

"The Regulars"

Episode Three: "The Snobs"

By

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FADE IN

EXT. THE SUFFOLK VILLAGE OF SANDWICH GREEN - DAY

Start with an Ariel view of the village and then descend down and past various landmarks of the village:

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

Follow down the street until we rest upon:

The Lazy Dog Public house.

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

There is a hanging sign outside the pub, on which is written this week's episode title "The Snobs".

CUT TO:

INT. LAZY DOG PUB, MAIN BAR - NIGHT

We enter the main area of the bar at early evening. JULIE the barmaid is loitering behind the bar chatting with a couple of regulars, BAZZA, MAUREEN and WHIPPY, who are on bar stools in front of the bar. HARRY is washing up glasses.

JULIE

He'd just opened the bag of nuts, slipped his hand in and bit straight into it.

BAZZA

A nail? He bit into a nail?

JULIE

Yep. He got Two Thousand compensation from the supermarket chain.

MAUREEN

Did he cut his lip then?

JULIE

No. It was a false fingernail. But he ramped it up a bit... Got an old letter from the dentist... changed it a bit, put in all his pain and suffering.

MAUREEN

Isn't that fraud?

JULIE

Well he was in pain... He's allergic to nail polish!

HARRY

What did you do with the money?

JULIE

I'm wearing it.

Julie grabs a breast in each palm.

BAZZA

Dear God.

Bazza gets a slap from Maureen.

WHIPPY

Well what did you stuff it in there for?

JULIE

It's not the actual money, you moron. It's the enhancement. Greater shape.

MAUREEN

What shape are they supposed to be Julie? Pyramid shape?

WHIPPY

I went to the pyramids once, piss up with the boys.

BAZZA

Moving on, whips. Here, ain't you got an early start tomorrow?

WHIPPY

No. Day off tomorrow. I'm emptying my shed.

BAZZA

You took a day off for that? Couldn't you do that at the weekend?

WHIPPY

Nah. I'll be in here.

MAUREEN

You're in here everyday. Why don't you take a day off from this place?

WHIPPY

I couldn't afford it.

Everyone looks blank and then decides to give up on the conversation.

Another patron walks into the bar. He is very plainly dressed with a shiny bald head and glasses. His voice sounds like Bungle from Rainbow.

HARRY

Evening, Flash.

The others look round and laugh at flash. He takes no notice.

FLASH

(pause)

Hello.

HARRY

Usual, Flash?

FLASH

(pause)

No, nothing too bad, please, Harry. I had rather a night of it last night. Stella shandy please.

HARRY

What were you up to last night, then?

FLASH

(pause)

Can't you tell?

HARRY

What's that, Flash?

FLASH

(pause)

Can you not tell from my dyed hair?

HARRY

Which one?

Flash appears slightly offended by this.

FLASH

(pause)

I dyed my hair last night to go to the nightclub.

BAZZA

Rock n Roll.

HARRY

Good job you did that, Flash. Get into the spirit of the thing.

FLASH

(pause)

Yes. Thought I had better. I thought for a moment I might be a bit too old to go clubbing.

MAUREEN

It did cross my mind.

FLASH

Touch of hair dye made all the difference.

HARRY

Good night then?

FLASH

(pause)

Yeah.

BAZZA

Glad we cleared that one up, then.

HARRY

So you just come in for a bit of hair of the dog?

FLASH

No. (pause) Meeting a lady.

HARRY

What? One you met last night?

FLASH

(pause)

Yeah.

HARRY

Well good on you, Flash. She a corker?

FLASH

Stunning, Harry, stunning.

HARRY

Oh right. What time is she due in here then?

FLASH

Eight O'Clock. I thought I had better be early.

WHIPPY

Early? It's only Six-Thirty now.

FLASH

(Pause)

Just psyching myself up.

BAZZA

Well don't get too psyched, Flash. You don't want to overdo it.

FLASH

(pause)

Hmm. Perhaps you're right. Can I change that order to a Lemonade?

HARRY

You're in luck, Flash. I've only poured the lemonade bit.

At this point, Lord Braithwaite enters and is spotted by Harry.

