THE REGULARS Episode 1: Bed, Breakfast and Beer

by

Gary Stocker & Paul Stocker

(C) 2017 Gary Stocker  galvedere@gmail.com
FADE IN:

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

BLACK SCREEN

HARRY V.O.
I renamed the pub after my ex wife...

FADE IN FROM BLACK

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

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

WIDE SHOT

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

HARRY
Brilliant! Why do they all drink so much?

FADE TO BLACK.

"TITLES"

EXT. SANDWICH GREEN VARIOUS LOCATIONS – DAY

Establishing shot of the COUNTRYSIDE / VILLAGE.

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

Superimpose "Sandwich Green. Population 459"
Follow up - superimpose "Village idiots 7"

Transpose to shot of the outside of the Pub

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

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

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

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

INT. LAZY DOG MAIN BAR - EVENING

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

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

We go straight into a conversation Julie and Brassie are having about Julie’s enhanced breasts. Julie is holding one in each hand.
BRASSIE
So... a thousand pounds a boob?

JULIE
That’s right... and well worth it.

BAZ
Who for? You, or the other half?

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

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

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

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

JULIE
It’s like the Suffolk Village of the damned around here.

Baz spots Brassie salivating over Julie.

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

BRASSIE
That’s what I’m hoping for.

BAZ
So when are the deadly duo back, Julie?

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

BRASSIE
I felt a bit sick this morning. Must mean the pipes want cleaning again.
Julie
Sulk you moron. They’ve had a barnie, Brassie.

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

Baz
You ought to tell them both that.

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

Jeff
Never again. Ever.

Julie
What’s up? Not a good destination?

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

Harry enters with his bag.

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

Julie
Why are you so late?

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

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

Jeff
I’m not ungrateful. Look, all I wanted to do was to follow that bit of skirt into the club. No, no. We couldn’t do that. Drinks too expensive.
HARRY
Why don’t you join a dating site if your so worried about a bit of skirt.

JEFF
I’ve tried. They banned me from them all.

HARRY
How have things been, Julie? OK?

JULIE
So, so. Just this mob in as usual.

JEFF
Oh so you haven’t done any food?

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

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

BAZ
I take it you’re not.

HARRY
Nope. Think about it. More trade.

JEFF
More food?

JULIE
I wouldn’t bet on it.

HARRY
Our night away has also not been in vain.

JEFF
Oh how so?

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

HARRY
The spare room upstairs next to Jeff’s room and the room downstairs underneath.
(to Baz)
Bazza me old mate.

BAZ
No.

HARRY
How about I wipe your bar tab clean?

BAZ
Done.

HARRY
Same for you, Brassie.

JULIE
Are you sure that’s wise?

HARRY
It’s only fifteen quid.

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

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

HARRY
OK How much is it now?

JULIE
£278!

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

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

BIG CLIFF
What would they be hearing, Jeff?
JEFF
Well, I might be entertaining.

Julie bursts out laughing.

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

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

Maureen thwacks Baz round the head.

MAUREEN
I told you to get rid of those.

BAZ
I did. I sold them to Jeff.

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

JEFF

INT. LAZY DOG MAIN BAR - DAY

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

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

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

HARRY
Your priority is the two rooms. Only don’t muck ’em up. I want them available to use as guest rooms tomorrow. See you.
BRASSIE
Leave it to us, Harry. No problem.

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

HARRY
What do you want a drill bit for?

JEFF
Um no reason. Just some project of mine.

Harry and Jeff exit.

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

BRASSIE
Yes, Baz. Just get on with it.

INT. LAZY DOG MAIN BAR – DAY

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

JEFF
Bit quiet ain’t it?

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

INT. GUEST ROOM 1 – DAY

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

HARRY
My god.

JEFF
It’s smashing. Do you wanna look upstairs?

HARRY
No. It’ll be fine if this is anything to go by. They’ve done a good job. Come on, get that stew on the go. I’m just gonna have a quick smoke.
EXT. LAZY DOG CAR PARK - DAY

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

HARRY
Blimey Vicar, are you OK?

Harry helps Father Greene up.

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

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

FATHER GREENE
I don’t mean the bicycle.

