

FULL BODIED

EPISODE 3

Approx. running time 30 mins

Written By

Steve Exeter & Mike Lukey

tel 020 8133 3805
mob 07557 303908

Copyright © 2003 Steve Exeter & Mike Lukey

FULL BODIED - EPISODE 3

1. INT. TERRY'S FLAT. BEDROOM. MORNING
TERRY MORRIS and LISA, his colleague from *C.U. Next Tuesday*, are in bed. Lisa is on top in her work uniform, she climbs off of Terry to lie down beside him, out of breath.

LISA

You're a pervert,
Morris.

TERRY

What, cos of the work
uniform, that's a bit
harsh?

LISA

[laughing]

I could understand if I
were a nurse or
policewoman... but this?

The *C.U. Next Tuesday* uniform that Lisa's wearing consists of a gaudy red and white shirt with a red clip on bow tie and a name badge.

LISA

I thought you'd be sick
of seeing it.

TERRY

It sickens me, yes. But
it's my chance to do to
C.U. Next Tuesday, what
it does to me everyday.

LISA

What? So, you're not
even thinking of me,
are you?! How many
other girls from work
have you brought back
here to dress up for
you?

TERRY

None, babe. None since
we changed over to the
new uniform. You're
the first. I never
liked that old green
one, with the stupid
hat.

LISA

Hmmm... like I said..
you're a pervert. Do
you want a cup of tea?

TERRY

Does George Formby
clean windows?

LISA

You what?

TERRY

Four sugars, and plenty
of full cream milk,
please treacle.

LISA

Yes, Sir.

2. INT. TERRY'S FLAT. KITCHEN. MORNING

LISA goes to the fridge, opens the door and pulls out a bottle she presumes to be milk without really looking. She's about to pour it into two mugs, when she notices it is not milk but white wine. She goes back to the fridge; on opening the door we see that the entire fridge is full, exclusively of bottles of white wine. She stares in disbelief before closing the fridge and moving to the pantry door. She looks inside the pantry and is confronted by a row-upon-row of red wine bottles, stacked on their sides. As she scans the contents of the pantry she notices a solitary box of breakfast cereal and a pair of bare feet lying on the floor. She screams in terror.

LISA

ARGHHH! - TERRY!

THERE'S A BODY - QUICK!

Terry burst into the kitchen in his boxer shorts.

TERRY

What is it?

LISA

In there - it's in
there - look!

TERRY

[peering in]

Jesus Christ!

LISA

Touch the feet - see if
they're cold.

TERRY leans in and prods the soles of the bare feet. Suddenly the body jolts up out of the shadowy pantry, revealing DICK wearing industrial ear protectors and a blindfold.

TERRY

Dick! What the bloody
hell are you doing in
there?!

DICK

[removing blindfold]

What?

TERRY

[taking ear protectors

of Dick]

Have you gone mad?

DICK

I can't sleep on the
sofa. It's too light.
And I could hear
everything you were
doing.

LISA

Could you? You mean...
did you hear...

DICK

The "Staff
announcements". Yeah.

LISA

Oh God, I feel so
stupid!

TERRY

Don't worry. Nobody's
dead - why don't you go
back to bed and I'll
sort the tea out.

LISA leaves. TERRY looks in the pantry and notices the red
wine has been rearranged.

TERRY

Oi! What have you been
doing here then?

DICK

Well, I just thought we
should be storing our
wines properly.

TERRY

I 'ave been storing it
properly - I bring it
in and put it down.

DICK

That's the problem, you
put the bottles down
standing upright. No
wine touches the cork
so it dries out and
cracks, letting air in
- that's why all wine
is stored on its side.

ON SCREEN CAPTION : "DICK YORK'S HANDY HINT"

TERRY

It doesn't usually lie
around long enough to
go off.

DICK

It's not just about
storage, it's about
classification. We're
building up quite a
collection. Look, here
are our French reds by
region. Up here's the

Loire Valley, then
you've got Bordeaux,
moving down to Anjou
and Medoc. Over here
are the Italians -
Barolo, Bardolino,
Chianti, crossing into
Spain, the Rioja and
then to Portugal for
the Tintos, of course...

