

**PROJECT: SEASIDERS**

**SCENE 1**

**INT. GARAGE. DAY**

**VINCE** is working underneath a car in his garage. It's a car repair garage- not a private garage. And **VINCE** is a mechanic, dressed in a torn wife beater covered in oil. He is a big guy (*casting note: a good actor to play this role would be Michael Madsen*) He drops a spanner on the floor which lands on the cold, hard concrete with a loud "clank".

**VINCE:**  
Bloody hell!

*Extreme close-up of spanner.*

**TONY** enters. He's clearly agitated.

**TONY:**  
We've got trouble, Vince.... It's Gloria. Gloria's here! She's mad, Vince, Real mad!

**VINCE** sighs.

**VINCE:**  
Where is she?

**TONY:**  
She's outside now, Mike's trying to hold her back.

**VINCE** enters. She is in a state, drugged up to the eyeballs on mogadon. **BIG ADRIAN** is following, waving his arms.

**BIG ADRIAN:**  
I'm sorry Vince, I tried to hold her back!

**GLORIA:**  
You're slime Vince! SLIME!

**VINCE** gets up off his back and nods to **BIG ADRIAN** and **TONY** for them to leave. **BIG ADRIAN** and **TONY** leave.

**VINCE:**  
What seems to be the trouble, sweet lips?

**GLORIA:**

Don't you "sweet lips" me... Who's Sharon?

**VINCE:**

Who?

**GLORIA:**

Don't play games with me Vince, that tart you've been spotted round town with.

**VINCE:**

You don't know what you're talking about, go and lie down. You're stoned.

**GLORIA:**

I've had enough Vince... I'm leaving you for good this time.

**VINCE** laughs.

**VINCE:**

You won't leave me. You need me. Who else is fool enough to pay for your habit? Dames like you always come crawling back. So, go on -leave if that's what you want to do. I aint gonna lose no sleep about it, that's for sure.

**GLORIA** spits in **VINCE'S** face. **VINCE** slaps her twice, once on each side of her face. **GLORIA** stumbles backwards. **VINCE** catches her, pulls her up and kisses her hard on the lips. **GLORIA** pulls away.

**GLORIA:**

*HOW DARE YOU??* What the hell do you think I am?

**VINCE:**

You want me to answer that, babe?

**VINCE** smiles a cocky smile.

**GLORIA:**

My God, damn me for my weakness.

**GLORIA** grabs **VINCE's** neck and kisses him passionately.

**VINCE:**

Right, you've had your play - now get out of here!

**VINCE** whistles and **BIG ADRIAN** comes and takes **GLORIA** by the arm.

**GLORIA** (being dragged away)

Vinceeeeeeeee!!!! I love you!!!!

**VINCE** takes a couple of mogadon and goes back to work.

## **SCENE 2:**

### **EXT. SEASIDE. DAY**

**TOM** is sitting on an empty beach staring into the sea. He takes out a ham sandwich from his pocket. The ham falls out from between the two pieces of bread, landing in the sand (this could be a good metaphor for something).

*Extreme close up of sandy ham.*

**TOM** sighs, and takes a swig from his bottle of Mega White cider. He then starts to futilely try to light his cigarette with his lighter which is low on gas. He grabs his coat and puts it over his head to protect the flame from the wind. A mother with two children angrily approaches him.

**WOMAN:**

You can stop that right now you pervert!

**TOM** (*looking out from below his coat*):

I'm sorry?

**WOMAN:**

Don't think I don't know what you're doing under your coat. Children use this beach you scumbag!

The woman storms off, pulling her two children behind her. **TOM** sighs. He puts his unlit cigarette back in his pocket and stares back out into the sea. He is dreading going home to face his wife. He is jobless, broke, and in debt to the most dangerous man in Bournemouth. Suddenly he sees something glinting in the sand. He gets up to see what it is. It's a bracelet - and it looks a good one too! As the sun starts to set a beautiful hue of purple and orange, **TOM** puts the bracelet in his pocket and walks off towards **CASH CONVERTERS**.

## **SCENE 3**

### **INT. LAUNDRETTE. EVENING**

**CLARE** and **MIKE** are in each other's arms.

**CLARE:**

Why are you looking so sad Mike? Tell me?

**MIKE:**

It's him. I can't stop thinking about him. Everytime I spend time with you - it's like he's here in the room. Always between us.

