

Meet The Newmans

"Opportunities"

by
David Chapman
Jude Green
Charley Rance
Gavin Johnson

Revisions by
Gavin Johnson

Current Revision

Final Draft, 20.03.08

BlueBerry Cottage
Fenton Farm
Crundale
Pembrokeshire
SA62 4PY
01437 766012

INT. NEWMAN KITCHEN - DAY

THE CLOTHES IN THE WASHING MACHINE TUMBLE AROUND AS TWO FACES PEER INTO THE GLASS. MIKE AND DEXTER WATCH INTENTLY.

DEXTER BARKS AS A SOCK APPEARS FROM THE FOLD OF CLOTHES.

MIKE

It's the same one as before!

SUDDENLY DEXTER'S DOPEY EXPRESSION CHANGES AND HE BOUNDS OUT OF THE KITCHEN YAPPING.

THE BARK SOUNDS LIKE "POSTMAN" REPEATED OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

INT. NEWMAN HALLWAY - DAY

MAIL POURS IN THROUGH THE LETTER BOX, BUT ONE LETTER FALLS ON TOP OF THEM ALL WITH AN UN-EARTHILY WEIGHT.

DEXTER SKIDS INTO THE HALLWAY TONGUE OUT AND ROLLS IN THE MAIL. AS SARA APPROACHES IN HER DRESSING GOWN, DEXTER YAPS AND HOPS HAPPILY.

SARA SCOOPS UP THE MAIL. WHILST SHE LEAFS THROUGH, SHE OPENS THE FRONT DOOR, PUSHES DEXTER OUTSIDE WITH HER FOOT, THEN PUSHES THE DOOR CLOSED TRAPPING DEXTER OUTSIDE.

A PHONE RINGS IN THE BACKGROUND.

MIKE (O.S.)

Hello?

INT. NEWMAN KITCHEN - DAY

DEXTER JUMPS UP AND DOWN OUTSIDE. HIS EARS FLAP AND TAP AGAINST THE WINDOW, THEN HE GLARES THROUGH THE GLASS WITH SORROWFUL EYES.

MIKE CROUCHES NEXT TO THE WASHING MACHINE WITH HIS COFFEE AND TAKES A BIG GULP.

MIKE

Any chance of some bacon and eggs? I

got my own coffee already.

MIKE LIFTS HIS HALF EMPTY CUP TO SHOW SARA WHO CLAPS HER HANDS SARCASTICALLY.

SARA PUSHES THE HEAVY LETTER TO THE BACK OF THE PILE AND STARTS TO MAKE BREAKFAST.

THROUGH THE WINDOW, DEXTER STARTS TO CHASE HIS TAIL IN THE GARDEN.

SARA

Who was on the phone?

MIKE'S PRE OCCUPIED WITH THE CONTENT OF THE WASHING MACHINE.

MIKE

Yeah.

SARA

Mike? Who was on the phone?

MIKE

Oh umm, your mother. Nothing important.

SARA

(SIGHS)

I suppose I'd better call her.

MIKE

No, she's out. That tattooed nutter Ross from across the road offered to wheel her to the shops.

SARA SHRUGS.

SARA

Oh okay. That's sweet of him.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

DEXTER ROLLS IN SOME MUD. A MOUND OF EARTH IS PUSHED UP AND A LARGE ANT EATER POKES HIS HEAD FROM THE BURROW HOLE HOLDING A SPADE.

THE ANTEATER CHECKS HIS LOCATION AND DISAPPEARS BACK INTO THE HOLE.

AS DEXTER CURIOUSLY LOOKS DOWN THE HOLE, THE ANT EATER POPS UP WITH A MAP. THE ANT EATER LICKS HIS FINGER TO TEST THE WIND, THEN REFERS TO HIS MAP.

THE ANT EATER TURNS TO DEXTER AND POINTS TO THE MAP.

ANTEATER

Blah, blah, blah.

INT. NEWMAN KITCHEN - DAY

SARA PLATES UP MIKE'S BREAKFAST, THEN SITS AT THE TABLE.

SARA

Are you going to eat your food at
the table, or are you dog bonding?

MIKE

I was only eating from the dog bowl
because I wanted to get into
Dexter's mind. It's just bad luck
Dexter gets performance anxiety and
cannot do his business outside.

SARA

And there were no clean plates?

SARA BEGINS READING THE HEAVY LETTER.

MIKE

Or Bowls...Or Saucepans.

SARA IGNORES MIKE AND READS THE LETTER.

SARA

Right!

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

DEXTER'S BEEN JOINED BY CHICKEN THE CAT. THEY ARGUE OVER
THE DIRECTIONS. THE ANT EATER LOOKS CONFUSED AND TRIES TO
MAKE NOTES.

INT - NEWMAN'S KITCHEN - DAY

SARA'S LETTER READS "YOU HAVE BEEN SELECTED FOR A
INTERVIEW."

