How to become a naked pagan serial killer

By

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Dozens of old age pensioners occupy every available seat. The female RECEPTIONIST (50’s) is standing behind a large desk spraying the area with an air freshener.

JOE CRAY, 30’s, enters and waits at the reception desk.

RECEPTIONIST
Be with you in a moment! I’m just trying to mask that smell of pee a bit!

The receptionist then walks around the waiting room spraying all the elderly people.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT)
It’s always busy like this after a weekend.

The receptionist then sits back down behind the desk.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT) (cont’d)
Now then! What can I help you with?

Joe looks around and leans over the desk.

JOE
(whispering)
My names Joe Cray, I’ve got an appointment to give a sperm sample.

The receptionist types on a computer keyboard.

RECEPTIONIST
Here we are... Mr Cray one sperm deposit!... Let’s get you a sample bottle.

The receptionist searches through an open draw.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT)
(shouting)
Has anyone seen the sperm sample bottles?.. Hold on I’ve found one.

The receptionist hands over a sample bottle to Joe.

RECEPTIONIST
(whispering)
Do you need any magazine help? I
RECEPTIONIST (cont’d)
know you men can get a bit nervous.

JOE
Er... yes okay thanks.

RECEPTIONIST
(whispering)
Gay or straight?

JOE
Er... straight?

RECEPTIONIST
You don’t sound sure, do you want one of each?

JOE
I’m straight! I’m sure of it.

RECEPTIONIST
(whispering)
Straight... Here we are, Huge tits or Hot Teen Nymphos?

JOE
(mumbles)
Huge tits will be fine, thank you.

RECEPTIONIST
Where is it now?
(shouting)
Has anyone seen the Huge tits magazine?

JOE
(whispers)
Hot teen nymphos will be fine!.. Thank you.

RECEPTIONIST
Oops! This is the Huge tits magazine. I’ll get you the Hot teen nymphos...

JOE
Please don’t...

RECEPTIONIST
(shouting)
Has anybody seen the Hot teen nymphos magazine?
JOE
(whispering urgently)
Please.. Huge tits will do!
Honestly.

The receptionist puts the magazine on the counter next to another. Joe picks up the wrong magazine.

RECEPTIONIST
I’m afraid all the rooms are busy
but you can use the curtain
cubicle over there.

Joe looks over to a cubicle which is surrounded by old age pensioners who keep looking behind the curtain.

JOE
(mutters to himself)
Bugger!...

Joe sees an emergency exit door.

EXT. DOCTORS SURGERY - DAY

Joe sneaks out of the door and goes behind some bushes. He finds to his despair that he has picked up a magazine for pensioners.

JOE
Bollocks!

INT. DOCTORS SURGERY - DAY

An ELDERLY PRIEST stands by the reception desk.

RECEPTIONIST
Take a seat Father, the nurse
will come and check your blood
pressure. Let’s see if it’s still sky high.

The elderly priest picks up the Hot teen nymphos magazine from the counter. He opens the pages and drops dead with a look of utter shock on his face.

EXT. DOCTORS SURGERY - DAY

Joe desperately flicks through the magazine one handed as he tries to get a response with the other hand.

Joe settles on a picture. He looks at it from different angles, SIGHS, and starts squinting to see if the image improves.
ANNIE ARKWRIGHT (late 70’s) is walking her small dog HONEY. The dog runs ahead into some bushes.

ANNIE ARKWRIGHT
Honey Bunny! Where are you? Honey Bunny come to mummy.

She pushes aside some branches to see Joe with his face contorted as he attempts to ejaculate and faints with the look of utter shock on her face.

ONE WEEK LATER.

EXT. YORKSHIRE DALES LANDSCAPE - DAY
Sheep scattered in fields and on the steep hillsides.

The figure of Joe Cray is strolling along a track toward the Drovers hotel. He is carrying a fishing rod and tackle box.

EXT. DROVERS HOTEL - DAY
Joe walks behind the building following a car park sign.

EXT. HOTEL REAR - DAY
Joe walks through the car park and waves to ELSIE, late 70’s, who is hoovering the car park.

INT. BAR - DAY

The hotel bar has flagstone floors and an open stone fireplace. Numerous signs are on walls and doors throughout the bar.

Anna, late 20’s, is putting drinking glasses away behind the bar. Joe enters from the rear door and drops his gear on the floor.

JOE
I nearly caught a trout! It must have been this big.

Joe spreads his arms three feet apart. Anna rolls her eyes.

ANNA
Talking of old trouts! Have you seen what that mad old bitch is doing to the car park?

Joe picks up a newspaper from the bar and looks out of a window.
JOE
That cable’s not long enough to do all the car park. She’ll need the extension lead to do the rest!

ANNA
You don’t bat an eyelid do you?

JOE
About what?

ANNA
About what! She’s hoovering the bloody car park!

Joe holds up the front page of a newspaper.

CLOSE ON A NEWSPAPER—THE DALES WEEKLY—WITH THE HEADLINE
Are the car parks in Dilldale safe from perverts?

JOE
It’s because this rag keeps printing rubbish all the time.

ANNA
She should be locked up.

JOE
You must admit the car park has come up a treat.

ANNA
What time do you think we should leave for the hospital?

Joe looks baffled.

JOE
Hospital?

ANNA
You’ve forgotten! I really give up with you!

INT. CONSULTING ROOM—DAY

Anna and Joe sit opposite DOCTOR SALMA DUTTA 40’s.

ANNA
Sorry we’re a bit late doctor, we got stuck behind a hearse. How was Joe’s results?
DOCTOR SALMA DUTTA
I can confirm Mrs. Cray that your husband’s sperm count is abnormally low!

ANNA
Even after weeks of abstinence?

DOCTOR SALMA DUTTA
Mr. Cray... Are you sure you did not ejaculate several times prior to giving this sample?

ANNA
Why would you do that when you knew the doctor wanted a sample!

JOE
I only did it the once! For the sample.

DOCTOR SALMA DUTTA
There is something puzzling us Mr. Cray about the sperm sample?

JOE
Puzzling?

DOCTOR SALMA DUTTA
Your sample contained a twig.

ANNA
A twig?
(to Joe)
How did you manage to get a twig in a sperm sample?

JOE
It must have dropped in!

ANNA
Dropped in?

JOE
It must have been when I went outside in the bushes. It was a windy day!

ANNA
Outside! You mean to say you tossed off outside in the bushes.

JOE
The doctors surgery was full of pensioners!
ANNA
You know how much this IVF means to me and you’re handing in a sperm sample with a twig in it?

DOCTOR SALMA DUTTA
I will start the process for IVF treatment and will keep you informed. Meanwhile if we request another sample do not ejaculate several times before hand and please no more twigs.

JOE
I did it just the once and it was windy!

EXT. DROVERS HOTEL - DAY

A post office van skids to a halt. BILL, late 60’s, struggles out of his van. He is wearing a post office uniform with very short shorts.

INT. BAR - DAY

Anna is reading a paperback book while Joe practices casting with an invisible fishing rod.

Bill the postman enters. He searches his pockets and takes out a small worn script card.

BILL
Another delivery on time by the post office.

ANNA
Why do you insist on reading that card!

BILL
I have to it’s company policy!

Anna looks at Bill with a mixture of puzzlement and nausea and walks away.

Bill hands some letters to Joe who notices they’ve been opened.

JOE
Have you been opening the post again?

BILL
Anna’s mum might have to get the builders in... her pelvic floor has dropped!
JOE
I thought you’d stopped reading people’s post?

BILL
I did stop but the voices started back up again.

JOE
Not the letters talking to you again!

BILL
You don’t know what it’s like having letters calling your name from the back of the van whispering read me! read me!

JOE
If you don’t stop reading the post you’ll be hearing voices saying you’re sacked! you’re sacked!

Bill reads from his script card.

BILL
The post office salutes its valued customers.

Bill stands to attention and salutes.

BILL (CONT)
Would you like a post office scratch card before I go?

JOE
No because I never win! Your chairman can stick his scratch cards up his backside... Go on then just the one.

Joe hands over money from the till, takes the scratch card and rubs it with a coin.

JOE (CONT)
Nothing! Has anyone won on these?

BILL
I’m not at liberty to say in case it puts people off buying them.

JOE
That’s the very last time I’m buying one and I really mean it this time.
BILL
See you tomorrow God willing.

Bill exits with difficulty in his tight shorts.

Joe opens a letter and reads it. Elsie enters dragging a vacuum cleaner.

ELSIE
I’ve done the car park Joe. Your going to have to get this fancy hoover looked at, it’s making a funny noise.

JOE
That is a surprise! Because on the box it said it was excellent at vacuuming deep pile carpets and road surfaces.

ELSIE
What’s this about you having VHF?

JOE
IVF!

ELSIE
You never had a low squirm count until she got here.

JOE
I bet it’s that bloody Bill reading my post and telling everyone!

ELSIE
Your gold digger has to have the best! A low squirm counts not good enough for her, oh no! She wants a high one.

Anna enters from the kitchen.

JOE
Bill’s been opening the post and told Elsie about my low sperm count.

Joe holds up an envelope that has been opened.

ANNA
Don’t look surprised! I’ve been telling you for ages he’s been reading the post.
JOE
I thought it was just your post
he was opening!

ANNA
So it was okay when it was my
private letters?

ELSIE
I’ll go and clean the ladies
toilet while you sort out a
divorce with gold digger.

JOE
Will you stop calling her that.
Love at first sight does happen
you know!

ELSIE
Love at first sight! Don’t make
me laugh. No one’s going to fall
in love with your face. She knew
she was on to a good thing when
she saw you. She saw money!

ANNA
Money! That’s a joke he’s
penniless and the Drovers is
a shit hole!

ELSIE
I know your type young lady,
you’ll bleed him for everything
he’s got then piss off and catch
some other dopey idiot.

Elsie exits dragging the hoover with her.

JOE
(shouts)
Thank you so much auntie!
(to himself)
Don’t worry about my fragile self
esteem.

ANNA
Not only do I have to put up with
my post being read! I have to put
up with that old cow.

JOE
She’s my dad’s second cousin!
Blood is thicker than water.

ANNA
Talking of thick, have a word
with TOM. He’s covering
everything in tomato ketchup.
Anna picks up a chocolate bar from behind the counter and unwraps it.

          JOE
          My bacon sandwich was smothered in that muck this morning.
          
          ANNA
          I can see why Elsie calls him gormless.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen is small with stainless steel appliances.
Tom (20) is washing dishes at a sink.
Joe enters.

          JOE
          Stop putting tomato ketchup on everything or you’re sacked.
          
          TOM
          You sacked me yesterday?
          
          JOE
          You’re re-employed until I sack you again... Do you know why I ordered some odd kegs of beer?
          
          TOM
          LENNY and you were drinking last week...

INT. BAR - EVENING - FLASH BACK

Tom is serving behind the bar. Lenny, mid 40’s, sits beside Joe at the bar.

Joe is very drunk with a stupid grin on his face. He signs a piece of paper which Lenny holds in front of him.

          LENNY
          Congratulations on buying the finest quality sign in Yorkshire.

At the end of the bar a PHONE RINGS.
Tom walks over and picks up the phone.

          JOE
          A toast to the new sign!

Joe and Lenny pick up their glasses and drink a toast.
TOM
Joe! The Brewery want to know if you’re interested in taking some Essex beer kegs.

Joe leaps unsteadily to his feet.

JOE
Tell them yes!
(to Lenny)
Essex! That’s the place you told me about. Where the girls put glitter all over there lady bits.

LENNY
Vajazzle! Glitter for pussies.

JOE
I think I’d like a glittering pussy.

Anna enters from the kitchen.

ANNA
Glittering pussy? What are you on about!

JOE
Er...they make glitter for cats now!

ANNA
Doesn’t it get caught in their fur?

Joe looks at Lenny and giggles.

