

'King's Counsel'

by

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Episode 1: Birthday

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INT. TERRY'S OFFICE. AFTERNOON

TERRY is King's University's Career Advisor. His office is sparsely decorated. He is sat at his computer waiting for the next student to arrive.

TERRY has photos dotted all around his computer. He has the same haircut and is wearing the same pullover with shirt collar peeping over in each, including one where he has just been born.

There is a photograph of him with a Harley Davidson motorcycle and another with a motorcyclist holding him up by the collar in a threatening manner.

TERRY has several birthday cards scattered around his desk.

DAWSON, a student, sits opposite. DAWSON has long blond hair, a goatee, baggy jeans and a t-shirt reading, "You don't have to be rad to work here but it helps".

TERRY decides to dissect a sandwich, taking out some very limp lettuce and examines it.

DAWSON  
How's it hanging?

TERRY sighs looking at the lettuce, then throws it in the bin.

TERRY  
Fine...fine. Look, Dawson, have you ever thought of just working in a Surf Shop?

DAWSON  
Why, that's just stereotyping dude.

TERRY  
Well (beat), I've got your details on the computer here.

The computer display reads "DAWSON UNDERHILL - BUM"

TERRY looks quizzical then turns to the "Big Book of Jobs" in his lap and flicks through the pages stopping at one at random. His finger lands on "Brain Surgeon". He swiftly closes the book.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
Ok, how about a 'wave powered elongated platform advisor and vendor'?

DAWSON  
(mild enthusiasm)  
Oh yeah, k, sounds cool

TERRY hands DAWSON a contact card, which is cut in the shape of a surfboard. Gnarly Ned is depicted, thumbs up, with speech bubble saying "Surf's up duder!"

TERRY

Great, here's the contact. Gnarly Ned, down at the seafront

DAWSON

Alright!, me and Ned surfed together back in the day man (beat) um, Monday, I think.

TERRY

(shooing away)

DAWSON gets up still looking at the card, a bit disorientated, as he opens the door and fellow University employee CHARLIE, an English lecturer, walks in, throwing a birthday card at BOB. CHARLIE casually high-fives TERRY.

CHARLIE

Wha's up dude?

TERRY exits the room. CHARLIE turns the chair that Terry has been sitting on back to front and sits straddled. CHARLIE throws a peanut into the air and it lands into his mouth first time. The envelope holding the card, which CHARLIE has thrown at TERRY, is not stuck shut and depicts a crude drawing of a penis.

TERRY

(sarcastically)  
Thank you Charlie.

TERRY opens the envelope to find a cheap "Happy Birthday My Beloved Grandfather" card. Inside is scrawled "You old twat".

CHARLIE

So, where are we going Saturday birthday boy?

TERRY

I don't know. Look, I have a lot of work to do. I don't think I care for the term 'boy' at the age of (sigh) thirty, either.

CHARLIE

I know this great club where all the hot students hang out and when I say hang out...

CHARLIE motions in an attempt to mimic jiggling breasts and licks his lips seductively. TERRY rolls his eyes.

TERRY

I have work to do Charlie. Did you actually want anything important?

CHARLIE

What work? Flicking through pages of a book? Jesus, how did you get into this crap in the first place?

FLASHBACK

A younger TERRY, about 16 years of age, is sitting in a careers advice office, same hair cut, wearing the same pullover and shirt. The Careers Advisor yawns and rapidly flicks through a book. We see he stops on 'Careers Advisor'.

INT. TERRY'S OFFICE-CONTINUED

TERRY

I can't remember now.

CHARLIE

Anyway, you might be the one who's fired. The Dean wants to see you.

TERRY

(slight panic)  
What does he want?

CHARLIE

Dunno mate.

CHARLIE shrugs his shoulders, gets up and imitates a gun firing at the side of his head whilst staring at TERRY upon exit of the office. BOB puts the chair which CHARLIE has been sitting upon around the right way and exits the office also.

