

FULL BODIED

EPISODE 2

Approx. running time 30 mins

Written By

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1. INT. TV STUDIO. MORNING.

The set of 'Breakfast Show', hosted by a middle-aged MALE PRESENTER and FEMALE PRESENTER, both smartly dressed, sitting on a leather sofa. TV studio cameras and boom microphones are visible. The presenter is watching a monitor to the side of them.

FEMALE PRESENTER

Oh! Are we back? That was a surprise! That was Gill Hunter, at the Milan Fashion show.

MALE PRESENTER

You were totally engrossed in that weren't you?

FEMALE PRESENTER

[laughing]

I was!

MALE PRESENTER

Weren't you wearing something like that at

the TV Times awards?

FEMALE PRESENTER

[coyly for the camera]

Justin! I never knew
you paid that much
attention to me.

MALE PRESENTER

There's a lot you
don't know about me...

FEMALE PRESENTER

I wouldn't bank on it...

MALE PRESENTER

[mock embarrassment]

Ahem... anyway!

FEMALE PRESENTER

Coming up, in the next
fifteen minutes...

Background music starts.

CUT TO:

2. STATIC GRAPHIC.

The on-screen titles read, "COMING UP...", there is a still photo of handsome doctor, "DR. STEVE GOODHEAD" and "BODY TALK". The time in the corner of the screen reads "8:20"

FEMALE PRESENTER

[v.o.]

Dr. Steve Goodhead
answers your questions
on everything from
tiredness to toe
beards, in *Body Talk*.

CUT TO:

MALE PRESENTER

Firstly though, we
have a guest chef in
the studio - quite a
delicious smell
wafting over here -
he's put the 'hip-hop
into hot pot' who
writes this stuff -
it's Ollie Shaw.
Morning Ollie.

CUT TO:

3. INT. TV STUDIO. MORNING

A kitchen set, behind which OLLIE SHAW stands, wearing a

puffa jacket, a big gold chain, and a white chef's hat in the shape of Rastafarian headgear. OLLIE SHAW is a white twenty-something. MALE PRESENTER walks onto set.

OLLIE

Yeah, wassup Justin,
man.

CROSS FADE TO:

4. INT. TERRY'S FLAT. MORNING.

The TV screen fills the frame, identical to the previous shot, but a change in the grain of image is noticeable. Slow pan out, to reveal TV set, and living room. DICK is asleep on the sofa underneath a duvet. A GIRL is towel-drying her hair, and getting dressed for work. She is half-watching the TV.

T.V.

[MALE PRESENTER]

*So, what are you going
to cook for us?*

T.V.

[OLLIE]

*What else, Jeremy, I'm
gonna be bustin' up a
breakfast. I'm nicking
a few fings from the
English posse - ya*

*bacon, ya tomata's, a
few fings from the
Continental posse - ya
croissants, ya jam..*

DICK opens one bleary eye, and notices who is on the TV.

DICK

[groans]

Oh god.

T.V.

[OLLIE]

*...and mixin' in it up
in a US stylee wiv'
some eggs-over-easy
and maple syrup. Then
I'm gonna kick it to
the grill.*

T.V.

[MALE PRESENTER]

*Well, that sounds
nice.*

The GIRL switches on a loud hairdryer, starts brushing and drying her hair. Dick sits upright, and looks behind him. He looks puzzled - he doesn't recognise her. She smiles at him and continues drying her hair. Dick slumps back down.

We can only hear the hairdryer and see OLLIE SHAW gesticulating. He is piling bacon onto a croissant, with a layer of jam and a fried egg. Dick pulls the duvet over his eyes.

The girl turns the hairdryer off, and finishes up by putting her earrings in. She picks up her handbag.

GIRL

Bye Dick.

DICK

[pauses]

Err... Bye?

GIRL leaves. A few seconds later Terry comes out of his room in his dressing gown.

TERRY

Has she gone?

DICK

Yes.

TERRY

Good. What was she
like? Did you get a
look at her face?

DICK

Why? Didn't you?

TERRY

I don't remember her
face. Where did you
get to last night?

DICK

I was at work until
gone midnight. Malcolm
roped me in for a
stock take.

TERRY

Did you take any
stock?

