

Two Wheels On My Wagon

Episode 1 – Rallying Round

Written by

Joff Thompson

SC1. EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET. DAY.

[AN OLD SPRITE CARAVAN SITS IN A
RESIDENTIAL STREET. NICK CONSTABLE IS
PACKING THE VAN FOR THEIR FIRST EVER
WEEKEND AWAY CARAVANNING. HIS SON
– JAMES – IS INSIDE THE CARAVAN]

NICK: We're *not* taking that.

[JAMES APPEARS AT THE VAN DOOR
HOLDING A HUGE FLAT SCREEN TV AND
HANDS IT DOWN TO NICK]

NICK: Come on, give it here. Where the hell did you think you could
hang something like that in a caravan?

[JAMES REAPPEARS AT THE VAN DOOR
HOLDING A HUGE SILVER TV STAND]

[OPENING MUSIC AND CREDITS]

CUT TO:

SC2. INT. CARAVAN. DAY

[THE CARAVAN IS NOW PACKED AND READY. NICK IS INSIDE SECURING THINGS WHILST HIS WIFE SUSAN AND SON JAMES LOOK ON THROUGH THE HALF-OPEN 'STABLE' DOOR]

SUSAN: I thought you said you were going to make this thing look a bit less 'kebab-vanny'?

NICK (*irritated*): Kebab-vanny is a word is it?

SUSAN: You know what I mean.

NICK: It doesn't look like a kebab van, or a snack bar or any base camp for purveyors of low quality hot food for crying out loud. It's just a caravan. Granted, it is old, but...

SUSAN (*interrupting*): You're telling me it's old. Captain Sir Tom Moore was probably born in it.

NICK: Well it's certainly not a kebab...

[NICK'S VOICE TRAILS OFF AS HE NOTICES A MAN STOOD BEHIND SUSAN AND JAMES, WHO TURN TO LOOK AT THE STRANGER]

MAN (*to Susan*): Sorry, are you being served? No? (*to Nick*) Erm, just a tea please. White - four sugars.

CUT TO:

SC3. INT. CAR. DAY

[THE FAMILY ARE DRIVING ALONG THE
MOTORWAY]

NICK: Oh give it a rest! James, you never know, there might be some nice young ladies on the rally.

JAMES (*sarcastically*): Oh yeah, I'm sure the place will be swarming with pussy.

NICK: Oi, don't be sexist... (*to Susan*) Was that sexist?

SUSAN: It's a bit late to worry about his attitude to women now. You kicked it all off when he was a baby by trying to make him say "boobs" for his first word.

JAMES (*impressed*): My first word was "boobs"? Sweet!

SUSAN: No, thankfully. Not that your father didn't try.

JAMES (*disappointed*): Oh, what was it then?

NICK: Chutney.

(PAUSE)

SUSAN: Julie at work reckons theses caravan rallies are just get-togethers for swingers.

JAMES: Wahey!

NICK: Is that a fear or a hope?

SUSAN: Well, they're always odd people aren't they, swingers.

JAMES: How would you know?

NICK (*ignoring James*): I shouldn't pay any attention to that stupid cow anyway. She's got the IQ of a sponge finger. What was it she thought LIDL stood for? Luxury items delivered locally!

[JAMES LAUGHS]

NICK: I'd hate to see what her idea of basic is if LIDL means luxury!

SUSAN: Yes, alright.

NICK: What was it she said about her diamante engagement ring? It was a Del Monte one!

JAMES (*confused*): You what?

SUSAN (*ignoring James*): Well, it must have been Del Monte, because he said “Yes”.

NICK (*chuckling*): That’s quite good for you.

SUSAN: Thanks... And don’t be sexist.

NICK: That wasn’t...

SUSAN (*interrupting*): Oh but it was.

JAMES: Dunno what you’re going on about.

[JAMES PUT HIS HEADPHONES ON]

NICK: Anything else you want to whinge about or are we finished?

SUSAN: It’s obvious we’re away isn’t it. If you always have a caravan outside the house – then suddenly one weekend it’s not there – it’s damn obvious we’re not there! May as well just put a sign up on the gate – We are on holiday! Burglars! Come and help yourselves!

NICK: Don’t be so paranoid. It’s not that sort of area is it.

CUT TO:

SC4. EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET. DAY

[OUTSIDE THE CONSTABLE'S HOUSE, TWO
MEN ARE LIFTING A LARGE FLAT SCREEN
TV INTO A VAN]

BURGLAR #1: There's a stand for this too.

CUT TO:

SC5. EXT. A LAY-BY. DAY

[THE CAR HAS BROKEN DOWN. SUSAN AND NICK ARE AWAITING THE BREAKDOWN SERVICE AND ALSO THE RETURN OF JAMES WHO HAS GONE TO FIND SOMETHING TO EAT. THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE CARAVAN DOOR]

NICK: That was quick. Didn't see his truck pull up?

[NICK OPENS THE 'STABLE' DOOR BUT ONLY THE TOP HALF OPENS. HE CLOSSES IT, PUTS THE SAFETY CATCH ON AND OPENS THE WHOLE DOOR. A SHORT, BURLY MAN SMILES UP AT HIM]

BURLY MAN: Alright mate. Do you do chips?

NICK: For God's sake, this is a private caravan. Does it look like we serve food?

[THE MAN TURNS AND POINTS AT THE RETURNING JAMES WHO IS CARRYING A DRINK AND A BURGER]

BURLY MAN: He's got a burger.

NICK: What?

[NICK NOTICES JAMES' ARRIVAL AND HOLDS OUT HIS HAND]

NICK: Change?

JAMES: Only fifty pence.

NICK: Your point being?

JAMES (*sighing*): Tight arse.

[JAMES HANDS OVER THE MONEY, STARTS TO WALK OFF, THEN TURNS BACK]

JAMES: Oh, can you whack some ketchup on it? Dozy git forgot. It's in the cupboard above your head.

