

“Nursery Rimes”

Episode 1 – ‘Flaming Luck’

Written by

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SC1 INT. DAY NURSERY BATHROOM. DAY.

[NEW STARTER OLLIE RIMES, IS BEING
TAUGHT HOW TO CHANGE A NAPPY]

FELICITY (*disdainfully*): Each child has their own nappies and you're only meant to use those... She's run out though, so you may as well ignore that rule and do what everyone else does and use any child's.

OLLIE (*slightly confused*): Oh, right... So, tell me about you then.

FELICITY (*ignoring him*): They have their own wipes too.

OLLIE (*checking*): She hasn't got any in her basket.

FELICITY: Oh. (*grabs the nearest wipes*) Just use these then.

OLLIE: OK. So, have you got a boyfr...

FELICITY (*talking over him*): You're the first person they've taken on in ages. They can't get the staff. Head Office want to close it down.

OLLIE (*beaming*): Just think of me as your saviour then!

FELICITY (*unimpressed*): What makes a guy want to do this anyway?

OLLIE: My dad's lost his job and my family told me to get one asap or get chucked out. My sister Carrie, in the baby room? She's arranged it. I'm only here until my stand-up comedy career takes off though.

FELICITY (*curtly*): So you'll be here a while then.

OLLIE (*sucking up*): Very good. You'll be taking off before me! This seems pretty easy anyway.

FELICITY: Yes well, it's *not* easy. Of course, it is to someone like me who's got a teaching degree, naturally.

OLLIE: Really? Sounds pretty easy from what Carrie says, nothing to get too stressed about... (*suddenly noticing he has a small amount of baby poo under his fingernail*) Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaargghh!!

[ROOM DEPUTY TERI SCOTT RUSHES IN]

TERI (*concerned*): What's up? (*realising, she then returns to the main room*) Ollie's just had his very first 'fingernail moment'!

[CLOSE UP ON OLLIE'S FACE]

OLLIE: Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaargh!

[OPENING MUSIC AND CREDITS]

FADE TO:

SC2 INT. THE RIMES' HOUSE. PREVIOUS DAY

[OLLIE HAS BEEN SUMMONED DOWN TO
THE LOUNGE BY HIS PARENTS AND SISTER]

OLLIE: This better not be another lecture about me dropping out of Uni again. I've said I'm sorry.

LINDA (MUM): Just listen Ollie. Now, with your dad still not in a job, we need some more money coming in.

OLLIE: Yeah well, once I start getting paid for my stand-up comedy, then you can have some of that.

LINDA: No Ollie, we need you to earn money now. We've found you a job anyway.

OLLIE (*surprised*): What? Where? I'm not working with you in Poundland. I'd rather jam a rusty screwdriver down my pee hole.

LINDA: Well it's not Poundland. Carrie's told us that they're desperate for staff at Bunnykins and...

CARRIE (SISTER) (*continuing*): We are, if we can't get our staff numbers up we will end up having to close...

OLLIE (*interrupting*): Woah, hang on. I'm not working in a nursery.

CARRIE: Why not? It solves everyone's problems. You've got to work. We need staff. If we close, then I won't be bringing any money home either.

OLLIE: I'll say it again. I'm not working in a pissing nursery.

CARRIE (*annoyed*): There's nothing wrong with working in a "pissing nursery" thank you very much. It's rewarding, and fun.

OLLIE: It'd be about as much fun going to Glasto and the Friday Night Headliner is Craig David. And the Saturday Night Headliner, is Craig David. And then the secret guest on the Park Stage is Sam fucking Smith... featuring Craig David.

CARRIE: Actually, it's really enjoyable. All the girls there are fun and friendly.

OLLIE: Hmm. I suppose that'd be one plus point, if the girls who work there are fit. Then there's all the kids' mums too!

CARRIE (*annoyed*): It's a nursery Ollie, not The Park End Club on a Friday night.

STEVE (DAD): Here's another plus point. Comedy material! Keep your ears and eyes open and you should get loads of stuff. Les Dawson got loads of his material sat at the back of the bus listening to women.

OLLIE: Who?

STEVE: What do you mean, “who”? You youngsters could learn a lot from the old masters you know.

OLLIE: Alright I’ll look him up. And don’t say “youngsters”.

CARRIE: Can we get back on track please?

STEVE: I am on track. I’m telling him listening to the women there will help him write comedy.

LINDA: And I’m sure they’d be happy to take you on.

CARRIE (*calmer*): I spoke to Deborah and she said exactly that.

OLLIE: Is *she* fit?

CARRIE (*smugly*): She’s married.

OLLIE: That’s not what I asked.

LINDA: Will you two stop bickering? We’re straying from the point again. (*becoming timid*) Ollie, we *really* need you to take this job. We need the money. If you don’t, well... (*her voice trails off*)

OLLIE: Well what?

STEVE: What your mother has just bottled out of saying is either you take the job at Bunnykins, or you’re out on your arse.

OLLIE (*shocked*): You’re joking?

LINDA: Yes, I’m afraid he’s right Ollie. Although I’d have put it rather more eloquently than your Father.

STEVE: You weren’t going to put it any way at all, you were just going to leave it for me, *as usual*.

LINDA (*flustered*): Look! Can we just stick to the point? (*mellowing*) Look love, you don’t have to stay there. If you want to look for other jobs whilst you’re there, that’s fine and if you get one, you can leave.

OLLIE: Can’t I just wait a bit longer till I get some paid comedy gigs?

STEVE: If and when that happens, you can leave the nursery and do that. But in the meantime, we need more money coming in, so you can start work with Carrie tomorrow.

OLLIE (*shocked*): Tomorrow? It’s bank holiday Monday tomorrow!

CARRIE (*smugly*): We’re open all year round.

OLLIE: But I've got a stand-up gig in the evening, heat one of the county comedy trials. I was planning on practising for that all day.

STEVE: Ollie, if you don't know it by now, then a bit of cramming on the day of the contest won't make that much difference anyway.

LINDA: So is it a 'yes' then?

OLLIE (*sighing deeply*): Well at least it'll be a piece of piss.

