

SKETCH NO 1

LOOK AWAY NOW

INT

NEWSROOM

THE NEWSCASTER IS IN THE MIDDLE OF READING THE HEADLINES. BEHIND HIM A SCREEN DISPLAYS PICTURES APPROPRIATE TO THE NEWS STORIES. THE FIRST PICTURE WE SEE SHOWS SOLDIERS IN A BALKAN TOWN.

NEWSCASTER : Fighting has again intensified in the Balkan province of Sabrino with Government forces attacking rebel positions in the hills around the capital, Cranovich.

The UN has warned of an impending refugee crisis with thousands of civilians forced to flee their homes and head for the relative safety of the border.

Footage of this latest round in the conflict is only just reaching us and will be shown in a specially extended news bulletin later tonight. So, for those of you who'd rather not know the result ... look away now.

WE SEE A CAPTION WITH THE CASUALTIES HIGHLIGHTED OVER A PICTURE OF THE CONFLICT.

NEWSCASTER : And finally the weather, which has been pretty awful lately. Are we going to get a break in the rain in time for the Bank Holiday? Well, as usual, we'll be covering the weather in our forecast special after the Late News, so for those of you who'd rather not know what tomorrow has in store, I suggest you look away now ...

WE SEE ANOTHER CAPTION : RAIN CONTINUING OVERNIGHT BUT DRYING OUT LATE MORNING. MAINLY CLOUDY WITH A FEW SUNNY PERIODS. LIGHT WINDS AND TEMPERATURES ONLY JUST MAKING THE SEASONAL AVERAGE.

INT **MOTOR INSURANCE CALL CENTRE** **DAY**

MANDY: Hello, Insurer Direct, Mandy speaking, how can I help you?

SCREEN SPLITS IN TWO, MANDY ON ONE SIDE, BATMAN ON THE OTHER.

BATMAN: Hello, I'd like a quote for car insurance please.

MANDY: Certainly sir, if I could take your name please ?

BATMAN: Yes, of course, it's Batman.

MANDY: Thank you Mr Batman, is that one T and one N?

BATMAN: Yes, that's right.

MANDY: I just need to take a few personal details to start with. Can I take your first name please ?

BATMAN: Well, it's just Batman.

MANDY: So is that Batman Batman?

BATMAN: No, it's just Batman. Thank you.

MANDY: Can I put you down as first name Bat, second name Man, just for the computer ?

BATMAN: OK, whatever.

MANDY: Thank you, Mr Man, and your address please?

BATMAN: It's the Batcave, Gotham City.

MANDY: And your postcode?

BATMAN: It doesn't have a postcode

MANDY: Are you sure?

BATMAN: Yeah, we don't have any call for one, we don't get any post.

MANDY: Oh, that's a shame. OK, I'll take the vehicle details now. Can I have the registration number please ?

BATMAN: It doesn't have a registration number.

MANDY: Ah! I have to put a registration number in, the computer won't let me go on without one. I'll have to refer to an underwriter, can you hold please?

INT **MOTOR INSURANCE CALL CENTRE** **DAY**

FADE OUT

FADE IN

MANDY: Hello, Mr Man?

BATMAN: Hello

MANDY: Sorry to keep you holding, that's no problem.
If I could take the make and model of the vehicle please?

BATMAN: Yes, of course, it's a Batmobile.

MANDY: I'll just see if we've got that on our system. A batmobile?

BATMAN: Yes, that's right.

MANDY: No, I can't seem to find that.
I've got a Dormobile?

BATMAN: No, it's definitely not a Dormobile.

MANDY: Well, I've looked under Bat, and under mobile and
that's all I've got. Is it a Nissan?

BATMAN: No, it's not, I actually made it myself.

MANDY: Oh, I see it's a kit car. We don't usually cover
those. I'll just need to check with an underwriter,
would you mind holding ?

FADE OUT

FADE IN

MANDY: Thanks for that Mr Man, now can I take your
occupation please?

BATMAN: Yes, I'm a superhero

MANDY: Oh, that must be exciting. Oh.
We don't seem to have that on our system.

BATMAN: Erm, you could try crimefighter?

MANDY: No, we haven't got that. Is it like police work?

BATMAN: Well sort of, I work with the police

INT **MOTOR INSURANCE CALL CENTRE** **DAY**

MANDY: Shall I put you down as a policeman ? Actually we can give you a discount if you're an active police officer.

BATMAN: No, I'm not a policeman. Perhaps if you put me down as a vigilante?

MANDY: Oh yes, I've got that. And are you self employed?

BATMAN: Yes, kind of.

MANDY: Is it just yourself to drive this?

BATMAN: No, there's one named driver.

MANDY: Could I take a note of their name?

BATMAN: Yes, it's Robin.

MANDY: Is that a Mr, Mrs or Miss?

BATMAN: Er... Mr.

MANDY: And the surname please?

BATMAN: No, there's no surname.

MANDY: Oh.

BATMAN: If you have to put something, he's also known as The Boy Wonder.

MANDY: Thank you. And what does Mr Wonder do for a living?

BATMAN: He's a sidekick.

MANDY: A sidekick? OK, there we are. And have either you or Mr Wonder had any claims in the past three years?

BATMAN: Er, yes. This year alone, The Joker planted a bomb in it that did quite a bit of damage, The Riddler mined Gotham high street and blew it up, The Penguin shot it full of explosive tipped bullets, we had to ram Two Faces' car to stop him getting away, Mr Freeze sealed it in sub-zero conditions, that put paid to the rad, oh and last week I got a chipped windscreen.

MANDY: Right. Normally we wouldn't accept that amount of claims. I am going to have to refer you to our specialist department, Crimefighter Direct ... could you hold please ?

SKETCH NO 3

THE OFFICE MIME

INT

OFFICE

DAY

WORKERS ALREADY BUSY AT PC'S. MIME ENTERS CARRYING IMAGINARY BRIEFCASE AND MOVES TO A CLEAR AREA OF THE OFFICE.

WORKER : Morning.

MIME WAVES BACK.

WORKER : How was your weekend?

MIME GIVES THUMBS DOWN.

WORKER : Say no more.

MIME PUTS CASE ON PRETEND DESK, TURNS AND WALKS TOWARDS DRINKS MACHINE.

CUT TO

MIME STANDS IN FRONT OF DRINKS MACHINE. STUDIES OPTIONS AS HE PUTS AN IMAGINARY COIN IN. THINKS FOR A MOMENT THEN PRESSES A BUTTON.

HE WAITS FOR HIS DRINK (SMILES AT PASSING WORKER). IMAGINARY DRINK HAS APPEARED. PICKS IT UP. IT'S HOT! CAREFULLY TAKES IT BACK TO HIS DESK.

CUT TO

MIME ARRIVES AT HIS DESK. PULLS BACK PRETEND CHAIR AND ASSUMES SITTING POSITION. MIMES SWITCHING ON COMPUTER. MIMES TYPING AT KEYBOARD. DOUBLE TAKE LOOKING AT SCREEN. LOOKS ROUND AT COLLEAGUE BEMUSED. SHRUGS SHOULDERS.

WORKER : Has it crashed?

MIME NODS

WORKER : Switch it off and switch it on again.

MIME NODS. SWITCHES IT OFF AND ON. WAITS. SUCCESS! THUMBS UP.

SKETCH NO 4

DARTH VADER'S BIRTHDAY

INT. DARTH VADER'S CHAMBER

CLOSE UP ON THE MASK OF DARTH VADER. HE IS BREATHING HEAVILY. WE PULL BACK TO REVEAL HIM PERUSING A GIRLIE MAG.

THERE IS A BLEEP AT THE DOOR. HE HASTILY HIDES THE MAGAZINE.

DARTH: Enter

IMPERIAL LIEUTENANT ENTERS.

LIEUT: Lord Vader, your presence is urgently requested on Level 9.

DARTH: Have you recaptured young Skywalker?

LIEUT: Er, yes, that's it. He is being held on Level 9 awaiting your interrogation.

DARTH: Excellent.

FADE TO

INT. LEVEL 9 DOORWAY

DOOR OPENS. DARTH IS SILHOUETTED. THE ROOM IS PITCH BLACK.

DARTH: Where is Skywalker? I cannot feel his presence.

LIGHTS GO ON TO REVEAL SURPRISE BIRTHDAY PARTY. BALLOONS, STREAMERS, A LARGE CAKE. PARTY POPPERS GO OFF.

GUARDS: Surprise!

DARTH: Oh! You guys!

GUARDS SING HAPPY BIRTHDAY LORD VADER. LIEUTENANT PINS A "BIRTHDAY BOY" BADGE ON HIS CAPE.

LIEUT: Come on Lord Vader, blow out the candles.

DARTH CONTINUES HIS NORMAL HEAVY BREATHING. THE CAKE BEGINS TO SHUDDER AND SHAKE AND THEN BLOWS UP. THE DEAD BODY OF THE STRIPPER HIDDEN INSIDE IT FLOPS FORWARD.

DARTH: Oops!

