

Expired Food
by

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1. Sir George

FADE IN:

INT. GAMESHOW STUDIO - DAY

After a few hours setting up, and everyone from the staff to the audience behaving completely normally and as expected, the game show host is given the all clear and starts the game show competition.

GAMESHOW HOST, a typical light-hearted and well dressed day time presenter, with a cheerful, but sensible demeanor. 40 years old with greying hair and a goatee.

GAMESHOW HOST
(Calmly)
Contestant A, can you
tell me who invented
the lightbulb?

CONTESTANT A, a regular middle class 40 year old, wearing a suit and hopeful of winning a large amount of money.

CONTESTANT A
Alexander Graham Bell.

SIR GEORGE (CONTESTANT C), an extremely arrogant, self confident and immature 80 year old, wearing an old fashioned, red military uniform with medals that he bought from a charity shop.

SIR GEORGE
(sniggers)

HOST
(Ignoring Sir George)
No, it's Edison.

HOST
Contestant B, which 60s band had a hit
with 'You Really Got Me'?

CONTESTANT B, a 20 year old university student, positive, energetic and ambitious.

CONTESTANT B
The Rolling Stones.

SIR GEORGE
(Tries to control his
laughter)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOST
(Getting irritated)
It was the Kinks. Please stop that.

SIR GEORGE
(Laughing)
Sorry.

HOST
(Still quite calm)

Sir George, who wrote The Lord of the Rings?

SIR GEORGE
(Extremely confidently)
BRAD MACALPINE.

HOST
No, it was Tolkein.

SIR GEORGE
(Confident)
NO.

HOST
(confused)
Sorry?

SIR GEORGE
NO.

HOST
(comes to the
conclusion Sir George
is an idiot)
..... Contestant A, what is 12 x 14?

CONTESTANT A
(confused by Sir
George)
172?

SIR GEORGE
(cries with laughter)

HOST
(more irritated than letting on)
No, it's 168.....

HOST
Contestant B, when did world war 1
start?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CONTESTANT B
 (also confused by Sir
 George)
 1914?

HOST
 'Correct'.

SIR GEORGE
 (laughs then
 sais 'whoops' quietly)

HOST
 (looking forward to the
 answer)
 Sir George, which band had a hit with
 Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club
 Band?

SIR GEORGE
 (extremely confidently)
 TOM AND JERRY'S NO SHIT BRIGADE.

HOST
 (Almost losing it)
 Tom and Jerry's.....??

SIR GEORGE
 (confident)
 Yip.

HOST
 (baffled)
 I've never heard of them...

SIR GEORGE
 They had a hit with...

HOST
 (interrupting and
 starting to lose it)
 No they didn't!!

SIR GEORGE
 (not as confident as
 before, but still
 arrogant)
 Yes...

HOST
 NO!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HOST
(composing himself)
Contestant A, what is the first word in
the dictionary?

CONTESTANT A
(secretly amused by the
conflict)
Aardvark.

SIR GEORGE
(laughs again)

HOST
(angrily)
What do you think it is??

SIR GEORGE
(secretly angry at host
for shouting)
Jalapeno.

HOST
(losing it)
Jalapeno?!?!

SIR GEORGE
(quietly and secretly
nervous)
Yes, I just said that...

HOST
NO, YOU'RE WRONG!!

SIR GEORGE
(a little louder and
holding back anger and
nervousness)
Why say it then?

HOST
You said it, and it's the dumbest
thing I've ever heard!!

SIR GEORGE
(same volume as before)
You said it twice...

HOST
(angry)
What?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SIR GEORGE
(getting slightly
louder)
You said it twice..

HOST
(Still angry)
How can jalapeno possibly be the first
word in the dictionary??

SIR GEORGE
(still trying to hold
back anger and
nervousness)
It is in my dictionary, I burnt it...

HOST
(confused)
You didn't burn all of it?

SIR GEORGE
(still trying and
giving the host a
deliberately weird
look)
No... I wanted it.....

HOST
(more confused)
So why.... what...??

SIR GEORGE
(rational and pulling
more faces)
Well if I didn't want it, I would
have burnt all of it, wouldn't I?!

HOST
(pretending not to
care)
Ok.

HOST
(trying to be calm)
Contestant B, is Sir George an idiot?

SIR GEORGE
(standing up for
himself)
I needed the fuel, ok!?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

HOST
(secretly very
intrigued)
..... Why did you need a few pages of
fuel??

HOST
(getting on with the
show)
Never mind, Contestant B, I'll assume
you'd say Sir George is an idiot, so
you get the point.

HOST
(vengefully)
Ah, Sir George. Get out.

SIR GEORGE
(normal tone of voice)
Cake?

HOST
(baffled and angry)
WHAT?

SIR GEORGE
(slightly louder)
Get out cake.

HOST
That's not a phrase!!

SIR GEORGE
(genuine questioning
tone of voice)
Brad Macalpine?

HOST
(angry)
I'm not asking a question, I'm
telling you to get out!

SIR GEORGE
(confused)
Where from?

HOST
(angry and trying to be
clear)
Walk towards the exit, open the exit
door, go through the door, once you're
completely out of the door, shut the
door behind you and never come here
again!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

SIR GEORGE
 (thinks he can make a
 comeback, so trying
 his best)
 But where do I get the out?

HOST
 Forget the out, Ok? Leave the
 building.

SIR GEORGE
 (thinks he understands)
 Ok.

HOST
 (surprised)
 What?

SIR GEORGE
 (confidently)
 Ok!

HOST
 (cheerfully)
 Oh! Ok! Goodbye, then!

SIR GEORGE
 (confused)
 What?

HOST
 AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARGGGGHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!
 AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRGGGGGGGGHHHH
 HH!!!!!!!!!!!!

HOST
 (calms himself down)
 Ok. Contestant A, how many centimeters
 are
 there in a meter?

CONTESTANT A
 Monday.

SIR GEORGE
 (impressed)
 Good answer.

HOST
 (giving up)
 Alright. Contestant B, you win,
 congratulations!!

2. The Start of Something Big

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

FADE IN:

INT. BEN'S BEDROOM - CLOSE TO MIDNIGHT

Ben lives with his middle class parents in a Surrey Suburb. His room is moderately sized, the lights are off, and clothes and guitar magazines lie randomly on the floor.

BEN, an immature 14 year old, uninterested in school. He has spiky hair and a slightly apathetic attitude.

BEN

(eating and drinking
whilst on computer and
thinking to himself)

God, I'm so bored. I've been watching that stupid game show with Sir George on it for so long, I think I'm going to pass out. Hm, this Cocacola tastes funny. What's the use by date? 5/12/2014? Ha. That's tomorrow. Well, well, well. That's the most interesting thing to happen to me all day. All month, if I'm honest. I have to phone someone about this.