DICK

We don't stock any

wine worth taking.

TERRY

Well, I know somewhere
that does!

CUT TO:

6. EXT. RIVERSIDE RESTAURANT. MIDDAY.

A plush restaurant terrace, decorated with sculpture and various plants, situated a few yards back from the bank of the River Thames. TERRY and DICK sit at a table with drinks and nibbles. There are other tables of customers, mostly on business lunches.

A WAITER has poured TERRY a glass of champagne, then leaves. Dick is drinking another white wine.

DICK

Terry, why are you
wasting your time with
that fizzy shit?

TERRY

I thought it might
wake my brain up. I've
never tried it.

DICK

Bubbles are for kids.

TERRY

Please yourself.
Anyway, here's to not
living with couples
and their dogs
anymore.

They raise their glasses.

DICK

Yeah. But I don't live
anywhere now.

TERRY

Don't be stupid, Dicky
boy. You're living
with me now.

DICK

You mean I can stay?

TERRY

Of course. I don't

know why we didn't
think of it before. It
means we can do more
of this! Liquid
lunches, drinks for
dinner...

DICK

...all free of charge...

TERRY

Passing out every
night! Life's just
gonna fly by!

DICK

With any luck.

TERRY

So when are you going
to get the rest of
your stuff from Chopsy
and Linda's?

DICK

What do you mean? All
my stuff's at yours.

TERRY

Those two carrier
bags?

DICK nods. TERRY takes a sip of his champagne.

TERRY

Urggh... this is
horrible.

TERRY tips the rest into nearby decorative shrubbery.

TERRY

[takes DICK's glass]

Give us a sip of that.

[tasting] Yummo!

Right, let's get
another one of them,
and then we'll get the
wine list and you can
pick a much pricier

model.

CUT TO:

7. EXT. RIVER THAMES. MIDDAY.

A refuse barge, full of large bin bags and other garbage chugs along near the bank. The sun plays on the water.

CUT TO:

8. EXT. RIVERSIDE RESTAURANT. MIDDAY.

An attractive woman walks along the promenade past the restaurant terrace, watched by DICK. She turns and notices him and smiles as she passes by. He immediately averts his eyes.

TERRY

You want to get
yourself one of them,
mate. They're
grrrreat!

DICK

I had one of those,
and I lost her. To the
University Rugby team
captain.

TERRY

You can't trust these
rugger-buggers.

They've got different
shaped balls.

DICK

I'm crap with women.

TERRY

Practice makes perfect
- that's my mantra.
There must be someone
at work you could
practice on...

DICK

Terry, I work with a
forty-five year old
man.

TERRY

Oh yeah.

DICK

And he's not my type.

TERRY

Alright then, what
about customers? They
can't all be spotty
schoolgirls buying
fags.

DICK

[sighing]

There are some nice
ones. Occasionally...

DICK stares into space, wistfully.

CUT TO:

9. EXT. HIGH STREET. EVENING.

A rainy evening. The streetlamps are on, and so are the lights of an off-license, "POP YOUR CORK!". A woman in her early thirties, FRANCINE, hurries to the door of POP YOUR CORK, wearing a beige Mac. DICK is inside the shop, just about to turn the OPEN sign to CLOSED.

CUT TO:

10. INT. WINE SHOP. EVENING.

DICK notices FRANCINE through the glass shop door. Their eyes meet, and then FRANCINE pushes the door open.

FRANCINE

Sorry, are you...

DICK

We're just about to...

FRANCINE

I know what I want...

DICK

Well, I suppose...

FRANCINE

Oh thanks very much...

MALCOLM

[off-screen]

Richard! I thought I
told you to close up.

MALCOLM enters from the stockroom.

MALCOLM

Sorry madam, we are
in fact close...
[recognises her] Oh,
I do apologise. It's

you, isn't it? The
restaurant critic, in
the 'paper.

FRANCINE smiles in acknowledgement.

MALCOLM

Maxine... Maxine...?

FRANCINE

Francine.

MALCOLM

Francine! Francine?

MALCOLM	(simultaneously)	FRANCINE
Lumsden.		Gumm.

MALCOLM		FRANCINE
Glumsden.		Gumm.

MALCOLM		FRANCINE
Gumsden.		Gumm.

