

Newman

"In The Summertime"

Written by

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INT. THE MAYORS OFFICE - DAY

MAYOR

I concerned. My beaches are empty;
my novelty shops are boarded up and
my ice cream vans are deserted.
Where are the Tourists Roger? The
gimp faced consumers.

ROGER

Well Sir if you had read the report.
Tourism has been on a steady decline
for a number of years. The proposed
East End project would have brought
in a lot of tourist who couldn't
afford to go abroad.

MAYOR

Exactly, the wrong class of people.
We want a better class of people.
Tourists with money - lots of money!

ROGER

How can we do that then?

MAYOR

Must I do everything myself? Use
your imagination boy, think of
something to get rid of those hoody
trouble makers.

ROGER

Put all the local chavs in a
concentration camp --

MAYOR

Brilliant idea. I can see it now.

ROGER

I was only joking--

MAYOR

No - that's the best idea you have
come up with all day. I can see it
now

EXT. LOCATION #1 - DAY

VISION OF LOADS OF CHAVS IN
BASEBALL CAPS, BURBERRY AND
BLING BEHIND HIGH BARBED WIRE
FENCES WITH SEARCH LIGHTS AND
MACHINE GUNS.

INT. MAYORS OFFICE - DAY

ROGER

But that will take months. I mean even if we put through a planning application who's to say it will get through?

THE MAYOR HIS ARMS FOLDED
MUSSOLINI STYLE

MAYOR

It WILL go through. We are the council.

ROGER

But there's still the time factor to take into consideration.

A COUNCIL GUARD BURST INTO THE
MAYOR'S OFFICE DRAGGING A
LARGE MAN WHO IS HANDCUFFED.

COUNCIL GUARD

Sire, This fat, arrogant possible intoxicated town's person has just insulted a valued tourist.

MAYOR

You see Roger? This creature could of said anything to our valuable tourist friend. Take this one to the chamber for re-education.

MAYOR

Roger how many tourists do we have in our beloved town?

ROGER

About One hundred and fifty sir

MAYOR

Then we must take steps to stop those who are here from escaping. We will ensure that they have the greatest time of their lives whilst we will milk them for every penny.

ROGER

How can you do that? Short of putting up road blocks, spoilers and tank traps.

MAYOR

Excellent suggest Roger.

ROGER

Sir I must protest the towns people will be in uproar, remember when you spent the school budget on a golden statue of yourself to go in the school lobby?

MAYOR

It's an inspirational piece Roger, and stop complaining. Call Sergeant Munro. Get things organized.

ROGER

SIR, Road works of that scale will require a work force of at-least a hundred men.

MAYOR

One Thousand Men!

ROGER

But sir such a force does not exist!

THE MAYOR WALKS ONTO HIS
BALCONY. LINED UP IN PERFECT
FORMATION ARE ONE THOUSAND
COUNCIL WORKERS. THEIR
ALUMINOUS SHIRTS SHINE PROUDLY
IN THE SUN.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

MIKE SLOUCHES ON THE COMFY
CHAIR WATCHING LOUD CARTOONS.

MIKE

That's rubbish Prime could have just
transformed into a truck.

PHIL ENTERS, MIKE QUICKLY
SWITCHES THE TV CHANNEL OVER
TO A DOCUMENTARY ABOUT NAZI
TRAINED SHARKS.

MIKE

Where have you been? I'm starving

MIKE TURNS THE CARTOONS BACK ON.

PHIL

I've just spent the last hour
trapped in traffic I had to light up
the blues to get this back before it
went cold.

PHIL THROWS MIKE A PORTION OF
WRAPPED CHIPS.

MIKE

If the mayor had taken my rocket
pack project more seriously there
would be no traffic problem, plus
it'd be cheaper than petrol.

PHIL

If everyone's got rocket packs
wouldn't the price of rocket fuel go
up?

MIKE

Well obviously not everyone has a rocket pack not the normo's they can stay on their tractors.

PHIL

There was the other side effect.

MIKE

Yeah but who needs legs when you've got a rocket pack?

PHIL AND MIKE CONTINUE EATING THEIR TAKEAWAY.

PHIL

Was there a tractor transformer?

THE SARGE ENTERS. MIKE QUICKLY SWITCHES THE LOUD WACKY CARTOONS OFF TO A DOCUMENTARY ABOUT NAZI TRAINED SHARKS.

PHIL

Hey!

SARGE

Would you two mind stepping into my office.

PHIL

Would we mind?

SARGE

That wasn't a question.

**INT. POLICE STATION THE SARGE'S OFFICE -
MOMENTS LATER**

THE TWO DUTIFULLY OFFICERS
ENTER. SARGE SHUTS THE DOOR
BEHIND THEM AND SITS AT HIS
DESK.

SARGE

Right - you know what this weekend
is don't you.

PHIL & MIKE

Yes sir - the Beach Barbecue.

SARGE

Well I've got some bad news.

THEIR FACES DROP EXPECTING THE
WORST NEWS.

SARGE

We've been relieved of our duties
this year - they say we are not
needed - surplus to requirements.

VISIBLY THEIR EXPRESSIONS TURN
TO PLEASURE.

SARGE

I'm sure you're gutted by the news.

MIKE

I am sir.

PHIL

Yes sir - we were so looking forward
to it.

PHIL & MIKE START TO SMILE.

