

CHALKY, DUFUS & SHIRT - THE SITCOM

Episode 1: The Evening In Of Doom

OPENING TITLES

(MUSIC: Instrumental – “You’ve Got a Friend in Me”. CHALKY, DUFUS & SHIRT are standing in a queue behind someone dressed as Sylvester McCoy. CAPTION: “Chalky, Dufus and Shirt”, short pause then additional caption “-The Sitcom”. CUT TO: C,D&S in D’s car hitting some dustbins. CAPTION: “By Paul Leach”. CUT TO: CHALKY in full flow with school anecdote, DUFUS & SHIRT asleep. Focus on CHALKY’s face. CAPTION: “Andrew East as Chalky”. CUT TO: C,D&S in queue again, and DUFUS wobbling and finally falling over. Focus on DUFUS’ prostrate form. CAPTION: “Mark Bumpsteed as Dufus”. CUT TO: SHIRT walking out of OXFAM shop brandishing a “War of the Daleks” game with a prominent sticker saying “50p”, CHALKY & DUFUS looking disgusted. Focus on SHIRT’s smug face. CAPTION: “& Paul Leach as Shirt”. BLACKOUT. Caption: “Episode 1: “The Evening In of Doom”. CUT TO:)

1. EXT. Flat, Evening.

(A light is on in an upper room).
CUT TO:

2. INT. Front Room, Flat. Evening.

(DUFUS sits at a computer at the left hand side of the room, carefully entering details from a large pile of receipts. SHIRT is sitting on the sofa flicking through a copy of “Radio Times”, whilst CHALKY sits in an armchair, surrounded by exercise books, slowly marking maths homework with a large red pen)

D: It’s no good, I can’t afford to go.

S: *(without looking up)* Where ?

D: To the signing on Saturday.

S: Is that a decision ?

D: Yes !

(CHALKY & SHIRT exchange disbelieving looks)

D: Well, unless, I change this entry....and call the “Talking Dalek” a household expense....and.....

S: Less than ten seconds it took him to change his mind this time, a new record.

C: Ten seconds (*consults small notebook*) Should have had a few quid on it – 10 seconds is “20-1”.

S: Don’t worry, they’ll be several chances again later. (*pause*) Are you going to be much longer on that computer, Dufus ? I want to check my e-mails.

C: Who’s going to write to you, we all live here !!

S: I might have won an auction on E-bay !

C: (*mumbles*) Just for a change !!

S: Yes, and it’ll take about twenty-minutes for them all to download. You can bet that Dufus has e-mailed me all manner of rubbish that someone sent him at work. In fact he’s probably trying to get the attachments to work on his own copies now.

D: (*defensive*) I’ll have you know, I’m trying to sort out my finances.

C: He’ll be on there all night, then. (*to DUFUS*) I hope you’re going to come off of that computer when Enigma gets here.

S: Three weeks in our new flat, and finally our first visitor. I wonder why it’s taken everyone so long to come round and see us.

(*There is a long drawn out raspberry-like sound. CHALKY & SHIRT both look at DUFUS*)

C: I think that answers your question.

D: It wasn’t me !

(*CHALKY & SHIRT look at him disbelievingly*)

D: (*begins chuckling*) Alright it was me !!

S: I don’t know why we bother paying for the gas central-heating in this place. We should just run a metal pipe from his bottom, and we’d have enough methane to heat the entire street !!

(*DUFUS begins laughing “internally”, shaking as he does so*)

D: See, I told you the three of us sharing a flat would be a good idea !

C&S: (*together, disbelieving*) Hmmmmmm!!!

S: Have you finished on that computer yet ?

D: No, I’m still sorting out my finances.

S: Rubbish, you can’t fool me – you’re looking at those internet dating sites again, trying to get a girlfriend.

D: Am not. Anyway, I don't need to bother with those dating sites again.

S: (*wearily*) Oh, yes ? And why not ?

D: Well you know I mentioned that girl at work.