SARA RUBS HER FOREHEAD, SIGHS DEEPLY, FOLDS THE LETTER AND
PLACES IT BACK IN THE ENVELOPE

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

THE ANT EATER LOOKS FED UP. A HUGE GROUP OF ANIMALS WHICH INCLUDE MOLES, CROWS, RATS, FOXES, CHICKENS, SNAKES AND AN ELEPHANT HAVE JOINED THE ANTEATER TO ARGUE ABOUT DIRECTIONS.

INT. NEWMAN'S KITCHEN - DAY

LANCE SKIDS IN, HOPS UP ONTO A CHAIR AND HELPS HIMSELF TO CEREAL.

MIKE

That's the third black sock I've
seen this rotation! Where are the
rest of my socks?

MIKE SIGHS.

MIKE (CONT'D)

All I've got are the odd set of
Batman socks. I'm not walking round
with 'pow' on both ankles when I
need a 'whoosh'!

SARA

Why don't you just wear your white
socks? You've got a shoebox full
you've never even worn.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

AS THE ANIMALS ALL START FIGHTING, THE ANTEATER LEAPS INTO HIS HOLE.

DEXTER GETS HURLED BY THE ELEPHANT. HE LANDS FACE FIRST ON THE WINDOW WITH A BANG AND SLOWLY SLIDES DOWN.

INT. NEWMAN'S KITCHEN - DAY

LANCE ROLLS HIS EYES, GOES TO THE DOOR AND LETS DEXTER IN.
DEXTER STAGGERS IN DAZED AND SHAKES THE MUD FROM HIS FUR.

MIKE

That's a great idea and while I'm at it, I'll slip on a pair on sandals and start putting my towels on chairs before everyone wakes up.

MIKE SHAKES HIS HEAD.

MIKE (CONT'D)

It's the thirty first rotation and there's still only three black socks in there. Where have all my socks gone?

LANCE SLIPS AWAY LOOKING GUILTY.

INT. LANCE'S BEDROOM - DAY

LANCE STANDS IN FRONT OF HIS MIRROR. UNDER HIS CLOTHES, A NUMBER OF MIKE'S SOCKS HAVE BEEN PILED ON TO GIVE THE ILLUSION OF MUSCLES AND A BIG CROTCH.

LANCE STRIKES A POSE.

LANCE

Oh yeah! Check out these guns baby!

INT. NEWMAN'S KITCHEN - DAY

SARA

I'm not your mother Michael. If you helped when I was sorting the clothes, they wouldn't get mixed up.

MIKE GETS UP, LUMBERS OVER TO THE TABLE AND STARTS TO PICK AT HIS BREAKFAST WITH HIS FINGERS.

MIKE

What's up with you?

SARA

Remember that job I applied for a
few months ago?

FLASHBACK:

INT. NEWMAN'S LOUNGE - (3 MONTHS AGO)

SARA ATTEMPTS TO EXPLAIN SOMETHING TO MIKE USING LOTS OF
GESTURES, BUT WE HEAR NOTHING AS MIKE WATCHES THE FOOTBALL
ON TV.

SARA

Blah, blah, blah.

MIKE

Yes love, sounds wonderful.

BACK TO PRESENT.

INT. NEWMAN KITCHEN - DAY

SARAH AND MIKE SIT AT THE KITCHEN TABLE.

MIKE

Vaguely.

SARA

Well, they've asked me to come for
an interview.

THE WASHING MACHINE FINISHES.

MIKE

Finally!

MIKE SCUTTLES OVER TO THE WASHING MACHINE AND PULLS THE
CLOTHES OUT.

AS MIKE SEARCHES FOR HIS SOCKS, HE THROWS THE OTHER CLOTHES
INTO THE LAUNDRY BASKET

SARA SIGHS.

SARA

Are you listening to me?

LANCE REJOINS THE TABLE. HE FEEDS MIKE'S BREAKFAST TO DEXTER, WHO JUMPS UP AND GREEDILY DEVOURS IT.

LANCE

Yeah.

SARA SLUMPS IN HER CHAIR AND LOOKS AT THE DATE OF THE INTERVIEW "2ND SEPTEMBER."

INT. THE BOOZY FOX PUB - DAY

MIKE AND PHIL ARE AT THE BAR.

MIKE

What should I do?

PHIL

That's easy. Just stop her going to London.

PHIL SLIPS INTO FANTASY MODE.

EXT. PHIL'S FANTASY/MOUNTAIN PATH - DAY

PHIL HIDES BEHIND SOME ROCKS OVERLOOKING THE MOUNTAIN PATH. AS SARA'S CAR DRIVES PAST, PHIL PRESSES A HUGE PLUNGER AND SARA'S CAR EXPLODES.

PHIL SLIPS OUT OF FANTASY MODE.

INT. THE BOOZY FOX PUB - DAY

MIKE

Hang on, I don't want her totalled.

PHIL

Sorry Mike, I was just getting carried away there. Must be my SAS training.