SARGE

Yes - the mayor has decided he'd like to supervise the event this year using a personal security team. Anyway - it's not all bad news. After all you'll be able to attend with your wives and children.

MIKE AND PHIL'S FACES DROP AGAIN.

SARGE

Actually I may go myself - I seem to remember those burgers were unusually tasty last year. Put a real spring in my step.

INT. NEWMAN'S HALLWAY - MORNING

DEXTER(DOG) AND CHICKEN THE CAT ARE IN THE PORCH SITTING VERY HUMANLIKE HAVE AN INTELLECTUAL CONVERSATION.

DEXTER

Of Course both effects are expressed as the drag force, which is proportional to the random velocity of -

CHICKEN THE CAT

Now Dexter I have to stop you there you are digressing.

DEXTER

If you'd let me finish, you would of seen the relevance of my calculations.

CHICKEN THE CAT

I find it hard to trust scientific methods conducted by a creature, unable to refrain him self from conducting sexual acts on any thing within its limited eye sight.

DEXTER

As I explained at the time I had been drinking from the toilet and Sara had just bleached it, I wasn't of sound mind, and if you look back on my scientific track record you'll find -

MIKE OPENS THE DOOR INTO THE PORCH. THE TWO ANIMALS DROP THEIR DEBATE, DEXTER BARKS AT THE CAT .

MIKE BENDS DOWN AND PICKS UP
SOME SOILED NEWSPAPERS AND
PUTS THEM INTO A CARRIER BAG.
OPENS THE FRONT DOOR AND PINS
A SIGN ON THE FRONT READING
"ALL JUNK MAIL AND FREE
NEWSPAPERS WELCOME. THE MORE
THE BETTER". DEXTER COMES UP
TO HIM WAGGING HER TAIL
LOOKING PLEASED WITH HERSELF.

INT. NEWMAN'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

MIKE DROPS DOWN ONTO THE COUCH
WITH A BOWL OF CORN FLAKES;
DEXTER SLUGGISHLY CLAMBERS UP
AND SITS NEXT TO HER MASTER.
THE CAT IS RUBBING AGAINST HIS
ANKLES MEOWING.

MIKE

Alright

MEOW!

MIKE

Alright!

HE WALKS INTO KITCHEN NEARLY
TRIPPING OVER THE CAT WHO RUNS
BETWEEN HIS LEGS, MIKE GETS
CAN FOOD TIN READING,

MIKE

How much do you want?

HE TIPS WHOLE TIN IN THE CATS
EYES LIGHT UP AND IT STARTS
TUCKING IN.

MIKE

(mumbling to
himself)

Bloody animals.

MIKE GOES BACK TO HIS
BREAKFAST WHICH IS NOW BEING
GREEDILY DEVoured BY DEXTER.

WIFE COMES DOWN IN A DRESSING
GOWN DRYING HER HAIR. MIKE
SCOOPS DEXTER UP AWAY FROM HIS
CORNFLAKES.

MIKE

What is wrong with these animals?

CAT IS BACK RUBBING AGAINST
HIS ANKLES MEOWING AGAIN

SARA

Their lonely, they need affection,
any developments?

MIKE UNFOLDS THE PAPER.

MIKE

Well apparently Blair is still
arguing with Brown

SARA

(snatching paper
out of his hand)

No I mean with Dexter.

MIKE

Don't be ridiculous. It's apparent I
can teach my children how to use the
lavatory but showing a dog to
relieve itself in a corner is quite
beyond me.

SARA

Erm Blair is still arguing with
Brown because this is YESTERDAY'S
paper.

MIKE LOOKS DOWN AT THE PAPER
SPREAD ON THE FLOOR AS DOG
DOES A WEE ON IT.

MIKE

Oh no.

SARA

So how is Dexter?

MIKE

I take it out for an hour over the common, sniffing here and there - but any sign of anything constructive? No. I bring it home, go in the kitchen and come out to find it's weed all over George Bush's face.

SARA

Oh well. You can't criticise her taste.

THE DOG WAGS HER TAIL HAPPILY.

DEXTER (V.O.)

I'd better go now, or I'll get stuck on a walk again. Why do they keep me out for hours when I'm dying for a wee?

SARA

Mike I am worried about Lance, he is not like other boys his age.

MIKE

Is this about the Penthouse under our bed?

SARA

I threw that away Mike.

MIKE

Wha.... Oh yes good thinking. (Shakes his head) Dirty boy.

SARA

I am on about that game console. He is on it every waking minute. Do you know he would not go out with his friends yesterday when they called.

MIKE

Its normal for boys theses days.
(Coughs) The mag & the console.

SARA

Look Mike forget your magazine okay.
I want you to go and have a chat with your son. Talk to him.

MIKE

About the-

SARA

THE GAME CONSOLE!!

MIKE

I will do it tomorrow.

SARA FOLDS HER ARMS AND STARES AT HIM.

MIKE HUFFS, GETS UP & SWIGS THE REST OF HIS COFFEE DOWN. TAKING THE PAPER WITH HIM

INT. LANCE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

LANCE DOESN'T EVEN LOOK UP
WHEN HIS DAD ENTERS. MIKE
DROPS DOWN ON A CHAIR AND
CRACKS OPEN THE PAPER.

MIKE

Your mothers giving me a hard time
about you playing on that, so we've
got twenty minutes til she checks up
on us, so as long as you're not on
it when she comes in we'll be home
free.

