

The Body of AN Adman

Episode 1: Three Gone, In One Day

By
Nick Dockerty
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CAST OF EPISODE 1

Anthony: Middle thirties. English. Uncomfortably skinny.
Commercial Director of Top Gun Communications.

Marcus: Early twenties. Scottish. Tall. Too cool for
school. Skinny yet with slight paunch. Director and Joint
Owner of Top Gun Communications.

Che: Thirty. British Chinese. Coder.

Volkan: Late twenties. British Turkish. Freelance Designer.

Nicole: Mid twenties. Australian. Receptionist.

Graham: Unquantifiable age. English. Bicycle courier.

Jo: Middle thirties. English. PR Account Director. Tony's
wife.

Anne: About 50. English. School teacher. Albert Harder's
sister.

1. EXT. CAR PARK

The camera is smoking in a car park. Various people walk past, say hello and wander up the steps through the plate glass reception window. We look up for a moment, at the signage that says: TOP GUN COMMUNICATIONS.

V.O.

Here's one or two things i've learned over the years...

A bicycle courier zips by and almost takes the camera out. A v-sign is raised and is duly reciprocated by the burly looking cyclist.

V.O. (CONT'D)

Here's one or two things i've

MALE VOICE

Hey Tone have you got a light mate?

TONE

oh... hmmm yep. How you doing Che? What did you get up to over the weekend?

CHE

Am ok. Not much really. Stayed in. Watched DVDS. Usual. You know.

TONE

Great - anything good?

CHE

Thanks mate - see you in there yeah?

TONE

No worries.

V.O.

Here's one or two. Oh

The cigarette is thrown to the floor and a large skate trainer extends and stamps it out.

TONE

Oh bollocks to this.

2. INT. TGC. RECEPTION

Glamorous woman on the phone behind a small reception desk. Cleavage can clearly be seen underneath what looks like a Airline stewardesses uniform.

TONE

Morning Nicole. Any new calls? Any new, er business?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICOLE

G'day you!? No nothing but it's early!
So early today, went for a run, saw
the sunrise, beautiful sunrise!?
Before a smoothie you know. Then had a
huge breakfast!?

TONE

I don't do breakfast. You know that.

NICOLE

What, oh you should i love it, best
meal of the day!?

TONE

Dinner?

NICOLE

Huh!?

TONE

Oh, sure. Anyway if anything comes in
please remember put if through to me
first, not Marcus - even if i'm out.

NICOLE

Sure babe!?

TONE

Put it through to me first - NOT
MARCUS!

NICOLE

(looks quizzical)
Sure babe!?

TONE

ME FIRST NOT MARCUS!

NICOLE

Tony i got you the first time babe!?

TONY

Oh. Of course. Well, good. Carry-
on Nicole.

Tony walks through some glass doors into the small but open
plan office. Ostentatious palm trees and pink flamingoes
abound. A replica F-14 Tomcat fighter hangs impressively,
ready to attack, from the ceiling. We make our way past, a
few rows of errant chairs of what is largely a deserted
office - save Che, who is busy putting headphones on.

And then we here a growl. And we turn around.

TONE

Oh. Shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A huge Alsatian nuzzling the door open. It gets through and immediately bounds toward us.

TONE (CONT'D)
Oh. Shit. Er, Che? Volks?

It's almost upon us. It is now.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

TONE (CONT'D)
No i'm fine Volkan really.

A guy in a ski jacket is helping Tony to his feet. The dog is now on Che's desk.

VOLKAN
Sorry Tone but you know i have to bring Mitsi in or he gets depressed staying at home.

TONE
It's cool really. Ha ha. How was your weekend Volks?

VOLKAN
Aw mate it was top. We went boarding in Battersea.

TONE
Oh really oh, there's the dry slope there...?

Mitsi has come back and Tony strokes him somewhat gingerly. He jumps up at Volkan and starts licking his mouth.

VOLKAN
Yeah mate totally... just awesome... you should come along one... look i'd better login... gotta finish those banners for Val.

TONE
Sure mate.

3. INT. TGC. TONY'S DESK/OFFICE

Tony logs on. Checking email. We see one titled: 'WE DON'T WANT YOU TO WORK WITH US ANYMORE!'