JOE
I think they shave them first.

ANNA
Your not talking about cats are you.

Anna looks at Joe and Lenny with suspicion.

ANNA (CONT)
(to Joe)
Don’t let him talk you in to buying any signs.

JOE
I’m not stupid! I can talk to my friend without buying a sign.

END FLASH BACK.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY
JOE
Did I really buy another one of
his signs as well?

TOM
What do you think?

JOE
Bugger!

EXT. DROVERS HOTEL - DAY

A van pulls up. The DELIVERY DRIVER, mid 20’s, is
flustered and in a bad mood, he takes a parcel out of the
van and enters the Drovers.

INT. BAR - DAY

The delivery Driver enters with a large square parcel
which he puts on the bar counter.

DELIVERY DRIVER
You’re not on sat nav?

ANNA
Not on what?

Joe enters from the kitchen.

DELIVERY DRIVER
I’ve got a parcel for Joe Cray at
the Drovers hotel in Dilldale but
it’s not on sat nav!

JOE
We haven’t had any navigation
signals in Dilldale for weeks
since they changed to new
satellites. It’s like the Bermuda
Triangle now, lots of people keep
getting lost.

ANNA
I’ve lost the will to live since
I’ve been here.

The driver holds out a clipboard for Joe to sign.

DELIVERY DRIVER
Sign here... I’m running late
now. I’ll have to call my boss on
my mobile. He won’t believe it
when I tell him you’re not on sat
nav.

The driver leaves shaking his head.
JOE
He won’t believe you can’t pick up phone signals around here either.

ANNA
Let me guess what that is? Could it be a sign because we could do with a few more.

Anna points to the numerous signs that are on walls and doors through out the bar.

ANNA (CONT)
What has Lenny talked you into this time?

Joe reluctantly opens the parcel to reveal a large sign.

JOE
That bastard Lenny!

ANNA
Well at least it’s an outside one this time. What does this one say?

CLOSE ON A SIGN- WITH THE WORDS
The Drovers Hotel. The Oldest Hotel in Dilldale.

BACK TO SCENE

ANNA (CONT)
Has he talked you in to buying this? Hold on, isn’t the Drovers the only hotel in Dilldale?

JOE
Most people wouldn’t know that.

Anna looks at the sign thoughtfully.

ANNA (CONT)
Seeing as you bought it you might as well display it out the front! It might help get us get more business.

JOE
How can I do any fishing if we’re busy?

ANNA
Instead of locals propping up the bar, why can’t we have tourists staying like the other dales hotels?
JOE
Because the other hotels are not in Dilldale!

ANNA
What difference does that make?

JOE
Dilldale is the jewel of the National park! .. Because of that quarantine a few years ago we get a subsidy to make up for any shortfall of income. Bloody brilliant.

ANNA
I know but we can still cater for tourists?

JOE
We don’t have to! Which is just as well because tourists are moaning whining bastards.

ANNA
You are one of the laziest people I’ve ever met. I am not like you I need to be busy. I’m ambitious.

JOE
So am I!

ANNA
No you’re not! Hoping to win the post office lottery is not being ambitious.

JOE
All right! I’ll put the stupid sign outside the front.

EXT. DROVERS HOTEL - DAY

Joe puts the standing sign outside the Drover's hotel and gives it a kick.

INT. BAR - DAY

Anna is behind the bar stocking shelves.

Reporter COLIN SHAKESPEARE, late 20’s, enters the Drover's and walks over to Anna.
COLIN
My name is Co-lin. I’m a reporter for the dales weekly. Is Joe about?

ANNA
(shouts)
Joe!
(normal voice)
What is your name again love?

COLIN
Co-lin, Co-lin Shakespeare.

ANNA
Shakespeare! I don’t suppose you’re related to the real Shakespeare?

COLIN
It’s more than likely! My article on village bus routes under threat has been compared to Shakespeare.

Joe enters from the kitchen.

JOE
I want a word with you Colin!

COLIN
It’s not Colin it’s Co-lin.

ANNA
He’s related to Shakespeare he’s got the same surname.

JOE
Shakespeare! His name’s Colin Bostock.

COLIN
Co-lin.

JOE
That rag of yours is responsible for my auntie doing unnecessary hoovering of the car park! ...

ANNA
And my Dyson is making a funny noise now!

COLIN
That was my perverts in car parks series! I nearly sold that to the tabloid press.
(to Anna)
A bit like Romeo and Juliet but with dogging in it.

JOE
Irresponsible journalism is what I call it. Where was the evidence!

COLIN
Methinks the lad duff protest too much about perverts in car parks.

The reporter leans toward Joe in a confidential manner.

COLIN (CONT)
If you do accidentally find any pictures of dogging on your phone we could share the fee from the tabloids!

ANNA
I don’t think he’s got it in him to do dogging. He can’t go for a pee if someone stands next to him in the gents.

JOE
Don’t tell him about my shy bladder!
   (to Colin)
What is it you want? I bet your trying to flog us advertising for that rag of yours.

COLIN
I’m doing an article on hotels in the area. Lenny told me about the sign you bought and I think a story about the oldest hotel in Dilldale would be very interesting to our readers.

ANNA
Oh! That’s very exciting.

Anna walks around the bar to Colin.

ANNA (CONT)
The Drovers is the oldest hotel in Dilldale and it also has all of its original fittings. I’ll tell you what! I’ll give you a little tour.
JOE
He’s only going to try and sell us advertising.

ANNA
(to Colin)
Ignore him I always do... Shall we start here in the main bar and reception area. As you can see everything is original and dates back years and years.

COLIN
Decades?

ANNA
No, I don’t think it’s that bad! Maybe a bit of woodworm here and there!

Anna points to some tables and chairs that look as though they will fall apart.

ANNA (CONT)
We have seating for those who like to stay for a traditional pub meal.

COLIN
Would you say the Drovers was like a Bistro pub?

ANNA
No not really!... More like a Bisto pub.

JOE
(shouting to Anna)
Mark my words, he’s only going to try and flog us some advertising!

ANNA
(to Colin)
I’m not like Joe! I don’t believe the press are deceitful, dishonest, devious, lying, crooked, corrupt, two-faced, double dealing, underhanded, unscrupulous scum of the earth... I’ll show you the kitchen!
INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Tom is making sandwiches. Anna breezes in followed by the Colin making notes.

ANNA
And this Co-lin is the kitchen and as you can see we have a rush on at the moment. How many covers are we doing Tom?

TOM
I’m not doing covers? I’m making sandwiches.

ANNA
We get fresh bread..
(to Tom)
Don’t touch that sauce bottle!
(to Colin)
Every day.

COLIN
Do you serve evening meals? Our readers are always interested in places to eat.

TOM
I do the chef work for lucky dip pies and oven chips!

COLIN
Lucky dip pies! What are they?

ANNA
It could be anything really! Steak & kidney, chicken and mushroom, fish pie!

COLIN
So why is it called a lucky dip pie?

ANNA
We don’t really know which is which! The lady who makes them for us won’t use pens after she nearly choked to death on a Biro cap and went into a coma for six weeks.

COLIN
This is just the type of story I want in the dales weekly. If only we could squeeze you in?

The reporter pulls out a small diary and rubs his chin.
COLIN (CONT)
If only we didn’t have so many paid advertisers queuing up!

ANNA
What if the Drovers paid for an advertisement would that help!

COLIN
I could probably guarantee it.

INT. BAR - DAY
Joe is serving a customer.

ANNA O.S
(Shouts)
Joe... Where’s the cheque book?

JOE
(to customer)
I bloody knew he was selling advertising!

EXT. LIVESTOCK MARKET - DAY
The market is set in a small field. Pens containing sheep and various small animals border the field.

JACK late 70’s, and FRED late 60’s, are standing with Joe outside a beer tent.

JOE
This is the life! A pint of beer in one hand and the company of two sheep experts.

JACK
We could write a book about them. I’ve even got a good title... ‘Sheep’.

JOE
That title just grips you Jack and won’t let go.

FRED
The quality of the sheep here isn’t as good as it used to be when I was a lad. They weren’t as blurry as they are now for a start off.
JACK
They are more blurry.

JOE
Not again!..They’re not blurry!
You two are just too stubborn to wear glasses.

Joe finishes his beer. He searches his pockets for loose change.

JOE (cont’d)
I’ll get myself another beer.

FRED
The pints of beer are smaller than they used to be.

Fred takes a sip of his beer and grimaces.

FRED (CONT)
And they tasted better!

Joe watches Jack and Fred drink their pints quickly.

FRED (CONT) (cont’d)
I’ll squeeze one in if your buying. Even if hasn’t got any taste.

JACK
Go on then! I’ll join you if you insist.

Joe looks at them with annoyance.

FRED
How is Anna doing?

JOE
Anna doesn’t know how well off she is! She spent all morning moaning about being bored.

JACK
Your not letting her do enough ironing Joe! Women get thinking when they don’t have ironing to do.

FRED
Have you tried leaving the toilet seat up? It gives women something to talk about. Stops them from thinking.
JOE
She just says she’s bored and wants to have more tourist trade like the other hotels.

FRED
We don’t want to encourage tourism Joe! We might lose are subsidies if Dilldale gets popular.

JOE
Dilldale will never get popular! If a delivery driver couldn’t find the Drovers this morning Joe public isn’t going to find it either.

JACK
Joe public! Who’s Joe public?

JOE
What do you mean who’s Joe public?

JACK
He sounds foreign!

FRED
Italian! I bet he’s Italian with a name like that.

JOE
It doesn’t matter what he is! He could be Chinese for all I care. all I’m saying is.. Oh I give up.

JACK
It sounds like trouble this Chinaman... I bet he works for the national park!

It starts to RAIN. They hurry over to a beer tent.

FRED
In my day the rain used to be wetter!

EXT. DROVERS HOTEL - NIGHT

THUNDER and LIGHTING silhouette the Drovers hotel. A YOUNG COUPLE are pushing their bicycles in the pouring RAIN. They see a sign outside the Drovers hotel and enter the building with their bicycles.
INT. BAR - MORNING

Joe is cleaning out a fire grate.

Elsie is dragging a mop and bucket. She stops and looks puzzled.

ELSIE
Why are there tyre marks on my floor?

JOE
For your information we had a young Dutch couple stay last night. They got drenched riding their bicycles in that thunderstorm, saw our shiny new sign so came in to get dry. To cut a long story short they stayed the night.

ELSIE
I haven’t got time to start cleaning rooms! I can hardly keep up with the car park.

JOE
You don’t have to hoover the car park you mad old bat!

A young couple in their twenties bring their bicycles clattering down the stairs into the bar area.

LARS, mid 20’s, is dressed in top of the range cycle clothes as is EVA, mid 20’s.

JOE (cont’d)
Here they come now!.. Good morning Lars. Good morning Eva.

LARS
Good morning.

EVA
I just love this place it’s so.. What is the English word?

JOE
Cosy?

EVA
Shabby!.. How did you manage to create the effect of ageing paint everywhere?
JOE
Lots of hard work Eva.

ELSIE
Is she gormless or just stupid?

Joe pushes Elsie behind him.

LARS
We love the way you have used threadbare furniture to enhance the shabby chic feel.

ELSIE
He’s just as gormless as she is.

JOE
If you would like to go through, Tom has set a table for breakfast.

ELSIE
You’ll get on well with Tom he’s gormless as well.

EVA
What is gormless?

JOE
She means adventurous, it’s a dales word. Only old people use the word these days.

EVA
It is a nice word! I like the sound of being gormless.

ELSIE
Take it from me love your as gormless as they come.

JOE
Try not to look at her in the eye! It just encourages her to talk!

Joe makes a spiral motion by his head and over mimes craziness.

JOE (CONT)
Try not to look her as you go through to breakfast.

Lars and Eva look around the ceiling avoiding eye contact with Elsie.
ELSIE
What’s everyone looking at!