HARRY

Uh oh... Careful with your language now, all.

WHIPPY

(bit slow on the uptake)

Why's that huh?

HARRY

Keep it less colourful!

WHIPPY

You mean don't mention the blacks?

Barry spots the Lord and gives Whippy a kick.

MAUREEN (to the Lord)

Evening, Bernard. What brings you in here? Thought we weren't good enough for the likes of you?

LORD

Well I normally wouldn't frequent this establishment or grace you with my presence but I'm afraid I'm in a bit of a pickle.

HARRY

Oh? How so?

LORD

I need some advice, you see.

BAZZA

You've chosen the wrong place here, mate!

Barry nods over to Julie, who is adjusting her breasts.

LORD

Quite!

HARRY

How can we help?

LORD

Well... It's my Granddaughters christening tomorrow afternoon at the church, and we are all going back down to the Manor afterwards, and, well, I'm afraid to say the caterers have let me down. Some sort of Flu epidemic apparently.

HARRY

You'd like us to step in and do the catering?

LORD

Well, no actually. I was wondering if, in your line of trade, you may have come across some good caterers? Is there anyone you could recommend?

HARRY

Well, actually. As luck would have it. My brother is fully qualified. He's had full training. Sure, his appearance lets him down sometimes. But don't let that fool you. I can assure you, he works for me with the utmost dedication and professionalism.

JEFF Enters...

JEFF

Bloody hell... Have you seen the size of that floater in trap one?

Harry looks at the Lord blankly.

CARD: "10 Minutes later..."

Scene resumes without the Lord.

HARRY

You utter prat!

JEFF

How was I to know?

BAZZA

I can't believe he agreed to let you do it!

JULIE

You told some porkers.

MAUREEN

You'd know all about that, love.

HARRY

Yes, well, Speculate to accumulate!

JEFF

But why have I got to go and cook at his?

HARRY

Because I have got the Rugby boys' do in the evening. I'll have to sort out the grub for that here. You can sort Lord Muck out - only don't cock it up!

JEFF

You know me. Always have satisfied customers...

In the background, a patron then bounces a sandwich on the bar and then dips it in his pint.

JEFF (CONT'D)

You'd better sort the loo out then.

HARRY

Hmm. Mary can do that in the morning. That's what she's paid for. I'll leave her a note.

The door to the main bar opens and in walks an obvious Transgender person, a Man dressed as a woman. He/she walks straight up to Flash.

FLASH

Hello, Love. What are you drinking?

Whippy and Bazza start rolling about in hysterics.

FLASH (CONT'D)

Harry, Jeff. I'd like you to meet Veronica.

HARRY

Er. Hello er Love.

JEFF

Hello.

VERONICA

Hell-o. Could I please have a Bloody Mary. Well this is a quaint pub. Bit out of the way.

HARRY

You not from round here?

BAZZA

Think we'd have noticed her, round here.

VERONICA

No. London originally. Now Ipswich. I had to move with my job.

JEFF

Oh? What is it you do?

VERONICA

I work in Telesales.

FLASH

Come, love. Let's find a nice, quiet corner.

HARRY

Done well there, Flash.

Harry winks to Bazza and Whippy, who can't stop sniggering.

INT. LAZY DOG PUB, TOILET - DAY

COBWEB MARY lifts the lid of the toilet. She sees what is inside. Doesn't fancy it, and then closes the lid.

INT. MANOR FRONT ROOM - DAY

This is a very grand living room. There are lots of valuable looking ornaments and plates laid out on the grand furniture. The LORD and LADY BRAITHWAITE are right at home.

The Lady is running through a list on a notepad and the Lord is sat down in an armchair polishing some armour with a rag and a tin of brasso. He strokes his beard and then realises he has brasso on his hand.

LADY

Are you sure everything is ready, Bernard?

LORD

Virginia, dear. Yes, it's all taken care of. There were one or two hitches, granted.

LADY

Hitches? Why? What's happened?

LORD

Well - there was a problem with the catering. But it's OK now, No need to worry.

LADY

(stern)

You know what happened the last time I let you sort the catering out. Petra's only just forgiven you. Our Daughter's wedding, ruined!