TERRY

You have been busy.
Will I need a
membership card to get
some of these out?

3. INT. C U NEXT TUESDAY. DAY.

TERRY is on the phone at the front desk, he dials a number.
The restaurant has a few customers dining at tables. LISA
is taking plates of food out from the kitchen.

TERRY

[on the phone]

Hello. Is that Le
Cirque? Yeah, I'd like
to book a table for
this evening, please.
Well, how about

tomorrow night then?
Well what about the
weekend? No? You're
having a laugh aintya!
Can you tell me when
you're next free table
is? Yes, I'll hold.

A young woman, in a suit, taps TERRY on the shoulder, her hair is tied back, she is holding a video. This is KAREN, Terry's manager.

KAREN

Terry, I hope that
isn't a personal call.

TERRY

No, of course not,
Karen, it's business.

KAREN

Oh right, business?
When you've finished -
which I hope is soon -
you've got staff
training upstairs.

TERRY

One-on-one, training is
it, Karen? Upstairs?

KAREN

Terry, let me tell you
now, what you're
implying is unlikely to
happen, outside of your
imagination.

TERRY

Karen, there is no
outside to my
imagination.

KAREN

Upstairs, in two
minutes.

TERRY hears a voice on the other end of the phone.

TERRY

Yes? I'm still here.
Two months?! You've
got a waiting list of
two months? Have you

only got one table or
summink?

CUT TO:

4. INT. C U NEXT TUESDAY. OFFICE UPSTAIRS. AFTERNOON.
Staff training in session. KAREN stands in front of a TV
screen, TERRY, LISA and the rest of the staff sit looking
bored.

KAREN

Pay attention. I don't
want you treating this
as an hour off work.
Every branch has been
sent this video and
it's my duty to make
sure you all watch it
and put into practice.
Is that clear?

KAREN pushes the video into the player and it starts.
Opening shots of Ayres Rock at sunset. Stock footage of
Koalas and kangaroos, Bondi Beach, the Sydney Opera House.
Superimposed over the top is the portly figure of LEW
MARVIN, in shirtsleeves, slacks, and white loafers.

LEW

[thick Australian
accent]

Isn't it bootiful?
Australia. This is my
country and I had a

vision to bring the
flavour of my bootiful
country to *your*
bootiful country. And
I'd like all you people
to help me and this
film shows you how you
can.

CUT TO:

LEW MARVIN seated behind a large desk in his office, he's wearing a blue-flecked grey suit, which is just too tight for him. Subtitles "Lew Marvin - Chairman: *C.U. Next Tuesday*"

LEW MARVIN

A lot of you won't know
who I am and that's my
fault cos I don't get
the chance to visit all
of you like I could
when I started the
business back in 1988.
A lot of my critics
said it wouldn't last.
Well, they soon learned
to keep their big
mouths shut, cos I'm

still here, and I'm not
going anywhere!

CUT TO:

LEW standing in his garden, tending a barbeque, with a big
built tall man in a white apron and Chef's hat standing by
the side.

LEW MARVIN

Now, *C.U. Next Tuesday*
has always been about
extending the good old
friendly Oz welcome to
everyone that comes
through our doors. And
treating them to the
fine cuisine of *Down*
Under. This is Bruce
McKiver, my right hand
man.

BRUCE

Gooday. How ya doin'?

LEW MARVN

Bruce is head of Food
Technology and Security
at *C.U Next Tuesday*,
making sure that we're

offering the best
tastes in Australian
cuisine and the best
value. Now Bruce, what
are the two most
important criterias
[sic] for what we
offer?

BRUCE

Lew, well I'd say it
had to be, taste and
value.

LEW MARVIN

Absolutely, Bruce. By
the way, those ribs
smell bonza, mate!

CUT TO:

LEW MARVIN seated behind a large desk in his office.

LEW MARVIN

What we learnt from
Bruce, there, was the
two key areas of taste
and value. But there's

a third factor -
service. Let Bruce
take care of taste, let
me take care of value.
But you have got to
take care of service.