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

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

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

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

FATHER GREENE
Oh come. Harry, my boy. Money’s not everything. In fact, sometimes I believe it to be a sin. And besides... He’s skint. You’ve seen the clothes he wears. You’ve got your health, Harry, that’s all you can ask for.
Father Greene then starts coughing in a too much drink and too many fags kind of way.

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

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

**HARRY**
Yes, but you’re 74!

**FATHER GREENE**
I know. Can’t wait for next year.

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

**FATHER GREENE**
Who?

**HARRY**
Brass...

**FATHER GREENE**
Sweet Jesus, No. I want someone...

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

**FATHER GREENE**
Harry, you seem to forget. I buried his mother last year - at the second attempt!
HARRY
Oh yes, I did hear about that. How is the Poodle now?

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

HARRY
As well as drinking them?

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

HARRY
You’re full of it, aren’t you, Father.

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

Father Greene bikes off in comedy buckled wheel fashion.

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

INT. LAZY DOG KITCHEN - DAY

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

HARRY
Have you seen my jock strap anywhere, Jeff? I’m playing badminton later with Farmer Nash.
JEFF
Cobweb Mary has washed all your badminton gear and bunged it out on the line. I told her you had a big game against that old tight arse so I said you’d probably appreciate it, H.

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

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

HARRY (CONT’D)
What on earth is that?

JEFF
What?

HARRY
This?

JEFF
Well, what does it look like?

HARRY
Pond Algae.

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

HARRY
That was a fortnight ago.

JEFF
And...

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

EXT. LAZY DOG GARDEN – DAY

Harry steps outside and then stops suddenly.

CUT TO:

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

CUT TO:

Back onto a baffled Harry.
HARRY
I don’t... bloody nora... she’s only gone and... JEFF!

Jeff pokes his head out of the door.

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

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

JEFF
Err... Badly?

INT. LAZY DOG MAIN BAR – DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

JEFF
Blimey! What was it? Old war injuries?
HARRY
No. He forgot to put the guard on the food mixer.

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

HARRY (CONT’D)
What happened to you lot?

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

Big Cliff’s ears prick up.

BIG CLIFF
My wife’s been arrested?

JEFF
You better run then, Cliff.

BIG CLIFF
You’re joking aren’t you? Means I get more time in here.

JULIE
Thought you were working later?

BIG CLIFF
Course I am. These Double Decker’s don’t drive themselves.

Harry helps the elderly bowlers to the door.

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

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

HARRY (CONT’D)
Good evening love, what can I get you?

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

Jeff looks up and does a double take.
JEFF
Cor... Umm. I’m just going to take this up to my room.

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

Harry gets the drink.

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

The blonde hands over the cash and nods.

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

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

BLONDE
But the sign outside.

HARRY
Sign? what sign?

JULIE
Jeff put it up earlier.

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

JULIE
Here you go.

There is then the SOUND of drilling coming from upstairs.

HARRY
What is he doing up there?

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

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

The blonde looks and listens in on the conversation.
Big Cliff is there with a half-full pint, a full pint, a short and a glass of red wine. Brassie has a lager as does Baz. Maureen is nodding off.

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

BIG CLIFF
What was he doing anyway?

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

Cliff and Baz look at each other.

BAZ
Don’t you think they meant the chain?

BRASSIE
No. That bloody thing was covered in oil!

BLONDE
(to Harry)
I think I’ll go to my room after all.

HARRY
Oh OK. Do you have any luggage?

BLONDE
Only this case here.

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

Brassie looks the blonde up and down.

BRASSIE
Yeah, alright.

INT. GUEST ROOM 1 - DAY

Brassie and the blonde enter the guest room and Brassie places the case on the bed. He then goes to the door and tries to lean against it looking cool, like.
BRASSIE
Anything else I can do for you madam?

BLONDE
Er. No. I’m alright, thanks.

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

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

12

INT. JEFF’S ROOM - DAY

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

13

INT. GUEST ROOM 2 - DAY

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

14

INT. LAZY DOG MAIN BAR - DAY

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

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

BAZ
What was that?

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

Boom.

