

How to become a naked pagan serial killer

By

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FADE IN

INT. DOCTORS SURGERY - DAY

Dozens of old age pensioners occupy every available seat. The female RECEPTIONIST (50's) is standing behind a large desk spraying the area with an air freshener.

JOE CRAY, 30's, enters and waits at the reception desk.

RECEPTIONIST

Be with you in a moment! I'm just trying to mask that smell of pee a bit!

The receptionist then walks around the waiting room spraying all the elderly people.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT)

It's always busy like this after a weekend.

The receptionist then sits back down behind the desk.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT) (cont'd)

Now then! What can I help you with?

Joe looks around and leans over the desk.

JOE

(whispering)

My names Joe Cray, I've got an appointment to give a sperm sample.

The receptionist types on a computer keyboard.

RECEPTIONIST

Here we are.. Mr Cray one sperm deposit!... Let's get you a sample bottle.

The receptionist searches through an open draw.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT)

(shouting)

Has anyone seen the sperm sample bottles?... Hold on I've found one.

The receptionist hands over a sample bottle to Joe.

RECEPTIONIST

(whispering)

Do you need any magazine help? I

(MORE)

RECEPTIONIST (cont'd)  
know you men can get a bit  
nervous.

JOE  
Er... yes okay thanks.

RECEPTIONIST  
(whispering)  
Gay or straight?

JOE  
Er...straight?

RECEPTIONIST  
You don't sound sure, do you want  
one of each?

JOE  
I'm straight! I'm sure of it.

RECEPTIONIST  
(whispering)  
Straight...Here we are, Huge tits  
or Hot Teen Nymphos?

JOE  
(mumbles)  
Huge tits will be fine, thank  
you.

RECEPTIONIST  
Where is it now?  
(shouting)  
Has anyone seen the Huge tits  
magazine?

JOE  
(whispers)  
Hot teen nymphos will be fine!..  
Thank you.

RECEPTIONIST  
Oops! This is the Huge tits  
magazine. I'll get you the Hot  
teen nymphos...

JOE  
Please don't...

RECEPTIONIST  
(shouting)  
Has anybody seen the Hot teen  
nymphos magazine?

JOE  
 (whispering urgently)  
 Please.. Huge tits will do!  
 Honestly.

The receptionist puts the magazine on the counter next to another. Joe picks up the wrong magazine.

RECEPTIONIST  
 I'm afraid all the rooms are busy  
 but you can use the curtain  
 cubicle over there.

Joe looks over to a cubicle which is surrounded by old age pensioners who keep looking behind the curtain.

JOE  
 (mutters to himself)  
 Bugger!...

Joe sees an emergency exit door.

EXT. DOCTORS SURGERY - DAY

Joe sneaks out of the door and goes behind some bushes. He finds to his despair that he has picked up a magazine for pensioners.

JOE  
 Bollocks!

INT. DOCTORS SURGERY - DAY

An ELDERLY PRIEST stands by the reception desk.

RECEPTIONIST  
 Take a seat Father, the nurse  
 will come and check your blood  
 pressure. Let's see if it's still  
 sky high.

The elderly priest picks up the Hot teen nymphos magazine from the counter. He opens the pages and drops dead with a look of utter shock on his face.

EXT. DOCTORS SURGERY - DAY

Joe desperately flicks through the magazine one handed as he tries to get a response with the other hand.

Joe settles on a picture. He looks at it from different angles, SIGHS, and starts squinting to see if the image improves.

ANNIE ARKWRIGHT (late 70's) is walking her small dog HONEY. The dog runs ahead into some bushes.

ANNIE ARKWRIGHT  
Honey Bunny! Where are you? Honey  
Bunny come to mummy.

She pushes aside some branches to see Joe with his face contorted as he attempts to ejaculate and faints with the look of utter shock on her face.

ONE WEEK LATER.

EXT. YORKSHIRE DALES LANDSCAPE - DAY

Sheep scattered in fields and on the steep hillsides.

The figure of Joe Cray is strolling along a track toward the Drovers hotel. He is carrying a fishing rod and tackle box.

EXT. DROVERS HOTEL - DAY

Joe walks behind the building following a car park sign.

EXT. HOTEL REAR - DAY

Joe walks through the car park and waves to ELSIE, late 70's, who is hovering the car park.

INT. BAR - DAY

The hotel bar has flagstone floors and an open stone fireplace. Numerous signs are on walls and doors throughout the bar.

Anna, late 20's, is putting drinking glasses away behind the bar. Joe enters from the rear door and drops his gear on the floor.

JOE  
I nearly caught a trout! It must  
have been this big.

Joe spreads his arms three feet apart. Anna rolls her eyes.

ANNA  
Talking of old trouts! Have you  
seen what that mad old bitch is  
doing to the car park?

Joe Picks up a newspaper from the bar and looks out of a window.

JOE

That cable's not long enough to do all the car park. She'll need the extension lead to do the rest!

ANNA

You don't bat an eyelid do you?

JOE

About what?

ANNA

About what! She's hoovering the bloody car park!

Joe holds up the front page of a newspaper.

CLOSE ON A NEWSPAPER--THE DALES WEEKLY--WITH THE HEADLINE  
*Are the car parks in Dilldale safe from perverts?*

JOE

It's because this rag keeps printing rubbish all the time.

ANNA

She should be locked up.

JOE

You must admit the car park has come up a treat.

ANNA

What time do you think we should leave for the hospital?

Joe looks baffled.

JOE

Hospital?

ANNA

You've forgotten! I really give up with you!

INT. CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

Anna and Joe sit opposite DOCTOR SALMA DUTTA 40's.

ANNA

Sorry we're a bit late doctor, we got stuck behind a hearse. How was Joe's results?

DOCTOR SALMA DUTTA  
I can confirm Mrs. Cray that your  
husband's sperm count is  
abnormally low!

ANNA  
Even after weeks of abstinence?

DOCTOR SALMA DUTTA  
Mr. Cray... Are you sure you did  
not ejaculate several times prior  
to giving this sample?

ANNA  
Why would you do that when you  
knew the doctor wanted a sample!

JOE  
I only did it the once! For the  
sample.

DOCTOR SALMA DUTTA  
There is something puzzling us  
Mr. Cray about the sperm sample?

JOE  
Puzzling?

DOCTOR SALMA DUTTA  
Your sample contained a twig.

ANNA  
A twig?  
(to Joe)  
How did you manage to get a twig  
in a sperm sample?

JOE  
It must have dropped in!

ANNA  
Dropped in?

JOE  
It must have been when I went  
outside in the bushes. It was a  
windy day!

ANNA  
Outside! You mean to say you  
tossed off outside in the bushes.

JOE  
The doctors surgery was full of  
pensioners!

ANNA

You know how much this IVF means to me and you're handing in a sperm sample with a twig in it?

DOCTOR SALMA DUTTA

I will start the process for IVF treatment and will keep you informed. Meanwhile if we request another sample do not ejaculate several times before hand and please no more twigs.

JOE

I did it just the once and it was windy!

EXT. DROVERS HOTEL - DAY

A post office van skids to a halt. BILL, late 60's, struggles out of his van. He is wearing a post office uniform with very short shorts.

INT. BAR - DAY

Anna is reading a paperback book while Joe practices casting with an invisible fishing rod.

Bill the postman enters. He searches his pockets and takes out a small worn script card.

BILL

Another delivery on time by the post office.

ANNA

Why do you insist on reading that card!

BILL

I have to it's company policy!

Anna looks at Bill with a mixture of puzzlement and nausea and walks away.

Bill hands some letters to Joe who notices they've been opened.

JOE

Have you been opening the post again?

BILL

Anna's mum might have to get the builders in... her pelvic floor has dropped!

JOE  
I thought you'd stopped reading  
peoples post?

BILL  
I did stop but the voices started  
back up again.

JOE  
Not the letters talking to you  
again!

BILL  
You don't know what it's like  
having letters calling your name  
from the back of the van  
whispering read me! read me!

JOE  
If you don't stop reading the  
post you'll be hearing voices  
saying you're sacked! you're  
sacked!

Bill reads from his script card.

BILL  
The post office salutes its  
valued customers.

Bill stands to attention and salutes.

BILL (CONT)  
Would you like a post office  
scratch card before I go?

JOE  
No because I never win! Your  
chairman can stick his scratch  
cards up his backside... Go on  
then just the one.

Joe hands over money from the till, takes the scratch card  
and rubs it with a coin.

JOE (CONT)  
Nothing! Has anyone won on these?

BILL  
I'm not at liberty to say in case  
it puts people off buying them.

JOE  
That's the very last time I'm  
buying one and I really mean it  
this time.

BILL

See you tomorrow God willing.

Bill exits with difficulty in his tight shorts.

Joe opens a letter and reads it. Elsie enters dragging a vacuum cleaner.

ELSIE

I've done the car park Joe. Your going to have to get this fancy Hoover looked at, it's making a funny noise.

JOE

That is a surprise! Because on the box it said it was excellent at vacuuming deep pile carpets and road surfaces.

ELSIE

What's this about you having VHF?

JOE

IVF!

ELSIE

You never had a low squirm count until she got here.

JOE

I bet it's that bloody Bill reading my post and telling everyone!

ELSIE

Your gold digger has to have the best! A low squirm counts not good enough for her, oh no! She wants a high one.

Anna enters from the kitchen.

JOE

Bill's been opening the post and told Elsie about my low sperm count.

Joe holds up an envelope that has been opened.

ANNA

Don't look surprised! I've been telling you for ages he's been reading the post.

JOE

I thought it was just your post  
he was opening!

ANNA

So it was okay when it was my  
private letters?

ELSIE

I'll go and clean the ladies  
toilet while you sort out a  
divorce with gold digger.

JOE

Will you stop calling her that.  
Love at first sight does happen  
you know!

ELSIE

Love at first sight! Don't make  
me laugh. No one's going to fall  
in love with your face. She knew  
she was on to a good thing when  
she saw you. She saw money!

ANNA

Money! That's a joke he's  
penniless and the Drovers is  
a shit hole!

ELSIE

I know your type young lady,  
you'll bleed him for everything  
he's got then piss off and catch  
some other dopey idiot.

Elsie exits dragging the hoover with her.

JOE

(shouts)

Thank you so much auntie!

(to himself)

Don't worry about my fragile self  
esteem.

ANNA

Not only do I have to put up with  
my post being read! I have to put  
up with that old cow.

JOE

She's my dad's second cousin!  
Blood is thicker than water.

ANNA

Talking of thick, have a word  
with TOM. He's covering  
everything in tomato ketchup.

Anna picks up a chocolate bar from behind the counter and unwraps it.

JOE

My bacon sandwich was smothered  
in that muck this morning.

ANNA

I can see why Elsie calls him  
gormless.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen is small with stainless steel appliances.

Tom (20) is washing dishes at a sink.

Joe enters.

JOE

Stop putting tomato ketchup on  
everything or you're sacked.

TOM

You sacked me yesterday?

JOE

You're re-employed until I sack  
you again... Do you know why I  
ordered some odd kegs of beer?

TOM

LENNY and you were drinking last  
week...

INT. BAR - EVENING - FLASH BACK

Tom is serving behind the bar. Lenny, mid 40's, sits  
beside Joe at the bar.

Joe is very drunk with a stupid grin on his face. He signs  
a piece of paper which Lenny holds in front of him.

LENNY

Congratulations on buying the  
finest quality sign in Yorkshire.

At the end of the bar a PHONE RINGS.

Tom walks over and picks up the phone.

JOE

A toast to the new sign!

Joe and Lenny pick up their glasses and drink a toast.

TOM

Joe! The Brewery want to know if you're interested in taking some Essex beer kegs.

Joe leaps unsteadily to his feet.

JOE

Tell them yes!

(to Lenny)

Essex! That's the place you told me about. Where the girls put glitter all over there lady bits.

LENNY

Vajazzle! Glitter for pussies.

JOE

I think I'd like a glittering pussy.

Anna enters from the kitchen.

ANNA

Glittering pussy? What are you on about!

JOE

Er...they make glitter for cats now!

