

Meet The Newmans
"Dirty Old Town Part II"

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INT. NEWMAN'S BEDROOM/THREE WEEKS LATER - DAY

SARA BLOATED AND UNKEMPT SLUMPS AT THE KEYBOARD. SHE TYPES IN "NEWMAN" AND SLIPS INTO A VIRTUAL WORLD OF HER OWN.

EXT. VIRTUAL WORLD - DAY

SARA HER FACE BLURRED, STANDS OPPOSITE AN ISOLATED COFFEE BAR SURROUNDED BY YELLOW NOTHINGNESS.

POWERFULLY BUILT JOE, HIS FACE ALSO BLURRED, APPEARS BESIDE SARA. A BLUE SOFA APPEARS BEHIND THEM. SARA AND JOE SIT DOWN.

JOE

Hi Sara, how's things?

SARA

Unbearable Joe. I had to sign in before I went mad. Sometimes I think I've really lost the plot and Mike can't be bothered to tell me.

JOE

He can't be that bad!

THE LAMPPOST APPEARS AND SETTLES ITSELF BESIDE THE SOFA.

SARA

He's world class! He doesn't understand how I feel.

JOE

You've suffered a trauma Sara, it'll take time to get back to normal.

SARA

My biggest trauma was marrying Mike!

JOE

You just need a bit of support.

SARA

Mike has his own Mike-sided meaning
of support.

JOE

There are other men.

SARA

I know. Sorry Joe, I just can't
think straight. I'm not myself. My
life's a mess. I'm a mess.

JOE

Rubbish Sara, you're gorgeous!

SARA

Stop it Joe!

JOE LOOKS AWAY. SARA FIDDLES WITH THE HEM OF HER TOP.

INT. NEWMAN'S KITCHEN - DAY

MIKE AND LANCE ARE IN THE KITCHEN.

MIKE HANDS LANCE £10. LANCE SMILES AND POCKETS IT.

LANCE.

If I stalk my sister again, I'll
have enough for that game I want.

MIKE

Is it a shoot 'em up? I only like
shoot 'em ups.

LANCE

(HUFFS)

I'm actually quite disturbed by some
of the things my sister does dad.

MIKE

Women are evil son. Even your sister and especially your mother. They can give you the severe Hebe Gebes.

MIKE AND LANCE SHUDDER ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THEIR FEET.

MIKE (CONT'D)

So, give me the low down on your sister.

LANCE TAKES OUT A NOTEPAD, LICKS HIS FINGER AND TURNS THE PAGES.

LANCE

7.01pm, Hannah is seen entering the 24-Hour Garage. She purchases a flake and a diet coke. 7.07pm, Hannah leaves the garage and walks towards the bus stop. At 7.32pm, Elise gets off the bus to meet Hannah. Then at 7.34pm, they go to the local park, where they are observed drinking what appears to be apple juice until 9.46pm, when they were alone.

MIKE

That was probably Cider. Did they appear a little squiffy?

LANCE.

Sorry dad. There are no notes on that. Elise and Hannah did do a dance routine.

MIKE SLAMS HIS RIGHT FIST DOWN ON THE TABLE.

MIKE

Details son! What kind of
reconnaissance officer are you? Do
you want to go to prison?

LANCE

(SHOCKED)

Prison? What for?

MIKE

Stalking son. It is a crime you
know.

LANCE

(SCARED)

But you're making me do it!

MIKE

No, I'm asking you to come back with
vital information to allow me to
move my forces to stop your sister
getting pregnant. You haven't
brought me much to work with have
you? Plus, you're taking money off
me. That's stalking, blackmail and
extortion. You could get sent down
for life.

LANCE LOOKS AS IF HE'S ABOUT TO CRY. MIKE RUFFLES HIS HAIR.

MIKE.

Just jesting son.

MIKE FAKE LAUGHS AND GESTURES TO LANCE TO JOIN IN. THEY
BOTH LAUGH, THEN ABRUPTLY STOP.

LANCE

Sorry dad. Right, at 10.00pm Hannah returns home and goes to her room. Then at 10.04pm, she goes to the PC. I noticed after she left, while checking out the history, that someone had been chatting to a guy over the Internet. I've ruled out Hannah.

LANCE TAKES A DEEP BREATH, THEN TOUCHES HIS DADS ARM.

LANCE (CONT'D)

It's Mum!

MIKE

WHAT!