CUT TO:

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE

The room has wood panelled walls, which are adorned with stuffed animal heads. The room has many stuffed animals in various states of despair on the floor and tables. The Dean stands looking out of his window through a telescopic sight mounted on a rifle. He appears to be tracking something.

TERRY  
You wanted to see me sir?

DEAN  
Yes, do sit down TERRENCE

TERRY sits and sharply gets back up finding he has sat on a stuffed terrified looking hamster. BOB places it delicately on the desk and sits back down.

TERRY  
Um, I like TERRY sir.

DEAN  
Who's that? The chef? (beat) no, I can see that, built like a brick shithouse and can cook too, just like my ex-wife. Batting for the Aussies and us eh? Good idea to spread your bets at your age.

BOB  
No erm..

DEAN  
Now look here Robert. I'm afraid I've had a couple of complaints. Usual stuff from the RSPCA (beat) but one regarding you as well.

TERRY  
(looking concerned)  
Oh?

DEAN  
I've had young Tilly Marshall's mother in, yapping on about her daughter, advised to work down that pole dancing club.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK

Pages flicking. TERRY'S finger rests upon "Pole Dancer" whilst he yawns, completely disinterested.

CUT TO:

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE-CONTINUED

TERRY appears startled by the sudden recall of his interview with Tilly.

DEAN

Personally, I see where you're coming from my boy. Tilly is bang on, but the mother, Robert (beat) the mothers always protect their young. I'm afraid these aren't the plains of Africa or the woods at the back of my house, so the solution is not quite as clear-cut as one would naturally imagine.

The DEAN actions as if squeezing a trigger. TERRY looks at a particularly distressed looking deer's head on the wall.

TERRY

(trying to loosen collar)

I'll speak to Mrs Marshall sir. I think there must have obviously been some mistake.

DEAN

Leave the mother to me Robert. I've already invited her out for a spot of dinner at a particularly nice restaurant, for a quiet meal, chat and who knows. She's not quite a Tilly but worth a punt eh?

TERRY

Sir, maybe I should handle this one.

DEAN

Hands off sonny. Maybe you don't think I can cut it anymore eh? You'd be surprised what a few cans of energy drink and a handful of little blue pills can do, not to mention a quick snifter of the old benzoylmethyl ecgonine eh? I can bring in some tapes if you want the proof?

TERRY

No, that's fine sir.

DEAN

Right. All sorted then.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Oh and happy birthday you old twat.

TERRY  
 (looks depressed)  
 Thank you sir.

DEAN  
 Bah, don't fret; you're at your  
 peak son. When I was forty I  
 could bench press 500 lbs, mate  
 like a rabbit with rubber hips  
 and shoot a baby deer fawning  
 over its dead mother from 200  
 yards.

TERRY  
 (hesitantly)  
 I'll try and remember that sir.  
 Thank you sir.

TERRY tentatively gets up and quietly exits the room,  
 negotiating terrified stuffed animals on his way. The DEAN  
 is occupied with his rifle.

POV behind lens of sight, mounted on the DEAN'S rifle.

We see he has been watching the women's netball team warm  
 up. He is focused upon the elderly woman instructor as she  
 bends over to touch her toes.

DEAN  
 (Long, drawn out,  
 seductive)  
 Bannnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnng.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR PARK

TERRY disturbs two students behind the bins next to his  
 car. They look flustered and TERRY tells them to stop  
 loitering. TERRY wanders to his car, throws in his book and  
 lights a cigarette. JULIE the student Health and Well-Being  
 Advisor is approaching from a distance in a body-hugging  
 tracksuit. She is jogging home. TERRY sees JULIE  
 approaching and lustful looks turn to panic as he looks for  
 somewhere to dispose of his cigarette. He throws the  
 cigarette at a high, steel bin, which bounces back, at his  
 feet. Hurriedly he picks it up and jumps up at the side of  
 the bin and dunks it in.

TERRY  
 (a little out of  
 breath.)  
 Hey Ju. How's you?