ANNA

Doesn't it get caught in their fur?

Joe looks at Lenny and giggles.

JOE

I think they shave them first.

ANNA

Your not talking about cats are you.

Anna looks at Joe and Lenny with suspicion.

ANNA (CONT)

(to Joe)

Don't let him talk you in to buying any signs.

JOE

I'm not stupid! I can talk to my friend without buying a sign.

END FLASH BACK.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

JOE  
Did I really buy another one of  
his signs as well?

TOM  
What do you think?

JOE  
Bugger!

EXT. DROVERS HOTEL - DAY

A van pulls up. The DELIVERY DRIVER, mid 20's, is flustered and in a bad mood, he takes a parcel out of the van and enters the Drovers.

INT. BAR - DAY

The delivery Driver enters with a large square parcel which he puts on the bar counter.

DELIVERY DRIVER  
You're not on sat nav?

ANNA  
Not on what?

Joe enters from the kitchen.

DELIVERY DRIVER  
I've got a parcel for Joe Cray at the Drovers hotel in Dilldale but it's not on sat nav!

JOE  
We haven't had any navigation signals in Dilldale for weeks since they changed to new satellites. It's like the Bermuda Triangle now, lots of people keep getting lost.

ANNA  
I've lost the will to live since I've been here.

The driver holds out a clipboard for Joe to sign.

DELIVERY DRIVER  
Sign here... I'm running late now. I'll have to call my boss on my mobile. He won't believe it when I tell him you're not on sat nav.

The driver leaves shaking his head.

JOE

He won't believe you can't pick up phone signals around here either.

ANNA

Let me guess what that is? Could it be a sign because we could do with a few more.

Anna points to the numerous signs that are on walls and doors through out the bar.

ANNA (CONT)

What has Lenny talked you into this time?

Joe reluctantly opens the parcel to reveal a large sign.

JOE

That bastard Lenny!

ANNA

Well at least it's an outside one this time. What does this one say?

CLOSE ON A SIGN- WITH THE WORDS

The Drovers Hotel. The Oldest Hotel in Dilldale.

BACK TO SCENE

ANNA (CONT)

Has he talked you in to buying this? Hold on, isn't the Drovers the only hotel in Dilldale?

JOE

Most people wouldn't know that.

Anna looks at the sign thoughtfully.

ANNA (CONT)

Seeing as you bought it you might as well display it out the front! It might help get us get more business.

JOE

How can I do any fishing if we're busy?

ANNA

Instead of locals propping up the bar, why can't we have tourists staying like the other dales hotels?

JOE

Because the other hotels are not  
in Dilldale!

ANNA

What difference does that make?

JOE

Dilldale is the jewel of the  
National park! .. Because of that  
quarantine a few years ago we get  
a subsidy to make up for any  
shortfall of income. Bloody  
brilliant.

ANNA

I know but we can still cater for  
tourists?

JOE

We don't have to! Which is just  
as well because tourists are  
moaning whining bastards.

ANNA

You are one of the laziest people  
I've ever met. I am not like you  
I need to be busy. I'm ambitious.

JOE

So am I!

ANNA

No you're not! Hoping to win the  
post office lottery is not being  
ambitious.

JOE

All right! I'll put the stupid  
sign outside the front.

EXT. DROVERS HOTEL - DAY

Joe puts the standing sign outside the Drovers hotel and  
gives it a kick.

INT. BAR - DAY

Anna is behind the bar stocking shelves.

Reporter COLIN SHAKESPEARE, late 20's, enters the Drovers  
and walks over to Anna.

COLIN

My name is Co-lin. I'm a reporter  
for the dales weekly. Is Joe  
about?

ANNA

(shouts)

Joe!

(normal voice)

What is your name again love?

COLIN

Co-lin, Co-lin Shakespeare.

ANNA

Shakespeare! I don't suppose  
you're related to the real  
Shakespeare?

COLIN

It's more than likely! My article  
on village bus routes under  
threat has been compared to  
Shakespeare.

Joe enters from the kitchen.

JOE

I want a word with you Colin!

COLIN

It's not Colin it's Co-lin.

ANNA

He's related to Shakespeare he's  
got the same surname.

JOE

Shakespeare! His name's Colin  
Bostock.

COLIN

Co-lin.

JOE

That rag of yours is responsible  
for my auntie doing unnecessary  
hoovering of the car park! ...

ANNA

And my Dyson is making a funny  
noise now!

COLIN

That was my perverts in car parks  
series! I nearly sold that to the  
tabloid press.

(to Anna)  
A bit like Romeo and Juliet but  
with dogging in it.

JOE  
Irresponsible journalism is what  
I call it. Where was the  
evidence!

COLIN  
Methinks the lad duff protest too  
much about perverts in car parks.

The reporter leans toward Joe in a confidential manner.

COLIN (CONT)  
If you do accidentally find any  
pictures of dogging on your phone  
we could share the fee from the  
tabloids!

ANNA  
I don't think he's got it in him  
to do dogging. He can't go for a  
pee if someone stands next to him  
in the gents.

JOE  
Don't tell him about my shy  
bladder!  
(to Colin)  
What is it you want? I bet your  
trying to flog us advertising for  
that rag of yours.

COLIN  
I'm doing an article on hotels in  
the area. Lenny told me about the  
sign you bought and I think a  
story about the oldest hotel in  
Dilldale would be very  
interesting to our readers.

ANNA  
Oh! That's very exciting.

Anna walks around the bar to Colin.

ANNA (CONT)  
The Drovers is the oldest hotel  
in Dilldale and it also has all  
of its original fittings. I'll  
tell you what! I'll give you a  
little tour.

JOE

He's only going to try and sell us advertising.

ANNA

(to Colin)

Ignore him I always do... Shall we start here in the main bar and reception area. As you can see everything is original and dates back years and years.

COLIN

Decades?

ANNA

No, I don't think it's that bad! Maybe a bit of woodworm here and there!

Anna points to some tables and chairs that look as though they will fall apart.

ANNA (CONT)

We have seating for those who like to stay for a traditional pub meal.

COLIN

Would you say the Drovers was like a Bistro pub?

ANNA

No not really!... More like a Bisto pub.

JOE

(shouting to Anna)

Mark my words, he's only going to try and flog us some advertising!

ANNA

(to Colin)

I'm not like Joe! I don't believe the press are deceitful, dishonest, devious, lying, crooked, corrupt, two-faced, double dealing, underhanded, unscrupulous scum of the earth... I'll show you the kitchen!

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Tom is making sandwiches. Anna breezes in followed by the Colin making notes.

ANNA

And this Co-lin is the kitchen and as you can see we have a rush on at the moment. How many covers are we doing Tom?

TOM

I'm not doing covers? I'm making sandwiches.

ANNA

We get fresh bread..

(to Tom)

Don't touch that sauce bottle!

(to Colin)

Every day.

COLIN

Do you serve evening meals? Our readers are always interested in places to eat.

TOM

I do the chef work for lucky dip pies and oven chips!

COLIN

Lucky dip pies! What are they?

ANNA

It could be anything really! Steak & kidney, chicken and mushroom, fish pie!

COLIN

So why is it called a lucky dip pie?

ANNA

We don't really know which is which! The lady who makes them for us won't use pens after she nearly choked to death on a Biro cap and went into a coma for six weeks.

COLIN

This is just the type of story I want in the dales weekly. If only we could squeeze you in?

The reporter pulls out a small diary and rubs his chin.

COLIN (CONT)

If only we didn't have so many  
paid advertisers queuing up!

ANNA

What if the Drovers paid for an  
advertisement would that help!

COLIN

I could probably guarantee it.

INT. BAR - DAY

Joe is serving a customer.

ANNA O.S

(Shouts)

Joe... Where's the cheque book?

JOE

(to customer)

I bloody knew he was selling  
advertising!

EXT. LIVESTOCK MARKET - DAY

The market is set in a small field. Pens containing sheep  
and various small animals border the field.

JACK late 70's, and FRED late 60's, are standing with Joe  
outside a beer tent.

JOE

This is the life! A pint of beer  
in one hand and the company of  
two sheep experts.

JACK

We could write a book about them.  
I've even got a good title...  
'Sheep'.

JOE

That title just grips you Jack  
and won't let go.

FRED

The quality of the sheep here  
isn't as good as it used to be  
when I was a lad. They weren't as  
blurry as they are now for a  
start off.

JACK  
They are more blurry.

JOE  
Not again!..They're not blurry!  
You two are just too stubborn to  
wear glasses.

Joe finishes his beer. He searches his pockets for loose change.

JOE (cont'd)  
I'll get myself another beer.

FRED  
The pints of beer are smaller  
than they used to be.

Fred takes a sip of his beer and grimaces.

FRED (CONT)  
And they tasted better!

Joe watches Jack and Fred drink their pints quickly.

FRED (CONT) (cont'd)  
I'll squeeze one in if your  
buying. Even if hasn't got any  
taste.

JACK  
Go on then! I'll join you if you  
insist.

Joe looks at them with annoyance.

FRED  
How is Anna doing?

JOE  
Anna doesn't know how well off  
she is! She spent all morning  
moaning about being bored.

JACK  
Your not letting her do enough  
ironing Joe! Women get thinking  
when they don't have ironing to  
do.

FRED  
Have you tried leaving the toilet  
seat up? It gives women something  
to talk about. Stops them from  
thinking.

JOE

She just says she's bored and wants to have more tourist trade like the other hotels.

FRED

We don't want to encourage tourism Joe! We might lose are subsidies if Dilldale gets popular.

JOE

Dilldale will never get popular! If a delivery driver couldn't find the Drovers this morning Joe public isn't going to find it either.

JACK

Joe public! Who's Joe public?

JOE

What do you mean who's Joe public?

JACK

He sounds foreign!

FRED

Italian! I bet he's Italian with a name like that.

JOE

It doesn't matter what he is! He could be Chinese for all I care. all I'm saying is.. Oh I give up.

JACK

It sounds like trouble this Chinaman... I bet he works for the national park!

It starts to RAIN. They hurry over to a beer tent.

FRED

In my day the rain used to be wetter!

EXT. DROVERS HOTEL - NIGHT

THUNDER and LIGHTING silhouette the Drovers hotel. A YOUNG COUPLE are pushing their bicycles in the pouring RAIN. They see a sign outside the Drovers hotel and enter the building with their bicycles.

INT. BAR - MORNING

Joe is cleaning out a fire grate.

Elsie is dragging a mop and bucket. She stops and looks puzzled.

ELSIE

Why are there tyre marks on my floor?

JOE

For your information we had a young Dutch couple stay last night. They got drenched riding their bicycles in that thunderstorm, saw our shiny new sign so came in to get dry. To cut a long story short they stayed the night.

ELSIE

I haven't got time to start cleaning rooms! I can hardly keep up with the car park.

JOE

You don't have to Hoover the car park you mad old bat!

A young couple in their twenties bring their bicycles clattering down the stairs into the bar area.

LARS, mid 20's, is dressed in top of the range cycle clothes as is EVA, mid 20's.

JOE (cont'd)

Here they come now!.. Good morning Lars. Good morning Eva.

LARS

Good morning.

EVA

I just love this place it's so.. What is the English word?

JOE

Cosy?

EVA

Shabby!.. How did you manage to create the effect of ageing paint everywhere?

JOE  
Lots of hard work Eva.

ELSIE  
Is she gormless or just stupid?

Joe pushes Elsie behind him.

LARS  
We love the way you have used  
threadbare furniture to enhance  
the shabby chic feel.

ELSIE  
He's just as gormless as she is.

JOE  
If you would like to go through,  
Tom has set a table for  
breakfast.

ELSIE  
You'll get on well with Tom he's  
gormless as well.

EVA  
What is gormless?

JOE  
She means adventurous, it's a  
dales word. Only old people use  
the word these days.

EVA  
It is a nice word! I like the  
sound of being gormless.

ELSIE  
Take it from me love your as  
gormless as they come.

JOE  
Try not to look at her in the  
eye! It just encourages her to  
talk!

Joe makes a spiral motion by his head and over mimes  
craziness.