LISA is yawning, TERRY raises his eyebrows.

LEW MARVIN

Now, I travel up and
down the country on
business, and if
there's one thing that
really gets me upset,
one thing that really
gets my blood
temperature rising it's
Sloppy Service!

Now, let me make this
plain - I won't have it
at *C.U. Next Tuesday.*

I will root out anyone
giving sloppy service
and they will disappear
off the payroll faster

than a shit out of a
cheetah's arse!

KAREN, TERRY, LISA and the other employees bolt upright in their chairs, clearly shocked.

Let me tell you a story. Last week I had a night in and wanted to watch *South Pacific* with Ray Walston and Mitzi Gaynor. So, I phone up my local video rental store, who I know for a fact have a section for Musicals. I get this young fella on the phone and I say, you don't know me but my name is Lew Marvin, could you check if you've got a copy of *South Pacific*, the 1956 classic with Ray Walston and Mitzi Gaynor? And very casually, straight away, this fella just

says, "No, sorry, we don't have that film." And I say, that was a bit quick mate? You must have over 5000 titles in store. Don't you want to check first? It's a very famous film from 1956 starring Ray Walston and Mitzi Gaynor, is *South Pacific!* I bet you've got a copy of it right there in your musicals section. And this fella comes over all vague with "Erm.. no, I don't think we have". And I say, think - or *know*? And he says "Pardon?" and I say, do you *think* you don't stock *South Pacific* or do you know you don't stock *South*

Pacific, and by now I'm
getting pretty upset
with this little
monkey. So, I say,
what's your name, son?
And he says "Colin" and
I say, Colin I'll see
you in five minutes
mate, don't move a
muscle. And I get in
the car, and I drive
down to the video store
as fast as I can, I get
out and march into the
shop and there's no one
at the desk, so I know
Colin's trying to hide
from me. I find the
spotty little Pomm just
by the chart section
and he's pretty
surprised to see me as
I grab him by the
scruff of the neck and
drag him over to the

musicals section and oh
look, what a [bleep]-
ing surprise, I find
what I'm looking for in
five [bleep]-ing
seconds, and I get
Colin by the back of
his tiny head and I put
his spotty face right
up to the cover, so the
bridge of his nose is
right on the [bleep]-
ing beach. Oh look, I
say, oh look Colin,
look what we've found,
it's a copy of *South*
Pa-[bleep]-ing-cific,
the 1956 classic
starring Ray Walston
and Mitzi [bleep]-ing
Gaynor! What a
surprise, mate, I
thought you said you
didn't stock this
fucking title! And

after I take the video,
I take Colin to one
side and I say, Colin,
son stop crying, I'm
not angry now. I got
what I wanted. And I
know that you've
learned not to give
sloppy service again.
And he has, he'll never
give sloppy service
ever again. Now I'm
not pointing the finger
at anyone individually,
but I will not be happy
to find anyone who
works for my
organisation giving
this kind of *Sloppy*
Service to my
customers!

TERRY, KAREN and the rest of the staff's mouths are
open in shock.

5. EXT. STREET. EARLY EVENING.

TERRY and DICK in evening dress, walking with purpose,
holding a briefcase each.

DICK

What time did you book
the table for?

TERRY

What time did I book
the table for?

DICK

Errr.. yes.

TERRY

Our booking is, sort
of, 'non-time-
specific'.

DICK

Really? I thought this
restaurant was really
busy. I thought people
have book months in
advance...

TERRY

[absently]

Mmm, yeah?

DICK

So what, you didn't have
any trouble?

TERRY

[absently]

Mmmm...na...mmm

DICK

You did make a
reservation for us,
didn't you Terry?

TERRY

Yeah.

DICK

Did you Terry?

TERRY

No. But it's going to
be fine. I've got it
all sorted. Take a look

[fumbling in his
briefcase] at that
[handing Dick a
magazine]. I got this
from the staff room
this afternoon. Page
13. Read it out...

