

Wheels Of Steele

Episode 1 – Rock The Boat

Written by

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SC1. INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE. NIGHT.

[OVERDUBBED MUSIC - STIRRING ORCHESTRAL PIECE IN THE VEIN OF '2001 – A SPACE ODYSSEY']

[THE ROOM IS DARK. FOUR SPOTLIGHTS ARE SWITCHED ON WITH A LOUD, ECHOING 'CLICK'. MORE LIGHTS FOLLOW SUIT. TWO DRY ICE MACHINES BEGIN TO FILL THE AIR WITH SYNTHETIC FOG. AN AMPLIFIER IS TURNED ON. SWITCHES ARE SWITCHED. A HAND MOVES UP THE LEVELS ON A SOUND MIXER. A RECORD IS PLACED ON A SPINNING TURNTABLE]

[THE ATMOSPHERE HAS BUILT UP DRAMATICALLY NOW. DJ MIKE STEELE STEPS OUT FROM THE FOG AND STANDS BEHIND HIS DJ CONSOLE, MICROPHONE IN HAND. HE STANDS PROUDLY, SOAKING UP THE APPARENT GLORY, BEFORE ADDRESSING THE HALL IN AN OVERSTATED FASHION]

MIKE: Please welcome, into the arena... Mr... Mike... Steele!

[DESPITE HAVING STATE-OF-THE-ART TWIN TURNTABLES ON DISPLAY, MIKE REACHES UNDERNEATH THE CONSOLE TO AN IPAD. HE STARTS A PRE-PREPARED PLAYLIST AND, IN A HUGELY ANTICLIMACTIC WAY, THE HALL IS FILLED WITH THE STRAINS OF A REALLY OBVIOUS, NAFF PARTY TUNE, SUCH AS 'AGADOO']

MIKE (*over mic*): Let's... PARTY!

[CAMERA TURNS TO REVEAL A VIRTUALLY EMPTY HALL. THERE ARE AROUND SIX TEN YEAR OLDS STANDING AT THE FAR END BY A SERVING HATCH, DRINKING COLA FROM PAPER CUPS AND PAYING NO ATTENTION TO MIKE]

[OPENING MUSIC AND CREDITS]

CUT TO:

SC2. INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE. NIGHT

[THE PARTY HAS ENDED. THE MAIN LIGHTS ARE ON AND MIKE IS PACKING THE DISCO AWAY WITH HIS YOUNG APPRENTICE, JOEY. JOEY IS ON A CHAIR, TAKING DOWN A NUMBER OF HEAVY LIGHTS. MIKE LEAVES THE HEAVY STUFF TO JOEY, PACKING ONLY THE SMALL THINGS]

JOEY: Didn't go too well did it?

MIKE (*smugly*): Aah, these sorts of gigs are merely a temporary measure, just till I'm back at The Palace.

JOEY: You still think they're going to give you your job back then?

MIKE: Of course they will. They'll find out just how amateurish DJ Jerry Benn is soon enough.

JOEY: Didn't they sack you last Christmas though? Surely they'd have found out by...

MIKE (*interrupting Joey*): Joey, how many more times? Mike Steele wasn't *sacked* from The Palace! How could I find the time to train up my successor when I'm DJing at the city's biggest nightclub four nights a week with an optional bi-monthly Monday night? I had to go 'back to basic' to teach you!

[JOEY NAIVELY BELIEVES HIM AND CLIMBS DOWN FROM THE CHAIR AND CARRIES THE LIGHTS OVER TO MIKE]

JOEY: Oh right. So when you're back at The Palace, can I do all the mobile gigs then?

MIKE (*turning away*): All in good time Joey, you're still learning your craft. Spend some more time with the master and you'll see what it takes to be a great disc jockey.

JOEY (*disappointed*): Oh, OK. (*He climbs back onto the chair to take down more lights.*)

MIKE: It's not all glamour you know. Takes a lot of hard work before you can call yourself a *real* disc jockey and enjoy all the things that come with the job. You know, being able to have any girl you like, or swan about in a flash car.

JOEY (*sarcastically*): Like your Ford Granada Estate?

MIKE (*doesn't catch on*): Exactly like my Granada.

JOEY (*grinning*): Are you sure?

MIKE (*proudly*): Solid car that. Never let me down once.

JOEY: It reminds me of that song.

MIKE: What's that, 'Silver Dream Machine'?

JOEY: Nope! 'Acceptable In The 80s'.

MIKE (*not amused*): Oi, watch it you.

JOEY: Sorry.

[THEY CONTINUE TO PACK AWAY]

MIKE (*confused slightly*): There's no song called that anyway.

JOEY: Yeah there is.

MIKE (*dismissive*): Well I've never heard of it.

[THE WOMAN WHO BOOKED MIKE FOR THE
PARTY APPEARS, PUTTING HER HEAD
ROUND THE DOOR]

WOMAN: Aah, you're still here! (*She disappears from view and can
be heard talking to someone outside.*) Yes, I'll go and ask him.

[IN HIGH HEELS AND SHORT SKIRT, SHE
ENTERS AND WIGGLES TOWARDS MIKE]

WOMAN: Sorry, one of the Mums has asked me to ask you
something.

