

"The Regulars"

Episode One: "The Face"

by

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FADE IN

EXT. THE SUFFOLK VILLAGE OF SANDWICH GREEN - DAY

POV: We start with an Ariel view of the village and we then descend down and past various landmarks of the village:

The Rugby Pitch, The Church, The School, The village shop.

We then pan further up the street until we rest upon:

The Lazy Dog Public house.

Slightly run down and in need of a lick of paint.

We zoom in on the hanging sign outside the pub, on which is written this week's episode title "The Face".

CUT TO:

INT. LAZY DOG PUB, MAIN BAR - MORNING

We enter the main bar of the old country pub at dawn. There are bodies strewn over the floor and on bar stools. There is no sign of the landlord HARRY KNOCKER, or his brother, CHEF JEFF at this point. There are empty glasses everywhere, some still upright. We pan across the sleeping patrons and settle on a local, WHIPPY, who, we observe, has the word "cock" written over his head in felt pen. Evidently he was first to pass out.

HARRY and JEFF then appear, unsteadily, from behind the bar. Jeff is still wearing a pair of grotty chef whites that used to be white.

JEFF

Ooh my head. What was in that ice last night?

HARRY

What are you on about ice for?

JEFF

Well, I had a few whiskies with ice, then a gin and tonic with ice, then a few rum and cokes with ice. I felt fine last night and now I've got a stinking hangover. It must have been the ice.

HARRY

It wasn't the ice, my old china. Can't say I feel too good either. Look at this place. It looks like we took a machine gun to them all.

JEFF

Way my head feels that might have been kinder.

HARRY

Alright. Everyone up now. Come on...

The regulars start stirring, all except Whippy.

JEFF

Who wrote that on his head?

HARRY

The Vicar. Don't you remember?

JEFF

No.

HARRY

Get this lot out. I'm in need of a shower. You better get this lot cleaned up before the brewery inspection.

FATHER GREENE, a Vicar in his early Sixties, then appears from behind the bar holding his head.

FATHER GREENE

Urgh. That was a good night. Think I may have overdone it slightly.

EDNA THE CHURCH ORGANIST also appears from behind the bar.

EDNA

I should say, Father.

Wipes her mouth.

HARRY

I dread to think. Now, everyone out. We all need a shower.

(glances at Whippy)

Some more than most.

Everyone then exits the pub, with the exception of Whippy, who is still fast asleep.

JEFF

Whips, my old son, time to get up.

Whippy stirs.

WHIPPY

Uh Oh Uh Did I win?

JEFF

Win? Win what? Whippy, it's Seven Thirty A.M.!!

WHIPPY

Where's that bird I was with?

JEFF

She left.

WHIPPY

Oh? Why?

JEFF

You spoke to her.

WHIPPY

Hmph. Stuck up cow. What could I have possibly said to offend her?

JEFF

I don't know, Whips. What did you say?

WHIPPY

I only bet her I could down three black russians. She had to sleep with me if I did it.

HARRY

Yes you did it Whips. Then you passed out. She wasn't amused.

JEFF

Oh that's why he has got Co..

Harry put's his fingers to his lips, indicating Jeff to be quiet.

HARRY

Right! Off with you, Whips. We've got to tidy up. Someone's got to look after this place after you lot have been in here. You don't think it clears itself up do you?

As Whippy exits, CODWEB MARY, the cleaner, enters wearing a pinny and holding a duster. She immediately looks around at the mess.

HARRY (CONT'D)

It's all yours Mary...

Harry and Jeff exit.

Codweb Mary glares at the mess for a bit and then silently gets out a black bin liner. Holds it open at one end of a table. She places her feather duster on the other side of the table and slides everything into the black bag, empty glasses, full glasses, the lot.

There is a big rug in the middle of the floor. Mary lifts one side of this and brushes the dust, dirt and broken glass under it.

Harry and Jeff re-enter the main bar. Harry has obviously showered and changed but Jeff looks exactly as we last saw him.

HARRY

Well done, Mary. It looks a lot better.  
I'd better give you your wages now then.

Mary gives Harry an appreciative look.

HARRY (CONT'D)

A well earned twenty quid. You can buy  
yourself a new Purple rinse now.

Mary nods in agreement and leaves. Harry follows her partly out of the door and in doing so, stands on the rug. We HEAR the crunch of BROKEN GLASS. Harry looks down and shakes his head.