JOE (CONT)  
Try not to look her as you go  
through to breakfast.

Lars and Eva look around the ceiling avoiding eye contact  
with Elsie.

ELSIE

What's everyone looking at!

Lars and Eva start to push their bikes through to the bar.

JOE

Let me know when your ready to  
leave and I'll show you the  
bridle track over the moor.

Joe follows Lars and Eva.

ELSIE

Look! More tyre marks.

Elsie starts mopping frantically.

EXT. DROVERS HOTEL - DAY

A post office van comes to a SCREECHING halt. Bill crawls  
from the van, wearing very short shorts.

INT. BAR - DAY

Anna enters the bar avoiding Elsie mopping the floor.

ELSIE

(mutters)  
Lazy gold digging trollop.

ANNA

(mutters)  
Hurry up and bloody die.

Bill enters with the post, he reads from out a worn script  
card.

BILL

Another letter delivered on time  
by the post office.

Anna takes the post from Bill.

ANNA

Another letter opened you mean!

Joe arrives from the kitchen.

JOE

I want a word with you Bill! How  
many people did you tell about my  
low sperm count?

Bill salutes.

BILL

I've taken the postman's  
Hippocratic oath not to divulge  
private information.

JOE

One more letter that looks like  
it's been tampered with and I'll  
complain to your boss.

BILL

My boss has put me down for  
therapy with the post office  
psychiatrist.

JOE

It's about time you got help.  
Let's hope it works.

BILL

My psychiatrist reckons you  
should put ice cubes down your  
underpants for a low sperm count.

JOE

Will you stop telling people  
about my low sperm count?

ANNA

You're wasting your breath trying  
to get through to him. He's Dotty  
like the rest of Dilldale...

Bill sheds a tear, sniffs and wipes his nose on his  
sleeve.

BILL

That was my mother's name! I  
loved my mum.

JOE

I thought your mother's name was  
Brenda?

BILL

Your right it was Brenda! I  
always get the two names mixed  
up.

ANNA

(to Joe)

I'm going to check on Tom and  
make sure he didn't cover the  
breakfasts in tomato ketchup.

JOE

Anna! On the subject of our Dutch guests. I explained to Lars and Eva that they have to pay in cash. I told them we're a sort of Yorkshire Amish! We shun modern technology, we're simple folk.

ANNA

Now they've met Tom they'll agree on the simple part.

JOE

Are you doing any ironing this morning?

ANNA

What?

JOE

Ironing! Are you doing any this morning?

ANNA

No! Why are you going on about ironing?

JOE

No reason.

Anna grabs a bar of chocolate from behind the bar, gives Joe a suspicious look and exits to the kitchen.

BILL

I hear you had someone stay in your rooms last night. I didn't think you were going to take in guests any more? Not after the mysterious blue foot episode.

JOE

What a cock up that was! quarantining the whole of Dilldale only to find out some artist had painted the legs on the sheep blue to make a statement on climate change.

BILL

They were dark times.

JOE

They were dark blue times but one good thing came out of it! My subsidy.

BILL

How long will they keep paying you that?

JOE

Forever! As long as I don't get busy. So don't recommend the Drovers to anyone.

BILL

Whenever anybody asks about the Drovers I always tell them it's a dump. Right I'm off.

Bill reads from his script card.

BILL (cont'd)

The post office salutes its valued customers.

Bill stands to attention and salutes.

BILL (CONT)

Would you like a post office scratch card before I go?

JOE

No! Because I think it's fixed... Go on then just the one.

Joe hands over money from the till, takes the scratch card and rubs it with a coin.

JOE (CONT)

Nothing! That's definitely the last time I buy one.

EXT. FOOTPATH - DAY

Joe is walking with Lars and Eva on the moor. He is eating a bacon sandwich covered in tomato sauce. He points the way and waves goodbye.

INT. BAR - EVENING

Fred enters the bar with his old sheep dog TWIGGY.

Anna and Joe are behind the bar.

ANNA

Surprise! surprise! Seven o'clock and Fred 'I'm only a poor working pensioner.' Shuffles in with that smelly dog of his.

JOE

Fred is a loyal customer. You can't buy loyalty like that and Twiggy is lovely.

ANNA

If I'd had a baby girl I would have liked to have called her Twiggy but you had to go and ruin that for me with your alfresco hand-job.

JOE

It was windy!

ANNA

I'm going to call my mother I need to talk to someone normal.

JOE

Are you doing any ironing? I've got a couple of shirts that need doing.

ANNA

What is it with you and ironing today?

Joe looks puzzled as Anna grabs a chocolate bar and exits.

JOE

Hello Fred. Hello Twiggy. It's a nice evening.

FRED

The evenings aren't as good as they use to be.

JOE

You're a ray of sunshine Fred.

FRED

I saw the new sign outside.

Joe pours a pint and puts it on the bar.

JOE

That thing has caused nothing but trouble since Anna made me put it out the front. She now wants to advertise in the dales weekly. She's got it in her head about letting rooms out.

FRED

Have you been leaving the toilet seat up like I told you?

JOE

That's not going to..

FRED

Ironing! Did I tell you to give her ironing?

JOE

I won't have to do that! I told you this morning about a delivery driver not being able to find the Drovers?

FRED

You said it was Joe public?

JOE

Joe public? There is no Joe public.

FRED

How do you know he won't be back probing about with more park people.

JOE

Fred there is no Joe public! He doesn't exist! I was trying to explain that a van driver got lost yesterday morning because he couldn't find the Drovers with his sat nav.

FRED

What make of van is that?

JOE

Satellite navigation!

FRED

I bet it's a camper van!

JOE

All you need to know is that tourists won't be able to find the Drovers with modern technology. So everything stays the same nice and quiet.

FRED

This sat nav camper van? It's not Japanese is it?

The front door of the Drovers opens. Jack enters.

JACK  
Evening all.

JOE  
What will it be for you tonight  
Jack?

JACK  
I'll have a pint and not that  
flat Essex muck you keep trying  
to palm people off with.

JOE  
(mutters to himself)  
I'll never get rid of that stuff.

Joe pours Jack a pint, puts it on the bar then walks over  
to the fireplace and stocks up a log pile.

FRED  
Have you heard of sat nav camper  
vans?

JACK  
Are they Japanese?

FRED  
I knew it!

Jack checks the bar area to see if he is being overheard.

JACK  
Did that Joe public come back  
sniffing around?

FRED  
Joe says he doesn't exist  
anymore.

JACK  
I bet he did! And I know why...

EXT. FOOTPATH - DAY - FLASHBACK

JACKS P.O.V FROM HIS CAR AS HE DRIVES PAST THE DROVERS  
HOTEL

JACK (V.O.)  
I was driving back from the  
village. Just as I went past the  
Drovers I saw him coming back  
down from the moor covered in  
blood! I bet he did him in up  
there!

Joe is walking down a footpath. His mouth and face are covered with tomato ketchup. He wipes his sauce covered hands on his pale shirt.

END FLASHBACK

INT. BAR - EVENING

FRED

I blame that Anna. Joe never used to murder people until she turned up.

Anna enters with a mug of tea. She dips a chocolate bar in the tea before eating it. Joe notices.

ANNA

Oh look! The place is still empty apart from a couple of old sheep farmers and one fat dog.

JACK

You don't understand the dales! It's meant to be quiet.

ANNA

Well things might not be so quiet around here when the dales weekly comes out this week. It has a double page spread all about the Drovers.

Joe walks back behind the bar dusting off his hands

JOE

Nobody reads that paper!

ANNA

Just you wait and see. That double page spread and the new sign are going to make all the difference.

INT. BAR - EVENING

The bar is empty apart from Fred eating crisps while Twiggy sleeps in front of the fireplace. Joe sits on a bar stool reading a book on fishing.

Anna enters holding a newspaper.

JOE

Seeing as though it's going to be nice and quiet I might go and do a bit of fishing before it gets too dark.

ANNA

I might get this advert framed?

Anna opens the newspaper to look at the double page spread. The front page has a headline.

CLOSE ON A NEWSPAPER--THE DALES WEEKLY--WITH THE HEADLINE  
*Dutch Tourist Couple Murdered!*  
(or just missing?).

JOE

I told you! No one reads that paper but you wouldn't believe me.

SOUND: A CAR NOISILY PULLS UP OUTSIDE

ANNA

Someone has turned up. See! some people do read the paper.

Anna waits with high expectations for the door to open.

The door opens. Bill the postman walks in wearing a post office uniform with long trousers.

Bill sits on a barstool while Joe goes and pulls him a pint.

JOE

Now be honest! What you think of this lovely guest beer.

Joe puts a pint of beer on the counter.

BILL

It's flat! Has it gone off?

JOE

It's Supposed to be flat like that! It's an Essex beer.

BILL

I would rather pay than drink that! I want me usual.

JOE

Bloody hell! I can't give the stuff away.

BILL

Now there's something I have to tell you about but I cannot remember what it was?

ANNA  
You got the sack?

BILL  
No I heard something!

Bill struggles to remember then has a eureka moment.

BILL (CONT)  
The Drover doesn't exist! That's  
what they said on the news.

ANNA  
The news?

EXT. HOTEL CAR PARK - EVENING

Several cars pull up. The OCCUPANTS enter the Drovers  
hotel.

INT. BAR - EVENING

The occupants of the cars are all young and good-hearted.  
They form a queue at the bar.

ANNA  
I told you that ad in the dales  
weekly would bring in the  
punters.

Anna goes over to a YOUNG WOMAN, early 20's, who stands at  
the front of the queue.

ANNA (CONT)  
Welcome to the Drovers hotel it's  
nice to see that young people  
read the dales weekly.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Dales weekly? Sorry I don't know  
what you're on about.

ANNA  
The ad in the dales weekly!  
That's why you're here?

YOUNG WOMAN  
No! We're here because of the  
piece on the news last night.

ANNA  
The Drovers was on the news?

YOUNG WOMAN

On the news! The only bar in  
England that does not appear on  
satellite navigation and it's  
true. It took us ages to find it.

EXT. HOTEL CAR PARK - EVENING

Several cars pull into the car park.

INT. BAR - EVENING

ANNA

You will have to tell me a bit  
more about that! In the mean time  
what would you like?

YOUNG WOMAN

Three and a half pints of the  
guest ale please.

ANNA

It's a flat beer! I don't know if  
you'll like it. It's from Essex.

YOUNG WOMAN

That sounds really interesting,  
we'll give that a try.

Anna smiles at Joe as he reluctantly serves CUSTOMERS.

To Joe's dismay more and more people enter.

ANNA

Just think Joe! It could be like  
this all the time.

Joe puts on a very false smile.

INT. BAR - MORNING

Tom is behind the bar putting away drinking glasses. The  
front door opens and Bill the postman enters. He is  
wearing very short shorts which he can hardly walk in. He  
searches his pockets and produces a worn script card.

BILL

Another letter delivered on time  
by the post office.

TOM

Morning Bill. Do you want a cup  
of tea?

BILL  
I better not! Me hypochondria's  
flaring up today.

Anna enters eating a chocolate bar.

ANNA  
Oh No Bill! Not the shorts again.  
Oh, I feel nauseous every time I  
see those legs.

BILL  
I have a letter for you. Your  
mother doesn't mention if she got  
a quote from the builder about  
her pelvic floor yet!

Bill hands over the post.

ANNA  
Bill! You're the best person to  
ask... What time does the chemist  
shut at lunchtime?

BILL  
Half one until two.

Joe enters from the kitchen.

JOE  
I hope you haven't been reading  
my post again?

Anna makes her way to the kitchen with Tom.

BILL  
Only the odd one.

Bill stands to attention and salutes.

BILL (CONT)  
The post office salutes its  
valued customers.

JOE  
Before you say it! I will not be  
buying any scratch cards because  
it's a complete rip off... Go on  
then just the one.

Joe hands over money from the till, takes the scratch card  
and rubs it with a coin.

JOE (CONT)  
Bugger! That is the last time I  
ever buy one of these.