S: (*wearily*) Which one ? You've had a crush on almost the entire female contingent of your office at one time or another. What's so different this time ?

D: Well this time, I'm sure that the girl does fancy me.

S: (*wearily*) Why ?

D: Well she smiled at me today.

S: (*wearily*) She smiled at you ? That settles it then, she's obviously gagging for you.

C: (*mumbles*) Or gagging at him !!

S: (*continuing wearily*) She obviously wants to have your babies, and make love to you right there on the desk - if she smiled at you.

D: Really ?

C&S: (*together*) No !!

S: (*pause*) We really should stop making fun of Dufus.

C: But it's so much fun !

S: You're right ! But it's not as if we're beating girls off with sticks ourselves.

C: I'll have you know that I could have any girl I please.

S: Yes, but unfortunately you don't please any of them !!

C: You can talk, you've been stood up more time than a skittle at a bowling alley.

D: Let's stop this now – otherwise Shirt'll go into one of the monologues that he did when he attempted to compere those two “Centre Stage” productions.

S: I'll have you know, my monologues went down very well.

C: The words “lead” and “balloon” come to mind !

D: That reminds me – I heard a new joke the other day. Did I tell you it ?

C: Is it funny ?

D: Yes.

C&S: *(together)* Then you haven't !!

S: *(to CHALKY)* He makes it so easy !!

D: You would find my jokes funny if you were from the North. Everyone knows that you soft Southerners don't have as sophisticated a sense of humour as us Northerners.

S: What would you know? You lived in the Midlands !!

D: I lived in the North !

S: Midlands !

D: North !

C&S: *(together)* Midlands !!

D: North !

C&S: *(together)* Midlands !!

D: North !

C&S: *(together)* Midlands !!

D: North !

C&S: *(together, after quick conspiratorial glance)* North !!

D: Midlands !!!

S: *(to CHALKY)* That gets him every time !!

D: Well, if you will treat everything like a pantomime ! I keep expect Bonnie Langford, Don Henderson, and Hugh Lloyd to pop up.

C: *(sharply)* Is he calling "Delta" a pantomime again ? If I have to go through the top ten reasons why "Delta" is not a pantomime again I think I'll have to write another letter to MDW!

S: Oh for goodness sake! You haven't showed "Delta" to your kids again have you?

D: Do you think he could be prosecuted under the Child Protection Act for putting them through 3 episodes of Bonnie Langford, Ken Dodd and Don Henderson camping it up in Wales?

C: I'll have you know that my letters to MDW are world-renowned.

S: He'll either write a letter or start another flame war on rec.arts.drwho.

C: I have never started a flame war in my life! I was just responding to comments and opinions that I didn't agree with.

D: "Delta" is a pantomime, though.

C: I'm warning you! (*CHALKY grabs DUFUS by the collar*) I don't care if you are a credit controller. If you try to tell me that "Delta" is a pantomime again, I'll.....

S: (*interrupting quickly*) Now you've done it, Dufus, calling "Delta" a pantomime, you've got his gander up !

C: It's dander !!! (*lets go of DUFUS' collar*)

S: Gander !

C: Dander !

S: Gander !

C: Dander !

D: (*sings tunelessly*) Let's call the whole thing off !!

S: Very funny. Now, quick, change the subject.

D: Yes, well as I was saying, in the North we have much better jokes. Like the one about a nun and two marrows which everyone thinks are her breasts but turn out to be just marrows. Have you heard it?

S: (*In an ironic tone which Dufus fails to pick up on*) Is it about a nun involved in an amusing misunderstanding about her marrows looking like enormous breasts...

C: No. We haven't heard it.

S: (*suddenly lost in thought*) Mmmmmmmmmmm – enormous breasts...

C: Honestly, Dufus. Are you able to tell a joke the right way round?

S: (*still lost in thought*) Enormous.....breasts

D: So I haven't told you. Right, well there's this nun working in a vegetable patch.

(*FX: Telephone rings*)

S: Saved by the bell.