LANCE GRUNTS

EXT - COMPUTER GAME CITYSCAPE - DAY

A LARGE MONSTER STANDS AMONGST
A FIELD OF LARGE BUILDINGS THE
MONSTER GROWLS UNREALISTICALLY

MONSTER

Grrr Arrrg

IT LEAPS UP VERTICALLY AND
STARTS SQUASHING BUILDING

MONSTER

Arrg

A LITTLE FANFARE PLAYS AS A
MAN WALKS ONTO THE SCREEN,
TWISTING A BUTTON ON HIS
UTILITY BELT HE GROWS TO THE
SIZE OF THE CREATURE

ANNOUNCER

FIGHT!

INT. LANCE'S BEDROOM - DAY

MIKE

What are you, playing?

LANCE KICKS THE BOX TO HIM,
EYES GLUED TO THE SCREEN. HE
STICKS HIS TONGUE OUT TO
ASSIST HIS CONCENTRATION.

MIKE

Ultimate Showdown: Mega-Monster
Brawl, Control your own monster and
battle other titans through a
variety of cities to be crowned
Ultimate Monster. Oh look at that
you can throw cars at each other,
and eat civilians. This looks pretty
cool. Budge up.

LANCE

When I lose all my lives.

MIKE SITS PATIENTLY FOR 20
SECONDS, THEN STARTS TO GET
ITCHY. HE WAITS ANOTHER 20
SECONDS. HIS LEG IS SHAKING,
HE STARTS CRACKING HIS
KNUCKLES.

MIKE

(Impatiently) Come on let your old
dad have a go.

LANCE

In a minute.

MIKE CAN'T STAND THE WAIT
ANYMORE.

MIKE

We're putting you up for adoption.

LANCE

WHAT??

THE CONTROLLER FALLS FROM
LANCE'S HAND. MIKE RUSHES TO
SCOOP IT UP.

MIKE

Just kidding, your mother loves you
very much.

LANCE

Daaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaad

MIKE

I won't be a minute.

EARLY MORNING - LOVELY RED SUNRISE.

ROADBLOCK ON THE EDGE OF TOWN
CONSISTING OF MOVEABLE BARBED
WIRE ROLLS (?) SIX HEAVILY
ARMED AND ARMOURED GUNMEN
AROUND A TANK WHOSE BARREL IS
FACINGCENTRALLY DOWN THE ROAD.
A 4 X 4 PULLS UP WITH SMMOTH
TYPE DAD AND 4 KIDS AND WIFE
LOOKING OUT OF THE CAR WINDOWS
AS THEY SLOWLY PULL UP.

ONE HEAVY POLICEMAN/GUNMEN
GOES TO DRIVERS WINDOW.

POLICEMAN 1

Good morning sir. And where we off
to at this time of day?

DRIVER (NERVOUSLY)

Good morning officer.

WIFE

Just tell him we're on our way home.

DRIVER

Er - yes - we're er on our way home.

POLICEMAN 1

Why do you want to go home?

DRIVER

Well our holiday's finished and we
want to set out early to avoid the
traffic.

POLICEMAN 1

Didn't you like it here?

DRIVER

Yes - we had a lovely holiday. But
now we want to go home.

POLICEMAN 1

Want?

WIFE

Don't be a wimp. Tell him we need to go home.

POLICEMAN ALL COCK THEIR RIFLES AND POINT THEM TOWARDS THE CAR.

POLICEMAN 1

I'm sorry! You can't leave today - there's a er (PAUSE)

ANOTHER POLICEMAN (2) WHISPERS IN HIS EAR. HE CONTINUES

POLICEMAN

We've heard reports of a dangerous dog on the loose.

AT THAT MOMENT A YORKIE WITH A BOW IN IT'S HAIR TROTS ACROSS THE ROAD. ONE OF THE ARMED POLICEMEN TAKES AIM AND BLOWS IT TO PIECES. FAMILY IN THE CAR ALL GASP WITH SHOCK.

A PAUSE -

DRIVER (NERVOUSLY AGAIN)

Right - well I think you've found him.

WIFE

Yes - now if you don't mind we'll be on our way.

POLICEMAN 1

Not so fast. There's also - um
(POLICEMAN (2)
WHISPERS IN HIS
EAR AGAIN)

You've got a faulty tail light.

THERE IS A SHOT AS ONE OF THE
POLICEMEN SHOOTS OUT THE TAIL
LIGHT TAKING HALF OF THE WING
WITH IT.

DRIVER (IRATELY)

You just shot at my car.

POLICEMAN 1

No no no. That was a - er - a lose
stone must have bounced up when you
were speeding up to the road block.

WIFE GETS OUT OF THE CAR
ANGRILY AND SHOUTS AT HER
HUSBAND.

HUSBAND

Wait a second I wasn't speeding

WIFE

Are you gonna let them get away with
that?

HUSBAND LOOKS OPEN-MOUTHED
SPEECHLESS.

WIFE

Now you listen to me we are leaving
what your doing is completely
unacceptable you can't keep us here
against our will!