MIKE

You were never in the SAS were you?

Why haven't you told me before?

PHIL TOUCHES HIS NOSE.

PHIL

Top secret mate.

INT. THE BOOZY FOX PUB TOILETS - NIGHT

MIKE AND PHIL STAND AT EITHER END OF THREE URINALS.

MIKE

Look, I've known you since you were twelve. The only time I didn't know what you were up to was when I was on my Honeymoon.

PHIL

That's all it takes.

MIKE

But it takes years of training. Don't tell me the SAS weren't 'a little bit' bothered about your irrational fear of Ladders?

THE TOILET DOOR OPENS. A MAN WALKS IN AND IS FORCED TO USE THE SPARE URINAL BETWEEN MIKE AND PHIL. THE THREE MEN STAND IN SILENCE.

PHIL

Cut her legs off. That'll stop her running away and no one'll fancy her then either.

MIKE

Look, I don't want her to come to any harm.

THE MAN LOOKS UNCOMFORTABLY FROM MIKE TO PHIL.

PHIL

(SNIGGERS)

You love her don't you?

MIKE

Well she is my wife.

PHIL

Listen, let's kidnap her, tie her up
and keep her in my basement!

MIKE

That's one of your fantasies isn't
it?

PHIL

Well...

MIKE

Not with my wife, you don't.

THE MAN ZIPS UP IN DISGUST AND GOES TO THE WASH BASINS.

PHIL

Why are you so convinced she's
having an affair?

MIKE

Me? You put that idea into my head.

PHIL

That's true, but you must admit, she
has been looking hot recently.

MIKE

Look, I'm not comfortable taking
this line of conversation when
you've got your Johnson out.

MIKE AND PHIL JOIN THE MAN AT THE WASH BASINS.

PHIL

Well you fancy her don't you? So
it's only natural I would, it's a
compliment.

THE MAN SHAKES HIS HEAD AND WALKS OUT.

MIKE

Fine. So come on then, what are we
gonna do?

PHIL

Hide all her clothes? No. Burn all
her clothes!

PHIL STARTS TO SMILE AS HE IMAGINES THE SCENE. MIKE SLAPS
PHIL AROUND THE HEAD.

MIKE

Oi! We're trying to stop her for MY
benefit, NOT yours!

PHIL

OK, we've got two alternatives.
Stop her going up to London, or make
her lose her job. (BEAT) What
exactly is her job?

MIKE

I've no idea.

PHIL

So we don't know what she's doing or
who she's working for?

MIKE

Fraid not!

PHIL

Right then, I'll just have to follow
her up there.

PHIL SLIPS INTO FANTASY MODE.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - DAY

SARA LOOKS AT THE MAN SITTING OPPOSITE WITH THE OBVIOUS FALSE
MOUSTACHE, DARK GLASSES AND HAT PULLED DOWN.

SARAH

Hi Phil.

PHIL SLIPS OUT OF FANTASY MODE.

INT. THE BOOZY FOX PUB - DAY

MIKE AND PHIL ARE BACK AT THE BAR.

MIKE

I'll just talk to her.

PHIL

No mate. She'll think you're
jealous.

MIKE

But I am!

PHIL

Yes, but you can't let HER know
that.

MIKE

Why not?

PHIL

Man rules.

MIKE LOOKS CONFUSED.

MIKE

Nothing was in the news letter.
Besides, I'm the man in this
relationship and if I don't want her
to go, I'll tell her not to go!

PHIL

OK mate. Have it your own way. But
Don't come crying to me.

INT. NEWMAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

MIKE LUMBERS OVER TO THE WINDOW, WHILE SARA, HER HAIR WET
FROM THE SHOWER, SEARCHES IN HER WARDROBE.

SARA

Where are my clothes?

MIKE LOOKS OUT OF THE WINDOW.

GERRY CAN IN HAND, LANCE STANDS NEXT TO A FLAMING MOUND OF
SARA'S CLOTHES AND GIVES MIKE THE THUMBS UP.

MIKE QUICKLY CLOSES THE BLINDS.

MIKE

Moths?

SARA

Look, I haven't got time for Lance's
tricks this morning.

SARA GOES UNDER THE BED AND PULLS OUT A CHEST. SHE OPENS IT
TO REVEAL A SPARE SET OF CLOTHES AND SHOES.

MIKE

Damnit!

SARA

Today's my interview sweetie. Wish
me well. This time next month we
could all be in London.

MIKE
(UNENTHUSIASTIC)

Yay!

SARA SITS AT HER DRESSING TABLE AND STARTS TO DRY HER HAIR.
MIKE SITS ON THE BED AND SCRATCHES HIS CHIN.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Hmm... Yes... Mmm. Hmm!

SARA WATCHES MIKE IN THE MIRROR, SWITCHES THE HAIR DRYER
OFF AND TURNS TO FACE HIM.

SARA

What?

