

**SKETCH NO 51**

**LET DOWN**

**EXT**

**TALL TOWER**

**DAY**

A HERO PRINCE HAS ARRIVED AT THE FOOT OF A TALL FAIRY STORY TOWER. JUST ONE WINDOW CAN BE SEEN AT THE TOP OF THE TOWER. OUR HERO LOOKS UP AND CALLS OUT.

PRINCE :        Rapunzel! Rapunzel! Let down your hair that I may climb the tower and be with you.

RAPUNZEL APPEARS AT THE WINDOW

RAPUNZEL :    One moment , my Prince.

SHE LETS DOWN HER LONG, LONG PLAITED HAIR UNTIL THE PRINCE IS ABLE TO CATCH HOLD. HE STRIDES PURPOSELY FORWARD, TAKES THE HAIR IN BOTH HANDS AND PULLS HARD TO HAUL HIMSELF UP.

RAPUNZEL LETS OUT A SCREAM AS SHE IS YANKED BACKWARDS OUT OF THE WINDOW.

**SKETCH NO 52**

**WEDDING NIGHT**

**INT**

**HOTEL BEDROOM**

**NIGHT**

THE DOOR OPENS AND THE GROOM CARRIES HIS NEW BRIDE INTO THE ROOM. THEY KISS.

BRIDE :           Our first night as man and wife, Mr Jones.

GROOM :          I can't wait, Mrs Jones.

SHE GIGGLES AND THEY BEGIN TO UNDRRESS. THEY EMBRACE, A PASSIONATE KISS, THEN UNDRRESS SOME MORE. SUDDENLY THEY BOTH FREEZE AND LOOK TOWARDS ONE CORNER OF THE ROOM. WE FOLLOW THEIR GAZE AND SEE A MAN FILMING THEM WITH A VIDEO RECORDER.

GROOM :          What the hell do you think you're doing.

VIDEO MAN :     It's OK. Don't mind me. As you know I'm Mr Unobtrusive.

GROOM :          Whoa, whoa! Hang about. The wedding video finished at the reception. That's it, done. You can go and edit it, or whatever you do.

VIDEO MAN :     Yeah, yeah I know. This isn't for you. It's for the best man.

BRIDE :           What?

VIDEO MAN :     I don't suppose one of the bridesmaids would like to pop up and make it a threesome?

**SKETCH NO 53**

**STEVENSON'S ROCKET**

**EXT**

**A LARGE OPEN AREA**

**DAY**

A GROUP OF VICTORIAN MEN STAND ON A PODIUM BEDECKED WITH FLAGS AND BUNTING. ONE OF THEM CALLS GEORGE STEVENSON TO THE FRONT.

GENTLEMAN :           Mr Stevenson. Over here if you would be so kind.

GEORGE MOVES TO THE FRONT OF THE PODIUM. CHEERS FROM THE CROWD ( OFF ).

GENTLEMAN :           Mr Stevenson, I think it is high time we saw this wondrous new invention of yours in action. By what name is it known, Sir?

GEORGE :                I have called it The Rocket.

GENTLEMAN :           The Rocket. A fine name. And perhaps you would be good enough now, on this historic occasion, to demonstrate your astounding new transportation device.

GEORGE ADDRESSES THE AUDIENCE BEFORE HIM.

GEORGE :                Ladies and gentlemen. It gives me great pleasure to introduce the transport of the future. Incorporating my new steam engine I proudly present, The Rocket.

HE GESTURES OUT IN FRONT OF HIM. WE SEE FOOTAGE OF A SATURN V ROCKET TAKING OFF. WE CUT BACK TO THE PODIUM WHERE THE BLAST IS BLOWING HATS IN THE AIR AND SPECTATORS OFF THEIR FEET.

**INT** CELLAR

A BRITISH AIRMAN IS BEING INTERROGATED BY AN SS COLONEL. THE COLONEL SLAPS HIM ACROSS THE FACE.

COLONEL : I will ask you once more, Wing Commander. When and where will the Allied Invasion begin.

W/C SMYTHE : Wing Commander Bradley Smythe, Royal Air Force, 9254478.

COLONEL : Come, come, Commander Smythe. I don't want to make this any more painful for you than it needs to be. But if you don't answer my question I will have to leave you in Bruno's care.

WE SEE A LEERING, DERANGED INDIVIDUAL IN THE CORNER, MENACINGLY WAVING A SCALPEL IN THE AIR

COLONEL : Bruno does so enjoy his work. Somewhat messy, but always effective.

W/C SMYTHE : Can I phone a friend?

COLONEL : Who would you like to call?

W/C SMYTHE : Derek.

COLONEL : And who is Derek?

W/C SMYTHE : Old friend of mine. Works in MI5.

COLONEL : OK. Let's hope he can help you.

WE HERE A PHONE RINGING. THEN IT'S ANSWERED.

DEREK : ( PHONE VOV ) Hello?

COLONEL : Hello. Derek?

DEREK : ( PHONE VOV ) That's right.

COLONEL : It's Colonel Spengler of the SS here.

DEREK : ( PHONE VOV ) No, you're joking.

COLONEL : No, it's true. I have captured William. William Smythe. He's being interrogated and he's stuck on one particular question and needs your help.

DEREK : ( PHONE VOV ) Right.

**INT** CELLAR

COLONEL : The next voice you hear will be Wiliam's. He'll tell you the question and there's only one answer we want to hear. ( TO WILLIAM ) OK, Commander, you have thirty seconds, your time starts now.

W/C SMYTHE : Derek?

DEREK : ( PHONE VOV ) Hello, Old Man.

W/C SMYTHE : (SLOWLY ) When and where will the Allied Invasion begin?

DEREK : ( PHONE VOV ) Oh dear. I should know that one. I think it might be Normandy at the beginning of June, but I'm not a hundred percent. Sorry.

W/C SMYTHE : OK, Derek, thanks.

COLONEL : Not very convinced was he?

W/C SMYTHE : No. I'm going to go with Brittany and early May.

COLONEL : Why do you say that?

W/C SMYTHE : It just seems the most logical time and place.

COLONEL : Final answer?

W/C SMYTHE : Yes.

COLONEL : No going back now. Bruno's hot poker has gone orange.

WE SEE A BURNING HOT POKER.

COLONEL : But he won't be needing it, that is the answer we wanted. Well done. ( SIGNS A PIECE OF PAPER ) This is your transfer to Stalag Luft 4 for the rest of the war, guaranteed.

**SKETCH NO 55**

**IDENTITY PARADE**

**INT**

**POLICE STATION**

**DAY**

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A FRAIL OLD GRANNY IS BEING LED DOWN A LINE OF HARD CASES BY A DETECTIVE.

DETECTIVE : Take your time, Love. We want you to be certain.

SHE PEERS AT EACH ONE CAREFULLY. THE NEXT ONE IS THE WOLF, WEARING BI\_FOCALS AND A NIGHTDRESS AND PALPABLY STANDING OUT IN THE LINE UP.

GRANNY PEERS THEN MOVES ON. SHE REACHES THE END OF THE LINE.

GRANNY : No, sorry. I can't be sure. It all happened so fast.







**SKETCH NO 59**

**ELEMENTARY MY DEAR**

**EXT**

**VICTORIAN STREET**

**NIGHT**

---

A THICK VICTORIAN LONDON PEA-SOUPER. THE SOUND OF SHOUTING MINGLED WITH POLICE WHISTLES. TWO BOBBIES RACE INTO VIEW. ONE OF THEM STOPS. HE'S SEEN SOMETHING. HE BENDS DOWN AND EXAMINES SOMETHING JUST OUT OF SHOT. HE STANDS UP SHAKING HIS HEAD.

BOBBY : I don't know. I think this looks like a case for Sherlock Holmes.

WE LOOK DOWN TO SEE WHAT HE WAS EXAMINING. IT IS AN OLD, SOMEWHAT BATTERED BRIEF CASE INSCRIBED WITH THE WORDS :  
"SHERLOCK HOLMES 221B BAKER STREET LONDON"

INT

DOCTORS WAITING ROOM

DAY

VARIOUS SICK PEOPLE SIT WAITING, COUGHING AND SPLUTTERING. IONA WEANIE APPROACHES THE RECEPTIONIST.

RECEPTIONIST: Hello, how can I help you?

IONA: Hello yes. I'm registered with the Doctor and I need to register my son.

RECEPTIONIST: That's fine. I'll just get your details up on the computer. What's the name please?

IONA: It's Weanie.

RECEPTIONIST: Is it?

IONA: Yes.

RECEPTIONIST: I've got quite a short surname too. It's Doe. D-O-E. That's nice and short isn't it?

IONA: No, my surname actually is Weanie. W-E-A-N-I-E.

RECEPTIONIST: Oh I see. And the first name?

IONA: Iona.

RECEPTIONIST: That's quite weenie too isn't it? So that's Iona?

IONA: Yes.

RECEPTIONIST: Iona Weanie?

IONA: That's right.

THE RECEPTIONIST TAPS AT HER KEYBOARD

RECEPTIONIST: Ooh, no. Sorry. Can't seem to find you. You say you are registered here?

IONA: Ah! You might still have me under my married name.

RECEPTIONIST: And what was that?

IONA: Frisbee.

RECEPTIONIST: Iona Frisbee?

IONA: Yes.

THE RECEPTIONIST TAPS AT HER KEYBOARD

RECEPTIONIST: Ah yes, here we are. Middle name Wendy?

IONA: That's me.