INT. BAR - DAY

The bar is full of people. Anna and Tom are serving customers. Joe is talking to Jack at the end of the bar.

JACK

Where have all these people come from?

JOE

It's all because a stupid courier firm complained to the manufacturer about their sat nav not working properly.

JACK

What does a faulty camper van have to do with it?

JOE

I'll explain it in old age pensioner language Jack! The electric thingamabob that tells you which way to go had a whatchamacallit problem and couldn't show it on the thingamajig and some how the BBC found out.

JACK

The BBC?

JOE

You know the little light-hearted story they have at the end of the evening news?

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - EVENING

A male NEWSREADER speaks directly at camera with a wry smile.

NEWSREADER

It's reassuring to know that in a world where technology rules our lives there is still one place in Briton where no one can find you! The Drovers hotel in Dilldale has left scientists baffled as to why satellite navigation cannot locate it? I know where I'll be having a pint this weekend!

BACK TO SCENE

INT. BAR - DAY

JOE

Since then every moron with nothing better to do has decided to go and find this elusive place. I've never worked so hard!

JACK

What are you going to do about it?

JOE

What can I do!

JACK

It's a shame we don't have mysterious blue foot again. When we had that quarantine not one vehicle was allowed into the area.

JOE

That's given me an Idea Jack... Suppose somebody painted the sheep like last time. The quarantine would start all over again!

JACK

Would they fall for that again?

JOE

I bet they would and I'd even pay someone up to a hundred pounds to do it.

JACK

That is a lot of money for dabbing paint on a few sheep! I'll do it for sixty and I'll supply the paint.

JOE

You have a deal! Do you have any blue paint?

JACK

I even know what the colour is. I used that blue in my kitchen.

JOE

How did you get the right colour?

INT. D.I.Y. STORE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Jack has a sheep on a lead at the front of a long queue at the paint counter. The young female ASSISTANT uses a laser colour-matching gun on the blue leg of the sheep. Disgusted customers watch Jack walk away while a pile of sheep dung steams by the check out.

END FLASHBACK

INT. BAR - DAY

Joe takes sixty pounds out of his wallet discreetly and hands it to Jack.

JOE

All you have to do is dab the paint on a few sheep around the area. It couldn't be simpler. Even you won't be able to cock that up!

EXT. SMALL FIELD - MORNING

DETECTIVE RON STRANGE, 50's, and SERGEANT JIM BENNETT, 30's, are walking toward a FARMER among a flock of sheep that have two blue foot imprints randomly painted on them.

DETECTIVE

I hope the lads at Scotland yard don't find out I'm investigating painted sheep. It was bad enough telling them I was dealing with a Chinese flasher.

Detective Strange notices blue feet painted on the sheep for the first time.

DETECTIVE (CONT)

It looks like someone's been having a laugh.

The detective looks warily at the sheep and jumps when one walks near him.

An angry looking FARMER points to the blue feet painted on the sheep.

FARMER

This is not the first time some idiot's painted them.

SERGEANT

That's right! We did have something similar about

(MORE)

SERGEANT (cont'd)  
four years ago. An artist painted  
a leg of all the sheep blue.

FARMER  
It caused bloody chaos. A stupid  
vet thought it was a rare sheep  
virus.

DETECTIVE  
This looks more like the work of  
a common piss artist to me.

FARMER  
I'm not the only one with painted  
sheep. I checked with the other  
farmers and they've got the same  
two blue feet painted on some of  
theirs.

The detective tiptoes around sheep droppings with a look  
of disgust on his face.

DETECTIVE  
(mutters to himself)  
Why did they post me up here when  
they know I bloody hate the  
countryside.  
(to Jim)  
Jim get someone to take photos of  
the sheep in the area and find  
out how widespread this is. We're  
going to need a wool sample of  
that paint to see if we can match  
it up.

FARMER  
Okay leave it to me. I'll just  
pop off home and get a gun.

The farmer stomps off.

DETECTIVE  
What does he need a gun for?

SERGEANT  
He's probably going to do some  
hunting I suppose!

DETECTIVE  
What sort of twat goes around  
painting sheep?

SERGEANT  
We've had a lot worse. Once we  
had a sheep dressed in women's  
crotchless underwear.

## DETECTIVE

From what I hear about you  
country lot I was quite expecting  
half the sheep in this field to  
be dressed in sexy lingerie.  
That's why I never eat lamb...  
You never know who's been  
shagging it.

## EXT. DROVERS HOTEL - MORNING

A post office van pulls up Sharply. Bill struggles out of  
the van. He is wearing very short shorts.

## INT. BAR - MORNING

Elsie is mopping the floor. Joe is whistling out of tune  
while cleaning out beer pipes.

Bill enters and takes out a small worn script card.

## BILL

Another delivery on time by the  
post office.

## JOE

Another letter read more like!

## BILL

(confidentially)

Joe I need your advice...I want  
to buy my girlfriend a present.  
Any ideas?

## JOE

I've heard people talk of this  
mysterious girl friend of yours?

## BILL

All you need to know is that  
she's a real beauty.

## JOE

I heard she's mutton dressed as  
mutton. Here!...Buy her some  
perfume! I know of a good one...  
It's called mint sauce.

## BILL

I'll have to write that down.

Anna enters from the kitchen.

## ANNA

Will you stop wearing those  
bloody shorts!

Anna gags.

ANNA (CONT)

I feel nauseous every time I look at them.

ELSIE

I can't stay and look at those legs, it's playing my vagina up. I'm going out to Hoover the car park.

Elsie walks toward the kitchen.

ANNA

(to Elsie)

It's Angina! And don't use my bloody Dyson!

JOE

Bill have you got any local news that might be important?

BILL

News?

JOE

Anything happening in the dales that we should know about?

BILL

There is nasty pothole up on the Moor road I think it's the increase in traffic!

JOE

No other news or anything?

BILL

Not a thing! I've never known it so quiet.

JOE

(whispers)

Nothing about sheep!

Bill suddenly remembers.

BILL

Blue feet!

JOE

Mysterious blue foot you mean?

BILL

Mysterious Blue feet! There's a lot of sheep in the dale with blue feet.

ANNA

That is not the same as that outbreak you had before is it?

JOE

What a tragic blow. I bet they will have to quarantine the whole of the area just like last time!

ANNA

It cannot happen now! Things were just starting to get busy.

JOE

That is one of the pitfalls of living in the dales. Never mind.

BILL

No! It's not mysterious blue foot. It's mysterious blue feet! Someone painted blue feet on the sheep.

ANNA

What sick person paints blue feet on sheep?

JOE

It's probably one of them artists trying to make a statement again.

BILL

No! The police think it is someone local.

Joe nearly faints.

JOE

The police!

BILL

They told me this morning. They think it's a local person causing trouble. They're going to make inquiries around the dale.

JOE

I've just remembered something! I won't be long.

ANNA

Where are you going?

JOE

I've got a eh ... doctors appointment! I forgot about it.

Joe walks quickly to the front door and exits.

BILL

He never bought a scratch card?  
He must be ill.

ANNA

The surgery didn't mention he had  
an appointment when I called them  
this morning?

EXT. FARMYARD - DAY

A car drives into the farmyard. Joe gets out of the car  
and heads toward a barn.

INT. BARN - DAY

The barn contains various agriculture equipment. On one  
side is a long workbench. Jack has fallen asleep slumped  
over the bench which is covered in paint pots.

Joe enters, walks over to Jack and gives him a shake.

JOE

Jack, JACK!

Jack wakes up startled.

JACK

Joe!... I must have just dropped  
off.

Joe examines the items on the bench.

JOE

Let me look at some of your handy  
work Jack! That is very  
inventive! You've made a stamp in  
the shape of a foot.

Joe holds up the blackened foot with blue paint on the  
sole.

JACK

No I found it when I was digging  
one of me fields!

JOE

It looks pretty real.

JACK

It's those bloody fly tippers  
dumping shop dummies on my land.

JOE

I hate the way they use the dale  
as a rubbish tip to dump any old  
thing.

Joe bangs the foot on the bench and looks at it again.

JOE (CONT)

You've got to give it to the  
model makers! The detail's  
fantastic. Look they've even done  
the toenails.

JACK

It even had a sandal on when I  
found it!

JOE

Just purely out of curiosity! Why  
would you in a million years  
decide to paint blue feet on the  
side of sheep?

JACK

Because mysterious blue foot was  
bad enough but two blue feet is  
going to be a lot worse.

JOE

When the other farmers told me  
you were odd I did not believe  
them. When they told me you were  
a pork pie short of a picnic I  
still didn't believe them. When  
they..

Jack starts to slouch over the bench.

JOE (CONT)

Jack! you're dropping off again.

JACK

What, what?

JOE

How can two blue feet painted on  
the side of sheep be mistaken for  
mysterious blue foot? Explain  
that.

JACK

I was being artistic! Looking  
after sheep on a farm doesn't  
cater for my creative side.

JOE

Creative side! Let's get rid of the evidence. I do not want the police coming to you and ending up knocking on my door.

JACK

So the dale won't be quarantined after all then?

JOE

That's the least of my worries now!.. We'll just have to get someone to take the blame for the painting of blue feet.

JACK

Let's blame it on aliens!

Joe looks at Jack dumbfounded.

JOE

What a great idea! An intelligent life form that has conquered the speed of light, lands in Dilldale and paints blue feet on the side of sheep! Is that what you're saying Jack?

JACK

It must be true then!

JOE

No! not even the village police would believe that. Who else could we blame?

JACK

Pagans! I saw an old film at the village hall the other night it had a big wicker thing with a man in it. That was pagans.

JOE

Edward Woodward?

JACK

No, it was definitely made of wicker.

JOE

The sad thing is Jack I cannot think of a better idea. Pagans painting sheep sounds like it could be true and it was the summer solstice the other day.

JACK

I didn't know pagans painted the sheep as well?

JOE

Jack you need to get some sleep you sound delirious! I'll call the dales weekly anonymously and tip them off about pagans painting the sheep.

JACK

Even better than that! Don't tell them who you are.

JOE

Because of all the rumpus about sheep painting keep a low profile and if anyone mentions the blue feet just say it was pagans.

JACK

Well it was pagans!

JOE

That's right Jack get into character.

JACK

I won't say anything about you being a pagan.

JOE

You won't have to because I'm not?

JACK

That's right Joe get into character.

JOE

Jack I'm not a pagan!

Jack taps his nose in a conspiratorial manner.

JACK

I can keep a secret.

JOE

Get some sleep your talking gibberish. This is all because of that stupid sign.

Joe looks at the paints on the desk.

JOE (CONT)  
 Let's put this stuff in a box and  
 I'll dump it.

Joe picks up the foot and looks at it.

JOE (CONT) (cont'd)  
 Marvellous craftsmanship.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - DAY

Joe is making a phone call inside an old red telephone  
 box.

INT. PHONE BOX - DAY

Joe disguises his voice.

JOE  
 Is that Colin the dales weekly  
 reporter?

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

A small office with a single desk. Colin is looking at  
 internet porn.

INTER-CUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

COLIN  
 Hello Co-lin speaking! How can I  
 help?

JOE  
 I know about the blue paint!

COLIN  
 Is it the classified Ads you  
 want?

JOE  
 No! I know who painted the blue  
 feet on the sheep. It was pagans.

COLIN  
 Pagans?

JOE  
 Outsider pagans! Not anyone  
 local. Make sure you tell the  
 police that!

COLIN

If you can give me more information I might be able to get you a five pound gift voucher from the Co-op!

JOE

I can't say any more! My life could be in danger if the pagans find out what I've just done! They would probably abuse my body and end up sacrificing me in some pagan ritual.

COLIN

How about if I made it a ten pound gift voucher?

Joe wipes the phone clean with his sleeve and hangs up.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The police station is an open plan room containing several old desks and filing cabinets.

On the walls are police information posters going back decades.

Detective Strange, sergeant Bennett and Female CONSTABLE JEAN JENKINS late 20's, are standing around a large desk looking at paint charts. In the middle of the desk is a DEAD SHEEP with a bullet hole in it.

SERGEANT

Do you think they might think twice about shutting the village police station with this crime epidemic.