MIKE (*flirting*): Ask away, sweetheart.

WOMAN: Do you still do magic shows?

MIKE (*his face falls*): No, I don't.

WOMAN: OK, I'll tell her you're no use then. (*Clearly unmoved by
Mike's flirtation, she turns abruptly and leaves.*)

MIKE (*taking it the wrong way*): No use? Thanks! Miserable old cow.

CUT TO:

SC3. INT. CITY RECORD SHOP. DAY

[MIKE AND JOEY ARE SHOPPING FOR MUSIC IN THE CITY'S ONLY SURVIVING RECORD SHOP. THEY ARE BOTH STOOD LOOKING AT COMPILATION CDS. MIKE HAS HIS HEAD DOWN AND HIS COLLAR UP]

MIKE: Right, find that one we saw on the tele' and let's get out of here... and keep your head down.

JOEY: Aren't you going to see your mate today?

MIKE (*playing dumb*): Who?

JOEY: That Nick bloke who sells you all that expensive vinyl.

MIKE (*surveys the area quickly*): Oh, err, I don't think he's in today.

JOEY (*looks to the counter*): Yeah he is, look, over there! (*He waves across to Nick*)

MIKE (*pulling Joey's arm down*): Don't wave!

NICK (*spotting Mike*): Oi, Steele!

[REALISING HE'S BEEN SEEN, MIKE SWITCHES TO 'SMUG' MODE]

MIKE (*swaggers to the counter*): The Steele is here.

NICK (*humouring Mike*): Yeah, well, I've got a load of new import vinyl for you.

MIKE (*faking interest*): Great, really digging that kind of shit right now.

NICK (*playing along*): You sure do *dig* that US shit don't you.

MIKE: Oh yeah. Those ones you got me last week, went down a belter last night, crowd loved 'em all.

JOEY (*overhearing*): Last night? It was that little kid's...

MIKE (*talking over Joey*): What have we got then? These two here? (*He picks up two records that've been left on the counter and examines them.*)

NICK: Nah mate, those are grime. Got your tech house down here. (*He ducks down behind the counter to find Mike's records.*)

[MIKE, BEING IGNORANT OF GRIME MUSIC,
LOOKS AGAIN AT THE TWO RECORDS ON
THE COUNTER]

MIKE: They are a bit dusty and grimey now you mention it, been out
on the counter too long!

[NICK DOESN'T HEAR THIS REMARK. MIKE
THEN PICKS ONE OF THE RECORDS UP AND
RUBS IT WITH HIS SLEEVE]

NICK (*O.O.V*): I knew you'd be in today and I know you're a man
who loves his tech house.

MIKE: Oh yeah, the tech is where it's all happening.

NICK (*O.O.V*): Here you go.

[NICK STANDS UP AND HAS A PILE OF
RECORDS IN HIS HANDS. HE LOOKS AT
MIKE TO SEE HIM NOW LICKING HIS
JACKET SLEEVE IN PREPARATION TO
APPLY IT TO THE RECORD HE WAS
HOLDING. MIKE FREEZES, HIS TONGUE
STICKING OUT. NICK LOOKS AT HIM,
BEMUSED, BEFORE SLAPPING THE PILE OF
VINYL DOWN IN FRONT OF MIKE]

NICK: There you go.

MIKE (*taken back*): Err, *all* those?

NICK: Too many? I can put some on now and we'll play through
them, you can choose which one's you like and don't like.

MIKE (*shuffles uncomfortably at the thought*): Err, well...

NICK: It's no trouble. (*He walks over to a turntable at the end of the
counter.*)

[MIKE TURNS AND WINCES AT JOEY. JOEY
SHRUGS BACK AT HIM]

(PAUSE)

[THE RECORD STARTS AND SOMETHING
THAT ISN'T A TECH HOUSE TRACK PLAYS,
MUCH TO MIKE'S IGNORANCE]

MIKE (*smugly*): Oh yeah, that's *the one*.

NICK (*oblivious*): Fuck's sake, who's put that back in this sleeve? (*He stops the record and throws it onto the floor.*) Cheesy crap.

[MIKE ASSUMES NICK HEARD HIM AND SO ATTEMPTS TO COVER HIMSELF]

MIKE: Oh yeah, sure, crap. When I said "That's the *one*"... I was just looking at... (*He panics and looks around at the various small gifts and games on the counter in desperation and grabs the nearest thing.*) Top Trumps Championship Wrestlers... that's *the one* I want for... for... my nephew... nephew's birthday.

NICK (*still oblivious to Mike*): I'll start it a bit of the way in, so you can get an idea.

[MIKE NODS, SHEEPISHLY]

NICK: OK, here we go. (*He puts the needle on a third of the way in.*)

[SIX SECONDS OF THE RECORD PLAYS]

MIKE: Yep... yep... I'll take them.

NICK (*stopping the record*): What, all of them? I'll put a few more on...(*He turns to put another record on, but stops when he notices Mike suddenly put his mobile phone to his ear.*)

MIKE (*faking conversation*): Yep, Mike Steele speaking.