THERE IS A STUNNED SILENCE FOR A MOMENT. THE LIEUTENANT BEGINS TO NERVOUSLY APPLAUD AND THE OTHERS JOIN IN. WE FADE OUT ON A CHORUS OF "FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW"

SKETCH NO 5

DEATH AT THE HARDWARE STORE

INT. B & Q STYLE STORE. DAY.

DEATH (THE GRIM REAPER) ENTERS STORE CARRYING A LARGE BOX CONTAINING AN ELECTRIC HEDGE TRIMMER. HE APPROACHES THE CUSTOMER SERVICE DESK.

ASSISTANT: Can I help you sir?

DEATH: I hope so, yes. I was bought this hedge trimmer as a present and to be honest it's not really what I was after. So I was wondering whether I could have a refund?

ASSISTANT: Do you have a receipt?

DEATH: No, I don't. Like I said, it was a present.

ASSISTANT: I'm afraid I can't do you a refund then sir. We can exchange it for you for anything else in the store.

DEATH: Do you have any scythes at all?

ASSISTANT: No, we don't get much call for them, the electric trimmers are much more popular these days.

DEATH: You see, I'm not always near a convenient power point when I need to use it.

ASSISTANT: Is there anything else you'd like instead?

DEATH: Not really. I don't suppose I could take the souls of a couple of staff members?

ASSISTANT: No, I'm afraid that's against company policy.

DEATH: OK, fair enough, I'd better stick with the hedge trimmer then.

SKETCH NO 6

WITCH AT THE DELI

INT. SUPERMARKET DELI COUNTER DAY

TRADITIONAL FAIRY TALE WITCH, BACK CAPE, POINTY HAT, BROOMSTICK, WARTS AND ALL, TAKES A TICKET AT THE DELI COUNTER AND WAITS HER TURN. AN ASSISTANT CALLS OUT HER NUMBER.

WITCH: I'll have a quarter of the newts eyes ...

THE ASSISTANT BEGINS TO SCOOP NEWTS EYES INTO A PLASTIC CONTAINER BEFORE WEIGHING THEM.

WITCH: ... and four bats' wings.

ASSISTANT: That's just over the quarter, is that all right?

WITCH: Yes that's fine.

THE ASSISTANT USES TONGS TO PLACE FOUR BATS' WINGS IN A BAG.

WITCH: A half of the lizards' tongues...

ASSISTANT: We've got a half price offer on the salamander tongues.

WITCH: Yes, I'll take those.

THE ASSISTANT WEIGHS OUT THE SALAMANDAR TONGUES.

WITCH: Have you got any rats intestines?

ASSISTANT: Sorry, I sold the last lot about an hour ago. Should have some fresh in tomorrow.

WITCH: Not to worry, I'll just have four ounces of Caerphilly and some of the Belgium pate.

SKETCH NO 8

VOICE OVER MAN AT BREAKFAST

INT.

KITCHEN

DAY

VOICE OVER MAN SITS AT THE KITCHEN TABLE. WIFE IS COOKING A FULL ENGLISH BREAKFAST. VOICE OVER MAN MOVES ASIDE HIS CEREAL BOWL AND A GLASS OF JUICE.

VOICE OVER MAN: It began like any other day. First came the cereal. Then the Grapefruit juice. And now ...

WIFE PUTS BREAKFAST ON TABLE

VOICE OVER MAN: Eggs (PAUSE) bacon (PAUSE) hash browns (PAUSE) and sausage in a high cholesterol production ... "FULL ENGLISH BREAKFAST".

A Mrs Barnstable presentation, in association with Tesco. From the same team that bought you Spaghetti Bolognese, last night's Chicken Pie and Strawberry Gateaux. One man's struggle against a bulging waistline.

"FULL ENGLISH BREAKFAST", coming soon to a kitchen table near you. PG, Parental Guidance.

MRS BARNSTABLE: Eat your breakfast, Dear.

SKETCH NO 9

VOICE OVER MAN'S NEW PRODUCTION

INT.

HOSPITAL DELIVERY FLOOR

DAY

MRS BARNSTABLE IS IN THE FINAL THROES OF LABOUR ASSISTED BY A MIDWIFE. VOICE OVER MAN HOLDS HIS WIFE'S HAND.

VOICE OVER MAN: From the same people who brought you Simon (PAUSE) Abigail (PAUSE) and Rebecca comes a brand new production. Starring John Barnstable as the husband. Sheila Barnstable as the wife. The Midwife as herself ...

MIDWIFE: (DELIVERING THE BABY) It's a boy!

VOICE OVER MAN: ... and introducing baby William Barnstable in his first screen appearance. A tale of passion, courage and hot towels. Nine months in the making "The Newborn" is an unforgettable experience. Coming soon to a nursery near you.

MRS BARNSTABLE CRADLES HER NEW SON

VOICE OVER MAN: It's the most talked about event of the year.

"Delightful" - Auntie Sophie

"Cute" - Brother Simon

"Isn't he like his father" - the Grandparents.

"Mummy, mummy, I want to go to the toilet"

- little Abigail.

SKETCH NO 10

PANTOMOME MACBETH

INT. GLOBE THEATRE DAY

WITCHES SCENE FROM THE PANTOMIME MACBETH.

WITCHES: A drum, a drum, Macbeth doth come.

LOTS OF CACKLING. THEY EXIT. THE AUDIENCE BOO AND HISS. FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STAGE MACBETH AND TWO GUARDOLIERS, SPICK AND SPAN, CREEP ON.

SPICK: Prithee my lord, this place is a bit spooky.

MACBETH: Tis true, it doth have a cold air about it.

SPAN: Mayhap my lord might we not call upon our noble friends to keep an eye out for us. Wilt thou do that for us?

THE AUDIENCE SHOUT "YES". LADY MACBETH ENTERS IN FULL SCOTTISH PANTO DAME REGALIA.

LADY M: Hello boys and girls.

AUDIENCE SHOUTS BACK "OCH AYE THE NOO, LADY M."

MACBETH: If thou should see anything of supernatural form I pray thee give us good warning that we might leg it.

LADY M.: Perhaps we may sing a song for to keep our spirits high.

MACBETH: Tis a worthy thought, good wife.

THEY PROCEDE TO SING AND CLAP ALONG TO GHOSTBUSTERS. BANQUO'S GHOST ENTERS AND FRIGHTENS THEM OFF ONE BY ONE AS THE AUDIENCE SHOUT OUT.

SKETCH NO 11

THE GRANDPA

INT

KITCHEN

DAY

MOTHER COOKING, FATHER READING PAPER, DAUGHTER (8 YEARS OLD)
RUSHES IN.

DAUGHTER: Daddy, daddy, I want a grandpa.

DAD: (PUTTING PAPER DOWN) What, darling?

DAUGHTER : I want a grandpa. I've just seen one on the TV and they're wicked, and they don't take much looking after, and I'd feed him and take him out, oh, can I have one, can I? Pleeeeaase!

MUM: We did say she could have one when she was old enough to look after it.

DAD : Oh dear, I don't know. You'd have to clean him up each day, otherwise they do smell a bit. They're not cheap to look after.

DAUGHTER: I will look after him. I can clean him out before I go to school. Please.

DAD LOOKS THOUGHTFUL

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT

LOUNGE

DAY

MOTHER LOOKING OUT OF WINDOW, DAD IN ARMCHAIR.

MUM : Here she comes.

SOUND OF FRONT DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING

MUM : In here, love. We've got a surprise for you.

DAUGHTER ENTERS, SEES SOMETHING AND HER EYES LIGHT UP.

DAUGHTER : You got one!

WE SEE A LARGE CAGE. INSIDE SITS A GRANDPA IN A ROCKING CHAIR,
WITH A MIRROR AND A WATER CONTAINER WITH HIS TEETH IN.

DAUGHTER : Oh thank you, thank you. Can I call him, Gramps?

DAD : Course you can, Love. He's yours now. Mind you look after him.

DAUGHTER : (TO GRANDPA) Hello, Gramps. Hello. You're cute aren't you.

GRANDPA : Bugger off!! Bloody kids!

DAUGHTER : Oh he talks.

GRANDPA : Bugger off! Where's my tea?

SKETCH NO 12

THE SQUIRRELS AT HOME

INT

TREE HOME LIVING ROOM

DAY

THE SQUIRRELS RELAX AT HOME. ONE OF THEM IS DOING A NEWSPAPER CROSSWORD.

1ST SQUIRREL: "Bolt ends stored for winter". In four.

2ND SQUIRREL: Got any letters?

1ST SQUIRREL: N blank T blank.

3RD SQUIRREL: Bolt ends?

1ST SQUIRREL: Yep.

4TH SQUIRREL: Could be an anagram.

1ST SQUIRREL: Maybe if I get 14 down it will help. Stun him and he goes mad. Four letters, something U something S.

3RD SQUIRREL: They don't get any easier do they.

1ST SQUIRREL: Who compiles these things. I just can't get started today. Six across "The National Union of Train Spotters perhaps?"
Four letters, N, U, something something.