[NICK TAKES THE BURGER, APPLIES THE SAUCE THEN HANDS IT BACK TO JAMES, WHO GOES AND SITS ON THE EMBANKMENT. NICK IS ABOUT TO CLOSE THE DOOR WHEN A POLICEMAN APPEARS]

PC: Excuse me, is this your caravan?

NICK: Um, yes officer.

PC: And do you have a trader's license?

NICK (*biting his lip*): No, no. It's not a burger van.

PC: Did you or did you not just hand over a burger to that young man in exchange for money?

[NICK REALISES THE OFFICER IS SERIOUS]

NICK: Yes, but, that's not mine. We got... (*noticing the burly man still hanging about*) What are you still doing here?

BURLY MAN: Waiting for my chips.

NICK: Oh get out of here.

[NICK IS BECOMING A TAD FLUSTERED]

PC: Excuse me, I'll handle this. (*to the burly man*) Move along now Sir.

[HE RETURNS TO HIS LORRY AND LEAVES]

NICK (*pleading*): Look, Officer. It's not a kebab van. Honestly.

PC: How many times do you think in my twenty-three years as a traffic cop do you think I've caught illegal traders, hey? I've heard all the excuses you can imagine sunshine, so you're wasting your breath.

NICK (*flabbergasted*): This is ludicrous! Come in and look for yourself!

PC: I'll tell you what. I'll turn a blind eye to this if you can rustle up something to eat. Be great if you could do a fry up. I love a nice bit of bacon – and it also has a strange effect on me... I can often forget whole incidents after I've eaten some lovely crispy bacon.

[NICK BEGINS TO REALISE THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY OUT. HE TURNS TO SUSAN]

NICK (*whispering*): I need to cook a fry up.

SUSAN (*whispering*): What?

NICK (*whispering*): He's going to arrest me if I don't serve him.

SUSAN: What do you mean serve him? Just tell him it's not a burger van! Who does he think you are – David Van-Day?

NICK (*whispering*): Shush! He's not having it!

[SUSAN COMES TO THE DOOR]

SUSAN: Excuse me officer, I think there's been a mistake. It's quite clear to see that this is just a private caravan.

[THE OFFICER IGNORES HER AND BEGINS
TO DAYDREAM ABOUT FOOD]

PC: Fried slice... Egg...

[SUSAN TURNS BACK INTO THE VAN AND
LOOKS AT NICK IN DISBELIEF]

SUSAN: What a... Grrrrr!!

NICK (*shrugging*): I'd best hook the gas up.

[NICK PUSHES PAST THE OFFICER]

NICK: Sorry, I just need to go and connect the gas up.

[THE OFFICER SNAPS OUT OF HIS
DAYDREAM AND BEGINS CHATTING TO
SUSAN]

PC: Ah! That's the ticket! Yes, we're extra hungry today. We missed breakfast as we had a call out to a celebrity's house would you believe! Yes, Eamonn Holmes had several...

SUSAN (*interrupting, startled*): I'm sorry, did you say "we"?

CUT TO:

SC6. INT. CARAVAN. DAY

[FOUR POLICEMEN ARE SAT – RATHER
SQUASHED – AT THE CARAVAN TABLE
TALKING AND LAUGHING NOISILY AND
WOLFING DOWN PLATES OF FRIED FOOD]

CUT TO:

SC7. EXT. FIELD OF CARAVANS. EVE

[THE CONSTABLE FAMILY ARRIVE AT THE FIELD WHERE THE CARAVAN RALLY IS BEING HELD. CAPTAIN HAMPTON-PRATT - THE RALLY OFFICER - IS PARADING ABOUT AT THE GATE]

NICK: Hello there. We're the Constables. This is our first rally with you.

[THE CAPTAIN IGNORES NICK AND CONSULTS HIS CLIPBOARD]

NICK: Err, we've booked?

[HE CONTINUES TO STARE AT HIS CLIPBOARD BEFORE FINALLY LOOKING UP]

CAPTAIN: My name is Captain Hampton-Pratt. I have here a letter from yourselves in which you state that you will be arriving at my caravan rally between sixteen and seventeen hundred hours.

SUSAN: I'm sorry. We had a few mishaps on the way with crispy bacon and the police.

NICK: Has Sting changed his name? Ha ha!

[NOT AMUSED, THE CAPTAIN LOOKS AWAY AND UP TO THE SKY]

NICK: No? Please yourself.

CAPTAIN: It has been noted.

NICK (*bemused*): Noted?

CAPTAIN: If you'd like to follow me I will show you to your allocated pitch.

[HE TUCKS HIS CLIPBOARD UNDER HIS ARM AND MARCHES AHEAD]

NICK: He's a card isn't he.

[NICK FOLLOWS BEHIND UNTIL THE CAPTAIN TURNS AND GESTURES TO STOP. NICK OPENS THE CAR DOOR AND CLIMBS OUT]

NICK: So just here, yeah?

CAPTAIN: Correct. Please also be advised that your caravan must be exactly six feet from any adjacent caravan. Your car must be parked horizontally across the back of your caravan, again exactly two feet away. Now, let me just inform Jean that I require a tape measure.

[SUSAN AND JAMES EXIT THE CAR AND ALL THREE WATCH IN AMUSEMENT AS THE CAPTAIN TAKES A LARGE WALKY-TALKY FROM THE INSIDE OF HIS COAT AND DELIVERS A MESSAGE TO HIS WIFE]

CAPTAIN (*into walky-talky*): Tape measure number three required to check and confirm distances between caravans. Over and out.

[HE PUTS THE WALKY-TALKY AWAY, TAKES OUT A LARGE WHITE ENVELOPE AND STRIDES TOWARDS NICK]

CAPTAIN: Further rules and regulations can be found in here, along with a full agenda for the weekend ahead.

[HE HANDS IT FORCEFULLY TO NICK]

NICK: Thanks.

CAPTAIN: Did you want milk?

NICK: Um, yes please.

CAPTAIN: Well you can't have any.

[NICK LOOKS AT THE CAPTAIN AND THEN AT SUSAN IN DISBELIEF]

CAPTAIN: Ah, here's my wife now.