HARRY

I suppose you get what you pay for.

JEFF

Cor. I feel a lot better after that spruce.

HARRY

Oh. You actually bothered to shower, did  
you, Bro?

JEFF

Well no. I did my pits and crack though.

HARRY

Charming. Still, place is better now Mary's been. Have you sorted the kitchen out ready for the inspection?

JEFF

Yeah I did it yesterday.

HARRY

But you've cooked since.

JEFF

Oh Yeah. Don't worry, I'll get on it in a minute.

HARRY

Lazy sod. Good job I got the brains in the family or we'd be buggered.

Harry opens the till, in doing so he spots a set of car keys next to the till.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Who's keys are these?

JEFF

Oh they're Big Cliff's new motor. He didn't want to drive it pissed.

HARRY

Wise choice. Look at this. We haven't done very well this week.

JEFF

What's up? Profit down again?

HARRY

Profit? We haven't seen any profit for three months. I wish you'd help a bit. You call yourself my business partner but muggins, here, does all the work to get the punters in.

JEFF

I organised the quiz for the OAP's the other week.

HARRY

And what a disaster that was. We paid out more in False teeth and Zimmer repairs than we sold beer. What we need is some big event, pack the place out. I suppose I'll have to sort that out too.

JEFF

No. I can do it. Give me a bit of time to come up with something. I won't let you down, bruv. I promise. It'll be the biggest event yet.

HARRY

Well, while you're thinking, can we have a Look at that outside paint job before the brewery turn up. I'm sure that old pub name is starting to show through again.

JEFF

I can sort that out for you. I did a bit of decorating in my youth.

HARRY

Yes I remember. Redecorating the pavement, normally.

EXT. LAZY DOG PUB, OUTSIDE FRONT - DAY

Harry and Jeff are stood, staring up at the front of the pub. Sure enough, the words "THE WINDMILL" are starting to show through the existing paintwork.

HARRY

Can you really sort that?

JEFF

What time's the inspection?

HARRY

One O'clock.

JEFF

What time is it now?

HARRY

Eleven.

JEFF

Piece of cake.

HARRY  
Yes but I've tried your cake.

JEFF  
Hey! I've got an idea.

HARRY  
Oh God.

JEFF  
No. Hear me out. We need an event, right?  
To get the punters in so the brewery doesn't  
chuck us out.

HARRY  
(Nervously)  
Yes.

JEFF  
We need an attraction, don't we?

HARRY  
Obviously. But what is there around here?  
The Germans flew over Suffolk every day,  
loaded with bombs and never bothered.  
Waste of a good bomb.

JEFF  
Back in a minute. I've just got a few calls  
to make.

HARRY  
Hurry up the. We haven't got long.

At his point, FATHER GREENE and EDNA cycle by on a tandem.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
Morning. Nice to see you've both recovered.

FATHER GREENE  
Indeed young man, Indeed.

(to Edna)  
Come on. Try harder. My ankles are playing  
up.

Harry watches them as they unsteadily cycle down the road.

HARRY  
It takes all sorts.

JEFF reappears.



JEFF

Am I a genius or am I a genius?

HARRY

A word I do not normally associate with you. What have you done?

JEFF

Sorted the event out. It's gonna be big.

HARRY

What's going on then?

JEFF

Not what... but who.

HARRY

Who then?

JEFF

Only the biggest living legend that Suffolk has ever seen. Premier league footballer, international film star.

HARRY

Really? Who?

JEFF

Only John Bloody Wark, that's who.

HARRY

John?

JEFF

Wark. You know... Warky. Ipswich Town legend. He does these after dinner gigs these days cos his knee's playing up.

HARRY

How the hell did you get him then?

JEFF

My old mate is in the game and he owes me one. So we got him.

HARRY

Well you do surprise me. How much will it cost?

JEFF

He's not cheap, I'll admit. But it'll bring in the footy fans.

HARRY

Sounds ideal. When can we get him then?

JEFF

That's the snag. He's had a cancellation so it's got to be tonight.

HARRY

Jeff, I can't promote this thing in Six weeks, let alone Six hours.

JEFF

Don't worry about that. Brassie's a mad fan of his. I've let him know. Word'll get around in no time.