DETECTIVE

Crime epidemic! I hardly think sheep painting, a missing persons, three parking offences and a sick pervert who tossed himself off in front of an old lady counts as a crime epidemic.

CONSTABLE

Mrs Arkwright looks a lot better now. That look of shock on her face is gradually going.

SERGEANT

She still gets hysterical just walking past the butchers window!

CONSTABLE  
Do you think that pervert  
will strike again?

DETECTIVE  
I hope not! But if the artist  
impression is close to Mrs  
Arkwright's description, a  
grinning Chinaman should be easy  
to spot.

The sergeant holds a paint chart against the blue foot  
imprints on the dead sheep.

SERGEANT  
What about this blue?  
Mediterranean azure.

CONSTABLE  
I think my Arctic blue is closer.

The constable puts her colour chart by the sheep.

SERGEANT  
This is hopeless they all look  
the same!

DETECTIVE  
I haven't got time to piss about  
with sheep painters when I've got  
a Chinaman out there itching to  
play with his won ton.

Colin rushes into the police station and attempts to catch  
his breath by the entrance desk. The constable gives him a  
flirty smile.

CONSTABLE  
That's Co-lin! the reporter with  
the dales weekly. He's very good  
looking.

The sergeant looks at her with annoyance.

SERGEANT  
I don't know why he uses that  
stupid name! his name is Colin.

Colin gasps for breath.

COLIN  
Pagans are amongst us!

DETECTIVE  
What was that he said?

The constable walks over to the reporter as though she was  
on a catwalk. She leans on the desk and smiles.

CONSTABLE

I like your raspy voice it's sort of sexy.

COLIN

PAGANS!

The detective and the sergeant walk over to Colin.

SERGEANT

Speak slowly Colin! What did you just say?

COLIN

Pagans! Pagans are amongst us!

SERGEANT

Aren't you being a little bit over dramatic.

COLIN

It was pagans that painted the sheep! I just had an anonymous phone call.

DETECTIVE

Pagans?

COLIN

The person who tipped me off was petrified! He said he might get sacrificed if they find out what he did.

SERGEANT

It sounds to me like a hoax.

DETECTIVE

What did this person say exactly?

COLIN

He said he knew who painted the blue feet on the sheep and it was pagans.

DETECTIVE

Did he say if they were naked pagans?

COLIN

He might have done!

DETECTIVE

I'll tell you what!... The village hall had a film on the other night that had naked pagans in it.

CONSTABLE

What film?

DETECTIVE

That old film ...The wicker man! They were whipping their clothes off every five minutes in that!

CONSTABLE

I missed it.

SERGEANT

I've got the DVD. You can always watch it around mine if you want! You don't have to but if you do want to then you can.

CONSTABLE

I might just do that.

A flustered Annie Arkwright, late 70's, enters the police station.

SERGEANT

How are you Mrs Arkwright? Are you still getting flash backs.

Mrs Arkwright sees Colin breathing heavily, he squints as he gets his breath. She put her arms in front of her face.

MRS ARKWRIGHT

EEEEK! .. The Chinaman!

SERGEANT

It's all right Mrs Arkwright it's only Colin.

COLIN

Co-lin.

Mrs Arkwright regains her composure.

MRS ARKWRIGHT

I Just wanted to know if my Chinaman pervert was a pagan.

DETECTIVE

Why would you say he was a pagan?

MRS ARKWRIGHT

Jack Thwaite has been telling everyone in the village it was pagans who painted the sheep.

CONSTABLE

Co-lin's only just told us about the phone call?

DETECTIVE

I think I'll have a word with this Jack Thwaite! Meanwhile Jim, you and Jean can ask around and see if anyone's noticed any naked pagans strolling about.

EXT. DROVERS HOTEL - DAY

A police car pulls up outside the hotel.

INT. BAR - DAY

Anna is feeling her breasts as Sergeant Bennett and constable Jean Jenkins enter. The sergeant discreetly COUGHS to draw her attention.

ANNA

Hello. You're both a bit early for a tipple?

SERGEANT

No drinks for us Anna we are on duty.

The sergeant refers to his notebook.

SERGEANT (CONT)

As you may or may not know, sheep have been painted in the vicinity and we have had a tip off that it may be pagan in origin. Did you see that film where they burnt a fellow officer in a big wicker man? That was pagans.

CONSTABLE

Don't ruin the film for me.

ANNA

Was that the one with Nicolas Cage?

SERGEANT

Well, it was a sort of cage but made of wicker!

CONSTABLE

Don't spoil it for me!

SERGEANT

Consequently if you do see anyone naked or generally acting in a suspicious pagan manner please contact the police immediately.

ANNA

How do you know it's pagans?

CONSTABLE

The local paper had a tip off that it was pagans and our detective inspector is questioning a witness.

ANNA

Are you sure it's not some local idiot?

CONSTABLE

Our D.I. is convinced it's of pagan origin.

SERGEANT

Thank you for your assistance Anna but we must press on and track these pagans down before they put their clothes back on and mingle with the public.

The sergeant and the constable exit. Joe sneaks in checking the window to make sure it is all clear.

ANNA

Joe! I need to talk to you about something. I went to see the ..

JOE

Did the police say anything about who might have painted the sheep?

ANNA

Can I just tell you that I went to see..

JOE

They must have said something. Do they think it was done by someone local?

Anna looks frustrated.

ANNA

NO! They say they got a tip off about pagans painting sheep.

Joe gives a SIGH of relief.

JOE

I think it's pagans as well.

ANNA

No, it's not! It's local idiots and when they get hold of them they'll lock them up with beefed up lifers and be passed around like sex toys.

Joe looks concerned and touches his buttocks.

JOE

Well I think all this painting of sheep is all a bit cult-ish.

ANNA

Cult-ish? Some morons have painted blue feet on bunches of sheep.

JOE

Flocks of them.

ANNA

They did not do that as well did they! That is depraved.

JOE

I think it was pagans! I thought I saw some people carrying wicker baskets this morning.

ANNA

You're very keen to blame it on pagans! Why is that?

JOE

Pagans do really odd things! I saw this film once where they...

ANNA

Talking about really odd! Why are you leaving the toilet seat up all the time and going on about ironing?

EXT. DROVERS HOTEL - DAY

A car SCREECHES to a halt.

Colin the dales weekly reporter gets out of the car and runs toward the Drovers hotel.

INT. BAR - DAY

Anna looks out of the window.

ANNA

Is that Co-lin! What does he want?

Tom enters from the kitchen just as Colin bursts through the door.

COLIN

I need to talk to anyone who might have seen any naked people carrying wicker baskets! I don't want the tabloids beating me to this story.

TOM

Naked people carrying wicker baskets?

COLIN

I've had a tip off that pagans have been seen painting sheep. I saw a film with pagans in it at the pictures! They danced around and burnt this man in a big wicker thing.

TOM

I saw something weird last night when I was walking home.

COLIN

Let me write that down. This could be a vital.

The reporter takes out his notepad.

COLIN (CONT)

What was weird about it? Be as descriptive as you can.

TOM

It wasn't normal.

The reporter writes it down.

COLIN

It wasn't normal. Why wasn't it normal?

TOM

Because it was weird.

COLIN

Because it was weird! This is the type of hard evidence I need. What more can you tell me?

TOM

When I was walking home the other night I saw these two bright lights coming toward me and I was blinded.

ANNA

Like car head Lights?

COLIN

This is award winning stuff. Go on! What happened next?

TOM

The bright lights went by me and when I looked across the fields I could see small lights floating around. Then the lights faded away.

ANNA

Could it have been the after effects of being blinded by the car head lights?

COLIN

That's what the pagans want you to think! I believe he might have been bewitched.

TOM

I'd only had a Shandy.

COLIN

This could be the biggest story since mysterious blue foot!

ANNA

Some idiot has painted the sheep! It does not take Einstein to work that one out.

COLIN

No it has to be pagans because the red tops love all that stuff.

TOM

Ginger people?

COLIN

No! The tabloids. If they buy this story it will be my ticket to Wapping.

JOE  
Colin's right it must be pagans.

ANNA  
I don't see why. I still think  
it's idiots.

COLIN  
I'm going to question the old  
lady with the vacuum cleaner in  
the car park. It would not  
surprise me if she was bewitched!

Colin dashes away.

ANNA  
She is a right old witch I can  
assure you of that.

Joe begins to whistle badly.

ANNA (cont'd)  
You seem quite keen to blame this  
sheep painting on pagans! Are you  
hiding something from me.

JOE  
I don't know what you mean? I  
think I will.. er.. go and sort  
the cellar out.

Joe walks quickly to the kitchen door.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

The interview room doubles as a tea room and broom closet.

Jack Thwaite sits nervously on one side of an old desk.  
detective Strange sits opposite.

DETECTIVE  
Good morning Mr Thwaite. I'd like  
to ask you a few questions about  
the local sheep being painted?

JACK  
It was aliens!

DETECTIVE  
Aliens? You've been telling  
everyone in the village it was  
pagans! Make your mind up.

JACK  
It was pagans! I forgot.

DETECTIVE

Why do you believe it was pagans?

JACK

Because Joe said it was and he should know because he's a pagan and he knocked off that bloke and buried his body on the moor..oh I don't think I should have said that?

DETECTIVE

Are you telling me this Joe is a pagan and a killer! Joe who?

EXT. DROVERS HOTEL - DAY

A police car pulls up sharply. Sergeant Bennett and constable Jean Jenkins leap out of the vehicle and run towards the Drovers hotel.

INT. BAR - DAY

The sergeant and the constable rush in.

ANNA

Back already?

SERGEANT

We've had a lead on the sheep painting and would like to ask Joe a few questions.

ANNA

Joe! What do you want to question him for?

SERGEANT

They are just routine questions and I think it's better if we do it down the station. Is he about?

ANNA

He is out the back in the cellar!

The Sergeant and the constable hurry off to the rear of the hotel.

Elsie enters from the front door dragging a Hoover.

ELSIE

That reporter told me it's been pagans doing perverted stuff in the car park. He said they start off dogging get the urge and start painting sheep.

Moments later Joe is led out of the Drovers hotel in handcuffs.

JOE  
I'm just a patsy! ... I've always  
wanted to say that.

EXT. DROVERS HOTEL - DAY

The sergeant and the constable bundle Joe into the back seat of the police car.

Anna, Tom and Elsie rush out of the Drovers.

The sergeant goes back into the Drovers then comes back out with a box and puts it into the boot of the police car which pulls away with sirens blaring.

Anna takes a bite from a chocolate bar.

ANNA  
I still haven't told him!

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

The interview room doubles as a tea room and broom closet.

Joe Cray sits guiltily on one side of an old desk. Detective Strange sits opposite.

DETECTIVE  
Don't fuck with me! I know all  
about the pagan stuff you've been  
up to.

JOE  
Pagan stuff? What pagan stuff?

DETECTIVE  
For fucks sake! Don't keep  
playing mister innocent with me!  
It insults my intelligence.

JOE  
Do you have to swear? I hardly  
think it's necessary.

The detective looks at Joe with disbelief.

DETECTIVE  
I'm terribly sorry! but I'm  
having a job keeping hold of my  
emotions because you're a  
murdering pagan bastard!

JOE

Are you sure you've got the right person?

DETECTIVE

I've got the right person all right! A witness has told us about the dead body on the moor.

JOE

Dead body on the moor. Which body on the moor?

DETECTIVE

So there's more than one!

The detective thumps the desk.

DETECTIVE (CONT)

I fucking knew it! You pagans aren't happy with just running around naked and doing just the one human sacrifice. You have to do them in batches.

Joe puts his hand up to ask a question.

JOE

Why have you got a dead sheep on the desk next door?

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Sergeant Bennett looks through a window into the interview room. Constable Jean Jenkins stands next to him.

CONSTABLE

He looks sort of normal. I'd have never guessed he was pagan serial killer! Do you think he could have buried lots of bodies up on the moor?

SERGEANT

I bet he's got more bodies up there than a city cemetery. We'll never know the exact number. He's like a squirrel that's buried its nuts and forgotten where half of them are.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Joe is looking around the room and notices a kettle and a box of tea bags.