(Ben phones Ken)

Yo, Ken! You'll never guess what! I have a can of coke that's about to expire in 2 minutes, and I'm drinking it right now!

KEN, one of Ben's few friends. He is also immature and 14, but thinks Ben is a little bit too crazy. He is also uninterested in school, however.

KEN

Seriously? That's pretty hard core. Taste good?

BEN

Nope. What do you think will happen if I keep drinking it over the next 3 minutes?

KEN

You're fucking crazy. You take things way to far. Throw it in the bin right now.

BEN

Yeah, yeah, I know, I was only joking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

(pleased with himself)
Ah, thrown away just in time!

KEN
(nervous)
Er... Ben? Is your clock accurate? I mean, the clock on my phone uses the internet to get it's time info... I think your clock is slow....

BEN
(annoyed)
Er... what??

KEN
(nervous)
...Oh shit!

BEN
(panicking)
WHAT?!

KEN
Call an ambulance right now!

BEN
(Ben phones 999 and speaks cautiously)
Hello? I've just drank expired coke....

NURSE ON THE PHONE, a 50 year old woman, whose appearance is unknown. She speaks with a typical Surrey middle class accent, and has a high tone of voice. She handles the calls when people dial 999 and ask for an ambulance.

NURSE
(alarmed)
OH SHIT!!!

BEN
SHIT???

NURSE
Yes! How long ago did it go off?

BEN
About a minute ago...

NURSE
Oh my god, that's worse!

BEN
Why?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NURSE

It's more embarrassing for you!

BEN

What is?!

NURSE

I'm just saying, death by drinking coke that went off a year ago, isn't so bad. Death by drinking coke that went off a minute ago.... It will be world news. I'm contacting a newspaper right now...

BEN

WHAT?! WHY AREN'T YOU SENDING AN AMBULANCE RIGHT NOW, INSTEAD?!

NURSE

Send an ambulance?!

BEN

You mentioned death twice!!

NURSE

(calmly and rationally)
Would you want to be in a small vehicle while someone explodes?

BEN

OH MY GOD!

NURSE

Exactly. Oh and by the way... Can you imagine a world where hamsters could vote?

BEN

WHAT?!

NURSE

(cheerfully)
I just think it's funny that's the last thing you'll ever think about. Bye!

BEN

FU.....
(Ben explodes)

3. Justice

FADE IN:

EXT. THE CAMERA FOCUSES ON SIR GEORGE'S HOUSE, THEN IT ZOOMS THROUGH HIS CARELESSLY OPEN DOOR, THEN THROUGH HIS HALLWAY, AND FINALLY IT RESTS IN HIS LIVING ROOM.

His house is in another suburb of Surrey. It is a rather ordinary middle class home. However, a massive Union Jack flag on the top of his house is highly noticeable.

INT. THE CAMERA FILMS IN SIR GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM, CAPTURING HIM LOOKING BORED IN HIS MILITARY UNIFORM. THEN THE CAMERA ZOOMS IN TO HIS TV. - 6PM

His living room is tidy, and Union Jack flags decorate the walls.

BBC 1 NARRATOR, an intelligent 30 year old who wants to rise to the top of the BBC ladder. While calm and positive most of the time, he can and does become extremely irritable when provoked or when he feels he might be provoked. Sometimes he lashes out for no reason at all, even though he knows that doing so may ruin his career. He is quite unstable.

BBC 1 NARRATOR ON SIR GEORGE'S TV
 (calmly and happily)
 And coming up next is the news;
 Someone explodes after drinking coke
 that expired only seconds before being
 drunk, and after that we have another
 quiz show. Will Sir George ever win a
 competition, and indeed, will he ever
 understand a question? Very exciting
 stuff on the BBC. I wouldn't watch
 channel 4 right now, as the channel
 has very much gone down hill lately,
 and everyone behind it kicks puppies.
 Have a great afternoon, bye!

SIR GEORGE TURNS OFF HIS TV IN DISGUST AND IT GOES BLACK. OVER THE BLACK BACKGROUND THE WORDS, 'THE FOLLOWING MORNING...' IS SHOWN IN WHITE WRITING.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHAT SHOW THE FOLLOWING MORNING.

A standard, but serious chat show format with 1 host, the BBC Narrator, and an unknown musician with a pink mullet. The musician doesn't speak in this scene, or in the whole of this script.

HOST, a serious, unemotional and puritanical 60 year old in a grey suit and tie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOST

(composed)

As our guest this morning, we have the BBC 1 narrator who caused controversy by grossly insulting Channel 4. He is here this morning to explain his side of the story. Welcome.

BBC 1 NARRATOR

(calmly)

Thank you for having me.

HOST

Yesterday, you caused national outrage by not only criticising Channel 4, but also accusing everyone who works for the channel of committing serious acts of animal cruelty. What do you have to say about that?

BBC 1 NARRATOR

(seriously)

Things have been completely blown out of proportion here. First of all, when I said that the channel had gone downhill, what I meant was that their programs had become more exciting. Things that go downhill move very quickly, and I'm sure you agree, going fast is a lot of fun. Secondly, when I said that everyone at channel 4 kicks puppies, I was being very abstract. The BBC is well known for its sophistication and its intellectual content, not just from the programs, but from the narration as well. When you kick puppies, preferably with some kind of metal shoe, you cause the dog a lot of pain. When any animal suffers, the brain produces opioids to counteract this pain. When the brain does this, the animal then starts to feel good. Therefore, kicking puppies, or perhaps even pelting them with sticks, is hypothetically a good thing, and everyone who works for channel 4 does good. I'm sorry if I wasn't being clear.

CHAT SHOW HOST

So you're sorry about what you said?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NARRATOR
Oh, fuck you.

NARRATOR
(alarmed at himself)
Oh, no!

CHAT SHOW HOST
(stunned and enraged)
WHAT?!

NARRATOR
(containing himself)
.... 'Fuck you' is an acronym. It means..... 'Foolish Unforeseen Cockup, on my part that is. Er..... Um. I regret what I said yesterday, basically. I didn't think it through.....

HOST
IT DOES NOT MEAN THAT! What does the 'K' and 'You' mean, then??

NARRATOR
(still containing himself)
I'd appreciate it if you didn't shout. This is the exact kind of rubbish I'd expect from channel 3.

NARRATOR
(failing to contain himself)
.... Bunch of morons. Why don't you punch a gazelle?!