MIKE

Your skirt.

SARA STANDS UP AND DOES A TWIRL FOR MIKE.

SARA

Do you like it?

MIKE

It's erm, short?

SARA

It's to my knees.

SARA STARTS TO PUT ON SOME LIPSTICK.

MIKE

You never wear that shade of
lipstick. Is it your pulling colour?

SARA RUBS HER LIPS TOGETHER.

SARA

Do we have to have this conversation
every time I go out?

MIKE

I'm just saying you ALWAYS make more effort.

SARA

I wore this skirt and this shade of lipstick two weeks ago when you and I went out for a meal.

MIKE

You look better now than you did then.

SARA

Thanks Mike, I'll put that remark in my compliment case.

SARA SHAKES HER HEAD.

MIKE

(HUFFY)

I expect you'll be wearing shoes?

SARA

(SARCASTICALLY)

Of course.

MIKE

Not those killer heels that make your legs look longer? They're dangerous. Wear your trainers, more practical for a woman your age.

SARA

(EXASPERATED)

I'm not wearing trainers and what do you mean a woman of my age?

SARA RUMMAGES UNDER THE BED AND PULLS OUT A PAIR OF BLACK SANDALS.

MIKE

Oh, that's it! Show every bugger
your toes why don't you!

SARA FOLDS HER ARMS ACROSS HER CHEST.

SARA

They are just toes.

MIKE

Oh look, you painted them the same
shade as your lips.

SARA

I'm ignoring you.

MIKE

They said it might snow. Wear your
wellies.

SARA

It's the middle of summer!

SARA PUTS ON SOME EARRINGS.

MIKE

Oh right, out comes the tarty
jewellery.

SARA

Your Mother brought me these
earrings.

MIKE

Yes for a laugh.

SARA

Right I'm off. Wish me luck Sweetie.

SARA WINKS AT MIKE AS SHE SAUNTERS PAST HIM.

MIKE

(SHOUTS)

Just remember I'm the law and I'll
have them perverts arrested soon as
they look at you.

SARA

(SHOUTS)

There will be lots of arrests then
eh? I am HOT!

SARA EXITS, MIKE LEANS OVER TO THE BEDSIDE CABINET AND
PICKS UP HIS MOBILE.

INT. ICE CREAM VAN - DAY

PHIL SITS IN THE DRIVERS SEAT THE ENGINE IS STILL RUNNING,
WE CAN SEE SARA WALKING AWAY THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN. PHIL'S
MOBILE RINGS, HE ANSWERS.

PHIL

(INTO PHONE)

I knew you'd see it my way I'm
outside. (BEAT) Don't worry, I've
acquired another vehicle so we can
approach undetected.

INT. NEWMAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

MIKE SITS ON THE BED, HIS MOBILE CLAMPED TO HIS EAR.

MIKE

(INTO PHONE)

I'll meet you outside. How will I
know which car you're in?

PHIL

(OUT OF PHONE)

Oh you'll know.

INT. ICE CREAM VAN - MORNING

PHIL DRIVES, WHILE MIKE LOOKS THOROUGHLY FED UP.

MIKE

How is this discreet Phil?

PHIL

Don't worry, she'll never recognise
us in this!

MIKE

That's a cert, but look! A plastic
bag's just over taken us!

PHIL

Stay cool, I have a plan.

EXT. RAILWAY STATION - DAY

A TRAIN LEAVES THE STATION AS THE ICE CREAM VAN CRAWLS INTO
THE CAR PARK.

MIKE

Damn! That's her train! Now what
are we gonna do?

PHIL

Only one thing for it.

PHIL WHEEL SPINS OUT OF THE CAR PARK SMASHES THROUGH A
LITTLE HEDGE DOWN AN EMBANKMENT TOWARDS THE RAILWAY LINES.

THE ICE CREAM VAN PULLS ALONG SIDE THE TRAIN LIKE A WESTERN
MOVIE.

INT. ICE CREAM VAN - DAY

PHIL BEEPS TO GET THE DRIVERS ATTENTION WHILE MIKE TAKES
OUT HIS BADGE. THE HORN STICK BREAKS OFF IN PHIL'S HAND.
MIKE GIVES PHIL A LOOK.

PHIL

Don't worry, she'll hold together.

BEADS OF SWEAT BREAK OUT ON PHIL'S FOREHEAD.

PHIL (CONT'D)
(QUIETLY)

You hear me, baby? Hold together!

EXT. RAILWAY TRACKS - DAY

MIKE LEANS OUT OF THE WINDOW WAVING FRANTICALLY.

THE DRIVER DOESN'T SEE HIM AND THE TRAIN RAPIDLY ACCELERATES AWAY.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - DAY

SARA SITS IN THE CARRIAGE READING A BOOK.

OUT OF SARA'S WINDOW WE CAN SEE THE ICE CREAM VAN BEING OVERTAKEN AS SARA CONTINUES TO READ HER BOOK.