(*CHALKY gets up and answers telephone*)

C: Hello ? Oh hello, Mr. Whisky ! (*gestures to SHIRT*) So, how's Australia ?

(SHIRT picks up the small notebook, and flicks through it until he finds the page he wants)

S: Right, eyes down, ready for a full-house. I'm going for him mentioning "Grange Hill" first, at 6-4.

D: I'll take "Neighbours" at 2-1.

C: *(covering mouthpiece)* I'll take "Only Fools..".

S: At 5-3 ?

(CHALKY nods. DUFUS and SHIRT move to phone, and listen intently to earpiece, fingers crossed)

S: *(mumbles)* Grange Hill ! Grange Hill ! Grange Hill !

C: You're in the pub ? So how's your new job ?....Good...What, there's a man there who can't pronounce his R's ?.....Yes, I do remember the "Only Fools and Horses" episode with the man singing "Cwyng" with Waquel !

(DUFUS & SHIRT cry out in disgust and move away from the phone. CHALKY continues talking quietly in the background)

D: I can't believe that I lost because of someone who has trouble with his R's !!

S: Don't worry, I'm sure he doesn't have as much trouble with his arse as you do. The emissions it produces should be used in chemical warfare.

(DUFUS starts laughing "internally" again)

C: Well bye then, Mr. Whisky, speak to you soon.

D&S: *(together, shouting)* Bye, Mr. Whisky !!

(CHALKY puts down phone and sits down again)

C: So, who owes me what ?

S: Well, I owe you £6, but you owe me £8 for the cinema....

C: But you owe me £9.99 for that CD.

S: And you owe me £17.50 for those theatre tickets...

C: Where does that leave us ? Dufus ?

S: Don't ask him – what does he know about finances, he's an accountant !!

C: And he's more in debt than most third-world countries. Ironical that he's a credit controller really !

D: I'm a poacher turned gamekeeper.

S: Shall I tell him, or will you, that once he became the gamekeeper, he was supposed to stop poaching !!

D: *(sarcastic)* Ha, ha, very funny !!

(FX: Doorbell)

C: That'll be Enigma !

S: Already ? *(starts "combing" hair with hand)*

D: Incidentally, I've always wondered, why do we call her Enigma ?

S: It's because however hard we try, we just can't get to her bottom !

D: Oh, I thought it was because however much we want her to, she'll never reveal all to us !

S: Very good !! *(bad Alec Guinness impression)* You are learning, young padawan !

C: Enough with the Ewan McGregor "Star Wars" impressions, I'm going to go and let her in !

S: Wait a minute.

(SHIRT picks up the small notebook, and flicks through it until he finds the page he wants)

S: I'm going for purple.

D: I'll take blue.

C: I'm not betting on what colour, Enigma's hair is this week!! That's just childish !!

S: And.....?

C: I don't know why I bother. Now, I'm going down to let her in !

D&S: *(together)* Oooer !

D: Going down...

S: To let her in.. *(sniggers)*

C: Anyway, her hair's bound not to be purple. It was purple last time we saw her.

S: What are you talking about. Her hair was bright red. Don't you remember. She was sitting by the window of the pub and men kept wandering in thinking it was a brothel.

C: Who said I was talking about the hair on her head.

D: Who said I was?

S: But your bet's on blue!

D: And?

(CHALKY and SHIRT look despairingly at DUFUS)

C: Now I want you two to be on your best behaviour.

S: I'm sure I don't know what you mean.

C: You do ! No double entendres, no rude comments, and no unwanted physical contact.

D&S: *(together, mock obedience)* Yes, Mr. NorNorWest !!

C: Good. *(moves to door)* Incidentally, I'm going for blonde !

(CHALKY exits the room. SHIRT discards notebook. DUFUS & SHIRT move to small mirror hanging on the wall, and start frantically combing through their hair with their hands, trying to make themselves look presentable)

D: How do I look ?

S: Fine, apart from the fact that you've got your T-shirt on inside-out.

D: *(looks at himself in the mirror)* No, I haven't.

S: Yes, you have, the logo's back-to-front !