JOE

Is there any chance of a cup of tea!

The detective stands up and leans over the desk.

DETECTIVE

This is not the fucking Ritz tea room. Look around!

JOE

It's a tea room?

DETECTIVE

Right now its a police interview room where we interrogate law breaking bastards like you!

JOE

I haven't broken any laws? Not that I know of.

DETECTIVE

I may be new to the village but I think naked pagan serial killing does qualify as breaking the law!

JOE

Hold on! Naked pagan serial killing? I think there's been a big misunderstanding.

DETECTIVE

That will be some consolation to the sobbing orphans and devastated loved ones when I tell them you said It was a fucking big misunderstanding!

JOE

I really don't think there's any reason to swear so much. It's not very nice.

The detective puts his face inches from Joe's.

DETECTIVE

This is a first! A serial killer who doesn't like swearing because it's not very nice.... Well fucking tough!

EXT. DOCTORS SURGERY - DAY

Anna walks out of the surgery she appears to have been crying.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Joe is sitting at an old desk. The detective and the sergeant sit opposite. The constable stands coyly smiling by the door.

DETECTIVE

I hope you have a fucking good lawyer because the evidence is stacking up against you quicker than a pagan can rip his clothes off and start an orgy.

JOE

I don't need a lawyer because I'm innocent!

SERGEANT

What happened Joe? Did the excitement of taking your clothes off and dancing around naked unleash a pagan frenzy?

JOE

Pagan? I'm a Methodist!

DETECTIVE

A Methodical sort of person are you? So you like to be organised when you're carrying out a human sacrifice?

JOE

I haven't done anything wrong!

The detective leans over the desk and puts his face inches from Joe's.

DETECTIVE

I'm sure you and your pagan buddies think there's nothing wrong with innocently dancing about naked and having orgies.

The detective discreetly adjusts his groin.

DETECTIVE (CONT)

But you couldn't stop at that could you? You had to finish the night off with a human sacrifice!

JOE

What night are you talking about?

SERGEANT

They all blur into one for you don't they! When you're in a pagan frenzy you don't have a clue what day of the week it is.

JOE

Isn't it Friday?

DETECTIVE

I've had enough of his games!  
Take him to the cells constable.

SERGEANT

When you take him away try not to walk in a sexy manner constable!

CONSTABLE

Do I walk in a sexy manner?

SERGEANT

He could blow at any minute if you trigger his primeval urge.

JOE

I do not get urges! I'm a married man.

The coyly smiling constable takes Joe away.

SERGEANT

I don't suppose you had pagans in London Ron!

DETECTIVE

We had something just as bad, the Freemasons. That lot get everywhere... and they can't keep their clothes on either.

SERGEANT

Ron! If they make this case into a film I want Hugh Grant to play me and Jean would like Gwyneth Paltrow to play her. Who would you want to play you?

DETECTIVE

One-step at a time Jimmy boy. Denzel Washington could play me! We share the same star sign.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The detective and the sergeant observe Joe through a window into the interview room.

DETECTIVE

If we're going to bust this case open we could try the good cop bad cop like they do in the films.

SERGEANT

Can I be the bad cop.

DETECTIVE

I'm the bad cop! I've got an edge about me. I've got a London accent! You're too clean cut.

SERGEANT

Well I don't agree with that. I have an edge about me.

DETECTIVE

He knows you sing in the church choir!

SERGEANT

Then he should know that sometimes I sing out of key deliberately.

DETECTIVE

Let me be the bad cop this time and you can do it next time.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Joe is sitting at an old desk. The detective and the sergeant enter.

The sergeant walks casually over to Joe and pats him on the back.

SERGEANT

Would you like a cup of tea Joe?

JOE

Tea would be nice thank you.

SERGEANT

Would you like a ginger biscuit?

JOE

No thanks. I have a phobia about crunching noises.

The detective rushes over and grabs a handful of ginger biscuits.

DETECTIVE

Right you bastard! I want you to tell me where the bodies are or these biscuits will be crunched in your ear until you plead for mercy.

JOE

You are joking!

DETECTIVE

We'll see who's joking.

The detective puts several biscuits in his mouth and crunches them next to Joe's ear.

Joe grimaces and looks baffled.

DETECTIVE (CONT)

(speaking with a mouth full of biscuits)

Who's laughing now?

EXT. MOOR - DAY

Detective Strange stands with sergeant Bennett on the edge of large expanse of moorland.

DETECTIVE

I know he's buried them out there somewhere! I just know it.

SERGEANT

I thought of a good name for this case Ron! 'Operation squirrel'.

DETECTIVE

I like it Jimmy boy because squirrels are fucking vermin and they bury stuff all over the place.

SERGEANT

This moor goes on for miles! He knows it could take us months to find any sacrificed bodies.

Detective Strange looks into the distance.

DETECTIVE

To find out were he's buried them we're going to need sniffer dogs, metal detectors, search

(MORE)

DETECTIVE (cont'd)  
volunteers, the army: the air  
force, the navy and one of them  
what's-its-names that talk to  
dead people?... A psycho.

SERGEANT  
On the other hand we could just  
keep questioning him and wait for  
him to crack!

DETECTIVE  
Unless he starts giving answers  
it will be his head that will  
start to crack!

The detective and the sergeant walk toward a Police car.

SERGEANT  
Do you think we should call him  
'The pagan squirrel' or 'The  
Yorkshire vermin?'

DETECTIVE  
I like 'The pagan squirrel' it  
would look good on a film poster.  
Let's have another word with the  
squirrel. He's hiding something!  
And it's more than his nuts.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Constable Jenkins stands behind Joe who sits at an old  
desk close to the desk with a dead sheep on it. Detective  
Strange follows the sergeant into the room and notices a  
damp patch on Joe's trousers.

DETECTIVE  
Are you starting to wet yourself  
with fear?... Has it just dawned  
on you that you won't be ripping  
your own clothes off because  
lonely hardened prisoners will be  
queuing up to do it for you!

SERGEANT  
You'll be doing a lot more  
sacrificing inside prison! You'll  
be sacrificing your arse hole  
three times a day.

JOE  
It's my cool bag of ice cubes!  
They're starting to melt a bit.

DETECTIVE  
Bag of ice cubes?

JOE  
In my underpants!

SERGEANT  
What sort of sick pagan ritual is that!

JOE  
There's a simple explanation! You can ask Bill.

DETECTIVE  
In all my years on the force I'd thought I'd seen it all but you take the biscuit.

The sergeant offers Joe a biscuit from a packet.

DETECTIVE (CONT)  
(to the sergeant)  
It was a figure of speech!

SERGEANT  
Sorry Ron.

DETECTIVE  
I'm sure some fancy therapist would call you a victim of sex addiction! Give you a hug and a prescription for ice cubes but I don't buy it for one minute.

The detective puts his face inches from Joe's.

DETECTIVE (CONT)  
This is all a fucking game to you isn't it?

JOE  
I don't know what you mean?

SERGEANT  
So if we said painted sheep! you wouldn't know anything about that would you?

JOE  
Painted sheep?

The sergeant points to the dead sheep.

SERGEANT  
Does that jog your memory?

DETECTIVE

Do the pagan voices in your head  
tell you to take your clothes off  
and run around naked painting  
sheep?

SERGEANT

Why is he always naked?

DETECTIVE

They always are..

DETECTIVE STRANGE'S IMAGINATION

EXT. WOODLAND - EVENING

Naked young men and women wearing animal masks and flower  
garlands are holding wicker baskets as they dance in a  
circle. They are in a trance and chanting.

DETECTIVE STRANGE V.O.

I've read the books and seen the  
films! They run around stark  
naked feeling the cool night air  
on their bare skin and get  
aroused by the moon shining on  
their sweaty bodies. They can't  
stop themselves, and when it gets  
too much they have a big orgy.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Detective Strange is perspiring and discreetly tugs at his  
groin.

SERGEANT

Are you okay Ron? You look a bit  
hot.

JOE

I still might have a couple of  
ice cubes left if you want one!

DETECTIVE

Do you really think I want one of  
your pagan ice cubes after it's  
been down your pants.

JOE

I was only trying to help.

DETECTIVE

If you really want to help you can start telling us where you buried your victims!

JOE

I don't know anything about victims and can I just say I'm contacting one of them no win no fee lawyers about crunching biscuits in my ear. I think I've got tinnitus now!

DETECTIVE

Tinnitus? Your ears will be fucking ringing in a minute.

The sergeant has to physically restrain the detective as he grabs Joe by the shirt collar.

DETECTIVE (CONT)

Let me give the bastard a right good going over!

JOE

Honestly! I don't know anything about dead bodies, naked pagans or painted sheep.

Detective Strange calms down and takes deep breaths. Joe gives him a timid smile. The detective thumps the desk.

SERGEANT BENNETT

Take him to the cells constable and try not to be sexy in case he gets the urge.

CONSTABLE

I'll try!

The constable has a coy smile as she takes Joe away.

DETECTIVE

He knows that without a body we have nothing!

SERGEANT

I can't work out whether he's a pagan mastermind or a complete idiot.

DETECTIVE

He's a pagan mastermind all right! He could probably teach Hannibal Lecter a thing or two.

The detective knocks his head against the wall several times in frustration.

DETECTIVE (CONT)

Let's have another chat with that  
geriatric inbred.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Jack is nervously sitting at the desk. Detective  
Strange sits opposite.

DETECTIVE

Tell us again how you found out  
about the body Joe had buried on  
the moor?

JACK

What body?

DETECTIVE

You told me Joe killed some one  
and buried the body on the moor!

Jack looks confused.

JACK

Did I? ... Oh yes he did kill  
someone! He's been bragging about  
it.

DETECTIVE

Bragging has he! Has he buried  
anyone else up there?

JACK

I think it was just a one off.

DETECTIVE

A one off! Well that's all right  
then if it was just a one off! We  
might as well all go home.

Jack stands up.

JACK

If there's anything else I can  
help you with let me know!

Detective Strange stands up.

DETECTIVE

I'll show you out shall I!

JACK

That's very nice of you.

DETECTIVE  
SIT DOWN! I was being sarcastic.

Jack sheepishly sits down.

DETECTIVE (CONT)  
Tell me about the victim.

JACK  
All I know is he had a funny  
name!

DETECTIVE  
What! His name made you laugh?

JACK  
No he had a foreign name.

DETECTIVE  
Spit it out before you start  
spitting teeth out!

JACK  
His name was Joe Public and I  
think he had a Japanese camper  
van!

DETECTIVE  
We have a name at last! Now we're  
getting somewhere. Hold on a  
minute! Did you say Japanese?

JACK  
He had a Japanese camper van.

DETECTIVE  
This foreigner Joe public, was he  
Japanese?

JACK  
No!

DETECTIVE  
You seem pretty sure about that.

JACK  
I am sure. He was Chinese.

Detective Strange makes a gesture like he has scored a  
goal.

DETECTIVE  
At last a break through.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Joe is sitting at an old desk and being interrogated by the detective and the sergeant. Constable Jean Jenkins stands beside a door.

SERGEANT

Bring in the witness constable.

The sergeant nods to the constable. She brings Jack into the room and sits him by the next desk to Joe.

The detective wipes sweat from his brow and talks close to Joe's ear.

DETECTIVE

Jack was telling us about aliens and pagans! He's a right little chatter box when he gets going. All sorts of other information comes out.

JACK

Don't worry Joe I've said nothing... Or did I?

DETECTIVE

A quarantine would have suited you down to the burial ground wouldn't it Joe! You could run around with your pagan mates and get up to all sorts of naked sexy mischief without any witnesses.

JOE

What do you mean without any witnesses?

DETECTIVE

You're a cool one all right! Very cool. But even the cool ones make mistakes.

SERGEANT

Even the cool ones with ice cubes down their pants.

JOE

Okay, okay! I put my hands up. The blue paint might have been my idea but I haven't done anything that mother nature won't wash away in a few weeks time.