LORD

It wasn't my fault, Virginia. We've been over this before. I wasn't to know the Chef was a borderline alcoholic.

LADY

He was registered blind! Didn't you check the references?

The Telephone rings...

LORD

(To himself)

Saved by the bell.

LADY picks up the phone.

LADY

Sandwich Green Manor. The Lady speaking...
Well... It won't do. We ordered thirty two
carnations and we only received thirty one...
and a half... Well the head fell off... Please
could you send a replacement...
My Grand Daughter is Nineteen months old.
I'd like it before she reaches puberty...
Thank you.

LORD

All sorted, Virginia?

LADY

Only way to deal with these people.

LORD

Quite right.

LADY

What was I saying?

A rather exuberant front door bell rings...

LADY

Ah that's right. I want no repeat
performance, Bernard.

LORD

I told you dear. It's all sorted.

The Lord ventures over to the front door and opens it.
JEFF is stood there, with a beaming and gormless smile. His
Chef whites still no whiter.

LADY

If it's those awful WI women again,
tell them NO. I am not doing a calendar.

The Lady arrives at the door, then proceeds to look Jeff up
and down.

LADY (CONT'D)

This has got disaster written all over it.

LORD

Oh no dear. He comes highly recommended.
Trained by Gordon Ramsey himself.

LADY
Loud mouthed buffoon!

JEFF
Me or Ramsey? That's alright. I've got all
the know-how. I brought me books with me.

LADY
Books?

The Lady rolls her eyes and departs...

LORD
It will be alright dear. I'm sure it'll
be OK.

In the distance...

LADY
It better be or you'll need to be wearing
that Armour!

The Lord smiles at Jeff.

LORD
Well you had better come in then.

JEFF
Just show me where the kitchen is and I'll
unload me van.

INT. MANOR KITCHEN - DAY

Jeff arrives in the kitchen with a couple of bags of
ingredients. Waiting for him are the Lord, His daughter Petra,
His Son-in-law Sebastian and their 19 month old Daughter.

JEFF
Oh Hi all. Didn't realise I'd have an
audience?

LORD
All, this is the Chef. Chef, This is my
daughter Petra.

PETRA
(snobby)
Hello.

LORD
My son-in-law Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN

Charmed.

LORD

And my Grand Daughter, Porsha.

JEFF

Porsha? She'll have fun in her teens then.

PETRA

Really!

SEBASTIAN

We're going to run a little errand for mummy. We're only in the next room.

JEFF

Righto, mate. I've just got to unpack this and I'm cooking on gas.

LORD

Just... do a good job. I don't really fancy wearing an armoured overcoat.

JEFF

You better hope it don't rain then.

LORD

Whatever for?

JEFF

Cos you'll go rusty! Only joking my lord.

LORD

Come on.

The Lord ushers everyone out of the kitchen. Jeff starts unpacking his bags and placing the ingredients on the table. There are a lot of antique items in the kitchen and these catch Jeff's eye.

While he is looking at a quality vase, a toddlers hand reaches up to the table and takes a small bag of sugar. Jeff turns back to where the sugar should have been. Then he starts looking around for it.

The little hand reaches up and takes the mustard. Jeff looks back around and now that is gone too. Jeff looks under the table and spots the toddler.

JEFF

OI! You little monkey! How did you get in here?

Jeff moves around the table to get at the toddler who then starts turning on switches to appliances including the gas for the cooker. At that point, PETRA enters the kitchen.

PETRA

There you are.

JEFF

I think she wanted to give me a hand.

Petra grabs the toddler up.

PETRA

Yes quite. I hope Daddy briefed you?

JEFF

On what?

PETRA

My favourite dish. I simply must have it... Lobster?

JEFF

Lobster? Er yes.

Petra exits with the toddler.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Lobster! Where's my book?

Jeff starts frantically looking for the missing book.

JEFF (CONT'D)

In the van!

Jeff exits.

INT. MANOR FRONT ROOM - DAY

LADY

What were you thinking? That... Pub!
You must have heard about them?
No one eats their food!

LORD

But the problem... I explained It to you.
They were the only available choice.