D: *(looks at himself more closely in the mirror)* No, it isn't.

S: Yes, it is. It's just that the mirror-image makes it look right !

(DUFUS looks down at his T-shirt)

D: Oh yes !!

S: BUNGEE!!!! *(hits top of head with both hands several times in quick succession)*

(DUFUS pulls his T-shirt off, pulls it back the right way, and pulls it over his head. His head does not appear through the neck-hole immediately, and he staggers around "blind" for a few seconds, before his head appears. Looking down at the T-shirt, he realises that he's got it on back-to-front, and so pulls it round, until the logo is at the front. He then pulls the sleeves over his arms, rolls the T-shirt over his stomach, and tucks it into his jeans. He then rejoins SHIRT at the mirror, and looks at himself)

D: Better ?

S: Minutely !!

(Both return to “combing” their hair with their hands. SHIRT makes faces in the mirror)

S: *(to his reflection)* How will she be able to resist you, you handsome brute. Oh Shirt, how is it that you got so much ?

D: No-one else wanted it !

(SHIRT glares at DUFUS, then returns to “combing” his hair. CUT TO:)

3. EXT. Flat, Evening.

(ENIGMA stands on the doorstep, rummaging in her bag, finally removing her ringing mobile phone, which stops ringing as soon as she puts it to her ear. The door opens, and CHALKY stands in the doorway)

C: Come in. Welcome to the madhouse !

(ENIGMA steps through the door. CUT TO:)

4. INT. Hallway, Flat. Evening.

(ENIGMA moves to banister, and removes her coat, hanging it over the rail. She then turns to CHALKY, kisses him on both cheeks, gives him a hug, finally releasing him, then follows him up the stairs. CUT TO:)

5. INT. Front Room, Flat. Evening.

(DUFUS & SHIRT rush from mirror to sit down ‘nonchalantly’ on the sofa. ENIGMA enters, followed by CHALKY. DUFUS & SHIRT stand up to greet ENIGMA, who shrieks, runs at him jumps at him throwing her arms and legs round him, kissing him on the cheek. After a few seconds, SHIRT places her back on the ground. DUFUS holds out his arms, and ENIGMA initially pretends to just want to shake his hand, then grasps him in a “bear hug”. However, DUFUS continues to hold on to her after she has finished hugging him)

C: Let her go, Dufus, you don’t know where’s she’s been !!!

(DUFUS releases ENIGMA)

E: Charming !!

(DUFUS & SHIRT sit in armchairs, CHALKY & ENIGMA sit on the sofa. DUFUS is transfixed by ENIGMA's tight leather trousers. ENIGMA notices this.)

E: You like my trousers ? I got them from one of the girls at the pub.

D: *(excited)* One of the strippers ?

E: Yes.

(CHALKY, DUFUS & SHIRT all cross their legs in unison. SHIRT is briefly lost in thought. There is a long silence).

E: Well, thanks for having me !

(SHIRT starts sniggering)

C: Not at all, we're glad you could come.

(SHIRT begins sniggering even more. DUFUS joins in)

C: For goodness sake, grow up, you two !!

E: So what have you all been up to ? Been to any good signings lately ?

S: Yes, we went to see John Leeson & Lalla Ward at Seventh Galaxy.

D: I wanted to ask "What's it like sleeping with Tom Baker ?".

C: But I told him – "you can't ask John Leeson that !!"

(ENIGMA laughs)

E: Anything else happen ?

S: Well, Dufus dropped all of his items on the floor in front of Ms. Ward, and bent over to pick them up, and

C: Unfortunately, he was wearing his grey tracksuit trousers....

E: You mean the ones he's wearing tonight ?

S: Just for a change !!!

C: Yes. As I was saying, unfortunately as he bent down, he displayed slightly too much "bum cleavage" than is acceptable in polite society.

S: I suppose we should be grateful, he didn't break wind in her face !!

E: What was John Leeson like ?

C: Very much like he appears on screen - sort of small, metallic, dog-like, with a tartan collar.