DETECTIVE

That's whom you pray to is it! Mother nature! What did she tell

(MORE)

DETECTIVE (cont'd)  
 you to do? Rip your clothes off  
 and sacrifice poor Joe Public! .

SERGEANT  
 Go on! tell us about Joe public.

JOE  
 Joe Public? You're not talking  
 about the same Joe public Fred  
 and Jack have been on about.

JACK  
 (to Joe)  
 I didn't tell them you were a  
 pagan and murdered the Chinese  
 fella! And I never mentioned that  
 you buried him up on the moor  
 neither.

DETECTIVE  
 (to Joe)  
 We know why you killed him! That  
 poor innocent pervert was waving  
 his lychee on your patch and you  
 and your sick cult could not put  
 up with that could you! So you  
 end up sacrificing him and  
 burying him and a few others on  
 the moor waiting for mother  
 nature to decompose the bodies!

JOE  
 I can explain! There's been some  
 sort of mistake!

SERGEANT  
 You're the one who's made the  
 mistake! The only wicker baskets  
 your be seeing from now on is the  
 ones you make in prison!

CONSTABLE  
 That is a good one Sarge.

SERGEANT  
 I've got to give Hugh a few good  
 lines.

JOE  
 I've changed my mind about having  
 a lawyer! I think I need one.

CONSTABLE  
 We've change our minds about  
 letting you have a lawyer you  
 cunt! ...I think Gwyneth can use  
 that line.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Anna enters the police station.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Anna is sitting at the old desk being interviewed by detective Strange. The sergeant and the constable look on.

DETECTIVE

Thank you for helping us with our enquiries. I am detective Strange and this is sergeant Bennett and constable Jenkins.

ANNA

I know who you are! Where's my Joe! Why have you kept him so long and why is there a dead sheep on that desk?

DETECTIVE

All in good time Anna.

ANNA

Get to the point! Why is Joe here?

DETECTIVE

Just a few questions first. Has Joe been acting odd lately.

ANNA

He always acts odd.

DETECTIVE

I mean acting odder then normal odd.

ANNA

Not really! Apart from leaving the toilet seat up and going on about ironing?

DETECTIVE

Constable! Google ironing and leaving the toilet seat up. It seems to be a pagan pre-ritual. While you're at it Google ice cubes as well.

Constable Jenkins goes over to an old desktop computer.

ANNA

Pagan pre-ritual?

DETECTIVE

Does Joe ever eat lamb?

ANNA

It's his favourite why?

DETECTIVE

I had a feeling he'd get a  
perverse kick out of eating lamb.

ANNA

What's he supposed to have done?  
It's that painting of blue feet  
on sheep isn't it. I guessed he  
had something to do with that!

DETECTIVE

I'm afraid it's a bit more  
serious than that! We believe  
your husband has... How can I put  
it in words?

Sergeant Bennett walks over to Anna

SERGEANT

Joe has murdered someone in a  
pagan ritual and buried them up  
on the moor.

DETECTIVE

Thank you Sergeant! That was  
sensitive.

ANNA

Who's been murdered? I haven't  
heard anything about a murder?

SERGEANT

All we can tell you is that we  
believe a member or members of  
the public have been sacrificed  
and buried on the moor and that  
they may or may not include a  
couple from the Netherlands.

DETECTIVE

Or Holland!

SERGEANT

Or they might even be Dutch!

DETECTIVE

The couple went missing and  
failed to turn up at The Crown  
Monday evening.

ANNA

Lars and Eva! The Van Dykes?

CONSTABLE

Nobody told me they were  
lesbians?

ANNA

Eva and Lars stayed at the  
Drovers Monday night! They got  
caught in the thunderstorm! They  
were going on to the White Lion  
in the next dale. Have you  
checked there?

The sergeant goes over to the constable and whispers in  
her ear. The constable walks to a desk and picks up a  
phone.

DETECTIVE

(to Anna)

We have been informed by a  
reliable source that there is  
members of the public buried on  
the moor by naked pagans.

SERGEANT

And we'll soon have a few  
sacrificed bodies as evidence!

DETECTIVE

Naked sacrificed bodies!

SERGEANT

Have you witnessed a shortage of  
ice cubes?

ANNA

I have noticed we've been getting  
through a lot of ice cubes just  
lately?

Detective Strange leans over the desk.

DETECTIVE

Will you testify to that in a  
court of law!

ANNA

Testify about ice cubes?

The constable walks over to the sergeant, she whispers in  
his ear. The sergeant in turn whispers in the detective's  
ear who looks at Anna and WHIMPERS.

ANNA (cont'd)

I take it you found Lars and Eva?

DETECTIVE

We haven't ruled out that they might be pagan zombies yet!

ANNA

Now that is cleared up can you let him go.

SERGEANT

We still have the murder of Mr Public to solve yet! He might not have sacrificed the Dutch couple, but nevertheless, we still have poor Joe's body lying up there on the moor still damp from melting ice cubes.

DETECTIVE

And he's probably naked.

ANNA

Joe Public?

SERGEANT

Poor innocent perverted Joe. Just a normal degenerate working for the national park and because he liked to bash his kung po beef in public Joe had to sacrifice him in a pagan frenzy.

DETECTIVE

A naked pagan frenzy.

ANNA

Did the National park report their employee missing?

The Sergeant walks over to the constable and whispers in her ear. She goes back to the phone and makes a call.

DETECTIVE

We are highly trained police officers Anna. No stone goes unturned in a murder investigation like this.

The detective loosens his tie.

DETECTIVE (CONT)

Even though we are experienced officers of the law we do find it difficult to deal with rampaging pagans who like to rip there

(MORE)

DETECTIVE (CONT) (cont'd)  
 clothes off, chant, dance around  
 in a frenzy, have an orgy and  
 finish the evening off by  
 sacrificing some poor soul who  
 just happens to like flashing his  
 prawn balls.

SERGEANT  
 You couldn't make it up even if  
 you tried!

ANNA  
 I think you're letting your  
 imagination get carried away!

The constable walks over to the sergeant and whispers in  
 his ear, the sergeant then walks over to the  
 detective and whispers in his ear.

DETECTIVE  
 Nobody of that name?

The detective looks to the heavens and SIGHS.

DETECTIVE (CONT)  
 It's worse than I thought! He  
 doesn't work for the national  
 park so he must be a tourist and  
 he would be a Chinese tourist!  
 There goes a potential five  
 billion visitors to the area. Do  
 you know what this is going to do  
 to the tourist trade having  
 pagans running amok? It will ruin  
 it!

ANNA  
 Has anyone seen this Chinese man?

SERGEANT  
 Poor Mrs Arkwright got a good  
 view of him! We know he was alive  
 until Joe and his pagan mates got  
 hold of him.

ANNA  
 Could I just see Joe for five  
 minutes? It's very important.

The detective nods to the sergeant who takes Anna through  
 a door marked 'CELLS'.

INT. CELLS - DAY

Joe is sitting on a bed inside a barred cell. The sergeant and Anna enter.

SERGEANT

You have five minutes Anna.

The sergeant leaves.

JOE

Anna I can explain! It's all Jack and Fred's fault.

ANNA

Tell me you honestly did you sacrifice a Chinaman!

JOE

Of course not!

ANNA

When were you going to tell me you were a pagan?.. I suppose the twig in the sperm sample was a pagan thing!

JOE

I am not a pagan and it was a windy day!

ANNA

The detective just told me leaving the toilet seat up and going on about ironing is a pagan pre-ritual!

JOE

Jack and Fred said I should leave the toilet seat up and go on about ironing! They thought it would give you something to think about.

ANNA

And what have you been up to with ice cubes?

JOE

I had some down my pants!

ANNA

Ice cubes down your pants! Is that the sort of thing pagans do because I don't think I want my child brought up to be a pagan!

JOE  
Hold on, what child?

ANNA  
I'm having a baby. Our baby!

JOE  
You can't have! I've got the lowest sperm count in Dilldale. The doctor said she could count them on one hand including the twig?

ANNA  
Well I can assure you it's yours. It must be those pagan rituals you've been doing.

JOE  
I have not been doing pagan rituals! Why does everybody think that!

ANNA  
You better do a pagan ritual to get more customers through the door because that subsidy will not keep a baby clothed and fed. You've got responsibilities now!

Joe is in shock he looks ashen.

JOE  
Pregnant?

ANNA  
I think that's why I've been eating all those chocolate bars.

JOE  
I thought it was because you had an eating disorder!

ANNA  
You thought what!

JOE  
Well you are big boned.

ANNA  
I'm so sorry I don't live up to your pagan expectations!

JOE  
Sorry it just never crossed my mind that this could happen. Are you really sure?

ANNA

I'm one hundred percent sure.

Joe puts places his hand on Anna's stomach.

Joe and Anna kiss.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Anna enters from the cells door.

ANNA

I have just told Joe he's going to be a father so he may still be in shock.

SERGEANT

How could that happen? Everyone knows Joe's got a low sperm count!

ANNA

I don't know! It's a miracle with my apparent eating disorder as well.

Detective Strange leans over to sergeant Bennett.

DETECTIVE

(whispering)

It's all that dancing around naked. I bet she's a pagan as well.

Detective Strange shuts his eyes and drools.

DETECTIVE (CONT)

(whispering)

I can just see her chanting away with beads of sweat dripping down her well shaped breasts and then down between her..

SERGEANT

Ron! Are you okay?

Detective Strange is perspiring heavily, he discreetly tugs at his groin.

DETECTIVE

The pressure must be getting to me.

SERGEANT

On behalf of the dales village police force I would like to say congratulations Anna.

ANNA

Thank you sergeant. Drop him back  
when you've finished with him.

Anna starts to walk away then stops and turns around.

ANNA (CONT)

I don't think I've ever come  
across such an incompetent bunch  
of fucking morons!

The constable watches her walk out.

CONSTABLE

Keira Knightly could play her!

A phone RINGS. The constable picks it up.

CONSTABLE (cont'd)

Constable Jenkins speaking!..  
ha-ha, I like to give you hard  
ones!

SERGEANT

Who's that your talking to?

The constable covers the mouthpiece of the phone.

CONSTABLE

It's Mickey from the forensic  
lab.

She gives a DIRTY LAUGH as she listens on the phone.

SERGEANT

What does he want?

CONSTABLE

My sergeant wants know what you  
want!...ha-ha. Yes I know what  
you want!

SERGEANT

Jean will you stop flirting and  
ask him why he called.

CONSTABLE

My sergeant wants to know why you  
called...okay..okay... bye!

SERGEANT

Well?

CONSTABLE

That box of paint we sent off for  
fingerprints had a real foot in  
it.

SERGEANT

A real foot!

Detective Strange looks at the Sergeant.

DETECTIVE

I bloody knew he killed someone!

I bloody knew it!

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Joe sits on one side of a desk. The detective and the sergeant sit opposite. Constable Jean Jenkins stands behind Joe.

DETECTIVE

You nearly got away with it!

JOE

Sorry? Got away with what?

DETECTIVE

Murdering the Chinaman and feigning ignorance! Did they teach you that in the pagan book of sacrificing?

SERGEANT

Painting the sheep was a nice touch but you just couldn't resist using the foot. I bet you laughed all the way through an orgy over that one.

JOE

Foot?

DETECTIVE

Do the right thing for once in your life! Tell us where the rest of the body is.

JOE

Body? There is no body!

SERGEANT

He might be a nobody to you but he's someone's loved one.

DETECTIVE

If you tell us where the body is we'll put in a good word for you with the judge. With any luck you might only get gang raped twice a week in jail.

JOE

I don't know anything about a body! All I know is I got Jack to paint the sheep for sixty pounds and I made a call to the dales weekly blaming it on pagans. That's all I did.

DETECTIVE

What a wicked bastard you are! You're willing to let a halfwit with the memory of a goldfish take the rap for one of your pagan sacrifices.

SERGEANT

Make it easy on yourself and tell us who it is! We'll be getting the DNA results soon! We'll soon match it up with missing persons.

DETECTIVE

I'll tell you what I think happened!

The detective paces the room looking at Joe.