Lars and Eva start to push their bikes through to the bar.

JOE
Let me know when your ready to leave and I’ll show you the bridle track over the moor.

Joe follows Lars and Eva.

ELSIE
Look! More tyre marks.

Elsie starts mopping frantically.

EXT. DROVERS HOTEL - DAY

A post office van comes to a SCREECHING halt. Bill crawls from the van, wearing very short shorts.

INT. BAR - DAY

Anna enters the bar avoiding Elsie mopping the floor.

ELSIE
(mutters)
Lazy gold digging trollop.

ANNA
(mutters)
Hurry up and bloody die.

Bill enters with the post, he reads from out a worn script card.

BILL
Another letter delivered on time by the post office.

Anna takes the post from Bill.

ANNA
Another letter opened you mean!

Joe arrives from the kitchen.

JOE
I want a word with you Bill! How many people did you tell about my low sperm count?

Bill salutes.
BILL
I’ve taken the postman’s
Hippocratic oath not to divulge
private information.

JOE
One more letter that looks like
it’s been tampered with and I’ll
complain to your boss.

BILL
My boss has put me down for
therapy with the post office
psychiatrist.

JOE
It’s about time you got help.
Let’s hope it works.

BILL
My psychiatrist reckons you
should put ice cubes down your
underpants for a low sperm count.

JOE
Will you stop telling people
about my low sperm count?

ANNA
You’re wasting your breath trying
to get through to him. He’s Dotty
like the rest of Dilldale...

Bill sheds a tear, sniffs and wipes his nose on his
sleeve.

BILL
That was my mother’s name! I
loved my mum.

JOE
I thought your mother’s name was
Brenda?

BILL
Your right it was Brenda! I
always get the two names mixed
up.

ANNA
(to Joe)
I’m going to check on Tom and
make sure he didn’t cover the
breakfasts in tomato ketchup.
JOE
Anna! On the subject of our Dutch guests. I explained to Lars and Eva that they have to pay in cash. I told them we’re a sort of Yorkshire Amish! We shun modern technology, we’re simple folk.

ANNA
Now they’ve met Tom they’ll agree on the simple part.

JOE
Are you doing any ironing this morning?

ANNA
What?

JOE
Ironing! Are you doing any this morning?

ANNA
No! Why are you going on about ironing?

JOE
No reason.

Anna grabs a bar of chocolate from behind the bar, gives Joe a suspicious look and exits to the kitchen.

BILL
I hear you had someone stay in your rooms last night. I didn’t think you were going to take in guests any more? Not after the mysterious blue foot episode.

JOE
What a cock up that was! quarantining the whole of Dilldale only to find out some artist had painted the legs on the sheep blue to make a statement on climate change.

BILL
They were dark times.

JOE
They were dark blue times but one good thing came out of it! My subsidy.
BIL
g How long will they keep paying
you that?

JOE
 forever! As long as I don’t get
 busy. So don’t recommend the
 Drovers to anyone.

BIL
 Whenever anybody asks about the
 Drovers I always tell them it’s a
dump. Right I’m off.

Bill reads from his script card.

BIL (cont’d)
 The post office salutes its
 valued customers.

Bill stands to attention and salutes.

BIL (CONT)
 Would you like a post office
 scratch card before I go?

JOE
 No! Because I think it’s fixed...
 Go on then just the one.

Joe hands over money from the till, takes the scratch card
and rubs it with a coin.

JOE (CONT)
 Nothing! That’s definitely the
 last time I buy one.

EXT. FOOTPATH - DAY

Joe is walking with Lars and Eva on the moor. He is eating
a bacon sandwich covered in tomato sauce. He points the
way and waves goodbye.

INT. BAR - EVENING

Fred enters the bar with his old sheep dog TWIGGY.

Anna and Joe are behind the bar.

ANNA
 Surprise! surprise! Seven o’clock
 and Fred ‘I’m only a poor working
 pensioner.’ Shuffles in with that
 smelly dog of his.
JOE
Fred is a loyal customer. You can’t buy loyalty like that and Twiggy is lovely.

ANNA
If I’d had a baby girl I would have liked to have called her Twiggy but you had to go and ruin that for me with your alfresco hand-job.

JOE
It was windy!

ANNA
I’m going to call my mother I need to talk to someone normal.

JOE
Are you doing any ironing? I’ve got a couple of shirts that need doing.

ANNA
What is it with you and ironing today?

Joe looks puzzled as Anna grabs a chocolate bar and exits.

JOE
Hello Fred. Hello Twiggy. It’s a nice evening.

FRED
The evenings aren’t as good as they use to be.

JOE
You’re a ray of sunshine Fred.

FRED
I saw the new sign outside.

Joe pours a pint and puts it on the bar.

JOE
That thing has caused nothing but trouble since Anna made me put it out the front. She now wants to advertise in the dales weekly. She’s got it in her head about letting rooms out.

FRED
Have you been leaving the toilet seat up like I told you?
JOE
That’s not going to..

FRED
Ironing! Did I tell you to give her ironing?

JOE
I won’t have to do that! I told you this morning about a delivery driver not being able to find the Drovers?

FRED
You said it was Joe public?

JOE
Joe public? There is no Joe public.

FRED
How do you know he won’t be back probing about with more park people.

JOE
Fred there is no Joe public! He doesn’t exist! I was trying to explain that a van driver got lost yesterday morning because he couldn’t find the Drovers with his sat nav.

FRED
What make of van is that?

JOE
Satellite navigation!

FRED
I bet it’s a camper van!

JOE
All you need to know is that tourists won’t be able to find the Drovers with modern technology. So everything stays the same nice and quiet.

FRED
This sat nav camper van? It’s not Japanese is it?

The front door of the Drovers opens. Jack enters.
JACK
Evening all.

JOE
What will it be for you tonight Jack?

JACK
I’ll have a pint and not that flat Essex muck you keep trying to palm people off with.

JOE
(mutters to himself)
I’ll never get rid of that stuff.

Joe pours Jack a pint, puts it on the bar then walks over to the fireplace and stocks up a log pile.

FRED
Have you heard of sat nav camper vans?

JACK
Are they Japanese?

FRED
I knew it!

Jack checks the bar area to see if he is being overheard.

JACK
Did that Joe public come back sniffing around?

FRED
Joe says he doesn’t exist anymore.

JACK
I bet he did! And I know why...

EXT. FOOTPATH - DAY - FLASHBACK

JACK'S P.O.V FROM HIS CAR AS HE DRIVES PAST THE DROVERS HOTEL

JACK (V.O.)
I was driving back from the village. Just as I went past the Drovers I saw him coming back down from the moor covered in blood! I bet he did him in up there!
Joe is walking down a footpath. His mouth and face are covered with tomato ketchup. He wipes his sauce covered hands on his pale shirt.

END FLASHBACK

INT. BAR - EVENING

FRED
I blame that Anna. Joe never used to murder people until she turned up.

Anna enters with a mug of tea. She dips a chocolate bar in the tea before eating it. Joe notices.

ANNA
Oh look! The place is still empty apart from a couple of old sheep farmers and one fat dog.

JACK
You don’t understand the dales! It’s meant to be quiet.

ANNA
Well things might not be so quiet around here when the dales weekly comes out this week. It has a double page spread all about the Drovers.

Joe walks back behind the bar dusting off his hands

JOE
Nobody reads that paper!

ANNA
Just you wait and see. That double page spread and the new sign are going to make all the difference.

INT. BAR - EVENING

The bar is empty apart from Fred eating crisps while Twiggy sleeps in front of the fireplace. Joe sits on a bar stool reading a book on fishing.

Anna enters holding a newspaper.

JOE
Seeing as though it’s going to be nice and quiet I might go and do a bit of fishing before it gets too dark.
ANNA
I might get this advert framed?

Anna opens the newspaper to look at the double page spread. The front page has a headline.

CLOSE ON A NEWSPAPER--THE DALES WEEKLY--WITH THE HEADLINE
Dutch Tourist Couple Murdered!
(or just missing?).

JOE
I told you! No one reads that paper but you wouldn’t believe me.

SOUND: A CAR NOISILY PULLS UP OUTSIDE

ANNA
Someone has turned up. See! some people do read the paper.

Anna waits with high expectations for the door to open.

The door opens. Bill the postman walks in wearing a post office uniform with long trousers.

Bill sits on a barstool while Joe goes and pulls him a pint.

JOE
Now be honest! What you think of this lovely guest beer.

Joe puts a pint of beer on the counter.

BILL
It’s flat! Has it gone off?

JOE
It’s Supposed to be flat like that! It’s an Essex beer.

BILL
I would rather pay than drink that! I want me usual.

JOE
Bloody hell! I can’t give the stuff away.

BILL
Now there’s something I have to tell you about but I cannot remember what it was?
ANNA
You got the sack?

BILL
No I heard something!

Bill struggles to remember then has a eureka moment.

BILL (CONT)
The Drover doesn’t exist! That’s what they said on the news.

ANNA
The news?

EXT. HOTEL CAR PARK - EVENING

Several cars pull up. The OCCUPANTS enter the Drovers hotel.

INT. BAR - EVENING

The occupants of the cars are all young and good-hearted. They form a queue at the bar.

ANNA
I told you that ad in the dales weekly would bring in the punters.

Anna goes over to a YOUNG WOMAN, early 20’s, who stands at the front of the queue.

ANNA (CONT)
Welcome to the Drovers hotel it’s nice to see that young people read the dales weekly.

YOUNG WOMAN
Dales weekly? Sorry I don’t know what you’re on about.

ANNA
The ad in the dales weekly! That’s why you’re here?

YOUNG WOMAN
No! We’re here because of the piece on the news last night.

ANNA
The Drovers was on the news?
YOUNG WOMAN
On the news! The only bar in England that does not appear on satellite navigation and it’s true. It took us ages to find it.

EXT. HOTEL CAR PARK - EVENING
Several cars pull into the car park.

INT. BAR - EVENING

ANNA
You will have to tell me a bit more about that! In the mean time what would you like?

YOUNG WOMAN
Three and a half pints of the guest ale please.

ANNA
It’s a flat beer! I don’t know if you’ll like it. It’s from Essex.

YOUNG WOMAN
That sounds really interesting, we’ll give that a try.

Anna smiles at Joe as he reluctantly serves CUSTOMERS.

To Joe’s dismay more and more people enter.

ANNA
Just think Joe! It could be like this all the time.

Joe puts on a very false smile.

INT. BAR - MORNING

Tom is behind the bar putting away drinking glasses. The front door opens and Bill the postman enters. He is wearing very short shorts which he can hardly walk in. He searches his pockets and produces a worn script card.

BILL
Another letter delivered on time by the post office.

TOM
Morning Bill. Do you want a cup of tea?
BILL
I better not! Me hypochondria’s flaring up today.

Anna enters eating a chocolate bar.

ANNA
Oh No Bill! Not the shorts again. Oh, I feel nauseous every time I see those legs.

BILL
I have a letter for you. Your mother doesn’t mention if she got a quote from the builder about her pelvic floor yet!

Bill hands over the post.

ANNA
Bill! You’re the best person to ask... What time does the chemist shut at lunchtime?

BILL
Half one until two.

Joe enters from the kitchen.

JOE
I hope you haven’t been reading my post again?

Anna makes her way to the kitchen with Tom.

BILL
Only the odd one.

Bill stands to attention and salutes.

BILL (CONT)
The post office salutes its valued customers.

JOE
Before you say it! I will not be buying any scratch cards because it’s a complete rip off... Go on then just the one.

Joe hands over money from the till, takes the scratch card and rubs it with a coin.

JOE (CONT)
Bugger! That is the last time I ever buy one of these.
INT. BAR - DAY

The bar is full of people. Anna and Tom are serving customers. Joe is talking to Jack at the end of the bar.