[JEAN HAMPTON-PRATT WALKS HURRIEDLY ACROSS THE FIELD. SHE HANDS HER HUSBAND A TAPE MEASURE. IT IS NOT THE ONE HE REQUIRES]

CAPTAIN (*angrily*): I said number three, the metal tape measure with the khaki belt clip and co-ordinating release catch.

JEAN (*timidly*): Sorry Captain.

[THE CONSTABLES NOW ALL LOOK AT EACH OTHER IN DISBELIEF]

JAMES (*whispering*): She called him Captain!

[JEAN HEARS JAMES AND LOOKS AT HIM
APOLOGETICALLY. FINDING HER
ATTRACTIVE, HE WINKS BACK AT HER]

CAPTAIN: Now, I will see you onto your pitch. Proceed.

[NICK RETURNS TO THE CAR AND
PROCEEDS TO BACK THE CARAVAN INTO
THE SPACE, GUIDED BY THE CAPTAIN]

JEAN: I'm sorry, he can be a bit, well, blunt shall we say?

SUSAN: Oh don't worry. I'm Susan. Susan Constable.

JEAN: Jean Hampton-Pratt. Although thankfully people call us HP for short.

JAMES: HP hey! Saucy!

[JEAN FLUSHES. SUSAN IS UNIMPRESSED]

SUSAN: That's enough cheek from you James Constable.

[THE TRIO ARE DISTRACTED BY RAISED
VOICES. THE CARAVAN IS PARKED, BUT IS
TOO CLOSE TO THE VAN NEXT-DOOR]

NICK (*annoyed*): Does it matter? It's only three inches!

[THE CAPTAIN REELS IN HIS TAPE
MEASURE]

CAPTAIN (*sarcastically*): Not at all, no. It doesn't matter that your carelessness with a frying pan ignites your caravan and because of its proximity to the next unit the fire spreads to that one... and the next one... and the next one... and the next one... and the next one...

JAMES (*interrupting*): And the next one?

SUSAN: James! What did I just say? Any more of this and you'll be paying for *all* your driving lessons.

JAMES: Sorry.

CAPTAIN: See that it's moved.

[THE CAPTAIN STROLLS OFF. JEAN WAITS A
MOMENT AND SMILES AT JAMES BEFORE
CHASING AFTER HER HUSBAND]

NICK: Well, it's hardly going to be relaxing with him parading about the place like a peacock with piles. Make yourself useful and put the feet down please James. The winder thing is in the boot.

[JAMES IS TOO BUSY THINKING ABOUT THE
COUPLE TO COMPLAIN AND DOES AS HE IS
ASKED]

JAMES: Can't believe she called him Captain.

SUSAN: Are you moving the van then Nick?

NICK: No. He can blow his three inches out of his arse.

[THEY LAUGH]

SUSAN: Ooh, meant to say, my mum gave me this for you. Said to say well done you for getting off your backside and taking us away.

[SUSAN GOES TO THE CAR AND TAKES A
GIFT-WRAPPED CYLINDER FROM HER
FOOT-WELL AND HANDS IT TO NICK]

NICK (*unimpressed*): Oh, I can guess what it is...

SUSAN: It might not be, might be chocolates.

[HE UNWRAPS IT]

NICK: Nope. As ever. Cheese footballs. How many times do I have to tell you to tell her I hate them?

[HE HANDS THEM BACK TO SUSAN]

SUSAN: Oh don't be so ungrateful.

[NICK LOCKS THE CAR AND FORGETTING
TO PARK IT AT THE REAR OF THE VAN,
FOLLOWS HIS FAMILY INSIDE]

JAMES (O.O.V.): I don't want them! They smell like a tramp's bell-end.

CUT TO:

SC8. INT. CARAVAN. EVE

[THE CONSTABLES ARE SAT AT THE TABLE, WATCHING THE OTHER CARAVANNERS. IT IS STILL LIGHT. SUSAN NOTICES NICK STARING AT A WOMAN IN HIGH HEELS TRYING TO WALK AN AFGHAN HOUND. SHE ATTEMPTS TO DISTRACT HIM WITH THE CONTENTS OF THE WHITE ENVELOPE]

SUSAN: There's a quiz in here.

NICK (*locked in a trance*): Mmm?

SUSAN: A quiz!

NICK: What? Oh sorry. A quiz?

[NICK TAKES THE PIECE OF PAPER FROM SUSAN AND TAKES A GLANCE]

NICK: This'll be easy this. James has got one of those fancy smart phone things. We can look up anything we don't know!

[THEY LOOK ROUND TO FIND JAMES LEANING OUT OF THE WINDOW. HE HAULS HIMSELF BACK IN AND THROWS HIS MOBILE PHONE DOWN ONTO THE SEAT]

JAMES: I could if I could get any bloody reception.

NICK (*smugly*): Got plenty on mine! I've got more signal than a toothpaste factory.

JAMES: So! At least mine doesn't look like something kids are made to retrieve from the bottom of the deep end whilst wearing pyjamas.

NICK (*sarcastically*): Oh, ha ha ha.

SUSAN (*reasoning*): Grow up the pair of you. Look, we might not need it anyway. We might know them all.

[NICK LOOKS AT SUSAN UNCONVINCINGLY]

NICK: Go on then, read them out

SUSAN: Question one. Who had a top five hit in 1980 with 'Dog Eat Dog'?

[THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER BLANKLY]

NICK (*shrugging*): I don't know, Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Titch?

JAMES: Who?

SUSAN: Ask George. He knows everything. Text him a message.

JAMES: What, Uncle George?

[JAMES WALKS ABOUT THE CARAVAN
HOLDING HIS PHONE UP IN THE AIR]

JAMES: Nope. Still no signal.

NICK: If you can get over the shame, you can use mine.

[JAMES NODS AND NICK HANDS HIM THE
PHONE]

NICK: Carry on while he does that love. What's next?

[THERE IS A BUMP AGAINST THE VAN]

SUSAN: What was that?

[NICK OPENS THE WINDOW BEHIND HIM
AND LEANS OUT]

NICK: Some little sod's doing circuits of our van on his bike.