EXT. TOWN - DAY

THE FAMILY'S DAMAGED CAR WITH
THE FAMILY LOCKED IN IS BEING
TOWED INTO TOWN BY A TRACTOR.
THERE ARE SEVERAL ARMED POLICE
SITTING ON IT "SHOT-GUN"
STYLE. IT PASSES THE NOW-
COMPLETED DOME AND WE SEE
LOCAL CHAV-TYPES INSIDE WITH
THEIR NOSES AGAINST THE GLASS.
IT DRIVES ON THROUGH THE TOWN
WHICH IS NOW DESERTED APART
FROM A FEW PATROLLING
POLICEMEN WITH BADGES 'HERE TO
HELP'.

THEY PULL UP OUTSIDE A HOTEL
WHERE ROGER IS WAITING FOR
THEM. THE CAR STOPS AND THE
FAMILY GET OUT. HE GOES UP TO
THE FATHER.

ROGER

The Mayor would like to see you

INT. LANCE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MIKE ON THE FLOOR IN LANCES
ROOM, PLAYING THE GAME
CONSOLE. HIS HAIR IS ON END,
EYES ARE BULGING.

GAME

Player two WINS!!

MICHAEL

Oh what!! No way atomic breath is
that strong, rematch.

LANCE ENTERS WADING THROUGH
BEER CANS HE SWITCHES THE
CONSOLE OFF AT THE MAINS.

MIKE

(Mouth agape, eyes bloodshot) WHY!
WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT

LANCE

It's bed time.

MIKE

Oh! Right, well your mother thinks
you are obsessed with this thing. So
from now on it stays in the living
room where I can keep an eye it.

LANCE

No fair!

MIKE

Your Mother is a ruthless task
master boy, but the rewards for a
job well done are worth listening to
you whinge for a week. So unlucky.

MIKE HUGS THE CONSOLE TIGHT TO
HIS CHEST LIKE A BABY AND
CARRIES IT TENDERLY OUT OF THE
ROOM.

NEXT SCENE.....

MIKE, SARA & HANNAH ARE SITTING IN THE KITCHEN HAVING BREAKFAST. THE SOUND OF LANCE PLAYING HIS GAME STATION IS IN THE BACKGROUND. EVERY NOW AND AGAIN YOU HEAR A WHOOP OR A OH NO! FROM LANCE.

SARA

(Hands on hips) We are going to the beach BBQ today? I told everyone we are going.

MIKE

(Big sigh) I hate the Beach, sand gets everywhere. Parents let their kids run around naked. no shame, it's nice for the kid not being bound with the nappy or whatever and it's nice for the parents who only have to dip the kid in a bucket of water to get them clean but when the little Gremlin decides to come ransack my camp what am I supposed to do? Can't give him the don't you dare look cause that would involve looking at him and if you see a naked child your instantly a paedophile. You can't pick them up and throw them into the sea because the parents will think your trying to feel the kid up.

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

So you sit the letting the bare
arsed horror maul yours biscuit and
jump on your sandwiches with its
sand and urine covered talons until
the kid has had enough of smearing
it's self over every piece of food
you possess and takes off at full
waddling speed to next camp.

SARA

What has happened to you Mike. You
use to love the beach. Remember the
night Hannah was conceived..

HANNAH

(Fingers in ears) Muuuuuuum!

SARA

Come on Mike sweetie.

MIKE

I like socks and shoes not those fat
flops. (Scratches his head in
impatience) Should I go keep an eye
on Lance?

SARA

Leave his game station alone Mike.
Your obsessed with it.

HANNAH.

I want to go to the beach with my
friends I will meet you there.

SARA

Ok Honey

MIKE

Are these friends boys.

HANNAH

(Rolls her eyes) Dad!

MIKE

No Sara she goes with you.

SARA

You mean us Mike.

MIKE

Well I was thinking I could stay here with Lance & do some father son stuff-

SARA

On that game console.

HANNAH

(Humpy) Its not fair Mum. I want to go with my friends. You said I could.

LANCE SHOUTS FROM THE LIVING ROOM.

LANCE (O.O.V.)

I am on level 7 na na nana na.

MIKE GETS UP AND WALKS TO THE DOOR.

SARA

(Frowning)Erm Mike.Where do you thing you are going. We haven't finished talking this through yet.

MIKE STOPS WITH HIS HAND ON
THE DOOR.

MIKE

Lance just called me.

SARA

No he did not.

MIKE.

(Shouts) Yes I am coming Lance.

LANCE (O.O.V.)

Nooooooooo!

HANNAH

Mmmmmmmmm I want to go with my
friends.

SARA

I tell you what Mike. You can go and
play with the game station if you
agree to come to the BBQ & let
Hannah go with her friends.

MIKE

But-

LANCE (O.O.V.)

Level 8. Wahoooooooo.

MIKE

Dammit he's going to get the robot
upgrades before I've even got
regenerating limbs.

MIKE'S HANDS SHAKE ON THE
DOOR KNOB, SWEAT DRIPS FROM
HIS BROW.

MIKE

Ohhh! Ok then.

MIKE RUNS OFF, HANNAH SMILES
VICTORIOUSLY AND SARA BREATHES
A SIGH OF RELIEF.

LANCE (O.O.V)

Oh Dad! Give back my controls.

Mummmmm!

INT. THE MAYOR OFFICE - DAY

THE TOURIST FAMILY ARE STANDING IN
FRONT OF THE MAYORS DESK.

MAYOR

I'm very sorry sir, madam for this
rather - unsavory incident. But rest
assured the officer will be severely
disciplined.

TOURIST HUSBAND

Well he was only doing his job there
really is no need to fire the man it
was just a mis- understanding.