LANCE

Well the conversation in the chat room was between 7.00pm and 10.00pm. That means it was either you or mum. Hannah was out, I was following her. So unless you are chatting to a man dad, then it's mum!

MIKE GETS UP AND STANDS ON THE DOGS TAIL. THE DOG STARTS TO SCREAM, MAKING THE CAT JUMP. THE CAT GETS ITS CLAWS OUT AND SWIPES THE DOG. THE DOG BITES MIKE THEN RUNS OFF.

MIKE RUBS HIS LEG AND TURNS A VERY JEALOUS SHADE OF GREEN.

MIKE

Right Son. Change of plan. Davros and Gilbert stay with Hannah, I know she's up to something. I want you stalking your mum.

LANCE

The guys are on the case dad.

They're taking it very seriously.

CUT TO.

"MISSION IMPOSSIBLE" MUSIC.

LANCE'S FRIENDS ON SKATEBOARDS IN WIGS AND GIRLS CLOTHES, FOLLOW HANNAH. ONE HAS A VIDEO RECORDER, ANOTHER WRITES ON A NOTEPAD WHILE SKATING, WHILE THE THIRD USES BINOCULARS TO TRY AND GET A CLOSE UP OF HANNAH'S BREASTS.

THE ONE WITH THE VIDEO CAMERA SKATES RIGHT UP TO HANNAH, WHO BLINKS INTO THE CAMERA. THEY THEN SKATE OFF AROUND A CORNER AND PEER ROUND.

HANNAH

Those ugly girls cant half skate eh?

INT. COFFEE BAR/VIRTUAL WORLD - DAY

THE PERSPECTIVE IS DISTORTED AND WEIRD.

SARA AND JOE SIT OPPOSITE ONE ANOTHER WITH A MUG OF COFFEE IN FRONT OF THEM.

EXT. VIRTUAL WORLD - DAY

THE ANTEATER AND LAMPPOST PEER TOWARDS THE COFFEE BAR.

ANTEATER

Uh-oh! More trouble!

LAMPPOST

Ssh! It's just getting good!

ANTEATER

Sorry, I didn't know you were a member of findyoursoulmate.com too?

LAMPPOST

I go under a different name.

ANTEATER

(SNIGGERS)

That figures!

INT. COFFEE BAR/VIRTUAL WORLD - DAY

SARA FIDDLES NERVOUSLY WITH HER WEDDING RING.

JOE

Sara, just relax and let it out.

SARA

You don't want to hear this. I'm nothing. Nothing at all. One day someone will come with a giant rubber and rub me out!

JOE

Not while I'm here! You've still got me Sara, just talk.

SARA

Mike's not interested, or Hannah and Lance. They've all abandoned me. Why? I've done everything for them, literally EVERYTHING! And guess what?

JOE

Go on.

SARA

It's STILL not enough! I can't bloody breath for them too!

JOE

Sara, calm down I...

SARA

(INTERRUPTS)

...Mike won't speak to me!

(MORE)

SARA (CONT'D)

And now I've put on weight, he won't even look at me! Mike's got a bit of a gut on him, but it's never been a problem for me. I dare to gain a bit of weight and it's like I've turned into my mother! I mean, do I look as if I'd kiss the cat's arse!

JOE

No, you look gorgeous.

SARA

I'm the full fat version remember? Sorry, this isn't fair on you. My problems. My family. My lack of a life. My God!

JOE

I'm still listening.

SARA

D'you know, you're the first person that's really listened to me in a long time, unless they were paid, bribed, or handcuffed...

JOE

You deserve someone better.

SARA

I do?

JOE

Of course!

SARA

And?

JOE

Well...

JOE TAKES A SIP OF COFFEE.

SARA

You're not... I mean, you're not
some strange kind of pervie bloke
that will trap me and syphon off all
my money are you?

JOE CHOKES ON HIS COFFEE, BUT QUICKLY RECOVERS.

JOE

I'm just your ordinary, bog standard
bloke. A real average Joe.

SARA

I could do ordinary and average and
at a push bog standard, but not at
the same time!

JOE

That's more like it!

SARA

Just having someone to talk to
helps.

JOE

We could do more than talk?

SARA

I know.

JOE

Perhaps?

SARA MOVES FORWARD TO KISS JOE.

LANCE (V.O)
(URGENT)

Muuuum! Muuum!

INT. LOUNGE - DAY

MIKE SPRAWLS ON THE SOFA WATCHING CARTOONS IN HIS POLICE GEAR.