HARRY

I appreciate your help, brother, I really do. But this is putting us up against it, somewhat.

JEFF

Trust me. It'll be cool. Right, I'm off to get some paint and I'll sort your sign out.

HARRY

Our sign.

JEFF

How come when things go well it's you're, this, that or the other. And when things go wrong, it's both of us?

HARRY

I'm older and wiser, brother. Now clear off and be quick as you can.

EXT. LAZY DOG PUB, CAR PARK - DAY

Jeff walks up to his white Astra van and notices he has a puncture. He looks at it and scratches his head.

Looking up, he notices Big Cliff's gleaming new Mercedes. He looks towards the pub and smiles.

EXT. BIG CLIFF'S MERCEDES - DAY

Jeff is driving Big Cliff's Mercedes down the country roads. The radio is blaring out "Highway to hell" by AC/DC. Jeff is singing along and playing air guitar at the same time.

EXT. DIY STORE, CAR PARK - DAY

The Mercedes pulls into the car park, narrowly missing a customer and trolley.

INT. DIY STORE - DAY

Jeff picks up three tins of whitewash from the shelf. He is a little unsteady with these but manages to get them to the checkout.

JEFF

Oops. Sorry love. Nearly creamed you with that stuff.

CHECKOUT GIRL

I beg your pardon?

JEFF

I meant the paint, I nearly dropped it on you.

The checkout girl runs the order through the till.

CHECKOUT GIRL

Twenty ninety nine, please sir.

JEFF

For that lot? Bloody hell.

CHECKOUT GIRL

You can't put it back now, sir. I've put it through the till.

Jeff frantically checks his pockets but comes up with the dough.

JEFF

Bloody hell. Here you go.

Jeff pays and leaves.

EXT. BIG CLIFF'S MERCEDES - DAY

Jeff is again at the wheel with AC/DC blaring out. The paint tins and his mobile phone are on the front seat. Jeff is again using his air guitar and singing along.

Jeff's MOBILE RINGS.

We see HARRY appear on the display.

JEFF

My Guru... What? Already? I thought you said  
One O'clock? Bloody hell.

Jeff is driving and talking on the mobile at the same time. This is causing him to veer slightly into the middle lane.

JEFF

Yeah... I'm on the way back now... No. It's got  
a puncture. I borrowed Cliff's new Merc.  
Nice motor. He won't know. See yah.

Just at this point, another car suddenly comes into view from the opposite direction. Jeff swerves, so does the other car,

JEFF (CONT'D)

Ssshhhhiiiiitttttttt!

We see the other car end up in the ditch as they narrowly avoided each other. Jeff appears to be ok and a little startled, drives straight off.

POV shot at Jeff's face as he glances down at the passenger seat. He does a double take. His face drops.

INT. LAZY DOG PUB, MAIN BAR - DAY

Harry is with the brewery inspector, showing him around the pub.

HARRY

Here's the main bar area. As you can see,  
all is in order.

INSPECTOR

Yes, very good. What's your clientele like?

HARRY

Well, there's one of my regulars sat over  
there.

Harry points over to an old man sat in the corner with a pint on the go. The old man subsequently pulls his false teeth out and gives them a rinse in his pint and slips them back in.

EXT. LAZY DOG PUB, CAR PARK - DAY

Big Cliff's Mercedes pulls into the car park. The Mercedes parks up.

POV shot of the door opening and Jeff's boot stepping out. As he does so, a big blob of whitewash follows him out and slides down his boot.

INT. LAZY DOG PUB, MAIN BAR - DAY

Harry has just pulled out a crate of ale.

HARRY  
These are all in date too.

INSPECTOR  
Yes, that seems OK too.

The Inspector ticks something on his clipboard.

EXT. LAZY DOG PUB, OUTSIDE FRONT - DAY

We see Jeff propping up a ladder against the front of the pub. He takes up the two remaining tins of whitewash and places them precariously on a ledge. At the time of doing this we see the Inspectors car directly below.

There then comes a whistle...

BRASSIE  
Oi! Jeff

JEFF  
What you doing, Brassie? Got the word about yet?

BRASSIE  
Not half. He's my ultimate hero. I've been supporting Ipswich since I was eleven.

Brassie displays the same old John Wark T-Shirt he constantly wears.

JEFF  
Good man. This will put us on the map.

