

FULL BODIED

EPISODE 1

Approx. running time 30 mins

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FULL BODIED

1. INT. RESTAURANT. EVENING.

A busy restaurant, full of lively tables of smartly dressed people, laughing and chatting. Two young men sit at a table with a bottle of wine each. TERRY MORRIS is drinking red. DICK YORK is drinking white. Dick gives Terry the nod and Terry slips a full bottle under the table. Dick notices a waiter approaching and kicks Terry under the table. Terry brings an empty bottle up from under the table.

WAITER

Would you like to order
now, Monsieurs?

DICK

Yes please. I'd like
another bottle of the
Chablis.

TERRY

And I'll have a bottle of
this Bordeaux, please
pal.

WAITER

No sir, I meant your food

order.

TERRY

Oh no, it's alright -
we're not that hungry.

WAITER

I'm sorry, sir, this is a
restaurant. Can I show
you the menu again?
[handing two menus out]

TERRY

Hmmm...no. What's on
special?

WAITER

Special tonight is confit
of duck, monsieur.

TERRY

Urghh, no - I hate
seafood.

WAITER

Not fish, sir, duck.

TERRY

Well you know what I mean

- webbed feet... water...

DICK

Would you do the cheese

platter as a main course?

The waiter looks puzzled.

TERRY

Good idea. Make that two,

and don't forget the

wine.

Waiter leaves. Terry gets out his mobile phone, and starts punching in a text message. As he does this, Dick is reaching inside his briefcase and pulls out two clipboards.

CUT TO:

2. INT. BAR & GRILL. EVENING.

A waitress, LISA - we see her name from the badge on her uniform, is standing beside the bar looking bored. She suddenly reaches inside her uniform to get her mobile. She

has a text message from "Terry Mobile". It reads, "10:25 ON THE DOT, ALRIGHT TREACLE"

3. INT. RESTAURANT. EVENING.

Waiter has returned to DICK and TERRY's table with the cheese platters. He has poured them both a glass of wine.

WAITER

Bon appetit.

DICK

[with clipboard in hand]

Excuse me, could you tell
me what time the toilets
were last cleaned,
please?

WAITER

[slightly confused]

Errr... I don't know, sir.
I'd have to go and check.

DICK

Would you please.

Waiter leaves. Terry slips the full bottle of wine underneath, as before. He takes his glass and we see him pour his glass back into the bottle, using a small siphon, and then re-cork the bottle with a handheld gadget. He opens

the briefcase by his chair.

We see inside the padded interior of the briefcase - there are four bottles, three full and one empty. He takes the empty one and replaces it with the re-corked bottle.

Just as Terry puts the empty on the table the waiter returns, and with him the manager.

MANAGER

Good evening. What seems
to be the matter?

DICK

Nothing's the matter. I'm
sure everything is in
order. We just need to
check your sanitation,
food preparation and
waste disposal areas.

MANAGER

Who are you? This is a
very busy night for us.

DICK

[showing ID]

New *FAFTA* regulations,
sir - all inspections
must take place during
trading hours.

MANAGER

'*FAFTA*'? I've never heard
of '*FAFTA*'!

TERRY

[handing him a card]
We're also busy, sir, so
if you need verification
call that number and ask
for Gilbert MacLean.

5. INT. BAR & GRILL. EVENING.

LISA stands by the bar. The phone rings, she checks her
watch before answering it.

LISA

FAFTA, good evening. Yes,
I'll just put you
through. Can you hold
please.

Putting the call on hold, she walks over to a rowdy table of young men who are larking about, drinking from pitcher jugs of lager.

LISA

Tony, it's time for your
starring role. Do you
remember your name?

TONY

Yeah, yeah. [to his
friends] It's Terry and
Dick. I won't be a
minute.

He walks to the phone.

TONY

'*Gilbert MacLean*', for
fuck's sake! [Picking up
the phone] Gilbert
MacLean speaking, how can
I help?

CUT TO:

6. INT. RESTAURANT. EVENING.

DICK and TERRY are stood with clipboards, discussing the cheese in hushed tones, as TERRY picks off pieces with a pair of tweezers. The WAITER is craning in, trying to hear. The MANAGER re-enters.

MANAGER

Gentlemen, you understand
I had to check. Would you
like to see the kitchen
now?