SARA POISED TO KISS, APPEARS FROZEN AT THE KEYBOARD.

LANCE STANDS BESIDE SARA. HE PRODS HER, THERE'S NO RESPONSE.

LANCE

Hey dad! I think mum's died on the computer!

MIKE
(SIGHS HEAVILY)

Does her mouth look like the cat's arse?

LANCE

Yeah! Neat! How did you know?

MIKE

Lucky guess. She's not dead Lance, she's faking it!

LANCE

That's bad isn't it dad?

MIKE

You'll learn, women do it all the time! I've got to go on shift now Sara, do you think you can watch the boy? He's not chocolate so don't try and eat him OK?

INT. COFFEE BAR/VIRTUAL WORLD - DAY

SARA PULLS AWAY FROM JOE BEFORE THEY KISS.

JOE

But...

SARA

Sorry Joe, I've got to go.

JOE

Back soon, deal?

JOE OFFERS HIS HAND, SARA TAKES IT AND SHAKES IT.

SARA

Deal.

INT. COP CAR - DAY

MIKE AND PHIL SIT IN THE COP CAR.

MIKE

I haven't had sex in three weeks and now I find out she's talking to some stick perv on the Internet.

PHIL

Still no touching rules?

MIKE

No Sara's been trying all sorts to get me to have sex. One night I caught her spiking my drink.

PHIL

Spiking with what? Not the Château Le Brame?

MIKE

You know how I get after that.

PHIL

How could I forget? The image of you trying to hump the Ice Statue at the Policeman's Ball is burned into my memory forever. So what's the problem? She wants sex!

MIKE

What are you nuts? Have you seen her? She looks like she's swallowed a caravan. What's going to happen when I get the boys out, and they expect to see my beautiful wife and are presented with that? They might retreat back into the barracks and barricade the door, or worse.

MIKE SPOTS SOMEONE OUTSIDE. HE MOTIONS TO PHIL.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Shh look. Davros' tip paid off.
There's Hannah! History project,
bah! I knew she was lying!

PHIL

She said that?

INT. NEWMAN'S LIVING ROOM - EARLIER

MIKE SITS ON THE COUCH DRINKING A PINT OF BEER WATCHING TV,
HANNAH GLIDES IN.

HANNAH

Da-ad?

MIKE

My Wallets on the table. Leave me
some money for the pub.

HANNAH

I don't need money silly.

HANNAH CUDDLES UP NEXT TO MIKE, WHO LOOKS SUSPICIOUSLY AT
HER. HANNAH SMILES LIKE BUTTER WOULDN'T MELT. MIKE STARTS
WATCHING TV AGAIN SIPPING AT HIS BEER.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Da-ad, can I go to a Goth Party with
Elise?

MIKE

Ask your mother

HANNAH

(POUTING)

I can't believe it, I already asked
but she said no.

MIKE

(DISTRACTED)

Mmm, hmm... OK, have a good time
sweetie.

INT. COP CAR - DAY

MIKE AND PHIL ARE SLUMPED IN THEIR SEATS.

PHIL

Tell you what Hannah looks...

MIKE

(INTERRUPTS)

...Remember the last time you
commented about Hannah and you had
to explain to the doctor how the
truncheon got up the no entry.

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

I won't leave the handle out this time if you finish that sentence.

PHIL

Fine it was complementary though.

MIKE

I knew she was lying, she left a ten in my wallet. Right Phil, get in there and arrest the party heads.

PHIL

What? Why me?

MIKE

My daughter loves me and looks up to me with sparkly eyes. If I go in there she'll think I'm a bastard. I want a few more years of sparkly lovely Hannah before that!

MIKE THROWS PHIL OUT OF THE CAR.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(OVER RADIO)

Ranger to Bear Cub, Ranger to Bear Cub come in.

LANCE

(OUT OF RADIO)

This is Bear Cub, go ahead Ranger.

MIKE

(OVER RADIO)

The Badger is in the Picnic Basket.

LANCE

(OUT OF RADIO)

Roger.

MIKE

Operation Mushroom, Mushroom is a
go!

INT. PETE'S HOUSE/LOUNGE - NIGHT

THE LOUNGE IS LIT BY CANDLES. GOTHS ARE EVERYWHERE. SOME
STAND IN GROUPS, SOME DANCE. OTHERS CHILL ON SOFAS, OR ON
THE FLOOR.

HANNAH SWEEPS IN. PETE SWAGGERS UP.

HANNAH

See! I can do Goth!