TERRY tries to act cool after his rhyming name greeting gambit but immediately feels awkward and embarrassed at the attempt.

JULIE  
 (not out of breath at  
 all)  
 Ah TERRENCE, not joining me for a  
 jog home?

TERRY  
 Wish I could Ju. Damn heavy  
 workload tonight.

TERRY sees the solitary book on the passenger seat and motions round to lean on the window, obscuring JULIE'S view.

JULIE  
 (as if he was a student  
 in her charge)  
 Did you try getting some salad  
 into your diet? Some healthy  
 green leaves?

TERRY  
 Oh yes. All salad-y and most  
 leafy today Ju. It's 'bin' great.

JULIE  
 Good. So are we going out on  
 Saturday?

TERRY looks surprised and hopeful.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
 Charlie says your having a  
 birthday meet up somewhere?

TERRY appears slightly dejected, realising JULIE hasn't asked him out on a date.

TERRY  
 Sure, yes, of course. I am the  
 birthday boy, I guess.

JULIE  
 That's the spirit. A nice quiet  
 evening, out with a few friends.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB, NIGHT

BOB imagines CHARLIE in a club grinding up against some young student females as very loud dance music plays.

He opens a can of drink, which sprays everywhere, including over the young women's tops. CHARLIE gyrates, revelling in the scene and looks towards TERRY, pursing his lips and winks.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR PARK-CONTINUED

TERRY

Of course.

JULIE looks into the middle distance focusing more upon her jog home than talking to TERRY.

JULIE

What do you think of this new tracksuit? Ergonomically designed. I can now get home 32 seconds quicker than before. This new training bra helps as well, stops things bouncing around that should be kept firmly in place.

TERRY

(under his breath,  
almost trancelike as  
Julie sets her  
stopwatch)  
Yes bouncing...firm.

JULIE

Sorry, boring you with clothing issues. I'm such a big girl sometimes.

JULIE takes a deep breath, stretches her arms out, expanding her chest

TERRY

(under breath,  
longingly)  
Yes big.

TERRY snaps out of trance looks down at his old familiar jumper and pulls his jacket over self-consciously.

JULIE

Twenty-five minutes 48 seconds to beat. I'm going to need a good shower after this.

TERRY appears pained and tries not to look at JULIE as she sprints off.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
 (as she's running)  
 Catch you Saturday TERRENCE.

TERRY  
 (pained)

See you (beat) Ju.

TERRY looks frustrated and attempts to get out another cigarette but his packet is empty. He decides to fish around in the top of the bin for the previous cigarette he discarded earlier. BOB looks disturbed and disgusted as he slowly draws out his hand and a used condom.

CUT TO:

INT. TERRY'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM. EVENING

TERRY enters a two bedroomed flat, one room in which, he is renting from WALLACE. WALLACE sits drinking what looks like a milkshake whilst engrossed in 'The Oprah Winfrey Show'. TERRY starts making a cup of tea.

WALLACE  
 Yo Terr! Sorry about this but I'm going to have to ask you for the rent.

TERRY  
 What? It's not even due for another 3 weeks.

WALLACE  
 Yeah, I know, I was surprised too. It's the shopping channels man, they're a real drain on my assets.  
 (to TV)  
 You go girl!

TERRY  
 Your assets consist of this flat that your parents left you and me. Why don't you get a job?

WALLACE  
 I'm a landlord. That's in your book isn't it?  
 (to TV)  
 (MORE)

WALLACE (CONT'D)  
Yo kick his ass to the curb  
girlfriend.

TERRY  
What have you bought now?

WALLACE  
A juicer.

TERRY  
A juicer? You never buy fruit.  
You only ever buy junk food, take  
out...

WALLACE  
Yeah, it juices everything.

TERRY picks up a fish and chip wrapping with a few chips  
still stuck within. The sides of the juicer has remnants of  
a light green substance.

TERRY  
Mushy peas as well?

WALLACE turns his head round and winks as he takes a deep  
intake of his shake with eyes wide.