JAMES: That's sent.

SUSAN (*ignoring James*): What was the noise?

[THERE IS ANOTHER BUMP]

NICK: Him crashing into the van which he's just done again.

[NICK LEANS OUT FURTHER]

NICK: Oi, do you mind buggering off thank you and taking your bike back to your van?

[HE STARES ICILY AT NICK AND RIDES OFF]

NICK: Brrr. He's like that kid in The Omen. Freaky.

[HE CLOSES THE WINDOW. A PHONE BEEPS]

JAMES: We've got a reply from George.

SUSAN: Saying?

JAMES: Adam and the anus.

NICK: Adam and the anus?

SUSAN (*sighing*): He obviously means Adam and the Ants. Just hasn't quite mastered predictive texting.

NICK: Well, I'm going down the garden to examine the questions.

JAMES: Down the garden?

[SUSAN GIVE JAMES A KNOWING LOOK AS
NICK GETS UP AND HEADS TO THE TOILET]

JAMES (*realising*): Oh no.

[SUSAN OPENS THE WINDOW BEHIND HER]

JAMES: I hadn't thought about this. It's bad enough at home, but at least there are things there that actually help us avoid the smell.

SUSAN: Like what?

JAMES: Other rooms!

SUSAN: I can't believe I'm saying this, but it might've been better if your dad had bought an even older van.

JAMES: Why?

SUSAN: Because like old houses, they had outside toilets too.

[THERE IS A NOISE FROM THE TOILET]

JAMES (*wincing*): Oh God, how does he do it that rapidly? Sounds like he's emptying a tin of new potatoes into it.

SUSAN (*getting up*): Maybe if I put the dinner on, the smell from that might put up a fight.

JAMES: What culinary delights have we got for dinner then?

SUSAN: Whatever's in this cupboard.

[SHE PEERS INSIDE THE CUPBOARD]

SUSAN: A tin of minced beef... a tin of baked beans... and oh... a tin of new potatoes!

JAMES: Do you reckon Dominos deliver out here?

CUT TO:

SC9. EXT. CARAVAN SITE. DAY

[NICK WALKS ACROSS THE SITE PAST THE
ATTRACTIVE AFGHAN HOUND OWNER]

NICK: He's a handsome chap!

SARAH: Oh thank you! This is Pootle! It's our first time away with him you know? We only got him last week. There's a breeder just round the corner from here. We only live two miles away ourselves and we didn't want to come too far for his first holiday! Just in case he gets a bit homesick bless him!

NICK: Bless him indeed.

SARAH: Ooh, you couldn't do me a favour could you?

NICK: For a damsel in distress, of course!

SARAH: Aw, you're such a sweetheart! I'm Sarah.

NICK: Nick. So what do you want me to do?

SARAH: Just hold on to him for a minute? I need to go and get another peg to tie him to. That OK?

NICK: Sure!

SARAH: Oh thank you. Be a good boy now then my baby.

NICK: Baby? How big was its mother to give birth to that?

SARAH: No, silly. He's all grown up now, but he's still my baby!

[SHE KISSES THE DOG, THEN HEADS OFF
INSIDE HER CARAVAN]

NICK (*to the dog*): I wouldn't mind giving your mummy a baby.

[NICK'S ATTENTION IS SUDDENLY DRAWN
TO SUSAN WAVING FRANTICALLY AT HIM.
SHE IS TALKING TO A VERY SMALL BALD
MAN AND A VERY OVERWEIGHT WOMAN.
HE SHRUGS AND TRIES – UNSUCCESSFULLY
- TO IGNORE HER. SUSAN CLENCHES HER
FISTS AND GLARES ANGRILY AT HIM]

NICK: Sorry chap, duty calls. Don't go running off else I'll be in trouble with your mummy.

[SPYING A SPARE WHEEL IN THE OPEN BACK OF SARAH'S ESTATE CAR, NICK ROLLS IT OUT AND DROPS IT ONTO THE END OF THE DOG'S LEAD]

NICK (*to the dog*): That should hold you. (*to Susan*) Coming dear!

[HE STROLLS OVER. THE COUPLE SMILE]

NICK: Um, hello. I'm Nick - the other half.

DONNA: We are Donna and Lenny Henry.

NICK (*looking Lenny up and down*): Ha ha ha ha! Lenny Henry!

[ONLY NICK LAUGHS. HE STOPS ABRUPTLY]

LENNY (*slimily*): Yes your lovely wife was just telling us that this is your first caravan rally.

[NICK LOOKS DOWN AND NOTICES LENNY IS STROKING SUSAN'S WRIST]

NICK: Err, yes that's right. Well, nice to meet you, I think we've got a quiz to finish, haven't we Susan.

[SUSAN SNATCHES HER ARM AWAY AND DASHES INTO THE CARAVAN]

LENNY: Yes, we must do ours too! See you at the social tonight then. We'll save you a space at our table.

[HE TURNS AND WALKS AWAY. DONNA REMAINS AND WINKS AT NICK. SHE UNNECESSARILY REARRANGES HER BOSOM BEFORE WADDLING OFF AFTER HER HUSBAND. SUSAN OPENS THE WINDOW AND LEANS OUT]

SUSAN: Swingers swingers swingers!

NICK: Ugh! Seriously? I'd sooner swing with the Wests.

SUSAN: Got to be. I saw what she just did and he was dribbling all over me and touching me. That's why I was waving you over.

NICK: I feel dirty just thinking about it.

SUSAN: Size of her though. I'm no Kate Moss, but come on!

NICK: That's what happens when you name your child after a kebab - they'll spend their whole life eating them!

SUSAN: Don't be nasty.

NICK: Look at the van they're going into. It's an old Eccles. Even her caravan's named after a cake!

SUSAN: Yes alright... What were you doing over at that blonde woman's caravan anyway?

NICK: Oh I was just looking after her dog for minute. Lovely dog it is.

JAMES (*popping round the door*): She's got lovely puppies too!

SUSAN (*unimpressed*): God it's like a perpetual episode of On The Buses living with you two. Can we adopt a 17 year old girl?