PETE

Hannah, being a Goth's not just
about dressing up.

HANNAH

I know, Elise does my nut in with
it.

PETE

She's a bit full-on.

HANNAH

Hey! What about me?

PETE NUZZLES INTO HANNAH.

ELISE DRAGS RILEY IN AND DEPOSITS HIM WITH A BUNCH OF GOTHS
ON THE FLOOR.

ELISE

Sit! Stay! And loosen the spikes,
they're making your eyes bulge!

ELISE PUTS HER HEAD RIGHT UP TO RILEY'S.

ELISE (CONT'D)

On second thoughts, tighten them!

ELISE STROLLS OFF.

RILEY

What a girl!

ELISE DELIBERATELY BUMPS INTO HANNAH.

HANNAH

Hey!

ELISE

Have you asked him?

HANNAH

Elise!

ELISE WALKS OFF. HANNAH BITES HER LIP.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Do you sleep in a coffin?

PETE SHAKES HIS HEAD AND LAUGHS.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

That's good then.

PETE LOOKS AT THE OTHER GIRLS. HANNAH STARES AT THE FLOOR.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

God, I nearly died when you bumped
into my mum!

PETE

She's quite a woman! Is she picking
you up tonight? I'd like to get to
know her.

HANNAH

That was the clone. The real one's
a right pissy...

PETE WINKS AT A GOTH CHICK.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

...Pete?

PETE

Sorry babe. Gotta run!

HANNAH

Yeah. Great.

PETE SLIPS OFF. ELISE SCURRIES UP.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Nose out. Where's Riley?

ELISE

In his happy place.

RILEY DRINKS BEER WITH THE SPACED-OUT GOTHs. AS RILEY MOVES, LANCE SURFACES FROM BENEATH A RUG.

LANCE

Hey! You're not a Goth!

RILEY

Neither are you!

INT. COP CAR - NIGHT

MIKE SITS IN THE DARK ALONE.

MIKE

Ranger to Bear Cub, Ranger to Bear
Cub, come in, come in. Bear Cub do
you copy?

MIKE ADJUSTS THE FREQUENCY.

MIKE (CONT'D)

6 ball to cue ball, 6 ball to cue
ball, report status. Phil? Have you
got the report?

INT. PETE'S HOUSE/CONSERVATORY - NIGHT

PETE'S BAND BEGINS TO PLAY.

HANNAH AND ELISE STAND AT THE FRONT. THE OTHER GOTHs BEHIND QUICKLY GET INTO THE MUSIC.

INT. PETE'S HOUSE/BROOM CUPBOARD- NIGHT

LANCE AND PHIL DRESSED AS GOTHS LOOK DOWN AT THEIR FEET
WHILST MIKE SCOLDS THEM.

MIKE

What ever possessed you to dress
like that! You're a grown man! What
would the Sarg say if he could see
you?

PHIL

...He wouldn't like it.

MIKE

No he wouldn't. I expected this sort
of behavior from him.

MIKE POINTS TO PHIL

MIKE (CONT'D)

But I expected more from you Lance.

LANCE

Sorry dad, they were just so
pretty...

MIKE

(WORRIED)

The girls or the boys?

LANCE

The girls!

MIKE

Well, come on, we might as well pick
up the girls and get out of here.
My cover's blown now.

MIKE LEAVES THE BROOM CUPBOARD.

INT. PETE'S HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT

FLAME AN EXQUISITE GOTH CHICK ALMOST COLLIDES WITH MIKE SPILLING HER BEER OVER HERSELF.

MIKE

Oh, I'm sorry.

FLAME

No no, it was my fault.

FLAME RUBS THE BEER FROM HER CHEST, MIKE CAN'T TAKE HIS EYES OFF FLAME'S OVERFLOWING BASQUE.

FLAME (CONT'D)

Hi, I'm Flame, looking for something?

MIKE

Um, yes. My underage daughter and her Gelfling friend, I'm Mike.

FLAME

Good to meet you Mike.

MIKE STARES AT FLAME'S AMPLE CHEST.

MIKE

I take the whole 'dad' thing very seriously.

MIKE BEGINS TO BE HYPNOTISED BY THE RISE AND FALL OF FLAME'S BOOBS.

FLAME

An admirable quality Mike.

MIKE SMILES PROUDLY. AS THE MUSIC POUNDS, MIKE'S EYES GLAZE OVER AND BEGIN TO PULSATE.