CARRIE (*offended*): It's an *extremely* difficult job, *actually*.

OLLIE: Is it balls! What's difficult about finger painting and handing out Wagon Wheels?

CARRIE: Don't be a twat Ollie. As if we feed them stuff like that.

OLLIE: Shut up, all kids should eat Wagon Wheels.

STEVE (*sternly*): Right. For the final time then, are you going to do it?

OLLIE: You'll really kick me out if I don't?

STEVE (*even more sternly*): *Don't* try me.

OLLIE: Doesn't look like I've got much choice does it.

STEVE: You'll be doing *us* a favour, your *sister* and even yourself. It's not good for you to be sat at home all day watching Can't Pay? We'll Take It Away.

LINDA (*hugging him*): Thank you so much Ollie.

OLLIE (*pulling himself free*): OK, I get the message.

LINDA (*turning to Carrie*): How is Deborah by the way? Obviously she's better if she's back at work.

CARRIE: Yeah she's fine now, been off with a head cold.

OLLIE (*scoffing*): You what? A head cold? As opposed to where exactly? (*mimes being on the phone*) Sorry boss, can't come in to work today, yeah, got one of those *arse* colds.

STEVE (*laughing*): Like it! See? You're coming up with material and you've not even started there yet!

LINDA (*annoyed*): Oh shut up you.

[SHE PICKS UP THE RADIO TIMES AND
HURLS IT AT STEVE'S HEAD]

FADE TO:

SC3 INT. NURSERY BATHROOM. BACK TO PRESENT DAY

[OLLIE IS WASHING HIS HANDS]

OLLIE: Haven't you got anything else I can get this baby poo out from under my fingernail with, other than a biro?

FELICITY (*disgusted*): Oh please.

TERI (*popping her head round the door*): Hi guys!

[SHE NOTICES OLLIE CONCENTRATING ON HIS NAILS AND WHISPERS TO FELICITY]

TERI (*whispering*): I love watching men concentrate! Can almost hear the cogs going round!

FELICITY (*patronisingly*): Has he got any cogs to go round?

OLLIE (*hasn't heard properly*): Has who got any what?

FELICITY: Nothing. Teri has just come in to ask me something.

TERI: Oh, yeah, is Jade in today?

FELICITY: No. Her mother rang at half eight to say she has earache.

TERI: Oh bless her. That's the worst thing they can have isn't it.

OLLIE (*bemused*): No it isn't. Surely the worst thing a kid can have is, I dunno, a severed head or something?

[FELICITY ROLLS HER EYES AT TERI]

OLLIE: No? (*to himself*) Well I thought it was funny.

[OLLIE TAKES A PAD AND PEN FROM HIS POCKET AND NOTES DOWN HIS GAG]

TERI: Oh and we're going to take them outside to play. (*She leaves*)

OLLIE: That's good, you'll get to top up your tan and get paid for it!

FELICITY: I have exotic holidays that take care of my tan thank you.

OLLIE (*undeterred*): What do you do at lunch here then?

[OLLIE TURNS AWAY TO EMPTY THE SINK. AS HE DOES, HE HEARS FELICITY LEAVE.]

OLLIE (*turning back*): "All the girls are fun and friendly". Yes Carrie, clearly.

CUT TO:

SC4 INT. NURSERY MAIN ROOM. DAY

[OLLIE IS ALONE. TERI SCOTT APPEARS
ROUND A PARTIALLY OPENED PARTITION
DOOR]

TERI: We're in here Ollie! As it's a nice sunny day, we're going to take the children outside for a bit.

OLLIE: Great! Let's go!

TERI: We can't go out yet! They've all got to have their sun hats and sun cream put on. They should each have their own hat and bottle of sun cream in their own bags. If you can get on with that, I'll go and help Amber get the outdoor toys out.

OLLIE: Oh, OK.

[TERI PULLS THE PARTITION SCREEN BACK
FULLY, REVEALING A LINE OF 25
TODDLERS ALL WAVING THEIR LITTLE
BAGS AND RUCKSACKS IN THE AIR]

OLLIE (*realising the enormity of the task*): Oh for fu...

CUT TO:

SC5 EXT. NURSERY GARDEN. DAY

[OLLIE IS ENTERTAINING A SMALL GROUP OF TODDLERS]

OLLIE: How about this? Can anyone do this?

[OLLIE PATS HIS HEAD AND RUBS HIS STOMACH SIMULTANEOUSLY. THE CHILDREN LOVE THIS AND TRY TO COPY]

OLLIE: What about this?

[OLLIE IS ABOUT TO PUT HIS RIGHT HAND UNDER HIS ARMPIT IN ORDER TO MAKE NOISES. HE STOPS AS ROOM LEADER DEBORAH MULLINS APPEARS]

DEBORAH: Ollie! Have you got a moment please? (*she disappears back inside.*)

OLLIE: Sorry kids. You've been a great audience. I've been Ollie Rimes. Goodnight... Will you now please welcome, a very talented young lady, who will show you how to make noises with your armpits, won't you Felicity.

FELICITY (*catching the end of his sentence*): I beg your pardon?

OLLIE: You heard!

[OLLIE SMILES AND WINKS AT FELICITY BEFORE HEADING INSIDE]

TERI: I think he fancies you.

FELICITY (*sarcastically*): Oh great. Another immature *lad* hassling me.

TERI: Oh come on, he seems OK. So far anyway.

FELICITY: He's got no class, manners and clearly no money.

[TERI'S ATTENTION SWITCHES TO A CHILD WHO APPROACHES AND WHISPERS INTO HER EAR]

TERI: You what?... You don't like quiche anymore?

[THE BOY CONTINUES TO WHISPER]

TERI: You did when you were a baby, but not now?

[THE BOY RUNS OFF]

FELICITY (*sneering*): One thing I won't miss when I get my private teaching job, is that sort of inane prattle from toddlers.

TERI: Aw, don't be like that. You've gotta love 'em. They're great for randomly telling you stuff! Kayleigh-May once told me her dad goes to work dressed as Dora The Explorer!

[FELICITY DOESN'T REACT]

TERI: My brother went on a stag do once dressed as Delia Smith.