NARRATOR
(alarmed at himself)
Oh, not again!!

HOST
(astonished)
..... I don't know what to say....

NARRATOR
(composed)
I bet you don't, you cow slapping scum.

NARRATOR
(shocked)
AARGH!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HOST

I think we've all had enough of this.
Please leave the show.

NARRATOR

(silent)

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

A court room in London filled with serious, yet baffled onlookers who have never seen such a case before.

JUDGE, a serious 70 year old wearing the typical judge clothes and wig. His irises go crazy and vibrate maniacally when he gets angry. He gets angry easily.

JUDGE

You are in court today, charged with defamation and use of profanity on a daytime show. What have you got to say for yourself?

NARRATOR

To be honest, I'm kind of reluctant to say anything.

JUDGE

(annoyed)

And why is that?

NARRATOR

(nervous)

Please don't.

JUDGE

(more annoyed)

Please don't what??

NARRATOR

(becoming very agitated)

I'm begging you!

JUDGE

Do you want to be charged with contempt of court as well?!

NARRATOR

Why the hell would I want that?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NARRATOR
 (mortified)
 NOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

4. Injustice

FADE IN:

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

A tidy psychiatrist's office in London, with pictures of kittens, puppies and flowers hanging on the wall.

PSYCHIATRIST, a calm and composed 25 year old man, who is well dressed, in smart clothes. His level of intelligence is ambiguous.

PSYCHIATRIST
 (calm and relaxed)
 Good morning, what are you here for today?

JUDGE
 (edgy)
 I've just been really stressed lately. I've had to deal with some real idiots, and I don't know how to calm myself down.

PSYCHIATRIST
 I see. Can you go into further detail for me, please?

JUDGE
 Well just this week, a defendant was really rude to me, so I charged him with contempt of court. Then he apologised and said how sorry he was, and then he called me a dickhead and started crying! I mean how do you respond to that? Does anyone have any respect anymore?? I try to distract myself, but nothing seems to work!

PSYCHIATRIST
 I see. Well, put it this way: How much does nothing cost?

JUDGE
 (cautiously)
 Well nothing....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PSYCHIATRIST
 (optimistically)
 Well if it costs nothing, what's the
 problem?

JUDGE
 (confused, but not
 doubting
 psychiatrist's
 abilities)
 ... Well it's not working...

PSYCHIATRIST
 You just said nothing works...

JUDGE
 (still assuming
 psychiatrist knows
 what he's talking
 about)
 No, I mean... Nothing doesn't work...

PSYCHIATRIST
 (surprised)
 Everything works??

JUDGE
 (more confused)
 What?..... Nothing makes me feel
 better, as in I can't find a way of
 feeling better.

PSYCHIATRIST
 I see... Well there must be something
 else you can try...

JUDGE
 Well there's nothing left....

PSYCHIATRIST
 Well try that.

JUDGE
 (stunned)
 What?

PSYCHIATRIST
 (waiting for him to
 figure it out)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JUDGE
(still stunned)
Er....

PSYCHIATRIST
(waiting patiently)
.....

JUDGE
(annoyed)
Are you being serious??

PSYCHIATRIST
Of course, is there anything you are
upset about right now?

JUDGE
Can I see your quali?cations, please?

PSYCHIATRIST
If you keep comparing yourself to
other people, you will never be
happy. Just accept some people are
more quali?ed than you.

JUDGE
(angry)
What?! You can't understand simple
sentences!

PSYCHIATRIST
(calmly)
I'm sensing some anger issues from
you. Would you like to
talk about those?

JUDGE
You're making me angry!

PSYCHIATRIST
(calm)
And do other people make you angry?

JUDGE
Yes!

PSYCHIATRIST
(still calm)
And do you get angry about nothing?

JUDGE
Well what do you mean by nothing?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PSYCHIATRIST
(concerned)
You don't know what 'nothing' means??

JUDGE
Not right now, no!!

PSYCHIATRIST
(seriously)
Well, you're clearly very confused
right now, and it's best you are
sectioned...

5. What does justice mean?

FADE IN:

INT. JOB INTERVIEWER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

In the living room of a posh flat in London. The room is very tidy, and very advanced books fill the massive book shelf.

JOB INTERVIEWER, a highly intelligent, intellectual 30 year old woman. However, her tendency to over think clouds her judgement.

(Job interviewer
watching the news)
After the BBC scandal, where a narrator tried to defend himself by using a series of ridiculous arguments, it seems his way of 'reasoning' has spread throughout the country. Robbers have tried to justify burglaries by claiming their actions were simply zany and humorous ways for describing how waiting for buses stole their time, and similarly, arsonists are said to be merely misguided poets describing their irritating, burning sore throats. In other news....

(Job interviewer
switches off TV)
(Job interviewer thinks
to herself, not
understanding that the
robbers and arsonists
lied to try and reduce
their sentences)
Wow. That's confusing. Hm.. I guess
I'm going to have to be a lot more
open minded about the meanings of what
people say...

INT. JOB INTERVIEWER'S OFFICE - DAY

A very tidy, but uninteresting office in London. The psychiatrist from the previous scene is sitting nervous and fidgety.

JOB INTERVIEWER

(concerned)

Hello, I'm here today because many of your patients claim that you are incompetent. What have you got to say for yourself?

PSYCHIATRIST

(sincere but edgy)

I am incompetent. I have absolutely no idea what I'm doing, I admit it.

INTERVIEWER

(open minded and thoughtful)

When you say 'no idea', do you mean that as opposed to ideas, you only have hard facts instead?

PSYCHIATRIST

(cautiously)

What are 'hard facts'?

INTERVIEWER

(surprised and impressed)

Wow, do you mean you only know of facts that are ultra-super-hard?

PSYCHIATRIST

(confused)

I mean I don't even have any qualifications.

INTERVIEWER

(becoming relieved and relaxed)

You don't have 'any' qualifications? You only have qualifications that are relevant?

(Psychiatrist senses from the interviewer that everything is fine, and that he will continue working)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PSYCHIATRIST
 (becoming hopeful and
 less tense)
 I have no qualifications whatsoever.

INTERVIEWER
 And by 'qualifications', do you
 actually mean 'reasons to be here in
 the first place'?

PSYCHIATRIST
 No.

INTERVIEWER
 ...and by 'no', do you actually
 mean 'yes' instead?

PSYCHIATRIST
 (more hopeful)
 No...

INTERVIEWER
 OK! I think I
 understand, now. Well, you clearly
 know your stuff. I guess the judge is
 going to be hospitalised for a very
 long time?

PSYCHIATRIST
 (happy and carefree)
 What's a hospital?