[NICK LOOKS AT HIM, PUZZLED]

MIKE: Right, OK, be there asap. Roger and out. (*He puts his phone in his pocket and turns to Nick.*) Agent. Needs me urgently. Doesn't everyone!

[NICK IS UNCONVINCED AND BEGINS TO TIDY THE PILE OF VINYL]

MIKE: Got it on mute, just saw it ringing. (*He takes his phone back out of his pocket, waves it about, trying to convince Nick of his story.*) Mute... so I wouldn't hear it ring... It was ringing. (*He puts his phone away.*)

NICK: Yeah... You said... So what do you want to do about the vinyl then?

[MIKE HESITATES, TAKES A DEEP BREATH AND SMILES FALSELY]

MIKE: I'm taking them! Imagine, Mike Steele, turning down hot new sounds! As if! (*Calling to Joey.*) Joey, as if, hey!!

JOEY (*doesn't hear*): You what?

MIKE (*to Nick*): Hark at cloth ears over there!

(PAUSE)

NICK: That's 7 vinyls at seven pounds ninety nine. Which makes...
(*He presses a few buttons on the till.*) Fifty five ninety three then chief.

[MIKE BAULKS AT THE TOTAL]

NICK: There's a man who's serious about his passion. (*He stares at Mike until he takes his wallet out and hands over the cash.*) It's good to see mate, keep them decks spinning the *real* tech house. (*He puts the money in the till and hands Mike his change and records.*)

MIKE (*almost speechless*): Yep... Thanks...

NICK (*grinning with satisfaction*): See ya next week mate.

MIKE (*turning away quickly*): You bet. (*He takes his purchase from Nick. As he does, Mike's phone rings. He freezes.*) I took it off mute. When you were, you know... (*He points at the till, then scuttles off, Joey behind him. He then answers his phone in a smooth, smug voice.*) Hi, Mike Steele. (*He pauses whilst the caller speaks.*) I don't do magic shows anymore, no.

[MIKE PUTS HIS PHONE AWAY. HE AND
JOEY HEAD TOWARDS THE EXIT,
CHATTERING UNTIL THEY BECOME
INAUDIBLE]

CUT TO:

SC4. INT. MIKE'S HOUSE. DAY

[MIKE ENTERS THE HALLWAY OF HIS HOUSE, WHICH HE SHARES WITH HIS ELDERLY MUM, MAUREEN. JOEY FOLLOWS BEHIND. MIKE PUTS HIS BAG OF RECORDS DOWN AGAINST THE WALL AND CHECKS THE ANSWER PHONE FOR MESSAGES]

ANSWER PHONE: You have two new messages.

JOEY (*sarcastically*): Ooh!

(PAUSE)

ANSWER PHONE: Message one. (*The machine beeps.*) Hello. This is a message for Mike Steele. My name's Brian Jeans of Kaylor & Godfrey solicitors. Just to let you know that I tried to contact your ex-wife this morning and...

MIKE (*agitated*): Oh piss off. (*He fiercely presses the 'next message' button.*)

ANSWER PHONE: Hello. I'm just enquiring as to whether you still do magic shows. It's my...

[MIKE ANGRILY STOPS THE MACHINE PLAYING. HE THEN TURNS TO JOEY, FORCING A SMILE]

MIKE: It never rains, hey son...

JOEY: Well...

[BEFORE JOEY CAN SPEAK THEY ARE INTERRUPTED BY MIKE'S MOTHER MAUREEN, EXITING THE KITCHEN INTO THE HALL]

MAUREEN: Ooh, hello boys.

JOEY: Hello there Mrs Steele.

[MIKE MUMBLES AN UNDECIPHERABLE GREETING UNDER HIS BREATH. MAUREEN POINTS TO THE TELEPHONE]

MAUREEN: Cyril rang as well. Asks if you can you go and see him this afternoon and I'm to remind you not to miss the boat again because you did last time and it cost him a lot of money.

MIKE (*annoyed*): Yes, *alright* Mother.

MAUREEN: Don't get shirty with me. I'm just passing it on.

[MIKE MAKES A SLIGHT GRUNT IN
ACKNOWLEDGEMENT. HE THEN PICKS UP
HIS BAG OF RECORDS AND HEADS FOR THE
LOUNGE. MAUREEN NOTICES THE BAG]

MAUREEN: Here, you've not been buying more of those have you?

MIKE: What?

MAUREEN: There's these ones still here from last week.

[MIKE WINCES AS SHE DISAPPEARS INTO
THE LOUNGE AND RETURNS WITH A BAG
OF RECORDS, IDENTICAL TO THE ONE
MIKE'S HOLDING]

MAUREEN: And... (*She puts the bag down against the wall and re-enters the lounge. Again she returns with an identical bag of records.*)
These from the week before that, when you took me into town with those shoes.

[MIKE SWEATS NERVOUSLY AS IF UNDER
POLICE INTERROGATION AND TRIES TO
LAUGH IT OFF]

MIKE (*jovially*): What are you going on about Ma?

MAUREEN: Well aren't you going to play them then?

MIKE (*trying to save face*): I play them *all the time* Mother, I just store them in the bags to keep them clean and tidy. I daren't risk leaving anything out round here for fear of it getting covered in a layer of Harmony Hairspray.