DICK

It's Francine Gumm,
Malcolm.

MALCOLM

That's right! I never
miss your column. It's
very well written. So
much journalism these
days is from the
gutter.

FRANCINE

[looking at DICK]

Well, I don't want to
keep you from getting
home... [smiles]

MALCOLM

Ha ha, not at all.
Myself and Richard
here are doing a stock
take tonight, until
the wee small hours!

Take as much time as
you want.

FRANCINE

Well, I'm looking for
something to take to a
party.

MALCOLM

Take me! I'm cheap!

The joke fails. Silence.

MALCOLM

Errmm.. something
sparkling, perhaps?

FRANCINE

No. I'm thinking of
something like a good
Barolo.

MALCOLM

Barolo, Richard - up
the top. You'll need

the steps.

DICK goes to get them. An awkward silence between MALCOLM and FRANCINE.

MALCOLM

Would you sign a copy
of last week's paper -
I've got it round the
back somewhere - you
wouldn't mind, would
you?

DICK returns with the stepladder.

FRANCINE

Errr... of course not.

MALCOLM

Excellent.

MALCOLM exits as DICK comes back with the stepladder and climbs to the top shelf. FRANCINE admires his bum, while he's up the ladder.

FRANCINE

You're in for a fun

night, then.

DICK is descends the ladder with the wine.

DICK

Yes. Well, it's only
part time - I need
the hours.

FRANCINE

Oh, so, are you a
student?

DICK

[shyly, pausing]

Yes. I'm a student.

FRANCINE

What are you studying?

DICK

What am I studying? I...
I'm studying wine. I'm
a wine student.

FRANCINE

Oh really! Where's
that?

DICK

Sorry?

FRANCINE

Where are you
studying?

DICK

Well... I'm err...
freelance. So, I'll
wrap this up for you.
For your party...

He moves quickly to the till, and begins wrapping up the
wine.

FRANCINE

Well, there'll be a
few distinguished wine
experts at this party
- [flirtatiously]

it's a shame you have
to work...

DICK is blushing, trying to avoid eye contact.

DICK

[coughs nervously]

Yes. That's £11.99
please.

As she gets her purse out of her coat pocket, one end of the long belt of her beige coat flops onto the desk. She hands him her credit card. She leans on the desk across from him.

FRANCINE

Maybe, if I'd given
you more notice...

DICK is frantically fumbling with the card, trying to swipe it without success. The till beeps, the till-roll has run out.

DICK

I just need to change
the till-roll.

He removes the spool for the receipt roll.

FRANCINE

Sorry. That's
probably not your idea
of an evening out. I
should just shut up..

DICK is looking up at her while feeling for the spare till-
roll.

DICK

No, not at all, no,
I'm fine, I'm fine
with wine, I mean..

In his blind panic, DICK has taken the end of FRANCINE's
coat belt, and threaded it onto the spool for the receipt
roll. He has put it back in the till. Both are unaware.

DICK

I find wine fine, to
talk about, you know..
I'll just print you
off a receipt..

He presses a button on the till, and the belt starts to wind
onto the spool. The till is printing the receipt onto

FRANCINE's belt. DICK instantly realises his mistake, as FRANCINE is tugged towards the machine. The till is making an angry noise, as it wraps more of FRANCINE's belt round the spool. DICK races round to her side of the desk.

DICK

Quick! Take your coat
off!!

He tries to help her get her coat off, but she has turned round the other way and it gets stuck over her head.

FRANCINE

Owww!! It's pulling
my head!!

DICK reaches for a pair of scissors and cuts the belt to free her. The piece of belt gets printed as a receipt and comes out the till, waiting to be ripped off.

FRANCINE pulls the coat back over her head, adjusts her clothes and straightens her hair as best she can.

DICK

I'm so sorry!

FRANCINE

[annoyed but calm]
Listen, don't worry
about it. It's an old
coat.

Malcolm emerges from the stock room empty handed.

MALCOLM

Isn't it bloody
marvellous? I can't
find that paper
anywhere!

FRANCINE

[to DICK]

Give me that piece of
belt.

DICK hands it over to her, and she signs it. Then she hands the belt back to DICK.

FRANCINE

There you go. There's
your autograph.