WALLACE  
(with a mouthful of  
shake, he manages)  
Vitamins in peas.

TERRY  
And how many vitamins are in two  
kilos of fried potato ?

WALLACE  
It's OK I can work it off.

TERRY  
You're going to have to get a  
much heavier remote.

WALLACE  
Do you know how many calories you  
can burn off having sex?

TERRY  
I thought you were broke. Do you  
know how much a prostitute costs  
nowadays?

WALLACE  
Aha. Well, I was watching this  
programme and they said you need  
to break into exercise slowly.  
(MORE)

WALLACE (CONT'D)

You don't go straight for the marathon, you start off with a gentle jog.

TERRY

And..

WALLACE

And so I start off training with the equivalent of a gentle jog.

WALLACE holds up a copy of "MILF monthly".

TERRY

So basically you're having fish and chips, then a wank.

WALLACE

And peas.

TERRY checks the washing machine.

TERRY

You still haven't put the washing on Wallace! That's all I've asked you to do. Apart from putting back those photos of my mum.

WALLACE

Which one's the wash machine?

TERRY

The washing machine is the one you tried to cook our roast dinner in.

WALLACE

Hey man, you need to wash veg first get all the mud off and that. Food preparation is essential.

TERRY

Washing a few carrots is one thing. Power washing veg, yorkshire puddings and a 10 lb turkey is another. Just please wash my clothes before I get back.

WALLACE

Why, where you going?

TERRY

I need a haircut? What do you think?

WALLACE

Sure, why not? It can't be any worse.

TERRY

What's wrong with it exactly?

WALLACE

You need a change. Look, it's the same as the one you got here with your hot mum.

TERRY runs over and snatches the photo of him and his mum, looking horrified at the cover of MILF monthly again.

TERRY

MY mother will not be part of your work out regime.

TERRY feels photo and is disturbed by a slimy substance. He looks at WALLACE appalled.

WALLACE

Relax, it's chip fat not man...

TERRY

Yes. Thank you very much. I see what you mean about the haircut though, maybe I could do with a revamp. Where's the nearest hairdressers?

WALLACE

"Herr Cutz" down the road, far end.

TERRY

Left or right?

WALLACE

Oh right, definitely to the far right.

EXT. STREET. EVENING.

TERRY walks down the road and sees 'HERR CUTZ' on the left hand side. TERRY rolls his eyes and walks in.

INT. HERR CUTZ. EVENING.

The shop is immaculate. ROLF, the barber, is standing behind a small desk which looks like a lectern. He looks like an ancient vision of a barber.

His black hair is greased down with a side parting, white shirt, back tie and a red arm band with "Herr Cutz" printed inside a white circle.

ROLF  
Good evening sir. How can I be of assistance?

TERRY  
A haircut please.

ROLF  
How very, very apt my friend.

The phone rings and ROLF motions towards it.

ROLF (CONT'D)  
Please take a seat and I will be with you shortly.

ROLF answers the telephone call.

ROLF (CONT'D)  
Hello. Yes, yes of course I can book you in. Tonight? Yes we are fairly quiet. In about half an hour? Of course. Your name please? Goldman?!  
(anger)  
No room tonight. I am afraid an unassuming Austrian tourist has just walked in, good night!

ROLF slams the phone down and his look of anger turns to a forced smile as he walks over to engage with TERRY once more. TERRY looks slightly hesitant after the outburst.

ROLF (CONT'D)  
Now, what can I do for you sir? A hair cut wasn't it?

TERRY  
(trying to be jolly)  
Yes, a Herrrr Cut please!

ROLF  
(getting angry again)  
Yes, that is what I said. I do not have all day sir.

TERRY  
(meek)  
Erm, what would you recommend?

ROLF  
(sighs)  
We have several examples of my  
favourite styles.

ROLF roots around and holds up boards behind TERRY displaying haircuts. The first is a portrait of Joseph Goebbels.