BRASSIE

Harry's asked me and Cliff to do the door.  
I reckon there's about Seventy odd coming.

JEFF

Wow that's cool Brass. Well done. I must  
press on with this, though. See you.

BRASSIE

Yeah I can't wait.

JEFF

Neither can I, Brass.

Jeff takes up the painting again and brushes a few strokes. He  
then looks down to see Brassie still there, watching.

JEFF

Still here Brassie?

BRASSIE

I'm too excited. I can't wait.

JEFF

Well you can't stay there all day.

BRASSIE

I'll go shall I?

JEFF

That would be nice.

Brassie waves. Jeff then puts his brush into the pot and  
starts painting. He takes a look round to see if Brassie is  
still there and spots a lovely blonde with a low cut top  
walking below him.

He follows her, open mouthed and then tries to put his brush  
in the pain pot again but proceeds to inadvertently push it  
off the ledge.

The white paint descends and splats on the bonnet of the  
Inspectors car.

At that moment, Harry and the Inspector walk into view.

INSPECTOR

Thank you Mr Knocker. I'll be calling  
again in a few months.

Harry and the Inspector shake hands and then both turn to the inspectors car. Both of their faces drop like a stone. They both then look up.

Jeff has since made himself scarce and is nowhere to be seen.

INSPECTOR (CONT'D)

Remarkable sized pigeons you've got round here.

HARRY

(Speechless)

Um... yes they are a bit aren't they.

INT. LAZY DOG PUB, MAIN BAR - EVENING

The pub has not yet opened for the evening. Harry is pottering about behind the bar, positioning glasses etc. JULIE the Barmaid enters with her coat on ready to start her shift. Julie wears a large pair of spectacles and talks with a broad Bristol accent, which can be rather grating to the people of Suffolk.

JULIE

Evening Boss.

HARRY

Evening Julie. How are you?

JULIE

Well, I've had a hell of a day..

HARRY

(sarcastically)

You must tell me about it someday.

JULIE

Hubby has been out all day.

HARRY

Oh God.

JULIE

He told me he was ploughing the Rough fields this afternoon, and do you know what?

HARRY

Go on. He's dug up the holy grail?

JULIE

No no. He only didn't go ploughing.

HARRY

(bored)  
Really?

JULIE

You'll never guess.

HARRY

Shot up the Champs Elysees? Skinny dipped in Trafalgar square?

JULIE

No. He's done them years ago. No. He went shopping. He only went and bought me a nurses uniform. He's like it when I dress up.

HARRY

A Nurses uniform? And where did he buy that?

JULIE

Well that's the funny thing. He had shopping bags full of other stuff but he left it for me to find in his overnight bag. Must have been hiding it for a surprise?

HARRY

Um. Yes, I don't really think he would have left it there as a surprise for you. Maybe he didn't want you to find it at all, if you get what I mean?

JULIE

(Dumb)  
Of course it's a surprise. What else would it be?

JEFF Enters. Suprisingly spruce for once.

HARRY

Ah Jeff. Take over this conversation will you. I've got things I must do urgently, like replace the toilet paper.

JEFF

You haven't noticed, have you?

HARRY

Noticed what?

JULIE

He's washed.



JEFF

Washed, shaved, showered. Old Spiced.

HARRY

My god. What's this. The new you?

JEFF

After our little counselling session this morning, I decided to turn over a new leaf. I've got you entertainment tonight. Painted over your sign and had a nice, clean wash.

HARRY

Yes. The real reason for the bathing is the fact you got covered in paint earlier. That's not the only thing he managed to cover in paint! I'm surprised we are still allowed to run this pub.

At that moment, Harry spots that someone has drawn a walrus moustache on his beloved Kim Wilde Photograph that adorns the wall behind the bar.

HARRY (CONT'D)

What's this? Someone has defaced my beloved Kim's face with a felt pen.

JULIE

I always hated that picture.

HARRY

Sacrilege! How dare they!

JEFF

Put it this way, Harry. It is Movember! She's only doing her bit for charity.

HARRY

Sixteen years I've had that photograph. Sixteen years!

JEFF

You could have got a signed one.

HARRY

It was signed. It's just worn off.

JULIE

How did it wear off?

HARRY  
When I cleaned it.

JEFF  
Why would you need to clean it?