INT. ICE CREAM VAN - DAY

MIKE LOOKS WORRIED.

MIKE

Phil?

PHIL

I know.

MIKE

The train?

PHIL

I know. Strap yourself in. I know a few maneuvers. It's not over yet.

INT. ICE CREAM VAN - MOMENTS LATER

PHIL SERVES ICE CREAM.

PHIL

So we missed the train! No big deal right?

MIKE

We'll have to go to London.

PHIL

Oh Come on, London's huge!

PHIL PASSES AN ICE CREAM OUT TO A CUSTOMER.

PHIL (CONT'D)

That'll be three fifty luv, cheers.

MIKE

London changes people. When I lived there I was a cold, sarcastic, self-obsessed borderline alcoholic.

PHIL

Don't worry, worse case scenario, Sara meets a rich charming man who'll give her everything she deserves and isn't completely emotionally crippled.

PHIL LEANS OUT TO A CUSTOMER.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Do you want a flake with that pal?

MIKE

Phil, will you stop serving 99's while I'm trying to bare my soul? Never mind, I'll go and find someone who'll listen.

MONTAGE:

MIKE TALKS TO LANCE BUT HE'S ON THE GAMESTATION AND JUST GRUNTS.

MIKE TALKS TO HANNAH BUT SHE'S BUSY PLANNING A PRETTY GIRLS DOWNFALL.

MIKE TALKS TO THE MAYOR WHO'S TRYING TO EAT A SANDWICH. ON THE WALL ARE DIAGRAMS SHOWING A PROCEDURE TO REPLACE COUNCIL WORKER BRAINS WITH THOSE OF ANTS.

MAYOR

Who the hell are you? And what are you doing in my office?

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

MIKE HALF-DRAGS, HALF-HELPS A DRUNK INTO THE STATION BY HIS COAT COLLAR.

JAMES THE DRUNK

You need to talk to her. Tell her how you feel about the move. You never know, you may be able to compromise.

MIKE

Thanks James.

JAMES THE DRUNK

Hey, no problem.

MIKE

You know what? I think I'm going to let you off with a caution.

JAMES THE DRUNK

Really? Oh wow! That'd be great!

JAMES STARTS TO TURN A BIT GREEN. MIKE STARTS TO WRITE OUT A WARNING TO JAMES.

MIKE

You're a real gent and everyone makes mistakes right?

JAMES IS SUDDENLY SICK IN MIKE'S POLICE HELMET. MIKE TEARS UP THE WARNING SHEET AND RINGS THE BELL SUMMONING FRANCIS.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Hello Francis, it's a D and D. Found this one wrapped round a lamppost.

FRANCIS

Another stag night?

MIKE

No, I think he just kind of... found
the lamppost quite... attractive.

FRANCIS

Not another one? What is it about
the lampposts in this town?

MIKE

Something to do with them being
mermaid shaped?.

JAMES THE DRUNK

Beautiful mer people. They are
regal, beautiful, Enchanting and...

JAMES STARTS BEING SICK IN MIKE'S HELMET AGAIN.

INT. NEWMAN'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

LANCE SITS ON THE COUCH, TONGUE OUT, WRESTLING WITH HIS
GAME CONTROLLER. AROUND LANCE'S MOUTH IS A CHOCOLATE
MOUSTACHE.

EMPTY CANS OF POP LITTER THE FLOOR. CRISP PACKETS AND
CHOCOLATE WRAPPERS LIE IN SMALL CRUMPLED HEAPS.

MIKE WADES IN STILL IN HIS UNIFORM, SLUMPS ON THE COUCH AND
SWIPES LANCE'S CONTROLLER.

MIKE'S MOBILE STARTS TO RING. HIS RING TONE IS THE THEME
TUNE TO "WONDER WOMAN".

MIKE

Hi sweetie how'd it go? Really?

Really? OK, we'll talk later.

PHIL APPEARS BESIDE MIKE AND RAISES HIS BIG COP SUNGLASSES.

PHIL

Trouble?

MIKE JUMPS AT THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF PHIL.

MIKE

Sara's been asked to stay over.
She's got through to the final
interviews tomorrow. We've gotta do
something.

PHIL

Suit up, I've got a plan.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

RED-FACED AND BREATHELESS, SARA DRESSED IN A SMART SUIT AND KILLER HEELS, TOTTERS DOWN A LONG CORRIDOR "2001 A SPACE ODYSSEY" STYLE, FRANTICALLY LOOKING AT EACH DOOR SHE PASSES.

SARA PAUSES AND RUMMAGES IN HER BAG. HER HANDS TREMBLE AS SHE PULLS OUT A CRUMPLED PIECE OF PAPER.

SARA

ROOM 53-01!

A RUDE WORKER WALKS PAST AND BUMPS INTO SARA, NOT EVEN SPARING HER A GLANCE. SARA SPILLS THE CONTENTS OF HER BAG ON THE FLOOR.