MAUREEN (*sternly*): Well, go and put them in your room. I've got Uncle Roland and Mrs Christmas round this evening. (*She returns to the kitchen, closing the door behind her.*)

MIKE: I'll tell you son, when she's like that, I start to think I might have made a mistake walking out on my wife! (*He grabs all the records, leaps onto the stairs and ascends them rapidly.*)

JOEY (*confused*): Didn't she leave... you...? (*His voices trails off as he realises Mike has long gone.*)

CUT TO:

SC5. EXT. MIKE'S CAR. DAY

[MIKE AND JOEY ARE ON THEIR WAY TO SEE MIKE'S AGENT. MIKE IS TAKING A DETOUR PAST THE PALACE NIGHTCLUB. A CD IS PLAYING ON THE CAR STEREO. THE VOLUME IS LOW, BUT THE DISC CAN BE HEARD SKIPPING]

JOEY: Isn't there a quicker way to Cyril's?

[MIKE IS IN A WORLD OF HIS OWN AND DOESN'T HEAR JOEY. MIKE SLOWS DOWN AS THEY REACH THE CLUB]

MIKE: There she is. The finest building this city has ever seen. *(He stops the car and to Joey's bemusement, begins to reminisce.)*

MIKE: Three floors of pure pleasure... Top floor, 'Gary Davies' Silver City Sensation', not *that* Gary Davies, this one had one of those orthopaedic shoes. Second floor, Fatty. Ground floor, 'Mike Steele & the Big Apple Roadshow... *(His voice becomes slightly emotional and trails off.)*

[JOEY ATTEMPTS TO DISTRACT MIKE BY OFFERING HIM SOME CHOCOLATE FROM THE CARRIER BAG ON HIS LAP]

JOEY: Wagon Wheel?

MIKE *(regaining composure)*: Sorry son, what was that?

[BEFORE JOEY CAN REPLY, THEY ARE STARTLED BY A CAR BLASTING ITS HORN]

MIKE: Alright, alright. *(He begins to drive off.)* Change that CD. It's skipping. There's a PWL Hit Factory in the glove box.

CUT TO:

SC6. INT. ENTERTAINMENT AGENCY. DAY

[CYRIL REGIS, AN ENTERTAINMENT AGENT, IS SAT AT HIS DESK IN A RATHER SMALL AND UNTIDY OFFICE. HE IS EATING A CREAM HORN. MIKE AND JOEY ENTER]

MIKE: Might've known you'd be eating.

[CYRIL LOOKS AT MIKE AND CONTINUES TO EAT. MIKE BECOMES RESTLESS]

MIKE: Oh come on!

[CYRIL EVENTUALLY FINISHES EATING, LEAVING A SMALL AMOUNT OF CREAM ON HIS MOUSTACHE]

CYRIL: My dear Michael, you cannot rush the experience of devouring a cream horn.

MIKE (*rolls his eyes*): You wanted to see me?

CYRIL: You are correct. I've got a couple of things for you. (*He opens up a big desk diary and begins to read from it.*) First things first. *Don't* miss the boat tonight.

MIKE (*annoyed*): Bloody hell, I know! You'll never let me forget that.

CYRIL: Indeed I won't. I lost Clinton Cards' Christmas *and* New Year parties because of *you*!

MIKE (*sighs*): Yes, alright. We'll be getting there *extra* early this evening, won't we Joey?

JOEY: Yeah, I've already packed the car. We're ready to go now.

CYRIL (*standing up*): Ah well, you're not *quite* ready to go.

MIKE (*confused*): Why not?

CYRIL: I haven't given you your costumes.

JOEY (*also confused*): Costumes?

MIKE (*puts his head in his hands*): Oh God. What have you signed me up for now?

CYRIL: Michael, Michael, Michael. In all the time you've been working for me, have I ever stitched you up?

MIKE: Err, yes.

CYRIL (*shocked*): I most certainly have not!

MIKE (*folds his arms*): That time you told me Thames Valley Police wanted a karaoke and foam party at their AGM.

CYRIL (*laughing*): Oh my word yes! I said you wouldn't fall for it, but Jerry said you would! I lost a crisp tenner to him. But it was worth it.

[CYRIL IS STILL CHUCKLING TO HIMSELF]

MIKE (*snidely*): How is *Jerry Benn*? Dead yet?

CYRIL: Now now Michael. Nothing wrong with a bit of healthy competition.

[THERE IS AN AWKWARD SILENCE]

MIKE: These costumes then...

CYRIL: Ah yes. Nothing to worry about boys, it's merely a nautical theme. (*He walks between them and takes two costumes off the back of his door. A sailor costume, which he hands to Joey and a ship's captain costume, which he hands to Mike.*)

MIKE: Jesus... You best be paying me well for this.

CYRIL (*returning to his seat*): You've worn far worse Michael. Remember that party you did for that local TV newsreader? Who did you go to that as?

MIKE: Floella Benjamin.

CYRIL (*open his arms out wide*): You see?

JOEY (*holding his costume up against himself*): Have I seriously got to wear this then?