INTERVIEWER
 (unsettled and
 concerned)
 Jesus. Well send my thoughts to him
 and his family.

PSYCHIATRIST
 (happy)
 No!

INTERVIEWER
 Ok, thanks. Well sorry for wasting
 your time. Also, seeing as you're such
 an expert, how do you feel about
 handling a really high profile case?
 It's to get a mentally ill American
 missile designer out of an insane
 asylum. Originally, he was sectioned
 for his bizarre perception of reality,
 but I think someone like you can get
 him free and back into work...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PSYCHIATRIST
(calmly and positive)
.... Yeah, alright....

6. Missile Art

FADE IN:

INT. THE PENTAGON - NIGHT

Inside the Pentagon, Virginia. People are busy doing paperwork, others are working hard on their computers. The interior is impressive, filled with the latest electronic equipment available.

HEAD OF DEFENCE, a respectable, highly responsible, brave and intelligent 60 year old. He is serious, but not overly so. He has a normal, non-threatening personality.

HEAD OF DEFENSE
Hello, Craig, how is your anti-
ballistic missile coming on?

CRAIG THE MISSILE MAKER, an intelligent but infantile 30 year old. He is self centred, but kind of likeable. He is artistic and is a recovering schizophrenic. His level of sanity is debatable.

CRAIG THE MISSILE MAKER
It's nearly finished, I'm just doing
the paint job, and then it will all be
done.

HOD
(impressed)
Wow, you've really put a lot of
effort into that paint job. It's like
Renaissance art mixed with cubism
mixed with surrealism. From an
artistic point of view, it's really
quite something.

CRAIG
(awkward but pleased)
.... Why, thank you!

HOD
(jollily)
Shame it's going to have to be blown
up soon, isn't it!?

CRAIG
(almost speechless)
..... Uh... excuse
me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOD
 (in a more serious
 tone)
 Well it IS a missile...

CRAIG
 (still shocked)
 It's not for display??

HOD
 Of course not, why do you think it's
 armed?

CRAIG
 (very annoyed)
 As a joke? To deter thieves? I don't
 know, do I?!

HOD
 (frustrated)
 Oh, my God, Craig, I heard the rumors
 about you, but I never believed
 them...

CRAIG
 (surprised)
 What rumors??

OTHER DEFENCE WORKER, a neurotic, geeky, 25 year old man in a
 suit and tie. He is clean shaven and has a neat and tidy,
 short hair cut.

(Other defense worker
 walks in the room with
 phone in hand)

ODW
 (nervous)
 Here, you better take this phone call.
 (ODW hands phone to
 HOD)

HOD
 (seriously)
 Hello? Who is this?

VLADIMIR PUTIN, as himself.

VLADIMIR PUTIN
 (also in a serious
 tone)
 It's the Vladmeister.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HOD

What do you want?

VLADIMIR

If you don't agree to our demands, I will launch a nuclear missile to you in 10 minutes.

HOD

(angry)

Then I will blow your missile out of the sky! Won't I Craig!

(HOD hands phone to Craig)

CRAIG

(in a friendly voice)

Hello, Vladimir?

VLADIMIR

(irritated)

Who is this?

CRAIG

This is Craig. I build, design and launch missiles. How are you today?

VLADIMIR

(angry)

I'm not very happy! Give us a billion dollars right now, or I will obliterate an entire American city!!

CRAIG

(trying to find the right words)

... er.. well then, I'll have to send a missile to blow up your missile....

VLADIMIR

(cautiously)

.... You have a missile to destroy my missile??

CRAIG

..... Er..... no.... Well maybe. What city don't you like?

VLADIMIR

Your capital!

CRAIG

(relieved)

Oh thank God, we're in Virginia!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CRAIG (cont'd)
 (HOD cuts in, agitated)
 How's the phone call going, Craig?

(Craig gives a nervous thumbs up to the HOD)

CRAIG
 (relieved, but still
 trying to reason with
 Vladimir)
 Look, Vladimir... Can't we all just
 get along?

VLADIMIR
 (angry)
 Listen! If you don't give us the
 money, now, I will blow up Washington
 DC AND Virginia!!!

CRAIG
 (stunned)
 OH MY GOD!

HOD
 (alarmed)
 What is it??

CRAIG
 (sweetly)
 Nothing!

CRAIG TO VLADIMIR
 (trying to be nice)
 I'm sure we can come to some sort of
 an agreement. Have a billion dollars.
 Hell, take two!

VLADIMIR
 (skeptical)
 Why the change of mood? Just
 yesterday, the Head of Defense called
 the whole of Russia a joke!

CRAIG
 No, no, no, he was just messing with
 you. I believe it's called a 'roast'.

VLADIMIR
 Well, I didn't find it very funny!

CRAIG
 (trying to find the
 right words)
Please don't shout. The Head of
 Defense will be very upset if you're
 angry with him!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

VLADIMIR
(still skeptical)
And why is that?

CRAIG
(saying the first thing
that comes into his
head)
He loves you!

VLADIMIR
WHAT?!

CRAIG
(stunned by his own
stupidity)
It's crazy, isn't it?! Take the two
billion dollars and don't send any
missiles.

VLADIMIR
(angry and not
believing Craig)
Ok, Craig.... I won't send any
missiles.... But I will send a few
bombers round, how do you like that?!

CRAIG
(relieved)
Ok, that's great, thanks, bye!!
(Craig hangs up phone)

HOD
(nervous)
Craig?.... What's going on?....

CRAIG
(still relieved)
Russia is going to bomb us soon...

HOD
(stunned)
And that's fine?!

CRAIG
Of course it is, we'll just send some
missiles to shoot down the bombers...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

HOD
(relieved)
So you're finished with those
missiles?

CRAIG
(nervous)
.... You want to use MY missiles?

HOD
Yes, of course...

CRAIG
..... Oh, God Dammit!

HOD
Craig, why did you want to become a
missile maker?

CRAIG
(annoyed silence)
.....

7. The Pizza Man

FADE IN:

INT. CRAIG'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Craig's house lies in an affluent part of Virginia. It is clean and tidy, and many paintings from all eras hang on his walls.

PIZZA DELIVERY MAN, an unstable and schizophrenic 30 year old. He has an unusual love-hate relationship with Craig. Although Craig is slightly fearful of The Pizza Man, the two have a bond with each other, and have shared much of their lives together.

PIZZA DELIVERY MAN
(to Craig in a
threatening, pretend
friendly tone)
So Craig, I hear you left your job as
a missile maker?..... The thought of
all your work being destroyed get to
you? You know, there's no loss in the
pizza trade. And the money is
good..... for those who like
to.... bend the rules....