[THERE IS AN AWKWARD SILENCE]

CUT TO:

SC6 INT. NURSERY MAIN ROOM. DAY

[DEBORAH IS SAT AT HER DESK ON THE PHONE. OLLIE ENTERS]

DEBORAH: What were his stools like? ... *(she notices Ollie)* No Janine, when we say 'stools', we mean their *poo*... No it's nothing to do with seating... OK then... Bye.

DEBORAH *(hanging up)*: Hello there! Come and take a seat.

[THEY BOTH LOOK AROUND AND REALISE THAT ONLY TINY CHILDREN'S CHAIRS AVAILABLE]

DEBORAH: Oh...

OLLIE *(pulls up a tiny chair and sits down)*: This'll be fine.

[THERE IS A BRIEF PAUSE WHILST THEY REALISE HOW RIDICULOUS HE LOOKS]

DEBORAH: Erm, yes, anyway. As everyone's outside, I thought I'd take this opportunity to tell you a bit about what we do here.

OLLIE: Right.

DEBORAH: Let me explain. *(Deborah launches into a long explanation, barely pausing for breath.)* Every child who attends Bunnykins Nursery is allocated a *(makes quotes sign with fingers)* 'key-worker'. What that means is the child's key worker is the parent's first port of call, should they need to raise anything with staff regarding their child and also so that the key worker themselves can report back to the child's parent at the end of every session and advise them of how their child has been that day and inform them of any issues that might have arisen. For example, they bumped their head, they lost their shoe, etc, etc...

[OLLIE BEGINS TO LOSE CONCENTRATION AND GLANCES OUT OF THE WINDOW. HIS EYES BECOME FIXED ON FELICITY]

DEBORAH: Does that all make sense?

OLLIE *(regaining concentration)*: Oh, yeah. That sounds fine.

[DEBORAH TAKES A PILE OF FILES FROM HER DESK AND FLICKS THROUGH THEM ONE BY ONE, READING ALOUD THE NAME ON EACH FILE]

DEBORAH: OK, your six children are: Tyler, Logan, Bailey, Jordan, Taylor and Riley.

OLLIE: That's a bit old fashioned isn't it?

DEBORAH (*confused*): What is?

OLLIE: Calling kids by their surnames. Do you still cane them too?

DEBORAH: No! Those are their *Christian* names.

OLLIE: (*laughing*): Oh you're having a giraffe!

DEBORAH: I'm sorry?

OLLIE (*flicking through the files*): Oh my God, look at these three! Logan Bailey, Bailey Taylor and Taylor Jordan? (*Sarcastically*) That's not going to get confusing then! Why have they all got surnames for first names? Is it illegal now for kids to have normal first names?

DEBORAH: I appreciate what you're saying Ollie, but may I remind you that we're not here to judge what parents have decided to call their children, or what they choose to dress them in, or anything at all for that matter. We are here to care for them.

OLLIE (*calming down*): Yeah, sorry. Just surprised me, that's all. Everything to do with kids is new to me.

DEBORAH: That's OK Ollie. Now, Bailey Taylor is your only key-worker child in today.

OLLIE: Bailey. So is that a boy or a girl?

DEBORAH (*sighing*): He's a boy.

OLLIE: Seriously? I'd have thought that was a girl's name at least.

DEBORAH (*annoyed*): Ollie, can we *please* move on from this?

OLLIE: Sorry, one second.

[OLLIE TAKES A PEN AND A PAD FROM HIS POCKET AND BEGINS WRITING]

DEBORAH (*rather put out*): Can that wait please Ollie?

[HE CHUCKLES TO HIMSELF, THEN FINALLY PUTS THE PEN AND PAD AWAY]

OLLIE: OK OK, sorry.

[THERE IS AN AWKWARD SILENCE]

DEBORAH: Right, now, Bailey can be a little over excitable and has difficulties concentrating.

OLLIE: Is that the P.C. way of saying he's a little shit?

DEBORAH: Ollie! Can you moderate your language please? This is a professional workplace. You're in the big wide world of work now and there are rules to adhere to. Especially when you consider all the young ears that can hear what you say. Children look up to us for guidance. We must lead by example, so you need to think before you speak and above all, must not swear.

[A BALL THUMPS AGAINST THE WINDOW
BEHIND DEBORAH, MAKING HER JUMP]

DEBORAH: Oh shi... *(she slaps her hand over her mouth to censor herself)*

(BEAT)

DEBORAH *(taking a deep breath)*: That... was different.

OLLIE *(stifling a grin)*: Righto.

DEBORAH: Right, well, it's ten to ten. Bailey comes in at 10am. I'll bring him out with his mum to meet you when he arrives, OK?

OLLIE *(enthusiastically)*: Yep yep!

[DEBORAH STANDS UP AND HEADS FOR THE DOOR. OLLIE JUMPS UP TO LEAVE BUT CATCHES HIS FEET UNDER THE TINY CHAIR. HE STUMBLES AND COLLIDES WITH DEBORAH. SHE CATCHES HIM IN HER ARMS. THERE IS A MOMENT OF AWKWARDNESS AS SHE REALISES SHE IS HOLDING HIM FOR SLIGHTLY TOO LONG. EMBARRASSED, SHE LETS HIM GO AND WALKS OUT]

OLLIE *(smelling himself)*: Great! So now I smell of baby poo *and* Charlie Red.

CUT TO:

SC7 EXT. NURSERY GARDEN. DAY

[OLLIE COMES WHIZZING DOWN THE BIG SLIDE, WITH ONE CHILD IN FRONT OF HIM AND ONE BEHIND, ENDING UP IN A HEAP AT THE BOTTOM. OLLIE BRUSHES HIMSELF DOWN AND LOOKS UP AT FELICITY AND TERI WHO ARE STOOD WATCHING]

OLLIE: Doesn't anyone actually join in and play with the kids?

FELICITY (*disdainfully*): I'm qualified to teach, not muck about.

TERI: Well, I do sometimes, it depends.

[THEY ARE INTERRUPTED BY A CHILD]

TODDLER: Felicity. I want a wee wee.