DICK

[reading]

*'T-Bag, the
controversial rapper
from Jamaican ragga duo
T-Bag and Pappa Ratzi
talks exclusively about
going it alone, with
the release of his
debut solo album "The
Return of Eggs
Whitey"'.
What relevance is this?*

TERRY

Well - have a look at
his picture...

DICK

Yeah...

TERRY

It's bloody you!!!

We see the picture in the magazine. There is a resemblance between DICK and the rap star.

DICK

But he's black!! He's
got a gold tooth!!

TERRY

No no no. He ain't
black, he's white.
That's the whole thing
about T-Bag, he's dark
on the inside, white on
the outside - hence his
name. He's from
Jamaica, though - he
knows his rice from his
peas. Trade marks -
the cloak, the gold
tooth and the dapper
hat.

DICK

So what?

TERRY reaches inside his briefcase and pulls out a cloak and a hat. He smiles at DICK.

DICK

No way. No no no. Even
you couldn't be that
much of a c...

CUT TO:

6. EXT. STREET. EARLY EVENING.

DICK is now wearing the hat and cloak, as T-Bag. TERRY is holding DICK's top lip up whilst his free hand is painting DICK's front tooth with gold enamel paint. The mid-word cut of the last scene should coincide with the first word of this scene [to make the obscene play on words].

TERRY

[C]ant you keep still?

DICK

I'm not happy about
this Terry. I could be
poisoned.

TERRY

Oh please. Anyway, I'm
sure we've got some
white spirit under the
sink at home - that
should get it off. I

think. Leave all the
talking to me; if
someone asks you a
question just show them
the tooth. There -
that's done it. Keep
holding your lip up for
the next minute.

DICK

I'm not happy about
this Terry.

7. INT. RESTAURANT FOYER. EVENING.
A MAITRE'D is at the desk, TERRY entering alone marches
up to him.

TERRY

Yeah hi. Can I see your
security level rating?

MAITRE'D

Sorry sir, my what?

TERRY

The security level
rating... Of the
restaurant...?

MAITRE'D

I'm not sure I
understand, sir.

TERRY

[impatiently]

I have a VIP outside,
waiting to come in.
I'm not prepared for
him to dine here, until
I'm happy that all the
non-celebrities in here
tonight have been
screened?

MAITRE'D

Screened?

TERRY

Checked out... to make
sure they're not on the
Obsessive Fan Register.

MAITRE'D

Sir, all our guests
here are distinguished.
This is a very
exclusive restaurant!

TERRY

Well, that'll do me.
[Beckoning DICK into
the foyer] T-bag! It's
safe, man. In we go.

MAITRE'D

Just a minute, sir... Do
you have a reservation?
I don't recognise
either of you
gentlemen?

TERRY

Well I don't imagine
you keep abreast of
popular musics [sic]. I
suggest you acquaint
yourself with the

intercontinental Ragga
and Garage scene.

[flashes the magazine
article quickly at the
Maitre'D].

MAITRE

I'll have to get the
restaurant manager.

MAITRE'D leaves.

DICK

Great. What a twatty
plan. I'm not trusting
you to book tables
again.

As TERRY and DICK wait in the foyer, FRANCINE enters,
accompanied by TV chef OLLIE SHAW.

DICK

[whispering to TERRY]

Oh shit - I know her!
She's been in the shop,
she's the restaurant
critic.

TERRY

Yeah! Scarf woman? And
she's with that
knobcheese cook off the
telly.

DICK

Oh god, yeah - the one
that pretends to be
black.

OLLIE notices 'T-Bag', and walks over.

OLLIE

It's you, innit? It's
you. Big respeck!
[offers his knuckles
for a 'street'
greeting]

DICK awkwardly offers his open hand to shake
conventionally, and ends up shaking OLLIE's closed fist.

OLLIE

I'm big time on the
ragga tip these days,
'T' man. You and the
Pappa, ah man - you two
are responsible for

much crispness [finger
snapping]

DICK

[nodding]

Safe.

OLLIE

So what you doing over
here, man - good to see
ya...?