RECEPTIONIST: So shall I update this then?

IONA: Oh well, actually I'm getting married again this weekend.

RECEPTIONIST: How lovely. So shall I put your new married name in then?

IONA: Yes you can do. My fiancé's name is Howes.

RECEPTIONIST: H-O-W-E-S?

IONA: That's right.

RECEPTIONIST: So that'll be Iona Wendy Howes?

IONA: No actually. My fiancé and I agree that we should both keep our names so we're going double-barrelled.

RECEPTIONIST: So that'll be Iona Weanie-Howes?

IONA: Yes.

RECEPTIONIST: So that's what I'll put in here then. And are you still at... oh, what an unusual name for a house; Galileo?

IONA: Galileo?

RECEPTIONIST: Galileo, Figger Row?

IONA: Oh no, we moved.

RECEPTIONIST: Really? Where are you now?

IONA: Awimba Way.

RECEPTIONIST: Awimba Way?

IONA: Awimba Way.

RECEPTIONIST: Awimba Way?

IONA: In The Jungle.

RECEPTIONIST: The Mighty Jungle?

IONA: (PUZZLED) No. Just The Jungle. It used to be The Cedars but we thought that was a bit old fashioned.

RECEPTIONIST: Oh I see – The Jungle is the name of the house.

IONA: That's right.

RECEPTIONIST: And you say you'd like to register your son?

IONA: Yes please.

RECEPTIONIST: And what's his name?

IONA: Walter.

RECEPTIONIST: So is that Walter Weenie-Howes?

IONA: No, Walter's the child of my previous marriage.

RECEPTIONIST: Oh, so he's Walter Frisbee?

IONA: No, I was married before that. He's kept his father's name. It's double-barrelled too. It's Wall-Carpets.

RECEPTIONIST: So that's Walter Wall-Carpets?

IONA: That's right.

RECEPTIONIST: I see. So were you Iona Weanie- Wall-Carpets?

IONA: Oh no.

RECEPTIONIST: No?

IONA: No. That'd just be silly.

**INT** DRAGONS DEN SET **DAY**

OUR HOST, EVAN, ADDRESS THE CAMERA

EVAN: Welcome back to the Dragons Den where once again nervous entrepreneurs are waiting to pitch their business ideas and inventions to our multi-millionaire investors – the dragons. Each entrepreneur thinks their business could make millions if it just gets the cash backing it needs. Budding business mogul, Ug, wants £80,000 to develop his unique safety and heating invention; ‘Fire’.

**INT** OTHER DRAGONS DEN SET **DAY**

THE DRAGONS ARE SAT AWAITING THE NEXT CONTESTANT. DRAMATIC DRAGONS DEN MUSIC AS A CAVEMAN, UG, ENTERS

UG: My name Ug. Ug looking for investment of £80,000 for 20% share in company ‘Ugcom’.

DRAMATIC DRAGONS DEN MUSIC

UG: Last ice time, cold come and wipe out many of tribe. Ice time will come again and Ug will be ready. Ug has spent some time developing a new product which Ug calls ‘fire’. Fire is warm, fire is good, fire will keep the tribe safe. Ug is looking for investment of £80,000 to manufacture, market and develop ‘fire’ so ‘fire’ can really achieve its demand.

THEO: Ug, hello. I’m Theo.

UG: Hi.

THEO: Can you just tell me where you are in the manufacture and production range of ‘fire’?

UG: Fire good. Ug make fire.

THEO: And have you applied for a patent at all?

UG: Fire good.

THEO: I see. OK, year one – what was your turnover?

UG: Fire good.

THEO: Year two?

UG: Fire good.

DRAMATIC DRAGONS DEN MUSIC

EVAN: But Peter couldn’t work out what fire was for.

PETER: So what is it then; is it a heating thing?

UG: Fire good.

PETER: Well, so you say Ug but I don't know if it's for heat or for safety or for lighting or what? Cos it looks dangerous to me.

UG: Fire good.

PETER: I'm not so sure Ug. You see, it's very windy around ice time and the wind is going to blow this fire thing of yours all over the place.

UG: Fire good.

PETER: No, stop saying that. Fire not good – fire dangerous. And so for that reason Ug, I'm out.

DRAMATIC DRAGONS DEN MUSIC

EVAN: Two dragons out and Ug's pitch is in trouble. And it's made worse because Deborah can't see any mileage in the idea at all.

DEBORAH: It looks hard to make, hard to control and I'm looking at it thinking "do I really want to be responsible for bringing this sort of monstrosity into the world"?

UG: Fire good.

DEBORAH: I don't think this is going to make any money, I don't think any Health & Safety organisation in the world will allow you to install this so I don't see any merit in investing £80,000 in its development. So for those reasons, I'm sorry, I'm out.

UG: Ug thanks you.

DRAMATIC DRAGONS DEN MUSIC

EVAN: And Jamesbrought proceedings to a swift close.

JAMES: It's a bizarre novelty item, that's exactly what it is. I'm out.

UG EXITS TO THE DRAMATIC DRAGONS DEN MUSIC

EVAN: Ug has been defeated by the dragons and must leave empty handed.

THEO: Fire! Jesus. That'll never catch on.

THE DRAGONS LAUGH.



WOMAN: I see. Now I believe you currently live and work in the Sunderland area. How would you feel about relocating?

DOG: I've always felt that I'd be happy to relocate for the right position and I really think this could be the one for me.

WOMAN: I see.

DOG: I saw in the advertisement that there might be a relocation package available?

WOMAN: We could see about putting you in kennels for a couple of weeks if it was necessary.

MAN: What qualifications do you have that you think makes you suitable for this vacancy?

DOG: I spent three weeks at Hilda Bagforths Obedience School where I gained a distinction.

MAN: Good boy.

WOMAN: The family who have this opening are very house proud; I take it you are fully house trained?

DOG: Oh yes.

WOMAN: And do you suffer from fleas at all Mr Johnson, or any other hygiene or medical problems that we should be aware of?

DOG: I was recently signed off with worms but my vet assures me that I'm OK again now.

MAN: Well, I think that rounds up all our questions, was there anything you'd like to ask us at this point?

DOG: No, I don't think so.

MAN: We do have a few other candidates to see, but hopefully we'll be in touch by the end of the week to let you know one way or another.

DOG: That's great, thank you.

THE MAN RISES, WALKS TO THE DOOR AND OPENS IT.

WOMAN: Thank you for coming in Mr Johnson. Now, go chase the ball.

THE WOMAN HOLDS UP A SQUEAKY DOGS BALL, SQUEEZES IT A COUPLE OF TIMES AND THROWS IT THROUGH THE DOOR. THE DOG JUMPS OFF THE CHAIR AND CHASES IT OUT OF THE OFFICE.

MAN: (CALLING AFTER DOG) Good boy. Give us 5 minutes and send the next one in please Sandra.

**INT** DRAWING ROOM **DAY**

A POLICE INSPECTOR AND MISS MARPLE ARE SEATED. SEVERAL OTHERS ARE SEATED AROUND IN VARIOUS CHAIRS. AMONGST THEM ARE VARIOUS ANIMALS - A WOLF (MR WOLF), A COW (MR MEREDITH), LADY TURNPIKE (A FISH) AND SOME OTHERS.

WOLF: What the devil's going on Inspector?

LADY T: Your constable chappy won't let any of us leave.

COW: Dashed liberty if you ask me.

INSPECTOR: Settle down please. You're all here because of the unpleasant events of the past couple of days. Fortunately, we've got to the bottom of the case.

LADY T: You know who's behind these disappearances?

INSPECTOR: Oh yes Lady Turnpike; we know exactly what's been going on.

COW: Well don't just stand there man – enlighten us.

INSPECTOR: Over to you Miss Marple.

MISS M: Yes, thank you Inspector. My suspicions were aroused by the pattern of the disappearances.

WOLF: Well it's a pretty obvious pattern!

MISS M: Oh yes indeed. All three victims missing and their properties demolished at the same time. A clear pattern but not what one would normally expect to see. I looked at the manner in which the properties were destroyed and it occurred to me that no artificial means had been used.

LADY T: Artificial means?

MISS M: That's right. No explosives or anything of that kind.

COW: But what does that mean?

MISS M: It means, Mr Meredith, that our killer was able to simply huff and to puff and the blow the houses down themselves.

LADY T: But how could anyone possibly do that?

MISS M: They would need an amazing lung capacity. And that ruled out of any of the reptiles from my suspicions.

COW: Wait a minute – did you say killer?

MISS M: Oh yes Mr Meredith. I'm afraid that my investigations have led me to believe that we're not dealing with kidnappings. Those three little pigs were brutally murdered.

AN IGUANA FAINTS. THE COW TAKES A NERVOUS DRAG OF HIS CIGARETTE

WOLF: But why would anyone do that?

MISS M: Oh I think the motive in this case is a very simple one. It was greed Mr Wolf, that led to this whole ghastly business.

COW: But you don't think that one of us could have.. I mean.

MISS M: Oh I'm afraid the killer is in this room. My suspicions were first aroused when those excellent pork scratching were handed round at Miss Tylers party. I took the liberty of finding out who'd made them.

WOLF: But that doesn't prove anything.

MISS M: Maybe not on its own. But it alerted the killer who then made their biggest mistake. They went to my cottage to try to kill me but were discovered by my granddaughter who had come to visit.

LADY T: The killer came after you?

MISS M: I'm afraid so. And on being disturbed they tried to eat my granddaughter. Fortunately she got away and gave me a fairly good description of her attacker.