2ND SQUIRREL: I hate those cryptic clues.

1ST SQUIRREL: Think I'll give this up as a bad job.

4TH SQUIRREL: (REACHING FOR A BOWL OF NUTS) Nuts anyone.

GENERAL CHORUS OF "YES, PLEASE" AND THEY GRAB A HANDFUL.

SKETCH NO 13

TAXI TO RUNWAY 29

INT

PASSENGER JET COCKPIT

DAY

CLOSE UP OF THE PILOT, HANDS ON THE WHEEL, EYES ON THE DISPLAY. FLICKS THE OCCASIONAL SWITCH.

INTERCOM (VOV) : Tower to Tango Four Nine. Tango Four Nine, where are you, Tony?

THE PILOT PICKS UP THE MICROPHONE. HIS ACCENT WHEN HE SPEAKS IS PURE EAST END.

PILOT : Yeah, Tower, just arriving at Stansted, parking up. What have you got?

INTERCOM (VOV) : Party of 250 to pick up at Luton Airport for Majorca. A Mr Williams. They'll be waiting in the terminal. How long do you reckon?

PILOT : Air traffic's pretty bad this time of night. About an hour and a half, Luv. Whereabouts in Majorca?

INTERCOM : Palma airport, the terminal building at the top end, just round the back from the hangers.

PILOT : Yeah, I know the place. Tell them I'm on my way.

INTERCOM : OK, Tone, quick as you can.

THE PILOT PUTS DOWN THE MICROPHONE AND FLIPS UP A FOR HIRE SIGN NEXT TO HIM. WE PULL BACK TO SEE HE HAS A PASSENGER BESIDE HIM.

PILOT : Betcha they tell him 30 minutes. Must think I'm supersonic or something. Hey, you'll never guess who I had in the cockpit last week.

SKETCH NO 14

PUNCH AND JUDY MAN

EXT

BEACH

DAY

A PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW ON THE SANDS, WATCHED BY A GROUP OF SMALL CHILDREN AND THEIR PARENTS.

THE POLICEMAN IS ASKING MR PUNCH WHAT HE'S DONE WITH THE BABY. MR PUNCH SAYS HE HASN'T SEEN THE BABY.

AT THIS POINT WE HEAR AN "AARRGH" AND AN "OOHH" BOTH WITH THAT DISTINCT MR PUNCH SOUND. THE PUPPETS START WAVING AROUND AND AN ARM IS VISIBLE.

ANOTHER LOUD AND LONG "AARRRGH" AND NOW THE PUNCH AND JUDY TENT STARTS SHAKING. WE HEAR "JESUS CHRIST!", ANOTHER "OOHH", AND A "OH GOD!".

THE TENT IS NOW ON THE VERGE OF TOPPLING OVER. IT DOES SO AND AS IT LIES HORIZONTAL THE PUNCH AND JUDY MAN SPILLS OUT, CLUTCHING HIS CHEST, STILL WITH MR PUNCH ON ONE HAND AND JUDY ON THE OTHER.

HE TURNS THE POLICEMAN'S HEAD TOWARDS THE CHILDREN.

POLICEMAN : Have you seen the Punch and Judy man's
heart pills, Boys and girls?

A BIG CHORUS OF "NOOO" FROM THE CHILDREN.

MR PUNCH : Oh bugger!

THE PUNCH AND JUDY MAN LIES STILL.
THE CHILDREN APPLAUD AND CHEER.

SKETCH NO 15

VIDEO GAME

INT

DARKENED ROOM

THE HAND OF A SKILLED OPERATOR GUIDES A JOYSTICK AS SHAPES CHASE EACH OTHER AROUND A MONITOR. WE HEAR THE OCCASIONAL "BLEEP" AS A LINE SWEEPS ROUND THE SCREEN IN A CIRCLE LIKE A RADAR TRACE, AND MINOR EXPLOSIONS AS OBJECTS COLLIDE. ELECTRONIC NUMBERS CHANGE LIKE A SCORE BEING STEADILY INCREASED.

WE PULL BACK TO SEE A YOUNG MAN HOLDING THE JOYSTICK AND WEARING A HEADSET. AN OLDER MAN APPROACHES AND TAPS HIM ON THE SHOULDER. THE YOUNG MAN LIFTS OFF THE HEADSET AND LOOKS UP.

OLDER MAN : First day at air traffic control?

YOUNGER MAN : Yes, it is.

OLDER MAN : (NODDING HIS HEAD WISELY) Thought so.

SKETCH NO 16

HOLIDAY SOUVENIRS

INT

LIVING ROOM

DAY

TWO WOMEN SITTING ON A SOFA VIEWING THINGS THAT WE CAN'T SEE FOR THE MOMENT.

WOMAN 1: Here's one I took when we were in Venice.

WOMAN 2 : Oh yes, that's nice. Lovely there isn't it.

WOMAN 1: Oh it is? So romantic. Then we moved on to Rome, and this is one I took there.

WOMAN 2: You must have had a whale of a time.

WOMAN 1: Holidays just fly by don't they. It's nice when you've got your memories and souvenirs.

WOMAN 2: Oh, now that is lovely.

WOMAN 1: Mmmmm. Paris. our last stop on the journey home. Paul took that just as we were due to leave.

PULL BACK TO SEE THEY ARE STUDYING ITEMS OF JEWELRY; A BROACH, BRACELET, NECKLACE ETC.

WOMAN 2: Your just so good at it. I don't know how you keep your nerve. I'd be just useless, I know I would.

SKETCH NO 17

VIDEO REFEREE

INT

LOUNGE

DAY

THREE LADS SAT ON COUCH DRINKING BEER AND WATCHING A RUGBY MATCH ON TV. CRIES OF "GO ON MY SON" AND SO ON. WE SEE ON THE TV A TRY BEING SCORED. THE REFEREE HALTS PLAY AND IS SEEN CALLING FOR THE VIDEO REFEREE. THE REFEREE'S VOICE IS HEARD COMING FROM A SPEAKER BEHIND THEM.

REFEREE: Paul, I was unsighted, was he in?

PAUL: Oh, right, yeah. (TO MATE 1) Just play it back.

MATE 1: What?

PAUL: The video, just take it back to just before the try.

MATE 1: Video's not on.

PAUL: What? Oh shit. (PAUSE) What do you reckon?

MATE 2: Well it was a try, straight in, no worries. Yeessss!

MATE 1: Take that you Aussies bastards.

PAUL: Come on, I'm supposed to be neutral. I've got an unbiased, objective opinion.

MATE 2: Which is, he was in for a mile. Come on.

PAUL: OK, fair enough. (PICKS UP A MICROPHONE) Yeah, it was good Barry, try given. (PUTS MIC DOWN) Get us another can would you?

SKETCH NO 19

ANTS

EXT

GARDEN

DAY

A REPORTER, MICROPHONE IN HAND, IS CROUCHED DOWN OVER WHAT APPEARS TO BE A MOUND OF EARTH IN THE MIDDLE OF A LAWN.

REPORTER : The scene here is one of utter carnage, it simply defies belief. Hundreds dead, thousands injured and thousands more left homeless, with the number of fatalities expected to rise as the rescue work continues.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL A NEWSREADER WATCHING THE REPORTER ON A LARGE SCREEN, WHICH IN TURN IS PART OF A NEWS SET.

NEWSREADER: Has there been any official explanation of what happened?

REPORTER: Not as yet. What we do know is that about eight forty-five this morning a stream of boiling hot liquid flooded this area beside me, pouring into the hundreds of tunnels and passages. Most of the inhabitants were just waking up, having breakfast and going to work and were obviously caught completely unawares.

NEWSREADER: Has anyone so far claimed responsibility for the atrocity?

REPORTER: Not so far. Local residents have been pretty upset at the ants making their home here in the first place and their presence obviously stirred up a lot of ill will towards them. We understand that a kettle, similar to the one that may have been used in the attack, has been found in the kitchen of the house behind me, but the investigation is still at an early stage.

NEWSREADER: And do we know as yet if there were any British ants among the casualties?

REPORTER: Millions of ants are entering this country illegally and setting up homes here. It really is too early to say whether these were immigrants or whether they were native to Britain.

NEWSREADER: Thank you. More on that story later.

SKETCH NO 20

CRICKET ALL-ROUNDER

EXT

CRICKET PITCH

DAY

LIVE AT THE ASHES TEST, ENGLAND v AUSTRALIA. AN ENGLISH BATSMAN IS BOWLED COMPREHENSIVELY. HE STARTS TO WALK DISCONSOLATELY BACK TO THE PAVILLION. COMMENTARY FROM RITCHIE AND GEOFF.

RITCHIE: (VOV) He'll be very disappointed with that Geoff.

GEOFF: (VOV) Well, it's poor technique is that, he's took his eye off the ball and he'll be heading back to the pavillion now thinking, well I am a chump.

RITCHIE: And it leaves England with big problems now; 126-6 chasing 403 to win. English expectations resting on the broad shoulders of the number 8, Simon Duffield, the Surrey all rounder who's already set this series alight in the two previous tests.