TERRY

[handing the cheese board
to WAITER]

Wrap that up for us, will
you. We need to take that
away for further tests.

7. INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN. EVENING.

DICK and TERRY are shown round the busy kitchen environment by MANAGER.

MANAGER

We scrub all surfaces,
every four hours...

TERRY

[puts the wrapped-up

cheese in his case]
Yeah, yeah. Very good.
Now what about waste
disposal? We're going to
need to check out your
bins.

8. EXT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN BACK YARD. NIGHT.
DICK and TERRY are shown out into the yard by MANAGER where
there are several tall, metal bins filled with potato
peelings, scraps of meat etc. DICK and TERRY start poking
around.

TERRY

Oh dear, oh dear.

DICK

We're going to need two
pairs of rubber gloves,
and a bowl of boiling
water. Oh, and some
detergent. Can you fetch
that for us?

MANAGER

What is wrong now?! These
are our bins! We have to

throw things away!

TERRY

Failing to co-operate
with a FAFTA inspection
carries a very heavy
fine, sir. I would
advise you...

MANAGER

OK, OK. Hold on there, I
will get you your things.

As MANAGER goes inside, DICK springs into action, shutting the door and he and TERRY wheel the several large bins over to block off the door. There is furious banging and shouting from inside the kitchen, as DICK and TERRY - briefcases in hand - climb up onto a standing bin and over the back wall of the restaurant yard. Crane shot tracks them as they walk calmly into the night.

8. INT. 24HR PETROL STATION SHOP. NIGHT.
TERRY and DICK pacing the aisles, with grave and serious intent. They are snatching crackers, biscuits, crisps, cakes and chocolate. They pause.

DICK

Do you think we've

overdone it?

TERRY

Dick, I've got a
briefcase full of cheese.
You've got a briefcase
full of wine. We ain't
leaving here without a
basketful of biscuits.

DICK

Did you get digestives?

TERRY

Of course I got
digestives.

DICK

Right, let's do it.

Dramatic music accompanies their purposeful strut to the counter, where they pay perfectly normally.

9. INT. TERRY'S FLAT. NIGHT.

MUSICAL SEQUENCE: Across the living room coffee table DICK and TERRY are playing MB Games' *Buckaroo* - specially adapted to add a 'danger' twist; crocodile clips are attached to the players' eyebrows and linked to the Buckaroo mule's tail by lengths of wire. If the mule bucks, a part of the offending player's eyebrow will be ripped out. We see this happen to both players at least once.

Several fades/ time-lapse cuts chart their descent into drunken paralysis, culminating with them both passed out. Dick is asleep on the sofa. Terry is snoring loudly on his back on the floor, with crocodile clips still on his eyebrow.

CUT TO:

10. INT. TERRY'S FLAT - BATHROOM. MORNING.

Dick looking into the bathroom mirror. We see a gap in the middle of his eyebrows.

CUT TO:

11. INT. TERRY'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM. MORNING.

Terry still asleep, wakes to hear Dick in the bathroom.

DICK

[offscreen]

Oh no, no, no...

TERRY

What? Where are you?

What's the matter?

DICK walks into the living room.

DICK

I forgot to tell Chopsy
and Linda I wasn't going
to come back last night.

TERRY

So what? They're not your
parents.

DICK

Linda likes to bolt the
front door last thing at
night. She's already got
a problem with me being
there.

TERRY

You're Chopsy's friend in
need. She'll just have to
lump it.

CUT TO:

12. INT. TERRY'S FLAT. MORNING.

The television is on. Dick and Terry both sit on the sofa,
clutching bowls of cereal. On the television we can see and
hear the beginning of a cookery programme '*Nosh with Nash*'.

An effusive, smiley and slightly smarmy man in his late

thirties is standing behind a work surface in a farmhouse style kitchen.

T.V.

[the man speaks]

'Hi, I'm Kev Nash, and I'm here in Coventry, continuing my tour of the country, rediscovering some Great Briddish [sic] classics. And today, I'm going to do one of my favourites, and I'm sure it's one of yours - Beans on Toast, but with a twist...'

TERRY

Jesus.

T.V.

[Kev Nash]

I've finely chopped some garlic and shallots softening in some budder

[sic], and I'm going to
add some green
peppercorns and then the
fresh soaked Bolloddi
beans [sic]... mmmmm... I
wish you had smellyvision
at home...