COW: Great Scott.

MISS M: I alerted the Inspector and we took the liberty of calling in on our suspects house on the way here.

WOLF: You did what?

MISS M: Oh yes Mr Wolf. And I think you know exactly what we found.

THE INSPECTOR HAS LIFTED UP A SACK. HE EMPTIES THE CONTENTS ON TO THE TABLE.

LADY T: Oh my god, are those...?

INSPECTOR: Pig bones Lady Turnpike, yes. I'm afraid so.

MISS M: There's just one thing I don't understand though, Mr Wolf.

WOLF: What?

MISS M: Why did you dress up in my nightgown?

WOLF: It was a long wait at the cottage and I was bored, alright?

**INSPECTOR:** So you admit it then Wolf, you killed the pigs?

**WOLF:** Alright yes, I admit it. I killed them. They were always taunting me but I showed them in the end. Ha ha ha ha!

**THE WOLF PULLS A GUN FROM HIS POCKET**

**COW:** Look out; he's got a gun.

**INSPECTOR:** Don't be a fool Wolf, we've got this place surrounded – you'll never get away.

**WOLF:** You won't take me alive Inspector.

**THE WOLF TAKES A RUN UP AND JUMPS THROUGH THE FRENCH WINDOWS.  
WE HEAR FROM OUTSIDE:**

**POLICEMAN:** Drop the weapon, we have the building surrounded.

**THERE ARE SEVERAL GUNSHOTS. THE WOLF HOWLS IN PAIN.**

**MISS M:** Oh dear me.

**INSPECTOR:** Nasty business.

INT COMPUTER ROOM DAY

AN INTERIOR DOOR IS FORCED OPEN AND TWO INTRUDERS DRESSED IN BLACK ENTER. BY TORCHLIGHT THEY MAKE THEIR WAY OVER TO A BANK OF COMPUTERS BY THE WALL. SWITCH A SMALL DESKLAMP ON AND WHILE ONE OF THEM KEEPS AN EYE ON THE DOOR THE OTHER SWITCHES ON ONE OF THE COMPUTERS. THEIR CONVERSATION IS IN WHISPERED TONES.

HACKER: (HAND OUTSTRETCHED) Disk.

WATCHER: (PASSES HIM DISC) Here.

HACKER PUTS DISC INTO THE DRIVE.

WATCHER: Once you're in we've got about 5 minutes tops.

HACKER: I know, I know.

HACKER IS TAPPING FURIOUSLY AT THE KEYBOARD. HE SUDDENLY STOPS AND STARES CLOSELY AT THE SCREEN. WATCHER WHO HAS BEEN AT THE DOOR TURNS.

WATCHER: What's the matter?

HACKER: Nothing, I'll be right there.

IT IS CLEAR THAT THE HACKER HAS NO IDEA HOW TO OPERATE THE COMPUTER SYSTEM. HE VAGUELY PUSHES THE MOUSE ABOUT AND CONTINUES TO STARE AT THE SCREEN.

WATCHER; What? What is it?

HACKER: Um, no it's all right, I'm just... I've just used to XP, I've not used Windows 7 before... No it's OK I'm there.

CLICKS ON AN ICON. SCREEN CHANGES.

HACKER: There we are, you see.

HE THEN REALISES HE IS IN THE WRONG SCREEN.

WATCHER: What now?

HACKER: Oh bugger, they've changed everything. I don't know, what do you think?

WATCHER: Look, you're supposed to be the expert.

HACKER: I know, I know, I'm doing it. Erm... right. Open this and... erm... View I think, I'll go with view. Here we are this is it.

PUTS DISC INTO COMPUTER. TAPS AWAY AT KEYBOARD.

HACKER: And save to disc. There.

NOTHING HAPPENS. HACKER TRIES ICON AGAIN. STILL NOTHING.

WATCHER: (getting anxious) Come on, we've got to get going.

HACKER: Hang on a minute. It won't save. Oh no, I've deleted the file. It's gone, it's not there.

WATCHER: Let me see.

WATCHER WANDERS OVER. THEY BOTH STARE AT THE SCREEN.

HACKER: It was there, honest. I didn't touch anything.

WATCHER: OK, don't panic. Look that wastepaper thingy's full. Maybe that's it.

HACKER: So, er...right. OK, how do we retrieve it?

WATCHER: Is there a "tip wastepaper basket on desk" command?

HACKER: I don't think so, hang on. Oh there's an icon with a hand on it, maybe that takes things out the bin. No, no, that's not it.

FADES OUT.

FADE BACK IN. THEY ARE CALLING THE HELPDESK. WATCHER IS READING NUMBER OUT OF BOOKLET.

WATCHER: 545254514.

HACKER DIALS. THERE IS A PAUSE, THEN:

A FRIENDLY AMERICAN FEMALE VOICE:

Hi, your through to the Pentagon helpdesk. If you have accidentally activated a nuclear weapon please press one, if you are having problems printing a document please press two, if you are attempting to hack into the Pentagon computer and steal defence secrets please press three...

HACKER: That's us.

PRESSES THREE. PAUSE. THEN:

ANSWERPHONE: ( A FRIENDLY AMERICAN FEMALE VOICE)

Unfortunately all our agents are busy at the moment. Your call is being held in a queue long enough to be traced and will be answered as soon as a security squad can be assembled. Please hold, your call is important to us.

WATCHER: What's happening?

HACKER: I'm on hold.

FADES OUT.

FADE BACK IN. POLICE HAVE ARRIVED. THE WATCHER IS AGAINST THE WALL BEING FRISKED, THE HACKER IS STOOD BY THE COMPUTER FLANKED BY POLICEMEN.

WATCHER: You said five minutes would be plenty.

HACKER: Well, I'm sorry.

POLICEMAN: Five minutes? You could have been in and out of here in two.

WATCHER: That's what I thought.

HACKER: I said I was sorry.

POLICEMAN: Look, it's perfectly simple.

POLICEMAN MOVES TO THE COMPUTER AND TALKS THEM THROUGH IT.

POLICEMAN: OK, so you click on Start, select Run, type in Hack, slash, Pentagon, fullstop. Hit enter. There you go.

PENTAGON DEFENCE SECRETS FILL THE SCREEN. THE POLICEMAN PICKS UP THE DISK.

POLICEMAN: Is this your disk?

HACKER: Yeah.

POLICEMAN: OK, so you load it and save to the D drive, and bob's your uncle.

PASSES HACKER DISK.

POLICEMAN: Done.

HACKER: Thank you very much.

FADE OUT.

INT BIBLE PUBLISHERS OFFICE 325AD DAY

FIVE PEOPLE SIT ROUND A TABLE DISCUSSING THE GOSPELS.

CHAIR: OK, can we have a show of hands for Matthew, please?

ALL HANDS GO UP BAR ONE.

CHAIR: Against?

NO HANDS ARE RAISED.

CHAIR: ...and one abstain. So that's Matthew in with Mark and John. Good. That's three gospels down and one to go. Which candidates have we got left?

PERSON 1: (CONSULTING PARCHMENTS) We've got Luke, Mary and Jeremy.

PERSON 2: For me Mary encapsuleates the feminist viewpoint which is in striking contrast to what is, in reality, a male dominated ethos therefore echoing the Lord himself's struggle to gain acceptance in a world that was perhaps simply not ready for the revelations that he had for we, his flock, sort of thing. You know.

PERSON 3: Well you would say that, you've been shagging her for the last few weeks.

PERSON 1: I was particularly keen on Jeremy's story which, for me, told the story from a very different, dare I say, cliched viewpoint to the more traditional standpoints.

PERSON 4: It was interesting, I'll say that much. But I really wasn't happy with his idea that Jesus was born unstable.

CHAIR: Sorry, I think you'll find that's in a stable.

PERSON 4: Not according to Jeremy. His mother, in fact, gave birth in a home for the clinically insane. She was visited by a Dr Gabriel who administered her medication after claiming she had seen angels.

EMBARASSED SILENCE AROUND THE TABLE.

CHAIR: OK, I'm not so sure that particular version of the story's for us.

GENERAL AGREEMENT.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN.

CHAIR: So we're agreed that Jeremy's out on the basis of the tapdance at the crucifixion. That leaves us with either Luke or Mary.

PERSON 2: Might I propose that as it is so close we move on to the tiebreaker.

CHAIR: Agreed. Now the tiebreaker was what?

PERSON 4: I prefer to Jesus to Satan because... in no more than twenty words.

PERSON 3: Mary's was "I prefer Jesus to Satan because Jesus personifies all that we would aspire to be and to do whilst Satan is evil itself."

CHAIR: Hmmm, yes that's quite good. And Luke?

PERSON 1: Luke's was "I prefer Jesus to Satan because Satan smells. Of poo."

PERSON 2: Now that's very good. Very concise.

GENERAL AGREEMENT FROM AROUND THE TABLE

**SKETCH NO 65**

**MORRIS DANCING**

**EXT**

**VILLAGE GREEN**

**DAY**

A GROUP OF MORRIS DANCERS ARE PERFORMING. GRADUALLY A FEW PEOPLE GATHER ROUND TO WATCH THEM. THE MUSIC STOPS AND THE MORRIS DANCERS TURN AND START HITTING THE CROWD WITH THEIR STICKS AND HANKIES. ONCE THEY ARE ALL KNOCKED OUT THE MORRIS DANCERS STEAL THEIR WALLETS AND THEN DUMP THE BODIES BEHIND SOME NEARBY BUSHES. THEY THEN RESUME THEIR POSITIONS AND CONTINUE DANCING.