She leaves. DICK winces. Then sinks down, head in hands.

CUT TO:

9. EXT. RIVERSIDE RESTAURANT. MIDDAY.

DICK is sat with his head in his hands. TERRY is downing the remains of his glass of wine.

DICK

I'm the opposite of

sex...

Two WAITERS walk in front of them to set a nearby table. The tablecloth acts as a curtain and masks DICK and TERRY, when the tablecloth comes down we cut to:

TERRY and DICK have just finished another bottle of wine and are clearly quite drunk. DICK has made a mini cricket-style wicket using breadsticks for stumps. TERRY is bowling at it with a selection of olives. DICK is using a stick of celery as a bat. TERRY keeps missing.

TERRY

I can't get any spin

on these olives. What

we need are cherry

tomatoes.

In the middle-distance, one waiter talks to another in hushed tones, looking at DICK and TERRY. One of the waiters approaches their table. Terry bowls an olive that clips a breadstick stump.

TERRY

Howzat?! [to waiter]

Ah, just the man, we'd
like a little top up
please. Could we see
the wine list again?

WAITER

Certainly, sir, but
you have not ordered
any food yet.

TERRY

Oh, well, we better
put that right. Do
you do, like, a cherry
tomato salad? With
nice and ripe ones,
mind.

WAITER

I'm sure we could,
sir. And for you,
sir? [to DICK]

DICK

I need a bit more wine
to decide, [sic] I
mean *time* to decide;
what do you suggest?

WAITER

The *Eggs Benedict* is
very good, sir.

DICK

Alright, one of them.
Now can we see the
wine list?

WAITER

Certainly, sir.
[hands them the wine
list]

DICK

[points to wine on the
list for TERRY] How
about this Vouvray?

TERRY

[taking the list]

Mmm... not bad, but it's
still only 90 quid,
look down here,
there's another
Vouvray, but this
fella's well into
three figures - he's
the Lord of the Manor.
[to waiter] We'll have
him please.

WAITER

Certainly, sir.

WAITER leaves.

DICK

Shouldn't we think
about getting out of
here, after he brings
the bottle over.
What's the plan - I've

forgotten what I'm
supposed to do.

TERRY

Well... you're going to
take my mobile, and
pretend your going for
a tom tit. But take
the briefcase, cos its
got your white coat
and Fishmonger's hat.

DICK

Yeah... *right?*

We see a CRIME-WATCH style CLOSE CIRCUIT CAMERA view (in Black & White) of DICK, which depicts all the events in TERRY's next voice-over.

TERRY

[v.o.]

When you're in the
loo, you phone the
restaurant here, and
ask for me. Tell 'em

it's an emergency.
Get changed into your
fishmonger's gear and
then walk out - you've
made a delivery of
whelks or whatever -
no one will give you a
second look.

Meanwhile, I'm on the
restaurant phone,
balling me eyes out,
with the bad news that
you've told me.

*Apologise to my guest
for me,* says I, and I
rush out. No one
questions somebody in
grief. Voila. Now,
here's me phone.

DICK

[trying the phone]
It's not coming on.
It's not charged. You

haven't charged the
battery, you twat.

TERRY

Where? Give me that!
[takes phone] Oh yeah.
Shit.

DICK

Why didn't you charge
it last night?!

TERRY

I dunno! My mind was
on other things.

DICK

Well, what are we
going to do now? That
was your plan... Terry?
I think it's your
responsibility to get
us out of this.

TERRY

Alright, I'm thinking.

The WAITER returns with the salad, Eggs Benedict, and the very expensive bottle of Vouvray. He pours two glasses.

WAITER

Bon Apetite.

WAITER leaves.

DICK

Well, Terry? What's
Plan B then?

TERRY

Sorry, mate, I can't
think of anything... Oh
no, look! All the
cherry tomatoes are
cut in half! The
bastards!

DICK

Oh great, great, we've

got no plan to get out
of here - and you're
worried about
tomatoes! We'll just
have to pay the bill.

TERRY

Shut up, we ain't
paying the bill! We
must have notched up
over £400 here. Have
you got that kind of
money?

DICK

Then we've got no
choice. We'll walk
very calmly up to the
main desk, and then
start running really,
really, fast.