JAMES: Hell yeah!

SUSAN: No, as back up for me, not for you two to... Oh I give up.

[SUSAN IS ABOUT TO CLOSE THE WINDOW
WHEN A SCREAM RINGS OUT]

SUSAN: Oh my God, who was that?

NICK (*looking over to Sarah's van*): Came from over there.

SARAH (*yelling*): My Norman! He's gone! Someone's stolen him!

NICK (*scrambling inside*): I think I've lost her dog!

SUSAN: Why?

NICK: I was meant to be minding it whilst she went and got a peg to secure his lead. You were screaming at me to come and save you so I put the spare wheel on the end of his lead. I thought that would hold it but obviously not.

JAMES: Oo-er! I wouldn't like to be in your shoes when her husband finds out! Have you seen him?

NICK: No, why?

JAMES: Tough-looking bloke. Like Danny Dyer, but hard.

NICK: Christ. What am I going to do?

SUSAN (*bluntly*): Nothing. It's her stupid fault for leaving it with you.

[NICK GLANCES ACROSS AT SARAH. SHE IS
BEING TENDED TO BY JEAN AND DONNA.
SHE IS STILL IN FLOODS OF TEARS]

NICK (*panicking*): Come on James! Bring your phone!

[HE REACHES IN THROUGH THE WINDOW
TAKES HIS KEYS]

SUSAN (*fuming*): Where the hell are you going?

NICK: Can you look up somewhere on your phone? Even if I don't
know the name of it? It's just round the corner apparently.

JAMES: Err, probably.

SUSAN: Hello? Can anyone hear me?

[THEY GET INTO THE CAR AND DRIVE OFF]

SUSAN(*shouting*): Nicholas!!!

CUT TO:

SC10. EXT. CARAVAN SITE. NIGHT.

[NICK DRIVES ONTO THE SITE. HE HAS BOUGHT AN AFGHAN HOUND. THE HEADLIGHTS PICK OUT A LARGE SIGN ATTACHED TO THE FLAGPOLE. HE STOPS AND READS ALOUD]

NICK: Important. There is a thief amidst our ranks. Sarah Cooper has this morning had her prized gnome Norman stolen from outside her caravan... What the f...?

[HIS VOICE TRAILS OFF. SUSAN APPEARS]

SUSAN (*fuming*): You bloody idiot! You're like a sad little boy trying to get into the prettiest girl in the year's knickers. Anyone with half a brain would have gone and helped look for it before racing out with his credit card.

[SHE STOMPS BACK TO THE CARAVAN. NICK PARKS THE CAR AND RUNS AFTER HER, STOPPING HER ON THE STEP]

NICK: What else was I meant to think? How was I to know the dopey tart would be that upset over someone stealing a lump of plaster?

SUSAN: I'm sure it wouldn't matter if she was upset over someone stealing a sticking plaster, you'd go running to her. You should have waited!

NICK: I'll take it back, I'll take it back! The woman there even said to me it'd be fine if I couldn't handle him.

SUSAN: Oh did she now?

NICK: Yes!

SUSAN: How much was it? Actually, I don't want to know. You just better pray she was being serious when she said you could return it.

NICK: Of course she was!

SUSAN: Right, well, off you go then.

NICK: I can't go now, can I! They're closed now, obviously.

SUSAN: Give me strength!

NICK: I'll take it back in the morning.

SUSAN: You'd better. And it's not coming in here either.

[SUSAN ENTERS THE CARAVAN AND
SLAMS THE DOOR BEHIND HER. THE TOP
HALF CREEPS BACK OPEN BEFORE JAMES
JUMPS OUT AND JOINS NICK]

NICK: Don't say anything. It's all sorted.

[THEY BOTH TURN AND LOOK AT THE DOG]

JAMES: Thought you said it was a lovely dog? It looks like that bloke
with the long hair out of the Black Eyed Peas.

NICK: Don't insult it!

[CLOSE UP ON DOG'S FACE, STILL HANGING
OUT OF CAR WINDOW]

CUT TO:

SC11. INT. THE SOCIAL - LARGE MARQUEE. NIGHT.

[A DISCO IS PLAYING. NICK IS STOOD AT SARAH'S TABLE. SLIGHTLY DRUNK]

SARAH: A lot people are scared of my baby. Aren't they Pootle?

[SARAH TURNS TO HER LEFT AND WE SEE THE DOG IS SAT IN THE SEAT NEXT TO HER. SHE KISSES IT ON THE NOSE. NICK WINCES]

NICK: So did you find Norman then?

SARAH: Oh yeah! Silly old me, no one had stolen him at all! No, Pootle had knocked him under the car, hadn't you Pootle.

[NICK RETURNS TO HIS TABLE]

SUSAN: I see you couldn't even make it back from the bar without stopping to talk to Fantasy Fanny over there.

NICK: Oh shush. She was just thanking me for doing such a good job of looking after her dog.

SUSAN: Well that's reassuring if the pet shop is closed tomorrow isn't it. We've got a natural.

[JAMES IS AT THE BAR CHATTING UP THE BARMAID. HE IS A LITTLE DRUNK]

JAMES: Tash? What's that short for? Moustache?

[THE BARMAID IS UNIMPRESSED. SHE HANDS HIM HIS CHANGE AND MOVES OFF]

JAMES (*noticing Jean*): Hello again!

JEAN (*bashfully*): Hello you.

JAMES: Wow, you look amazing.

JEAN (*flushing*): Oh behave yourself!

JAMES: Seriously. What are you drinking?

JEAN: Oh just orange juice.

JAMES: Boring! Why?

JEAN: The Captain doesn't like me to drink.

JAMES: Oh piss off! And stop calling him Captain.

JEAN (*offended*): I'm sorry. I'd best go.

JAMES: No, no, no, sorry. I didn't mean that. Just sounds like he treats you like shit.

JEAN: Oh, I see.

JAMES: Come on, have a drink with me.

JEAN (*smiling meekly*): Well OK.

JAMES: Oi, moustache. Double vodka and orange please.