[FELICITY TUTS AND TRIES TO IGNORE HIM]

TERI: He did ask *you* to take him Felicity.

FELICITY (*reluctantly*): Oh alright then.

[BEGRUDGINGLY, SHE TAKES THE CHILD]

TERI: God, here comes trouble. Bailey Taylor and his mum.

[DEBORAH, BAILEY TAYLOR AND HIS MOTHER APPROACH]

OLLIE: Yeah, I've been informed. I'm his (*makes quotes with his fingers*) 'key-worker' apparently.

TERI: Oh right. Well good luck!

OLLIE: Yeah, I got the idea from Deborah that he's a little brat.

TERI: I don't mean him, I mean his mum!

OLLIE (*shocked*): You what?

[OLLIE DOESN'T HAVE TIME TO INTERROGATE TERI FURTHER AS DEBORAH HAS ARRIVED WITH BAILEY AND HIS MUM]

DEBORAH (*beaming*): This is Ollie. He'll be Bailey's new key-worker.

OLLIE (*waving*): Hello mate!

MRS. TAYLOR (*clearly angry*): Could I have a word? In private?

DEBORAH (*anxiously*): Yes, come this way.

[THEY WALK AWAY FROM OLLIE AND STOP BY THE DOOR. TERI LIFTS BAILEY UP AND TRIES TO INTRODUCE HIM TO OLLIE. THEY CAN HEAR MRS TAYLOR FROM WHERE THEY ARE]

MRS. TAYLOR: What's a man doing here?

[THE DISCUSSION CONTINUES, BUT AT A SLIGHTLY LOWER REGISTER. IT IS STILL AUDIBLE, BUT INCOMPREHENSIBLE. TERI AND OLLIE WATCH]

OLLIE (*amazed*): What's crawled up her arse?

TERI: Sounds like it's because you're a bloke. To someone like her a bloke in a nursery is either gay or a paedophile. Or both. Just thank your lucky stars you're not black like me.

OLLIE: Why?

TERI: She doesn't dare say anything about it, but it's so obvious she doesn't like me being around Bailey.

OLLIE: Really? That's well off. I've heard my dad banging on about people like that. I didn't realise they actually existed. I thought he was just making it up as an excuse to have a go at my mum for buying him the Daily Mail by mistake.

TERI (*to Bailey*): Bailey, go and get me that red ball over in the corner. (*He goes to fetch it. She turns to Ollie*) You wouldn't mind so much if she was shit hot at parenting, but she's not, well, you've only got to see the way Bailey behaves to see that. They run this country pub and have more interest in that than Bailey. Amber and I babysat there once and when we got there, Bailey was running about the bar with a carving knife and her and her husband were just stood there arguing about whose turn it was to take the knife off him!

OLLIE (*shocked*): You're shitting me!

TERI: It's true! Ask Amber.

OLLIE: So never mind taking the knife off the little shit hey! I'll remember that then if she gets funny with me.

TERI: Oh don't, you'll get me in trouble.

OLLIE: OK, my lips are sealed.

TERI: Shame his mother's aren't, then no one would've been able to impregnate her.

OLLIE (*impressed*): Ha! That's not bad that, you dirty girl! Might use that in my set tonight, and the knife story!

[TERI BECOMES RATHER DEEP IN THOUGHT AND DOESN'T PROPERLY HEAR OLLIE, WHO HAS AGAIN TAKEN OUT HIS PEN AND PAD]

TERI: Hmm, true though.

OLLIE (*pauses from writing*): I suppose you've got to feel sorry for the little sod. With parents like that, he doesn't stand a chance does he...

[TERI SHAKES HER HEAD. WITH A SAD LOOK UPON THEIR FACES, THEY BOTH STAND AND WATCH BAILEY RUNNING TOWARDS THE SLIDE]

CUT TO:

SC8 INT. NURSERY BATHROOM. DAY

[OLLIE AND AMBER ARE CLEANING UP
HAVING CHANGED A FEW NAPPIES]

OLLIE: I think now I've had my first 'fingernail moment', I can pretty much handle anything else. That's got to be the worst thing, I reckon.

AMBER (*fawning*): Well I think it's really great you're doing this. Most men wouldn't. Shows you're sensitive and caring.

OLLIE: Thank you Amber. I don't plan on doing it for too long though. I'm hoping to make it as a stand-up comedian.

AMBER (*impressed*): Oh wow! That'd be good. I bet you're funny!

OLLIE: It's not as bad a job as I thought it'd be, but it's not me is it. I mean, look! (*he strikes a pose, showing off his pink polo shirt and apron*).

AMBER (*giggling*): It suits you, well, I mean the colour. Not many men can carry off pink, but you can!

OLLIE: Mind you, it best not be a hassle working here. I hate drama. Get enough of that at home with my bloody family. Especially when I dropped out of uni'.

AMBER: Oh I know exactly what you mean. My life is literally a rollercoaster.

OLLIE (*irritated*): It isn't...

[AMBER LOOKS CONFUSED. THE
CONVERSATION BEGINS TO TAIL OFF
BEFORE SHE HURRIEDLY TRIES TO KEEP IT
GOING]

AMBER: Actually, I've had something worse than poo under my fingernail before?

OLLIE: Really? What?

AMBER: I've had a baby be sick in my mouth.

OLLIE: No! How?

AMBER: I lifted him up above my head. I looked up at him, he looked down and 'Blurgh'. All over my face and in my mouth!

OLLIE (*jokingly*): Eurgh! Remind me never to snog you then!

AMBER (*taking it to heart*): Oh... OK.

OLLIE (*sniffing*): I don't know who designed this place, but they should've put some windows in this room. Smells worse in here than when I've been drinking pear cider, and let me tell you, that's saying something.

AMBER (*smiling*): Yeah, little room, full of nappies, on a hot day!

OLLIE: A little while ago, I was out on the pear cider and I let one go and honestly, it smelt like blood, gas and processed peas.

AMBER (*uncomfortably*): Oh, nice...

OLLIE: Hang on (*he disappears for a moment, and then returns with a tin of Impulse body spray*). Saw this kicking about earlier.