FLAME (CONT'D)

Stay. Relax. Enjoy.

MIKE

OK.

FLAME PLACES A BEER IN EACH OF MIKE'S HANDS AND SASHAYS OFF.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(MONOTONE)

Stay. Relax. Enjoy. Stay. Relax.
Enjoy.

INT. PETE'S HOUSE/CONSERVATORY - NIGHT

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE THRONG, MIKE NOW IN FULL-ON GOTH MAKEUP AND A FEW BORROWED ACCESSORIES, DANCES BY HIMSELF ALONGSIDE PHIL AND LANCE.

FLAME SASHAYS UP TO MIKE.

FLAME

OK Mike?

MIKE

Who are they? They're brilliant!
The singer sounds a bit like Brian
Ferry.

FLAME

Who?

THE SONG ENDS. THE ROOM FALLS QUIET.

MIKE
(SHOUTS)

Sounds like Brian Ferry!

EVERYONE LOOKS AT MIKE. HANNAH'S MOUTH DROPS OPEN IN SHOCK.

HANNAH

Dad!

MIKE

Hannah!

HANNAH AND MIKE
(IN UNISON)

What the hell are you wearing?

PETE GRABS HIS MICROPHONE.

PETE

OK people! Let's hear it for
Hannah's dad, Mr. Mike Newman!! And
this is for you man!

THE CROWD CLAP AND CHEER. MIKE TAKES A BOW. THE BAND PLAY
A FUNKED-UP VERSION OF "LETS STICK TOGETHER". HANNAH
SCREAMS.

HANNAH

Dad! How could you do this to me!
It's so unfair!

MIKE

Hannah, I can explain!

HANNAH

Well don't! You and mum ruin
everything! Why do I have to have
parents! I want to be adopted...
now!

HANNAH BURSTS INTO TEARS, PUSHES HER WAY THROUGH THE CROWD
AND STORMS OUT.

MIKE RACES OFF FOLLOWED BY PHIL, LANCE, ELISE AND RILEY.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

HANNAH RACES DOWN THE STREET FOLLOWED BENNY HILL STYLE BY
MIKE, PHIL, LANCE, ELSIE AND A STAGGERING RILEY.

MIKE

Hannah! We can talk about this!

HANNAH

No! Go away! I never want to see
you ever again!

HANNAH PURSUED BY THE OTHERS CONTINUES TO RUN DOWN THE
STREET.

MIKE

Hannah!

HANNAH

Go away! Don't ever come near me
again!

AN ELDERLY LADY HAS A MOBILE CLAMPED TO HER EAR.

ELDERLY LADY

That's right officer, a distressed
young girl in her underwear's being
pursued by a strange middle-aged man
wearing makeup. I think you'd better
hurry up!

IN THE DISTANCE, A POLICE SIREN CAN BE HEARD.

INT. NEWMAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SARA SITS AT HER KEYBOARD IN A TRANCE-LIKE STATE, LIT BY
THE NEON GLOW OF HER MONITOR.

THE FRONT DOOR SLAMS. SARA JUMPS. WE HEAR HANNAH STOMPING
UP THE STAIRS, SLAMMING HER BEDROOM DOOR AND GOING INTO A
FULL-ON SCREAMER OF A TEEN TANTRUM.

SARA TYPES AWAY, HER TRACE-LIKE STATE DISTURBED.

SARA

They're back and peace is shattered
yet again!

THE FRONT DOOR SLAMS. SARA JUMPS. WE HEAR MIKE CRASHING
AROUND DOWNSTAIRS AND THE FRIDGE DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING.

THE FRONT DOOR SLAMS. SARA JUMPS AGAIN. WE HEAR LANCE
LAUGH AS HE SKIDS UPSTAIRS STRAIGHT INTO HANNAH'S ROOM.

SARA (CONT'D)

Here we go!

INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - NIGHT

HANNAH'S ROOM IS IN CHAOS. HANNAH'S FACE A MESS OF MASCARA
AND EYELINER.

HANNAH

Get out!

LANCE

Neat party sis!

HANNAH

GET OOOOOOUT!

LANCE

Can't wait till I'm a teenager!

HANNAH PULLS HERSELF OFF THE BED, GRABS LANCE AND SHOVES HIS HEAD UP AGAINST THE WALL TILL HIS EYES BULGE. LANCE'S LITTLE ARMS AND LEGS PUMP WILDLY TO NO EFFECT.

HANNAH

A warning short-arse! It may never
happen!