SARA (CONT'D)

Damn!

AS SARA SCRAMBLES ON THE FLOOR TO PICK UP HER THINGS, SHE SLIPS HER FEET OUT OF HER SHOES AND NOTICES HER HEELS ARE BLEEDING.

SARA (CONT'D)

Grrr! Killer heels! Never again!

SARA SIGHS AND FORCES HER SHOES BACK ON. SHE WINCES AS THE TOP OF THE SHOES CONTINUE TO SNAP AT HER HEELS WITH THEIR TINY SHARP TEETH.

SARA LOOKS AT THE DOOR BESIDE HER. ROOM 53-01.

SARA TAKES SOME DEEP BREATHS. JUST AS SHE'S ABOUT TO KNOCK; THE DOOR TO THE INTERVIEW ROOM AUTOMATICALLY OPENS.

DARREN (V.O.)

Mrs Newman, would you come in
please.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

THE STATE OF THE ART INTERVIEW ROOM RESEMBLES THE INSIDE OF
A SPACESHIP.

A VERY YOUNG LOOKING MAN AND WOMAN ARE SEATED AT A DESK.
THERE'S AN EMPTY SEAT. SARA SHAKES THEIR HANDS, THEN SITS
OPPOSITE.

DARREN

Hello Mrs Newman, I'm Darren.

SARA

Please, call me...

DARREN

(INTERRUPTS)

...Sara certainly, on my right is
Amy. We're just waiting for Mark.

SARA OPENS HER MOUTH TO SPEAK, THEN CLOSES IT AGAIN.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Would you like a drink while you
wait? There's a machine in the
corridor.

HANDS SHAKING, SARA NODS.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Oh and while you're there maybe you
could get some for us. I'll have a
Columbian Espresso and Amy?

AMY

Likewise.

DARREN HANDS SARA A PLASTIC TRIANGLE WITH HOLES IN IT FOR
INSERTING CUPS.

SARA TAKES THE TRIANGLE AND WALKS INTO THE CORRIDOR GRIMACING WITH EVERY STEP.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

SARA STOPS IN FRONT OF A MACHINE WITH FLASHING LIGHTS LIKE A GAMES MACHINE.

CONFUSED, SARA HESITANTLY PRESSES A FEW BUTTONS. SEVERAL LIGHTS FLASH AND A DRINK MINUS THE CUP SPLASHES ONTO THE FLOOR.

SARA INSTINCTIVELY TRIES TO STOP THE GUSHING WATER BUT SCOLDS HER HANDS.

YOUNG, FIT, BRUCE, LIKE A BLONDE SURFER IN A SUIT, SWAGGERS UP TO THE MACHINE.

SARA

Ah Fu...

BRUCE

Coffee trouble?

SARA LOOKS UP. HER EYES GLAZE OVER.

INT. CORRIDOR/FANTASY - DAY

GORGEOUS BRUCE IS ON THE BACK OF A WHITE STEED DRESSED IN A MEDIEVAL KNIGHTS ARMOUR.

SARA LOOKS AT BRUCE LIKE A LOST LAMB.

BRUCE

Let me help you with that.

BRUCE BEGINS JABBING AT THE MACHINE WITH HIS JOUST.

END OF FANTASY.

INT. RECEPTION - DAY

PHIL AND MIKE, BOTH IN FULL POLICE GEAR AND DARK GLASSES STRIDE INTO THE RECEPTION AREA.

LANCE FOLLOWS SUCKING ON A MILKSHAKE.

MIKE

Good morning, I'm PC Newman and this
is PC Valentine.

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

We've received an anonymous tip off
that shampoo testing on zombies has
been carried out on these premises.

LANCE'S EYES SHINE.

LANCE

Zommbiiieees. Cool!

PHIL'S EYES SHINE.

PHIL

Zombiesssss. Double cool!

RECEPTIONIST.

I'm afraid you must be mistaken Sir.
We're a law firm and there are no
pharmaceuticals in this building.

MIKE

Oh, then we're here to repair your
photocopier.

RECEPTIONIST

But you're policemen?

MIKE

We were told it was an emergency.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

WIDE-EYED, SARA CAN'T TAKE HER EYES OFF BRUCE.

BRUCE

And that's it. It's easy.

BRUCE WINKS AT SARA AND SWAGGERS OFF. SARA TURNS BACK TO
THE MACHINE.

SARA
(QUIETLY)

Right so, he pressed this button,
then this, then...

A THOUGHT BUBBLE POPS UP FROM SARA'S HEAD.

BRUCE IS HALF DRESSED IN A FIREMAN'S OUTFIT CARRYING A KITTEN.

BRUCE

Let me help you with that.

SARA'S THOUGHT BUBBLE SUDDENLY EXPLODES.

SARA

Dammit!