TERRY

[shaking his head]

Dick, it really
disappoints me to hear
you talk like that.
That would be so
crass. It's not our
style. We're not
amateurs. We're not
beginners; We're not
17 year olds doing
runners from *Pizza Hut*
anymore. We've grown
up since then. No
runners. Besides,
we'd be chased.

DICK

Suggest something
then...

10. EXT. RIVER THAMES. MIDDAY

Another refuse barge chugs along the river, near the bank.

11. EXT. RIVERSIDE RESTAURANT. MIDDAY

DICK and TERRY can hear, but not, see the barge, as there is a twenty-foot drop from the restaurant terrace, to the river below. Terry and DICKS table is set back from the railed edge.

TERRY

I've got it. It's simple, but it's quite beautiful. One of those barges full of soft rubbish goes by every twenty minutes - I've been watching them. They'll be no chase, they won't even see us go. We'll just suddenly disappear. Kapoof!

DICK

Kapoof how?

TERRY

We time it just right; take a running jump over the railings, the bin-bags cushion our fall, and bingo! Off we go, up river. We

can get off any time.

Well? What do you
think?

DICK

[after pausing for
thought]

I like it. It's
completely shit, but I
like it. When's the
next barge?

TERRY

Not for another 18
minutes, so all we
have to do is sit back
, have another drinky-
poo for Dutch Courage
and we'll soon be
away.

CUT TO:

12. INT. THAMES TOUR BARGE. MIDDAY

The boat is full of TOURISTS, a middle-aged, heavy-set
CAPTAIN is at the helm. A female TOUR GUIDE is talking over
an intercom.

TOUR GUIDE

Ladies and gentlemen
we're just coming
into dock now, I hope
you've enjoyed this
Thames Tour, can I
ask you for safety
reasons not to leave
your seats until
we're securely
docked, thank you...

CUT TO:

13. EXT. RIVERSIDE RESTAURANT. MIDDAY
TERRY can hear the tour barge going past but can't see it.

TERRY

Shit! Can you hear
that? I must have
mistimed it. Come
on, we've got to go!

DICK

What?! Now?!

TERRY

YES! After three...

one... two... here we

fucking go - three!

DICK is desperately re-corking the Vouvray. TERRY grabs his hand and they start their run up. They leap over the side. We go into split-screen, and follow DICK's jump falling short as he lands straight in the Thames, whilst TERRY smashes through the barge's fibreglass roof, collapsing on the TOUR GUIDE.

Panic ensues. We see DICK surfacing, the bottle of corked Vouvray bobbing beside him, he grabs it and swims towards the jetty. As the barge docks, the CAPTAIN has started a row with TERRY, it looks like it will come to blows.

TERRY

Listen, mate, don't

have a go at me -

this boat wasn't

supposed to be here

in the first place!

14. EXT. JETTY. MIDDAY

A sodden DICK stands at the top of the jetty. TERRY is running up the jetty with the CAPTAIN chasing behind him.

TERRY

Start running, for

fuck's sake.

DICK

Oh God... Where to?

TERRY

That way! [pointing
in the direction of
the RESTAURANT]

As the boys run back past the restaurant, two WAITERS recognise them as the absconded diners.

CUT TO:

15. EXT. DOCKLAND STREETS. DAY.

CAPTAIN and WAITERS give chase to DICK and TERRY through the narrow streets. The chase extends through at least four streets, during which time DICK loses both his shoes. TERRY and DICK run into a DOCKLAND LIGHT RAILWAY STATION and leap over the turnstiles and board a train just as the doors are closing. CAPTAIN and WAITERS arrive just in time to see the train pull out of the station. TERRY gives the finger to the CAPTAIN.

16. INT. DOCKLANDS LIGHT RAILWAY TRAIN. DAY.

TERRY, out-of-breath but dry, sits next to DICK who is soaked from head to toe. DICK looks miserable. TERRY takes the bottle of Vouvray out of DICK's hand, pulls the cork out with his teeth and has a swig.

TERRY

Not bad for a Plan B.

DICK remains coldly silent.

TERRY

But you want to
practice your run-up
a bit for next time.

DICK looks at TERRY.

END OF EPISODE TWO