WE SEE SIMON DUFFIELD WALKING TO THE CREASE FROM THE PAVILLION. HE IS AN ORANGUTANG DRESSED IN A CRICKET CAP WEARING PADS. HE STOPS TO CONFER WITH HIS FELLOW BATSMAN, WHO HANDS HIM A BANANA. DUFFIELD EATS THE BANANA THEN TAKES UP A LOOSE STANCE.

RITCHIE: A product of the new English academy system which threw its doors open to anyone and everyone after successive Ashes defeats. But controversy still reigns over his inclusion in the line up, and whether he qualifies to play for England. He was born in Sumatra but qualifies because his grandfather was an English sailor.

GEOFF: Now he is in of course all eyes are on his younger brother, Jack who has bowled particularly well for Middlesex this season.

RITCHIE: Warne in to bowl to the newcomer.

DUFFIELD COMES DOWN THE WICKET AND SMASHES THE BALL FOR FOUR.

GEOFF: Straight off the mark with a four there Ritchie, you can see he's come to play his strokes.

DUFFIELD JUMPING UP AND DOWN WAVING HIS BAT IN THE AIR AND SHOWING HIS TEETH. TO THE MUSIC OF 'THUS SPRACH ZARATHUSTRA' WE SEE A MONTAGE OF FANTASTIC SHOTS FROM DUFFIELD IN SLOW MOTION.. RITCHIE AND GEOFF CAN OCCASSIONALLY BE HEARD COMMENTING ON THE SHOTS. AS THE MUSIC PEAKS HE CLUBS THE BALL HIGH INTO THE AIR, THE UMPIRE SIGNALS SIX, THE SCOREBOARD SHOWS ENGLAND 404 FOR 6 WITH DUFFIELD 278 NOT OUT. THE CROWD CELEBRATE VICTORY.

RITCHIE: What a remarkable innings that was.

SKETCH NO 21

PEST CONTROL

INT

OFFICE BUILDING

DAY

BUSY OFFICE. AN OFFICE MANAGER IS WALKING DOWN THE CENTRE OF THE OFFICE WITH A PEST EXTERMINATOR. THE CAMERA FOLLOWS.

MANAGER: You can actually hear them moving around sometimes.

EXTERMINATOR: In the ceiling?

MANAGER: That's right, yes.

EXTERMINATOR: Any other signs?

MANAGER: Well, we've found droppings over there by the drinks machine, and umbrellas have gone missing.

EXTERMINATOR: Let's take a look at those droppings.

EXTERMINATOR BENDS DOWN TO EXAMINE THE FAECES. LIFTS IT UP WITH THE END OF A PENCIL..

EXTERMINATOR: It definitely looks like you've got a problem.

CUT TO

EXTERMINATOR CLIMBS A STEP LADDER AND PUSHES UP THE FALSE CEILING WITH THE END OF A BROOM HANDLE. HE SHINES A TORCH UP INTO THE GAP. WE SEE HIS POV. THERE IS A SCRABBLING NOISE AND THE TORCH PICKS UP A MIME. HE MIMES AN EXPRESSION OF HORROR AND SCURRIES OFF INTO THE DARKNESS.

EXTERMINATOR: Pretty much what I expected to find; you've got an infestation of mimes.

CUT TO

EXTERMINATOR WALKING AROUND A DARKENED AREA SHINING HIS TORCH. HE IS STOOD BY A PILE OF BLANKETS WITH SOME DISCARDED OBJECTS LYING ABOUT.

EXTERMINATOR: (TO CAMERA) No doubt about it, definitely mimes. You can see they've got chalk, balloons, balls, some of the mimes favourite things.

THERE ARE NOISES BEHIND HIM. HE TURNS AROUND AND WE SEE TWO MIMES. THEY ARE MIMING PUZZLEMENT AND ANGER IN EXAGGERATED GESTURES. THEY MOVE THREATENINGLY FORWARD BUT HIT AN INVISIBLE WALL AND CAN'T FEEL THEIR WAY ROUND IT.

EXTERMINATOR: As I said, they're not dangerous. More stupid really.

STORMTROOPER LEAVES. JIMMY TURNER TAKES PENCIL FROM BEHIND EAR AND PRODUCES A NOTEPAD

J. TURNER: Right Mr Vader, let's see what we've got. So, it's half-finished which means I'm going to have to find a way to match up the materials and that's not going to be cheap...

DEATH: Cost is not an issue.

J. TURNER: You're a man after me own heart Mr Vadar. And I understand you want it to be invulnerable, is that right?

DEATH: We had a think about that and actually it must be indestructible.

J. TURNER: Indestructible? (SHARP INTAKE OF BREATH) That's gonna cost you.

DEATH: It is vital if we are to put faith in this technological terror we are constructing. We built one a while back and it wasn't indestructible. Some idiot left a two meter-wide thermal exhaust port open that's shaft lead directly to the reactor system.

J. TURNER: Dear oh dear. Sounds like you had some right cowboy on that job.

DARTH: You must avoid making similar mistakes.

J. TURNER: Don't you worry about that Mr Vadar. I'll pop a sheet of cladding over any of them, make good and it'll all be fine.

DARTH: Excellent.

STORMTROOPER RETURNS WITH TEA

STORMTROOPER: Your tea sir.

J. TURNER: Nice one, thanks.

STORMTROOPER: And some biscuits.

DARTH: Mmmmm. Garibaldi's. My favourite.

INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT, 35AD NIGHT

JESUS AND DISCIPLES IN TRADITIONAL DA VINCI TABLEAU. PULL BACK TO REVEAL THEY ARE SAT IN AN INDIAN RESTAURANT ROUND LARGE TABLE. THEY ARE DISCUSSING BILL. THEY ARE ALL A BIT DRUNK AND ARE TALKING OVER EACH OTHER.

JOHN: I had poppadoms but I didn't have nan bread.

ANDREW: Who ordered extra pickles? Someone did.

LUKE: I had that extra pint.

JESUS: Why didn't you have water like the rest of us?

MATTHEW: (calling to waiter) Oi, Raheed. (they all fall about laughing). Two more pints of Kingfisher here, son.

JAMES BEGINS TO CROON "THERE IS A GREEN HILL" USING HIS NAPKIN, ROLLED UP, AS A MICROPHONE. HE TRIES TO ENCOURAGE THE OTHERS TO JOIN IN BEFORE COLLAPSING BACKWARDS OFF HIS CHAIR UNCONCIOUS.

MARK: Shh, right, OK.

QUIETENS THEM ALL DOWN. ONCE THERE IS SILENCE HE CONTINUES.

MARK: (A bit giggly) This Nazorean goes into a pub with a crocodile up his bum...

DISCIPLES START TO GET ROWDY AGAIN. LUKE STARTS A FOOD FIGHT.

JESUS: Can I have a bit of quiet here please?

BIT OF CHICKEN HITS HIM SQUARE ON THE FOREHEAD.

JESUS: Yes, very funny, could we cut that out? Thank you. OK, look, there's 13 of us and we owe 36 sheckles and 10 denarie. That's a bit steep. We didn't even get mints. (LOOKS AT MENU INTENTLY) So, what that's (MUTTERS) 13,26... let's say 3 sheckles each and that takes care of the tip.

JUDAS: I didn't have a starter.

JESUS: Sorry Judas?

JUDAS: I was just saying, Lord, I didn't have a starter so I don't think I should pay the full...

REALISES EVERYONE IS STARING AT HIM

JUDAS: Well, Peter had that extra sweet.

INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT, 35AD NIGHT

PETER: Oh, I never.

JESUS: Hold on Peter, I distinctly remember you ordering a sweet.

PETER: Yes, but I never got it.

JUDAS: You did, you had the gateaux.

PETER: Read my lips, I did not have a sweet.

COCK CROWS, OFF.

PETER : Well all right then, I might have a small slice.

MARK: Jesus, do we have to go through this every time?

JESUS: Not necessarily. There are ways where we can all work together to resolve conflicts such as these. Let me explain. You see, there was this man, a Pharisee, and he had three sons...

JOHN: Forgive me, Lord is this a parable?

JESUS: Well done John it is indeed a parable.

JOHN: Only, is it a long one? It's just, I'm dying for a waz.

JESUS: Go in peace John, the parable can keep.

JAMES: (LIFTING HIS HEAD OFF THE PLATE TO SING) Without a city wall.

JOHN EXITS. JESUS HOLDS UP HIS HANDS IN DESPAIR. FREEZE TABLEAU.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY. DAY.

SHOT OF HOTEL NOTICE BOARD. NOTICE "WORKING TOGETHER SEMINAR - THE GODS OF OLYMPUS. CONNAUGHT SUITE". PAN BACK TO SEE GREEK GODS WANDERING AROUND RECEPTION, MAYBE CHATTING TO EACH OTHER. POSEIDON SPLASHES IN, COVERED IN SEAWEED, TRIDENT IN ONE HAND, BRIEFCASE IN THE OTHER. HE ASKS DIRECTIONS AT THE RECEPTION DESK.