HARRY  
(embarrassed)  
Um. I had an accident, once.

JEFF  
You could say it's in honour of our guest  
tonight. He's famous for his 'tache.

The Phone rings behind the bar.

HARRY  
Could you get that please, Julie. I'm  
in mourning.

JULIE  
Good Evening... The Lazy Dog.

Harry and Jeff burst out in giggles. Julie turns her back on  
them both.

HARRY  
Got her again!

JEFF  
That's the only plus having the pub named  
"The Lazy Dog". Take the piss out of the  
barmaid.

HARRY  
Another enquiry about tonight, I expect?

Julie puts down the phone and turns solemnly towards Harry and  
Jeff.

JULIE  
You're not going to like this.

HARRY  
Why?

JULIE  
That was John Wark's agent. He's might have  
to cancel tonight.

JEFF

You're joking?

JULIE

No. He was run off the road earlier today. Seems he's got a broken arm. It was a hit and run.

HARRY

That's absolutely bloody marvellous. I knew it was too good to be true. What the hell are we going to do now then?

JEFF

(sheepish)

So, they haven't caught them then?

JULIE

Didn't say.

JEFF

Did they get a description of the other car?

HARRY

How do you know it was another car? It could have been a tractor, hit and run, round here.

JEFF

Oh. I don't. Yeah you're right.

HARRY

So what are we going to do then? We're soon going to be inundated with seventy screaming mad football fans, demanding the pleasure of an evening with John Wark.

JULIE

I could do a few songs?

HARRY

You even dare go near that Microphone and it's cord will be used for a more sinister purpose!

JULIE

Don't blow a fuse. I'm only trying to help.

JEFF

I could ring my mate, see if he can get someone else?

HARRY

We open in ten minutes!

JULIE

You could get Elvin Pressly, the Elvis impersonator, in again?

HARRY

He won't be released for another month.

JEFF

Wait! I've got an idea. Give me a tick.

Jeff exits, sharpish.

JULIE

Where's he going?

HARRY

I have no idea. I just hope it's good.

There is a knock at the door.

HARRY (CONT'D)

It's open. I knew this was too good to be true.

BIG CLIFF, BRASSIE and WHIPPY walk into the main bar. Whippy has still got the word "cock" written on his forehead in felt pen from this morning.

HARRY

Have you washed today Whippy?

WHIPPY

Yeah, why?

HARRY

No reason.

BRASSIE

Is he here yet? I'm so excited, I've wet two pairs of underpants, already.

HARRY

Well prepare to wet a third.

BIG CLIFF  
He's not coming?

HARRY  
Exactly.

Brassie screams and starts crying uncontrollably.

HARRY  
Take him out the back, cliff. There's  
some Kleenex kicking around somewhere  
there too.

Big Cliff walks up close to the bar and places his face too  
close to Harry's for comfort.

BIG CLIFF  
I am still getting paid for this.

HARRY  
Was that a question or a statement?

BIG CLIFF  
Just make sure I do.  
(indicates to Brassie)  
And this snivelling ball of puss.  
Where's my car keys? I left them here  
last night.

JULIE  
Here they are. Don't panic you big oaf.

Julie hands the keys over to Big Cliff as Jeff enters.

JEFF  
Julie. No!

JULIE  
What's the matter?

JEFF  
(retracting)  
Um. Nothing. Whippy, Can I borrow you a min?

HARRY  
Have you sorted anything?

In the background, Big Cliff lifts Brassie up with ease and  
throws him over his shoulder and takes him out the back. Jeff  
is half watching this.

JEFF

Hmm

HARRY

Have you managed to get a replacement?

JEFF

Er. Sort of.

Jeff and Whippy exit.

HARRY

He worries me to death, that boy. You wouldn't think we are related.

JULIE

Where's he taking Whippy?

HARRY

I don't know. Probably to get both their Heads examined.

Jeff re-enters alone.

HARRY

Well?

JEFF

Don't worry. John Wark will be here soon.

HARRY

Oh. So he's coming now then?

JEFF

Sort of. Um. Has Cliff moved his car yet?

JULIE

No, I've only just given him his keys.

JEFF

Good.

HARRY

What do you mean sort of...?

At this point, the main bar door swings open and dozens of Ipswich football supporters tumble in.