He sighs. He reaches for a folder handily titled 'NEW BUSINESS' opens it, and it is empty, save a green Real Wasabi™ nut which he picks out and eats. Hmm. Good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TONE

No. Bad. Bad. very, very. Bad. Shit.
oh my god last week what a nightmare!

Tony puts his head in his hands.

V.O.

Here's one or two things i've learned
over the last week or so...

4. INT. TGC. OUTSIDE MEETING ROOM

Two men and a woman dressed in ridiculous but differing
birdsuits leave a meeting room. Followed by a fuming middle
aged man in a suit and tie; he grabs one of them by a wing.

V.O.

Need to get a complex concept across?
Face to face is the only way...

MAN IN SUIT

Look guys i keep telling you we're the
world's 7th largest manufacturer of
wind turbines. Our customers are
businessmen, like me like you - oh
never mind. Look we're going to have
to take the account somewhere else -
it's just not working.

5. INT. TGC. DESK

A young man, say 23, is in a pristine white suit and is on
the phone. The F-14 hovers above him, ready to attack.

V.O.

Why call your client when you should
always know best and can clearly read
their minds anyway? Remember, in this
small old interconnected world all
external people are not always just a
call away.

YOUNG MAN IN WHITE SUIT

yes we did tell you about the
production constraints... but that
is the figure we agreed on... look
we're not bloody Bollywood you know -
grow up!... Look, i'm sorry i didn't
mean to... but you can't... just...
drop us...

(his jaw drops and he gets
visibly irate)

if that's how you feel then you can
take your sausages and and and tie
them round your ankles...

6. INT. TGC. TOILET

The same young man in the pristine white suite is on the toilet reading Heat. He receives a text message. His jaw drops. He begins to snigger which turns into a chuckle and then a huge, almost hysterical laugh.

V.O.

Work life balance is as important as regular bowel movements.

7. INT. TGC. OFFICE FLOOR

The same young man is running through the office, arms waving, white trousers slipping around his thighs.

YOUNG MAN IN WHITE SUIT

Tone, Tony, Tony, ANTHONY!

Tony appears, like magic, looking mildly startled.

YOUNG MAN IN WHITE SUIT (CONT'D)

Out AND Out BUTTER have just dropped us by text. OMFG. How hilarious!

TONE

er ha ha. Show me.

TONE (CONT'D)

Ha ha that is quite funny really. ha ha.

8. INT. TGC. TONY'S DESK/OFFICE

Tony's head is in his hands; he starts to rub his eyes vigorously.

V.O.

No it's not. It's not funny

VOICE

Tone! Tony!? Tony! Anthony!?

TONE

Morning Marcus. Good

MARCUS

Yes my darling. Although i haven't slept.

TONE

Great.

MARCUS

I know. Ended up in The Ghetto. Again. Urgh. But my time in the Gobi desert is well and truly over... for now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TONE

Another 16 year old?

MARCUS

No he was 41 actually Anthony. Loaded too this could be the one. Look you don't mind if i get my head down for a bit partner do you, partner?

TONE

No. sure. Yes that's cool.

Marcus puts his hat on and struts out.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

9. INT. PUB

Tony and Marcus are having what looks like a serious discussion. Cramped in the corner of an undistinguished pub/sports bar. Lots of men are standing around, pints in hand looking at a TV screen.

TONE

Look this is serious Marcus. What the hell are we going to do?

MARCUS

You mean who are we going to fire next? Look they're not just pieces of meat you know!

TONE

Yes. No

MARCUS

Lindsay.

TONE

But she's a rock.

MARCUS

No, she's a sl

MEN STANDING

Yess! Come on!

TONE

Jude?

MARCUS

No he's really talented.

TONE

Only if the rest of the world was

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEN STANDING
Noooooooooo. TWAT!

MARCUS
What about Mary?

TONE
No, there's something about

MARCUS
Yeah she's a

MEN STANDING
YEEEESSSSS!!!! Come on.

MARCUS
Look Tony I'm the Oxford grad. and my
father owns Top Gun Communications
don't you think I or he should have
the last say in all this?

TONE
Hmmm. Maybe.