**INT** TV STUDIO **NIGHT**

THE INTERVIEWER TALKS TO THE CAMERA

INTERVIEWER: Good evening. Tonight on 'BookWorld' we are delighted and very privileged to have with us an author who has had seen fair share of controversy over the past 15 years since his first novel 'Goodbye Muhammad' stormed into the Times bestseller list prompting a storm of protests and leading to my guest requiring 24 hour protection for a number of years. He has since gone on to offend all the other major world religions in equal measure, most recently with his last novel 'The Delinquent Christ'. He joins us tonight on the eve of the launch of his latest work. I'm very pleased to welcome to the studio Simon Frears. Simon, welcome.

CAMERA PANS OUT TO SHOW SIMON

SIMON: Thank you so much for having me.

INTERVIEWER: So, this new novel of yours. With no preview copy available it's all very intriguing. Are we in familiar Simon Frears territory here, with mans quest for faith in a secular society driving the very heart of the story?

SIMON: Not specifically, no. This book represents, I believe, something of a departure for me.

INTERVIEWER: I see. Well, all I've got is the title, which sounds extremely intriguing, I have to say. 'Benny Bunny & The Blue Balloon'. Perhaps you could tell us a little bit about it?

SIMON. Well the central character is a bunny rabbit by the name of Benny who at the start of the novel has a rather splendid blue balloon which he is very attached to. He subsequently loses the balloon and the main thrust of the work is to find the balloon.

INTERVIEWER: Ah I see. It does sound like we're in familiar territory with man losing faith at a particular time and then striving to regain that faith.

SIMON. Not really no. It's about a rabbit who loses a balloon.

INTERVIEWER: Right. One thing you're noted for is the extraordinary length of your novels – 'The Delinquent Christ' came in at around 1,000 pages allowing us to really understand the characters and for the tale to gain a truly epic scale. Is this something we'll be seeing again with 'Benny Bunny'?

SIMON. Well what you must remember is that 'The Delinquent Christ' was set over the course of, what about 1,000 years, hence it's great length. 'Benny Bunny & The Blue Balloon' is set over the course of just one afternoon and therefore comes in at a more modest 12 pages.

INTERVIEWER: 12 pages?

SIMON. Including pop-up illustrations.

INTERVIEWER: And what of our eponymous hero; is the character of Benny Bunny autobiographical at all?

SIMON. No I wouldn't have said so. He's a rabbit.

INTERVIEWER: Right. Well, thank you so much for coming in tonight to talk to us about this exciting new work. We'll play out tonight with an exclusive reading from Simon Frear's new novel 'Benny Bunny & The Blue Balloon' published by DoubleDay, priced £9.99 and available from all good bookshops on Monday. Simon.

SIMON. (READING) Poor Benny Bunny. He's lost his blue balloon. Can you find it for him? Is it behind the Grandfather Clock? No. It's Tommy Dormouse.

FADE OUT.

**INT** TV STUDIO **NIGHT**

THE PRESENTER, BRIAN, TALKS TO THE CAMERA. DR GOLDMAN IS SAT NEXT TO HIM LOOKING EARNEST

BRIAN. In tonight's programme we will be examining the shocking events of the past few days where a scientific experiment gone wrong has left Australia a giant, radioactive wasteland with the entire population dead. With me tonight is Dr Martin Goldman.

GOLDMAN. Good evening.

BRIAN. Dr Goldman, you've been leading this project for the past two years; what went wrong?

GOLDMAN. What do you mean, what went wrong?

BRIAN. You destroyed all life in Australia.

GOLDMAN. Exactly.

BRIAN. So what went wrong?

GOLDMAN. Well the fact we destroyed all life in Australia obviously.

BRIAN. Yes but...

GOLDMAN. I'm not sure at the moment how it could've gone much wronger to be honest.

BRIAN. But what actually happened?

GOLDMAN. Well there was a massive radiation leak you see. One of the reactors we were using went into meltdown turning it into a critical mass.

BRIAN. So it was a critical mass?

GOLDMAN. It was about as critical a mass as you can get I would say given what it did.

BRIAN. But what caused the reactor to go critical and destroy all life in Australia.

GOLDMAN. Well, an accident obviously.

BRIAN. What kind of an accident?

GOLDMAN. A pretty major one.

BRIAN. A pretty major one?

GOLDMAN. Well I've have said so wouldn't you. I mean it destroyed all life in Australia.

BRIAN. Yes but just to say it was a pretty major accident isn't going to satisfy anyone.

GOLDMAN. Alright, it was a very major accident. But I think a lot of people are focussing on the negatives here.

BRIAN. There are some positives?

GOLDMAN. Oh yes, I think there's a great deal we can take away from this incident.

BRIAN. Such as...?

GOLDMAN. Well I think we can legitimately reclaim the Ashes for a start.

BRIAN. Right.

GOLDMAN. And with Australia gone we should be able to retain a large amount of our London bar staff.

BRIAN. Well yes but offset against those benefits the fact is that we've lost an entire country.

GOLDMAN. Well, yes but I mean, it's on the other side of the world. On a day-to-day basis will you actually miss it?

BRIAN. I'm sorry?

GOLDMAN. You know I don't think there's ever been a day where I've spared Australia any thought so the fact it's gone, well...

GOLDMAN SHRUGS

BRIAN. But where will all the gap year students go?

GOLDMAN. Well obviously there are going to be a few details to sort out, I don't have all the answers.

BRIAN. But surely Dr Goldman, you and your team should be doing something?

GOLDMAN. Oh no, I don't think so.

BRIAN. No?

GOLDMAN. No. I think we've done quite enough already don't you?

BRIAN. What?

GOLDMAN. If we start mucking around in there we're only going to make things worse.

BRIAN. But you caused it.

GOLDMAN. I scarcely think that throwing blame around is going to help. As I said, it was an accident, albeit a somewhat large, catastrophic and potentially apocalyptic one.

BRIAN. Don't you think you should, at the very least, apologise?

GOLDMAN. To who?

BRIAN. The Australians.

GOLDMAN. Well I'd love to but we appear to have wiped them all out. No point apologising to them now is there, that's not going to help.

BRIAN. Alright but what safety procedures will you be putting in place in the future?

GOLDMAN. None.

BRIAN. None?

GOLDMAN. Well obviously not. It seems a bit late for that now, don't you think.

BRIAN. Yes but...

GOLDMAN. Be a bit like shutting the stable door after the horse has been irradiated.

BRIAN. But what about making this safe in the future?

GOLDMAN. It's a critical mass; it doesn't have a future.

BRIAN. I see. However, the fact remains that your experiment has had catastrophic results.

GOLDMAN. Well some might say that Brian...

BRIAN. Quite reasonably.

GOLDMAN. ...well, maybe, but let's not forget that the experiment we were conducting was for the good of humanity, you know - trying to create a better world for the human race.

BRIAN. Yes?

GOLDMAN. And some may say that we've succeeded.

BRIAN. And some may not.

GOLDMAN. Let's agree to disagree on that point shall we?

BRIAN. We may have to, we're out of time. Dr Goldman, thank you.

**INT. DIMLY LIT ROOM DAY**

THIS SKETCH MIRRORS EXACTLY THE OPENING SCENE OF THE MOVIE 'THE GODFATHER' EXCEPT WE ARE IN BETHLEHEM IN 35AD. DISCIPLE PETER HAS GONE TO GOD FOR HELP.

PETER: I believe in Bethlehem. Bethlehem has made my fortune. And I raised my daughter in the Bethlehem fashion. I gave her freedom, but I taught her never to dishonour her family. She found a boyfriend; not a Jew. She went to the stonings with him; she stayed out late. I didn't protest. Two months ago, he took her for a donkey ride, with another boyfriend. They made her drink whiskey. And then they tried to take advantage of her. She resisted. She kept her honour. So they beat her, like an animal. When I went to the hospital, her nose was broken. Her jaw was shattered, held together by wire. She couldn't even weep because of the pain. But I wept. Why did I weep? She was the light of my life; beautiful girl. Now she will never be beautiful again.

PETER BREAKS DOWN.

PETER: Sorry. I...I went to the guards, like a good Bethlehemite. These two boys were brought to trial. The judge sentenced them to three years in prison -- suspended sentence. Suspended sentence! They went free that very day! I stood in the courtroom like a fool. And those two bastards, they smiled at me. Then I said to my wife, "for justice, we must go to the Lord."

GOD: Why did you go to the guards? Why didn't you come to me first?

PETER: What do you want of me? Tell me anything. But do what I beg you to do.

GOD: What is that?

PETER WHISPERS REQUEST

GOD: That I cannot do.

PETER: I'll give you anything you ask.

GOD: We've known each other many years, but this is the first time you came to me for counsel, for help. I can't remember the last time that you invited me to your house via prayer. But let's be frank here: you never wanted my friendship. And uh, you were afraid to be in my debt.

PETER: I didn't want to get into trouble.

GOD: I understand. You found paradise in Bethlehem, had a good trade, made a good living. The guards protected you; and there were courts of law. And you didn't need a friend of me. But uh, now you come to me and you say "God give me justice." But you don't ask with respect. You don't offer friendship. You don't even think to call me God The Father. Instead, you come into my house on the day my son is to be crucified, and you uh ask me to smite your foes, for money.

PETER: I ask you for justice.

GOD: That is not justice; your daughter is still alive.