DICK is at a loss. TERRY steps in to salvage the
situation.

TERRY

T-bag's promoting his
solo album, got a
couple of dates, very
high-profile, low
maintenance, it's on
that kind of tip..

Pause.

OLLIE

[to TERRY]

I dunno you man. What's
your name?

TERRY is momentarily thrown. He looks across at DICK.
They both respond.

TERRY	[simul. with]	DICK
K...Ken.		Terry

TERRY		DICK
Kerry		Kenny

TERRY		DICK
Kennedy		Celery

DICK
Celery?

TERRY
[extending his knuckles to OLLIE]
Ken Celery - respect.

OLLIE
Safe.

He realises FRANCINE is standing behind him,
unintroduced.

OLLIE

Oh, how un-safe of me -
this is Francine, she's
a big critic on the
restaurant scene. We're
doing an interview.

FRANCINE

Please to meet you. [to
Dick] Actually, you're
very familiar, I'm sure
we've met before,
haven't we?

She stares at DICK. He seems to pause for an
uncomfortable length of time, slightly shuffling on the
spot, then suddenly he speaks in a perfect West Indian
accent which takes TERRY by surprise.

DICK

Maybe we do, maybe we
don't. Me meet many
beanies, ya narr?

The MAITRE'D returns with the MANAGER.

MANAGER

[to TERRY & DICK]

I'm sorry gentlemen, we
don't have... [noticing
OLLIE and instantly
changing his tone] Ah,
good evening Mr. Shaw.

OLLIE

Yeah evening - big up
T-Bag man, get me some
tickets for the gig,
yeah?

TERRY

No worries, man, I'll
call your people
tomorrow. [to MANAGER]
Well? Have you sorted
us a table, yet?

MANAGER

Not a problem, sir.
Sorry about the wait.
Would you and Mr. Bag
care to follow me?

8. INT.. RESTAURANT. Evening.
DICK and TERRY's table. A WINE WAITER is at the table.
TERRY indicates the wine he wants from the wine list.

TERRY

That one please mate.

Two bottles.

WINE WAITER

Two bottles, sir?

TERRY

Yes, we'd like two
bottles brought to the
table.

WINE WAITER

Yes Sir. Errm... Sir, I
hope you don't mind,
but I will be serving
you the wine this
evening - are you sure
you don't want me to
bring the second bottle
after you've finished
the first?

TERRY

No no no, you don't
understand..

DICK

Me aint no batty. Me no
share no bottles with a
man. Two bottles.

Stunned silence.

TERRY

You heard the man.

WAITER

As you wish, Monsieurs.

WAITER leaves.

TERRY

Show us your new
invention, then.

DICK reaches inside his briefcase. He puts a contraption on the table; it's a shoebox on the outside. He opens the lid to reveal a muddle of wires, circuitry and a large square battery, with two spaces cut out of foam the shape of two bottles.

DICK

I call this the
'Authenticon'. Empty,
bare bottle in there.
Expensive, full bottle
in there. Close the
lid and press the
button. Voila.

TERRY

Voila what?

DICK

The expensive bottle's
label is duplicated and
fixed onto the empty
bottle, ready to hand
back to the waiter.
Voila.

TERRY

Voila how?

DICK

You don't really need
to know, but... I've

adapted the bits out of
the fax machine out of
work, with some sticky
labels.

TERRY

Voila. You see, Dick,
with highly-advanced
technical ability like
this, I now know why
you can command a
salary upwards of £6000
a year.

We pan away from their table, over to the other side of
the restaurant where FRANCINE and OLLIE are sitting.

FRANCINE

That T-Bag character
is strangely familiar.

OLLIE

Yeah, you're probably
thinking of T-Bag and
Pappa's last single,
'Bitch Got Batty like

Bus back'. It was a
tune, Fran, man.

FRANCINE

Mmm...perhaps.

Pan back to DICK and TERRY's table. DICK has his hands under the table, operating the Authenticon. He brings an empty labeled bottle, and puts it on the table. DICK takes a large swig from his wine glass, he's clearly drunk.