JACK
Where have all these people come from?

JOE
It’s all because a stupid courier firm complained to the manufacturer about their sat nav not working properly.

JACK
What does a faulty camper van have to do with it?

JOE
I’ll explain it in old age pensioner language Jack! The electric thingamabob that tells you which way to go had a whatchamacallit problem and couldn’t show it on the thingamajig and some how the BBC found out.

JACK
The BBC?

JOE
You know the little light-hearted story they have at the end of the evening news?

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - EVENING

A male NEWSREADER speaks directly at camera with a wry smile.

NEWSREADER
It’s reassuring to know that in a world where technology rules our lives there is still one place in Briton where no one can find you! The Drovers hotel in Dilldale has left scientists baffled as to why satellite navigation cannot locate it? I know where I’ll be having a pint this weekend!

BACK TO SCENE
INT. BAR - DAY

JOE
Since then every moron with nothing better to do has decided to go and find this elusive place. I’ve never worked so hard!

JACK
What are you going to do about it?

JOE
What can I do!

JACK
It’s a shame we don’t have mysterious blue foot again. When we had that quarantine not one vehicle was allowed into the area.

JOE
That’s given me an Idea Jack... Suppose somebody painted the sheep like last time. The quarantine would start all over again!

JACK
Would they fall for that again?

JOE
I bet they would and I’d even pay someone up to a hundred pounds to do it.

JACK
That is a lot of money for dabbing paint on a few sheep! I’ll do it for sixty and I’ll supply the paint.

JOE
You have a deal! Do you have any blue paint?

JACK
I even know what the colour is. I used that blue in my kitchen.

JOE
How did you get the right colour?
INT. D.I.Y. STORE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Jack has a sheep on a lead at the front of a long queue at the paint counter. The young female ASSISTANT uses a laser colour-matching gun on the blue leg of the sheep. Disgusted customers watch Jack walk away while a pile of sheep dung steams by the check out.

END FLASHBACK

INT. BAR - DAY

Joe takes sixty pounds out of his wallet discreetly and hands it to Jack.

JOE

All you have to do is dab the paint on a few sheep around the area. It couldn’t be simpler. Even you won’t be able to cock that up!

EXT. SMALL FIELD - MORNING

_DETECTIVE RON STRANGE, 50’s, and SERGEANT JIM BENNETT, 30’s, are walking toward a FARMER among a flock of sheep that have two blue foot imprints randomly painted on them.

_DETECTIVE

I hope the lads at Scotland yard don’t find out I’m investigating painted sheep. It was bad enough telling them I was dealing with a Chinese flasher.

Detective Strange notices blue feet painted on the sheep for the first time.

_DETECTIVE (CONT)

It looks like someone’s been having a laugh.

The detective looks warily at the sheep and jumps when one walks near him.

An angry looking FARMER points to the blue feet painted on the sheep.

FARMER

This is not the first time some idiot’s painted them.

_SERGEANT

That’s right! We did have something similar about (MORE)
SERGEANT (cont’d)
four years ago. An artist painted
a leg of all the sheep blue.

FARMER
It caused bloody chaos. A stupid
vet thought it was a rare sheep
virus.

DETECTIVE
This looks more like the work of
a common piss artist to me.

FARMER
I’m not the only one with painted
sheep. I checked with the other
farmers and they’ve got the same
two blue feet painted on some of
their's.

The detective tiptoes around sheep droppings with a look
of disgust on his face.

DETECTIVE
(mutters to himself)
Why did they post me up here when
they know I bloody hate the
countryside.
(to Jim)
Jim get someone to take photos of
the sheep in the area and find
out how widespread this is. We’re
going to need a wool sample of
that paint to see if we can match
it up.

FARMER
Okay leave it to me. I’ll just
pop off home and get a gun.

The farmer stomps off.

DETECTIVE
What does he need a gun for?

SERGEANT
He’s probably going to do some
hunting I suppose!

DETECTIVE
What sort of twat goes around
painting sheep?

SERGEANT
We’ve had a lot worse. Once we
had a sheep dressed in women’s
crotchless underwear.
DETECTIVE
From what I hear about you
country lot I was quite expecting
half the sheep in this field to
be dressed in sexy lingerie.
That’s why I never eat lamb...
You never know who’s been
shagging it.

EXT. DROVERS HOTEL - MORNING
A post office van pulls up Sharply. Bill struggles out of
the van. He is wearing very short shorts.

INT. BAR - MORNING
Elsie is mopping the floor. Joe is whistling out of tune
while cleaning out beer pipes.

Bill enters and takes out a small worn script card.

BILL
Another delivery on time by the
post office.

JOE
Another letter read more like!

BILL
(confidentially)
Joe I need your advice...I want
to buy my girlfriend a present.
Any ideas?

JOE
I’ve heard people talk of this
mysterious girl friend of yours?

BILL
All you need to know is that
she’s a real beauty.

JOE
I heard she’s mutton dressed as
mutton. Here!...Buy her some
perfume! I know of a good one...
It’s called mint sauce.

BILL
I’ll have to write that down.

Anna enters from the kitchen.

ANNA
Will you stop wearing those
bloody shorts!
Anna gags.

ANNA (CONT)
I feel nauseous every time I look at them.

ELSIE
I can’t stay and look at those legs, it’s playing my vagina up. I’m going out to hoover the car park.

Elsie walks toward the kitchen.

ANNA
(to Elsie)
It’s Angina! And don’t use my bloody Dyson!

JOE
Bill have you got any local news that might be important?

BILL
News?

JOE
Anything happening in the dales that we should know about?

BILL
There is nasty pothole up on the Moor road I think it’s the increase in traffic!

JOE
No other news or anything?

BILL
Not a thing! I’ve never known it so quiet.

JOE
(whispers)
Nothing about sheep!

Bill suddenly remembers.

BILL
Blue feet!

JOE
Mysterious blue foot you mean?

BILL
Mysterious Blue feet! There’s a lot of sheep in the dale with blue feet.
ANNA
That is not the same as that outbreak you had before is it?

JOE
What a tragic blow. I bet they will have to quarantine the whole of the area just like last time!

ANNA
It cannot happen now! Things were just starting to get busy.

JOE
That is one of the pitfalls of living in the dales. Never mind.

BILL
No! It’s not mysterious blue foot. It’s mysterious blue feet! Someone painted blue feet on the sheep.

ANNA
What sick person paints blue feet on sheep?

JOE
It’s probably one of them artists trying to make a statement again.

BILL
No! The police think it is someone local.

Joe nearly faints.

JOE
The police!

BILL
They told me this morning. They think it’s a local person causing trouble. They’re going to make inquiries around the dale.

JOE
I’ve just remembered something! I won’t be long.

ANNA
Where are you going?

JOE
I’ve got a eh ... doctors appointment! I forgot about it.

Joe walks quickly to the front door and exits.
BILL
He never bought a scratch card?
He must be ill.

ANNA
The surgery didn’t mention he had
an appointment when I called them
this morning?

EXT. FARMYARD - DAY

A car drives into the farmyard. Joe gets out of the car
and heads toward a barn.

INT. BARN - DAY

The barn contains various agriculture equipment. On one
side is a long workbench. Jack has fallen asleep slumped
over the bench which is covered in paint pots.

Joe enters, walks over to Jack and gives him a shake.

JOE
Jack, JACK!

Jack wakes up startled.

JACK
Joe!... I must have just dropped
off.

Joe examines the items on the bench.

JOE
Let me look at some of your handy
work Jack! That is very
inventive! You’ve made a stamp in
the shape of a foot.

Joe holds up the blackened foot with blue paint on the
sole.

JACK
No I found it when I was digging
one of me fields!

JOE
It looks pretty real.

JACK
It’s those bloody fly tippers
dumping shop dummies on my land.
JOE
I hate the way they use the dale as a rubbish tip to dump any old thing.

Joe bangs the foot on the bench and looks at it again.

JOE (CONT)
You’ve got to give it to the model makers! The detail’s fantastic. Look they’ve even done the toenails.

JACK
It even had a sandal on when I found it!

JOE
Just purely out of curiosity! Why would you in a million years decide to paint blue feet on the side of sheep?

JACK
Because mysterious blue foot was bad enough but two blue feet is going to be a lot worse.

JOE
When the other farmers told me you were odd I did not believe them. When they told me you were a pork pie short of a picnic I still didn’t believe them. When they..

Jack starts to slouch over the bench.

JOE (CONT)
Jack! you’re dropping off again.

JACK
What, what?

JOE
How can two blue feet painted on the side of sheep be mistaken for mysterious blue foot? Explain that.

JACK
I was being artistic! Looking after sheep on a farm doesn’t cater for my creative side.
JOE
Creative side! Let’s get rid of the evidence. I do not want the police coming to you and ending up knocking on my door.

JACK
So the dale won’t be quarantined after all then?

JOE
That’s the least of my worries now!.. We’ll just have to get someone to take the blame for the painting of blue feet.

JACK
Let’s blame it on aliens!

Joe looks at Jack dumbfounded.

JOE
What a great idea! An intelligent life form that has conquered the speed of light, lands in Dildale and paints blue feet on the side of sheep! Is that what you’re saying Jack?

JACK
It must be true then!

JOE
No! not even the village police would believe that. Who else could we blame?

JACK
Pagans! I saw an old film at the village hall the other night it had a big wicker thing with a man in it. That was pagans.

JOE
Edward Woodward?

JACK
No, it was definitely made of wicker.

JOE
The sad thing is Jack I cannot think of a better idea. Pagans painting sheep sounds like it could be true and it was the summer solstice the other day.
JACK
I didn’t know pagans painted the sheep as well?

JOE
Jack you need to get some sleep you sound delirious! I’ll call the dales weekly anonymously and tip them off about pagans painting the sheep.

JACK
Even better than that! Don’t tell them who you are.

JOE
Because of all the rumpus about sheep painting keep a low profile and if anyone mentions the blue feet just say it was pagans.

JACK
Well it was pagans!

JOE
That’s right Jack get into character.

JACK
I won’t say anything about you being a pagan.

JOE
You won’t have to because I’m not?

JACK
That’s right Joe get into character.

JOE
Jack I’m not a pagan!

Jack taps his nose in a conspiratorial manner.

JACK
I can keep a secret.

JOE
Get some sleep your talking gibberish. This is all because of that stupid sign.

Joe looks at the paints on the desk.
JOE (CONT)
Let’s put this stuff in a box and
I’ll dump it.

Joe picks up the foot and looks at it.

JOE (CONT) (cont’d)
Marvellous craftsmanship.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE – DAY
Joe is making a phone call inside an old red telephone
box.

INT. PHONE BOX – DAY
Joe disguises his voice.

JOE
Is that Colin the dales weekly
reporter?

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE – DAY
A small office with a single desk. Colin is looking at
internet porn.

INTER-CUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

COLIN
Hello Co-lin speaking! How can I
help?

JOE
I know about the blue paint!

COLIN
Is it the classified Ads you
want?

JOE
No! I know who painted the blue
feet on the sheep. It was pagans.

COLIN
Pagans?

JOE
Outsider pagans! Not anyone
local. Make sure you tell the
police that!
COLIN
If you can give me more
information I might be able to
get you a five pound gift voucher
from the Co-op!

JOE
I can’t say any more! My life
could be in danger if the pagans
find out what I’ve just done!
They would probably abuse my body
and end up sacrificing me in some
pagan ritual.

COLIN
How about if I made it a ten
pound gift voucher?

Joe wipes the phone clean with his sleeve and hangs up.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The police station is an open plan room containing several
old desks and filing cabinets.

On the walls are police information posters going back
decades.

Detective Strange, sergeant Bennett and Female CONSTABLE
JEAN JENKINS late 20’s, are standing around a large desk
looking at paint charts. In the middle of the desk is a
DEAD SHEEP with a bullet hole in it.