AMBER: That's Felicity's. She keeps it by the back door to spray over herself after she's nipped out for a fag.

OLLIE (*surprised*): Felicity smokes?

[OLLIE SPRAYS FAR TOO MUCH OF THE
CAN ALL AROUND THE ROOM]

AMBER: She's going to throttle you!

OLLIE: Well at least it'd mean she'd touched me, I could die happy!

[THE FIRE ALARM SUDDENLY SOUNDS]

AMBER (*shocked*): Oh my God! That nearly gave me a heart attack!

OLLIE: Is this a drill?

AMBER (*worried*): I don't think so, it must be a real fire. Oh God!

OLLIE (*excited*): Really? Fantastic!

[THEY BOTH DASH OUT OF THE
BATHROOM]

CUT TO:

SC9 EXT. NURSERY CAR PARK. DAY

[EVERYONE IS OUTSIDE. DEBORAH ADDRESSES EVERYONE AFTER SPEAKING TO A FIREFIGHTER]

DEBORAH: I'm sorry about that everyone. They've no idea what might have set the alarm off. But there's definitely no fire. Phew!

TERI: My partner's brother's a fire fighter. He gets called out all the time to non-fires. You'd be amazed at what can set a fire alarm off!

OLLIE (*whispering to Teri*): What about Impulse 'Hint of Musk' body spray? I sprayed loads of that around just before it went off...

FELICITY (*overhearing*): Oh did you now? And who said you could touch that?

OLLIE: It was just lying there. And the room absolutely reeked!

FELICITY: Well *naturally* if you're in there.

[SHE GLARES AT HIM AND FOLLOWS TERI INSIDE. OLLIE SHRUGS]

OLLIE: I think I might have pissed my chances with Felicity up the wall there.

AMBER: Felicity? You don't fancy *her* do you?

OLLIE: Well yeah, who wouldn't? Look at her!

AMBER (*dejectedly*): I'd rather not.

[PAUSE]

AMBER: Come on, we need to get the kids in and give them their mac 'n' cheese.

OLLIE: *Macaroni cheese*.

AMBER (*confused*): What?

OLLIE: It's *macaroni cheese* for dinner.

AMBER (*still confused*): I know?

[THEY REACH THE MAIN DOOR. AMBER HOLDS IT OPEN AND OLLIE BOUNDS IN WITHOUT WAITING FOR HER]

CUT TO:

SC10 INT. NURSERY BACK ROOM. DAY

[THE CHILDREN ARE HAVING LUNCH]

AMBER (*less flirtatiously now*): So what are you doing at lunch then?

OLLIE: Gonna go and meet my mates in the Twig & Berries, you know, that pub on the corner?

AMBER: Yeah, I know it...

JANINE (*interrupting*): I haven't been in there. What's it like?

OLLIE (*surprised by her interruption*): Er, it's OK I suppose. Can't believe they can get away with a comedy name like that though!

JANINE (*confused*): Why, has it got a funny name then?

[OLLIE MOUTHS THE WORDS "IS SHE TAKING THE PISS?" TO AMBER. AMBER GRINS AND SHAKES HER HEAD]

OLLIE: Well... It's called the Twig and Berries. You know, '*the old twig and berries*'?

JANINE (*still confused*): What, like on a blackberry bush?

OLLIE (*frustrated*): What? Right... When they refurbished it, the landlord had a bet with some of the locals that he could get it renamed with a rude name and the brewery wouldn't notice.

JANINE: Is Twig and Berries rude then?

OLLIE (*annoyed*): Oh for fu...

TERI (*interrupting*): Janine, can you nip to the kitchen and get some more plates please?

JANINE: Sure Teri. (*she leaves*).

OLLIE: Jeez, she's hard work isn't she? Where'd you find her?

AMBER (*laughing*): Ha, I've no idea! (*noticing Ollie putting too much food into the child's mouth*) Wait, that's too much!

OLLIE (*not realising*): What's too much? Taking the piss out of her?

[THE CHILD COUGHS AND SPITS THE FOOD BACK OUT. HE COUGHS AGAIN AND CRIES]

OLLIE (*worried*): Shit. Sorry. I thought babies were right pigs?

AMBER: Well, some of them can eat a lot, but it has to be in little bits.

[FELICITY NOTICES THE COMMOTION]

FELICITY (*moodily*): Well done. Are you trying to kill him or something?

OLLIE (*put out*): Obviously not.

AMBER (*defending Ollie*): Give him a break Felicity, he's only been here a few hours.

FELICITY: Oh, it's like *that* is it? You don't waste much time do you. (*Turning to the child*). Come on, better an expert does it. (*She lifts her out of the chair and walks away with her.*)

AMBER (*under her breath*): Cow. Thinks she's so much better than everyone else.

OLLIE: Right. So you two *aren't* mates then? Just you seemed really matey in the staff room this morning at break. It's hard to tell with you girls, you've got more faces than Big Ben.

AMBER: Well, lots of men are two faced too.

[A WOMAN ENTERS THE ROOM]

OLLIE (*to himself*): Well, hello... (*He leaps up and approaches her*). Hello there. I'm Ollie, can I help you?

[OLLIE IS CONCENTRATING MORE ON HER THAN HER VOICE]

WOMAN: I'm here to pick up my little girl, Kelly.

OLLIE (*enthusiastically*): OK, let's see who's in here.

[OLLIE SQUATS DOWN NEXT TO A TOT AND LIFTS HER UP]

OLLIE: Come on, your mummy's here now! I'm sure you prefer her to macaroni cheese. (*He carries her towards the woman*) Here she is!

LITTLE GIRL: That's not my mummy.

OLLIE (*stopping in shock*): What? You're name's Kerry isn't it?

LITTLE GIRL: Yes.

WOMAN (*raising her eyebrows*): I actually said "*Kelly*", didn't you hear me?

OLLIE (*flushing*): Oh, right. Oops. Best take you back to your macaroni cheese. (*He puts her back in her chair and surveys the other children*). Now, which one of you has this lovely lady as their mummy?

WOMAN (*calling to Ollie*): It's OK. She's here.