CYRIL (*reclining in his chair*): My dear Johnny, these are the things a disc jockey must do if he wants to reach the very top. Do you know who stood in this very office, what, twenty five years ago maybe, complaining to me about having to dress up as Nerys Hughes? None other than a Mr Gary Davies!

JOEY: Oh, the bloke with the orthopaedic shoe?

CYRIL (*taken aback*): Did he? I never knew that. Probably why he was on the radio.

MIKE (*explaining to Joey*): He's on about the famous Gary Davies, not the one from The Palace. You know? Off of Radio 1 "Ooh Gary Davies on the radio"!

[JOEY LOOKS AT MIKE BLANKLY]

CYRIL: Willy on the plonker?

JOEY: I'm 19.

MIKE: Well you missed out there son, 'The Bit In The Middle' was compulsive listening.

JOEY (*unimpressed*): Sounds like a right load of old crap.

CYRIL (*shaking his head*): Youngsters, eh Michael?

[MIKE SMILES IN AGREEMENT]

(PAUSE)

MIKE: So, is that it then?

CYRIL (*looks down at his diary*): Um... Not quite. One more... This is an interesting one. I had a call from a Viscount... Not the chocolate biscuit of course! (*He laughs loudly to himself. Noticing Mike and Joey are unmoved. he stops laughing, abruptly.*)

CYRIL: Ahem, yes. Viscount... Err, Viscount... (*He can't read his own handwriting.*)

CYRIL (*continuing*): Anyway, this Viscount rang yesterday asking about you.

MIKE (*his eyes lighting up*): Sounds rich! How much did you say I cost?

CYRIL: Well, it was just an enquiry about you really.

MIKE (*intrigued*): Go on?

CYRIL: He wanted to know if you still do magic shows.

MIKE (*unimpressed, he grabs his costume*): Right, we're leaving Joey... Hear that Cyril? Joey. Not Johnny.

[THE PAIR LEAVE. CYRIL SHRUGS HIS SHOULDERS AND CLOSES THE DIARY. THE PHONE RINGS AND CYRIL ANSWERS]

CYRIL: Good afternoon, Cyril Regis high class entertainment agent? (*He pauses whilst the caller speaks.*) I certainly do know The Grumbleweeds.

CUT TO:

SC7. INT. PETROL STATION FORECOURT. EVE

[MIKE IS STOOD AT A PETROL PUMP. JOEY IS COMPLAINING ABOUT THE FACT THE THEY'VE JUST BEEN INTO THE TOILETS TO GET CHANGED INTO THEIR COSTUMES]

JOEY: Why couldn't we just change when we get there?

MIKE: Do you remember how small the toilets are on these boats? I can barely get half my arse in there, let alone get changed.

JOEY: What if someone sees us?

MIKE (*taking the nozzle from the pump*): So what if they do? Providing quality entertainment to classy clientele is nothing to be ashamed of. (*He puts the nozzle into the car and begins to fill up. A huge American style van pulls up at the pump behind. It is DJ Jerry Benn. Mike sees the van and winces.*) Oh shit. (*He tries to speed up filling the car but the pump is only letting the petrol out in spurts.*) Come on! More than a thimble full at a time please! (*He begins to flap*)

[JERRY STEPS OUT OF HIS VAN. HE WALKS TOWARDS THE SHOP WITHOUT ACKNOWLEDGING MIKE BUT WHISTLES A SEA SHANTY TYPE TUNE AS HE GOES. MIKE SCOWLS AT HIM]

MIKE (*trying to calm down*): Keep cool, Mike. Come on.

[MIKE FINALLY FINISHES FILLING UP. HE REPLACES THE NOZZLE AS HE STROLLS TOWARDS THE SHOP, JERRY EXITS, HOLDING A BUNCH OF FLOWERS AND A BOTTLE OF WINE]

JERRY (*mocking*): I give up, what have you done with the cowboy, the Red Indian, the construction worker and the rest of your *people*?

MIKE (*biting back*): Right, let me just say, I am *not* 'in the navy'. I'm not gay. I don't have a thing for sailors.

[JERRY LOOKS OVER AT JOEY WHO IS LEANING AGAINST THE CAR, IN FULL SAILOR OUTFIT. JOEY WAVES]

JERRY (*sarcastically*): No, I can see that.

[MIKE IS BECOMING INCREASINGLY WORKED UP]

MIKE (*becoming worked up*): He's just my roadie. As you well know.

JERRY: A roadie? Isn't that someone who helps out when you do lots of little discos in village halls and community centres? Tell me, do you think you need a roadie if you're a resident at the city's biggest nightclub, like *I* am?

MIKE: You'll be laughing on the other side of your face come Christmas.

JERRY (*confused*): Christmas? What's happening at Christmas?

MIKE: You'll be out by Christmas. You'll be found out. You mark my words.

JERRY: And why on earth would that happen, when I'm bringing in the biggest crowds they've had since, well, since they sacked you?