DICK

Well, that was the last
bare bottle we had.
Francine keeps looking
over here - I think
she's rumbled me.

TERRY

Don't worry, you just
keep smiling. Keep
flashing the tooth. If
we're loaded up, I'll
put the exit plan into
action.

DICK

I hope the exit plan is
better than the entry
plan.

TERRY

[slipping off his jacket]

You get the bill while
I'm away.

TERRY stands up.

DICK

Where are you going?

TERRY

I checked out a table
downstairs when I went
to the bog, ripe for
the plucking.

Whip pan to a table of six, suited businessmen, loudly
laughing and obviously drunk.

TERRY

[voice over]

They're gonna be
bunging it all on the
company credit card.
It's the end of the

meal, and they're all
mashed. It's gonna be a
steal.

TERRY leaves the table, and walks down the stairs. He walks into the Gents' toilet, casually picks the up a hand towel and slings it over his shoulder. In his white shirt and black shirt Terry now looks exactly like one of the waiters.

TERRY walks over to the Businessmen's table.

TERRY

[in a French accent]

Good evening,
gentlemen, was
ever'zing fahn wiz your
meal?

BUSINESSMAN 1

No, it was bloody
appalling.

Raucous laughter from the BUSINESSMEN.

TERRY

Tres bon. Do you
require any'zing else,
monsieurs?

BUSINESSMAN 1

Be a good little
froggy, and get the
bill...

More laughter.

TERRY

Ze bill, monsieur? Oui,
bien sur.

TERRY leaves their table and sprints up the stairs to his
and DICK's table. He takes the towel from his shoulder and
sits down. DICK is visibly drunk.

TERRY

Did you get our bill?
[DICK passes it across
to him] Good. [looking
at it]. Jesus, that's a
serious number. Well,
there are six of them
downstairs, and they're
in no fit state to
check it anyway. Is the
briefcase packed?

DICK

[as T-Bag]

Aye.

CUT TO:

TERRY back at the BUSINESSMEN's table, as the waiter again. He is presenting his and DICK's bill, as if it is theirs.

TERRY

Zere you go, monsieur.

BUSINESSMAN 1

Oh dear, good job

Nigel's picking this

up! Good old Nigel!!

BUSINESSMAN 1 hands the company credit card to TERRY and TERRY bows and leaves table.

BUSINESSMAN 2

Toast to an absent

chump!!! To Nigel!!!

The BUSINESSMEN drunkenly toast Nigel.

CUT TO:

TERRY is sat back down with DICK at his table, handing their bill [with the BUSINESSMEN's card] to their WAITER.

CUT TO:

WAITER swiping credit card through machine.

CUT TO:

TERRY [as waiter] handing back credit card slip, for BUSINESSMAN 1 to sign.

TERRY

Thank you sir, excuse

me one moment.

CUT TO:

WAITER at TERRY and DICK's table. TERRY hand slips to WAITER.

WAITER

Thank you sir, here is
your receipt and your
card. Good evening.

CUT TO:

TERRY and DICK walking down the stairs. DICK has their briefcases and TERRY's jacket, and is slightly less sure of his feet than TERRY, who walks over to the BUSINESSMEN's table, to give back the credit card and receipt slip. They hardly acknowledge him as he bows and walks out.

CUT TO:

9. INT. RESTAURANT FOYER. NIGHT.

OLLIE SHAW is waiting for FRANCINE to get her coat from reception. TERRY and DICK are making their way through, from the dining area, heading out the door. OLLIE notices DICK as T-Bag and grabs him taking him to one side.

OLLIE

T-Bag, man! What's
brewing? Listen, I've
been thinking it over,
during dinner, and I
reckon you'd be a
perfect guest on my
show, yeah?

DICK

[as T-Bag]

Naa man... can't man.

OLLIE

Man, nuff fit women
come on the show, man -
they'll be all over ya
'T', man. You got to
do it.

DICK

Naa.. naa... err.. me
aint allowed, innit.
Management and all
that, innit.

TERRY comes over, trying to rescue DICK.