[THE WOMAN HAS HER DAUGHTER'S
HAND. OLLIE DASHES TO OPEN THE DOOR
FOR HER. JANINE RETURNS]

JANINE (*earnestly*): I just realised. You were going on about a man's
willy and balls earlier weren't you. You obviously know a lot more
about them than I do. (*She walks off to deliver the plates to Teri*).

OLLIE (*embarrassed*): Thanks for that.

WOMAN (*grinning*): I'd love to hang around a bit longer and hear
your explanation for that, but sadly we've got to go. Bye.

OLLIE (*still flushing*): Yep. Bye.

[HE TURNS BACK TO THE ROOM. THE STAFF
AND CHILDREN ARE LAUGHING. OLLIE
HOLDS HIM UP A CHILD TO HIS FACE]

OLLIE (*grinning, face to face*): Oh come on, you couldn't possibly
have understood the awkwardness of that situation. You're only two!

[OLLIE HUGS HIM]

CUT TO:

SC11 INT/EXT. NURSERY MAIN ROOM/OUTSIDE PUB. DAY

[OLLIE HAS JOINED TERI AND THE CHILDREN FOR A STORY. TERI READS FROM A LARGE PICTURE BOOK. AS SHE READS SHE HAS TO 'TELL OFF' VARIOUS CHILDREN. SHE DOES THIS WITHOUT LOOKING UP OR MISSING A BEAT]

TERI: ... but today was a special day for Clive Bunny. It was his birthday *take your finger out of your nose please Alfie* and he couldn't wait to see how many cards the postman had delivered. He leapt out of his hutch and *I'm going to stop reading if you do that again Lilly-Mae* raced towards the house...

[TERI STOPS AND LOOKS UP AS OLLIE'S MOBILE PHONE RINGS, BLARING OUT THE THEME TO CHUCKLEVISION]

OLLIE: Oops! Can I answer it?

TERI: Well not really... (*thinking for a second*) Oh go on then.

OLLIE: Cheers.

[OLLIE STANDS UP AND MOVES TO THE CORNER OF THE ROOM TO TAKE THE CALL]

OLLIE (*on phone*): Hello? ... Who? ... Chris? (*there is a pause before he realises*) Sorry! Thought I had your number saved, clearly not!

[WE SEE CHRIS ON HIS PHONE, OUTSIDE A PUB, LEANT UP AGAINST SOMETHING RED]

CHRIS: Well I thought you'd want to know that tonight's heat has been moved... There's been a bit of a fire at The Banyan Tree... Apparently it was a pretty minor kitchen fire, but by the time the fire brigade finally turned up it had got out of control... They were stuck pissing about at some nursery on the other side of town by all accounts... Anyway, it's at the King's Arms now...

[A LOUD VEHICLE HORN SOUNDS. CHRIS REACTS]

CHRIS: Sorry, I've got to go, if you don't know where it is, Google it.

[CHRIS HANGS UP AND SAUNTERS OFF. CAMERA PANS OUT TO SHOW HE IS IN FACT LEANT UP AGAINST THE FRONT OF A KEEN TO DEPART FIRE ENGINE]

CUT TO:

SC12 INT. NURSERY MAIN ROOM. DAY

[ROOM IS BUSY WITH CHILDREN. OLLIE IS ENSURING BAILEY IS READY FOR HIS MUM]

OLLIE (*sarcastically*): OK then, let's make sure you're all nice and clean for when your *really* kind and friendly mum comes to pick you up.

TERI: Ollie!

OLLIE: Oh as if he's aware of sarcasm! (*noticing a mark on his chin*) Oh where's that come from? I've washed your face twice already!

[HE SCRUBS BAILEY'S CHIN HARD WITH A FLANNEL]

OLLIE (*frustrated*): It won't come off. Great, that's all I need.

TERI (*realising*): Oh my days! That's a mole you idiot.

OLLIE: What? Oh piss, now you tell me.

TERI: Look how sore his face is now.

OLLIE: It won't be that bad by the time he goes home... Will it?

TERI: Err, it will. His mum's just pulled up outside.

OLLIE: Oh for fu... fffff... fish fingers! I didn't swear! That's a fucking first. Oops!

TERI: I'd say swearing's the least of your worries! You've got about thirty seconds max before she's in here.

JANINE (*interrupting*): Has he got a hat or something with him?

OLLIE (*irritated*): What use is a fucking hat? It's on his chin!

OLLIE (*panicking slightly*): Bailey, are you alright? Are you happy?

BAILEY (*looking outside*): There's my mummy.

OLLIE: Well at least he's not having a hissy fit. Don't they make creams or something that can instantly make kid's faces better?

TERI (*sarcastically*): Err, no they don't.

[MRS TAYLOR ENTERS THE ROOM AND APPROACHES THEM]

MRS TAYLOR: Hello my angel. What's the matter with your face?

OLLIE: That's nothing. He's lucky he's not worse off considering what he's been up to.

MRS TAYLOR (*taken aback*): I beg your pardon?

OLLIE: Well, he's lucky one of the other kids hasn't lamped him one today after what he's done to them.

MRS TAYLOR (*angrily*): Excuse me? Where's your manager. I will *not* have my child spoken about like this by someone like you.

OLLIE: What's that supposed to mean? Cheeky bitch...

[DEBORAH, NOTICING THE COMMOTION,
INTERRUPTS]

DEBORAH: Hello there, I'm so sorry about that. As I explained to you earlier, Ollie is new today and isn't familiar with all aspects of our values yet. Teri will see to you. (*aside, to Teri*): Teri, can you calm her down and get her out?

TERI: Come on Bailey, let's help mummy get all your things together.

[TERI TAKES BAILEY'S HAND AND LEADS
HIM OUT TO THE CORRIDOR. HIS MOTHER
GLARES DISAPPROVINGLY AT TERI, THEN
FOLLOWS, STILL COMPLAINING]

DEBORAH (*turning to Ollie*): I appreciate it's your first day and also I've not had the chance to train you properly on how to report back to parents, so I'm not going to make a big deal of this. I'm just going to explain to you briefly what our procedure is.

OLLIE (*pleading his innocence*): I was just telling her what happened.