The bicycle courier from earlier is making his way past the standing men toward the two. He raises his glass as he sees them both.

TONE (CONT'D)
Graham. How are you sir?

GRAHAM
Hi guys. How's business?

TONE
Shit. If you must know. We lost three
in one day.

GRAHAM
What people?

TONE
No clients.

GRAHAM
Oh right. Yes. You know, many years
ago I was in your business... My last
job was in fact as a client partner at
OoogliesOogle.

MARCUS
Sure. And now you're a man on a bike.

TONE
Oh right OoogliesOogle they were
amazing. For a while.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARCUS

Top Guns just like us?

GRAHAM

Yeah we were. But before that one i was with another one and we were the best. I mean THE BEST! And our Top Gun was Albert Harder - had balls of steel that guy.

MARCUS

Wings of steel?

GRAHAM

Yeah that's the guy. London's first real Adman. Back in the 80s Albert Harder or Hard, Hard & Harder ran at 10% net profit for 12 years.

TONE

Shit. Really?

GRAHAM

Yeah, really.

MARCUS

Jeez cool.

GRAHAM

Yeah, we were, kid. And you know?

MARCUS/TONE

No. What?

GRAHAM

He never answered a telephone in his career!

MARCUS

Jeez i didn't know email was around then?

(ignored)

TONE

So just, well how did he do it? What did you say 10% net growth on...

GRAHAM

Yeah we were, good. Well you, know simple really. Never had any planners or researchers. Used to ask blokes in the pub. Or if it was a woman's thing he used to ask one, of his three wives.

TONE

Wow three? Was he a polygamist?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GRAHAM

No. Anyway never had any, art directors or, account people.
(looks at Marcus)

TONE

So how did he and you do it?

GRAHAM

Just had about the best copywriters or was it designers, anyway best in the business that's all. Used to train them himself you know, well until they all left and they did all leave, eventually. At one point all the owners of the top six, agencies in London were ex-Hard, Hard & Harder.

TONE

So what happened then? Why aren't they, he, you still going?

GRAHAM

Things all went a bit pear-shaped after one massive session, of cost-cutting. The last recession, i think. He fired everyone except himself, and the receptionist. She was great.

MARCUS

Jeez, cool. My kinda guy.

GRAHAM

Things went from bad to worse and the company was bought out by your friends in the P.P.P. group.

TONE

So that's how P.P.P. did it. Jeez. that is. Balls.

GRAHAM

And you know, to get yourself out of this you should put yourself, you two, in his ssshoes.

MARCUS

Yeah empathise with the consumer.

GRAHAM

Yeah that's right, kid. And ask yourself what would he do?

TONE

What would he do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GRAHAM

Anyway guys, anyway guys I gotta get back on it. Before i fall over, you know?

TONE

Ok mate. But wait, Graham, is this guy er Harder still around?

GRAHAM

Well you know, bit weird but there were two rumours doing the old rounds back then. One has it he just left and went to live with his sister in Ludlow.

TONE

Shropshire?

GRAHAM

No just, Ludlow.

MARCUS

And the other?

GRAHAM

What?

MARCUS

Rumour? The other rumour?

GRAHAM

You're good, kid. Well the other shed he was banged up for tax fraud and then there was another shed he was in an insti - insti institution and then.

MARCUS/TONE

Oh.

Graham leaves. We will too but not before Tony and Marcus lock horns once again.

10. INT. TONY'S BEDROOM

A large king-size bed. We can easily make out two forms under the duvet. One is having a restless night. A skinny right leg keeps jerking out from under the duvet - left arm jerking upward. Tony then gets up and calmly trashes his bedside table. His wife, a mass of blonde hair, wakes and watches as Tony calmly gets back under the duvet.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

11. INT. TONY'S BRAIN

Tony is underwater, in what looks like a tunnel, a bit like an underground sewer. He's trying to swim toward us but is being pulled toward a huge black abyss. Jolly cartoon-like pink sperm swim past him though, and seem to relish swimming toward the abyss. He's getting closer. Closer. And closer. And

12. INT. TONY'S BEDROOM

TONY'S PARTNER
Tony! Tony! Tony!