BREAKING A SWEAT, SARA PRESSES MORE BUTTONS AND STICKS HER TONGUE OUT TO HELP WITH CONCENTRATION. SHE PRESSES THE LARGE RED COFFEE BUTTON.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

WE HEAR A MUFFLED EXPLOSION FROM OUTSIDE, FOLLOWED BY GALLONS OF GUSHING WATER.

AS SARA ENTERS, BUT BEFORE SHE CLOSES THE DOOR, WE SEE THE CORRIDOR LOOKS LIKE IT'S BEEN HIT BY A GIANT TIDAL WAVE AS WORKERS FLOAT PAST ON THEIR CHAIRS.

SARA SHUTS THE DOOR AND WITH A FIXED GRIN ON HER FACE, PASSES THE DRINKS TO DARREN AND AMY.

AMY EDGES AWAY FROM HER COFFEE, WHILE DARREN HESITANTLY TAKES A SIP AND PULLS A DISGUSTED FACE.

DARREN STRUGGLES TO FIND HIS VOICE.

DARREN

So, your CV looks.

AMY PASSES SARA A BOX OF TISSUES.

SARA

Thanks.

SARA WIPES HER FACE AND CLEAVAGE. DARREN WATCHES, THEN RAISES AN EYEBROW AS SARA LOOKS FOR A BIN.

DARREN

Impressive. You flew through the initial interviewing process.

(MORE)

DARREN (CONT'D)

According to this, you can fly a plane and speak seven different languages!

SARA LOOKS SHOCKED, THEN FROWNS.

SARA

Umm yes, that's right...

A THOUGHT BUBBLE APPEARS ABOVE SARA'S HEAD. SARA'S CURLED UP ON THE COUCH TEARFULLY STARING AT THE SCREEN, WITH A GLASS OF WINE IN HER HAND.

AS THE HEROINE SPEAKS, SARA COPIES EVERYTHING WORD FOR WORD ONTO HER CV, UNABLE TO PEEL HER TEARFUL EYES FROM THE SCREEN.

SARA'S THOUGHT BUBBLE BURSTS.

AMY

Sara, perhaps you could speak to us in Chinese?

SARA SQUIRMS, BITES HER BOTTOM LIP, THEN SMILES.

SARA

Kong po chow...szechuan mein?

DARREN AND AMY SMILE AND NOD.

MARK

I'm very impressed with your flying. What made you take it up?

SARA

I like a challenge.

THERE'S A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. A SECRETARY ENTERS, FOLLOWED BY A GUILTY-LOOKING LANCE.

SECRETARY

Mrs Newman, your son said he needed to speak to you urgently.

SARA SPINS ROUND IN HER CHAIR WITH PURSED LIPS.

OUTSIDE THE LARGE WINDOWS, PHIL'S WINCHED DOWN. HE STEADIES HIMSELF AND BALANCES ON THE WINDOW SILL.

SARA
(SEETHING)

Yes Darling, what's the problem?

LANCE
(SPEAKS IN A SLOW WAY)

Mummy I wet myself.

LANCE PULLS HIS COAT BACK TO SHOW A WET PATCH.

PHIL USES A GLASS CUTTER TO MAKE A PERFECT CIRCULAR HOLE IN THE WINDOW, REACHES THROUGH TO UNLOCK IT AND PUSHES IT OPEN.

SARA TRIES TO CONTAIN HER ANGER. SHE WALKS OVER TO LANCE AND SECRETLY PINCHES HIM AS SHE WRAPS HER ARMS AROUND HIM.

SARA TURNS TO FACE THE PANEL.

PHIL HITS THE DECK BEFORE SARA CAN SEE HIM.

SARA
Lance is not a very well little boy.
He can be incredibly hard work, but
I somehow manage not to let it
effect my career. He's never been to
London before, so I thought I'd
bring him along as a treat.

SARA RUFFLES LANCES HAIR AND SECRETLY PULLS IT.

PHIL'S HAND APPEARS FROM BENEATH THE DESK AND CLUMSILY FEELS FOR THE CV, KNOCKING OVER FILES, PILES OF PAPER AND CUPS. HE FINALLY REACHES THE CV AND SLIPS A FEW PAGES INTO IT.

THE PANEL LOOK AT SARA SYMPATHETICALLY.

AMY TURNS TO DARREN.

AMY
What an amazing woman!

DARREN NODS IN AGREEMENT. PHIL GIVES LANCE THE THUMBS UP AND GOES BACK TO THE WINDOW.

PHIL TAKES AN ITEM FROM HIS BELT, CONNECTS IT TO THE DANGLING CABLE AND IS INSTANTLY ZIPPED OUT OF SIGHT.

SARA STEERS LANCE OUT OF THE DOOR.

SARA
(WHISPERS)

I'll deal with you and your father
later.

LANCE GULPS. A BIG APPLE-SIZED LUMP SLIDES DOWN HIS THROAT.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

LANCE WALKS INTO THE CORRIDOR. HE RUBS HIS ARM AND LOOKS UPSET.