MAYOR

Mr Smith, do not try and make me
laugh my facial muscles are not
capable of such a feat. The officer
will be punished for soiling your
holiday.

OFFICER JENKINS ENTERS
HANDCUFFED. HIS WIFE AND TWO
FIVE YEAR OLD DAUGHTERS ARE
WALKED IN ALSO, ONE OF HIS
DAUGHTERS RUNS OUT TO HIM.

JENKINS DAUGHTER

Daddy-

SHE IS PUSHED BACK BY A
COUNCIL WORKER HER MOTHER HUGS
HER IN TIGHT.

TOURIST HUSBAND

Look, there really is no need to go
to all this just on our account.

OFFICER JENKINS STANDS IN
FRONT OF THE MAYOR AND THE
TOURISTS.

THE MAYOR NODS TO A WORKER.
JENKINS IS PUSHED INTO A PIT
IN THE FLOOR.

JENKINS WIFE

I love you

OFFICER JENKINS

I know.

SMOKE BILLOWS FROM BELOW AND
JENKINS IS ENGULFED. THE
TOURIST'S WIFE TURNS AWAY
PUTTING HER HEAD IN HER
HUSBANDS CHEST.

MAYOR

I hope you will stay for Officer
Jenkins wake in a few days

THE TWO TOURIST SHOCKED. THE
OFFICERS FAMILY STARE ARE
USHERED OUT OF THE OFFICE.

HUSBAND

...ummm yeah sure

MAYOR

Excellent! Now if you wouldn't mind
I have paper work to attend

EVERYONE IS SHOWN OUT. EXCEPT
ROGER AND THE MAYOR.

MAYOR

Roger contact Ms.Beech she should be
expecting guests...And thaw out
Jenkins I don't pay him to sleep on
the job with that beach barbecue
coming up the locals need to be kept
in check.

EXT. THE BEACHED WHALE HOTEL - DAY

THE TOURIST FAMILY PULL UP OUTSIDE THEIR HOTEL. BLOCKING AN ANOTHER CAR. TOURIST WIFE RUNS INTO THE HOTEL CLEARLY DISTRAUGHT. TOURIST HUSBAND CHASES AFTER HER.

THE OWNER OF THE BLOCKED CAR PASSES THEM ON HIS WAY OUT.

BLOCKED CAR OWNER

Oh no way! What are you doing! You can't Park there!!

A BLACKED OUT VAN SCREECHES UP BEHIND THE BLOCKED CAR OWNER.

BLOCKED CAR OWNER

No, I wasn't leaving, anyway please!
it's not even my car honest-.

THE BLOCKED CAR OWNER IS THROWN INTO THE VAN. THE AGENTS PICK UP THE BLOCKED CAR AND THROW IT OFF A CLIFF THEY PICK THE TOURIST CAR UP AND PUT IT INTO THE SPACE. THE BLACKED OUT VAN SCREECHES AWAY.

THE NEWMAN'S CAR PASSES IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

**EXT. THE BEACH - QUIET PART -
EVENING.**

THE FAMILY GET OUT OF THE CAR.

MIKE

Oh No! Sara the boy has had an accident. Points to the wet mark on his shorts. Why didn't you ask me to stop. (Shakes his head)

LANCE

Dexter did that.

SARA

(Sigh) I took the dog for a wee before we left. Bad Dexter.

DEXTER BLINKS UP AT SARA.

LANCE

Its just doggie dribble.

MIKE

Ewww! Lance take the dog over there for a toilet before we go to the beach. Here is a doggie bag.

LANCE

(Shocked) I am not picking up dog pooh. Urghhhhh!

SARA

Oh Mike you do it while Lance & I find a nice spot on the beach.

MIKE GRABS THE LEAD FROM LANCE AND STARTS POWER WALKING TOWARDS THE PARK , MUTTERING UNDER HIS BREATH. LITTLE DEXTER IS RUNNING BESIDE HIM TO KEEP UP.

EXT. THE BEACH - DAY

ONCE INSIDE THE PARK HE LETS
DEXTER OFF THE LEAD. DEXTER
STARTS RUNNING & BARKING WITH
EXCITEMENT.

MIKE STANDS ARMS FOLDED FOOT
TAPPING IN IMPATIENCE.
SUDDENLY A POODLE APPEARS IN
THE DISTANCE WEARING A PINK
BOW. DEXTER SPOTS HER AND IS
OFF.

MIKE

DEXTER! Get back here now.

POODLE OWNER

Oooh Sophia stay away from that
mutt.

MIKE RUNS AS FAST AS HE CAN
TOWARDS DEXTER WHO IS NOW
MOUNTING THE POODLE. THE
POODLES OWNER , WHO LOOKS LIKE
A HUMAN POODLE ,IS SCREAMING &
TRYING TO PULL DEXTER OFF.

POODLE OWNER

That mutt is raping my Sophia.

THEY BOTH LOOK AT SOPHIA WHO
HAS A LARGE GRIN ON HER FACE

MIKE

Look Dexter get off.

POODLE OWNER

Oh please get that vile manky mutt
out of my poor Sophia.

MIKE & THE POODLE OWNER HAVE
NO CHOICE BUT TO WAIT UNTIL
DEXTER HAS FINISHED.

MIKE

Lovely day.

POODLES OWNER IS STILL
HOWLING IN OUTRAGE.