TONE
Huh!?

TONY'S PARTNER
Anthony?

TONE
What?

TONY'S PARTNER
Tonee. Tonee. Tonee. when are we going to make our baby? Come on get up it's time!

TONE
Oh. Right. Hold on.

A mobile phone rings. It's Tony's mobile.

TONE (CONT'D)
Er. It's work. I need to get this.

He retrieves it from the debris of the bedside table and runs out of the bedroom. He enters the bathroom that is opposite and pulls the door shut.

TONE (CONT'D)
Marcus.

MARCUS
Anthony.

TONE
Oh. Are you still out?

MARCUS
Ha ha yes of course... it's not work yet you know. Anyway i did some digging, Brian has an iPhone thingy, and i might just have tracked this guy down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TONE

Who down? Who is Brian?

MARCUS

I'll put him on

TONE

No please don't

BRIAN

Hey Anthony! Brian told me all about you... wow you sound great - why aren't you here?

TONE

Er.

MARCUS

Isn't he great?

TONE

Sure.

MARCUS

Anyway as i was saying i googled our Mr Harder. And all i really got - other than porn - was this from a Ludlow Residents association website thing. A reply to a post on their forum. From one Anne Harder: "My brother used to work in advertising and he taught me a thing or two about getting your message across. Pop round - i live next to the Baptist Church - and i'll tell you how to..." This sounds soooo like him! Good aren't I?

TONE

Marcus - you're mad. Graham's nice but he's bonkers too. Mr. Mad meet Dr. Bonkers. And say hello. Hello you. Look MARCUS. We have work to do!

MARCUS

We don't have any work to do! The last of our clients left last week remember - and i'm sorry if i played a part in

TONE

No it's fine really you, we, are doing ok.

MARCUS

No i'm not! I'm making a mess for all of us. Us both just let me do this one thing for us. Come on I think this guy can help us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TONE

Look. Marcus it's fine - you're fine
you just need to. Look I'll see you in
the office we can talk about it

MARCUS

No it's not fine look it's only
Ludlow... i'll let you drive the TT.

TONE

Oh. Right. Oh. Maybe, i could do with
a... where is it?

MARCUS

Ludlow?

TONE

No the TT

MARCUS

It's at work of course! you didn't
think i'd...

TONE

Ok. see you at 10

MARCUS

It might be closer to 11 now - i think
he's getting frisky...

TONE

Oh. Right. 11 it is then.

MARCUS

Ta ta! Oh by the way i love it when
you get cross with

TONE

Bye.

TONY'S PARTNER

Tonee darling who was that?

Tony makes his way back out of the bathroom to the doorway
of the bedroom.

TONE

I said. It was. Work. Marcus.

TONY'S PARTNER

Oh right, how is everything at Top Gun
communications? Found your goose yet?

TONE

Er it's alright. Just won another
pitch actually. Out AND Out er Butter.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TONE (CONT'D)

Marcus took the lead on it and did.
Very well.

TONY'S PARTNER

Oh simply brilliant! I know Marcus is
a bit of a well you know... and he's a
bit of a loose... But, his Daddie's so
generous and this is still a great
opportunity for you - us.

TONE

Oh no. Actually. Marcus is really
doing brilliantly, he's so bright.
Focused.

TONY'S PARTNER

Well he did go to Oxford.

TONE

Oh he did. And it shows. It SHOWS.

TONY'S PARTNER

Oh you can always tell. Can't you?

TONE

You can. You can.

TONY'S PARTNER

Oh you can.

TONE

It does SHOW though. Everything he
does is like it's scripted.

TONY'S PARTNER

Oh it is. It is! Anyway, are you...

TONE

I'd better run we've got to brief the
account team and the creatives this
morning.

TONY'S PARTNER

Ok, ok. But Toney, can't you stay a
while?

TONE

Hm. Really Jo - i'd better go - these
are tough times. Got to stay ahead of
the game.

JO

Oh you do? You have to. We all have
to. It's a mess isn't it?

TONE

It. Is. Right I'd better be off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Tony leaves.

JO
You, should eat something...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

13. EXT. MOTORWAY

A pink Audi TT on the M40. Placebo: '36 Degrees.'