SUPPORTER #1

Is this the right pub? John Wark's appearing Here? tonight?

HARRY

Yes you've come to the right place. What can I get you?

SUPPORTER 2#

Where is he then?

HARRY

Not here yet, but we've only just opened.

SUPPORTER 1#

I hope he buys a round.

HARRY

I'm sure he will. What can I get you?

SUPPORTER 1#

What is it? Lager's all round, boys?

SUPPORTER 3#

I'll have a bitter.

SUPPORTER 1#

Nine pints of lager and one bitter please, landlord.

HARRY

Coming right up. Julie...

Julie shakes her head but starts pulling the pints anyway.

JEFF

I'm just going to see if he's arrived yet.

SUPPORTER 2#

He'd better be here soon, I've got to get the Train back. Bloody miles from where I live.

Jeff exits as more supporters pile in. Harry takes orders, while Julie pulls the pints.

Jeff re-enters. Smiling broadly.

JEFF

He's here!

HARRY

Right, can you make sure Larry and Cliff are in position on the door before any more of this lot turn up.

JEFF

Will do.

Pandemonium in the bar as it is rammed.

Jeff re-enters and stands by the door ready to announce..

JEFF

Ladies and Gentlemen. It is my very special privilege to be able to present to you.

The noise level of the punters reduces as they wait in anticipation.

JEFF

A man that needs little introduction around these parts. He has played football in the premier league. He has appeared on the big screen with the likes of Sylvester Stallone and Michael Caine. Appearing here tonight, I give you... Mr John Wark.

Thunderous applause for a few seconds until..

WHIPPY appears through the door, dressed in Black wig, Fake Moustache and wearing a retro Ipswich Town Football kit for the 1970's.

The applause turns to stunned silence and then the boo's start ringing around the pub.

EXT: LAZY DOG PUB, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Big Cliff and Brassie are standing outside the front door, trying to resemble a pair of bouncers. We can hear an almighty commotion from inside the pub. We HEAR broken glass, shouting and all sorts going on.

BRASSIE

Cor. It's all going on in there. I told you he's my all-time hero. They must think he's amazing?



BIG CLIFF

Yeah. Do me a favour and shut up about him.  
It's all I've heard all day. John Wark this,  
John Wark that.

BRASSIE

Sorry.

They both return to their "Bouncer" pose. We see a lone person walk up to the front door. His arm is in a sling. This is the REAL JOHN WARK. He goes to enter the pub.

BRASSIE

(doesn't recognise him)  
Sorry mate. It's one in, one out at the moment.

JOHN WARK

But I'm booked for this place.

BIG CLIFF

Yeah, pull the other one, mate.

JOHN WARK

No, I am really.

BRASSIE

Who do you think you are, Johnny Wark or something?

BIG CLIFF

Mate. Hop it!

The real John Wark turns away from the door and trots off.

INT. LAZY DOG PUB, MAIN BAR - NIGHT

It is closing time. The place has been wrecked. The last of the evening's punters staggers past the broken chairs and tables and out of the door.

HARRY

Mary's going to earn her money tomorrow.

JULIE

So did I tonight. I must have pulled five hundred pints. My arm is killing me.

HARRY

Even I had to pull some. Jeff, my boy.  
You did well. We made a tidy sum tonight.

JEFF

We did?

HARRY

Yes. We sure did. Although I don't know if we'll ever see Bazza in here anymore. Whatever possessed you to talk him into posing as John Wark? I thought they were going to kill him.

JEFF

They nearly did. Luckily, they saw the funny Side in the end.

Big Cliff enters the main bar. He has white paint dripping from his hand.

HARRY

What's up, Cliff?

BIG CLIFF

Who's driven my bloody car today?

Harry and Julie both turn and look at Jeff.

Jeff turns and looks at Big Cliff, then makes a mad dash out the front door.

EXT: LAZY DOG PUB, REAR ENTRANCE - NIGHT

We can see the rear entrance to the pub and among the crates of beer, we see a couple of wheelie Bins. We hear a muffled voice.

JEFF

Cliff? Can I come out now?

The lid to one of the wheelie bins opens and JEFF'S head appears, covered in white paint.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Cliff? Cliff?

We pan out to a deserted, dark and damp, Pub car park. Jeff's voice can be heard and slowly fades away.

FADE OUT