TERRY

This bloke's got too much
time on his hands.

DICK

You can buy a tin for
11p.

T.V.

[Kev Nash]

`Well while that's
sizzling away... mmmmm... I've
mixed some granary dough
here [kneading] , liddle

*bidda water, liddle bidda
olive oil, [sic].'*

TERRY

Oh fuckin' hell, what
else is on? [presses
remote control button]

Another cookery programme, with flashy fast cuts, odd camera angles, lot of cameras movement and breakbeats in the music. 'Shaw Ting!' with Ollie Shaw. Ollie Shaw is a twenty-something white man with dreadlocks. He dips his finger in a pan of tomato sauce, tastes it, and the whip-clicks his finger.

T.V.

[Ollie Shaw]

*'Nice one, those tomatas
are dappa, man! I'm gonna
bust some pepper on them,
really zing it up large.
White pepper, mind... lotta
folks are into black
pepper. And that's cool.
But me, I gotta have
white pepper - white
pepper is bitchin', man!'*

TERRY

What the fuck is going
on?

DICK

Oh, this is a repeat.
Linda watches this
bastard. His name's
Ollie Shaw, which is
probably short for Oliver
Featherstone-Haugh.

Terry flicks over one more time - we glimpse a few seconds
of a religious programme.

TERRY

That reminds me. We
ought to be in church.

CUT TO:

13. INT. PUB. DAY.

Victorian-style pub with centre bar. DICK and TERRY walk in
with a bottle of wine. They present the label to the
barman, who we will later know as MICK.

MICK

I'll give you seven quid
for it.

TERRY

Deal.

Mick hands over the money in exchange for the bottle. Terry counts the money.

TERRY

OK. Give us two glasses
of that.

MICK

[doing the maths in his
head]

Right, that's £5.50,
then.

DICK

Oh, and five pints of
lager as well, please
Mick.

CUT TO:

14. INT. PUB - POOL ROOM. DAY

TONY and BAZ are playing DICK and TERRY at pool. CHOPSY, sat with LINDA, watch from a nearby table. CHOPSY is drinking a half pint, LINDA is sipping a glass of water. LINDA is the same age as everyone else there, but she is dressed more 'sensibly'. Two girls, SARAH and LUCY also watch - they drink pints. A jukebox is on, and there is non-specific banter between the lads.

LINDA

[privately to CHOPSY]

You better talk to him,
Russell. I'm not running a
hotel.

CHOPSY

[timidly]

Popsi... he did say sorry.

LINDA

What?! Oh yes, yes... he
looks very sorry, doesn't
he. Just have a word
Russell, is that clear?

CHOPSY is clearly admonished. She finishes her water, gets up and puts her jacket on.

LINDA

And don't be late for
dinner.

CHOPSY

I won't.

ALL EXCEPT LINDA

Bye Linda.

She barely acknowledges them, as she leaves. The lads continue their game. LUCY and SARAH are talking quietly together. LUCY throws several glances to DICK, all of which he shyly tries to avoid.

DICK

[to CHOPSY]

Are you getting it in the
neck because of me?

CHOPSY

No, no it's fine. It's
just that Linda doesn't
sleep very well if the
door's not been bolted
and everything's turned
off, and all that. And if

Linda's not settled, that starts Daffy growling and barking.

TONY

Why don't you build her a kennel, so she can sleep outside. And build Daffy one, while you're at it, [winking at CHOPSY].

BAZ

Easy, boy.

DICK

It won't happen again, Chopsy. I'm very grateful to you and Linda. You took me in when I had nowhere to go.

CHOPSY

Me and Linda love having
you there.

CUT TO:

15. INT. CHOPSY & LINDA'S HOUSE. DAY.
Extreme close-up of Linda's scowling face.

LINDA

When is he moving out,
Russell?!!

CUT TO:

16. INT. NIGHT CLUB. EVENING.
On a busy dancefloor, TERRY and SARAH are together, dancing and occasionally kissing, both a clearly drunk. LUCY walks over to the perimeters of the dancefloor to where DICK is standing drinking alone. She grabs his hand and pulls him unwillingly onto the dancefloor. DICK dances extremely badly, very awkward and obviously self-conscious. LUCY tries to writhe seductively all over him.

SARAH

Is there something wrong
with your mate?