PETER: Then they can suffer then, as she suffers. How much shall I pay you?

GOD: Peter... Peter... What have I ever done to make you treat me so disrespectfully? Had you come to me in friendship, then this scum that ruined your daughter would be suffering this very day. And that by chance an honest man such as yourself should make enemies, then they would become my enemies. And then they would fear you.

PETER: Be my friend --- God The Father?

GOD: Good. Someday, and that day may never come, I'll call upon you to do a service for me. But uh, until that day - accept this as a gift on my son's crucifixion day. It's a chocolate egg with a small toy in it.

PETER: Grazie, God The Father.

GOD: Prego.

PETER LEAVES

GOD: Uh, give this to, uh, Gabriel. I want reliable people, people who aren't going to get carried away.

**INT. DINING ROOM NIGHT**

FIVE PEOPLE SIT AROUND A TABLE - MYSTIC MAL, MRS S, HER SON JOHNNY AND THE NEIGHBOURS.

MEDIUM. Hello everyone and welcome to today's Séance. My name is Mystic Mal, the happy medium and I'll be your guide through the spirit world today. So, who are we trying to contact?

MRS S. My husband Donald. He passed away last week in his sleep.

MEDIUM. How lovely. At least it was peaceful.

MRS S. It was for him, yes. Not so much so for his passengers.

MEDIUM. I see. Alright, well let's all link hands around the table please and we'll crack on. Jolly good, so... is there anybody there...?

JOHNNY. I'm here.

MRS S. Shut up Johnny. My son Johnny. He's not much to look at but at least he's a half wit.

MEDIUM. Is that good?

MRS S. Half a wit more than his father had.

MEDIUM. I see. Well no I don't mean here Johnny, I mean on the plane.

JOHNNY. There was no survivors on the plane.

MRS S. Shut up Johnny or there'll be one less survivor around this table. Do go on Mystic Mal.

MEDIUM. Right, yes, thank you. Is there anybody there...? Is there anybody there...? Yes! Yes! I think I'm getting through...

MEDIUM STARTS MAKING A NOISE LIKE A TELEPHONE RINGING. THEN HE BEGINS SPEAKING IN A DIFFERENT VOICE.

MEDIUM. Hello? Who's there?

MRS S. Donald? Is that you?

MEDIUM. Oh bloody hell..o Mary.

MRS S. How are you?

MEDIUM. How am I? I'm dead?

MRS S. And how's that working out for you?

MEDIUM. Oh, you know.

THERE IS AN AWKWARD PAUSE

MRS S. You keeping busy?

MEDIUM. Fairly. I s'pose.

ANOTHER PAUSE

MRS S. Johnny's here.

JOHNNY. Hello dad.

MEDIUM. Hello son.

MRS S. Have you got a question for your Dad Johnny?

JOHNNY. Is it fun being dead?

MRS S. Is it fun being dead Don?

MEDIUM. Not really, no.

MRS S. Not really Johnny, no.

JOHNNY. Oh.

ANOTHER PAUSE

MEDIUM. Was there anything special you wanted?

MRS S. Not really no. We found out about this medium from Tom and Doreen and I said to Johnny, Johnny I said, wouldn't it be nice to speak to your father. And what did you say Johnny?

JOHNNY. I said yes.

MRS S. He said yes Donald.

MEDIUM. Did he.

MRS S. He did. Didn't you Johnny?

JOHNNY. Yes.

MRS S. Yes.

MEDIUM. Yes.

ANOTHER PAUSE

MRS S. Well... isn't this nice.

MEDIUM. Hmmmm.

MRS S. It was a nice service.

MEDIUM. What was?

MRS S. The funeral. It was a nice service.

MEDIUM. Was it?

MRS S. You were there Donald - we all put a lot of effort into it.

MEDIUM. Yeah but I was busy being dead in a big wooden box wasn't I, I couldn't see a bloody thing.

MRS S. Language Donald. That might be the way you dead go on but you're amongst the living now, so...

MEDIUM. Briiing, briiing.... briiing, briiing...

MRS S. Donald? What's going on?

MEDIUM. Hang on a minute Mary; I've got another medium coming through.

MRS S. Well tell them to bugger off, you're talking to us.

MEDIUM. Yeah, shush a minute. Hello..... I thought I told you never to contact me in the evenings.... yes, even though I'm dead now.....

MRS S. Who is that Donald?

MEDIUM. No one dear..... what? (quieter) It's my wife..... No, I haven't told her and I really don't think this is the time or place....

MRS S. What's going on Donald?

MEDIUM. I'm just going to have to pop you on hold dear, hang on...

MEDIUM BEGINS SINGING AN ANNOYING PIECE OF HOLD MUSIC

MRS S. Donald? Donald? Donald?

MEDIUM. Oh. We seem to have lost him, what a shame.

MRS S. Oooh, I'll bloody kill him.

MEDIUM. Bit late for that don't you think.

**INT. HEADMISTRESSES OFFICE DAY**

A TEACHER SITS AT A DESK. YOUNG WILL SHAKESPEARE IS SAT ON A FAIR LOOKING SLIGHTLY FORLORN. THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR AND MR & MRS SHAKESPEARE STICK THEIR HEADS ROUND THE DOOR.

TEACHER. Ah, Mr & Mrs Shakespeare, thank you for coming in today.

MR & MRS S ENTER THE OFFICE AND SIT DOWN.

MRS S. Ooh, what have you done this time Will?

WILL. Nothing mum.

MR S. Nothing! Nothing? I'll nothing you in a minute you little gobshite.

MRS S. Language, father!

WILL. I knowest not what causes the ailments and sorrows of...

MR S SLAPS WILL

WILL. Ow!

MR S. I've told you before; stop talking like that – you're confusing everyone.

WILL. She picks on me.

MR S. Shut up you little tit.

MRS S. I'm sorry Mrs MacBeth; he's a good boy really.

MR S. What's he done this time?

TEACHER. I'm afraid that Will is well behind in his English and frankly, I'm worried he's not going to pass his SATs.

MR S. Did you hear that mother? Not going to pass his SATs!

MRS S. Oh dear! What's the problem exactly?

TEACHER. Will struggles to write the short plays set for him – some of them have come in at 5 hours or more. In addition, he has the bad habit of simply making up words if he can't think of the right one. Flawed, zany, champion! Goppeldigook, all of it.

MR S. He needs a damn good thrashing, is what he needs. I'm sorry Mrs MacBeth, I'll sort the little bugger out.

TEACHER. I'm afraid that's not the end of it. The subjects that young Will covers in some of his plays are a little disturbing, especially for a child his age.

MRS S.           What sort of subjects.

TEACHER.       Murder, tyranny, experimentation with the black arts, regicide – I could go on.

MRS S.           I don't know where he gets it from, I'm sure.

MR S.           Needs a damn good hiding.

TEACHER.       And then there's the cross-dressing.

MR S.           The what!?!?

TEACHER.       Will always wants the boys to dress as girls to play the female parts in his plays.

MR S.           He wants what!?!?

TEACHER.       I'm afraid so. It seems to me that Will is an extremely disturbed young man and I fear he will never amount to anything.

MR S.           You leave him with us Mrs MacBeth, we'll straighten the lad out.

MRS S.           We certainly will. What do you say to Mrs MacBeth Will?

WILL.           (SURLY) Sorry.

MR S.           So I should think indeed.

TEACHER.       I hope we shall see a new leaf turned over from you young Will. And we'll see whether you're to be, or not to be, a successful and well behaved pupil. Perhaps we should review Will's progress as the weeks go on?

MR S.           Aye, alright then.

MRS S.           When shall we three meet again?

TEACHER.       Two weeks time?

MRS S.           Alright then.

**INT.** TV NEWSROOM **DAY**

NEWSREADER TALKS STRAIGHT TO THE CAMERA

NEWSREADER. Good evening and welcome to the news from your region. It is certainly a sign of the times when criminal masterminds are forced to open their secret bases to the public to make ends meet. This is the fate that has befallen local uber villain, Dr Wun Tung who this week revealed the extent of his criminal operation to those willing to pay for the privilege. Our regular style guru, Jimmy Cann, was one of the first lucky visitors to run an eye over the base.

CUT TO

**EXT.** WUN TUNGS BASE **DAY**

OB REPORT

JIMMY. Tung's headquarters is certainly impressive, comprising an underground heli-pad & missile launching facility, submarine pen, bio weapons facility, telecommunications hub, and toilet block. There is no doubt that the minimalist look is the must-have style of the moment when it comes to secret base interiors. It saves on space, looks futuristic and with contrasting bright and bold patterns the look just gets accentuated further. Add in a hint of retro chic and the overall effect is stunning.

CUT TO

**INT.** TV NEWSROOM **DAY**

NEWSREADER. Dr Tung was philosophical when we asked him for his reasons for allowing the public in.

CUT TO

**INT.** WUN TUNGS BASE **DAY**

DR TUNG TALKING HEAD

DR TUNG. Well, the credit crunch has certainly made a big difference and the simple fact of the matter is that I can't rely on nations paying huge ransoms to avoid nuclear strikes and deadly viruses at the moment.

CUT TO

**INT.** TV NEWSROOM **DAY**

NEWSREADER. Visitors we spoke to seemed impressed with what they had seen, although many felt the prices in the gift shop were far too high.

CUT TO

**EXT.** WUN TUNGS BASE **DAY**

TALKING HEADS

VOX POX 1. I can't say I really enjoyed the high tech gadgetry and the weapons of mass destruction, but the gardens were lovely.