SERGEANT
Do you think they might think
twice about shutting the village
police station with this crime
epidemic.

DETECTIVE
Crime epidemic! I hardly think
sheep painting, a missing
persons, three parking offences
and a sick pervert who tossed
himself off in front of an old
lady counts as a crime epidemic.

CONSTABLE
Mrs Arkwright looks a lot better
now. That look of shock on her
face is gradually going.

SERGEANT
She still gets hysterical just
walking past the butchers window!
CONSTABLE
Do you think that pervert will strike again?

DETECTIVE
I hope not! But if the artist impression is close to Mrs Arkwright’s description, a grinning Chinaman should be easy to spot.

The sergeant holds a paint chart against the blue foot imprints on the dead sheep.

SERGEANT
What about this blue? Mediterranean azure.

CONSTABLE
I think my Arctic blue is closer.

The constable puts her colour chart by the sheep.

SERGEANT
This is hopeless they all look the same!

DETECTIVE
I haven’t got time to piss about with sheep painters when I’ve got a Chinamen out there itching to play with his won ton.

Colin rushes into the police station and attempts to catch his breath by the entrance desk. The constable gives him a flirty smile.

CONSTABLE
That’s Co-lin! the reporter with the dales weekly. He’s very good looking.

The sergeant looks at her with annoyance.

SERGEANT
I don’t know why he uses that stupid name! his name is Colin.

Colin gasps for breath.

COLIN
Pagans are amongst us!

DETECTIVE
What was that he said?

The constable walks over to the reporter as though she was on a catwalk. She leans on the desk and smiles.
CONSTABLE
I like your raspy voice it’s sort of sexy.

COLIN
PAGANS!

The detective and the sergeant walk over to Colin.

SERGEANT
Speak slowly Colin! What did you just say?

COLIN
Pagans! Pagans are amongst us!

SERGEANT
Aren’t you being a little bit over dramatic.

COLIN
It was pagans that painted the sheep! I just had an anonymous phone call.

DETECTIVE
Pagans?

COLIN
The person who tipped me off was petrified! He said he might get sacrificed if they find out what he did.

SERGEANT
It sounds to me like a hoax.

DETECTIVE
What did this person say exactly?

COLIN
He said he knew who painted the blue feet on the sheep and it was pagans.

DETECTIVE
Did he say if they were naked pagans?

COLIN
He might have done!

DETECTIVE
I’ll tell you what!... The village hall had a film on the other night that had naked pagans in it.
CONSTABLE
What film?

DETECTIVE
That old film ... The wicker man! They were whipping their clothes off every five minutes in that!

CONSTABLE
I missed it.

SERGEANT
I’ve got the DVD. You can always watch it around mine if you want! You don’t have to but if you do want to then you can.

CONSTABLE
I might just do that.

A flustered Annie Arkwright, late 70’s, enters the police station.

SERGEANT
How are you Mrs Arkwright? Are you still getting flash backs.

Mrs Arkwright sees Colin breathing heavily, he squints as he gets his breath. She put her arms in front of her face.

MRS ARKWRIGHT
EEEK! .. The Chinaman!

SERGEANT
It’s all right Mrs Arkwright it’s only Colin.

COLIN
Co-lin.

Mrs Arkwright regains her composure.

MRS ARKWRIGHT
I Just wanted to know if my Chinaman pervert was a pagan.

DETECTIVE
Why would you say he was a pagan?

MRS ARKWRIGHT
Jack Thwaite has been telling everyone in the village it was pagans who painted the sheep.
CONSTABLE
Co-lin’s only just told us about the phone call?

DETECTIVE
I think I’ll have a word with this Jack Thwaite! Meanwhile Jim, you and Jean can ask around and see if anyone’s noticed any naked pagans strolling about.

EXT. DROVERS HOTEL - DAY
A police car pulls up outside the hotel.

INT. BAR - DAY
Anna is feeling her breasts as Sergeant Bennett and constable Jean Jenkins enter. The sergeant discreetly COUGHS to draw her attention.

ANNA
Hello. You’re both a bit early for a tipple?

SERGEANT
No drinks for us Anna we are on duty.

The sergeant refers to his notebook.

SERGEANT (CONT)
As you may or may not know, sheep have been painted in the vicinity and we have had a tip off that it may be pagan in origin. Did you see that film where they burnt a fellow officer in a big wicker man? That was pagans.

CONSTABLE
Don’t ruin the film for me.

ANNA
Was that the one with Nicolas Cage?

SERGEANT
Well, it was a sort of cage but made of wicker!

CONSTABLE
Don’t spoil it for me!
SERGEANT
Consequently if you do see anyone
naked or generally acting in a
suspicious pagan manner please
contact the police immediately.

ANNA
How do you know it’s pagans?

CONSTABLE
The local paper had a tip off
that it was pagans and our
detective inspector is
questioning a witness.

ANNA
Are you sure it’s not some local
idiot?

CONSTABLE
Our D.I. is convinced it’s of
pagan origin.

SERGEANT
Thank you for your assistance
Anna but we must press on and
track these pagans down before
they put their clothes back on
and mingle with the public.

The sergeant and the constable exit. Joe sneaks in
checking the window to make sure it is all clear.

ANNA
Joe! I need to talk to you about
something. I went to see the ..

JOE
Did the police say anything about
who might have painted the sheep?

ANNA
Can I just tell you that I went
to see..

JOE
They must have said something. Do
they think it was done by someone
local?

Anna looks frustrated.

ANNA
NO! They say they got a tip off
about pagans painting sheep.

Joe gives a SIGH of relief.
JOE
I think it’s pagans as well.

ANNA
No, it’s not! It’s local idiots and when they get hold of them they’ll lock them up with beefed up lifers and be passed around like sex toys.

Joe looks concerned and touches his buttocks.

JOE
Well I think all this painting of sheep is all a bit cult-ish.

ANNA
Cult-ish? Some morons have painted blue feet on bunches of sheep.

JOE
Flocks of them.

ANNA
They did not do that as well did they! That is depraved.

JOE
I think it was pagans! I thought I saw some people carrying wicker baskets this morning.

ANNA
You’re very keen to blame it on pagans! Why is that?

JOE
Pagans do really odd things! I saw this film once where they...

ANNA
Talking about really odd! Why are you leaving the toilet seat up all the time and going on about ironing?

EXT. DROVERS HOTEL - DAY

A car SCREECHES to a halt.

Colin the dales weekly reporter gets out of the car and runs toward the Drovers hotel.
INT. BAR - DAY

Anna looks out of the window.

ANNA
Is that Co-lin! What does he want?

Tom enters from the kitchen just as Colin bursts through the door.

COLIN
I need to talk to anyone who might have seen any naked people carrying wicker baskets! I don’t want the tabloids beating me to this story.

TOM
Naked people carrying wicker baskets?

COLIN
I’ve had a tip off that pagans have been seen painting sheep. I saw a film with pagans in it at the pictures! They danced around and burnt this man in a big wicker thing.

TOM
I saw something weird last night when I was walking home.

COLIN
Let me write that down. This could be a vital.

The reporter takes out his notepad.

COLIN (CONT)
What was weird about it? Be as descriptive as you can.

TOM
It wasn’t normal.

The reporter writes it down.

COLIN
It wasn’t normal. Why wasn’t it normal?

TOM
Because it was weird.
Because it was weird! This is the type of hard evidence I need. What more can you tell me?

When I was walking home the other night I saw these two bright lights coming toward me and I was blinded.

Like car head lights?

This is award winning stuff. Go on! What happened next?

The bright lights went by me and when I looked across the fields I could see small lights floating around. Then the lights faded away.

Could it have been the after effects of being blinded by the car head lights?

That’s what the pagans want you to think! I believe he might have been bewitched.

I’d only had a Shandy.

This could be the biggest story since mysterious blue foot!

Some idiot has painted the sheep! It does not take Einstein to work that one out.

No it has to be pagans because the red tops love all that stuff.

Ginger people?

No! The tabloids. If they buy this story it will be my ticket to Wapping.
JOE
Colin’s right it must be pagans.

ANNA
I don’t see why. I still think it’s idiots.

COLIN
I’m going to question the old lady with the vacuum cleaner in the car park. It would not surprise me if she was bewitched!

Colin dashes away.

ANNA
She is a right old witch I can assure you of that.

Joe begins to whistle badly.

ANNA (cont’d)
You seem quite keen to blame this sheep painting on pagans! Are you hiding something from me.

JOE
I don’t know what you mean? I think I will.. er.. go and sort the cellar out.

Joe walks quickly to the kitchen door.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

The interview room doubles as a tea room and broom closet.

Jack Thwaite sits nervously on one side of an old desk. detective Strange sits opposite.

DETECTIVE
Good morning Mr Thwaite. I’d like to ask you a few questions about the local sheep being painted?

JACK
It was aliens!

DETECTIVE
Aliens? You’ve been telling everyone in the village it was pagans! Make your mind up.

JACK
It was pagans! I forgot.
DETECTIVE
Why do you believe it was pagans?

JACK
Because Joe said it was and he should know because he’s a pagan and he knocked off that bloke and buried his body on the moor..oh I don’t think I should have said that?

DETECTIVE
Are you telling me this Joe is a pagan and a killer! Joe who?

EXT. DROVERS HOTEL - DAY
A police car pulls up sharply. Sergeant Bennett and constable Jean Jenkins leap out of the vehicle and run towards the Drovers hotel.

INT. BAR - DAY
The sergeant and the constable rush in.

ANNA
Back already?

SERGEANT
We’ve had a lead on the sheep painting and would like to ask Joe a few questions.

ANNA
Joe! What do you want to question him for?

SERGEANT
They are just routine questions and I think it’s better if we do it down the station. Is he about?

ANNA
He is out the back in the cellar!

The Sergeant and the constable hurry off to the rear of the hotel.

Elsie enters from the front door dragging a hoover.

ELSIE
That reporter told me it’s been pagans doing perverted stuff in the car park. He said they start off dogging get the urge and start painting sheep.
Moments later Joe is led out of the Drovers hotel in handcuffs.

**JOE**
I’m just a patsy! ... I’ve always wanted to say that.

**EXT. DROVERS HOTEL – DAY**
The sergeant and the constable bundle Joe into the back seat of the police car.

Anna, Tom and Elsie rush out of the Drovers.

The sergeant goes back into the Drovers then comes back out with a box and puts it into the boot of the police car which pulls away with sirens blaring.

Anna takes a bite from a chocolate bar.

**ANNA**
I still haven’t told him!

**INT. INTERVIEW ROOM – DAY**
The interview room doubles as a tea room and broom closet.

Joe Cray sits guiltily on one side of an old desk.
Detective Strange sits opposite.

**DETECTIVE**
Don’t fuck with me! I know all about the pagan stuff you’ve been up to.

**JOE**
Pagan stuff? What pagan stuff?

**DETECTIVE**
For fuck’s sake! Don’t keep playing mister innocent with me! It insults my intelligence.

**JOE**
Do you have to swear? I hardly think it’s necessary.

The detective looks at Joe with disbelief.

**DETECTIVE**
I’m terribly sorry! but I’m having a job keeping hold of my emotions because you’re a murdering pagan bastard!
JOE
Are you sure you’ve got the right person?

DETECTIVE
I’ve got the right person all right! A witness has told us about the dead body on the moor.

JOE
Dead body on the moor. Which body on the moor?

DETECTIVE
So there’s more than one!

The detective thumps the desk.

DETECTIVE (CONT)
I fucking knew it! You pagans aren’t happy with just running around naked and doing just the one human sacrifice. You have to do them in batches.

Joe puts his hand up to ask a question.

JOE
Why have you got a dead sheep on the desk next door?

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Sergeant Bennett looks through a window into the interview room. Constable Jean Jenkins stands next to him.