TERRY

Yeah, there is. He's
currently suffering from
Penile Dementia - he's
forgotten what it's for.

SARAH

What brought that on?

TERRY

A girl called Suzanne.

CUT TO:

DICK and LUCY dancing. She's attempting 'Dirty Dancing' with him, rubbing herself rear up against him. Across the dancefloor, Dick sees a girl dancing and smooching with a man in a suit and is transfixed. He appears to recognise her with horror.

DICK

[slowly with mouth agape]

Suzanne!

LUCY

You fucking bastard!

LUCY pushes DICK in the chest with extreme force, and as he stumbles back his heel goes over the edge of a step up to the dancefloor. As he tries to stay upright, he staggers backwards down the few steps, losing his balance altogether and falling backwards tipping over a table full of various drinks. A CLUB SECURITY MAN, very big with no neck, strides over and hauls Dick to his feet. The people previously sat at the table are loudly remonstrating with Dick, who notices that their drinks have spilled all down the front of his shirt and trousers.

CLUB SECURITY MAN

Right. I think you owe
these nice people some
drinks, don't you?

CUT TO:

11. INT. NIGHTCLUB - BAR. EVENING.

At the packed bar, Dick is trying in vain to get served. The man who is with Suzanne, a deep and plummy voiced yuppy named JONATHAN, arrives at the bar and seems to instantly get served in front of DICK.

JONATHAN

Yah, a Bailey's with ice,
and a whisky and soda,
cheers. [Noticing DICK]
Dicky! Hey, buddy.

DICK

Hello Jonathan.

JONATHAN

Johnno please. Hey
listen, let me get you
one - you look like
you're having a bit of

trouble there, bud.

He looks at Dick's clothes riddled with wet patches.

DICK

No, it's okay, thanks.

JONATHAN

I insist. [to barman]

Hey, can I get a bottle

of Pils aswell? [to Dick]

That's right isn't it?

Hey listen, we never

really got a chance to

talk about what happened,

you know...

Dick clearly doesn't want to talk about it, but Jonathan is undeterred.

JONATHAN

Hey, we both know she's a

great lady - it's just

one of those things, you

know? All's fair in love

and war. Put it there,

bud.

Jonathan holds his hand out. After an uncomfortable pause, Dick limply and cursorily shakes it. He hands Dick his bottle of Pils, and pays the barman.

JONATHAN

[patting DICK's shoulder]

Enjoy! Cheers.

DICK watches as JONATHAN carries his drinks over to SUZANNE. She looks straight at DICK, and he holds the gaze. He cannot help but watch as she kisses JONATHAN.

His gaze is broken by the arrival of the CLUB SECURITY MAN tapping him on the shoulder.

CLUB SECURITY MAN

[menacingly]

Have you got them drinks yet? [to BARMAN] Oy, this one next!

DICK

Yeah, right. [to waiting BARMAN] A vodka and tonic, a gin and tonic, a bourbon and coke and two bottles of Pils. And four bottles of lager. Errr..

hold on a minute,
[struggling to read from
a list, scrawled in biro
on the back of his hand].
Oh yeah, a cranberry
shot, a gooseberry shot,
a banana shot, a
bubblegum and rum 'Putz',
one 'Mongolian' with no
ice, two more cranberry
shots, another two... four...
five... six bottles of
lager, a whisky and... I
think it must be
'cheddar' - a 'whisky and
cheddar smoothie'?

The BARMAN is trying to decipher the writing on DICK's hand,
as TERRY appears, clearly very drunk.

TERRY

Oy oy! Your round is it?

Nice one. [To BARMAN]

Bung another Pils on that
mate, oh and one of them

nasty crapberry [sic]
blue things, [to DICK]
for Sarah.

DICK

Could this night get any
worse?

DICK then catches sight of his forty-something boss,
MALCOLM, dressed in open-neck disco shirt, stretched by his
middle-age spread, and tight leather trousers. He is with
DIANE, also forty-something, heavily made-up and dressed to
kill.

DICK

Oh god. [To MALCOLM]
Hello Malcolm.

MALCOLM

Hello Richard, hope
you're not getting too
drunk - you're opening up
the shop in the morning.
You've spoken to Diane
before on the phone,
haven't you? She just
been promoted to regional
manager - we're here to

celebrate. See you later
on!

DIANE

Byeee!