TERRY

Sorry, Ollie, mate.
We've got to be getting
along - early flight
tomorrow, an' all that.

OLLIE

Ken, man - you've got
to allow T to go on my
show man.

TERRY

You want my man on your
show?

OLLIE

Yeah, man!

TERRY

The one where
celebrities come round
and pretend to be your
mates?

OLLIE

Yeah, man!

TERRY

It'll cost ya.

DICK

[in a worried whisper]

Naa.. naa... man!

TERRY

T-bag's a very busy
man, but we might be
able to fit something

in, if you can come up
with the Benjamins.

OLLIE

OK - no worries - name
your price..

TERRY

Twenty grand - cash in
hand.

DICK

Naa... man, naa... man. I
aint into the Benjamins
[to TERRY] Brethren,
private conference,
come here.

DICK takes TERRY aside. They whisper to each other.
FRANCINE now has her coat and returns to OLLIE.

TERRY

[aside]

This is easy money, for
Christ's sake - twenty
grand for a couple of

minutes!!! You have to
do it!

DICK

No no no, but I'll do
it.

TERRY

What? You'll do it?!

DICK

Yes. I'll do it for two
bottles of Chateau La
Fitte.

TERRY

Two bottles of
wine?!?!?

DICK turns round to face OLLIE and FRANCINE.

DICK

[as T-Bag]

Aye. Two bottles of
Chateau La Fitte, from
the h'early Sixties.
That's my fee.

OLLIE

Chateau La Fitte,
1960's, I think we can
do that.

DICK

Sweet.

CUT TO:

10. INT. TERRY'S FLAT. NIGHT.

TERRY and DICK play a customised version of MB Games' *Ker-plunk!* One wire connects the game to an amplifier, another to a set of headphones worn by DICK. He carefully pulls a straw out and a marble crashes down, amplified in his ears.

DICK

Terry, I'm all fuzzy
about what happened
back at the restaurant..

TERRY

Well, it was a good
night. You met up with
that bird you fancy.
And that twatty Chef has
invited you onto his TV
show.

DICK

Did I agree?

TERRY puts on the headphones and takes his turn,
successfully pulling a straw out without a marble falling.

TERRY

Oh yes. You had your
business brain in gear -
you negotiated him down
from twenty grand in
cash to two bottles of
old wine!

DICK puts on the headphones and is poised to take his go.

DICK

We're not seriously
gonna go through with
it... am I?

TERRY

Yes we are me old china.
T-Bag's word is his
Brook Bond.

DICK pulls a straw and the marbles crash down, deafening
him.

CUT TO:

11. 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.

MALE PRESENTER

Hope you're feeling
peckish. I know I am.
What are you cooking
up for us today Ollie?

OLLIE

I'm gonna be whipping
up a soul food
omelette with a
Caribbean twist. But
first let me give it
up big to my special
guest, T-Bag - from
T-Bag and Pappa
Ratzi, respeck man.

DICK

[As T-Bag]

Yeah, respeck'

OLLIE

While I'm just
sweating off these
scallions, I've got a
special guest for me
special guest [sic].
All the way from *Hot*

Biscuit & Honies
Records, Missy Scotch
Bonnet, who dueted
with you on the smash
Bitch Got Batty Like
Bus Back. Give her a
big Rise'n'Shine
welcome!

MISSY SCOTCH BONNET walks on in a very revealing leather costume for a big woman, she holds a microphone and starts singing the hit single *Bitch Got Batty Like Bus Back*. Ollie hands DICK a mic and he ineptly tries to rap along.

CUT TO:

TERRY in the flat watching the live TV broadcast. He's agog, eating corn flakes.

CUT TO:

FRANCINE in her flat equally stunned.

CUT TO:

MALCOLM in his pyjamas, he vaguely recognises T-Bag but from where...

CUT TO:

Dick's MUM and DAD sitting on the sofa. Caption reads "DICK'S PARENTS".

CUT TO:

TERRY in the flat opening a bottle of the Chateau La Fitte and toasting the screen before taking a huge gulp.

END OF EPISODE THREE