HANNAH LETS GO AND LANCE SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR. HANNAH PLUNGES BACK ON THE BED TO CONTINUE KICKING AND SCREAMING.

LANCE PULLS HIMSELF UP.

LANCE.

(CALMLY)

Personally, I don't know what all
the fuss is about!

LANCE SKIDS INTO HIS OWN ROOM AND SLAMS THE DOOR.

INT. NEWMAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

SARA TYPES IN "I'D BETTER GO. OK, LET'S MEET UP TOMORROW. JUST GIVE ME A TIME AND PLACE?"

SARA WALKS OUT OF THE BEDROOM, LEAVING A WINDOW OPEN ON HER MONITOR WITH ALL HER DISCUSSIONS ON.

AS SARA DISAPPEARS INTO THE BATHROOM, MIKE STAGGERS UPSTAIRS A CAN OF BEER IN HIS HAND.

INT. NEWMAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MIKE WANDERS IN.

MIKE

(SHOUTS)

Sara, Phil's going to crash on the couch we're on the early shift tomorrow and he's to drunk to drive home.

MIKE TRUNDLES OVER TO THE COMPUTER. HE OPENS HIS BEER AND LICKS THE FROTH AS IT RUNS OVER THE TOP.

MIKE SITS DOWN AND STARTS TO SCROLL DOWN THE MESSAGES BETWEEN SARA AND A GUY CALLED JOE.

SARA'S FOOTSTEPS CAN BE HEARD APPROACHING THE DOOR.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(WHISPERS)

Shit!

MIKE STAGGERS OVER TO THE BED, FALLS INTO THE MIDDLE STARFISH LIKE AND STARTS SNORING LOUDLY.

SARA WALKS IN. SHE SEES MIKE AND PANICS.

SARA

Oh my God! Mike!

SARA TRIES TO WAKE MIKE, BUT IS UNABLE TO ROUSE HIM.

SARA (CONT'D)

Phew! That was close!

SARA HURRIES OVER TO HER COMPUTER.

INT. LOUNGE - DAY

MIKE, BADLY HUNG OVER, HAS GATHERED HANNAH AND LANCE TOGETHER.

PHIL WANDERS AROUND IN FULL COP GEAR, WITH AN APRON OVER THE TOP, COOKING BREAKFAST AND PREPARING LUNCHES

MIKE

OK. Newman family meeting minus your mother.

HANNAH

Why's Phil here?

MIKE

Phil is our tactician.

LANCE

Why?

MIKE

Because he used to be in the SAS?

HANNAH

Well, we're uh, listening?

MIKE

It seems, your mother's been
chatting to some pervert on the
Internet and they're going to meet
up later today.

HANNAH LAUGHS.

HANNAH

Even I wouldn't do that!

LANCE'S EYES SHINE IN EXPECTATION.

LANCE

Does that mean I've got a yummy
mummy?

MIKE

No, it means she's a floozy.

LANCE

(DEFLATED)

Oh.

MIKE

Anyway, we're going to tag along in disguise to stop her. It's vital we work together to scupper your mother's bid for freedom. You are aware of the alternative?

HANNAH

We're looking at it.

LANCE

You're going to have to cook and clean for us?

HANNAH

You'd better count me in.

LANCE

Me too. What's the plan dad?

MIKE

Simple, meet me at this address after school and we'll stop this sicko.

AS PHIL HANDS HANNAH HER PACKED LUNCH, SHE GIVES HIM A PECK ON THE CHEEK. PHIL HIGH FIVES LANCE AND THE KIDS LEAVE.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Right Phil, we need disguises.

EXT. SEEDY HOTEL - DAY

MIKE AND PHIL ARE DRESSED AS TENNIS PLAYERS WITH BIG BUSHY MOUSTACHES. HANNAH'S DRESSED AS A SLUTTY SECRETARY AND LANCE AS MARVIN THE MARTIAN.

MIKE

Next time I'm buying the disguises!

PHIL

What's wrong with these?

MIKE

We don't exactly blend in. Two middle aged tennis players with shorts that barely cover our arse cheeks, an underage hooker and whatever he's meant to be.

PHIL

We look brilliant!

MIKE

We're not trick or treating Phil, this is a covert operation.

LANCE

Shh, here comes mum.

EXT. SEEDY HOTEL - DAY

SARA APPROACHES A GREY RUN DOWN BUDGET HOTEL. SHE HAS A PIECE OF PAPER WITH THE ADDRESS ON IT IN HER HAND AND PAUSES TO CHECK.