MIKE TRIES TO COMFORT THE
POODLES OWNER BY PUTTING HIS
ARM ROUND HER. POODLES OWNER
PULL OUT A CANISTER OF MACE
AND SPRAYS HIM IN THE FACE.

CUT TO THE BEACH.

SARA IS IN HER BIKINI LYING ON
A SUNBED TALKING TO A VERY
HANDSOME MAN. LANCE IS ON A
DECK CHAIR LOOKING BORED.

SARA

Hi hon. this is Adam. He is a friend
of Sue & Neils.

MIKE

(nonchalant) Yeah, great how you
doin'?

(back to Sara Sara put a samjong on.

SARA

(Frowning) A what

MIKE

One of those wrap around things.

ADAM

(Laughs and elbows Sara) He means a
Sarong.

ADAM SMILES A PURE WHITE SMILE
AND A TING APPEARS ON HIS TOP
TOOTH.

SARA

(laughs) It's too hot. Anyway I want
a tan.

MIKE PULLS HIS DECK CHAIR IN
BETWEEN ADAM & SARA.

MIKE

(lies) Oh look I think somebody over
there playing football is calling
for you Adam.

ADAM

Oh right well, I will be off catch you later.

HE PICKS UP SARA'S HAND & KISSES IT. ADAM EXITS.

MIKE

Smug Bastard.

A LARGE ANTEATER ARRIVES AT HIS PERFECT SPOT ON THE BEACH, HE FLICKS HIS TOWEL OUT AND LAYS DOWN PULLING SUNGLASSES FROM HIS FUR POCKET.

SARA

I think he is lovely --

MIKE

You would, I could look like that if I was unemployed and spent all my time down the gym popping steroids.

SARA

Don't be so green darling, he's a nice boy, polite charming and takes care what's wrong with that?

THE ANT EATER OPENS HIS PICNIC BASKET AND INSIDE IS A JAR OF ANTS.

MIKE

All of the above, you don't see me parading around the beach with no top on do you? I've got the good grace to keep the fact I look like pregnant Gorilla under my shirt. Not like him and his kind.

SARA

His kind?

MIKE

Sand People, they live under the beaches when it's warm enough they rise up from beneath the sand and parade around flaunting their bare chests, playing loud music and obnoxious games that require a good portion of the beach. They try and lay their eggs in as many females as they can find with their promises of carefree life style, I've seen it all before.

AS THE SMELLS THE JAR A
FOOTBALL HITS THE JAR
SHATTERING IT. THE ANT EATER
FRANTICALLY STARTS SUCKING UP
THE ANTS ON THE SAND BEFORE
CHOKING ON THE SAND.

MIKE OPEN THE COOL BOX AND
TAKE A BEER. SARA PEERS IN AND
THE WHOLE COOL BOX IS FILLED
WITH CANS OF BEER.

SARA

I take it I am driving back Mike.

MIKE

Would you awww thanks love.

Mike Kisses her cheek.

SARA

Isn't this nice the three of us
together?

SILENCE.

SARA

LANCE LOOKS LIKE HE'S ENJOYING
HIMSELF.

LANCE IS SAT WITH HIS CHIN ON
HIS HANDS STARING BLANKLY.

MIKE

HE LOOKS GOURMLESS. HEY BULB HEAD
CATCH.

MIKE TOSSES A SPADE O LANCE WHICH
HITS HIM ON THE HEAD, LANCE IS
UNPHASED.

EXT. BEACH/FANTASY -DAY

THE BEACH LOOKS LIKE THE BEGINNING OF
SAVING PRIVATE RYAN. EXPLOSIONS GUN
FIRE SEARCH LIGHTS PIERCE THE SKY. A
SOLDIER RUNS UP TO LANCE.

SOLDIER 1

Sir the beach has been compromised! we've lost the
forward batteries and the outer defences have
been breached what do we do?

LANCE REVEALS THE SPADE.

LANCE

We dig!

EXT. THE BEACH BBQ - EVENING

A BIG HAPPY, JAMAICAN WITH LONG DREADLOCKS IS SMILING AND CHILLING TO THE MUSIC AS HE TENDS THE BARBECUE.

PEOPLE OF ALL AGES ARE DANCING AND DRINKING.

INHIBITION HAS BEEN LOST AND THERE`S A LOT FLESH ON DISPLAY, BUT NO ONE`S BOTHERED.

ON THE EDGE OF THE PARTY HANNAH IN A BIKINI TOP AND VERY SHORT SHORTS, CHATS TO HER FRIENDS JUNIOR (16) AND RILEY (16). ELISE STANDS BY HERSELF, INHABITING HER SPACE.

JUNIOR

Ain`t Elise hot in all them Goth-layers?

HANNAH

They`re stitched to her soul you numb-nut!

RILEY LOOKS LONGINGLY AT ELISE.

RILEY

I wonder if she`d let me see the join?

RILEY WANDERS OVER TO ELISE. JUNIOR SMILES AT HANNAH. HIS WHITE TEETH SHINE. HANNAH`S KNEES GIVE WAY A LITTLE, SHE GRABS JUNIOR FOR SUPPORT.

JUNIOR

Hey Hannah, you should relax and chill out. Just feel it!

JUNIOR GRABS HANNAH AROUND THE WAIST.