DEBORAH: Just listen please Ollie. OK, now, what we like to do is what we call our (*makes quotes sign with fingers*) 'positivity sandwich'.

OLLIE (*sarcastically*): Sounds yummy.

DEBORAH: Well quite. Anyhow, what this means is, when we have a situation like just now, we (*makes quotes sign with fingers*) 'sandwich' the negative statement between two positives. For example, about an hour ago, Freddie West's parents came in to collect him and...

OLLIE: Freddie West? Oh come on! They *must* have known?

DEBORAH (*sighing*): He's named after his grandfather apparently. You must get over this obsession with what people call their children, Ollie. Anyway, when his mother arrived I informed her that Freddie had done some lovely painting today. I then told her he was a bit

unsettled this afternoon during story time, but he was very helpful when asked to clear away the Duplo. Do you see?

OLLIE: I get what you're saying, but it's not as simple as that is it, when you haven't got any positives. All I had was about fifteen negatives. The only positive I can probably come up with is that he didn't actually manage to kill anyone.

DEBORAH (*disbelieving*): Oh come on! I saw him playing nicely with you this morning, when you had the wooden train set out.

OLLIE: Yes, he got the train set out alright and put all the track together, before wrapping it round this girl's head. That one with the really big head, like a spud. Laura, that's it.

DEBORAH: Ollie. Please don't say things like that about or children – even if it is true. Right... (*thinking before continuing*) Did he eat a lot at dinner? That's a good one to use, tell the parent that they ate well.

OLLIE: Yes, he did actually.

DEBORAH: Well then you are then! What did he have?

OLLIE: Sausages.

DEBORAH: Anything else?

OLLIE: No, just loads of sausages.

DEBORAH: That would've been fine to use. "He ate well today" could've been your first (*makes quotes sign with fingers*) 'slice' of the sandwich.

OLLIE: So which of the bad things should have been the (*mockingly makes quotes sign with fingers*) 'filling' of my sandwich? Do I pick the worst of them or the least serious?

DEBORAH: We wouldn't pick *one*, we'd generalise and just say "he has been a little unsettled at times".

OLLIE (*annoyed*): No way! How does saying "a little unsettled" tell someone their little shit has poked three children in the eyes with a paintbrush and screamed all through story time?

DEBORAH (*sternly*): Well that's how we work Ollie. You don't have to agree with it, we just ask you to practise it. OK?

OLLIE (*calmer*): Yes. OK.

DEBORAH: As I said, I take my share of the blame for it too, as I'd not got around to telling you how to deal with something like this today. But you need to accept how we work.

OLLIE: I know. Sorry.

[THERE IS AN AWKWARD PAUSE]

DEBORAH: Ooh, before you go, can I ask you to put all the big outdoor toys away in the shed please? Might as well make use of a strong young lad like you whilst you're here!

OLLIE: So who puts them away normally? Or have they just sat outside since you bought them all?

DEBORAH (*irritated*): Ollie, I'm getting rather tired of this constant questioning of everything. If it's too much effort for you then I suggest you just leave now.

OLLIE: I'll do it, I'm just saying, that's all. Sorry. Anything else I can do before I go?

DEBORAH (*becoming pleasant again*): That will be fine Ollie. Thank you. So are you doing anything nice this evening?

OLLIE: Got a stand-up comedy gig. It's the first heat of a regional competition.

DEBORAH: Ooh that's exciting! There's some chap my husband likes. I forget his name now. Oh what is it he says?

OLLIE: Can I go?

DEBORAH (*still thinking*): What was it he says now?

OLLIE (*turning to leave*): Don't worry about...

DEBORAH (*interrupting him*): Garlic sauce!

OLLIE (*rolls his eyes*): Yeah, that's it *exactly*.

DEBORAH: Oh well let's hope you're as funny as him then!

[OLLIE DOES NOW LEAVE]

OLLIE (*under his breath*): Yes and let's hope I catch herpes too...

FADE TO:

SC13 INT. THE KING'S ARMS PUB. NIGHT

[OLLIE IS ON STAGE PERFORMING]

OLLIE: This girl I work with at the nursery told me about this snotty couple who've got this pretentious pub somewhere, (*looking around the room*), probably a bit like this! Anyway, they bring their kid to our nursery and he's such a little sod - but they can't take it when it's pointed out to them. This girl babysat for them once and when she got there, called 'Bailey' he's called, (*he rolls his eyes*), was running about with a huge carving knife, and instead of stopping him they were arguing about whose *turn* it was to take it off him!

[THE AUDIENCE LAUGH. THE LANDLADY, WHO IS IN FACT BAILEY TAYLOR'S MOTHER APPEARS NEAR THE STAGE. UNBEKNOWN TO OLLIE, SHE HAS HEARD IT ALL AND SIGNALS TO THE COMPERE]

MRS TAYLOR: Get him off and out, now!

COMPERE: Are you sure?

MRS TAYLOR (*forcefully*): Now!

COMPERE (*a touch baffled*): As you wish.

[THE COMPERE MOUNTS THE STAGE AND APPROACHES A RATHER BEMUSED OLLIE]

OLLIE (*turning to the compere*): Err, hello there...

[THE COMPERE TAKES THE MICROPHONE FROM OLLIE'S HANDS AND ENCOURAGES THE CROWD TO APPLAUD]

COMPERE: That's great, thanks, Ollie Rimes everyone.

[THERE IS A SMATTERING OF APPLAUSE]

OLLIE: Hang on, hang on, that clearly wasn't eight to ten minutes.

COMPERE (*ignoring Ollie*): Ollie Rimes. Let's hear it.

OLLIE (*noticing Bailey's mother*): Oh you've got to be joking! What the.... (*he shakes his head in dismay*)... I do not believe this. Of all the places...

[THE COMPERE SIGNALS TO A BOUNCER WHO LEAPS ONTO THE STAGE]

OLLIE (*to the bouncer*): You can piss off and all.

[OLLIE IS DRAGGED FROM THE STAGE,
LAUNCHING INTO A TIRADE OF ABUSE]

OLLIE: You think you're so clever don't you. That's why you *stand*
outside doors for a living because you're *so* clever.