ROLF (CONT'D)  
Here we have a nicely swept back style. Very efficient I think you'll agree.

TERRY  
Erm yes. Anything less...swept?

ROLF holds up a portrait of Heinrich Himmler.

ROLF  
A slight parting to the side here, very authoritative yes?

TERRY  
Yes, erm...just a really quick short back and sides with a little trim on top please, as quick as you like.

ROLF places the Nazi photographs to the side and unveils a tray of hairdressing equipment which would look more at home in a hospital operating theatre.

ROLF  
This will be quick and painless if you hold still.

ROLF begins by trimming both sides of TERRY's hair and then TERRY's phone goes off.

TERRY  
Sorry. Erm really sorry.

ROLF sighs. Whilst TERRY opens his phone to answer he can see ROLF admiring a portrait of Hitler in the mirror.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
Hi Charlie. What is it? Yes, The Iron Bar at 8:00. Yes, she's coming, so please be on your best behaviour. She's not stuck up at all. She's better than all your 21 year old nymphoids put together. Yes, I'm sure you do like that image...

ROLF becomes very still as his concentration is broken by hearing TERRY's conversation.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Well I think Ju is a lot better.  
I respect Ju. Tilly is a very  
nice girl but she's not Ju, she's  
not even vaguely Ju-ish.  
Whatever. See you in half an  
hour.

ROLF looks furious and grabs TERRY up out of the chair with only the sides of his hair cut.

ROLF

You ! Out ! Out, now!

TERRY

What? What are you talking about?  
You're only half done.

ROLF

Oh, I'm completely done. Kaput!

ROLF throws TERRY out the door and locks the shop. ROLF then ignores TERRY's banging on the window pleading to be let back in.

INT. TERRY'S FLAT. EVENING.

TERRY

Well thank you very much! That  
guy WALLACE is a god damned Nazi!

WALLACE

Yeah, I know, can't agree with  
his politics but he is the  
nearest.

TERRY

Look at my hair! Look at it!

WALLACE

It looks fine.

TERRY

You're just saying that.

WALLACE

Well I don't want to break your  
achey-breaky heart.

TERRY looks at his watch and ignores WALLACE's comment.

TERRY

Shit, I have 15 minutes to get there. I'm just going to change out of these sweaty clothes then see what I can do with this hair!

TERRY darts out of the living room and into his bedroom.

WALLACE

(shouts)  
It looks fine !

WALLACE (CONT'D)

(to self)  
If you like making piggies squeal to banjo music.

TERRY storms back in. Trying to remain calm.

TERRY

WALLACE...where are my clothes?

WALLACE

They're being washed, aren't they?

WALLACE rolls his eyes.

TERRY

What?! All of them?

WALLACE

Yeah man, the local launderette picks it up and delivers it back next morning. £30 the lot. Which reminds me I need some more rent money. £30 should cover it.

TERRY

I'm screwed.

WALLACE

Stop stressing man. Borrow one of my shirts.

TERRY

You have shirts?

WALLACE

Sure, three or four. Go fish one out of my wardrobe.

TERRY goes into WALLACE's room then returns with three checked shirts of varying colours.

TERRY

I can only find these.

WALLACE

Yup, that's them man, borrow whichever one you like just remember to wash it yeah? Those babies are all the fashion.

TERRY

Yeah, in 1991 maybe.

WALLACE

Yeah, exactly.

WALLACE pauses and thinks to himself, then looks puzzled.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

What year is it?

TERRY

Sod it, this will have to do.

TERRY puts on the shirt. He buttons it up as neatly as possible and tucks the back of his hair into the collar and the shirt into his jeans.

TERRY (CONT'D)

10 minutes to get into town.  
Think I can make it?

WALLACE

Depends if the Beverly Hillbillies have got room on their wagon or not.

WALLACE lifts his hand in the air for a high five.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Hey don't leave me hanging!

TERRY ignores WALLACE and runs out of the flat.

EXT. STREET. EVENING.

TERRY runs down the road.