FADE TO

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR DAY

WE FOLLOW A WAITER CARRYING TWO COFFEE POTS INTO THE CONNAUGHT SUITE. THE GODS ARE ENGAGED IN SMALL TALK OVER CUPS OF COFFEE. ZEUS IS AT THE TABLE WRITING HIS NAME ON A PIECE OF FOLDED CARD WITH A FLIP CHART PEN.

FADE TO

INT. CONNAUGHT SUITE. DAY

THE GODS ARE SEATED AROUND THE TABLE. THE FACILITATOR, JEREMY, STANDS BY A FLIPCHART BEARING THE WORDS "OMNIPOTENT OR INCOMPETENT?"

HE IS IN MID DISCUSSION.

JEREMY: First things first, I'm Jeremy and I'll be taking today's course. Briefly, it's a fairly fixed agenda. We'll break for coffee about 10:30, see if we can't rustle up some biscuits, lunch about 1:00, we'll pick it up again about 2:00. Any questions? Great.

Now, I know we've all got busy lives but I think it's worth giving up one day to enrich the other days we're all going to be spending together. OK, so you might like to start by just asking yourself, am I a happy God?

MOBILE PHONE RINGS OUT A DAFT TUNE. WE SEE HERMES REACH INTO HIS TOGA. HE PRODUCES HIS PHONE AND STARTS A CONVERSATION. THERE IS A LITTLE MUTTERING AROUND THE TABLE. HERMES FINISHES AND PUTS PHONE AWAY.

JEREMY: Sorry, Hermes, is it? Hermes, I appreciate you're busy but can I ask that all mobile phones are switched during the seminar. Thanks.

HERMES LOOKS SUITABLY EMBARRASSED AND MUTTERS AN APOLOGY. SEVERAL GODS REACH INTO THEIR TUNICS AND SWITCH OFF THEIR PHONES.

FADE TO

INT. CONNAUGHT SUITE. DAY

THE END OF A GROUP EXERCISE.

JEREMY: We should all have written three things about ourselves, only one of which is true. Zeus, would you care to start?

ZEUS: (CLEARS THROAT) I once turned a cousin of mine into a donkey for desecrating my holy temple. I have fathered more than three hundred children. I once had a pet rabbit called Smokey.

JEREMY: Thank you Zeus, that's lovely. Now we all like to think we know Zeus pretty well so what do we reckon?

ATHENA IS HAVING A GOOD CHUCKLE TO HERSELF

JEREMY: Athena?

ATHENA: Three hundred children? Dear oh dear. In his dreams.

ZEUS: What's that supposed to mean.

ATHENA: Do I have to spell it out. That night in Athens...

ZEUS: Look, I'd had a lot to drink and I had a lot on my mind.

HERA: With respect Jeremy, is there any point in letting Athena play? As the Goddess of Wisdom she does have a slight advantage.

FADE TO

INT. RESTAURANT DAY

THE GODS CHAT AMIABLY OVER LUNCH

ARTEMIS: (TO ARES) Did you have a good journey?

ARES: Yeah, I set off early and missed the worst of the traffic. Picked up the North circular and was here inside of three hours. You?

ARTEMIS: Not bad. Got slowed down around the Dartford tunnel.

APHRODITE: Nightmare isn't it?

POSEIDON: Fortunately I don't have that problem. I came in via the Atlantic, then channel, North Sea and straight up the Thames. Here before I knew it. Mind you some idiot in a cross channel ferry nearly took my damned head off.

FADE TO

INT. CONNAUGHT SUITE. DAY

AFTER LUNCH SESSION. THE GODS ARE LOOKING A LITTLE TIRED. POSEIDON HAS GONE TO SLEEP AND IS SNORING SLIGHTLY. THE OTHERS ARE LEANING ON THEIR HANDS, RUBBING THEIR EYES, STIFLING YAWNS ETC.

THE FLIPCHART NOW SHOWS A BRAINSTORMING SPIDERGRAM. AT THE CENTRE IS THE WORD "ME" AND RADIATING FROM IT ARE WORDS LIKE "IMMORTALITY", "VENGEANCE", "SACRIFICE", "MAGIC". JEREMY HAS JUST FINISHED WRITING "BIRDS".

JEREMY: Birds, yes. Thank you Hermes, that's a lovely example. Anyone else at all? Any other ideas?

THE GODS ARE SILENT.

JEREMY: I know it's always tough after lunch but please guys, let's remember, you're going to take home tonight whatever you put in today.

APHRODITE AUDIABLY YAWNS.

JEREMY: Perhaps we could open a window?

FADE OUT.

SKETCH NO 25

MR KIPLING

EXT.

URBAN PARK

DAY

WE PAN ACROSS THE PARK, PEOPLE WALKING DOGS, CHILDREN PLAYING FOOTBALL ETC. WE HEAR A COMMENTARY BY AN OLDER MAN.

OLDER MAN: (VOV) It was a lovely sunny August afternoon when I went cottaging with Mr Kipling.

CAMERA PANS ROUND TO PUBLIC TOILETS

OLDER MAN: You bring the linseed oil he said, and I'll bring some of my delicious Bakewell Slices.

WE HEAR POLICE SIRENS

OLDER MAN: What a pity, the day didn't go quite as planned.

CUT TO

TWO MEN BEING BUNDLED INTO THE BACK OF A POLICE CAR

OLDER MAN: I got sent down for 18 months but Mr Kipling got off on a technicality. Still, he does make exceedingly good cakes.

SKETCH NO 26

WEREWOLF

INT. BATHROOM NIGHT

MAN, DRESSED IN PYJAMAS IS BRUSHING HIS TEETH, HUMMING A TUNE. HE SUDDENLY STARTS TO CONTORT AND CRIES OUT IN PAIN. HE STUMBLES OVER TO THE WINDOW AND OPENS IT TO REVEAL A FULL MOON. HE HOWLS LIKE A WOLF.

CUT TO

INT. BEDROOM NIGHT

WIFE LIES IN DOUBLE BED READING A MAGAZINE. THE MAN ENTERS FROM THE BATHROOM. HE STILL WEARS HIS PYJAMAS BUT HAS CHANGED INTO A WEREWOLF.

WIFE: (NOT LOOKING UP FROM MAGAZINE) Full moon again dear?

MAN: Yes, 'fraid so love.

HE MAKES TO GET INTO BED.

WIFE: What do you think, you're doing?

MAN: Well... I...

WIFE: You know you're not allowed on the bed.

MAN: But...

WIFE: Especially when I've put clean sheets on.

MAN: Love, I'm tired, I have to go to work tomorrow...

WIFE: No, get in your basket. Come on, in your basket!

MAN: But I ...

WIFE: No, in your basket now!!

HE RELUCTANTLY LAYS DOWN IN A BASKET ON THE FLOOR

SKETCH NO 27

BURYING DAD

EXT. BEACH DAY

TWO SMALL CHILDREN, ARMED WITH A BUCKET AND SPADE EACH, ARE HAVING GREAT FUN COVERING THEIR DAD WITH SAND. HE WAVES A LEG AND AN ARM IN THE AIR SHAKING OFF A LOT OF SAND.

DAD : You'll have to do better than that, I can still move about.

FADE TO

EXT. BEACH DAY

THE CHILDREN HAVE MUCH BIGGER SHOVELS AND TWO LARGE BUCKETS FULL OF SAND. THEY HAVE COVERED DAD UP TO HIS NECK BUT STILL HE CAN MOVE HIS ARMS AND LEGS.

DAD : No, I'm still free. You'll need more sand than that.

FADE TO

EXT. BEACH DAY

THE CHILDREN ARE DRIVING A JCB DIGGER. THE BUCKET IS FILLED WITH SAND. THEY WORK THE CONTROLS AND TIP THE SAND OVER DAD, BURYING HIM COMPLETELY. THE CHILDREN CHEER.

INT.

SUPERMARKET

DAY

A WOMAN PUSHES HER LARGE TROLLEY ROUND THE STORE WITH A SMALL CHILD SITTING AT THE REAR OF THE TROLLEY FACING HER.

A BUSINESS MAN WEARING SUIT, SHIRT AND TIE, IS ALSO SHOPPING, BUT WITH A SMALLER TROLLER AND FEWER ITEMS. HE IS TALKING ON HIS MOBILE PHONE AS HE PUSHES IT ROUND.

WE BEGIN A SHORT MONTAGE OF SHOTS WATCHING THESE TWO FIGURES CONVERGING ON A POINT AT THE END OF AN AISLE. A COLLISION SEEMS INEVITABLE AND CLOSE UPS AND SLOW MOTION MAKE IT EVERY BIT AS DRAMATIC AS A CAR CRASH.

MAN: God, I might have known. A woman shopper.

WOMAN: Excuse me but I've got a child on board who could have been seriously injured by your lack of care and attention.

MAN: Typical. Won't admit you were in the wrong. I had every right to be turning that corner. You should have anticipated it better.