LADY

I will never set foot in there again. Just get him out as quick as you can.

LORD

Look, Virginia. I know they've not been the best thing in the village, but I always like to give someone a second chance.

The Lord lights his pipe.

LADY

The Chef looks like he has never heard of a washing machine.

LORD

If it makes you happy, I'll go and make sure he is getting on as he should be. I'm sure there will be no disasters.

LADY

If it all goes wrong..

LORD

I'll be wearing a new suit, I know.

EXT. OUTSIDE MANOR FRONT DOOR - DAY.

JEFF opens his van rear doors and starts sifting through cook books.

INT. MANOR KITCHEN - DAY.

The door to the kitchen opens and in walks the LORD with his pipe in his mouth.

EXT. OUTSIDE MANOR FRONT DOOR - DAY.

Jeff is checking through a cook book and just as he finds the right recipe..

BANG!

The windows of the Manor kitchen explode outwards.

Jeff is staring, open mouthed at the remnants of the kitchen windows and.. drops the book.

INT. LAZY DOG PUB, MAIN BAR - DAY.

JULIE is serving WHIPPY at the bar. BRASSIE is also at the bar.

WHIPPY

So... a thousand pounds a boob?

JULIE

That's right... and well worth it.

WHIPPY

Who for? You, or the other half?

JULIE

Both of us. It's stimulation you see.

WHIPPY

So how did they do it then? Remove a nipple and then stuff the gunk in and sew the nipple back on?

A young couple had just arrived at the bar with a menu in hand, evidently to order food. They subsequently change their minds.

BRASSIE

Don't be stupid, Whips. You must have seen a football being pumped up? Same thing isn't it.

JULIE

It's like the Suffolk Village of the damned around here.

WHIPPY

You taking the piss?

JULIE

Out of you two. I wouldn't do that. Best customers n' all.

WHIPPY

Good.

BRASSIE

Good.

Whippy and Brassie settle at the bar.

JULIE

After big Cliff.

WHIPPY

Oh Yes. Cliff.

JULIE

Bazza and Maureen.

BRASSIE

Yes. Them two.

JULIE

Father Greene too.

WHIPPY

Really?

JULIE

He's in here more than you think.

Whippy and Brassie look at each other, think about it, then nod in agreement.

The phone rings..

JULIE

Hello... The Lazy Dog...

Whippy, and a few others laugh at this and point at Julie. She turns up two fingers back.

INT. LAZY DOG, KITCHEN - DAY.

HARRY is in the kitchen making sandwiches for the Rugby team. He is frantically opening cupboard doors.

HARRY

Where is the sodding marmite?

POV Shot of inside a cupboard. Harry opens the cupboard door, screws his face up and closes it again.

Julie opens the kitchen door and enters with the phone.

JULIE

I think you need to take this.

HARRY

Ah Jeff. Where do you keep the Gherkins?
I can't find the marmite either..

There is a slight pause until the phone drops from Harry's hands and lands in a sink full of soapy water.

INT. CHURCH - CHRISTENING - DAY.

FATHER GREENE, Petra, Sebastian, and the Godparents are all surrounding the font. The Toddler is in the Vicar's arms. There is background organ music playing, rather badly.

FATHER GREENE
(Slightly drunken slur)
Christ claims you for his own. Receive the
sign of his cross.

As Father Greene says the word "cross", his false teeth slip out and land in the font. He continues with the sermon regardless.

We pan over to the pew's, first some other guests and then the Lady comes into view with a face like a smacked bottom. She looks sideways towards the LORD as he comes into view.

He has a severely singed beard.

Still on Lord and Lady, O/S we HEAR an almighty splash, followed by toddler cries. The Vicar has dropped the toddler in the font.

Further back on the pew's, are Harry, Jeff and Juile.

HARRY
I thought I gave instructions that we
don't serve the Vicar at lunchtimes?

JEFF
Not me.

They both turn to Julie, who is looking guilty.

HARRY & JEFF
Smashing!

INT. LAZY DOG PUB, MAIN BAR - DAY.

We pan over all the christening guests, who are sat in the dining area of the Lazy Dog Pub. All have dead pan faces. We settle on the Lord and Lady, who are waiting for their servings.