RANDOM PASSERBY

Yeegar!

TERRY runs through crowded streets and arrives at the Iron Bar. It is rammed with people. There is a huge contingent of men just leaving blocking his way. They are on a stag do. One man has a learner plate around his neck and the others have inflatable dolls of varying descriptions.

TERRY's shirt gets a few of the top buttons ripped off as he struggles to get through the group and an inflatable doll of a black woman dressed in a nurses outfit gets caught on his sleeve button.

TERRY hits a slight clearing in the bar. He is sweating and desperately trying to get the doll unattached from his person. He hits it against walls, kicks it and jumps up and down on it.

TERRY

Get off me you bitch!

At this point TERRY realises he is performing in front of JULIE, CHARLIE and several other work colleagues. JULIE looks very shocked. She gets up and throws a cocktail over TERRY. She then leaves the bar without saying a word.

CHARLIE

Hey TERRY. You sure know how to make an entrance. I tried phoning your place but only got that waster WALLACE. Don't worry, I was just telling Ju that you were at some Nazi hairdresser's and would be a bit late. Here I got you a drink.

CHARLIE hands TERRY a pint. Seemingly unconcerned about JULIE leaving.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Cheers. So which club are we going to eh?

TERRY just stares into the middle distance.

TERRY

Are there any BNP line dancing clubs about?

CHARLIE

Not that I know of but down a few of those beauties, then we're off to the student 'hang out'.

CHARLIE clinks glasses with TERRY.

TERRY

Cheers.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

TERRY and CHARLIE leave the pub worse for wear. TERRY seems almost catatonic and CHARLIE boisterous. They stagger down the road to 'Club Pup'

EXT. CLUB PUP. NIGHT.

There is a small queue to the club and they soon get to the front and are confronted by two bouncers TINY and ROCCO.

ROCCO

Whoah mate. There's a dress code  
you know?

TERRY is feeling like he has little to lose.

TERRY

Well, I don't have a dress do I  
monkey boy.

ROCCO looks like he may forcefully interject but CHARLIE steps in.

CHARLIE

Don't you know who this is mate?

ROCCO

Some pissed up wanker?

CHARLIE

Yes, but not just any pissed up  
wanker. Billy Ray Cyrus my  
friend!

ROCCO

Hmmm he's definitely a wanker  
alright.

TINY

Let him in. I always found the  
sentiments of this country  
tunesmith most engaging.

ROCCO

It's your lucky night Billy.

ROCCO moves aside and TINY winks at them as they push past with drunken haste.

INT. CLUB PUP. NIGHT.

The club is packed to the rafters with sweaty students dancing uncontrollably, yelling into each other's ears and falling about.

TERRY and CHARLIE collapse into a corner booth.

CHARLIE

Shit this is even better than  
usual.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Glistening sweat on nubile flesh.  
Nubile flesh bouncing.  
Bouncing...

TERRY  
CHARLIE, I love Ju !

CHARLIE  
Yeah, I love you too mate! I'm  
off for a dance.

CHARLIE rips open his shirt like Superman and roars like a lion before rushing into the throng.

TERRY sits in the corner drunk and seemingly unaware of the current situation.

A woman saddles up to him in the booth. She is mid-thirties and dressed in tight fitting black skirt and t-shirt. Her name is RACHEL.

RACHEL  
Hey cowboy! You having a good  
night so far?

TERRY  
(sarcastic)  
Yeah, brilliant.

RACHEL  
Listen. Why don't we make it even  
better? How would you like to  
come upstairs with me and my  
friend. Just the three of us?

TERRY turns his head towards RACHEL almost in disbelief.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
My friend has been watching you  
and thinks you're well hot. I own  
this place and have a very  
secluded room upstairs.

TERRY  
(gulps)  
Who's your friend?

RACHEL  
Over there!

RACHEL Points over in the direction of a really drunk girl who is dancing between ROCCO and TINY at the door. She is feeling each one in turn as she pulls off more and more provocative moves.