[SUSAN WATCHES DISGUSTEDLY AS NICK
DOWNS HIS PINT OF CIDER]

SUSAN: Couldn't you just sip it rather than guts it down in one go?

[CAPTAIN TAKES THE DJ'S MICROPHONE]

CAPTAIN: Good evening fellow rallyers. Now you will have noticed on your agendas that as well as a disco tonight, there is to be some karaoke. Well we have our first singer of the night and it is our resident life and soul of the party, Eric Collins.

NICK (*slurring*): Life and soul of the party? In other words, a complete knob.

[SUSAN'S JAW DROPS AS SHE REALISES
ERIC COLLINS IS AN OLD FLAME OF HERS]

ERIC: Hello White Horse Caravan Club! Hey, this weekend we truly are... In the country!

[THE MUSIC TO CLIFF RICHARD IN THE
COUNTRY STARTS]

NICK: What's he want to sing this for?

[NICK PICKS UP THE KARAOKE SONG LIST
AND DRUNKENLY COMPLAINS ABOUT IT]

NICK: This is all crap. Billy Joel, Scenes from an Italian Restaurant? You what? Enigma? How can you sing that on karaoke?

SUSAN (*irritated at the distraction*): What?

NICK: How can you sing Return To Innocence on karaoke? How can you sing that?

[SUSAN IS TRANSFIXED ON ERIC. NICK
TURNS TO THE TABLE BEHIND]

NICK: Who'd sing that hey? You remember that one. Enigma...

[JAMES AND JEAN ARE NOW OUTSIDE]

JAMES: So, how did you end up with that for a husband then?

JEAN (*offended*): What do you mean? He's a very caring man.

JAMES: Is he? Is he *really*?

JEAN: Yes, he's looked after me for the best part of twenty years.

JAMES: Well if you ask me I think he takes the piss out of you.

JEAN (*angrily*): Excuse me. I don't have to have my marriage judged by someone like you.

JAMES: OK. Fair enough. See you then.

[JEAN THINKS ABOUT GOING INSIDE BUT STOPS, SHE SIPS THE LAST OF HER DRINK]

JAMES: You're still here then? I thought I insulted you?

JEAN: Why do you think he takes the... you know, out of me?

JAMES: You don't want to know.

JEAN: No, I do.

JAMES: I can't be bothered talking about him. But I will tell you this. I think you're gorgeous.

JEAN (*shocked*): But I'm old enough to be your mother!

[THEY GET CLOSE. JEAN STARES INTO HIS EYES. THEY ARE ABOUT TO KISS WHEN NICK APPEARS. THEY LEAP APART]

NICK: Come and sing something with your Dad! Come on, Daydream Believer or something!

JEAN (*panicking*): I'd better go and powder my nose.

[NICK NOTICES HER AND STARTS TO SPEAK]

JAMES (*butting in*): Buy me another drink and I'll think about it!

[ERIC WAVES GOODNIGHT TO HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER AS THEY LEAVE. ERIC IS NOW ALONE. SUSAN BOUNDS OVER]

SUSAN (*coyly*): Nice choice.

ERIC: I'm sorry?

SUSAN: The song! Cliff! I love Cliff.

ERIC: I used to go out with a girl who worshipped him. She'd to try and make me go to his concerts and I've just realised it's you isn't it!

SUSAN (*seductively*): Yep! Hello Eric!

ERIC (*seductively*): Hello Sharon!

SUSAN (*insulted*): Susan!

ERIC: Susan, sorry.

[NICK NOTICES SUSAN SAT WITH ERIC AND SCOWLS. HE IS ABOUT TO GO OVER WHEN DONNA HENRY APPEARS BEHIND HIM AND GRABS HIS BOTTOM. NICK FREEZES]

DONNA (*whispering in his ear*): I don't know what you might have heard about me, but it's all true. It's not everyone's thing, but you're more than welcome to join Lenny and I later... The offer's there.

[SHE SQUEEZES HIS BOTTOM AND LEAVES NICK STUNNED. HE TURNS BACK AND SEES ERIC WRITE SOMETHING ON A PINK NAPKIN AND HAND IT TO SUSAN. SHE LOOKS UP AND ON SEEING NICK, RETURNS]

NICK: What was that about? What's he...

SUSAN (*jovially*): Shush! Never you mind! Now I thought you and James were going to sing for me?

NICK: Oh yeah, he's at the bar with my wallet...

[SUSAN RAISES AN EYEBROW. REALISING HIS MISTAKE NICK DASHES FOR THE BAR]

CUT TO:

SC12. EXT. CARAVAN SITE. NIGHT.

[THE CONSTABLES MAKE THEIR WAY
BACK TO THEIR VAN. THEY ARE ALL
DRUNK. JAMES IS LAGGING BEHIND
HAVING BEEN SICK. THE SOCIAL IS STILL
GOING ON. 'RETURN TO INNOCENCE' IS
BEING SUNG ON THE KARAOKE]

NICK (*slurring*): So what were you doing with that bloke?

SUSAN (*also slurring*): I told you!

NICK: Did you?

SUSAN: Yes my dear.

NICK: Oh OK. Message understood captain!

SUSAN: Shush! He'll have listening devices set up everywhere.

NICK: Has he? Oh well he can listen to this then.

NICK: Oi! Captain! You're not in the army anymore you dick.

[SUSAN LOOKS ACROSS AT THEIR CAR]

SUSAN: Should the car window be open that much?

NICK (*panicking*): Oh shit, no! The dog's got out! I won't get my
money back now!

SUSAN: Call it! What's its name?

NICK: Name? I dunno! I didn't give it one!

SUSAN: Didn't they tell you when you got it? Think! What can you
remember being said when you bought?

NICK: Let me think... Mastercard?

SUSAN: Oh for f... Just whistle.

[NICK WHISTLES HALF-HEARTEDLY]

NICK: You check over that side and I'll check somewhere else or
something.

[NICK THINKS HE HAS HEARD SOMETHING
AND TRIES THE ZIP OF AN AWNING]

NICK (*calling out*): Hello? Are you in here? I can't remember your
name but I need to find you.