TO SARA THE HOTEL APPEARS LIKE A PALACE.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

MIKE AND PHIL PEER FROM BEHIND A BUSH. HANNAH TOTTERS AROUND IN STILETTO HEELS TO GET A BETTER LOOK AT HER MUM.

LANCE

Bad as you thought dad?

MIKE

It's worse son.

LANCE

I've got plenty of weaponry.

MIKE

That's great. Just do as I say.

LANE SALUTES.

MIKE (CONT'D)

She's hesitating.

LANCE

She's nervous.

HANNAH

She looks a bit excited to me.

She's sort of flushed.

MIKE

Hannah!

SARA WALKS INTO THE HOTEL.

INT. SEEDY HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

SARA WALKS INTO WHAT APPEARS TO HER AS A SUMPTUOUS HOTEL SMILING.

EXT. SEEDY HOTEL - DAY

LANCE RUSHES UP TO THE GLASS DOORS AT THE FRONT AND HIDES BY THE SIDE. HE BECKONS TO MIKE AND HANNAH.

AS MIKE BARRELS OVER TO LANCE, LANCE SLIPS INTO THE HOTEL.

HANNAH ALMOST TOPPLES OVER ON HER HEELS.

HANNAH

Shit!

MIKE

You're a secretary stay in character!

HANNAH

I'd rather have been a Chav!

MIKE

No daughter of...

HANNAH

...Shut up dad!

EXT. SEEDY HOTEL/ROOM 100 - DAY

HEART THUMPING OUT OF HER CHEST, SARA KNOCKS ON THE DOOR.

INT. SEEDY HOTEL/LOBBY - DAY

MIKE AND HANNAH WALK INTO THE SEEDY HOTEL LOBBY. THE FRONT DESK IS UNATTENDED.

LANCE LEANS AGAINST THE LIFT.

LANCE

Pst!

MIKE AND HANNAH SCUTTLE OVER TO LANCE.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Room 100. Fourth floor.

THE LIFT DOOR OPENS.

MIKE

Neat work son!

MIKE AND LANCE PUSH THEMSELVES IN. HANNAH HESITATES. MIKE DRAGS HANNAH INTO THE LIFT.

HANNAH

URGH! It stinks of piss in here!

MIKE SHOVES A HAND OVER HANNAH'S MOUTH. HANNAH BITES IT. MIKE SCREAMS. THE LIFT DOOR SHUTS.

INT. SEEDY HOTEL/ROOM 100 - DAY

JOE A SLEAZY-LOOKING MIDDLE-AGED MAN, POT BELLY, BALDING, GREASED-BACK-HAIR AND PENCIL MOUSTACHE, OPENS THE DOOR TO SARA.

JOE

Ah, you must be Sara.

SARA
(TAKEN ABACK)

Oh, you must be Joe. Um... I was expecting...

JOE

Someone not quite so handsome?

SARA

(NOT WISING TO APPEAR
RUDE)

Yes, that's right.

JOE

Come in, come in my dear. The
champagne is on ice.

HESITANTLY SARA LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM. HER IDEAL IMAGE
MELTS AWAY TO REVEAL THE REAL SEEDINESS OF THE ROOM.

AS SOON AS SARA'S THROUGH THE DOORWAY, JOE SLAMS THE DOOR
SHUT AND PUTS HIS ARM AROUND HER. SARA PUSHES JOE'S ARM
OFF.

JOE (CONT'D)

My, you're a pretty little thing.

Much prettier than I could ever dare
hope for. Here, have a glass.

SARA PUSHES THE GLASS AWAY.

SARA

No thank you.

SARA LUNGES FOR THE DOOR. IT'S LOCKED.

SARA (CONT'D)

Damn!

JOE

(LAUGHS)

I can't let you go that easily.

SARA

What are you doing?

JOE

You're just playing with me aren't
you?

JOE MOVES CLOSER TO SARA, WHO BACKS AWAY.

JOE (CONT'D)

I like games Sara. Got any good ones?

SARA

I thought we were friends.

JOE

Oh, but we're going to be much more than that.

SARA CONTINUES TO BACK AWAY FROM JOE UNTIL SHE FINDS HERSELF CORNERED.

SARA

No! You've got it wrong! Please let me go!

JOE

Scared aren't you? I like it best when they're scared!

REPULSED AND GAGGING, SARA TRIES TO PUSH JOE AWAY.