S: The man's an idiot, he signed two of my items to Dufus !!!!

(CHALKY, DUFUS & ENIGMA all laugh. SHIRT looks annoyed)

C: Actually, I've got some photos here somewhere.

(CHALKY scrabbles around and produces a photo wallet. He moves closer to ENIGMA, and passes her the first photo, pausing between each photo)

C: This is Dufus with John Leeson..... And me with John Leeson..... And Shirt with John Leeson.... And Dufus with Lalla Ward..... Me with Lalla Ward.... Shirt with Lalla Ward.... Dufus with Juliet Warner...

D&S: *(dreamily)* Mmm, Juliet Warner.

D: *(dreamily)* So supple !!

E: Who ?

C: She's one of the stars of the new Large Endings' audios. We met her at the Seventh Galaxy convention.

D: And she's very sexy !!

S: You're only saying that because you saw her pants !

D: What's your point ?

S: Nothing !!

C: It's like I've always said – Shirt's point-less !!!

E: Dufus saw her pants ?

C: Don't ask !

D: They were....

E: *(interrupting)* Let's have a quick look at the other photos. *(takes the rest of the photos, and flicks through them)* Chalky with that Juliet girl..... Shirt with her..... Dufus with.... *(incredulous)* Alan Bradley from "Coronation Street".

D: That's Mark Eden, he was Marco Polo in "Marco Polo".

E: *(disinterested)* Oh. *(flicks through the rest of the photos)* Chalky with 'Alan Bradley' Shirt with 'Alan Bradley' The three of you with Louise Jameson.... The three of you with.... *(wrinkles face)* Bonnie Langford !!! Shirt with.... *(incredulous)* Christopher Biggins ?

S: And don't forget, 1.2 child and Declan Donnelly other-half...

D: What ? Ant McPartlin ?

S: Claire Buckfield !!

C: You don't want to say that name too many times after a few pints !

S: *(dreamily)* Mmm, Claire Buckfield !!

E: *(unsure)* Right ! *(returns to looking at photos)* Chalky with.... I can't make out who it is, their head's been cut off. Who took that one ?

C&D: *(together)* Shirt !!

E: Dufus seems to be wearing the same T-shirt in all the photos. Oh, it's the one he's got on tonight.

S: *(mumbles)* But has he got it on the right way round in the photos ?

E: What ?

S: Never mind.

E: *(turning attention back to the photos)* That seems to be all.

(ENIGMA puts photos back in wallet and gives it to CHALKY. There is a long period of embarrassed silence)

C: So how are things at the stri.....pub ?

E: Fine, we're having a top Heavy Metal band in next week. How's school, Chalky ?

S: Great, we've moved from one thing I don't care about, Heavy Metal music, to another, Chalky's school anecdotes. Wake me up when we discussing something interesting. *(mimes going to sleep)*

E: *(changing subject)* So are you all going on Saturday ?

C&S: *(together)* Yes !!

D: Yes.....no.....maybe !!

S: Dufus used to be indecisive, but now he's not sure.

E: Is he not sure whether he can afford it ?

C: No, he knows he can't afford it, it's just that he can't decide whether he's going to go anyway.

D: (*defiantly*) I will go !!

C: (*mumbles*) Well, for the next few minutes at least.

S: That's the pleasantries out of the way. On with the evening.

C: So what shall we do ?

S: I don't know, what do you want to do ?

C: I don't know, what do you want to do ?

E: What does Dufus want to do ?

D: I don't know, what do the rest of you want to do ?

S: Are we stuck in a chronic hysteresis or what ?

C: Stop pretending, you watch Tom Baker episodes !

E: So what are we going to do ?

S: I'm sure someone will come up with something in a minute.

D: We could go clubbing.

S: As I said, I'm sure someone will come up with something sensible in a minute.

(Camera pans over four blank faces, and then moves up to clock above fireplace, which shows 5 past 7. CUT TO:)

6. INT. Front Room, Flat. An Hour Later.

(Clock now showing 5 past 8, camera moves down to show CHALKY, DUFUS, SHIRT & ENIGMA in identical positions to previous scene)

D: I don't think I will go on Saturday !!