FROM OVER THE TOP OF THE SAND DUNE WE CAN SEE MIKE'S HEAD POP UP, HE STARTS TO RUN OVER BEFORE SINKING INTO THE SAND. HE TRIES TO MOVE BUT THAT MAKES HIM SINK QUICKER.

MIKE IS WAVING HIS ARMS ABOUT. HE SPELLS IT OUT H-E-L-P WITH HIS FINGERS.

Hannah

Junior!

Hannah and Junior start to dance together.

DEXTER ENTERS AND LOOKS AT MIKE. MIKE FRANTICALLY TELLS DEXTER TO GET HELP BUT DEXTER STARTS CHASING HIS TAIL & BARKING. MIKE SHAKES HIS HEAD IN DESPAIR.

JUNIOR

You`re seriously bad Hannah!

SARA AND LANCE RUN OVER TO MIKE. THEY SEE HIM SUBMERGED TO HIS CHEST. SARA BUSTS OUT LAUGHING. ADAM COMES OVER AND STARTS LAUGHING HE BECKONS FOR MORE OF HIS "SAND PEOPLE" FRIENDS. A LARGE GROUP HAS APPEARED AROUND MIKE. MIKE DOESN'T LOOK HAPPY.

HANNAH

I should never have drunk that cider!

EXT. THE BEACH BBQ - MOMENTS LATER

MOST PEOPLE ARE SINGING.

THE MUSIC HAS BEEN RACKED UP.

THE JAMAICAN LEAVES HIS POST
TO START A CONGA AROUND THE
BEACH.

ELISE JOINS IN, FOLLOWED BY
HANNAH AND JUNIOR.

WHEN THE CONGA BREAKS UP,
EVERYONE DANCES.

HANNAH AND JUNIOR DANCE CLOSE
TOGETHER.

SARA, MIKE AND LANCE ARRIVE.
SARA PUTS THE BAGS DOWN AND
ARRANGES SOME TOWELS ON THE
SAND.

SARA

(Through laughter)

I am sorry Mike sweetie. I thought
you were waving at me. I had no idea
you were dying.

MIKE

Yeah, yeah very funny. I lost a shoe
now I'm going to be cleaning sand
from it for weeks. Who the hell`s
with Hannah?

LANCE

That`s Junior!

MIKE

Junior who?

LANCE

Just Junior.

SARA

It`s his name Mike. He`s a lovely lad, I know his mum.

MIKE

Oh great! Let`s all relax because you know Senior`s mum.

SARA

Calm down and it`s Junior.

MIKE

He's a poser look at him, tight t-shirt gelled hair. Bet he carries pictures of himself around in his wallet.

Sara

You wear tight tshirts and hair gel!

Mike

I wear tight tshirts because I'm fat and there is no way I'm shopping anywhere with extra large door width capacity.

MIKE MAKES IT OBVIOUS HE`S
HEADING FOR HANNAH AND JUNIOR.

Sara and Lance watch as a dad dancing Mike, clearing the sand around him, twists up to Hannah and Junior.

MIKE

Hi Hannah!

HANNAH

Go away Dad.

MIKE

Just wanted to say hello.

HANNAH

Well you just have, now do one.

Junior stops dancing. He offers his hand to Mike. Mike`s jaw drops open. He shakes Junior`s hand. Hannah pushes Mike`s jaw closed.

MIKE

Manners too eh?

JUNIOR

Pleased to meet you Mr Newman.
Hannah`s told me a lot about you.

MIKE

I bet she has. She didn`t tell you about the time I-

HANNAH

...Over my dead body!

MIKE

It`d be worth it. It`s a great story.

MIKE SLAPS JUNIOR ON THE BACK.

MIKE

Nice one lad! Just don`t go practising on my Hannah!

MIKE WALKS OFF.

HANNAH (SCREAMS)

He just had to do that! Why can't he be like other dads? Why can't he just be normal!

JUNIOR STARTS LAUGHING.

MIKE WALKS BACK TO THE CAMP
SARA HAS SET UP.

SARA

Just the one scream dear?

MIKE

I don't like him. When we shook hands He crushed my hand like a vice what kind of man does that? He's going to be physically abusive when he's older I can guarantee.

THE PARTY IS STILL IN FULL
SWING.

LANCE AND ELISE SIT ON THE
SAND TALKING TO THE ANTEATER.

A VERY DRUNK MIKE, DAD DANCES
RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE ON HIS
OWN.

SARA DANCES WITH A GROUP OF
FRIENDS AND HANNAH HAS WRAPPED
HERSELF AROUND JUNIOR.

EXT. THE BEACH IN THE WEEDS - NIGHT

IN THE BEACH WEED CAMOUFLAGED
SAS-TYPES WATCH THE LOCALS
ENJOY THEM SELVES.

SAS-TYPE

Sir! Have you seen the Noise-o-meter

SAS-TYPE LEADER TAKES THE
NOISE METER FROM SAS-TYPE AND
LOOKS AT THE DISPLAY.

IT'S VERY SIMPLISTIC. ONE
SECTION IS GREEN WITH "TOURIST
FRIENDLY" AND A MASSIVE RED
SECTION TAKING PERCENTAGE OF
THE DISPLAY WITH "OFFENSIVE"
THE NEEDLE IS IN THE GREEN
NEARLY IN THE RED.

THE LEVEL JUMPS TO IN-BETWEEN
THE TWO COLOURS.