[THE CARAVAN DOOR OPENS AND A
NAKED DONNA HENRY CHARGES OUT INTO
THE DARKNESS]

DONNA (*excitedly*): I knew you'd come!

NICK: What's happening? I can't see! I can't breathe!

[THERE ARE SOUNDS OF A STRUGGLE AND
THINGS BEING KNOCKED OVER]

CUT TO:

SC13. EXT. ROUND THE FLAGPOLE. DAY.

[CAPTAIN HP IS ADDRESSING THE
ASSEMBLED RALLYERS]

JAMES: Why couldn't I just stay in bed Mum?

SUSAN: Best thing you can do for a hangover is just get up and get on
with things. Worse thing you can do is wallow in it.

[DONNA APPEARS FROM HER VAN]

NICK (*noticing*): God, don't let her sit near me.

SUSAN (*chuckling*): She could sit *on* you instead? *Again!*

NICK (*narked*): Oh shut up. You were the one who said the car
window was open.

SUSAN: So what? You should have gone and looked inside the car to
see if it was still in there before looking for it. Again, you just rush in!

NICK: I thought I'd be able to see it from where I was. It's a big dog.

SUSAN: Dogs do tend to lie down when they sleep though don't they!

NICK (*sarcastically*): Ha ha.

SUSAN: This'll cheer you up. Raffle tickets!

NICK: Oh wow. I'm ecstatic about the chance of winning a souvenir
tea towel from the Norfolk Broads.

SUSAN: Don't be such a misery guts!

NICK: You're disconcertingly chipper this morning. Something good
happen last night that I've forgotten about?

[SUSAN SMILES AND TURNS AWAY]

NICK: Well?

SUSAN: Shush! It's the raffle.

CAPTAIN: Now, before the raffle we have the quiz prizes to give out.
Our winner with thirty out of thirty, were the Collins family.

[SUSAN CLAPS FRANTICALLY AS ERIC
TAKES HIS PRIZE]

NICK (*jealous*): Alright, you don't have to be that pleased.

CAPTAIN: And we always like to give a little something to those who don't do quite so well, a sort of booby prize as it were and so with a lowly four out of thirty were... the Constables.

NICK (*grimacing*): Go on then, go and get it.

[SUSAN PULLS A FACE AT NICK AND GOES TO COLLECT THEIR PRIZE. SHE RETURNS]

NICK: So what did we get?

[SUSAN DROPS A TIN OF CHEESE FOOTBALLS IN HIS LAP]

NICK: You couldn't make it up.

CAPTAIN: First out of the antique tombola is... a white ticket, number 632. White six... three... two.

SUSAN: Oh yes, yes! You've got that one, look!

NICK: Go and get it James.

[JAMES IS PRETENDING TO BE ASLEEP. NICK LOOKS TO SUSAN]

SUSAN: No! I just went up.

[SHE NOTICES ERIC ENTICING HER UP. SHE DOES SO. ERIC HAS FOUND THE MATCHING PRIZE AND HANDS IT TO HER. IT IS ANOTHER TIN OF CHEESE FOOTBALLS. SHE SMILES, TAKES IT AND WALKS AWAY WINCING]

CUT TO:

SC14. INT. CARAVAN. DAY

[SUSAN IS SAT WITH JAMES. THERE IS A BOY KNOCKING ON THE DOOR WITH A WATER PISTOL]

SUSAN: Oh just go and have a water fight with him. He's not going to go away unless you do.

JAMES: OK. Boil the kettle for me and I'll be right out there.

SUSAN: Don't be horrible.

[SHE SNEAKS A LOOK OUTSIDE]

SUSAN: Your dad was right. He is like that kid in The Omen.

JAMES: Just tell him to piss off.

SUSAN: I can't do that, he's a child.

JAMES: I'm technically still a child until November, so I can.

SUSAN: Oh no you won't!

[JAMES IS SICK IN A BOWL]

SUSAN: Here, take this.

[SHE HANDS HIM A CUP OF WATER AND A PINK NAPKIN, JAMES WIPES HIS FACE. SUSAN SNEAKS ANOTHER LOOK]

SUSAN: He's really scaring me now.

JAMES: That hasn't helped. I still feel sick.

[SUSAN LOOKS AT JAMES SYMPATHETICALLY THEN BACK OUTSIDE]

SUSAN: Horrible child. He's like the spawn of Bonnie Langford.

JAMES: Who's Bonnie Langford?

SUSAN: You don't want to know. Especially if you're feeling sick.

[NICK EMERGES FROM THE TOILET]

NICK: Well, I've given that twenty minutes and it's still not coming out. Need some medicinal help. First aid box is in the car isn't it?

[SUSAN IS LOOKING OUTSIDE AND NOT REALLY PAYING ATTENTION TO NICK]

SUSAN: Yes.

[SHE REALISES NICK IS GOING OUTSIDE]

SUSAN: No, don't open the door!

[NICK PUSHES THE DOOR BUT ONLY THE
TOP HALF OPENS. IT CATCHES THE BOY
FULL IN THE FACE SENDING HIM FLYING,
NICK PULLS THE DOOR SHUT]

NICK (*panicking*): I think we should pack up and go. Quickly.

[THEY HURRIEDLY BEGIN TO TIDY UP]

NICK: I think I'd prefer to stick to the more conventional way of
removing excrement from my body. I'd take laxatives over an angry
parent beating it out of me any day of the week.

CUT TO:

SC15. INT. IN-CAR. DAY.

[THE CONSTABLES ARE HITCHED UP AND READY TO GO. AS THEY PULL AWAY SUSAN LOOKS ACROSS AND SEES ERIC WAVING TO HER. HE MAKES A PHONE SHAPE WITH HIS HAND AND MOUTHS THE WORDS 'RING' ME'. SUSAN SMILES TO HERSELF AS THEY EXIT THE GATE. SHE THEN PANICS AS SHE REALISES WHAT SHE'S DONE WITH THE NAPKIN ERIC WROTE HIS NUMBER ON]

JAMES: There's no way I'll make it all the way home without being sick again.