VOX POX 2: There were some fabulous walks through the giant alligator pens, and we finished our day in the café with a reasonably priced cup of tea and a plate of assorted fancies.

CUT TO

**INT.** TV NEWSROOM **DAY**

NEWSREADER. This favourable response was welcomed by Dr Tung, who has subsequently announced the base will be open throughout the summer, until such time as he re-commences his plan for world domination. And now it's over to Carrie for the weather.

**INT. TV NEWSROOM DAY**

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NEWSREADER TALKS STRAIGHT TO THE CAMERA

NEWSREADER. Good evening and welcome to the news from your region. The Bramfield divisional office of the RSPCA has been responding to accusations that it ignored a call from a lady reporting cruelty to a cod. The allegation came from Emily Harrap, a lifelong animal rights activist who made the call from her mobile phone after passing the doorway of the Redundant Trawler fish and chip takeaway.

CUT TO

**EXT. THE REDUNDANT TRAWLER DAY**

---

EMILY. I just couldn't believe what was happening. The poor fish was coated in a light batter and then dropped into hot fat. The worse thing about the whole ghastly episode was the way the other people in there seemed to be egging him on and paying money for the privilege.

CUT TO

**INT. TV NEWSROOM DAY**

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NEWSREADER. Local RSPCA Inspector, Neville Tench, confirmed that a call had been received from Miss Harrap, but denied the operator had acted improperly.

CUT TO

**INT. OFFICE DAY**

---

TENCH. We take every call extremely seriously, and we will respond to any incidents of animal cruelty. We have thoroughly investigated this incident and are completely satisfied that the fish in question was dead prior to being deep fried. If there had been any doubt in our mind you can rest assured that any other fish on the premises would have been taken into care. It is certainly not true to say that we treated this call with a pinch of salt.

CUT TO

**INT. TV NEWSROOM DAY**

---

NEWSREADER. This is not the first time Miss Harrap has hit the headlines over animal rights issues. In June last year she made several calls to both animal protection agencies and the press concerning local businessman Jack Trotter. She constantly referred to him as, "The Butcher Of Bramfield". Mr Trotter fully accepted this title, saying he was indeed the village butcher and had been for many years, and that Mrs Harrap was clearly a raving lunatic.

NEWSREADER. Miss Harrap has confirmed that she will continue to fight for all creatures great and small and that she is currently investigating Bramfield Hospital over its policy on bacteria. And now it's over to Carrie for the weather.

**INT.** TV STUDIO **DAY**

AN INTERVIEWER AND INTERVIEWEE ARE SAT

INTERVIEWER. Good evening, welcome to The Quite Boring Politics Show. Tonight we are looking at the latest crisis to hit the Government. Following hot on the heels of the MP expenses scandal, the worst recession in history, the debacle over SATs, the revelation that their pledge to reduce child poverty is in tatters, the Prime Ministers repeated PR bodes, the outrage over the 50% tax bracket and the failure to introduce the 10% bracket ...

FADE OUT & FADE IN AGAIN

INTERVIEWER. ...the continuing war in the Middle East, claims of police brutality and still further criticism of the health service, the last thing the Prime Minister needed today was another childcare crisis. Earlier today he offered this intriguing statement.

CUT TO

**EXT.** 10 DOWNING STREET **DAY**

THE PM IS STOOD AT A LECTURN

PM. (SHOUTING) F\*\*k off, all of you. Leave me alone. Just leave me alone. You ba\*\*rds.

CUT TO

**INT.** TV STUDIO **DAY**

INTERVIEWER. Shortly after issuing this statement, the Prime Minister climbed into a cardboard box and started rocking. The leader of the opposition immediately called for a general election to which the Prime Minister replied "oh no, I'm not falling for that one." I'm joined tonight by Johnny Smith the Minister for Children whose department is at the centre of this latest scandal. Mr Smith, how do you react to the criticism aimed at you?

JOHNNY. The bad men called me names and they said I was bad at my job but I am not bad at my job and they are liars and nasty and they smell.

INTERVIEWER. But your critics would say that your department is failing the children of this country.

JOHNNY. Why?

INTERVIEWER. Because you've left our children vulnerable to harm.

JOHNNY. Why?

INTERVIEWER. They'd say you've allowed standards to fall.

JOHNNY. Why?

INTERVIEWER. They just do alright!

JOHNNY. Why?

INTERVIEWER. Shut up. Perhaps, minister, you could tell us your side of the argument?

JOHNNY. I like working at my ministry with my friends. We have big offices where we have meetings and we decide important things. We have lots of meetings every day and we drink tea and have biscuits. My favourite biscuits are garibaldi's. After we have had our meetings I like to go out with my friends.

INTERVIEWER. I see.

JOHNNY. My best friend is Michael. He works in transport where they have cars and trucks and boats and planes. He is very sad because of the situation in the Middle East because it is making petrol costs lots and lots of money.

INTERVIEWER. With respect Minister, perhaps we could stick to the matter in hand? What impact do you think these latest issues will have on the Prime Minister?

JOHNNY. I like the Prime Minister; he is funny and he is quite clever and he is the man who tells us all what to do so that the country will be lovely for everyone in it, except for criminals who are bad people.

INTERVIEWER. Not everyone shares your opinion though Minister. Your opposite number described the Prime Minister as "a big, fat smelly who smells bad and is very silly". What would you say to that?

JOHNNY. He shouldn't say that cos it is nasty. He is a bad man and he is being gay.

INTERVIEWER. No Johnny, that's a bad minister. You're not allowed to say things like that.

JOHNNY. Why not?

INTERVIEWER. It's not politically correct. Now what do you say?

JOHNNY. Sorry.

**SKETCH NO 72**

**POLITICS SHOW**

**Page 3**

INTERVIEWER.

That's better. I think we'd better leave it there, thank you.

JOHNNY.

Thank you for having me on your show.

INTERVIEWER.

Good night. (PAUSE) Are we done? (QUIET VOICE 'YES')  
Shall we get a beer?

JOHNNY.

Yay. I like beer. Beer good.

TV STATION LOGO ON SCREEN

ANNOUNCER. (VO) And now on channel X, A mystery for Sherlock Holmes to solve in 'A Scandal in Bohemia'

CUT TO

**INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT DAY**

PEOPLE TUCKING INTO BURGERS AND LARKING ABOUT

VOICE OVER. McBurger Hut sponsors Sherlock Holmes on X.

OPENING CREDITS

**INT. HOLME'S LOUNGE DAY**

HOLMES IS SMOKING. WATSON ENTERS.

HOLMES. Ah, Watson. Wedlock suits you. I think that you have put on seven and a half pounds since I saw you.

WATSON. Seven!

HOLMES. Indeed, I should have thought a little more. Just a trifle more, I fancy, Watson. No doubt you have been enjoying the delicious new McBeef Double Fat sandwich.

WATSON. My dear Holmes, you would certainly have been burned had you lived a few centuries ago. It is true that I have indulged in a handful of these delicious snacks, reasonably priced as they are. But I fail to see how you work it out.

HOLMES. It is simplicity itself. My eyes tell me that on the inside of your left shoe, just where the firelight strikes it, the leather is stained by the secret ingredients in their mouth-watering sauce. Obviously they have been caused by someone who has very carelessly wolfed down more than one sandwich.

WATSON. When I hear you give your reason, the thing always appears to me to be so ridiculously simple that I could easily do it myself.

HOLMES. Quite so. You see, but you do not observe. The distinction is clear. For example, you have frequently seen the free toys given away with McBurger Jolly Meals which line the mantle in this room.

WATSON. Frequently.

HOLMES. How often?

WATSON. Well, some hundreds of times.

HOLMES. Then how many are there?

WATSON. How many? I don't know.

HOLMES. Quite so! You have not observed. And yet you have seen. That is just my point. Now, I know that there are seventeen toys,

HOLMES. because I have both seen and observed. By the way, since you are interested in these little problems you may be interested in this. It came by the last post. Read it aloud.

HOLMES PASSES WATSON A LEAFLET

WATSON. (READING) "Two for one offer, this week only..."

HOLMES. Oops, sorry Watson, wrong note. Here.

HOLMES PASSES WATSON A LETTER

WATSON. (READING) "There will call upon you to-night, at a quarter to eight o'clock a gentleman who desires to consult you upon a matter of the very deepest moment. Your recent services to one of the royal houses of Europe have shown that you are one who may safely be trusted with matters which are of an importance which can hardly be exaggerated." This is indeed a mystery. What do you imagine that it means?

HOLMES. I have no data yet. It is a capital mistake to theorise before one has data. But here he comes, if I am not mistaken, to resolve all our doubts.

FOOTSTEPS. KNOCK AT DOOR.

HOLMES. Come in!

VON KRAMM ENTERS

VON KRAMM. You had my note? I told you that I would call.

HOLMES. Pray take a seat. This is my friend and colleague, Dr. Watson, who is occasionally good enough to help me in my cases. Whom have I the honour to address?"

VON KRAMM. You may address me as the Count Von Kramm, a Bohemian nobleman. I understand that this gentleman, your friend, is a man of honour and discretion, whom I may trust with a matter of the most extreme importance. If not, I should much prefer to communicate with you alone.

HOLMES. You may say before this gentleman anything which you may say to me. Would you care for refreshment before we start?

VON KRAMM. No, thank you, I stopped at the new McBurger Hut drive through on the way here. Excellent value.

HOLMES. Indeed. What can we do for you Count Von Kramm?