They dance off. The BARMAN has finished assembling DICK's round of drinks on a large tray.

BARMAN

£78.20, please.

DICK, almost expressionless, looks for the cash in his pocket. He pulls out a sealed brown wage-packet envelope.

TERRY

[handing over a coin]

I've got the twenty... does
that help?

DICK

[with heavy irony]

No, that's okay Terry -
you keep that.

Because look! [opening

the envelope] If
I take this fiver out of
my week's wages,
it comes to exactly
£78.20 - now isn't that a
stroke of luck?

DICK picks up the tray laden with drinks and walks off.

CUT TO:

12. INT. NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT.

On the dancefloor, we can see LUCY draped around the neck of TONY, slow-dancing. She catches DICK's eye as he walks by, and takes TONY'S hands and puts them on her bum.

DICK comes and sits down next to TERRY, and SARAH who is sat on TERRY's lap. TERRY and SARAH both have their drinks, DICK has none. He glances round the club. He sees DIANE running her long artificial fingernails through MALCOLM's hairy chest, whilst they kiss. LUCY is dragging TONY into the ladies' toilets.

Through DICK's eyes we see SUZANNE, who has an ethereal glow around her, dancing with JONATHAN who has the Devil's horns and tail. He sticks a long black forked tongue in SUZANNE's ear. DICK blinks and shakes his head.

DICK

Right, that's it. [He
stands up].

TERRY

What's the matter with
you, then?

DICK

I'm going home - no, I'm
going to Chopsy and
Linda's one bedroom house
to sleep on their floor.

CUT TO:

13. EXT. CLUB CAR PARK. NIGHT.

A BURGER VAN is serving a queue of clubbers, Dick is the
next one to be served.

BURGER WOMAN

Yes, love?

Suddenly a drunken MALCOLM with DIANE on his arm accosts
DICK.

MALCOLM

Richard, Richard,
Richard, come here, come
here...

DICK

What Malcolm? I'm being
served.

MALCOLM

You've got your own place

haven't you? Near here...

DICK looks in despair as JONATHAN jumps from nowhere to the front of the queue.

JONATHAN

Hey, sorry everyone, I've
got a car waiting..
thanks, thanks a lot -
Two dogs one with relish,
one with mustard - save
the onions.

MALCOLM

Richard, Richard, I need
a place to take Diane cos
I don't get to see her
that often
and we just need half an
hour together.

DICK

Get a hotel room then!

MALCOLM

No Richard, it's too late
- but you have a
place - look I never get
to see her, I'm a married
man and so is she...

DIANE

Go on Richie, be a love,
we'll just a cup of tea
and go.

MALCOLM

It'll only be for half an
hour - no, 30 minutes
maximum, I promise you.

DICK

Look - no. It's not my
place. I can't.

CUT TO:

14. EXT. CHOPSY'S HOUSE. NIGHT.
DICK, MALCOLM and DIANE are outside the front door while

DICK fiddles for his key.

DICK

[whispers]

Half an hour, right?

Then you must go.

MALCOLM is groping DIANE who is giggling. Neither is paying attention. DICK finds his key.

CUT TO:

15. INT. CHOPSY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM. NIGHT.

The door to the bedroom is ajar. CHOPSY and LINDA are in bed asleep. We see the clock: it's 3:22am. DAFFY the dog is asleep in between CHOPSY and LINDA. We hear the key in the lock downstairs. LINDA and DAFFY's eyes open simultaneously. LINDA nudges CHOPSY. DAFFY growls.

LINDA

[whispered shout]

Russell? Russell?

Russell?

CHOPSY

Yes mum?

LINDA

Look at the time! I told
you this would happen.

You'll have to have
serious words with him
tomorrow - he's *your*
friend not mine!

CUT TO:

15. INT. CHOPSY'S HOUSE - LOUNGE. NIGHT.
As they enter into the darkened room, MALCOM knocks over a
small pedestal table, DIANE giggles. DICK switches on a
lamp.

DICK

[whispers]

Ssshh! Keep it down.
Stay here. I'll make the
tea. Malcolm, I want
next Saturday off for
this.

MALCOLM

We really appreciate
this, Richard.

CUT TO:

16. INT. CHOPSY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN. NIGHT.

DICK sat with his head in his hands. It's now 4:15am. He can hear MALCOM and DIANE making out quite noisily next door - lip smacking noises and groans. The noises suddenly stop. Shortly afterwards, DIANE enters with two empty mugs; handing them to DICK.