JOE (CONT'D)

They call me death breath! It's a speciality of mine!

AS JOE REACHES OUT TO TOUCH SARA, SHE SCREAMS HARD, GRABS THE TABLE LAMP AND HITS HIM WITH IT.

JOE STAGGERS BACK.

JUST AS SARA GETS TO THE DOOR, MIKE POLICE BATON HELD HIGH SHORTS RIDING HIGHER, HANNAH, STILETTO HEEL IN HAND AND LANCE BRANDISHING A REPLIC A MARTIAN BLASTER BURST IN KNOCKING SARA FLAT.

LANCE

It's a raid!

SARA FLICKS HERSELF UP, THEN SNAPS BACK INTO SHAPE, STEAM POURING FROM HER EARS.

JOE AUTOMATICALLY STICKS HIS HANDS UP.

JOE

What the hell's going on?

MIKE, HANNAH AND LANCE SURROUND JOE.

JOE (CONT'D)

W... w... who are you?

SARA STEAMROLLERS HERSELF IN BETWEEN HANNAH AND LANCE, HER NECK EXTENDS AND SHE THRUSTS HER BLOATED, ANGRY RED FACE UP TO JOE'S.

SARA

Meet the family you vile, pus-
breathing, creepy bastard!

LANCE

(PROUDLY)

We're the fuzz!

HANNAH

Yeah and the rest of us are the
Newmans!

SARA

Let me at him!

MIKE

No way! Me first!

LANCE

Aww dad! You promised!

HANNAH

What about meeeeeee!

MIKE

Hey! Cut it out!

AS SARA'S NECK RETRACTS, MIKE ASSUMES THE READY POSITION WITH HIS POLICE BATON.

SUDDENLY PHIL CRASHES THROUGH THE WINDOW SAS STYLE AS PART OF A SIX OFFICER SQUAD.

PHIL PUSHES JOE UP AGAINST THE WALL, ROUGHLY FRISKS HIM, TURNS HIM ROUND AND POINTS THE GUN AT HIS GROIN.

PHIL

Go on punk, make my day!

SARA PULLS HANNAH AND LANCE TO HER. SHE MOVES THEM AWAY AND BEGINS TO CRY.

ONE OF THE OFFICERS LEADS SARA, HANNAH AND LANCE OUT OF THE ROOM.

PHIL (CONT'D)

What are we going to do with him?

Legally if anything stick he'll get
a few months tops.

MIKE

I've got an plan

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

MIKE AND PHIL STAND TO ATTENTION IN THE PRESENCE OF THE INSPECTOR.

MIKE

Here he is Guv.

INSPECTOR

Which one?

PHIL

That stalker who chases young girls
Sir.

MIKE

In their underwear Sir.

INSPECTOR

Who? The stalker?

PHIL

No Sir, the girl. The stalker was described as wearing makeup.

INSPECTOR

What a pervert.

PHIL LOOKS AT AN UNCOMFORTABLE MIKE.

PHIL

Exactly Sir.

MIKE

Just as well we got him off the streets eh Sir? It was only a matter of time. He had an innocent party in that hotel room, but Officer Valentine and myself had no choice but to act fast to save the innocence of one of our young citizens.

INSPECTOR

How do you know you've got the right man?

MIKE

Fits his description to a "T" Sir.

INSPECTOR

But that bloke was described as tall and well-built, a bit like you in fact.

MIKE GULPS.

INSPECTOR (CONT'D)

Whereas this bloke is short and fat.

MIKE

Exactly. A master of disguise. It just goes to show you can't trust him, or an on-the-spot witness.

INSPECTOR

So anyway, you arrested him.

PHIL

Yes Sir.

INSPECTOR

And you used, um... reasonable force?

MIKE

Of course Guv. He did resist arrest, so naturally we were forced to restrain him.

THE PRISONER IS WRAPPED HEAD TO FOOT IN BANDAGES MUMMY-STYLE, WITH HIS LEGS AND ARMS IN SPLINTS POINTING STRAIGHT UP.

INSPECTOR

Very good gentlemen. Well, all that's left to do is to compile the evidence and do the paper work.

PHIL PRESENTS A WAD OF PAPER.

PHIL

We took the liberty of doing that for you Sir. The sooner this scum bag is off the streets the better.

THE PERVERT SCREAMS FROM BENEATH HIS BANDAGES AS HE'S CARTED AWAY BY NAMELESS OFFICERS.

END OF EPISODE