THE MAN REALISES A VOICE IS STILL TALKING ON HIS MOBILE. HE PICKS IT UP.

MAN: Sorry, Phil. Just had a bit of a prang. (PAUSE) Yeah, woman driver. Every one a winner!

WOMAN: Hold on. Were you on your mobile when you hit me?

MAN: I am quite capable of holding a conversation on my phone whilst continuing to shop at the same time. (TO PHONE) Sorry, Phil, I'll have to get back to you. (PAUSE) Yeah, Madam here's cutting up rough.

WOMAN: I'm doing no such thing. I'm merely pointing out ...

SHE SNIFFS THE AIR AROUND HIM

WOMAN: My God! You've been drinking!

MAN: Oh, for Heaven's sake, they're offering tasting sessions in the wine department. I've had a couple of thimblefuls.

AT THIS POINT A WPC ARRIVES, ALSO PUSHING A TROLLEY.

WPC: Everyone alright? Is anyone hurt?

WOMAN: No, I am not alright. We were nearly knocked over by this drunken idiot who just happened to be on his mobile phone at the time of the crash.

INT.

SUPERMARKET

DAY

MAN: Not so. If this woman had any amount of aisle sense this would never have happened. She just waltzed out into my path. There was no way I could have avoided her.

WPC: OK, don't move, either of you. I'm going to need a statement from you both. wait here.

THE WPC STARTS MARKING OUT AN AREA AROUND THE CRASH SCENE WITH ITEMS FROM HER TROLLEY, SUCH AS WASHING UP LIQUID BOTTLES, BLEACH BOTTLES ETC., OCCASIONALLY WAVING OTHER SHOPPERS THROUGH AND AROUND.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM DAY

AN ENDEVOUR COURSE TRAINER IS ADDRESSING A GROUP (AS YET UNSEEN)

TRAINER: Over the next two days you're all going to be working together to achieve a number of goals. But the biggest goal for you all to achieve is to take what you learn back into the work place. So, what I want to do now is for you all to tell me what it is you want to get out of this course. (SHORT SILENCE) Anyone?

VOICE (O/S): Fun?

TRAINER: OK, yes, sure we all want to have some fun with this. Anything else?

SILENCE. PULL BACK TO REVEAL HE IS ADDRESSING A GROUP OF CIRCUS CLOWNS. THEY ARE NONPLUSSED AT THE IDEA THAT THEY SHOULD WANT ANYTHING OTHER THAN FUN.

TRAINER: What sort of effect do we want the next two days to have on the team?

SILENCE.

CUT TO

EXT. FIELD DAY

CLOWNS ARE OUTSIDE WITH THE TRAINER. THEY ARE STANDING BY SOME BUCKETS OF WATER, SOME PLANKS OF WOOD AND SOME WOODEN BLOCKS. THERE ARE TWO GATES SET UP IN THE FIELD.

TRAINER: The object of this exercise is to get the buckets of water over the wooden gates without spilling a drop. Only the blocks of wood are allowed to touch the floor. You will need to work closely as a team to achieve this.

THE CLOWNS GATHER ROUND TO CONFER. THEY TRY VARIOUS THINGS WITH THE PLANKS. AS ONE GOES TO PICK A PLANK UP HE GETS HIT BY ANOTHER WHO ALREADY HAS A PLANK AND IS TURNING ROUND. VARIOUS SLAPSTICK PLANK OF WOOD ROUTINES FOLLOW. THEN THEY START THROWING THE BUCKETS OF WATER AT ONE ANOTHER.

CUT TO

CLOWNS CANOEING STILL IN THEIR CLOWN COSTUMES. A NUMBER OF NORMAL CANOES SAIL PAST, THE LAST ONE IS A "CLOWNS" CANOE WITH A BIG HORN AT THE FRONT, BITS FALLING OFF, SMOKE COMING OUT THE BACK ETC.

CUT TO

CLOWNS ABSEILING. AN INSTRUCTOR REACHES DOWN TO HELP A CLOWN UP ON TO A LEDGE. A SPRINGING SNAKE JUMPS OUT OF THE CLOWNS JACKET TAKING THE INSTRUCTOR BY SUPRISE. HE SLIPS AND FALLS TO HIS DEATH. CLOWN PUTS HIS HAND IN FRONT OF HIS MOUTH IN AN "OOPS" GESTURE.

CUT TO

CLOWNS CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING. THEY ARE STILL IN CLOWNS COSTUMES BUT WITH RUCKSACKS ON. ONE CLOWN RUNS PAST A TREE AND GETS HIS BRACES CAUGHT ON A BRANCH. HE CONTINUES RUNNING BUT IS GETTING NOWHERE. ANOTHER CLOWN RUNS PAST AND AS HE DOES SO HE POURS A BUCKET OF CUSTARD DOWN THE BACK OF THE CAUGHT CLOWN'S TROUSERS. HE STOPS RUNNING, LOOKS DIRECTLY AT THE CAMERA AND IS THEN PINGED QUICKLY OUT OF SHOT. WE HEAR A LARGE SPLAT.

SKETCH NO 31

CATAWAULING

INT. _____ BEDROOM _____ NIGHT

MAN AND WOMAN ARE FAST ASLEEP IN BED. FROM OUTSIDE THERE IS THE SOUND OF 'MIDNIGHT' FROM 'CATS' BEING PLAYED RATHER BADLY BY WHAT SOUNDS LIKE A SMALL BAND. MAN AND WOMAN WAKE UP.

MAN: What the...

WOMAN: Oh, not again.

MAN: Every bloody night.

MAN GETS UP AND GOES TO WINDOW. HE OPENS IT THEN PICKS UP A BUCKET OF WATER AND THROWS IT OUT THE WINDOW. WE HEAR HOWLS, LOUD 'MEOW'S' AND THE CLATTER OF INSTRUMENTS.

MAN: Bloody cats!

SKETCH NO 32

SQUIRRELS EAT OUT

INT.

RESTAURANT

EVENING

FOUR SQUIRRELS SIT AT A TABLE STUDYING THE MENU. THE WAITER APPROACHES.

WAITER: Good evening, are you ready to order?

1st SQUIRREL: Everyone know what they want?

2nd SQUIRREL: Yes, I think to start I'll have the nuts.

3rd SQUIRREL: Nuts for me too.

4th SQUIRREL: Mmm, same for me.

1st SQUIRREL: OK, so that's four lots of nuts then...

WAITER: Er, sorry, we don't actually serve nuts.

1st SQUIRREL: Oh. Well, make that four acorns then.

WAITER: We don't do acorns either. We do a Waldorf Salad, that's got some nuts in it.

3rd SQUIRREL: But not nuts on their own?

WAITER: No, I'm afraid not.

2nd SQUIRREL: (QUIETLY ACROSS THE TABLE) Shall we go somewhere else?

1st SQUIRREL: Ah, wait a minute. Perhaps we could have the Waldorf Salad without the salad. Or fruit.

WAITER: What, just the nuts?

1st SQUIRREL: Just the nuts.

WAITER: I'll have a word with Chef and see what I can do for you. And to follow?

QUICK, ANIMATED DISCUSSION.

1st SQUIRREL: The nuts, please, four times.

SKETCH NO 33

THE CARD GAME

INT.

WESTERN SALOON BAR

DAY

TYPICAL WESTERN SALOON SCENE. PIANO PLAYER IN ONE CORNER, FOUR COWBOYS AROUND A TABLE PLAYING CARDS, A LARGE POT OF MONEY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TABLE. ONE OF THEM WINS AND PULLS IN THE MONEY. ONE OF THEM TAKES THE DECK, SHUFFLES AND STARTS TO DEAL.

CLINT: Kinda lucky on that last hand, Stranger.

STRANGER: Well, I'm gonna give you the chance to win it back.

CLINT: How 'bout we up the ante?

STRANGER: What are you suggesting?

CLINT: That's a mighty fine horse you got outside.

STRANGER: Yup. What have you got to put up against it?

CLINT TAKES OUT TWO REVOLVERS. THERE IS A MOMENTS TENSION. HE PUTS THEM ON THE TABLE.

STRANGER: Smith & Wesson, hand crafted. Good 'nough for me.

CLINT: OK, quit yer yappin' and let's play cards.

THEY BOTH PERUSE THEIR HANDS.

CLINT: Mary Lou Bunn the baker's daughter?

STRANGER: Not at home. Annie May Law the sherriff's wife?

CLINT: Goddam.

CLINT HANDS OVER CARD.

SKETCH NO 34

THE DISGUISE

INT. TOP SECRET COMPUTER ROOM NIGHT

A SCIENTIST IN A WHITE COAT IS WORKING AT THE COMPUTER. FINISHES WHAT HE'S DOING AND LEAVES THE ROOM. BEFORE HE LEAVES HE HITS A SWITCH ON THE WALL. WE SEE INFRA-RED BEAMS CRISS-CROSSING THE ROOM. AFTER A MOMENT ETHAN HUNT DROPS FROM THE CEILING ON A WIRE HARNESS. HE HOVERS IN FRONT OF THE COMPUTER AND TYPES. THE BEAMS SWITCH OFF AND HE DROPS TO THE FLOOR. WE SEE FOR THE FIRST TIME THAT HE IS WEARING A MIC AND EARPIECE.