CONSTABLE
He looks sort of normal. I’d have never guessed he was pagan serial killer! Do you think he could have buried lots of bodies up on the moor?

SERGEANT
I bet he’s got more bodies up there than a city cemetery. We’ll never know the exact number. He’s like a squirrel that’s buried its nuts and forgotten where half of them are.
INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Joe is looking around the room and notices a kettle and a box of tea bags.

JOE
Is there any chance of a cup of tea!

The detective stands up and leans over the desk.

DETECTIVE
This is not the fucking Ritz tea room. Look around!

JOE
It’s a tea room?

DETECTIVE
Right now its a police interview room where we interrogate law breaking bastards like you!

JOE
I haven’t broken any laws? Not that I know of.

DETECTIVE
I may be new to the village but I think naked pagan serial killing does qualify as breaking the law!

JOE
Hold on! Naked pagan serial killing? I think there’s been a big misunderstanding.

DETECTIVE
That will be some consolation to the sobbing orphans and devastated loved ones when I tell them you said It was a fucking big misunderstanding!

JOE
I really don’t think there’s any reason to swear so much. It’s not very nice.

The detective puts his face inches from Joe’s.

DETECTIVE
This is a first! A serial killer who doesn’t like swearing because it’s not very nice.... Well fucking tough!
EXT. DOCTORS SURGERY - DAY

Anna walks out of the surgery she appears to have been crying.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Joe is sitting at an old desk. The detective and the sergeant sit opposite. The constable stands coyly smiling by the door.

DETECTIVE
I hope you have a fucking good lawyer because the evidence is stacking up against you quicker than a pagan can rip his clothes off and start an orgy.

JOE
I don’t need a lawyer because I’m innocent!

SERGEANT
What happened Joe? Did the excitement of taking your clothes off and dancing around naked unleash a pagan frenzy?

JOE
Pagan? I’m a Methodist!

DETECTIVE
A Methodical sort of person are you? So you like to be organised when you’re carrying out a human sacrifice?

JOE
I haven’t done anything wrong!

The detective leans over the desk and puts his face inches from Joe’s.

DETECTIVE
I’m sure you and your pagan buddies think there’s nothing wrong with innocently dancing about naked and having orgies.

The detective discreetly adjusts his groin.

DETECTIVE (CONT)
But you couldn’t stop at that could you? You had to finish the night off with a human sacrifice!
JOE
What night are you talking about?

SERGEANT
They all blur into one for you don’t they! When you’re in a pagan frenzy you don’t have a clue what day of the week it is.

JOE
Isn’t it Friday?

DETECTIVE
I’ve had enough of his games! Take him to the cells constable.

SERGEANT
When you take him away try not to walk in a sexy manner constable!

CONSTABLE
Do I walk in a sexy manner?

SERGEANT
He could blow at any minute if you trigger his primeval urge.

JOE
I do not get urges! I’m a married man.

The coyly smiling constable takes Joe away.

SERGEANT
I don’t suppose you had pagans in London Ron!

DETECTIVE
We had something just as bad, the Freemasons. That lot get everywhere... and they can’t keep their clothes on either.

SERGEANT
Ron! If they make this case into a film I want Hugh Grant to play me and Jean would like Gwyneth Paltrow to play her. Who would you want to play you?

DETECTIVE
One-step at a time Jimmy boy. Denzel Washington could play me! We share the same star sign.
INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The detective and the sergeant observe Joe through a window into the interview room.

DETECTIVE
If we’re going to bust this case open we could try the good cop bad cop like they do in the films.

SERGEANT
Can I be the bad cop.

DETECTIVE
I’m the bad cop! I’ve got an edge about me. I’ve got a London accent! You’re too clean cut.

SERGEANT
Well I don’t agree with that. I have an edge about me.

DETECTIVE
He knows you sing in the church choir!

SERGEANT
Then he should know that sometimes I sing out of key deliberately.

DETECTIVE
Let me be the bad cop this time and you can do it next time.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Joe is sitting at an old desk. The detective and the sergeant enter.

The sergeant walks casually over to Joe and pats him on the back.

SERGEANT
Would you like a cup of tea Joe?

JOE
Tea would be nice thank you.

SERGEANT
Would you like a ginger biscuit?

JOE
No thanks. I have a phobia about crunching noises.
The detective rushes over and grabs a handful of ginger biscuits.

DETECTIVE
Right you bastard! I want you to tell me where the bodies are or these biscuits will be crunched in your ear until you plead for mercy.

JOE
You are joking!

DETECTIVE
We’ll see who’s joking.

The detective puts several biscuits in his mouth and crunches them next to Joe’s ear.

Joe grimaces and looks baffled.

DETECTIVE (CONT)
(speaking with a mouth full of biscuits)
Who’s laughing now?

EXT. MOOR - DAY

Detective Strange stands with sergeant Bennett on the edge of large expanse of moorland.

DETECTIVE
I know he’s buried them out there somewhere! I just know it.

SERGEANT
I thought of a good name for this case Ron! ‘Operation squirrel’.

DETECTIVE
I like it Jimmy boy because squirrels are fucking vermin and they bury stuff all over the place.

SERGEANT
This moor goes on for miles! He knows it could take us months to find any sacrificed bodies.

Detective Strange looks into the distance.

DETECTIVE
To find out were he’s buried them we’re going to need sniffer dogs, metal detectors, search
(MORE)
DETECTIVE (cont’d)
volunteers, the army: the air
force, the navy and one of them
what’s-its-names that talk to
dead people?... A psycho.

SERGEANT
On the other hand we could just
keep questioning him and wait for
him to crack!

DETECTIVE
Unless he starts giving answers
it will be his head that will
start to crack!

The detective and the sergeant walk toward a Police car.

SERGEANT
Do you think we should call him
’The pagan squirrel’ or ‘The
Yorkshire vermin?’

DETECTIVE
I like ’The pagan squirrel’ it
would look good on a film poster.
Let’s have another word with the
squirrel. He’s hiding something!
And it’s more than his nuts.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Constable Jenkins stands behind Joe who sits at an old
desk close to the desk with a dead sheep on it. Detective
Strange follows the sergeant into the room and notices a
damp patch on Joe’s trousers.

DETECTIVE
Are you starting to wet yourself
with fear?.. Has it just dawned
on you that you won’t be ripping
your own clothes off because
lonely hardened prisoners will be
queuing up to do it for you!

SERGEANT
You’ll be doing a lot more
sacrificing inside prison! You’ll
be sacrificing your arse hole
three times a day.

JOE
It’s my cool bag of ice cubes!
They’re starting to melt a bit.
DETECTIVE
Bag of ice cubes?

JOE
In my underpants!

SERGEANT
What sort of sick pagan ritual is that!

JOE
There’s a simple explanation! You can ask Bill.

DETECTIVE
In all my years on the force I’d thought I’d seen it all but you take the biscuit.

The sergeant offers Joe a biscuit from a packet.

DETECTIVE (CONT)
(to the sergeant)
It was a figure of speech!

SERGEANT
Sorry Ron.

DETECTIVE
I’m sure some fancy therapist would call you a victim of sex addiction! Give you a hug and a prescription for ice cubes but I don’t buy it for one minute.

The detective puts his face inches from Joe’s.

DETECTIVE (CONT)
This is all a fucking game to you isn’t it?

JOE
I don’t know what you mean?

SERGEANT
So if we said painted sheep! you wouldn’t know anything about that would you?

JOE
Painted sheep?

The sergeant points to the dead sheep.

SERGEANT
Does that jog your memory?
DETECTIVE
Do the pagan voices in your head tell you to take your clothes off and run around naked painting sheep?

SERGEANT
Why is he always naked?

DETECTIVE
They always are..

DETECTIVE STRANGE’S IMAGINATION

EXT. WOODLAND - EVENING

Naked young men and women wearing animal masks and flower garlands are holding wicker baskets as they dance in a circle. They are in a trance and chanting.

DETECTIVE STRANGE V.O.
I’ve read the books and seen the films! They run around stark naked feeling the cool night air on their bare skin and get aroused by the moon shining on their sweaty bodies. They can’t stop themselves, and when it gets too much they have a big orgy.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Detective Strange is perspiring and discreetly tugs at his groin.

SERGEANT
Are you okay Ron? You look a bit hot.

JOE
I still might have a couple of ice cubes left if you want one!

DETECTIVE
Do you really think I want one of your pagan ice cubes after it’s been down your pants.

JOE
I was only trying to help.
DETECTIVE
If you really want to help you can start telling us where you buried your victims!

JOE
I don’t know anything about victims and can I just say I’m contacting one of them no win no fee lawyers about crunching biscuits in my ear. I think I’ve got tinnitus now!

DETECTIVE
Tinnitus? Your ears will be fucking ringing in a minute.

The sergeant has to physically restrain the detective as he grabs Joe by the shirt collar.

DETECTIVE (CONT)
Let me give the bastard a right good going over!

JOE
Honestly! I don’t know anything about dead bodies, naked pagans or painted sheep.

Detective Strange calms down and takes deep breaths. Joe gives him a timid smile. The detective thumps the desk.

SERGEANT BENNETT
Take him to the cells constable and try not to be sexy in case he gets the urge.

CONSTABLE
I’ll try!

The constable has a coy smile as she takes Joe away.

DETECTIVE
He knows that without a body we have nothing!

SERGEANT
I can’t work out whether he’s a pagan mastermind or a complete idiot.

DETECTIVE
He’s a pagan mastermind all right! He could probably teach Hannibal Lecter a thing or two.

The detective knocks his head against the wall several times in frustration.
DETECTIVE (CONT)
Let’s have another chat with that geriatric inbred.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY
Jack is nervously sitting at the desk. Detective Strange sits opposite.

DETECTIVE
Tell us again how you found out about the body Joe had buried on the moor?

JACK
What body?

DETECTIVE
You told me Joe killed some one and buried the body on the moor!

Jack looks confused.

JACK
Did I? ... Oh yes he did kill someone! He’s been bragging about it.

DETECTIVE
Bragging has he! Has he buried anyone else up there?

JACK
I think it was just a one off.

DETECTIVE
A one off! Well that’s all right then if it was just a one off! We might as well all go home.

Jack stands up.

JACK
If there’s anything else I can help you with let me know!

Detective Strange stands up.

DETECTIVE
I’ll show you out shall I!

JACK
That’s very nice of you.
DETECTIVE
SIT DOWN! I was being sarcastic.

Jack sheepishly sits down.

DETECTIVE (CONT)
Tell me about the victim.

JACK
All I know is he had a funny name!

DETECTIVE
What! His name made you laugh?

JACK
No he had a foreign name.

DETECTIVE
Spit it out before you start spitting teeth out!

JACK
His name was Joe Public and I think he had a Japanese camper van!

DETECTIVE
We have a name at last! Now we’re getting somewhere. Hold on a minute! Did you say Japanese?

JACK
He had a Japanese camper van.

DETECTIVE
This foreigner Joe Public, was he Japanese?

JACK
No!

DETECTIVE
You seem pretty sure about that.

JACK
I am sure. He was Chinese.

Detective Strange makes a gesture like he has scored a goal.

DETECTIVE
At last a break through.
INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Joe is sitting at an old desk and being interrogated by the detective and the sergeant. Constable Jean Jenkins stands beside a door.

SERGEANT
Bring in the witness constable.

The sergeant nods to the constable. She brings Jack into the room and sits him by the next desk to Joe.

The detective wipes sweat from his brow and talks close to Joe’s ear.

DETECTIVE
Jack was telling us about aliens and pagans! He’s a right little chatter box when he gets going. All sorts of other information comes out.

JACK
Don’t worry Joe I’ve said nothing... Or did I?

DETECTIVE
A quarantine would have suited you down to the burial ground wouldn’t it Joe! You could run around with your pagan mates and get up to all sorts of naked sexy mischief without any witnesses.