DIANE

Cheers darling, anymore
in the pot? Ooh, bit
nipping in here, innit?
Let's put the heating on.

DIANE goes to the boiler and starts to fiddle clumsily with the settings. In extreme close-up we see the pilot light go out.

CUT TO:

17. INT. TERRY'S FLAT - BEDROOM. NIGHT.

We see the flame of a lighted candle, which is being held by a naked SARAH, who sits on top of a naked TERRY in bed. She drips wax onto Terry's chest. He screams. She laughs. He laughs, and she takes a swig from a bottle of red wine, and leans forward to pass it straight from her mouth to his.

CUT TO:

18. INT. CHOPSY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN. NIGHT.

The kitchen clock reads 5:25am. DICK's head is now slumped on the kitchen table. DIANE comes in with two more empty mugs, and DICK jerks upright.

DICK

No, no! You've got to go.
Now. I've got to get some
sleep.

He ushers her, irritably, back into the LOUNGE, where

MALCOLM is dozing off on the sofa.

DIANE

[pulling MALCOLM arm]

Come on lover, we've got
to go.

MALCOLM

Eh? Oh.

He ushers them out into the hall, and out the front door. We follow him back into the lounge, where he pulls the sofa cushions onto the floor, gets an old picnic blanket out of a cupboard, and slings it on top.

DICK gets undressed, to his boxers and t-shirt, shivering. He reaches up to the table lamp and turns the light out.

A few seconds of total darkness and silence. The silence is broken by a scampering noise, some heavy non-human panting and movement noise. DICK turns the light back on. Through his blurred vision, we slowly focus on DAFFY's private parts, hovering directly above his face, tail wagging while she chews her plastic bone toy.

DICK

Urggh.. shoo, shoo!

Daffy, get out of it...

He pushes her away, and DAFFY whimpers.

DICK

Back upstairs. Good girl

Daffy.

DAFFY growls quietly, and trots back upstairs. DICK turns the light back off.

A few more seconds of total darkness and silence, is ended by a loud alarm clock going off upstairs. The morning paper drops through the letterbox, and we can hear a clink of milk bottles outside. The hall light comes on above.

DICK

[opening his eyes]

Oh no.

He pulls the blanket off, and stands up shivering and bleary-eyed. He sniffs something in the air, and as he walks to the door he treads in something squelchy. Looking down, he sees that he has trodden barefoot in a very loose turd, laid by DAFFY. The poo comes oozing through the gaps between his toes.

DICK

URGGH! URGGH! URGGH! THE

LITTLE FUCKER!

He hops up the stairs, loudly cursing. LINDA and CHOPSY are coming down.

DICK

Out the way - I've got to
get it off!!

LINDA

What the hell do you
think you're doing?

DICK

Your fucking dog has shat
on the carpet!

DICK pushes past her, still hopping, into the bathroom.

LINDA

Well Daffy didn't do this
until you came here!
You've upset her routine!
You've upset our routine!

CUT TO:

19. INT. CHOPSY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM. MORNING.
Close-up of DICK's face. LINDA is shouting behind him, but
her words are drowned-out by the running bath tap. DICK is
furiously tries to wash his foot.

DICK

There's no bloody hot
water!

He turns the tap off.

LINDA

Get your stuff, and get
out! I don't want you
here another night!

CHOPSY

Popsi, he's got nowhere
to go.

LINDA

I don't care, Russell -
it's either me or him.
No, it's my house, so
it's either him, or him
and you!

CUT TO:

20. EXT. TERRY'S FLAT - PORCH. EARLY MORNING.
DICK is carrying two small bags, arriving on TERRY's
doorstep. He knocks several times but there is no answer.
He slumps down, shivering, using his bag as a pillow.

CUT TO:

21. INT. TERRY'S FLAT - BATHROOM. EARLY MORNING.
A very steaming hot shower being shared by TERRY and SARAH,
lathered up, they are clearly still horny.

CUT TO:

22. EXT. TERRY'S FLAT - PORCH. EARLY MORNING.
Dick has passed out in the cold, deep blue, early morning.
A POSTMAN steps over the sleeping DICK to deliver the mail.

END OF EPISODE 1