**CLARE:**

It won't always be like this.

**MIKE:**

Won't it? We both know he'd never agree to divorce you. We'll forever be seeing each other in secret, snatching brief stolen moments in time like we're doing something wrong.

*Close up of a washing machine.*

**CLARE** (looking at washing machine):

If only those trainers were Scott. Tumbling around in a washing machine, round and round, forever trapped in a never ending rinse cycle of boiling water.

**MIKE:**

Yes, if only. A boil wash. He'd be terribly scolded. And if he didn't drown first he'd probably experience G-LOC and possible death from centrifugal force during the spin cycle.

Washing machines typically spin at 1000 RPM or more; any machine spinning that quickly with a radius large enough for him to fit inside the drum would probably expose him to enough gees to potentially kill him.

**CLARE** (looking up into **MIKE's** eyes):

Are you thinking what I'm thinking??

**MIKE** holds her closer.

**MIKE:**

It's a lovely idea, but it's no use. We don't have a washing machine that big. And if we did we could never in a million years persuade him to climb into it.

Close up of **CLARE**. She starts to smile.

**CLARE:**

Maybe.. Maybe not.

**SCENE 4**

**EXT. A GREAT BIG POSH HOUSE. EVENING**

**SCOTT** walks up the driveway of a very posh house and rings the doorbell. He is dressed in grey dungarees. An elegantly dressed **WOMAN** with a perm and red glasses answers the door. She smells of expensive perfume.

**WOMAN:**

Yes? What is it? What do you want?

**SCOTT** (*taking his cap off and doing a little bow*)

...sorry to bother you ma'am, I know it's late an' all, but the bin men come tomorrow.. I was wondering, like, I was wondering if you would kindly give permission for me to have a little look through your rubbish like.

**WOMAN:**

You want to search through our rubbish?

**SCOTT:**

Yes ma'am, If id'll be no trouble, you see I have this market stall you see and...

**WOMAN:**

Get out of here you horrible little man before I call the police!

She slams the door in **SCOTT'S** face. Visibly dejected, **SCOTT** trudges back up the drive. A little **SQUIRREL** runs across his path and darts up a tree. The **SQUIRREL** stares at **SCOTT**. There is pity in the **SQUIRREL'S** eyes.

**SCOTT:**

Hey there little buddy! Are you going home for the day too?

The **SQUIRREL** makes a squeaking noise.

**SCOTT:**

You like my dungarees? Why thanks little fella!

The **SQUIRREL** makes another squeaking noise.

**SCOTT:**

You think I should do what?

The **SQUIRREL** makes another squeaking noise.

**SCOTT:**

I can't do that! That would be very very bad! I could get into a lot of trouble!

**SCOTT** puts his cap back on his head, his bicycle helmet on top of his cap, attaches his knee pads and gets on his bicycle to ride home. He waves to the **SQUIRREL**

**SCOTT:**  
Bye bye Mister Squirrel!

*Close up on SCOTT's face. He looks a bit cross-eyed.*

## **SCENE 5**

### **INT. GOAT AND TRICYCLE PUB. EVENING**

It's a busy night at the goat and tricycle pub! Everyone seems to be in high spirits and enjoying the evening. A busty barmaid serves pints behind the bar (*casting note: Pamela Anderson?*)

The pub's landlord, **IAIN** enters the room, coming out from the gents toilet. **IAIN** is a plump, red faced Yorkshireman. He doesn't seem very happy. He raises his voice to address the customers in his pub.

#### **IAIN:**

Ladies and gentleman, may I have your attention please! Somebody's bloody gone and vandalised the bloody rubber-johnny machine in the men's bogs again. Which one of your bloody layabouts did it this time?

Everybody in the pub goes quiet. The door opens to let in a cold draught. Beer mats are blown hither and thither. A man in a dark raincoat is standing in the doorway. It is **JON**, the famous mystery-solving freelance web-designer. (*casting note: Someone who looks like a young Paul Newman*). He has just stepped off the last bus from Manchester - he's cold, and he wants a drink.

#### **JON:**

Nobody leaves until I find out who did it! There's a new freelance mystery solving website designer in town. And I don'ts play by da rules.

### **DRAMATIC THUMPING EASTENDERS-STYLE MUSIC**

**Fade to credits.**

Next episode coming soon!