HARRY
That wasn’t from upstairs.

Boom.

JULIE
It’s coming from outside.

The main door to the bar opens and lodged in the doorway is a massive, fat, out of breath, bearded Lorry driver, STACKS, Looking like he hasn’t washed this month.
STACKS
Hi. Wondered if I could have a room for the night.

JULIE
No, we’ve just let it out. Sorry.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HARRY
No. There’s a bin in that corner.

STACKS
Thanks.

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

STACKS (CONT’D)
Is there a Burger van round here? I haven’t eaten for an hour. The Doctor says I’ve got to eat regularly to keep my blood sugar levels up. It ain’t easy sitting down all day driving an artic.
HARRY
They probably mean fruit or veg, Mr Stacks.

STACKS
(grimaces)
I hate sodding fruit.

BAZ
No Shit!

Maureen whacks Bazza’s shin.

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

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

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

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

STACKS
Anything you’d recommend?

BAZ
How about a treadmill?

Maureen kicks Bazza’s other shin.

HARRY
What do you fancy?

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

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

STACKS
(reading the menu)
What’s organic?
HARRY
It’s meat, poultry, fruit and veg that’s been grown naturally without the need of a pesticide. My Regular Barry swears by organic produce don’t you, Baz.

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

Stacks walks off.

HARRY
You berk, Bazza.

BAZ
What?

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

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

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

BAZ
At least Jeff would get one good review.

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

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

HARRY
Julie - Get rid of that please.

JULIE
Why me?
HARRY
I’m the boss and you’re the understudy.

JULIE
Sod off - Brassie get rid of that.

BRASSIE
Sure.

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

BRASSIE (CONT’D)
What is it? Lucozade?

Harry turns to see what Brassie is doing.

HARRY
Not in there!

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

JULIE
Yeah not in there.
(beat)
Use Jeff’s Kitchen sink.

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

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

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

STACKS
Yeah Cheers.

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

HARRY
Thank god for that.
BAZ
I thought I was in for another
repair job, there.

Jeff enters.

HARRY
Where have you been?

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

HARRY
You must show me one day.

JEFF
Where’s our guest?

BRASSIE
Just gone up, Jeff.

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

JULIE
Yes but Je...

Jeff exits.

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

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

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

FLASH
OK

HARRY
Haven’t seen you in a while?

FLASH
No.

HARRY
Well I’m glad we cleared that one
up. Bloody hell. What would you
like to drink, Flash?
FLASH
Lemonade tops, please Harry.

HARRY
Righto, Flasho.

FLASH
Advice needed.

HARRY
Huh?

FLASH
Advice needed.

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

FLASH
I went with brown.

HARRY
Wonderful.

FLASH
Blended in better with the carpet.

HARRY
You’ve got a brown carpet too?

FLASH
Yeah. What? Too flashy?

HARRY
Not at all.

FLASH
The Tie.

HARRY
Eh? What about it?

FLASH
What do you think?

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

FLASH
Not too over the top?

HARRY
It’s brown too, Flash.
FLASH
Yes, but it’s silk.

HARRY
Kill me now.

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

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

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

HARRY
Bloody hell, he’ll get us arrested!

EXT. LAZY DOG MAIN BAR WINDOW - DAY

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

BILLY
Can you see her, then, Garlick?

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

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

GARLICK
She’s bald.

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

INT. LAZY DOG MAIN BAR - DAY

ECU - Flash (looking into camera)

FLASH
Thay sayall chee-up bey-ar at thisear pub with a sloight twee-ust... buh.
Reverse shot of Barry holding up a card with the exact same dialogue on. Barry is teaching Flash "Suffolk"

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

Barry changes to another card that reads:

Thay do fooward hayare too if ass what yer aafter?

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

INT. LAZY DOG MAIN BAR - NIGHT

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

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

MAUREEN
Well that’s a sign he likes you.

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

BARRY
Well you got it back, then.

Harry enters.

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

JEFF
I didn’t I put it on face...

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

JEFF
Don’t get your Y-Fronts in a twist, Harry. Only my media friends can see the pic.
HARRY
Oh well, that’s not so bad, then.