DETECTIVE (CONT)

It's common knowledge that Anna has always wanted the Drovers to be busy since she's been here. A sign turns up! Anna uses the arrival of the sign to kick start some advertising so takes out an advert in the dales weekly. At the same time the BBC broadcast a humorous story about the Drovers hotel. To your utter horror the Drovers begins to get busy! No more night fishing for you or pagan orgies more like... That probably explains your low sperm count.

JOE

Will everyone stop mentioning my low sperm count. I'm beginning to get a complex.

DETECTIVE

It gets more complex than that!

DETECTIVE STRANGE'S IMAGINED EVENTS

EXT. DOCTORS SURGERY - DAY

A grinning Chinaman is masturbating in the bushes watching Mrs Arkwright. Joe is watching from behind a tree.

DETECTIVE V.O.

You knew about the Chinaman shaking his wok in the bushes in front of Mrs Arkwright because you were at the doctors that day and probably saw it all.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Joe is tailing a Chinaman along a road. He watches him get into a camper van.

DETECTIVE V.O.(CONT)

You probably followed him to find out where he parked his camper van because this pervert was drawing attention to Dilldale which was the last thing you wanted on summer solstice.

EXT. WOODLAND - EVENING

Naked young men and women wearing animal masks and flower garlands are holding wicker baskets as they dance in a circle around a group of animal masked people having an orgy. Joe stands before an alter with arms spread wide.

DETECTIVE V.O.(CONT)

You probably prayed to mother nature and offered her a gift of a Chinese sacrifice!

CONSTABLE V.O

Everyone likes a Chinese on a special occasion.

DETECTIVE V.O.

That poor Chinaman must have pleaded for his life but he might as well have been speaking in a foreign language for all the notice you took.

CONSTABLE V.O

He probably was speaking in Chinese!

DETECTIVE V.O.

After the poor Chinaman had been sacrificed you probably had an

(MORE)

DETECTIVE V.O. (cont'd)  
 orgy because the primeval urge  
 was at bursting point!

Joe is breathing heavily as he lays beside several females.

DETECTIVE V.O.(CONT)  
 After you were all orgy-ied out,  
 mother nature probably told you  
 to warn any other sick perverts  
 that Dilldale is for depraved  
 pagans only. So you twisted  
 bastards cut off the  
 Chinaman's foot and used it to  
 stamp blue feet on the sheep.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Detective Strange has an obvious erection which he tries to hide.

SERGEANT  
 I think you've cracked it Ron!  
 (to Joe)  
 Come on admit it Joe. We found  
 the foot and the blue paint you  
 used on the sheep at the Drovers.  
 We have a witness you told about  
 the killing. We also have you at  
 the doctors surgery at the same  
 time as the Chinaman was spilling  
 his bird nest soup in front of  
 poor Mrs Arkwright.

JOE  
 I don't know anything about a  
 Chinaman? I don't know anything  
 about a murder? I don't know  
 anything about the foot? All I  
 did was pay Jack sixty pounds to  
 paint the sheep and I hid the box  
 of paints that's all!

DETECTIVE  
 What about all the pagan  
 behaviour? Going on about  
 ironing! Leaving the toilet seat  
 up, sticking ice cubes down your  
 pants! And if that wasn't odd  
 enough you put a twig in a sperm  
 sample..

JOE

It was windy!

DETECTIVE

And you've been getting your auntie Elsie to Hoover the car park to get rid of any pagan dogging evidence. Don't tell me they're the actions of a normal person?

JOE

Can't you see that what your saying is just ludicrous?

DETECTIVE

You were so cock sure when you came strutting in here! You didn't know anything about sheep being painted and you didn't know anything about pagans! Yet as soon as we get some evidence it's - 'Yes I know about the blue feet and pagans because I rang up the local paper to tell them!' You must have taken us for a right bunch of village idiots.

SERGEANT

Come on Joe it's time to spill the names of your fellow pagan worshippers. You don't have to take the rap for all of them. They're just as guilty as you.

DETECTIVE

You can't rip your clothes off and have an orgy on your own so we want names.

JOE

I haven't done anything! You must believe me.

A phone RINGS on one of the desks. The constable answers it.

CONSTABLE

Constable Jean Jenkins! ...Hello Mickey.

She gives FLIRTY LAUGH then leans over the desk.

CONSTABLE (CONT)

Don't... no don't! You'll make me laugh and I'll wet myself..

Sergeant Bennett becomes agitated.

SERGEANT

Constable Jenkins will you stop flirting and find out if married Mickey has the DNA results and a time of death.

CONSTABLE

My Sergeant wants to know the results of the foot.... Thank you Mickey it's nice to talk to some one with manners.

SERGEANT

Well come on constable what did he say?

CONSTABLE

They still need to work on the DNA but they have a time of death.

DETECTIVE

I bet it fits in with the sheep painting.

CONSTABLE

He said the foot belongs to a male and the time of death was at least six hundred years ago.

DETECTIVE

What! How can that be? Joe only killed him a couple of days ago.

JOE

Now do you believe me!

DETECTIVE

This smells like a pagan conspiracy to me. How high have you lot penetrated into society.

JOE

Press charges or let me go! There is no body because there never was one. I want an apology!

SERGEANT

You're not going anywhere.

the Sergeant produces up a note book from his pocket and flicks through the pages.

SERGEANT (CONT)

We'll have you for conspiring to paint sheep, dogging in car parks, public indecency, fishing

(MORE)

SERGEANT (CONT) (cont'd)  
 without a license and I nearly  
 forgot! Three unpaid parking  
 tickets. I think we have enough  
 to charge you with.

The detective sits at a desk with his head in his hands.

DETECTIVE  
 Fucking pagans!

SERGEANT  
 Come on Ron be professional he's  
 got away with it.

CONSTABLE  
 What happened to the Chinaman  
 then?

DETECTIVE  
 He's probably still out there!  
 And if I know human nature he'll  
 definitely be showing his  
 grinning face again.

FOUR WEEKS LATER

INT. BAR - DAY

Joe is serving behind the bar with NEW BAR STAFF. The  
 Drovers is packed out with CUSTOMERS. Fred and Jack enter.  
 They cautiously make their way to the bar. Joe notices and  
 intercepts them.

JOE  
 Well if it isn't invisible Fred  
 and Jack the nark. I wondered  
 when you two would show up!

FRED  
 We've been busy! You know with  
 the digging around Jack's farm.  
 It's amazing how preserved those  
 bodies are in that boggy ground.

JOE  
 Thanks to you two I was nearly  
 locked up for a sacrificial  
 murder. And if that wasn't bad  
 enough, I now have a criminal  
 record for dogging in car parks,  
 public indecency, painting sheep  
 and fishing without a license!

JACK

At least you can carry on being a pagan.

JOE

I am not a fucking pagan!

FRED

So you didn't kill the Chinaman then?

JOE

Give me strength! There was no fucking Chinaman.

FRED

Who did you knock off then?

JOE

No one! Nobody has been knocked off it's been a big misunderstanding.

FRED

Jack saw you coming back from the moor with blood on your hands?

JOE

If Jack wore glasses like he should do, he would have seen it was tomato ketchup on my hands! Didn't you think it odd? Me with blood on my hands wandering down from the moor.

Fred and Jack look at each other then at Joe.

FRED

When you say it like that it does seem odd.

JACK

But at the time it seemed normal odd.

Joe looks at them both with exasperation.

FRED

Congratulations on the news about Anna having a baby! It came as a shock with your sperm count.

JOE

Does everybody know about my sperm count?

JACK

It's a good job you're a pagan  
and can do spells and that.

Joe shows Jack a small gap between his thumb and  
forefinger.

JOE

Jack your this fucking close to  
being strangled! Pagans were your  
idea! How many more times do I  
have to say it?

Some people squeeze by them to get to the bar.

FRED

Why is it so busy in here?

JOE

Where do I start! One!.. That  
flat Essex beer has got The  
Drovers a five star rating in the  
Best beer guide so we have all  
the real ale fanatics turning up.

Two!.. Because the Drovers does  
not appear on satellite  
navigation, UFO spotters believe  
it was aliens who really painted  
the sheep.

Three!.. Because Colin sold the  
tabloid press a story about me  
and naked pagans dogging in the  
car park the Drovers is now a  
magnet for every pagan weirdo  
within a hundred miles!

Four!.. A Hollywood director is  
now making a film about the 'The  
pagan squirrel murders' in the  
area which has made the Drovers a  
tourist attraction. Oh I forgot!  
Because of the archaeological  
digs going on at Jack the nark's  
farm I have that lot in here  
every five minutes pissing it up  
as well.

JACK

It could be worse!

JOE

It could be worse! How could it  
get any worse Jack! Tell me that?

SEVERAL PEOPLE pushing BICYCLES enter the Drovers causing  
mayhem.

JOE  
 What is going on? Sorry you  
 cannot bring your bikes in here!

Anna enters and stands next to Joe.

ANNA  
 The Drovers hotel welcomes the  
 gormless cyclists club! Come in.

JOE  
 Anna what on earth is going on?

ANNA  
 Remember the Dutch couple Lars  
 and Eva? Well it turns out they  
 have a cycle tour business and  
 thought the Drovers would make a  
 good base for their customers!  
 They have booked all the rooms up  
 for the rest of the season.

Anna spots Lars and Eva and gives them a wave.

ANNA (CONT)  
 Is gormless a Dutch word?

JOE  
 What about the subsidy! I'll lose  
 it all!

ANNA  
 We can earn more than any subsidy  
 by you doing longer hours and  
 working extra hard.

JOE  
 What about my fishing?

ANNA  
 You won't have time for fishing  
 and you can't expect me to work.  
 I need peace and quiet now I'm  
 pregnant.

Lenny makes his way to the bar. Joe recognises him.

JOE  
 Lenny! It's all you're bloody  
 fault.

LENNY  
 Hello Joe. What's all my fault?

JOE  
 Because of that bloody sign you  
 conned me into buying I have to

(MORE)

JOE (cont'd)  
 work twice as hard and I've been  
 locked up in jail for being a  
 pagan and sacrificing people!

LENNY  
 Pagans don't sacrifice people?  
 Paganism is a nature worshipping  
 religion. Everyone knows that!

JOE  
 I wish that bloody detective knew  
 that.

LENNY  
 It's good news about the village  
 police station being kept open  
 now with all this influx of  
 people in the area.

ANNA  
 You got my message Lenny?

LENNY  
 I did Anna and I just happened to  
 have the very sign you were  
 after.

Lenny hands a package to Anna.

JOE  
 A sign? What do you need a sign  
 for?

Anna opens the package and holds up a sign.

CLOSE ON A SIGN- WITH THE WORDS  
 No vacancies.

BACK TO SCENE

Anna gives Joe a big smile.

Joe walks out in a huff.

EXT. DROVERS HOTEL - DAY

Joe walks over to the sign and kicks it hurting his foot.

HIKERS walking past see the sign and go into the hotel.  
 Cars pull into the car park avoiding Elsie with a Hoover  
 and dancing NAKED PAGANS with wicker baskets.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Sergeant Bennett stands with his bride constable Jean  
 Jenkins while several uniformed POLICE OFFICERS throw  
 confetti.

INT. TV STUDIO KITCHEN - DAY

Tom is putting chips into an oven.

INT. TV SHOPPING CHANNEL STUDIO - DAY

Elsie is Demonstrating a vacuum cleaner.

INT. BOOKSHOP - DAY

Fred and Jack are doing a book signing of their book  
'Sheep'.

EXT. POST OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A Large Banner above the post office door reads 'Postman  
of the Year'.

Bill is wearing his uniform with very short shorts and  
proudly holding up a trophy.

CLOSE ON A NEWSPAPER--THE DALES WEEKLY--WITH THE HEADLINE  
*Pagan hotel owner wins Post  
office lottery!*

EXT. DROVERS HOTEL- DAY

Joe is smiling as he displays a large lottery cheque. A  
Beaming Anna is holding a baby which she makes wave at the  
camera.

A naked Detective Strange with a garland on his head runs  
maniacally across screen waving a wicker basket.

FADE OUT

THE END