CRAIG
(angry but fearful)
I'm not interested!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PIZZA MAN

(threatening)

Oh, yes, you are..... I know all about your dodgy past... Doing 75 miles an hour in a 50 mile an hour zone?

CRAIG

(same mood)

That was years ago!!

PIZZA MAN

Yes, but speed is still in your blood. You know there is some serious money for those who can deliver pizzas in under ten minutes? The tips are more than double what you would normally expect....

CRAIG

(very angry)

I'm not in that game any more, now get out!! GET OUT!!!

PIZZA MAN

(angry)

I'm not going anywhere! We need you. We are the only people who need you. Do you think The Head of Defense appreciates your art? He doesn't care about art, I bet he's never even heard of Albert Gleizes!

CRAIG

(reminiscing)

Albert Gleizes..... My favourite....

PIZZA MAN

(offering support)

I know that Craig, I remember!... I hate to tell you this, but the missile industry isn't interested in art. It thinks it's fucking stupid.

CRAIG

(ignoring him)

You Liar!

PIZZA MAN

(firmly)

I'm not a liar, Craig. You need to face reality.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PIZZA MAN (cont'd)

Is this how you like to live your life? Waking up every day and remembering the fact you're a fucking lunatic who worked in the most pointless job on the planet - missile art?

CRAIG

(hurt)

I bring a moment's pleasure to people just before they die!

PIZZA MAN

(annoyed)

Only to those not running away!

CRAIG

(dismissing the idea)

Some say my art is rather eye catching...

(Pizza Man draws a smiley face on his hand)

CRAIG

(confused)

What are you doing?

(Pizza Man punch Craig in the face)

CRAIG

(shocked)

OW!

PIZZA MAN

(calmly)

Did you care about that drawing?

CRAIG

(upset)

I admired the simplicity of it, I thought it was thought provoking...

PIZZA MAN

(irritated)

No, you didn't you just thought you got punched by a maniac. If anything, the drawing made it worse.

CRAIG

(angry but upset)

You ARE a maniac!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PIZZA MAN

(also angry)

The pizza industry NEEDS maniacs! The pizza industry needs you! Now come with me, there's money to be made RIGHT NOW!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE CRAIG'S HOUSE - NIGHT

An affluent part of Virginia, the neighbourhood looks respectful, and everything is quiet. However, there is a nervous energy in the air.

PIZZA MAN

(whispering)

See this moped? It does 70 miles an hour!

CRAIG

(whispering, shocked, but secretly impressed)

Holy shit! That's 40 miles an hour faster than what's legal!

PIZZA MAN

(annoyed but whispering)

Quiet!

CRAIG

(warming to the idea)

Oh my god. We must be the fastest delivery drivers in town!

PIZZA MAN

The whole of the USA! This is the high life - Only this week, I bought two pairs of trainers.

CRAIG

(slightly impressed)

Ooh, very nice. How's the collection coming on?

PIZZA MAN

(pleased with himself)

It's fucking massive. Now let's go!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CRAIG ON MOPED DRIVING THE PIZZA MAN

The same conditions as before. However the nervous energy has evolved into fear for Craig, and manic anger for The Pizza Man.

PIZZA MAN
(manic)
See that orange light?!

CRAIG
(scared)
Yes....

PIZZA MAN
(Go through it!!)

CRAIG
What?!

PIZZA MAN
GO!

CRAIG
You're fucking crazy! We'll never
make it!

CRAIG
(going through the
orange light)
AAAAAAAAAARGH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

PIZZA MAN
(Exhilarated)
Feel good, huh?!

CRAIG
No!

PIZZA MAN
(not listening)
Good, now do a wheelie!

CRAIG
NO!

PIZZA MAN
Don't piss me off, Craig!

PIZZA MAN
DO IT!

CRAIG
(doing a wheelie)
OH MY GOD!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PIZZA MAN
(laughing manically)
Now do you see that wall?!

CRAIG
(terrified)
Yes!?

PIZZA MAN
Go through it! It's not really
there!!

CRAIG
WHAT?!

PIZZA MAN
Go through the fucking wall!

CRAIG
ARE YOU CRAZY?!

PIZZA MAN
GO THROUGH THE FUCKING WALL!!!!!

(Pizza man grabs hold
of the handlebars and
takes control)

CRAIG
(just as about to crash
and terrified)
OH MY FUCKING GOD!!!!

(Craig and The Pizza
Man crash into the
wall)

CRAIG AND THE PIZZA MAN TOGETHER
(lying on the road in
agony)
Ohhhhh fuck....

PIZZA MAN
(in severe pain, and
sincere)
Craig.....?

CRAIG
(in despair)
What?!

PIZZA MAN
I'm not really a pizza man....
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PIZZA MAN (cont'd)

Remember when we were in hospital, and I told you about my crazy pizza man days?

CRAIG

Yes?

PIZZA MAN

I lied..... I've just spent my life trying to prove gravity doesn't exist. I've broken my legs over 20 times. I also don't believe in walls. They said I was crazy, so they locked me up. I only got out of the insane asylum this week, after one of England's top psychiatrists got me out.

CRAIG

(understanding)

Oh, I know the one.... Are we going to go back, now?

PIZZA MAN

(unsure)

I don't know..... They say that psychiatrist is pretty good.... I mean I feel pretty great right now.....

(Police car pulls up beside Craig and the pizza man)

CRAIG

(tired and apathetic)

Oh, God dammit.....

8. Insanity Becoming the Norm

FADE IN:

EXT. STILL IN THE AFFLUENT SUBURB OF VIRGINIA

Craig and The Pizza Man didn't get far, and are lying on the road a few meters from the wall they crashed into.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OF POLICE CAR

Policeman 1 picks up Craig and The Pizza man in his standard, American police car. He then drives them to the police station.

POLICEMAN 1, a severely schizophrenic policeman. He is 40 years old, and very well built.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His mood is often cheerful, but can switch to rage instantly. However, he does have at least some morals. His unpredictability is due to his illness.

POLICEMAN

(IN A CHEERFUL MOOD)

Wow, you have some real good injuries, there! I've never seen nerves hanging out of a wound, before. I bet it hurts when I do this, doesn't it?

(Policeman excitedly hits pizza man's bone and nerve exposed leg with his truncheon)

PIZZA MAN

(in excruciating pain)
AAAAAARGH!!!! WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU?!

POLICEMAN

(impressed with himself)

I knew that would hurt! I guess I've got the gift. But, then again, I did study biology in school...

PIZZA MAN

(not so impressed)
What?! Even Craig understands the concept of pain!