[OLLIE WINCES AS THE BOUNCER
TIGHTENS HIS GRIP]

OLLIE: Ow! For god's sake! I'm not even struggling, look!

[OLLIE FOLDS HIS ARMS TO SHOW THIS
AND CONTINUES TO ABUSE THE BOUNCER
AS HE IS CARRIED ALMOST
HORIZONTALLY, OUT OF THE PUB]

OLLIE: Get off me you fat shit.

FADE TO:

SC14 INT. OLLIE'S HOUSE. NIGHT

[OLLIE STOMPS UP THE STAIRS. ONCE ON THE LANDING HE BEGINS TO REMOVE HIS COAT AND SHOES. WHILST DOING SO, HE STARTS TO COMMENT LOUDLY IN THE DIRECTION OF HIS PARENTS' BEDROOM]

OLLIE: So much for your great idea that Bunnykins would help me with my stand-up because it's actually completely ruined it.

[OLLIE AWAITS A RESPONSE. THERE IS SILENCE. HE CONTINUES]

OLLIE: Some stupid old witch who can't look after her little sod properly, has it in for me from the moment she sees me and then turns out to be the owner of the venue where my gig was. She then gets me thrown off stage when I'm telling a story about her. Except I didn't know she was there... Hello?

[OLLIE MOVES TO HIS PARENTS' DOOR AND SHOUTS ROUND IT]

OLLIE: I'm not going back to that nursery. There's no way I'm putting up with that bitch picking at me every day.

[CARRIE APPEARS BEHIND HIM AND FLICKS ON THE BEDROOM LIGHT TO REVEAL AN EMPTY ROOM]

CARRIE: They're picking Grandma up from the airport. Remember?

[OLLIE PAUSES IN THE DOORWAY, SIGHS AND THEN TURNS TO FACE CARRIE]

OLLIE: To the casual observer, today's events might seem pretty amusing. Though funnily enough, I don't feel like laughing.

[HE PUSHES PAST CARRIE AND HEADS FOR THE BATHROOM, WHICH IS ENGAGED]

OLLIE (*annoyed*): Who the hell's is in there?

CARRIE: Amber. You know Amber, you *work* with her?

OLLIE: *Worked*. Past tense. No way I'm going back there again.

CARRIE: Yes, you were saying. Why?

OLLIE: Some stupid old witch who can't look after her little sod properly, has it in for me from the moment she sees me and then turns out to be the owner of the venue where my gig was and why am I

repeating all that when you just heard me bellowing it at an empty room?

CARRIE (*grinning casually*): What if I told you a certain *attractive* member of the staff has taken a bit of a shine to you and would be devastated if you left?

OLLIE (*perking up*): Really? Who? Go on, tell me.

CARRIE (*coyly*): Ah, well that would be telling wouldn't it!

OLLIE (*annoyed*): Of course it would be telling! Hence my original request that you *tell* me!

CARRIE: Oh come on, you know!

OLLIE (*penny dropping*): Aah, I think I do! Well, in that case I might have to reconsider. There's still that little shit and his big shit of a mother though.

[AMBER EMERGES FROM THE BATHROOM]

OLLIE (*marching off*): Right, time to drain the vein.

AMBER: Hi Ollie.

[OLLIE CLOSSES THE DOOR AND BEGINS TO USE THE TOILET]

OLLIE (*O.O.V. whilst urinating loudly*): Sorry Amber, I was miles away. Hi to you too!

[AMBER SMILES. CARRIE IS UNIMPRESSED]

CARRIE: Well I told him you fancy him.

[AMBER LOOKS WORRIED]

CARRIE: Don't worry! I didn't say it was actually you, I just hinted. I'm sure he knew I meant you though anyway.

AMBER (*excitedly*): Phew! Thanks Carrie, you're a star.

[OLLIE BREAKS WIND SEVERAL TIMES]

OLLIE (*O.O.V.*): Thought my arse was going to break into 'Shape Of You' there! Still, there's not much difference between a series of farts and an Ed Sheeran record!

[AMBER GIGGLES]

CARRIE (*disgusted*): Beats me what on earth you see in him.

CUT TO:

SC15 INT. BATHROOM. NIGHT.

[OLLIE STARES INTO THE MIRROR. HE PICKS UP SOME TWEEZERS AND BEGINS PLUCKING HIS NASAL HAIR. HIS DOG OPENS THE DOOR AND WALKS IN]

OLLIE: Well Archie boy, (*he flinches*) Ooow! Jesus... Now I know Felicity's taken a shine to me, I could just ask her out, and then I wouldn't even need to go back and work there to see her. Good plan eh?

[OLLIE SNEEZES, THEN SNIFFS THE TWEEZERS, WARILY]

OLLIE: Oh please don't say they've been where I think they have... (*he sniffs them again and recoils*)... Why did I need to smell them again? I know what the smell is! It's not going give off a hint of jojoba the second time, is it.

[OLLIE TOSSES THE TWEEZERS INTO THE BATH, TURNS OFF THE LIGHT AND STOMPS OFF TO BED WITH ARCHIE IN TOW]

OLLIE: Sod your nursery, sod your snotty little pub and sod your tweezers. You're all bastards.

[H FLOPS ONTO HIS BED AND TURNS TO ARCHIE]

OLLIE: You know what Arch'? I was actually doing alright until she appeared. Honestly!

FADE TO:

SC16 INT. THE KING'S ARMS. NIGHT.

[OLLIE'S STAND UP PERFORMANCE FROM EARLIER]

OLLIE: ...this other girl said that one of the kids she looks after won't be in as she has earache and this her mate says to her "Ooh, that's the worst thing they can have isn't it"... Err, no it isn't! I'd have thought that the worst thing a child could have was, I dunno, a severed head?

[THE AUDIENCE LAUGH]

OLLIE: They do come out with such crap though! My mum was asking my sister, who also works there, about someone who'd been ill, and my sister said "She's been off work with one of those head colds"... A cold? In your head? As opposed to where exactly? Sorry boss, can't come in today, got one of those *arse* colds!

[FADE TO CLOSING MUSIC AND END CREDITS]

[THE END]

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