[MIKE LOSES IT AND GRABS THE FLOWERS JERRY IS HOLDING. HE HURLS THEM TO THE GROUND AND STAMPS ON THEN REPEATEDLY. JERRY LOOKS ON, BEMUSED]

MIKE: *Now* give those to whichever poor tart you take home tonight. (*He barges past Jerry into the shop.*)

[JERRY LEAVES THE FLOWERS ON THE FLOOR AND WALKS TOWARDS HIS VAN]

JERRY (*stopping to speak to Joey*): They weren't even my flowers. The girl on the till asked me to put them back in the bucket on my way out. Does he ever get anything right?

JOEY: Well, yeah. I suppose so.

JERRY: You do know he'll never give you a proper DJ job don't you? You're just his skivvy. Someone to plug his leads in and drive him home so he can drink lager all night. Why do you put up with that.

JOEY: I dunno. He's a mate of my dad's. Well, he *was*, before my dad, y'know. Mike was there for him right to the end. Just feels like I owe him?

JERRY: I know son. Here...

[JERRY HANDS JOEY HIS BUSINESS CARD. HE WINKS AT JOEY, THEN RETURNS TO HIS VAN. AS JERRY SCREECHES OFF THE FORECOURT, HE STARES AT THE CARD, BEFORE PLACING IT IN HIS POCKET]

CUT TO:

SC8. EXT. BOAT YARD. EVE

[MILENA, A YOUNG POLISH WOMAN, IS DECORATING ONE OF THE BOATS. SHE IS INFLATING BALLOONS FROM A HELIUM CANISTER AS MIKE AND JOEY ARRIVE. JOEY IS CARRYING A LARGE SPEAKER. MIKE STROLLS ON IN FRONT, TALKING LOUDLY, CARRYING NOTHING]

MIKE: That's the thing with these boat gigs, you can't get the car anywhere near where you're setting up.

JOEY: You're telling me!

MIKE: And I really don't like the thought of the Granada being left up there on the road all night.

[MIKE NOTICES MILENA AND STOPS. JOEY CATCHES UP, PUTS THE SPEAKER DOWN AND SITS ON IT]

MIKE (*smarmy*): Well, hello young lady!

[THE GIRL LOOKS ROUND AT THEM AND SMILES NERVOUSLY. SHE LOOKS CONFUSINGLY AT THEIR ATTIRE]

MIKE: Shouldn't put many more of those balloons on, else you'll be flying, not sailing!

[THERE IS AN AWKWARD SILENCE AS MILENA DOESN'T UNDERSTAND MIKE]

MILENA (*speaking in broken English*): I err... My English... Not so good.

MIKE: That's alright my angel. Mike Steele is an expert in all the right languages... English, love...

JOEY: Blue!

[MIKE SCOWLS AND IGNORES JOEY]

MILENA: I help you?

MIKE: You most certainly can my darling. Mike Steele, i.e. myself, is here to provide top class entertainment, music and amusing patter for the clientele who shall be boarding this fine vessel tonight.

[MILENA LOOKS VERY CONFUSED]

MIKE: We're doing a disco. You know? *(He hums a tune and performs a cringe worthy 'disco move' for Milena.)*

MILENA: Dancing?

MIKE: Yes! That's right! They'll certainly be dancing tonight.

MILENA: You want me help you dance?

[JOEY GRINS]

MIKE *(to Joey)*: Don't... *(He takes a piece of paper from his pocket and shows it to Milena.)* Right, we're here to do a disco.

[MILENA LOOKS AT THE PAPER, BLANKLY]

MIKE: You're getting this boat ready for a party aren't you?

[SHE IS STILL CONFUSED]

MIKE: Look, see? Here it says that I've been booked for 'Barbican Carpets' annual summer party'.

MILENA *(her eyes lighting up)*: Oooh! I hear them say about an summer party!

MIKE *(smiling broadly)*: Great!

MILENA: An summer party on this boat yes.

MIKE: What a sweetheart!

MIKE *(to Joey)*: Right then Joey, let's get this baby loaded up!

[MIKE CLIMBS ABOARD THE BOAT AND WANDERS OFF TO EXPLORE. JOEY STRUGGLES BEHIND WITH THE SPEAKER. MILENA SEES HIM STRUGGLING AND HELPS LIFT THE SPEAKER ONTO THE BOAT]

CUT TO:

SC9. EXT. ONBOARD BOAT. NIGHT

[THE DISCO IS SET UP. JOEY IS LYING ON THE FLOOR PLUGGING IN A FEW FINAL LEADS. MIKE APPEARS WITH SOME DRINKS. JOEY SWITCHES THE POWER ON AND THE DISCO LIGHTS UP]

MIKE: I think we're in the wrong business. Who'd have thought that so many attractive women would sell carpets!

JOEY: You what?

MIKE: Down there at the bar! There are loads! I've not seen a bloke yet! *(He puts the drinks down. A pint of lager and a can of Pepsi.)*

JOEY *(going for the lager, licking his lips)*: Ooh, I need this.

MIKE *(stops Joey's hand)*: Woah woah woah! The Pepsi's yours.

JOEY *(retracting)*: What?