POLICEMAN

(ignoring him and still cheerful)

Hitting people with guns hurts, too, look!

CRAIG

(trying to contribute)
That's called a pistol whip...

POLICEMAN

(enthusiastically)
Yes, that's right!

PIZZA MAN

(alarmed)
NO!!!

POLICEMAN

(getting annoyed)
Did you just threaten me?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PIZZA MAN
 (surprised and
 defending himself)
 What?! No!

POLICEMAN
 (firmly)
 I'd keep quiet, if I were you.
 Swearing in the presence of a traffic
 light is a serious offense; I saw
 that, you know, so don't make things
 worse!

PIZZA MAN
 (confused)
 What? No it isn't!

POLICEMAN
 (firmly)
 Are you the law?

CRAIG AND PIZZA MAN
 (silence)

POLICEMAN
 (menacingly)
 That's right!.... Now tell that weird
 looking man with a moose head to stop
 singing, I'm trying to concentrate!!

MOOSEMAN, an imagined man with a moose head. A cocky and
 disrespectful hybrid of an animal, who smokes almost
 constantly, and taunts Policeman 1 about everything he does.

(Craig thinks to
 himself 'moose head??'
 then looks around the
 car. There is no
 mooseman)

CRAIG
 (under his breath, and
 trying to distance
 himself from the
 situation)
 Oh, fuck...

POLICEMAN
 (angry)
 Either tell that mooseman to shut the
 fuck up, or your going to die in jail!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CRAIG AND PIZZA MAN TOGETHER
 (nervously)
 Shut up.... mooseman....

POLICEMAN
 (edgy)
 That's better! Now sing him to sleep!

(Pizza Man, without
 thinking sings a White
 Zombie song nervously
 over the top of the
 policeman)

POLICEMAN
 (still edgy)
 Ok, we're going though a real bad
 part of town, right now. People are
 poor round here. Most people can't
 afford safe, pre-sell by date food, so
 there are going to be a lot of
 spontaneous combustions....

CRAIG
 (under his breath and
 nervous, not believing
 the policeman)
 Oh, God...

(Pizza Man stops
 singing)

PIZZA MAN
 (nervous)
 What do you think of LSD? Or do you
 have mental problems or anything like
 that? If not, do you believe in walls?
 Because I'm kind of skeptical.... I
 mean, when you think about it,
 walls...

POLICEMAN
 (angry and cutting in)
 If you threaten me again, I swear to
 God!

(A couple of tramps explode)

CRAIG
 (astonished)
 WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT?!?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

POLICEMAN
 (focusing on driving as
 safely as possible)
 Oh God, here we go!

PIZZA MAN
 (stunned)
 Did those people just explode???

POLICEMAN
 (concentrating hard on
 the road)
 People are desperate round here. It's
 either they take their chances with
 the food they find, or starvation.
 Many of the people round here are
 crazy, too. Who knows what's going on
 in these people's heads.... Like you
 Pizza Man!

POLICEMAN
 (disapproving tone of
 voice)
 'No walls'.... Dear God....

POLICEMAN
 (in a serious tone)
 Oh God, it's a party....

CRAIG
 (very edgy)
 Do you mean..... that more people are
 going to just... explode??

POLICEMAN
 (ignoring him, in a
 grave tone)
 Oh no...

CRAIG
 (shocked)
 WHAT?!

POLICEMAN
 Unopened white wine. Everyone's
 drinking it. That stuff goes off
 straight away! Cover your ears and
 don't look! I know what I'm doing.....
 Don't you worry....

(Partying people randomly start exploding)

CRAIG AND PIZZA MAN TOGETHER
 (shocked)
 HOLY FUCK!!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

(Policeman ploughs car straight through the partiers).

CRAIG

What are you doing?!?!

POLICEMAN

(tensely)

It's what they would have wanted!!
Now tell that moose to shut the hell
up! It's inappropriate!!!!

PIZZA MAN

(starting to cry)

I can't handle this shit! I want to
go back to hospital!

(Pizza Man starts to
sing another White
Zombie song in a
traumatised tone of
voice)

CRAIG

(trying to comfort
Pizza Man)

This is really happening, Ok? It will
all be over soon though, won't it,
officer?

POLICEMAN

(concentrating)

No....

CRAIG

(still trying to
comfort Pizza Man)

.... Ok, it will be over eventually,
won't it.... officer?

POLICEMAN

(being practical)

..... No...

CRAIG

(fearing the worst)

..... When.... will it be over?

POLICEMAN

(getting annoyed)

It's never going to be over,
alright?! Jesus! Give the Pizza Man's
leg a tap for me, will you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

PIZZA MAN
 (still crying and
 stopping singing)
 WHAT?! WHY ME?!?!

(Policeman pulls up by the police station)

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE POLICE STATION - NIGHT

A police station a few minutes from the place Craig and The Pizza Man crashed. The area is similar and also affluent.

POLICEMAN
 (trying his best to get
 through the situation)
 Alright, here we are. Get out of the
 vehicle and come with me...

POLICEMAN
 (getting angry)
 That includes you, mooseman!!
 (silence)

POLICEMAN
 (raging)
 I'VE HAD JUST ABOUT ENOUGH OF YOU,
 MOOSEMAN, COME WITH ME RIGHT NOW!!!!!!

(Craig and Pizza Man
 sneak off, secretly
 giving the policeman
 a 'you're mental'
 look).

9. Proverbs

FADE IN:

INT. BBC NARRATOR'S PRISON CELL - DAY

A prison cell with little in it, other than a few books and letters from friends and family.

BBC NARRATOR
 (thinking to himself,
 calmly and alone in
 his cell)
 God, prison is boring. Maybe if I read
 this philosophy book, I can change my
 perception of reality and find some
 sense of happiness in this place.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BBC NARRATOR (cont'd)
 (Opens book)
 (Still thinking to himself)
 Ok, what have we got here? 'Fortune favours the brave?' Hm, ok. I wonder how that can relate to my situation here... I'll think about it later.
 (getting into the book)
 Ok, I wonder what else we have! 'Curiosity killed the cat?'....
 (starting to get anxious)
 Oh no! I'm curious and I'm the cat!
 (confused)
 But wait... If I'm brave about reading this book, fortune will come to me.... But then again, If I keep thinking about the book, curiosity will kill me....
 (very confused)
 Er....
 (getting more confidence in his thoughts)
 Of course! There is no way way those two statements make any sense when combined, so they must be taken literally! Curiosity kills cats and no-one else!
 (excited)
 Fortune favours being killed? I'm sure the authors weren't suggesting mass suicide!
 (forming a plan)
 Ok. I have to be brave, and I want to be curious. Maybe I should kill cats, whilst being brave.
 (has an exciting 'eureka' moment)
 Of course! I'll kill the prisoner's pet cats by kicking in them in their face, while their backs are turned. That's REALLY brave!
 (bitterly)
 Channel 4 might even employ me, afterwards...