VON KRAMM. The facts are briefly these: Some five years ago, during a lengthy visit to Warsaw, I made the acquaintance of the well-known adventuress, Irene Adler. The name is no doubt familiar to you.”

HOLMES. Kindly look her up in my index, Doctor. Let me see! Born in New Jersey in the year 1858. Contralto—hum! La Scala, hum! Prima donna Imperial Opera of Warsaw—yes! Retired from operatic stage—ha! Creator of the McBurger Reconstituted Chicken Burger – hum! Living in London—quite so! You became entangled with this young person, wrote her some compromising letters, and are now desirous of getting those letters back.

VON KRAMM. Precisely so. But how—

HOLMES. Was there a secret marriage?

VON KRAMM. None.

HOLMES. No legal papers or certificates?

VON KRAMM. None.

HOLMES. Then I fail to follow. If this young person should produce her letters for blackmailing or other purposes, how is she to prove their authenticity?”

VON KRAMM. There is the writing.

HOLMES. Pooh, pooh! Forgery.

VON KRAMM. My private note-paper.

HOLMES. Stolen.

VON KRAMM. My own seal.

HOLMES. Imitated.

VON KRAMM. My photograph.

HOLMES. Bought.

VON KRAMM. We were both in the photograph.

HOLMES. Oh, dear! That is very bad! You have indeed committed an indiscretion.

VON KRAMM. I was mad—insane. Our eyes met across a juicy Big Burger meal and I could not help myself.

HOLMES. You have compromised yourself seriously. And what does she propose to do with the photograph?

VON KRAMM. To ruin me.

HOLMES. But how?

VON KRAMM. I am about to be married. A shadow of a doubt as to my conduct would bring the matter to an end. She threatens to send them the photograph. And she will do it. I know that she will do it.

HOLMES. You are sure that she has not sent it yet?

VON KRAMM. I am sure. She has said that she would send it on the day when the betrothal was publicly proclaimed. That will be next Monday.

HOLMES. Oh, then we have three days yet. That is very fortunate, as I have one or two matters of importance to look into just at present. You will, of course, stay in London for the present?"

VON KRAMM. Certainly. You will find me at the Langham.

HOLMES. Then I shall drop you a line to let you know how we progress.

VON KRAMM. Pray do so. I shall be all anxiety.

HOLMES. Then, as to money?

VON KRAMM. Here are three hundred pounds in gold and seven hundred in notes.

HOLMES. One other question; was the photograph a cabinet?

VON KRAMM. It was.

HOLMES. Then, good-night, your Majesty, and I trust that we shall soon have some good news for you. Come, Watson, let us proceed across the road for street for two McTasty Rib meals as we chew this one over.

**SKETCH NO 74**

**PEACETIME TRAGEDY**

**INT.**

**TV NEWSROOM**

**DAY**

NEWSREADER TALKS STRAIGHT TO THE CAMERA

NEWSREADER.

Good evening and welcome to the news from your region. Bramfield is today struggling to come to terms with its biggest ever peace time tragedy. Dozens of cakes, pastries and assorted fancies are feared to have perished, and scores more have been carried off to local hospitals after a tressle table collapsed during the annual W.I. Jumble Sale at the Village Hall.

The alarm was sounded shortly after the event began at around 2.30pm. It's believed the crush of the people around the stall put undue pressure on one of the supports and it suddenly gave way. The emergency services were on the scene within minutes, including Fire, Police, Ambulance and Bramfield Mountain Rescue, with the Bramfield lifeboat put on standby.

Eyewitnesses spoke of the moments after the table went down.

CUT TO

**INT.**

**VILLAGE HALL**

**DAY**

WITNESSES TALK TO THE CAMERA. BEHIND THEM THE EMERGENCY SERVICES ARE HARD AT WORK

WITNESS 1.

There was a ghastly cracking noise and the table just disappeared from view. Cakes spilled on to the floor and were crushed by the table. Then we all started scrabbling on the floor. I managed to pull out two custard tarts before exhaustion got the better of me.

WITNESS 2.

Everyone was panicking. I contributed an egg custard and I don't know what's happened to it. I think it went off in the ambulance but I can't be sure. My sister lost a plateful of cheese scones. She's still under sedation.

CUT TO

**INT.**

**TV NEWSROOM**

**DAY**

NEWSREADER.

Many of the more seriously broken pastries were rushed to the patisserie wing of Bramfield Hospital. The condition of most of them was later said to be 'delicious'.

Parish Council Chair, Bertha Plugnettle, who officially opened the Jumble sale, immediately called for a full public enquiry and a doggy bag. And now it's over to Carrie for the weather.

SKETCH NO 75

**DUCKING SCOLDS**

**Page 1**

**INT.**

**TV NEWSROOM**

**DAY**

NEWSREADER TALKS STRAIGHT TO THE CAMERA

NEWSREADER.

Good evening and welcome to the news from your region. Bramfield Parish Council went into emergency session today after a ruling in the European Parliament effectively brought an end to the centuries old tradition of ducking troublesome women or 'scolds' in the local stream. Parish Council Chair, Bertha Plugnettle had this to say on the subject.

CUT TO

**INT.**

**OFFICE**

**DAY**

TALKING HEAD

BERTHA.

I hope I spoke for all in this village in calling this ruling unfair, unnecessary, and an intrusion into rural life. Ducking scolds is immensely popular with the tourists, particularly the Japanese. The local economy will suffer if this ban is enforced. We will attempt to recoup some of the loss by placing the ducking stool on Ebay.

CUT TO

**INT.**

**TV NEWSROOM**

**DAY**

NEWSREADER.

It appears the Euro MP's decision was not based on health and safety grounds but rather along sex equality lines. There is no tradition of ducking troublesome men, which they feel is a clear breach of equality legislation. However, the legislation has caused outrage amongst former scolds.

CUT TO

**EXT.**

**THE DUCKING STOOL**

**DAY**

TALKING HEADS

SCOLD 1.

There has always been a tradition of ducking in our family. My Mother and Grandmother were both scolds and I was hoping my daughter would carry this on. I'm sticking my neck out here but I think we'll be falling back on the rack now.

SCOLD 2.

One by one we are losing these old village traditions. Whatever next? A ban on burning witches?

CUT TO

SKETCH NO 75

**DUCKING SCOLDS**

**Page 2**

**INT.**

**TV NEWSROOM**

**DAY**

NEWSREADER.

The Countryside Alliance has pledged its support and promised to assist the Parish Council in lodging an immediate appeal. It too is worried that many ancient countryside pursuits and activities are being lost to future generations. Local highwayman Geoff Figgis agrees.

CUT TO

**EXT.**

**ROADSIDE**

**DAY**

GEOFF, A HIGHWAY MAN ADDRESS THE CAMERA AS CARS AND COACHES DRIVE PAST

GEOFF.

It's hard enough these days trying to chase down modern coaches on horseback without worrying what those faceless bureaucrats in Europe are up to.

CUT TO

**INT.**

**TV NEWSROOM**

**DAY**

NEWSREADER.

More on that story later. Now it's over to Carrie for the weather.

SKETCH NO 75

**THE NEW CLIFF**

**Page 1**

**INT.**

**TV NEWSROOM**

**DAY**

NEWSREADER TALKS STRAIGHT TO THE CAMERA

NEWSREADER. Entertainment news now and the hunt is on for a new Cliff Richard after Harry Webb announced that he would give up playing the character at the end of the year. Webb, who started playing the part in 1958 said he thought the time had come for him to move on to new projects. We spoke to his agent yesterday.

CUT TO

**INT.**

**AGENTS OFFICE**

**DAY**

TALKING HEAD

AGENT. Harry's thoroughly enjoyed playing Cliff but he now feels it would be best for him and for the franchise if there was a change of lead actor. He's grateful to the media and of course his legion of fans for all the support they've given him over the past 50 years.

CUT TO

**INT.**

**TV NEWSROOM**

**DAY**

NEWSREADER. Whilst his fans are sad to see Harry go, some thought his more extreme religious views and the ravages of time that even Botox cannot halt made him unsuitable to carry on as the Peter Pan of Pop. Our entertainment correspondent, Phillippa Space, has been looking at potential successors. Phillippa.

NEWSREADER TURNS TO ADDRESS PHILLIPPA

PHILLIPPA. Thanks, yes, the rumour mill is going into meltdown as potential new Cliffs are put forward by their agents, with Robbie Williams said to be in the running. However, many think that an unknown is most likely to be selected to breathe new life into this tired and rather tedious brand.

NEWSREADER. And Phillippa, can you comment on rumours that this will bring a 'back to basics' approach to Cliff Richard as was so successfully achieved with the James Bond franchise?

PHILLIPPA. The producers have already been making noises that this is the ideal time for a change with the gimmicky Christmas songs being replaced with a return to the second rate Elvis impersonation that launched the franchise back in the 50s. The most radical suggestion tabled yet is that the new Cliff could be a woman. Diana Cushing's name has been linked with the role and she had this to say earlier.



**INT.****BATCAVE****DAY**

BATMAN AND MATGIRL ARE SAT AT A MAKESHIFT DESK LOOKING THROUGH PAPERS. BATMAN LEANS FORWARD TO TALK INTO A TANNOY.

BATMAN. Alfred, could you send the next one through please?

ALFRED. (THROUGH TANNOY, DISTORTED) Yes sir.

AFTER A SHORT PAUSE THE DOOR OPENS. ALFRED SHOWS IN SUPERVILLIAN, THE PUFFIN.