JEFF
Yeah, I’ve only got 900.

HARRY
How have you got 900 friends?

JEFF
Uploaded a doctored pic of Brad Pitt didn’t I.

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

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

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

Harry turns back to Flash at the bar.

HARRY (CONT’D)
Rum lot, hey Flash?

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

HARRY
Really? And when will we meet her?

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

HARRY
Wise woman, your mum. Or maybe insane.

FLASH
Seventeen years ago she gave me that advice and I’ve always held it in good stead.
JEFF
Any luck in the meantime?

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

HARRY
Never mind, Flash.

FLASH
Had to call the fire brigade and everything..

JEFF
There’s always the next seventeen years.

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

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

FLASH
Not with these, I don’t.

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

The Blonde enters the bar.

BLONDE
(to Harry)
Any chance of another pillow, love? I’ve got terrible neck-ache.

The Blonde turns and looks at Flash who smiles.
BLONDE (CONT’D)
No offence, duck. But you look a right... DICKhead!

Harry passes the pillow to the Blonde and she exits. Flash is crying and leaves.

18 INT. JEFF’S ROOM – NIGHT
Jeff enters and rubs his hands together.

19 INT. GUEST ROOM 2 – NIGHT
Stacks is undressed, save for a towel round his waist. He really is disgusting.

He coughs up some gunk and swallows it. Then he stands right in front of the Margaret Thatcher painting and stretches out.

20 INT. JEFF’S ROOM – NIGHT
Jeff places his eye against the spy-hole ready for a viewing feast.

21 INT. GUEST ROOM 2 – NIGHT
Stacks let’s the towel drop and then bends over forward onto the bed.

22 INT. JEFF’S ROOM – NIGHT
Jeff pulls his face away from the spy hole, then has to check again.

23 INT. LAZY DOG MAIN BAR – NIGHT
Harry and the regulars are in full flow.

Jeff appears, disheveled and rather animated.

JEFF
What the hell is that in the room next to me?

HARRY
One of our guests.

JEFF
One of them? I though it was the bird.

HARRY
I know you did you dirty old sod. He’s paid as well.
JEFF
I need help. What’s been seen can never be unseen.

Jeff exits upstairs again.

24
**INT. JEFF’S ROOM – NIGHT**

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

25
**INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM – NIGHT**

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

STACKS
Evening.

JEFF
Oh Dear God.

Closes the door again swiftly.

26
**INT. LAZY DOG MAIN BAR – NIGHT**

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

JEFF
They’ve only put the door in to the wrong bathroom.

HARRY
What do you mean?

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

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

HARRY
You were supposed to be supervising.
   (turns to Brassie who is trying to get salt out of the pepper pot or something similarly stupid)
Brassie, what did I tell you about the door?
BRASSIE
(absolutely plastered)
Rabbits! Blue ones! Pink ones.

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

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

INT. LAZY DOG MAIN BAR - DAY

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

Harry enters.

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

JULIE
Both checked out.

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

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

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

Julie and Brassie exit.

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

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

HARRY
You really are a muppet aren’t you.
INT. LAZY DOG MAIN BAR – DAY

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

JEFF
How did that get in there?

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

Julie enters.

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

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

INT. LORRY CAB – DAY

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

FADE OUT:

Cast:
Harry..............Christian Hood
Jeff..............Euan Stocker
Julie..............Ffyona Dudley
Baz..............Richard Cook
Flash..............Bhasker Patel
Maureen..............Wendy Mercer
Father Greene......John Corker
Brassie..............Aaron Bennett
Blonde..............Holly Rowley
Big Cliff..............Andy Mayes
Stacks..............Paul Stocker
Garlick..............Mick Orton
Billy..............Matt Lockwood
Bowler 1..............Peter Rich
Bowler 2...........TBA
Bowler 3...........TBA

Crew:
Camera.............Stuart Atkins, Sam Bignell
Cinematography.....Vincent Leuleu
Sound..............Jamie Brown
Make Up............Angie ..
Stills............Angela Lockwood
Writers............Gary Stocker, Paul Stocker
Producer...........Matt Lockwood
Director............Gary Stocker