[SUSAN SPINS ROUND IN HER SEAT AND SEES JAMES HOLDING THE NAPKIN TO HIS MOUTH. ONLY HALF OF IT IS LEFT. SHE SIGHS AND TURNS BACK TO THE FRONT. NOTICING HER CLIFF RICHARD CD SHE PULLS THE DISC FROM ITS CASE AND PUSHES IT INTO THE MACHINE]

NICK: Oh do we have to have him on? Reminds me of that twat from last night.

SUSAN (*under her breath*): Exactly...

[SHE SMILES AND GAZES HAPPILY OUT OF THE WINDOW]

CUT TO:

SC16. INT. IN-CAR. DAY.

[THE CONSTABLES HAVE STOPPED IN A LAY-BY SO JAMES CAN BE SICK. HE RETURNS TO THE CAR AND CLIMBS IN THROUGH THE OPEN REAR DOOR]

NICK: Surely four times is enough now?

JAMES: Oh shut up. Like you didn't drink when you were my age.

SUSAN: He did indeed. Well he *thought* he was drinking. What was it you claimed you were "getting drunk on" at Deborah Mullins' 18th?

NICK: I forget. (*changing the subject*) Can we go now?

SUSAN (*continuing*): Indian tonic water, wasn't it my dear? Doesn't taste or even sound like alcohol.

NICK (*irritated*): Yes alright.

JAMES: It doesn't help having these things here. Just the thought of them makes me gag.

NICK: What?

[JAMES HOLDS UP A LIDLESS SHOE BOX CONTAINING THREE TINS OF CHEESE FOOTBALLS]

NICK: Leave them on that bench there. Be a nice treat for some fat trucker.

[SUSAN TUTS AND FOLDS HER ARMS]

JAMES: Really? OK

[JAMES OPENS THE DOOR, PICKS UP THE BOX CONTAINING THE THREE TINS, PLACES IT ON THE BENCH AND THEN SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT]

JAMES: Sorted.

[THE CAR AND CARAVAN PULL AWAY]

CUT TO:

SC17. INT. IN-CAR. DAY.

[NICK AND SUSAN ARE PARKED IN
ANOTHER LAY-BY. THE REAR DOOR OPENS
AND JAMES SLOWLY CLIMBS IN]

NICK: Finished painting the countryside?

JAMES (*weakly*): Think so.

NICK: That's the final straw that, him chucking up every half mile.

SUSAN: Final straw?

NICK: Yeah. That's it. We are not going caravanning ever again. I'm taking this heap of junk straight back to Smelly Pete when we get home. I don't even care if he won't give me my money back. I'll happily give him another fifty quid to drive one of his caterpillars through it.

SUSAN: Oh come on! Don't be so silly. You were the one who wanted to take up caravanning!

NICK (*worked up*): Yes and I'm also the one who this weekend, has been the head chef for the Thames Valley Police, haunted by cheese footballs, treated like a schoolboy by Windsor Davies in Carry On England, I've almost decapitated a ginger devil child, been sexually molested by Russell Grant's twin sister and maxed out my Mastercard on an unnecessary Afghan Hound.

SUSAN: Don't worry about it love. That was all just a one off. We should go away again.

NICK (*flabbergasted*): What? You've changed your tune!

SUSAN: Why?

NICK: When I first said we're going caravanning, you quite clearly said that you would rather spend a weekend stuck on a desolate island with Jim Davidson.

SUSAN: I can change my mind can't I? It's a woman's prerogative.

NICK: I don't understand. We haven't had a weekend as bad as that since the diarrhoea at Madame Tussauds.

SUSAN: I was just thinking though. It'd be a shame not to see any of those people again. There were lots of nice people there.

[SUSAN LOOKS DOWN AT THE CLIFF
RICHARD CD CASE ON THE DASHBOARD
AND SMILES TO HERSELF]

NICK: Name one nice person, go on, that you'd actually want to see again.

[SUSAN LOOKS AT THE CD AGAIN AND CONSIDERS SAYING ERIC BEFORE TAKING A DIFFERENT ANGLE]

SUSAN: That Sarah woman with the dog. You thought she was nice.

NICK: Eh? Every time I looked at her you went mental!

SUSAN (*suggestively*): She was still nice. I was just being jealous and that was wrong. I don't mind you having a drink and a laugh with her.

[NICK IS BECOMING INCREASINGLY BAFFLED BY SUSAN]

NICK: Yes you would!

SUSAN: Honestly. If we went away again and she was there, I wouldn't mind if you spoke to her and socialised with her.

NICK: I can't believe what I'm hearing! You're saying it's OK for me to spend time with younger, more attractive women?

SUSAN (*suddenly offended*): What do you mean "more attractive"?

[A WHITE VAN PULLS UP ALONG SIDE THEM. NICK LOOKS HORRIFIED]

NICK: Oh no. Oh no no no.

SUSAN: Where are you going now?

[NICK CLIMBS OUT OF THE CAR AND CONFRONTS THE VAN DRIVER]

NICK (*aggressively*): No no no no no! No you can not have a tea or a burger or a doner kebab.

VAN DRIVER (*bemused*): What are you on about?

SUSAN: Nick, calm down for God's sake!

NICK: I'm fed up with you truckers hassling me for bloody kebabs!

VAN DRIVER (*slightly scared*): I don't want a kebab! I promise!

NICK (*calming down*): Sorry. I've just had one hell of a weekend.

VAN DRIVER: Don't worry about it pal. I've got some good news!

NICK (*intrigued*): Oh?

VAN DRIVER: You left these behind at your last stop.

[HE OPENS HIS DOOR AND PULLS OUT THE
THREE TINS OF CHEESE FOOTBALLS]

SUSAN: Oh no!

[NICK SWINGS A FIST AT THE VAN DRIVER]

FREEZE FRAME.

[CLOSING MUSIC AND END CREDITS ROLL]

[THE END]

© 2023 Joff Thompson

07795 411767

djjoff@hotmail.com