JOE
What do you mean without any witnesses?

DETECTIVE
You’re a cool one all right! Very cool. But even the cool ones make mistakes.

SERGEANT
Even the cool ones with ice cubes down their pants.

JOE
Okay, okay! I put my hands up. The blue paint might have been my idea but I haven’t done anything that mother nature won’t wash away in a few weeks time.

DETECTIVE
That’s whom you pray to is it! Mother nature! What did she tell (MORE)
DETECTIVE (cont’d)
you to do? Rip your clothes off
and sacrifice poor Joe Public! .

SERGEANT
Go on! tell us about Joe public.

JOE
Joe Public? You’re not talking
about the same Joe public Fred
and Jack have been on about.

JACK
(to Joe)
I didn’t tell them you were a
pagan and murdered the Chinese
fella! And I never mentioned that
you buried him up on the moor
neither.

DETECTIVE
(to Joe)
We know why you killed him! That
poor innocent pervert was waving
his lychee on your patch and you
and your sick cult could not put
up with that could you! So you
end up sacrificing him and
burying him and a few others on
the moor waiting for mother
nature to decompose the bodies!

JOE
I can explain! There’s been some
sort of mistake!

SERGEANT
You’re the one who’s made the
mistake! The only wicker baskets
your be seeing from now on is the
ones you make in prison!

CONSTABLE
That is a good one Sarge.

SERGEANT
I’ve got to give Hugh a few good
lines.

JOE
I’ve changed my mind about having
a lawyer! I think I need one.

CONSTABLE
We’ve change our minds about
letting you have a lawyer you
cunt! ...I think Gwyneth can use
that line.
EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Anna enters the police station.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Anna is sitting at the old desk being interviewed by detective Strange. The sergeant and the constable look on.

DETECTIVE
Thank you for helping us with our enquiries. I am detective Strange and this is sergeant Bennett and constable Jenkins.

ANNA
I know who you are! Where’s my Joe! Why have you kept him so long and why is there a dead sheep on that desk?

DETECTIVE
All in good time Anna.

ANNA
Get to the point! Why is Joe here?

DETECTIVE
Just a few questions first. Has Joe been acting odd lately.

ANNA
He always acts odd.

DETECTIVE
I mean acting odder then normal odd.

ANNA
Not really! Apart from leaving the toilet seat up and going on about ironing?

DETECTIVE
Constable! Google ironing and leaving the toilet seat up. It seems to be a pagan pre-ritual. While you’re at it Google ice cubes as well.

Constable Jenkins goes over to an old desktop computer.

ANNA
Pagan pre-ritual?
DETECTIVE
Does Joe ever eat lamb?

ANNA
It’s his favourite why?

DETECTIVE
I had a feeling he’d get a perverse kick out of eating lamb.

ANNA
What’s he supposed to have done? It’s that painting of blue feet on sheep isn’t it. I guessed he had something to do with that!

DETECTIVE
I’m afraid it’s a bit more serious than that! We believe your husband has... How can I put it in words?

Sergeant Bennett walks over to Anna

SERGEANT
Joe has murdered someone in a pagan ritual and buried them up on the moor.

DETECTIVE
Thank you Sergeant! That was sensitive.

ANNA
Who’s been murdered? I haven’t heard anything about a murder?

SERGEANT
All we can tell you is that we believe a member or members of the public have been sacrificed and buried on the moor and that they may or may not include a couple from the Netherlands.

DETECTIVE
Or Holland!

SERGEANT
Or they might even be Dutch!

DETECTIVE
The couple went missing and failed to turn up at The Crown Monday evening.
ANNA
Lars and Eva! The Van Dykes?

CONSTABLE
Nobody told me they were lesbians?

ANNA
Eva and Lars stayed at the Drovers Monday night! They got caught in the thunderstorm! They were going on to the White Lion in the next dale. Have you checked there?

The sergeant goes over to the constable and whispers in her ear. The constable walks to a desk and picks up a phone.

DETECTIVE
(to Anna)
We have been informed by a reliable source that there is members of the public buried on the moor by naked pagans.

SERGEANT
And we’ll soon have a few sacrificed bodies as evidence!

DETECTIVE
Naked sacrificed bodies!

SERGEANT
Have you witnessed a shortage of ice cubes?

ANNA
I have noticed we’ve been getting through a lot of ice cubes just lately?

Detective Strange leans over the desk.

DETECTIVE
Will you testify to that in a court of law!

ANNA
Testify about ice cubes?

The constable walks over to the sergeant, she whispers in his ear. The sergeant in turn whispers in the detective’s ear who looks at Anna and WHIMPERs.
ANNA (cont’d)
I take it you found Lars and Eva?

DETECTIVE
We haven’t ruled out that they might be pagan zombies yet!

ANNA
Now that is cleared up can you let him go.

SERGEANT
We still have the murder of Mr Public to solve yet! He might not have sacrificed the Dutch couple, but nevertheless, we still have poor Joe’s body lying up there on the moor still damp from melting ice cubes.

DETECTIVE
And he’s probably naked.

ANNA
Joe Public?

SERGEANT
Poor innocent perverted Joe. Just a normal degenerate working for the national park and because he liked to bash his kung po beef in public Joe had to sacrifice him in a pagan frenzy.

DETECTIVE
A naked pagan frenzy.

ANNA
Did the National park report their employee missing?

The Sergeant walks over to the constable and whispers in her ear. She goes back to the phone and makes a call.

DETECTIVE
We are highly trained police officers Anna. No stone goes unturned in a murder investigation like this.

The detective loosens his tie.

DETECTIVE (CONT)
Even though we are experienced officers of the law we do find it difficult to deal with rampaging pagans who like to rip there

(MORE)
DETECTIVE (CONT) (cont’d)
clothes off, chant, dance around
in a frenzy, have an orgy and
finish the evening off by
sacrificing some poor soul who
just happens to like flashing his
prawn balls.

SERGEANT
You couldn’t make it up even if
you tried!

ANNA
I think you’re letting your
imagination get carried away!

The constable walks over to the sergeant and whispers in
his ear, the sergeant then walks over to the
detective and whispers in his ear.

DETECTIVE
Nobody of that name?

The detective looks to the heavens and SIGHS.

DETECTIVE (CONT)
It’s worse than I thought! He
doesn’t work for the national
park so he must be a tourist and
he would be a Chinese tourist!
There goes a potential five
billion visitors to the area. Do
you know what this is going to do
to the tourist trade having
pagans running amok? It will ruin
it!

ANNA
Has anyone seen this Chinese man?

SERGEANT
Poor Mrs Arkwright got a good
view of him! We know he was alive
until Joe and his pagan mates got
hold of him.

ANNA
Could I just see Joe for five
minutes? It’s very important.

The detective nods to the sergeant who takes Anna through
a door marked ‘CELLS’.
INT. CELLS - DAY

Joe is sitting on a bed inside a barred cell. The sergeant and Anna enter.

SERGEANT
You have five minutes Anna.

The sergeant leaves.

JOE
Anna I can explain! It’s all Jack and Fred’s fault.

ANNA
Tell me you honestly did you sacrifice a Chinaman!

JOE
Of course not!

ANNA
When were you going to tell me you were a pagan?.. I suppose the twig in the sperm sample was a pagan thing!

JOE
I am not a pagan and it was a windy day!

ANNA
The detective just told me leaving the toilet seat up and going on about ironing is a pagan pre-ritual!

JOE
Jack and Fred said I should leave the toilet seat up and go on about ironing! They thought it would give you something to think about.

ANNA
And what have you been up to with ice cubes?

JOE
I had some down my pants!

ANNA
Ice cubes down your pants! Is that the sort of thing pagans do because I don’t think I want my child brought up to be a pagan!
JOE
Hold on, what child?

ANNA
I’m having a baby. Our baby!

JOE
You can’t have! I’ve got the lowest sperm count in Dilldale. The doctor said she could count them on one hand including the twig?

ANNA
Well I can assure you it’s yours. It must be those pagan rituals you’ve been doing.

JOE
I have not been doing pagan rituals! Why does everybody think that!

ANNA
You better do a pagan ritual to get more customers through the door because that subsidy will not keep a baby clothed and fed. You’ve got responsibilities now!

Joe is in shock he looks ashen.

JOE
Pregnant?

ANNA
I think that’s why I’ve been eating all those chocolate bars.

JOE
I thought it was because you had an eating disorder!

ANNA
You thought what!

JOE
Well you are big boned.

ANNA
I’m so sorry I don’t live up to your pagan expectations!

JOE
Sorry it just never crossed my mind that this could happen. Are you really sure?
ANNA
I’m one hundred percent sure.

Joe puts places his hand on Anna’s stomach.

Joe and Anna kiss.

INT. POLICE STATION – DAY
Anna enters from the cells door.

ANNA
I have just told Joe he’s going to be a father so he may still be in shock.

SERGEANT
How could that happen? Everyone knows Joe’s got a low sperm count!

ANNA
I don’t know! It’s a miracle with my apparent eating disorder as well.

Detective Strange leans over to sergeant Bennett.

DETECTIVE
(whispering)
It’s all that dancing around naked. I bet she’s a pagan as well.

Detective Strange shuts his eyes and drools.

DETECTIVE (CONT)
(whispering)
I can just see her chanting away with beads of sweat dripping down her well shaped breasts and then down between her..

SERGEANT
Ron! Are you okay?

Detective Strange is perspiring heavily, he discreetly tugs at his groin.

DETECTIVE
The pressure must be getting to me.

SERGEANT
On behalf of the dales village police force I would like to say congratulations Anna.
ANNA
Thank you sergeant. Drop him back when you’ve finished with him.

Anna starts to walk away then stops and turns around.

ANNA (CONT)
I don’t think I’ve ever come across such an incompetent bunch of fucking morons!

The constable watches her walk out.

CONSTABLE
Keira Knightly could play her!

A phone RINGS. The constable picks it up.

CONSTABLE (cont’d)
Constable Jenkins speaking!...ha-ha, I like to give you hard ones!

SERGEANT
Who’s that your talking to?

The constable covers the mouthpiece of the phone.

CONSTABLE
It’s Mickey from the forensic lab.

She gives a DIRTY LAUGH as she listens on the phone.

SERGEANT
What does he want?

CONSTABLE
My sergeant wants know what you want!...ha-ha. Yes I know what you want!

SERGEANT
Jean will you stop flirting and ask him why he called.

CONSTABLE
My sergeant wants to know why you called...okay...okay... bye!

SERGEANT
Well?

CONSTABLE
That box of paint we sent off for fingerprints had a real foot in it.
SERGEANT
A real foot!

Detective Strange looks at the Sergeant.

DETECTIVE
I bloody knew he killed someone!
I bloody knew it!

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Joe sits on one side of a desk. The detective and the sergeant sit opposite. Constable Jean Jenkins stands behind Joe.

DETECTIVE
You nearly got away with it!

JOE
Sorry? Got away with what?

DETECTIVE
Murdering the Chinaman and feigning ignorance! Did they teach you that in the pagan book of sacrificing?

SERGEANT
Painting the sheep was a nice touch but you just couldn’t resist using the foot. I bet you laughed all the way through an orgy over that one.

JOE
Foot?

DETECTIVE
Do the right thing for once in your life! Tell us where the rest of the body is.

JOE
Body? There is no body!

SERGEANT
He might be a nobody to you but he’s someone’s loved one.

DETECTIVE
If you tell us where the body is we’ll put in a good word for you with the judge. With any luck you might only get gang raped twice a week in jail.
JOE
I don’t know anything about a body! All I know is I got Jack to paint the sheep for sixty pounds and I made a call to the dales weekly blaming it on pagans. That’s all I did.

DETECTIVE
What a wicked bastard you are! You’re willing to let a halfwit with the memory of a goldfish take the rap for one of your pagan sacrifices.