MIKE *(takes a sip of lager)*: Well, who else is going to drive me home? *(He wanders off across the deck to see how the disco looks, beer in hand.)*

[JOEY TAKES JERRY BENN'S BUSINESS CARD OUT OF HIS POCKET AND LOOKS LONG AND HARD AT IT. HE HURRIEDLY PUTS IT AWAY AS MIKE STARTS TO WALK BACK TO THE DISCO]

MIKE: We've done a fine job. The disco looks grand. *(He walks behind the DJ console. In doing so, he notices some people dressed as sailors boarding a neighbouring boat, much to his amusement.)* Hey, look at that lot! They've got the same idea as us!

JOEY *(looking at the sailors)* : Ha! Sailors!

[THEY BOTH CHUCKLE BRIEFLY]

(PAUSE)

JOEY: Bit odd though isn't it? Two parties having the same theme?

MIKE *(patronising)* : Joey, don't be a prat all your life, have a day off. We're on board a *boat*. What's the single most obvious thing to dress as on a *boat*?

[JOEY'S HEAD DROPS]

JOEY *(sheepishly)*: Sailors.

MIKE: Quite. It's the most common idea! Honestly, you youngsters!
(He shakes his head smugly, then walks behind the disco. He puts on a radio mic' headset.)

JOEY: Oh, I've got the iPad ready to play that music you want.

MIKE: Magic.

[THE BOAT ENGINE SUDDENLY ROARS
INTO LIFE]

MIKE: Here we go then! Let's rock and roll!

[THE BOAT STARTS MOVING OFF DOWN
THE RIVER. MIKE STARTS THE MUSIC]

MIKE: And we didn't miss the boat!!

[JOEY GRINS. MIKE THEN NOTICES THAT
THE MUSIC IS BEING DROWNED OUT BY
THE BOAT ENGINE, SO HE INCREASES THE
VOLUME]

MIKE: That's the ticket!

[AFTER A FEW MOMENTS, AN
IMMACULATELY DRESSED WOMAN
APPEARS AT THE FAR END OF THE DECK
AND STRIDES PURPOSEFULLY TOWARDS
THEM. SHE IS ANDREA SLATER, WIFE OF
THE OWNER OF THE BOAT-HIRE COMPANY,
ALAN SLATER. MIKE SEES HER AND
NUDGES JOEY]

MIKE: Aye aye Joey, if this is a sign of things to come...! *(He pushes past Joey and leaps out from behind the disco to greet her. The radio mic' is now on.)*

MIKE: Ahoy there fair maiden! Welcome aboard this fine vessel, me beauty.

[ANDREA IS ABOUT TO SPEAK WHEN MIKE TURNS TO JOEY AND GIVES HIM A SIGNAL. JOEY STARTS SOME JAUNTY SEA SHANTY TYPE MUSIC. MIKE GRINS AND BEGINS TO DANCE THE SAILOR'S HORNPIPE. ANDREA'S JAW DROPS AT THE SIGHT. MORE AND MORE WOMEN APPEAR ON DECK AND SWELL MIKE'S AUDIENCE. AFTER A CONSIDERABLE AMOUNT OF TIME, MIKE ENDS THE DANCE AND JOEY LOWERS THE VOLUME OF THE MUSIC. THERE ARE NOW ABOUT TWENTY WOMEN STANDING THERE, STARING WIDE EYED AT MIKE]

ANDREA: Right, now that you've finished making a complete idiot of yourself, perhaps you'd like to explain to me what on earth you are doing on *my* boat?

[MIKE IS OUT OF BREATH. HE LOOKS SURPRISED. THE MIC' IS STILL ON]

MIKE (*over mic'*): What?

ANDREA: You are trespassing on my boat. This is a private, female *only* party.

MIKE: Yeah and I'm your DJ and there's my disco over...

ANDREA (*interrupting him*): Can you *please* stop speaking into that?

MIKE (*still over mic'*): Sorry, force of habit.

MIKE (*turning mic' off*): Sorry, force of habit.

ANDREA: Yes, you said...

MIKE: Carry on.

ANDREA: I am holding an Ann Summers party on my boat for all my girl friends. I don't remember inviting a sad, balding sea captain.

MIKE (*stunned*): I don't understand. I'm booked to do a disco. Ring Cyril Regis.

ANDREA: Not on my boat you're not, so you can... (*She suddenly notices the music still playing.*) Tell him to turn that awful music off.

[MIKE TURNS TO JOEY AND MAKES A 'CUT THE MUSIC' SIGN WITH HIS HANDS. JOEY STOPS THE MUSIC. MIKE TURNS BACK TO ANDREA. HE IS ABOUT TO SPEAK WHEN JOEY PLAYS A LOUD SHIP'S WHISTLE SOUND EFFECT. MIKE WINCES]

MIKE (*to Joey*): You don't have to do that now...

ANDREA: Now, I'm going to get the driver to pull up as soon as he can and when he does I want you off. OK? So get packing now.

[MIKE TURNS AND TRUDGES DEJECTEDLY TOWARDS JOEY. ANDREA AND THE OTHER WOMEN DISPERSE AND HEAD BACK DOWN TO THE BAR]

JOEY: What's going on?

MIKE: I'll tell you whilst you're packing up.

CUT TO:

SC10. EXT. BOAT YARD. NIGHT

[THE CAR LOADED UP, MIKE AND JOEY WALK DOWN THE BOAT YARD FOR THE FINAL TIME TO CHECK THEY HAVEN'T LEFT ANYTHING BEHIND. THEY ARE BOTH FED UP]

MIKE: Who the hell still has Ann Summers parties anyway? And on a bloody boat?