ETHAN: OK, I'm in.

WE CAN HEAR THE VOICE FROM HIS EARPIECE.

VOICE: Copy the files and get the hell out of there.

ETHAN: The discs in, it should take about a minute.

VOICE: No hold on, they're coming back. Get out now.

ETHAN: There's no way out down here.

VOICE: Get back on the wire.

ETHAN: There isn't time.

VOICE: Right, quick, make like an ornamental hatstand.

ETHAN: You've got to be crazy.

VOICE: I know, it's an old trick but it might just work.

ETHAN: I guess it'll have to.

HE STANDS LIKE A HATSTAND WITH HIS ARMS STUCK OUT. THE SCIENTIST RE-ENTERS WITH TWO SECURITY GUARDS. THE SCIENTIST REMOVES HIS WHITE COAT AND THROWS IT ONTO ONE OF ETHAN'S ARMS. HE DISCOVERS THE DISC.

SCIENTIST: The sensors were right, someone's been here.

THE SECURITY GUARD LOOKS AROUND

GUARD: Well, they're not here now.

SCIENTIST: I can see that you fool. Find them. Wherever they are.

GRABS COAT AND STORMS OUT. THE SECURITY GUARDS TAKE ONE MORE BEMUSED LOOK AROUND AND LEAVE SHAKING THEIR HEADS.

VIDEO

WE ARE WATCHING A HOME MADE VIDEO.

THERE IS A BLANK SCREEN WITH A DATE AND TIME IN THE CORNER. ON A BLACK SCREEN WE SEE THE WORDS "GULLIVER'S TRAVELS".

SHOT OF GULLIVER AND SOME OF HIS MATES ON A BUSY DOCKSIDE, DRINKING LAGER AND CHANTING "BARMY ARMY". AT THE END OF THE CHANT THEY ALL TURN AROUND AND MOON.

CUT TO

GULLIVER TALKING TO THE CAMERA.

GULLIVER: Dave, hold it steady will you.

DAVE: (OFF CAMERA) Sorry Lemmy.

GULLIVER: Right, we're in Portsmouth, we've got our tickets and we're just about to set off. Weather's pretty good so hopefully it'll be a smooth crossing. Got a welcome meeting with the rep in a minute, heard she's a bit of a goer so could be in there.

CUT TO

REPS MEETING. WE SEE LUCY, THE TRAVEL REP TALKING TO A ROOM OF PASSENGERS.

LUCY: Good morning everybody.

A ROWDY RESPONSE COMES FROM THE TRAVELLERS

LUCY: My name is Lucy and I'm your Destiny Cruises representative. Anything you want, anything at all, come and see me, my cabin door is always open.

ROWDY CHEER FROM THE LADS.

CUT TO

CABIN DOOR BEING OPENED. GULLIVER IS IN HAMMOCK GROANING. SEES THE CAMERA.

GULLIVER: Take that thing away you bastards.

DAVE: (OFF CAMERA) We brought you breakfast.

HOLDS A FRY UP IN SHOT.

GULLIVER: Just piss off, the lot of you.

VIDEO

LOTS OF LAUGHTER FROM OUT OF SHOT.

CUT TO

GULLIVER AND HIS MATES PLAYING CARDS IN HIS CABIN. THE BOAT IS CLEARLY ROCKING VIOLENTLY FROM SIDE TO SIDE. THE FILMING IS MORE UNSTEADY THAN NORMAL AND THEIR DRINKS ARE GETTING THROWN AROUND THE TABLE. AFTER A BRIEF SHOT THERE IS A CRACKING SOUND. SUDDENLY EVERYTHING IS UPSIDE DOWN AND CHAOTIC.

CUT TO

TITLE "LILLIPUT".

THE VIDEO SHOWS A SHOT OF GULLIVERS BODY DOWN TO HIS FEET. HE IS CLEARLY TIED UP AND UNABLE TO MOVE. LITTLE FIGURES SCUTTLE IN AND OUT OF SHOT.

GULLIVER: (V/O) Hello. Hello, excuse me.

TWO LILLIPUTIANS RUN ACROSS THE SHOT. THEY STOP AND LOOK AT THE CAMERA. AFTER A BRIEF, WHISERED CONVERSATION THEY WAVE AT THE CAMERA.

CUT TO

INTERIOR OF LILLIPUTIAN TOWN HALL. IT IS CLEAR FROM THE SHOT THAT THERE IS VERY LITTLE ROOM TO MOVE. THE CAMERA MOVES A LITTLE TO THE LEFT AND THEN SHAKES AS GULLIVER OBVIOUSLY BUMPS HIS HEAD.

GULLIVER: (V/O) Ow! This is my home for now. The Town Hall.

CAMERA THEN PANS BACK TO THE RIGHT. IT AGAIN SHAKES AS GULLIVER HITS HIS ARM ON WALL.

GULLIVER: (V/O) Argh! Bugger! I'm still waiting to see the rep but there's been no sign of her for days. I went drinking last night, giving it large in town.

THE CAMERA SHOWS HE HAS PICKED UP A TINY BEER MUG

GULLIVER: (V/O) I must have had about 200 beers. I accused the landlord of small measures. Well, he couldn't really throw me out, could he. Got a bit of a head this morning though.

AS CAMERA MOVES WE HEAR A LOUD SHATTERING OF GLASS.

GULLIVER: (V/O) Shit. (CALLS) Sorry. I'll pay for that.

LUCY: Hello, Mr Gulliver.

CAMERA MOVES AND WE SEE LUCY LOOKING THROUGH A SMALL WINDOW

GULLIVER: God, it's about time. When are you going to move me?

LUCY: I am sorry about this Mr Gulliver, there just isn't any bigger accommodation available on the island. Certainly not with a lovely seaview like this.

GULLIVER: Bugger the seaview, I can't bloody move.

LUCY: Well, I'm looking at the possibility of transferring you to the island paradise of Brogniave, where there's quite a lot of spacious accommodation available.

FADE OUT

INT **BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE** **DAY**

MANAGER SITS AT HIS DESK. KNOCK AT THE DOOR, IT OPENS AND HIS SECRETARY USHERS IN PETER SMITH.

SECRETARY: Mr Smith to see you.

MANAGER : Do come in, Mr Smith, please take a seat.

THE TWO MEN SHAKE HANDS AND THE SECRETARY CLOSSES THE DOOR. BOTH MEN SIT DOWN. THE MANAGER STUDIES A FOLDER IN FRONT OF HIM.

MANAGER : Now then, Mr Smith ...

PETER : Please, call me Peter.

MANAGER : OK, Peter. I see you're looking for a start up loan.

PETER : Yes. I've been thinking about setting up my own business for a while now and when I was made redundant a few weeks back it seemed the ideal opportunity to press ahead.

MANAGER : Excellent. And what sort of business are you creating.

PETER : I think I've identified an interesting, not to say potentially profitable niche market. I've always taken an interest in other people's affairs and that, combined with my interest in photography and communication led me to think there was only one business to go for.

MANAGER : And what is that?

PETER : Blackmail!

MANAGER : I see.

PETER : Marital indiscretions, dark, hidden secrets. That sort of thing.

MANAGER : (STUDYING A DOCUMENT) That probably explains your business plan.

PETER : That's right. Milk as many victims as I can in as short a time as possible and get out with enough to retire on before I'm found out.

MANAGER : You are asking the Bank for a considerable amount to get you started in this venture. What sort of collateral can you put up.

PETER : (REACHING INTO BRIEFCASE) Knew you'd ask me that.

HE REACHES INTO HIS BRIEFCASE AND PULLS OUT AN A4 ENVELOPE WITH PHOTOS INSIDE. THE MANAGER STUDIES THESE.

INT BANK MANAGER'S OFFICE DAY

PETER : I think you'll find those in order. A lunchtime liaison at the
Travelodge. Kinky sex games. I have to say your secretary's a right
stunner in leather. You take a nice photo as well.

MANAGER : Right ... well ... as you say that does all seem to be in order. How
much did you require again?

SKETCH NO 41

MISSING PRESUMED DEAD

INT

HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM

DAY

A MAN AND A WOMAN WAIT ANXIOUSLY. HE HAS HIS ARM ROUND HER SHOULDER TO COMFORT HER. A DOCTOR ENTERS THE ROOM.

MAN : Any news, Doctor?

DOCTOR : As you know, this was never going to be an easy operation, and I think I explained the possible scenarios to you. I'm afraid about half an hour ago complications set in. I'm sorry. We lost him.

THE WOMAN LETS OUT A CRY OF DESPAIR AND HUGS THE MAN.

MAN : You mean, he's dead?

DOCTOR : No, we've lost him. One minute he was on the trolley, prepped up and ready for the op. The next minute, gone.