TERRY looks at his dowdy shirt and shrugs his shoulders.

TERRY

Sure! Why not?

RACHEL

Mmmm I was hoping you'd say yes.  
Follow me!

RACHEL leads TERRY across the busy club to a door marked 'Private'. They enter a stairwell and climb to the next floor.

INT. BEDROOM. CLUB PUP. NIGHT.

RACHEL switches on a light on closes the door behind TERRY. The bedroom is plush. The wallpaper is red, there are pink fluffy carpets and a big pink, heart shaped bed in the centre.

RACHEL

Make yourself comfy. I'll tell my  
friend to come up and get my  
stuff...

TERRY has the look of someone who's luck is in. He sits on the bed and is surprised how bouncy it is. He bounces on it as a child before laying back and looking into the mirror above the bed.

TERRY

(to self)

This haircut isn't so bad.

RACHEL walks in and begins to set up a camera and tripod.

TERRY looks a little shocked.

RACHEL

What's up you never been filmed  
before?

Just then the door opens and TINY walks in.

TINY

(to Rachel)

What? Mr Cyrus? Shit, he's been  
filmed plenty. I got all his  
videos.

TINY starts taking his clothes off. TERRY is motionless for a while, stunned at what he is seeing. TINY takes off a pair of cowboy boots, then his shirt and trousers, before putting back on his boots.

TERRY begins to panic, sobering up very quickly.

TERRY

Whoah. I'm...I'm...actually...do you mind if I go to the loo? I'm bursting.

TINY

Mind? Shit, Rach go get the glass table honey.

TINY lays down on the floor and licks his lips whilst RACHEL leaves to get the glass table.

TERRY

Erm, I'm just going to get my guitar. Music, erm, loosens me up.

TERRY makes a run for it and blasts out of the room.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

TERRY starts running but gets out of breath quickly. He bends down to catch his breath. As he breathes deeply he sees two sets of feet. He looks up to see the DEAN and Tilly's mother, MABLE. MABLE looks very much worse for wear.

DEAN

Ah, TERRENCE, out on the town too eh? Letting your hair down...what's left of it there.

TERRY looks defeated and strays a glance towards MABLE.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Yes, I'm afraid MABLE can't handle her absinthe my boy. Took her down the Polish dancing class tonight.

TERRY looks at the DEAN and Tilly's mother.

TERRY

(still deflated)  
Oh...good thinking sir.

DEAN

Then maybe tomorrow you and I can go watch her daughter gyrate at the Pink Udder eh?

TERRY shuts his eyes in an attempt to block out what the DEAN has just said.

MABLE  
 (very spaced out)  
 Wha...was...tha?

DEAN  
 Taxi!

A taxi almost immediately pulls up splashing water over TERRY. TERRY looks around wondering what the hell might happen next.

TERRY  
 (to self)  
 It hasn't even been raining.

DEAN  
 Oh, yes sorry old boy, bladder  
 isn't quite what it was.

The DEAN helps MABLE into the taxi and follows her in. The DEAN winds down the window to talk to TERRY.

DEAN (CONT'D)  
 (nods to MABLE)  
 Looks like the pole dancing's  
 back at mine tonight eh? Night my  
 boy.

The taxi pulls away, leaving TERRY alone on the street. The wind kicks up and the blow up doll which he stamped on earlier arrives at his feet. Expressionlessly he picks it up and walks home.

INT. TERRY'S FLAT. NIGHT.

TERRY walks in the door to see WALLACE straining because his hand is still in the air waiting for his high five. TERRY, almost catatonic high fives WALLACE with no enthusiasm and throws the blow up doll into his lap.

TERRY  
 Here. Night WALLACE.

TERRY retires to bed. WALLACE looks at his gift and blows it up almost until bursting. He sits the doll down next to himself on the sofa. He flicks the TV off on the remote.

WALLACE  
 Oh Oprah baby, tonight I'm going  
 to take you to a very special  
 showing of the colour purple.

FADE TO BLACK.