14. EXT. A ROAD

A pink Audi TT on the A456.

15. EXT. B ROAD

A pink Audi TT on the B4361. An abrupt halt at a traffic light: a herd of cows crossing the road.

16. INT. PINK AUDI TT

Tony is lightly tapping his fingers on the steering wheel. Marcus, a ball of limbs on the passenger seat unravels and begins to wake up.

MARCUS
Argggh Anthoneee! Strange monsters!

TONE
You should really cut down on that
shit you take.

MARCUS
No silly those things over there...

TONE
Cows Marcus. Just cows.

MARCUS
Oh good grief. Oooh Never had you down
as a man of the country. Proper little
hugh whittingley-toadstall. What, kind
of cows are they?

TONE
Absolutely no idea. Fresians probably.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCUS
Ooohh Fresians! And does Out AND Out
Butter come from them?

TONE
(sigh)
Yes.

MARCUS
Moooooooooooo.

TONE
Moo. Indeed.

MARCUS
I'm pooped I need to sleep.

Marcus takes his seatbelt off and curls up into the foetal position. The herd make it to the other side of the road. The pink TT cruises off to the sound of Berlins' 'Take my breath away'.

17. EXT. CHURCH CAR PARK

TONE
I guess this is the place.

MARCUS
But how do you know which one

TONE
It's the only Baptist church in
Ludlow.

Doors slam. The crunch of trainers on gravel.

MARCUS
(yawning)
What are you going to say?

TONE
I'll think of something.

MARCUS
We're Private Investigators

TONE
Marcus. Leave the talking to me.

MARCUS
Ok.

Tony raps on the front door. No reply. Tony raps harder and the door opens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TONE
Hello Anne?

WOMAN
Yes?

TONE
Anne Harder?

WOMAN
No. SHE, lives next door.

The door is closed firmly in their faces.

MARCUS
Cute: two Anne's living next door to each other.

They march next door. Tony knocks again. The door opens a small amount as if on a chain.

TONE
Hello Anne?

WOMAN
Yes?

TONE
Anne Harder?

WOMAN
Yes.

TONE
Oh hello Anne. We're from. The church.
And as an upstanding member of the
community we were wondering

ANNE
Oh do bogoff i'm an atheist! Crying
out loud leave me alone!

The door is slammed.

TONE
Oh.

MARCUS
She's our man, woman let me handle
this

TONE
No. Marcus. No. Damn.

MARCUS
Let me handle this!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TONE

No. Marcus. No!

Marcus pushes Tony out of the way and raps hard on the door.

MARCUS

Mrs Anne Harder we've come all the way non-stop overfarmland from London and our advertising business is going to hell-in-a-handcart and we haven't slept for days

(winks at Tony)

we heard your brother was a business genius and we just wanted to know if your brother was around and and if he could help us!??

TONE

Oh. Just brilliant.

MARCUS

Well i have to do something.

TONE

That. Is exactly. The problem.

MARCUS

What do you mean?

TONE

Look Marcus it's

The door opens without the chain.

ANNE

Oh so you've come for my brother have you?

TONE

Oh. Yes. In a way.

ANNE

You'd better come in. It's 'Miss' by the way.

18. INT. ANNE'S HOUSE

Anne is around 50 and much larger, taller than Tony or Marcus. Her dress is quite informal, drab even, jeans, a light purple sweatshirt with a subtle floral pattern. She has blond, greyish hair that falls to her shoulders. Her face is round, healthy, rosy cheeks, thin lips. At first glance it's the inside of quite a pretty but nondescript Victorian terrace house except perhaps there are lots of paintings in expensive looking frames are on the walls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNE

Go on through. Make yourselves comfortable - sorry it might be a bit of a mess - we, I live alone these days. Cup of tea?

TONE

No. Thanks. i don't drink tea

MARCUS

Oh we'd love a cup thank you!

ANNE

Ok, two? How many sugars?

MARCUS

Two in each please! Thank you Anne.

Anne moves into the kitchen. Tony and Marcus walk into the living room. 'Diagnosis Murder.' is on the TV, quietly - Dick Van Dyke is examining a body. Tony removes a pile of pupils exercise books, sits, stretches his arms to the ceiling and lets out a huge yawn. Marcus goes up to one of the many, many framed pictures.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Oh... wow that's an early Terry Atkinson

TONE

Who? What?