SERGEANT
Make it easy on yourself and tell us who it is! We’ll be getting the DNA results soon! We’ll soon match it up with missing persons.

DETECTIVE
I’ll tell you what I think happened!

The detective paces the room looking at Joe.

DETECTIVE (CONT)
It’s common knowledge that Anna has always wanted the Drovers to be busy since she’s been here. A sign turns up! Anna uses the arrival of the sign to kick start some advertising so takes out an advert in the dales weekly. At the same time the BBC broadcast a humorous story about the Drovers hotel. To your utter horror the Drovers begins to get busy! No more night fishing for you or pagan orgies more like... That probably explains your low sperm count.

JOE
Will everyone stop mentioning my low sperm count. I’m beginning to get a complex.

DETECTIVE
It gets more complex than that!

DETECTIVE STRANGE’S IMAGINED EVENTS
EXT. DOCTORS SURGERY - DAY

A grinning Chinaman is masturbating in the bushes watching Mrs Arkwright. Joe is watching from behind a tree.

DETECTIVE V.O.
You knew about the Chinaman shaking his wok in the bushes in front of Mrs Arkwright because you were at the doctors that day and probably saw it all.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Joe is tailing a Chinaman along a road. He watches him get into a camper van.

DETECTIVE V.O.(CONT)
You probably followed him to find out where he parked his camper van because this pervert was drawing attention to Dilldale which was the last thing you wanted on summer solstice.

EXT. WOODLAND - EVENING

Naked young men and women wearing animal masks and flower garlands are holding wicker baskets as they dance in a circle around a group of animal masked people having an orgy. Joe stands before an alter with arms spread wide.

DETECTIVE V.O.(CONT)
You probably prayed to mother nature and offered her a gift of a Chinese sacrifice!

CONSTABLE V.O
Everyone likes a Chinese on a special occasion.

DETECTIVE V.O.
That poor Chinaman must have pleaded for his life but he might as well have been speaking in a foreign language for all the notice you took.

CONSTABLE V.O
He probably was speaking in Chinese!

DETECTIVE V.O.
After the poor Chinaman had been sacrificed you probably had an (MORE)
DETECTIVE V.O. (cont’d)
orgy because the primeval urge
was at bursting point!

Joe is breathing heavily as he lays beside several females.

DETECTIVE V.O.(CONT)
After you were all orgy-ied out, 
mother nature probably told you
to warn any other sick perverts
that Dildale is for depraved pagans only. So you twisted 
bastards cut off the 
Chinaman’s foot and used it to
stamp blue feet on the sheep.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. POLICE STATION – DAY

Detective Strange has an obvious erection which he tries
to hide.

SERGEANT
I think you’ve cracked it Ron!
(to Joe)
Come on admit it Joe. We found 
the foot and the blue paint you 
used on the sheep at the Drovers. 
We have a witness you told about 
the killing. We also have you at 
the doctors surgery at the same 
time as the Chinaman was spilling 
his bird nest soup in front of 
poor Mrs Arkwright.

JOE
I don’t know anything about a 
Chinaman? I don’t know anything 
about a murder? I don’t know 
anything about the foot? All I 
did was pay Jack sixty pounds to 
paint the sheep and I hid the box 
of paints that’s all!

DETECTIVE
What about all the pagan 
behaviour? Going on about 
ironing! Leaving the toilet seat 
up, sticking ice cubes down your 
pants! And if that wasn’t odd 
enough you put a twig in a sperm 
sample..
JOE
It was windy!

DETECTIVE
And you’ve been getting your auntie Elsie to hoover the car park to get rid of any pagan dogging evidence. Don’t tell me they’re the actions of a normal person?

JOE
Can’t you see that what your saying is just ludicrous?

DETECTIVE
You were so cock sure when you came strutting in here! You didn’t know anything about sheep being painted and you didn’t know anything about pagans! Yet as soon as we get some evidence it’s –’Yes I know about the blue feet and pagans because I rang up the local paper to tell them!’ You must have taken us for a right bunch of village idiots.

SERGEANT
Come on Joe it’s time to spill the names of your fellow pagan worshippers. You don’t have to take the rap for all of them. They’re just as guilty as you.

DETECTIVE
You can’t rip your clothes off and have an orgy on your own so we want names.

JOE
I haven’t done anything! You must believe me.

A phone RINGS on one of the desks. The constable answers it.

CONSTABLE
Constable Jean Jenkins! ...Hello Mickey.

She gives FLIRTY LAUGH then leans over the desk.

CONSTABLE (CONT)
Don’t... no don’t! You’ll make me laugh and I’ll wet myself..

Sergeant Bennett becomes agitated.
SERGEANT
Constable Jenkins will you stop flirting and find out if married Mickey has the DNA results and a time of death.

CONSTABLE
My Sergeant wants to know the results of the foot.... Thank you Mickey it’s nice to talk to some one with manners.

SERGEANT
Well come on constable what did he say?

CONSTABLE
They still need to work on the DNA but they have a time of death.

DETECTIVE
I bet it fits in with the sheep painting.

CONSTABLE
He said the foot belongs to a male and the time of death was at least six hundred years ago.

DETECTIVE
What! How can that be? Joe only killed him a couple of days ago.

JOE
Now do you believe me!

DETECTIVE
This smells like a pagan conspiracy to me. How high have you lot penetrated into society.

JOE
Press charges or let me go! There is no body because there never was one. I want an apology!

SERGEANT
You’re not going anywhere.

the Sergeant produces up a note book from his pocket and flips through the pages.

SERGEANT (CONT)
We’ll have you for conspiring to paint sheep, dogging in car parks, public indecency, fishing
(MORE)
SERGEANT (CONT) (cont’d)
without a license and I nearly
forgot! Three unpaid parking
tickets. I think we have enough
to charge you with.

The detective sits at a desk with his head in his hands.

DETECTIVE
Fucking pagans!

SERGEANT
Come on Ron be professional he’s
got away with it.

CONSTABLE
What happened to the Chinaman
then?

DETECTIVE
He’s probably still out there!
And if I know human nature he’ll
definitely be showing his
grinning face again.

FOUR WEEKS LATER

INT. BAR - DAY

Joe is serving behind the bar with NEW BAR STAFF. The
Drovers is packed out with CUSTOMERS. Fred and Jack enter.
They cautiously make there way to the bar. Joe notices and
intercepts them.

JOE
Well if it isn’t invisible Fred
and Jack the nark. I wondered
when you two would show up!

FRED
We’ve been busy! You know with
the digging around Jacks farm.
It’s amazing how preserved those
bodies are in that boggy ground.

JOE
Thanks to you two I was nearly
locked up for a sacrificial
murder. And if that wasn’t bad
enough, I now have a criminal
record for dogging in car parks,
public indecency, painting sheep
and fishing without a license!
JACK
At least you can carry on being a pagan.

JOE
I am not a fucking pagan!

FRED
So you didn’t kill the Chinaman then?

JOE
Give me strength! There was no fucking Chinaman.

FRED
Who did you knock off then?

JOE
No one! Nobody has been knocked off it’s been a big misunderstanding.

FRED
Jack saw you coming back from the moor with blood on your hands?

JOE
If Jack wore glasses like he should do, he would have seen it was tomato ketchup on my hands! Didn’t you think it odd? Me with blood on my hands wandering down from the moor.

Fred and Jack look at each other then at Joe.

FRED
When you say it like that it does seem odd.

JACK
But at the time it seemed normal odd.

Joe looks at them both with exasperation.

FRED
Congratulations on the news about Anna having a baby! It came as a shock with your sperm count.

JOE
Does everybody know about my sperm count?
JACK
It’s a good job you’re a pagan
and can do spells and that.

Joe shows Jack a small gap between his thumb and forefinger.

JOE
Jack your this fucking close to
being strangled! Pagans were your
idea! How many more times do I
have to say it?

Some people squeeze by them to get to the bar.

FRED
Why is it so busy in here?

JOE
Where do I start! One!.. That
flat Essex beer has got The
Drovers a five star rating in the
Best beer guide so we have all
the real ale fanatics turning up.

Two!.. Because the Drovers does
not appear on satellite
navigation, UFO spotters believe
it was aliens who really painted
the sheep.

Three!.. Because Colin sold the
tabloid press a story about me
and naked pagans dogging in the
car park the Drovers is now a
magnet for every pagan weirdo
within a hundred miles!

Four!.. A Hollywood director is
now making a film about the 'The
pagan squirrel murders' in the
area which has made the Drovers a
tourist attraction. Oh I forgot!
Because of the archaeological
digs going on at Jack the nark’s
farm I have that lot in here
every five minutes pissing it up
as well.

JACK
It could be worse!

JOE
It could be worse! How could it
get any worse Jack! Tell me that?

SEVERAL PEOPLE pushing BICYCLES enter the Drovers causing
mayhem.
JOE
What is going on? Sorry you cannot bring your bikes in here!

Anna enters and stands next to Joe.

ANNA
The Drovers hotel welcomes the gormless cyclists club! Come in.

JOE
Anna what on earth is going on?

ANNA
Remember the Dutch couple Lars and Eva? Well it turns out they have a cycle tour business and thought the Drovers would make a good base for their customers! They have booked all the rooms up for the rest of the season.

Anna spots Lars and Eva and gives them a wave.

ANNA (CONT)
Is gormless a Dutch word?

JOE
What about the subsidy! I’ll lose it all!

ANNA
We can earn more than any subsidy by you doing longer hours and working extra hard.

JOE
What about my fishing?

ANNA
You won’t have time for fishing and you can’t expect me to work. I need peace and quiet now I’m pregnant.

Lenny makes his way to the bar. Joe recognises him.

JOE
Lenny! It’s all you’re bloody fault.

LENNY
Hello Joe. What’s all my fault?

JOE
Because of that bloody sign you conned me into buying I have to (MORE)
JOE (cont’d)
work twice as hard and I’ve been
locked up in jail for being a
pagan and sacrificing people!

LENNY
Pagans don’t sacrifice people?
Paganism is a nature worshipping
religion. Everyone knows that!

JOE
I wish that bloody detective knew
that.

LENNY
It’s good news about the village
police station being kept open
now with all this influx of
people in the area.

ANNA
You got my message Lenny?

LENNY
I did Anna and I just happened to
have the very sign you were
after.

Lenny hands a package to Anna.

JOE
A sign? What do you need a sign
for?

Anna opens the package and holds up a sign.

CLOSE ON A SIGN- WITH THE WORDS
   No vacancies.

BACK TO SCENE
Anna gives Joe a big smile.

Joe walks out in a huff.

EXT. DROVERS HOTEL - DAY
Joe walks over to the sign and kicks it hurting his foot.

HIKERS walking past see the sign and go into the hotel.
Cars pull into the car park avoiding Elsie with a Hoover
and dancing NAKED PAGANS with wicker baskets.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY
Sergeant Bennett stands with his bride constable Jean
Jenkins while several uniformed POLICE OFFICERS throw
confetti.
INT. TV STUDIO KITCHEN - DAY
Tom is putting chips into an oven.

INT. TV SHOPPING CHANNEL STUDIO - DAY
Elsie is Demonstrating a vacuum cleaner.

INT. BOOKSHOP - DAY
Fred and Jack are doing a book signing of their book 'Sheep'.

EXT. POST OFFICE BUILDING - DAY
A Large Banner above the post office door reads 'Postman of the Year'.
Bill is wearing his uniform with very short shorts and proudly holding up a trophy.

CLOSE ON A NEWSPAPER--THE DALES WEEKLY--WITH THE HEADLINE
Pagan hotel owner wins Post office lottery!

EXT. DROVERS HOTEL- DAY
Joe is smiling as he displays a large lottery cheque. A Beaming Anna is holding a baby which she makes wave at the camera.
A naked Detective Strange with a garland on his head runs maniacally across screen waving a wicker basket.

FADE OUT

THE END