SAS-TYPE LEADER

Let's Roll!

**SCENE BEACH BARBECUE. LOTS OF PEOPLE
DANCING, MUSIC, FOOD & DRINK.**

EVERYONE IS HAVING FUN UNTIL
FLOOD LIGHT BURST TO LIFE,
TANKS, MEN ETC.

DECK CHAIRS GO FLYING AND
PEOPLE PANIC.

SAS TYPE LEADER

Stop this immediately. This is an
illegal Rave!

MAN 1

You mean - this is an illegal RAVE!

SAS TYPE LEADER

Ah - so you're admitting it! Would
you please show us your papers?

MAN 1

Papers? This is a free country! It's
not a Police State!.

MAN 2

Here Officer. Here's my (SNIGGERING)
Daily Mirror!

HE IS IMMEDIATELY SHOT BY THE
SAS TYPE LEADER.

SAS TYPE LEADER

Now then. Are you locals or
tourists?

MAN 1

Why we're locals of course.

SAS TYPE LEADER

Locals are not allowed on the beach.
The beach is for the tourists!

MAN 1

Hang on a minute. We pay our council tax - we've a right to use the beach.

SAS TYPE LEADER

You have NO rights. If it wasn't for the tourists your council tax would be at least double what you snivelling oiks pay. Do you think you're an asset to the town? Mm? Mm?

POLICE COCK THEIR GUNS. PEOPLE START TO GROUP TOGETHER IN FEAR.

SAS TYPE LEADER

Now then. I'd like you to put your hands on your heads, form an orderly single file and follow my men off the beach

IMMEDIATELY. SOME BEND DOWN TO PICK UP THEIR BELONGINGS.

SAS TYPE LEADER

Leave everything there. It will all be used as evidence against you.

MAN 1

Evidence? But why?

SAS TYPE LEADER

Because you pollute this town. It is because of people like YOU that we cannot attract a better class of tourist. I have no other alternative.

WOMAN 1

What are you going to do with us?
Where are you going to send us?

SAS TYPE LEADER

To the DOME!!!!!!!

SCREAMS AND PANICS

WOMAN

Not the dome!

**INT. THE MAYORS OFFICE - THE NEXT
WEEK**

THE MAYOR IS STANDING WITH HIS
HENCHMEN. HE HEARS INCESSANT
NOISE AND GOES TO THE BALCONY.

THERE ARE CHILDREN RUNNING
RIOT, GRAFFITTI EVERYWHERE, A
COUPLE OF DRUNKS ARE COLLAPSED
ON SOME STEPS - ONE TURNS AND
PROJECTS A A HUGE VOLUME OF
VOMIT IN THE GUTTER.

AS THE MAYOR LOOKS AROUND HE
SEES HIS STATUE HAS BEEN
BROKEN AT THE KNEES AND LAYING
ON THE GROUND.

MAYOR

What is the meaning of this? I told
you to incarcerate the local rabble.

ROGER

We did sir - they're all in the
Dome.

MAYOR

Well clearly they're not!

ROGER

The hotel staff are-

MAYOR

So put them in the Dome too!

ROGER

But sir - these are the tourists.

MAYOR

The tourists? They can't be!

ROGER

But sir - it's true. The tourists
are worse than the locals.

MAYOR

I can't believe that - how can they
be worse?

ROGER

See for yourself sir.

THEY GO TO A LARGE TV SCREEN
SHOWING CCTV PICTURES FROM
INSIDE THE DOME. WE SEE THE
LOCALS SITTING AROUND DRINKING
TEA FROM CHINA CUPS VERY
CIVILISED.

MAYOR

And these are the tourists?

GREAT SCENES OF VANDALISM -
NOISY KIDS RUNNING AROUND.

MAYOR

No no no! This is all wrong! This is
not how I saw it at all.

MAYOR STUNNED LOOKS
DISBELIEVINGLY AT THE SCENE
BELOW.

ROGER

There is a solution sir.

MAYOR

I'm listening!

NEXT SCENE OUTSIDE IN THE STREETS

THE SAS-TYPES RUN FROM HOUSE
TO HOUSE ROUNDING ALL THE
SCARED TOURISTS OUT INTO THE
STREETS. THEY ARE HERDED ONTO
FARM TRUCKS AND DRIVEN AWAY.

AS THEY DRIVE ALONG THEY PASS
A STEADY STREAM OF LOCALS
GOING THE OTHER WAY ON FOOT
BACK TOWARDS THE TOWN. MIKE,
SARAH ETC LOOK AT EACH OTHER

AND TOWARDS THE CATTLE TRUCKS.
THE TRUCKS GO OFF INTO THE
DISTANCE OVER THE HILL TOWARDS
THE DOME.

WE SEE THE EMPTY TRUCKS COMING
BACK AND SUDDENLY THERE IS A
TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION FROM THE
DOME, FLAMES AND A PILLAR OF
SMOKE GO UP TOWARDS THE
CLOUDS.

PAN BACK TO THE MAYOR AND
ROGER ON THE BALCONY.

MAYOR

I don't know why I ever let you talk
me into that. Another one of your
hare-brained schemes that you hadn't
thought through properly. Tourists!
Huh - who needs them? Get out there
and get those fat lazy slugs back to
work, and raise the taxes somebody
is going to have to pay to get this
mess cleared up and I be damned if
it's us.

END OF EPISODE.