MARCUS

Art Anthony Art none, of your business.

TONE

Oh.

Tony lets out a huge yawn.

MARCUS

And that's a Stephen McKenna. OMG! that's worth quite a bit

Anne returns with a tea-tray.

ANNE

Oh you like them? Albert loved, loves art. Back then. Pre YBA but

TONE

Sorry?

MARCUS

Ignore him...philistine - i studied Art History at Oxford.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANNE

Oh well done. Yeah they're kind of pre YBA, but worth a bit still I think.

MARCUS

I should say so OMFG that's a

ANNE

Early Hirst - yes worth a lot more now of course. He didn't win in 1992; the first time. I remember Albert being gutted, it would have increased it's value 10 times he reckoned. I think that was the last one he bought before, before well it all happened so quickly but it wasn't really a surprise

MARCUS

Before what? What was a surprise?

Tony, yawning.

TONE

Sorry about my earlier introduction. i didn't quite know how to.

ANNE

Oh don't worry i should have known you weren't from THAT Church. So have you really come all this way to...

TONE

Well. Yes we're in a spot of. And we thought. Well. It's seems a bit silly. Now.

ANNE

Oh don't. These are desperate times. You have to do everything you can.

TONE

They are. So we thought we'd er. Ask your. Er. We thought we'd ask for help.

ANNE

Ask my brother for help?

TONE

Yes. Is he well, still in England?

ANNE

Ha ha you could say that.

TONE

Oh. I'm sorry. Is he. Did he

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANNE

Dead? Die. Oh no, no, well not really -
he's here.

Marcus, having just sat down, jumps up.

TONY/MARCUS

Here?!

ANNE

Well, in the cellar. Come, would you
like an introduction? Ha ha.

Anne Harder's laughter is genuine.

19. INT. THE CELLAR

Anne is leading the two down the cellar steps.

ANNE

Sorry the bulb went last week. I've
got a torch somewhere...

Anne fumbles for the torch in the dark.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Ah here it is.

Anne switches the torch on, it's not over powerful though. The weak beam affords us glimpses of the usual contents of any cellar worth its salt. Cardboard boxes, an old barbecue, a rocking horse and then along one wall a small collection of what we must presume are bottles of vintage wine.

MARCUS

(whisper)

Tonee this is a bit weird.

TONE

Hm. Sssh.

ANNE

Oh sorry. Don't worry it's not
really...

TONE

What happened with Albert then? I
heard he just disappeared...

ANNE

Oh it happened all so quickly. I knew
his company was in difficulty it was
the last recession you see. Companies
were falling over like cards...
especially in advertising in London. I
thought Albert would be ok.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNE (CONT'D)

Well he was really but then... well it wasn't much of a surprise... vultures. Vultures. Oh we go. Here he is. Albert.

She shines the light over a large humming shiny black metallic sealed cabinet. That looks a bit like a freezer.

MARCUS

OMFG what the hell is this?!! You're beginning to weird me out here Anne

TONE

Hm. Yes. We're sorry to have bothered you Anne. We really. Didn't know he'd passed on.

ANNE

Oh stop it. As i told you he didn't die. Look it happened so suddenly... but it wasn't unexpected

TONY/MARCUS

What did?!

ANNE

Oh no. He didn't die. The last recession. Worse than that. Well it was to him. He, he, he

TONY/MARCUS

Anne!

ANNE

He and his company was, was

MARCUS

Oh for

ANNE

They were bought out, taken over - swallowed up!

TONE

Oh. Hm.

ANNE

Yes. He hated it, hated it. He went bezerk.

TONE

Who bought them?

ANNE

Oh you would have heard of them - Scratchi and Scratchi - well Lord Scratchi now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TONE

Oh. Hm. They were big back then. Still are.

ANNE

Yes it pretty much killed him really. Well it didn't really. But he just couldn't handle the humiliation.

TONE

So.

ANNE

Oh, sorry. I haven't spoken about it since.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE TO:

20. INT. ANNE'S LIVING ROOM

All three are sitting around in silence drinking tea.