Julie the bar main trots out with a platter of sandwiches and places on the table in front of the Lord and Lady.

Jeff and Harry are stood behind the bar, both with anxious looking faces.

Julie returns to behind the bar.

JULIE

I think you've done rather well under the circumstances.

HARRY

They were for the Rugby team.

JEFF

Least we could do for them.

HARRY

Although God knows what Big Cliff will do when he finds out... Hang about... You're the chef - You can deal with him!

JEFF

Me? You were the one who gave the grub to the snobs!

HARRY

That's a perk of being the manager. Delegation! My names above the door. It's a shame time moves on so quickly. Gone are the days when you could beat up the staff. It's all red tape now.

JULIE

I expect this lot will be gone by the time the rugby lot get here anyway? Do you know, My Paul...

Jeff cuts her off.

JEFF

Is actually coming in tonight? Will we actually get to meet him?

HARRY

Or is he some mythological figure, hidden away in that thing you call a brain?

JULIE

Push off. He won't come in here. He's not a pub man. He love's his club too much.

HARRY

Club? Which club? The Barmaid's dream club?

JULIE

The Farmer boys club! They all like to get together and chew the fat over their pigs and cows. Tell each other how much money they've got.

JEFF

I thought the farm trade was going up the swanny?

JULIE

It is. But it won't kick in for another ten years or so. They just like to whinge.

The Lady Braithwaite appears at the bar.

LADY

You do realise we expect a reduction.

JULIE

They've done you a favour, Love.

HARRY

(Diplomatically)

Um... If you can leave half the sandwiches I'll reduce by 50 percent.

LADY

Well. We'll see. They appear to be inedible anyway.

JEFF

Don't be stupid, Harry. There's thirty quid's worth there.

HARRY

Yes, but it might save you either a kicking from Big Cliff or a night of humiliation with the Egg chasers.

JEFF

Hmm. I see your point.

Harry checks his flies.

HARRY

Can you? Hey. Come on, let's get the table wine out for the guests

Harry leaves the bar, places his arm around the Lady's shoulder and leads her back to the dining area.

EXT. OUTSIDE FRONT OF LAZY DOG PUB - EVENING

A decorated Minibus pulls up outside the pub. It is full of the rugby boys in a rather raucous state. They all pile off the bus and into the bar except one last straggler.

As the bus drives off, the straggler is naked, from rear, with a ball and chain attached to his leg.

INT. LAZY DOG PUB, MAIN BAR - EVENING.

JULIE

Rugby boys have arrived!

JEFF

Time to make myself scarce..

HARRY

Oh no you don't. Get in there and face the music.

Harry grabs Jeff round the neck and escorts him to the pool room door. He opens the door and throws him through next door.

JULIE

That was a bit harsh?

HARRY

His own fault. He was the one who managed to blow up the snobs kitchen.

BIG CLIFF enters the bar.

HARRY

Evening Cliff. How'd you get on today?

BIG CLIFF

Tonked 'em Harry. Forty-Two eight. We went steady on them. Only the two is hospital this week.

HARRY

Yes. Well done. What you drinking? Usual?

BIG CLIFF

Twenty four pints of lager.

HARRY

I thought there was going to be Twenty of you?

BIG CLIFF

There is. Four pints are for me. Are the sarnies ready? I'm starving.

HARRY

Erm. Yeah. Jeff want's a word with you about that.

BIG CLIFF

Oh yes? Where is he?

HARRY

He's probably cowering underneath the pool table.

BIG CLIFF

Righto. Back in a minute.

Big Cliff rolls his sleeves up and necks a full pint that wasn't his and was sitting on the bar. He departs.

Harry looks through into the dining area and spots one of the drunken rugby players, trying it on with lady Braithwaite.

HARRY

Oh my god.

Harry goes round the bar and pours a pint of lager.

The door to the bar opens and in walks BILLY OF THE OCEAN, the biggest of the village idiots. Before Billy gets the chance to speak...

HARRY (CONT'D)

Out!!

Billy turns straight round and exits.