FROM A CUPBOARD-SIZED DOORWAY, A PAIR OF HANDS GRAB LANCE AND REMOVE HIM FROM THE CORRIDOR.

INT. STORE CUPBOARD - DAY

MIKE PULLS LANCE INTO THE STORE CUPBOARD, THEN PUTS A GLASS ONTO THE WALL TO LISTEN TO THE INTERVIEW.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

SARA RESUMES HER SEAT.

SARA
Sorry about that.

DARREN
Well Sara, I see your husband's in
the police force. There's a whole
paragraph about him on your CV.

SARA RAISES AN EYEBROW.

SARA
Is there now?

INT. STORE CUPBOARD - DAY

PHIL AND MIKE HOLD THEIR GLASSES UP AGAINST THE WALL. PHIL STICKS HIS THUMB UP.

INT. LONDON BAR - NIGHT

MIKE AND PHIL STAND DRINKING AT THE BAR.

MIKE

I can't believe it! She got the job
and I'll be forced to live in this
hell hole again!

PHIL NUDGES MIKE AND INDICATES THE PLEASANT, CLEAN MODERN
LOOKING BAR WITH GROUPS OF PEOPLE LAUGHING AND ENJOYING
THEMSELVES.

PHIL
(SARCASTIC)

Yeah, it'll be tough all right.

MIKE

This plan's been a total disaster
and now my hot wife is out there
with attractive rich men, or worse.

PHIL

There is something we haven't tried.

MIKE

I not sure this scheming business is
working out too well for us.

PHIL

No, so let's mug her.

PHIL'S EYES SHINE.

PHIL (CONT'D)

We'll hide in a dark alleyway, bash
her over the head, Jack her handbag
and spend all her money.

MIKE

Hang on, that's my wife you're
talking about!

PHIL

Oh, er... yes. I only meant we pretend to get her worried so she won't want to come to London again.

MIKE

We can't actually hurt her.

PHIL

No, course not. Come on, let's do it. Her return ticket expires in under an hour. We'll just stake out the station.

EXT. DARK ALLEYWAY/NEAR VICTORIA STATION - NIGHT

SARA STRIDES ALONG THE ALLEYWAY LANCE IN TOW, HER OPEN HANDBAG SLUNG OVER HER SHOULDER WITH HER PURSE ON VIEW. TWO SHADOWY FIGURES (MIKE AND PHIL), STAND SUSPICIOUSLY BY A WALL.

MIKE AND PHIL TAKE TURNS TO FURTIVELY OVERTAKE EACH OTHER AND SLOW DOWN. EACH WAITING FOR THE OTHER TO ACTUALLY CARRY OUT THE CRIME.

SUDDENLY A YOUNG CHAV WITH A BASEBALL CAP RUNS PAST, SNATCHES SARA'S PURSE AND PUSHES HER OVER.

AS THE CHAV RUNS OFF INTO THE DISTANCE, MIKE AND PHIL DO DOUBLE-TAKES. AN OLD COUPLE SCURRY FORWARD TO PICK SARA UP.

MIKE

That son of a bitch has just mugged her!

PHIL

On it!

PHIL RUNS INTO AN ALLEYWAY.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

A MASSIVE SHAFT OF LIGHT EXPLODES FROM THE ALLEYWAY AND PHIL EMERGES FULLY DRESSED IN HIS POLICE GEAR.

PHIL SPRINTS OFF AFTER THE CHAV. THE CHAV LOOKS ROUND ANXIOUSLY. AS PHIL GAINS ON HIM, THE CHAV DECIDES TO THROW SARA'S PURSE OVER A WALL.

AS THE PURSE FLIES INTO THE AIR, PHIL DOES A QUICK DOUBLE TAKE OF WHETHER TO CHASE THE CHAV OR CATCH THE PURSE.

THE PURSE FLIES UP IN THE AIR LIKE THE BONE IN 2001. PHIL LEAPS TO CATCH THE PURSE AND RUGBY TOUCHDOWN LIKE, MANAGES TO LAND ON THE CHAV KNOCKING ALL THE BREATH OUT OF HIM.

PHIL STANDS OVER THE CHAV WITH ONE FOOT ON HIS HEAD AND PROUDLY HOLDS THE PURSE ALOFT LIKE A TROPHY.

WITH EMPTY EYES, SARA KNEELS ON THE PAVEMENT.

INT. DOCTOR'S SURGERY - DAY

AN UNRESPONSIVE SARA STARES STRAIGHT AHEAD. THE DOCTOR TURNS TO MIKE.

DOCTOR

Mr Newman, has your wife been acting strangely?

MIKE

Well, she has started shouting about leaving the lid off the mayonnaise. Stuff like that?

DOCTOR

No Mr Newman, I strongly advise you to allow your wife to recover both physically and mentally. A mugging's a stressful event and what she needs most is rest.

MIKE

Bah, a few weeks looking after the kids how hard can it be?

END OF EPISODE