TONE

Look. Anne if you'd rather we left then please let us know.

ANNE

No. It's fine. I'm fine, now. I haven't talked about it since then but... I think the time is right now. Yes it makes a weird kind of sense.

MARCUS

What does?!

ANNE

In a nutshell. Albert couldn't handle the humiliation of getting bought out 'hoovered up' by Scratchi's 'little piss pot of an agency'. They went to school together did you know? They were once partners. And so...

TONE

Anne really you don't

ANNE

Yes i do! I do. He made some calls I think it was to America some practice in Los Angeles. I remember he met them at Heathrow - took them all out on the town on the razzle. Ha ha he liked a drink.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNE (CONT'D)

It was shipped over a few weeks later.
And then it was done. Simple.
(Anne pauses for a long few
seconds)

ANNE (CONT'D)

My brother. Albert. The head of Hard,
Hard and Harder. Had himself, had
himself

MARCUS

Oh for ANNE!

ANNE

Cryogenically frozen!

Silence.

MARCUS

Oh my god! Ha ha.

TONE

Oh. Hm. A low temperature state...

MARCUS

A bit like you Anthonee!

TONE

Ah. Hm. But surely he wasn't er. Dead.

ANNE

No he was very much alive! First time
they ever did it and the last i think.
He paid a fortune you know. He just
couldn't deal with all the
humiliation. I begged him not to but
really, Albert's not the one to take
advice...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

21. EXT. B ROAD

A pink Audi TT on the B4361. An abrupt halt at a traffic
light: a herd of cows crossing the road.

MARCUS

Put the under-seat heaters on.

TONE

Hm. Ok.

Bonnie Tyler's 'Total Eclipse of the Heart.'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

22. EXT. A ROAD

A pink Audi TT on the A456. It pulls into a service station.

23. INT. SERVICE STATION

We are a pie in a microwave, going slowly round and round. A ping. And the door opens. Tony and Marcus look serious for a moment and then burst out laughing. Tony kisses his wedding ring and reaches for the pie - he looks hungry.

24. EXT. MOTORWAY

A pink Audi TT on the M40. Placebo: 'Slave to the wage.'

25. EXT. CAR PARK. TOP GUN COMMUNICATIONS. LATE EVENING

The two exit the pink Audi TT.

MARCUS

What now?

TONE

Hm. Pint?

26. INT. PUB

Tony and Marcus are laughing, cramped in the corner of an undistinguished pub/sports bar. Lots of men are standing around, pints in hand looking at a TV screen.

27. EXT. CAR PARK. TOP GUN COMMUNICATIONS. LATER

Tony and Marcus are swaying walking toward the TT. They reach it and Marcus starts to point to something on the back seat.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

28. EXT. CAR PARK. TOP GUN COMMUNICATIONS - MORNING

Another day at Top Gun Communications. We watch Tony smoking and a cyclist almost running him down. They swap V-signs. Che asks for a light. And then leaves. Volkan and Mitsi walk past Tony. Mitsi straining at the leash and Tony puts at his arms as if to deflect any imminent attack.

Tony walks into reception.

29. INT. RECEPTION. TOP GUN COMMUNICATIONS

TONE

Morning Nicole. Any new calls? Any new, er business?

NICOLE

G'day you!? No nothing but it's early! So early today, went for a run, saw the sunrise, beautiful sunrise!? Before a smoothie you know. Then had a huge breakfast!?

TONE

I don't do breakfast. You know that.

NICOLE

What, oh you should i love it, best meal of the day!?

TONE

Dinner?

NICOLE

Huh!? Oh jeeesus... what ees that?

TONE

Hm. What?

Nicole points beyond Tony toward the car park. We turn around. A huge gold Rolls Royce is making the right hand turn into the car park. It stops for a moment, waits, watching. And then tyres screech and it lurches forward.

TONE (CONT'D)

Ah. Hm. Shi

The Rolls smashes through the glass frontage.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

30. INT. RECEPTION

The drivers door of the Rolls opens. The sound of an expensive shoe, crunching down hard on shattered glass.

FADE TO BLACK.

The End... of episode 1