ALFRED. Just through here sir.

PUFFIN. Oh, tah.

THE PUFFIN APPROACHES THE DESK AND SITS. ALFRED WITHDRAWS.

BATMAN. Hello.

PUFFIN. Hi.

BATMAN. My name is Batman and this is my associate Batgirl.

BATGIRL. Hello.

PUFFIN. Alright?

BATMAN. We're holding these interviews as, due to our amazing success as a crimefighting team, we've run out of supervillains and we need to find a new nemesis.

PUFFIN. Yeah so I heard.

BATMAN. So maybe you could tell us a little about yourself and why you think you'd be suitable for this position?

PUFFIN. Sure. I am known in criminal circles as the Puffin.

PAUSE

BATMAN. (UNIMPRESSED) The Puffin?

PUFFIN. That's right.

BATMAN. I see. And what is it that you do?

PUFFIN. I destroy all who stand in my way.

BATMAN. Right. Well, that does sound impressive. Perhaps you could elaborate a little.

PUFFIN. On what?

BATMAN. On how exactly you destroy all who stand in your way?

PUFFIN. With my mighty powers. All quake before the powers of The Puffin.

BATMAN. Do they? Do they really?

BATGIRL. Sorry, erm... who does?

PUFFIN. What?

BATGIRL. Who quakes before the power of The Puffin?

PUFFIN. Lots of people.

BATGIRL. Yes, but who?

PUFFON. Oh, just... y'know... just people. In general.

BATMAN. Such as...?

PUFFIN. Loads of people.

BATGIRL. Perhaps you could give us an example?

PUFFIN. Erm...

BATGIRL. You can't do it can you?

PUFFIN. I can. Er... my friend Simon - he quakes before my powers.

BATGIRL. No he doesn't.

PUFFIN. He does so. And so does my sidekick.

BATGIRL. Sidekick?

PUFFIN. Yes. I've got a sidekick.

BATGIRL. Have you? Have you really? What's your "sidekick's" name?

PUFFIN. I'm not telling you that.

BATGIRL. No. You can't can you. Because you just made them up.

PUFFIN. I never. I'm just not going to tell you because then you'll know and it won't be a secret like it is at the moment.

BATGIRL. Yeah, ok whatever.

BATMAN. I'm going to be brutally honest with you here Mr Puffin, I don't think anyone quakes before your powers because you haven't got any have you?

PUFFIN. You want me to tell you what my powers are?

BATMAN. That's why I asked.

PUFFIN. Well, I'm not going to tell you - you'll have to wait to find out.

BATGIRL. I get it. Made up sidekick, made up friends and made up superpowers.

PUFFIN. Now look here...

BATMAN. Mr Puffin, we're extremely busy. Maybe you could demonstrate your powers for us quickly?

PUFFIN. What, right here? Right now?

BATMAN. Please.

PUFFIN. But it could be very dangerous.

BATMAN. I'll take that risk.

PUFFIN. Well ok. You asked for it.

THE PUFFIN RACHES INTO HIS POCKET AND TAKES OUT A CRUDELY MADE PAPER FAN WHICH HE WAFTS AT THEM.

PUFFIN. Now see how you tremble. All quake before the power of the Puffin. (MAD LAUGH)

BATMAN. What is that?

BATGIRL. It's a paper fan.

BATMAN. Why is he wafting a paper fan at us?

BATGIRL. No idea.

BATMAN. Ah ha! So that's your mighty power is it? The fan thing?

PUFFIN. Impressive isn't it!

BATMAN. It's very... unusual.

BATGIRL. You can stop now if you like.

PUFFIN. Had enough have you? (MAD LAUGH)

BATGIRL. Definitely.

BATMAN. Well thank you Mr Puffin, that was... enlightening.

PUFFIN. So, am I in then? The new nemesis?

BATMAN. The thing is Mr Puffin, Gotham is more used to criminal masterminds armed with dynamite, death rays, freezing powers, gas – you know, dangerous things. And I'm not sure that your paper fan is really going to fill the niche.

PUFFIN. Oh. What about if I set fire to it?

BATMAN. Sorry, no.

PUFFIN. Or attached a razor blade to it so it gave really sharp paper cuts?

BATMAN. No.

PUFFIN. I could have a metal fan and hit people with it.

BATMAN. I don't think so, no.

PUFFIN. Oh.

BATMAN. Sorry.

PUFFIN. Well I'll probably go then, shall I?

BATGIRL. If you would.

PUFFIN. Right, ok. Thanks for your time.

BATMAN. Thank you.

THE PUFFIN LEAVES SADLY

BATGIRL. I have no idea how to end this sketch.

BATMAN. Me neither.

BATGIRL. Bugger.

**INT.****AGENTS OFFICE****DAY**

AN AGENT IS AT WORK. THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR AND JESUS ENTERS.

AGENT. Morning JC.

JESUS. Don't call me JC.

AGENT. Sorry Messiah. Running late today?

JESUS. Yeah, sorry, some fool wrapped his donkey round a tree and I got stuck in the tailback.

AGENT. Not to worry. How's my favourite Messiah this morning?

JESUS. Your *favourite* messiah?

AGENT. Great gig yesterday, you were on top form.

JESUS. Thanks.

AGENT. Yeah, you always get a good crowd at The Mount of Olives and you know how to play 'em - got to hand it to you.

JESUS. (MODEST) Well, you know.

AGENT. All in all a good season actually. Signed up a lot of new disciples which always helps swell the coffers.

JESUS. Oh good.

AGENT. Yeah, yeah. The thing is, you've been doing this show for a while now and it is a good show, one of your best, the critics have gone wild for it - very controversial, but the thing is, and this is the thing it might be time to freshen the act up a bit.

JESUS. Freshen it up?

AGENT. Yeah you know, so we keep pulling the crowds. I mean you've done some of this material for a few years now. That stuff you do about the meek - it's excellent, really. Very, very funny.

JESUS. Funny?

AGENT. Hysterical.

JESUS. But it's not...

AGENT. It's not going to keep pulling the crowds, quite right. And, to be honest, some of that righteous anger stuff hasn't gone down to well in certain sections of the media. I don't think we're going to get any more temple gigs if I'm honest unless we give the whole thing a reboot.

JESUS. A "reboot"?

AGENT. Absolutely. Now I've had a little think about this one and I think I've cracked it. I've had the marketing boys pop this poster together, see what you think.

AGENT HANDS JESUS A POSTER. HE STARES AT IT, UNIMPRESSED.

JESUS. (READING) "J.C. The Lord Of The Dance".

AGENT. You like it?

JESUS. I don't know quite what to say.

AGENT. I know.

JESUS. In the first place, I hate being called JC.

AGENT. Do you?

JESUS. You know I do, I tell you all the time.

AGENT. I don't remember you ever mentioning that.

JESUS. I told you a few minutes ago.

AGENT. Did you?

JESUS. When I came in.

AGENT. No, I don't think so.

JESUS. I did.

AGENT. I'm pretty sure you didn't.

JESUS. OK well, let's leave that for now. "Lord of The Dance"?

AGENT. Dance is very popular right now. Half of the finalists on this years 'Bethlehem's Got Talent' were dancers.

JESUS. But I can't dance.

AGENT. Sure you can.

JESUS. I can't.

AGENT. I saw you at Mary Magdalen's party - you've got moves.

JESUS. I'll look like an arse. I'm a preacher not a dancer.

AGENT. You can still do preaching. Just add a bass line in there behind you, throw a few shapes, we'll pull in a whole new, younger crowd.

JESUS. No, absolutely not.

AGENT. But JC...

JESUS. No, don't call me that.

AGENT. You were saying only last week that you needed to get your message out to the kids.

JESUS. Yeah I do but...

AGENT. First you turn down Celebrity Big Brother; you don't like Lord of the Dance. I'm doing my best here but you've got to meet me half way.

JESUS. But I can't dance.

AGENT. Then we'll get you lessons. This could be the break we've been waiting for.

JESUS. Well...

AGENT. Trust me. With your charisma and natural sense of rhythm, we can make this work.

JESUS. Are you sure about this?

AGENT. Yeah, course, it'll be fine. Tell you what, let's give it a try. A one off show. We'll get all the critics there and I'll show you this is going to work.

JESUS. One show?

AGENT. To prove I'm right.

JESUS. Well, ok. But I still don't think this is a good idea.

CUT TO

**EXT. THE MOUNT DAY**

THUMPING DANCE MUSIC. JESUS IS TRYING HIS BEST TO GET AN UNIMPRESSED CROWD GOING.

CUT TO

**INT.****AGENTS OFFICE****DAY**

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THERE IS A PILE OF NEWSPAPERS BETWEEN JESUS AND HIS AGENT.

JESUS. It was a disaster.

AGENT. It wasn't that bad.

JESUS. What do you mean it wasn't that bad? Have you seen the reviews?

AGENT. Yeah, but...

JESUS. (READING) "the man who once walked on water has sunk without trace with this latest fiasco", "needs the biggest miracle of his career to turn this turd of a show around", "king of the jews becomes lord of looking a bit shit". For my sake!

AGENT. Tomorrow's chip wrapping.

JESUS. That's easy for you to say, they've bloody crucified me! I'm going to make damn sure that doesn't happen again. This is all your fault.

AGENT. Mine?

JESUS. It was your idea. Honestly Satan, you are the worst agent I've ever had. Anyone would think you were trying to make me look bad.

AGENT. Heaven forbid, lord.