THE MAN AND WOMAN BOTH LOOK INCREDULOUSLY AT HIM.

DOCTOR : We are still looking, though.

SKETCH NO 43

MECHANICS (2)

INT

MOTOR FAST FIT LOCATION

DAY

A MECHANIC IS BEHIND THE COUNTER, BUSILY JOTTING DOWN NOTES. A CUSTOMER WALKS IN.

MECHANIC : Yes, sir. How can we help?

CUSTOMER : My name's Ellwood. I've come to collect my car. The only problem is it has been here a while.

MECHANIC : How long exactly, Sir?

CUSTOMER : Er, three years.

MECHANIC : Three years?

CUSTOMER : Yes. you see I brought it in just before I went on a two week vacation to South America. Unfortunately, whilst on a trip up the Amazon our small craft hit a rock and sank leaving us to fend for ourselves. I survived by making friends with the native Indian population and living and hunting with them. Two weeks ago I was found by a Government survey team and eventually flown home. So I thought I'd better pick up the car at the first opportunity.

MECHANIC ; Ellwood you say.

CUSTOMER ; That's right. Fifteen, Long Meadow Lane.

MECHANIC : Ah yes, here we are. Be ready Thursday, Sir.

SKETCH NO 44

MECHANICS (3)

INT

HOTEL FUNCTION ROOM

DAY

A 'PEG BOARD' NOTICE READS : "ASSOCIATION OF BRITISH MOTOR MECHANICS ANNUAL DINNER.

WE LOOK INSIDE THE ROOM AND SEE WAITERS MOVING BETWEEN TABLES BRINGING DRINKS ETC. ALL THAT'S VISIBLE OF THE MECHANICS ARE THEIR LEGS STICKING OUT FROM UNDER THE TABLES.

SKETCH 45

MECHANICS (4)

INT

MOTOR FAST FIT LOCATION

DAY

A MAN IS TALKING TO A MECHANIC. HIS CAR IS PARKED JUST BEHIND THEM AND IS BEING LOOKED OVER BY ANOTHER MECHANIC. WE CAN SEE HE HAS THE BONNET UP BUT WE CANNOT SEE THE BOTTOM OF THE CAR.

MECHANIC: So, she's been running a bit rough?

CUSTOMER: That's right but the engine sounds fine.

MECHANIC: Could be the suspension I suppose.

CUSTOMER: Well, I had a look, I'm pretty sure the suspensions OK.

MECHANIC: I'll have a look at it Mr Jones, see what I can do but I can't make you no promises. How long it been playing up for?

CUSTOMER: I first noticed about a month or so back but it's been getting worse since.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL THAT THE CAR HAS A WHEEL CLAMP ON EACH WHEEL. MECHANICS WANDER OVER AND LOOK AT IT BUT NEVER PAY ANY ATTENTION TO THIS.

MECHANIC: I'll try taking it for a run and see what I can work out. Give me a call about 10.00 and I'll let you know.

CUSTOMER: Thanks.

CUT TO

INT.

OFFICE

DAY

CUSTOMER IS MAKING A PHONE CALL. SPLIT SCREEN AS MECHANIC PICKS UP THE PHONE AT THE OTHER END. WE CAN SEE THE CAR IN THE BACKGROUND, STILL WITH ALL THE WHEELCLAMPS ATTACHED.

MECHANIC: Fast Fit Garage.

CUSTOMER: Hello, this is Mr Jones, I'm calling about my Mondeo.

MECHANIC: Oh, yeah, Mr Jones. Well, I took your motor out for a drive and it's handling terribly. I reckon your steering's gone, the distributors bugged and the dead old woman under the bonnet's causing you to overheat.

SKETCH NO 47

SOMETHING BORROWED

EXT GARDENS DAY

TWO NEIGHBOURS, BRIAN AND BOB, ARE WORKING EITHER SIDE OF THE GARDEN FENCE. BRIAN SPOTS BOB.

BRIAN : Hi, Bob. How's it going.

BOB : Hello, Brian. Mustn't grumble, you know.

BRIAN : The garden's looking great.

BOB : Yeah, it's coming along nicely this year.

BRIAN : Actually, now I've seen you I'll return your hedge trimmer.
(HANDS OVER TRIMMER) Thanks for that. Got that front hedge done in no time.

BOB : (TAKING THE TRIMMER) Glad it helped. Oh, while you're here I'll give you back your sander. (HANDS OVER ELECTRONIC

SANDER)
Saved me so much time on those floorboards.

BRIAN : (TAKES THE SANDER) Which reminds me, I've finished with your cordless drill. (HANDS OVER DRILL) I really must get one of those.

BOB : (TAKING THE DRILL) No problem. It's here whenever you need it. Ah, nearly forgot, your long saw. (HANDS OVER A SAW) Got enough logs now to see us through the winter.

BRIAN : (TAKES THE SAW) Thanks. And you can have your wife back now.

BOB'S WIFE APPEARS AND CLIMBS OVER THE FENCE FROM BRIAN'S SIDE.

BOB : Thanks, mate. How did you find her.

BRIAN : Just the ticket, mate. Really good in bed and the house has never been tidier.

BOB : Good. Well, anytime mate, you know you're always welcome.

BRIAN : By the way, I didn't lend you my wife did I?

BOB : Don't think so, mate. Can't remember seeing her.

BRIAN : Well that's annoying. Who did I lend her to?

SKETCH NO 48

HEADMISTRESS

INT HEAD'S STUDY DAY

THE HEADMISTRESS SITS BEHIND HER DESK MARKING PAPERS.
THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR AND THE SECRETARY ENTERS.

SECRETARY : I have a queue of Monday morning mischief makers waiting
To see you.

HEAD : Very well, Margaret, send them in.

THE SECRETARY LEAVES AND TWO YOUNG LADS ENTER .

HEAD : Well now, Benson and Hedges. Smoking behind the bike
sheds again?

BENSON : Yes, Miss.

HEAD : One week's detention and I want an essay from both of you on
the hazards to health of cigarettes.

HEDGES : Yes, Miss.

HEAD : Show the next two in.

BENSON AND HEDGES LEAVE AND TWO MORE ENTER.

HEAD : Burke and Hare no less. The caretaker informs me you dug up
two guinea pigs and a rabbit from the school garden.

BURKE : Mr Jones wanted them for his biology class, Miss.

HEAD : I will be speaking with Mr Jones in due course. Meanwhile you'll
spend your free time this week replanting the garden. Off you go and
send in the next two on your way out.

BURKE AND HARE LEAVE AND TWO STRAPPING YOUNG MEN ENTER. THEY
ARE WEARING OPEN NECK SHIRTS UNBUTTONED TO THE WAIST. THE
HEAD
SLOWLY REMOVES HER GLASSES, UNPINS HER HAIR AND LETS IT CASCADE
DOWN OVER HER SHOULDERS.

HEAD : Ah, Mills and Boon. Close the door will you.

SKETCH NO 49

EMERGENCY TEAM

INT HOSPITAL CORRIDORS DAY

A DOCTOR, A NURSE AND TWO AUXILIERIES ARE RUSHING DOWN THE CORRIDORS PUSHING A TROLLEY LADEN WITH EQUIPMENT.

HOWEVER, THEY ARE HAVING DIFFICULTY CONTROLLING THE TROLLEY. THEY HIT A SIDE WALL, REVERSE AND SET OF AGAIN.

THEY BUMP INTO AN ADMINISTRATOR CARRYING FILES WHO CAN'T GET OUT OF THE WAY.

THEY CRASH INTO A SET OF DOUBLE DOORS AS ONE SWINGS BACK ON THEM.

CUT TO

INT HOSPITAL THEATRE DAY

A SUBDUE ATMOOSPHERE AS A SURGEON PERFORMS A CRITICAL OPERATION. SUDDENLY THE TROLLEY AND ITS PUSHERS SMASH THROUGH THE THEATRE DOOR SENDING EQUIPMENT FLYING.

DOCTOR : You called for the crash team?

SKETCH NO 50

SMOKING

EXT WOODEN OUT HOUSE DAY

A PRESENTER WITH MICROPHONE STANDS OUTSIDE A WOODEN SHED.
WITH HIM IS A WHISKERED OLD MAN.

PRESENTER : In these remote parts it's still encouraging to find traditional crafts alive
and flourishing. Ted Fuller here has been smoking food in this building
behind me for the past forty years in a way that has changed very little.

Ted. What have you got on the go today?

TED : Tuesday's are always salmon. Get some fresh fish from the markets on
a Tuesday.

PRESENTER : Sounds wonderful. And can you show us how you smoke the salmon?

TED : I can yes.

WE MOVE INTO THE WOODEN SHED WHERE A SMALL FIRE IS BURNING IN
THE MIDDLE OF AN EARTHEN FLOOR. TED TAKES A FISH FROM A TABLE,
POPS IT IN HIS MOUTH AND LEANS FORWARD TO LIGHT IT IN THE FIRE.
HE THEN BEGINS TO SMOKE IT.