Would
 you both be able to go to the
 guestroom upstairs and clean up
 after that thing. I dread to
 think what he's been doing up
 there.

BRASSIE
 Oh God. Why do I have to do it.

HARRY
 I can't leave a job like that to
 Julie. It needs double measures.

Julie and Brassie exit.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 I think the guest room idea will
 be a success. Once the clowns put
 the door in the right place.

JEFF
 Yeah I need them to do a bit of
 filling in, too. A hole has
 appeared in my wall.

HARRY
 You really are a muppet aren't
 you.

28 INT. LAZY DOG MAIN BAR - DAY

28

Harry is chatting to a lady diner and Jeff comes out with a food order. As he walks up to give the food to the diner he spots something erroneous on the dish.

JEFF

How did that get in there?

Jeff pulls out Harry's Jock Strap from the stew.

Julie enters.

JULIE

Phew It's all done. Only Brassie can't find the remote for the TV.

CU on HARRY's face as he then realises where the remote may be.

29 INT. LORRY CAB - DAY

29

Stacks is driving his truck when he feels a bit uncomfortable. He reaches under a fold of skin under his arm and pulls out the remote.

FADE OUT:

Cast:

Harry.....Christian Hood

Jeff.....Euan Stocker

Julie.....Ffyona Dudley

Baz.....Richard Cook

Flash.....Bhasker Patel

Maureen.....Wendy Mercer

Father Greene.....John Corker

Brassie.....Aaron Bennett

Blonde.....Holly Rowley

Big Cliff.....Andy Mayes

Stacks.....Paul Stocker

Garlick.....Mick Orton

Billy.....Matt Lockwood

Bowler 1.....Peter Rich

Bowler 2.....TBA

Bowler 3.....TBA

Crew:

Camera.....Stuart Atkins, Sam Bignell

Cinematography.....Vincent Leuleu

Sound.....Jamie Brown

Make Up.....Angie ..

Stills.....Angela Lockwood

Writers.....Gary Stocker, Paul Stocker

Producer.....Matt Lockwood

Director.....Gary Stocker