DISSOLVE TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

INT. BBC NARRATOR LATER THAT DAY, TALKING TO A PRISONER -
MIDDAY

A prison hallway with people in the distance, but not up close. The hallway is bare and made mostly of metal bars, grids and plates.

BBC NARRATOR
(excited)
Hello, Jeff!

JEFF, a fellow prisoner of The BBC Narrator. Basically, never really happy. He has much difficulty regulating his emotions, due to his unfortunately sized amygdala.

JEFF
(moody)
What do you want??

BBC NARRATOR
(still excited)
Look over there!

(Jeff turns around, whilst the BBC Narrator kicks Jeff's cat in the face).

JEFF'S CAT
MIAOOOW!!!!

JEFF
(stunned)
..... What the fuck was that?

BBC NARRATOR
(pretending it didn't happen)
Excuse me??

JEFF
(still stunned)
You just kicked my cat right across the room!

BBC NARRATOR
(starting to get nervous)
..... Yes..... brave, wasn't it?

JEFF
(starting to get enraged)
No, it was fucking stupid!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BBC NARRATOR
 (nervously)
 Does fortune favour the
 stupid?

JEFF
 (confused and getting
 angrier)
 What the FUCK are you talking
 about?!?!

(BBC Narrator punches Jeff in the face)

JEFF
 (gobsmacked)
 WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!?!

BBC NARRATOR
 (nervous from apparent
 lack of fortune)
 Being brave?.....

(BBC Narrator nervously hits Jeff again).

JEFF
 (really angry)
 AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARGH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

BBC NARRATOR
 (scared)
 Oh, shit!

(BBC Narrator runs away whilst trying to think of more
 proverbs as quickly as possible).

BBC NARRATOR
 (desperately trying to
 calm Jeff down)
 Two heads are better than one!!

BBC NARRATOR
 (nervously)
 Leave mine alone, if you know what's
 good for you!

(Jeff catches up to BBC Narrator and pins him on the floor).

JEFF
 (very angry)
 I wonder what happens when I do this!!

(Jeff about to punch BBC Narrator in the face).

JEFF'S CAT
 MIAOW!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

(Jeff's cat falls over and dies).

JEFF
(shocked)
Fluffy! What happened?!

CAT IN THE DISTANCE
MIOAW!

PRISONER IN THE DISTANCE
(confused)
What the?!

(CATS IN THE DISTANCE)
MIOAW! MIOAW! Miaow!

GRIEVING PRISONERS
Snuggles! Spot! Jasper!

BBC NARRATOR
(thinks to himself
whilst other prisoners
are distracted)
Of course! You are what you eat!

(BBC Narrator eats an extra strong mint then punches Jeff in the face. Jeff barely moves, but goes red).

BBC NARRATOR
(anxious)
Oh, fuck....

10. A Search for Answers

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

A normal looking police station interior, but the staff are on edge because of all the spontaneous combustions. Various posters warning of the dangers of expired food hang on the walls.

POLICEMAN
(very frustrated)
I can't believe this! Two criminals
have run away, one of whom was
crippled, largely by me, admittedly,
and the mooseman has turned invisible!

POLICEMAN 2, a sometimes immoral policeman, approving of cruelty but not engaging in it. Although he believes in The Mooseman, he is not mentally ill or of subnormal intelligence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In a world where people are frequently exploding, who knows what other crazy things could happen? His apparent shows of morality are superficial ways of avoiding judgement.

POLICEMAN 2

(impressed)

You told me, you hit him right on the nerve!

POLICEMAN

(reminiscing)

Yeah....

POLICEMAN 2

(concerned)

I definitely can't see the mooseman, though, but it's too dangerous to look for the criminals round here. People are exploding more and more, nowadays.... When will this horror end?

POLICEMAN

(brainstorming)

Why would people eating expired food explode? And why has this only started happening recently? And why is it getting worse?

Policeman's Cat dies

MIAOW!!!!

POLICEMAN

(angry)

.....And why did my cat just die for no reason?!.....

POLICEMAN

(pulling himself together)

..... We need the help of someone special. Someone with more than qualifications, someone good. But who?

POLICEMAN 2

(hopeful)

I think I've got it!

POLICEMAN

(listening carefully)

Go on...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

POLICEMAN 2

Throughout history there have always been people who are immune to certain diseases. Not everyone on Earth can be affected by AIDS, for example, as some are born with magic AIDS fighting genes. If we could find someone who doesn't explode whilst eating gone off food, we may be able to find the answer.

POLICEMAN

(inspired)

Of course!... But where could we find such a person?

POLICEMAN 2

(bravely)

In the roughest part of town! The places where people ONLY eat expired food!

POLICEMAN

(tense)

Are you insane?! You just said it's too dangerous to go out!

POLICEMAN 2

(toughening up)

It's our only choice....

DISSOLVE TO:

Policeman and Policeman 2 get into their police car. After driving through miles of people exploding, they reach the poorest part of town. The policemen then get out of car.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROUGHEST PART OF TOWN - DAY

Burnt out cars, litter and craters are everywhere. There is frequent screaming and moans of pain.

POLICEMAN 2

(edgy and quietly)

Ok, let's look for some survivors. There has to be some somewhere...

(EXPLOSIONS IN THE BACKGROUND)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POLICEMAN

(scared)

God, this is horrible... I've never
seen such destruction...

POLICEMAN 2

(hopeful)

Look! That building isn't damaged at
all! Let's go inside and have a look.

(Policemen kick the house's door down and enter, after
knocking and receiving no response).

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WISE OLD MAN'S HOUSE

The lights are turned off, and it is dark inside. It is cold
and the rooms are almost bare.

WISE OLD MAN, a 80 year old bald man with a long grey beard.
He uses a walking stick and speaks slowly, with a croaky
voice. Due to malnourishment, he is very thin and weak.

WISE OLD MAN

(from upstairs, tense
and aggressive)

Who is this?! I'm not hungry, now go
away!!

POLICEMAN 2

(trying to calm him
down)

It's okay! It's the police!

WISE OLD MAN

(very relieved)

Oh, thank God!

POLICEMAN

(openly)

We would like to talk to you!

(Wise Old Man cautiously goes down the stairs and sits down
with the policemen).