JOEY: Well, if she owns the boat I suppose she can have any party she wants on it.

(PAUSE)

JOEY: You'd have thought someone would've rung you to see where we were. Surely the people that booked us would've rung Cyril to find out? I can't see Cyril not ringing you if he'd known.

MIKE: Well, he might've. I put my phone on silent when we got here.

JOEY: Ah... Has Cyril rung then?

[THEY REACH THE RIVER'S EDGE AND STOP. MIKE PULLS HIS PHONE OUT OF HIS POCKET AND LOOKS AT THE SCREEN]

MIKE: Yeah... There are a few missed calls on here.

JOEY: How many is "a few"?

MIKE: Thirty six.

JOEY: Shit.

MIKE (*sighs and puts his phone away*): Reckon we've got everything then?

JOEY: I'll check. (*He turns on a torch and scans the surrounding area for any leftover equipment.*) Nope, nothing else. (*He then notices that Milena's helium canister has been left behind.*) Hey, look!

MIKE (*grabbing the canister*): Right you old witch, no balloons at your next party!

JOEY (*catching on*): Oh you're not!

[MIKE TAKES A BIG BREATH OF HELIUM AND BEGINS TO MOCK ANDREA SLATER IN A HIGH PITCHED HELIUM INDUCED TONE]

MIKE: Ooh get off my boat. This is a women only party. (*He begins to sing*). Mamma mia, here I go again!

JOEY (*inhales and sings*): Let's get together, we're jumping all over the world!

MIKE (*confused*): No, I don't know that one.

[THE PAIR WALK OFF, THE HELIUM STILL AFFECTING THEIR VOICES. AS THEY REACH THE CAR, THEY STOP TO TAKE IN A BIG BREATH OF HELIUM EACH. JOEY FIRST, THEN MIKE. MIKE SUDDENLY NOTICES SOMEONE IS SAT IN HIS CAR. HE THROWS THE CANISTER TO JOEY, WHO ONLY JUST CATCHES IT, AND RUNS TO THE CAR]

JOEY: Jesus Christ!

[MIKE SHOUTS AND SCREAMS STILL IN A HIGH PITCHED TONE. HE DRAGS THE INTRUDER FROM HIS CAR AND ONTO THE PAVEMENT]

MIKE: What the fuck are you doing in my car? What have you pinched?

THIEF (*bemused by Mike's voice*): Help! I'm being attacked by Joe Pasquale!

MIKE (*still yelling*): What have you pinched? Come on! (*He pushes the thief onto the floor and sits on him.*)

THIEF: Get off me you fat shit.

MIKE (*to Joey*): Get the police Joey.

THIEF: Yeah, let's have a pop concert, already got Scooter here.

MIKE: Button it chummy.

THIEF (*laughing at Mike's voice*): Oh God, this is too funny.

MIKE: I'll give you funny.

[MIKE TAKES THE HELIUM CANISTER BACK FROM JOEY AND FORCES THE TAP INTO THE THIEF'S MOUTH. HE STRUGGLES, BUT MIKE MANAGES TO DIRECT THE GAS INTO THE THIEF'S MOUTH. HE YELLS AND SCREAMS AT MIKE, NATURALLY IN A HIGH PITCHED TONE. AMIDST THE STRUGGLING, MIKE HASN'T NOTICED THEY HAVE COMPANY. HE LOOKS UP TO SEE A POLICE OFFICER STANDING OVER THEM]

MIKE: Oh bollocks.

POLICE OFFICER: What's going on here then?

MIKE *(to Joey)* : That was quick!

JOEY *(shrugging)*: I didn't ring them.

POLICE OFFICER: No, we just happened to drive past and see an illegally parked Ford Granada Estate on the side of the road.

[MIKE AND THE THIEF CONTINUE ARGUING IN A HIGH PITCHED TONE]

MIKE: Yeah, I just caught him breaking in to it.

THIEF: I didn't break in, it was open.

POLICE OFFICER: Right! Seeing as no one wants to tell me what's going on here *and* why you're all speaking like Pinky & Perky, I'm going to have to take you all down to the station to sort this out. *(He speaks into his radio.)* Assistance, please lads. *(Two more police officers appear almost immediately.)*

POLICE OFFICER: Throw Alvin and the Chipmunks in the back of the van will you.

[THE TWO EXTRA OFFICER'S GRAB MIKE AND JOEY, WHILST THE FIRST OFFICER HAND-CUFFS THE THIEF. THEY ARE THEN MANOEUVRED ACROSS THE ROAD AND INTO THE BACK OF THE POLICE VAN]

2ND POLICE OFFICER *(recognising Mike)*: Hey, you're Mike Steele aren't you!

MIKE *(voice now back to normal)*: Yes.

2ND POLICE OFFICER: Do you still do magic shows?

[MIKE SWINGS A FIST AT THE POLICE
OFFICER]

FREEZE FRAME.

[CLOSING MUSIC AND END CREDITS ROLL]

[THE END]

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