Harry takes the full pint over to the rugby player and lady muck. He runs the full pint under the rugby players nose.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Come on... There's a load more of these next door.

Harry takes the pint away and begins beckoning the rugby player to follow.

HARRY (CONT'D)

That's a boy. Come on... NO. Leave the good lady behind.

We return on Julie at the bar. Bazza and Maureen enter.

BAZZA

Hey Jules. Busy tonight.

JULIE

You wouldn't believe it. Someone naffed up the Snobs christening. So we had to hold it in here.

MAUREEN

Good time to bomb this place then.

BAZZA

Maureen!

JULIE

I agree. Get 'em while they're altogether.

Harry returns from the other bar.

HARRY

Bloody hell. It's all going on in there. Banjacksed is the word. No sign of Jeff. They have probably hung, drawn and quartered him! Oh evening, Barry... evening, Maureen.

Flash enters the pub.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Evening, Flash. How did it go last night?

FLASH

(pause)

Not too good to be fair with you.

BAZZA

Really? She come up a bit short for you, Flash?

FLASH

No. on the contrary.

HARRY

Nevermind, Hey.

FLASH

(pause)

She's got 3 GSCE's. Too many for me. A man should never go out with a woman that's potentially smarter than him.

HARRY

So you've binned her?

FLASH

So to speak. She kept putting me off also. It's funny, but every time she spoke, it reminded me of my late Uncle Derek.

BAZZA

That's because it probably was.

HARRY

Flash, I think it's time you learnt the painful truth.

We focus on a single pint on the bar, Harry has poured for Bazza. It fades into six empty pint glasses and we return to focus.

Bazza, Maureen, Whippy, Big Cliff and Brassie are all sat at the bar in a full chorus of "WONDERWALL".

The door to the pool room open and out pops a rugby player, with his hand to his mouth, looking for somewhere to vomit.

The noise is loud. Harry and Julie are prancing around behind the bar trying to serve as many people as possible.

We return to focus on the Six empty glasses on the bar. This then fades into Twelve empty glasses. We then draw back to reveal that most of the crowd have gone, and the place is a mess.

Of the regulars, only Bazza, Maureen and Whippy remain. Harry is collecting, in a vane attempt to tidy up. In walks Jeff.

HARRY

Where the sodding hell have you been?

JEFF

Blah, blah, blah.

HARRY

They must have done something to you? You won't get away with it!

JEFF

No way. They didn't touch me.

Jeff turns round to exit again to reveal that the whole rear of his clothing has been cut away to expose his naked backside

HARRY

(laughing)
That's about right.

Harry starts collecting glasses, Lady Braithwaite enters, completely drunk, with a rugby rosette pinned to her front.

LADY

I have just come to inform you... that this is the worst establishment I have ever been in. The food... if you can call it that. Is inedible! The Wine... is the cheapest plonk you can buy and tastes of vinegar. The bar staff are rude... .. there is a naked man next door and... worst of all... someone has dropped a CIGAR down the toilet!!

Blank faces all round, then everyone realises she mean't...

WHIPPY

Oh that's ok. I fished that out a minute ago.

JEFF

Whips. That was no Cigar.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. LAZY DOG PUB, MAIN BAR - NIGHT.

The pub has officially closed and we see Harry, Jeff and Brassie seated in front of the bar with a beer on the go. Julie is leaning against the bar, ready for the off.

BRASSIE

I did pull a cracker once, mind.

JULIE

The only cracker you pull is at Christmas.

BRASSIE

No really I did. She was gorgeous. Long blonde hair. Legs up to her...

JEFF

Shoulders!

BRASSIE

No I mean it. Absolute cracker.

HARRY

So what happened? Get blown out before you got blown?

BRASSIE

Well I took her out on a few dates. You know, wining and dining. Told her about my inheritance I was expecting, that sort of thing.

JULIE

Inheritance?

BRASSIE

Yeah, the couple of Mil my Dad was leaving me. The lottery win.

JEFF

I never knew about that.

BRASSIE

Nah. Never happened.

JEFF

Why's that.

BRASSIE

Well that bird I was talking about.

HARRY

Yeah...

BRASSIE

She's now my Stepmother!

FADE OUT.