WISE OLD MAN

(pleased to see people
not exploding)

What do you want from me? Why are you
here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POLICEMAN

(hopeful)

We want to know how you're still alive. This is the roughest part of town, you are poor and can't afford to eat safe food. What's your secret?

WISE OLD MAN

(edgy)

I'm not going to be able to last much longer. It's only a matter of time before I starve. However, I believe there is hope for humanity, and I think I know what's going on.

(Policemen pull in their chairs and listen very closely).

WISE OLD MAN

(suffering tone of voice)

I tried to contact several food industries so I could stop this madness, but they all threatened to kill me and all of my friends and family I didn't keep quiet. You see, there is a lot of money in it for supermarkets, etcetera, if people are too scared to leave food hanging around too long; In all of this insanity, people are constantly panic buying. This whole situation we're in now with people exploding and God knows what else, is something the ancient Greeks predicted, thousands of years ago. It's a phenomena called 'proverb strengthening'. The more people say proverbs, the more likely they are to become reality. I guess proverb strengthening has finally reached the point of disaster, over the millennia. Don't you see what's going on? Cat's dying for no apparent reason? It's because curiosity kills cats, it was on the news. There is a jail in England where cats died every time someone was curious..... And people dying when they eat expired food? That's because you are what you eat.... Gone off! I'm sure there are others who know of the wisdom of the ancient Greeks, but people in general are being intimidated into silence.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WISE OLD MAN (cont'd)
Tesco's new slogan is 'You Better Keep Quiet', for example, and there new logo is a knife.

POLICEMEN 2
(excited)
Of course, it seems so obvious now!

POLICE MAN 2
(hopeful)
So how can we stop it?

WISE OLD MAN
(defensively)
Leave my cat alone!

POLICEMAN 2
(respectfully)
Yes, of course, I'm sorry.

POLICEMAN 2
(rewording himself)
Something needs to be done about this, and we need your help...

WISE OLD MAN
(driven)
On the news report I was telling you about, there was one man, a BBC Narrator, if I remember correctly, who doesn't seem to be affected by proverb strengthening. We must travel to England to find out his secret.

POLICEMAN
(also driven)
Yes, you're right! We must go as soon as possible!

11. Hope

FADE IN:

INT. BBC NARRATOR'S PRISON CELL - DAY

PRISON WARDEN, a strict and unemotional 40 year old man who loves order.

PRISON WARDEN
(in a serious tone, to the narrator)
There are some people here who would like to speak to you...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRISON WARDEN (cont'd)
 Don't even think about 'being brave'
 this time....

(Prison Warden shuts door).

(Policeman, Policeman 2 and the Wise Old Man optimistically enter the BBC Narrator's cell, and sit on his bed).

POLICEMAN 2
 (friendly tone of
 voice)
 You know everyone here thinks you're
 an idiot?... Well not us! See this
 man?

(Points to The Wise Old
 Man enthusiastically)
 He thinks you are very special. Why
 don't you have some of his food. It's
 his way of saying 'thank you'.

BBC NARRATOR
 (confused)
 For what? I have no idea who he
 is...

POLICEMAN 2
 (still friendly)
 Never mind who he is. Why don't you
 just enjoy his lovely extra soft
 crisps? Mmmm...
 (Strokes his stomach
 excitedly)

POLICEMAN TO POLICEMAN 2
 (quietly and concerned)
 Are you sure about this?

POLICEMAN 2 TO POLICEMAN
 (quietly, seriously and
 reassuring)
 Trust me...

(The Wise Old Man guiltily gives the BBC Narrator his expired crisps).

(As the BBC Narrator eats the food, the three visitors take cover behind his bed, and pretend to look for dropped change).

POLICEMAN 2
 (pretending to be
 annoyed)
 Oh, where the hell did my money go? I
 know it's not where you are...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BBC NARRATOR
(very confused)
What's going on?!

POLICEMAN
(nervous and hiding
guilt)
Wait a minute. Just enjoy the food...

BBC NARRATOR
(still confused, but
also hungry)
Ok.....

POLICEMAN COMMENTING TO POLICEMAN 2
(casually and quietly)
I don't like the sound of soft crisps
being eaten, it's not natural.

(Policeman 2 nods in agreement).

BBC NARRATOR
(pleased)
Ooh, prawn cocktail...

(Wise Old Man looks at his watch after spending half a minute
taking cover).

WISE OLD MAN
(relieved)
He's fine!

POLICEMAN
(also relieved)
Oh thank God!

BBC NARRATOR
(baffled)
Can someone please explain what the
HELL is going on?!

POLICEMAN
(excited)
You didn't explode!

BBC NARRATOR
(more baffled)
..... Why would I explode??

BBC NARRATOR
(very angry)
..... Were those soft
crisps expired?!?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

POLICEMAN

Never mind that! What's your secret?!

BBC NARRATOR

(still very angry)

I don't know! You can go fuck
yourselves, you cow tipping lunatics!
You goose stepping ponces! You.....

(As BBC Narrator thinks of more insults, The Wise Old Man notices letters from Sir George on the BBC Narrators desk).

WISE OLD MAN

(shocked)

What's this?!

BBC NARRATOR

(still angry)

Letters from Sir George. I was the
one who gave him his big break. He
started out as an eccentric nobody,
but I'm thinking of making him one of
game show's biggest stars... You bunch
of...

WISE OLD MAN

(cuts in, becoming
hopeful)

Yes! I've heard of him!

POLICEMAN 2

(intrigued)

Is that significant?

WISE OLD MAN

(inspired)

Don't you see? Sir George is an idiot!
Proverbs are for the wise, the
intelligent, the intellectuals! It WAS
only those people who exploded and
died young after eating expired food,
because they said wise things so much
more! Everyone knows that geniuses
have shorter life spans and are prone
to 'blowing their tops'. It's not
because of their arrogance, and it's
not just a figure of speech! And
because of Proverb Strengthening, now
even the average are dying. The BBC
Narrator.... sorry what's your name?

BBC NARRATOR

(bitterly)

Chad Macalpine....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

WISE OLD MAN

(continuing)

.... Chad must have had so much contact with Sir George, that his stupidity rubbed off on him, and made him super human! We need to make watching Sir George mandatory, so that proverbs can be weak, once again!

CHAD

(angry, but becoming excited)

Ignorance is bliss!

(Chad slowly starts to expand).

WISE OLD MAN

(edgy)

Spit out those crisps, while being philosophical!

(Chad returns to normal size).

WISE OLD MAN

(forming a plan)

We must write to parliament! We must make sure that education gets worse every year!

TO BE CONTINUED.....