(Other three groan)

E: But what are we going to do ?

S: I don't know about the rest of you, but I need to avail myself of the facilities.

C: Oh for crying out loud! Just call it the loo like the rest of us. Calling it a posh name doesn't make it any less disgusting.

D: And it certainly doesn't make you look cleverer. Don't use ten pretentious words where two normal ones will do.

C: Pity no one told that to Pip and Jane Baker.

S: Oi! You leave Pip and Jane alone. They're the quintessence of excellentitude !

(SHIRT exits. After a few seconds, DUFUS turns to ENIGMA)

D: Do you want to hear my latest joke ?

E: Not particularly.

(FX: Flushing sound. A few seconds later, SHIRT enters, drying his hands on the back of his trousers. He retakes his seat)

E: So, what are we going to do ?

S: We could play a game, like Monopoly, Scrabble, I-Spy *(long pause, hopefully)* Postman's knock ?

C: No !

D: What about strip poker ?!

C: What about it ?

S: *(glancing at ENIGMA)* Sounds good to me !

C: You haven't thought this through, have you ? Alright, there's a chance we might get to see Enigma in the altogether, but there's equally a chance we might have to endure Dufus in his tangas !!

S: *(quickly)* Strip poker's a no-no, then ! *(pause)* I wish you hadn't said that, you've nearly caused me to reacquaint myself with my dinner ! Uggghh!! *(screws up face and shakes head)*

D: I've got it !

C,S&E: *(together)* Well don't give it to us, then !

D: No, I know what we can play.....

D&S: *(together)* TWISTER !!!!!

C&E: *(together)* NO !!!

D: What about Trivial Pursuit ?

C: No, you'd just argue about the answers to the questions – it'd be “the Incredible Hulk started in black-and-white” all over again.

S: Well if it had, I wouldn't have read it !!

C: And you'll both spend hours arguing whether the wedges are pieces of cheese or pie !!

S: No, we wouldn't – everyone knows that it's pie.

D: Cheese !

S: Pie !

E: *(interrupting)* What about a computer game ? Tomb Raider ?

C: That's no good, it'd take Shirt three hours to walk through any of the doors !!!

S: That's unf....actually you've got a point.

D: We could play “Championship Manager” !

C,S&E: *(together)* NO !!!

E: What about the internet ?

C: No way, you'd spend all evening trying to chat someone on the other side of the world up, whilst we sat around like spare parts.

S: Well they are called chat-rooms !

D: See, I'm not the only person who does it !!

C: Yes, but Enigma doesn't think they're all in love with her !

S: Incidentally, Enigma, what is your current relationship status ?

E: *(quickly)* What about the telly ? What's on ?

C: I'm not sure. My copy of the Radio Times seems to have mysteriously disappeared again *(glances at SHIRT, who has quickly sat on it)* I don't know why I continue to buy it, I never get a chance to look at it !

E: Is this it, under this cushion ?

(ENIGMA stands up, and pulls out large thin book from under her chair cushion. She opens it to reveal newspaper cuttings)

C: No, that's Shirt's scrapbook dedicated to Phillipa Forrester !

E: *(incredulous)* Phillipa Forrester ?

S: Give that here !

(ENIGMA passes book to SHIRT, who slides it guiltily under his chair)

E: *(more incredulous)* Phillipa Forrester ?

S: Yes, she can stay in my broom-cupboard any day, or fiddle with my gadgets. I can assure you that after an evening with me, she'd need a self-righting mechanism !

C: *(to ENIGMA)* He videos everything that she's in – upstairs in his room he got hundreds of videos of “Robot Wars”, “The Heaven and Earth Show”, “Tomorrow's World”, and rather appropriately “Barking Mad”.

E: *(unsure)* Right !

D: They're next to his life-size Nicola Bryant standee.

E: I didn't think that they made Nicola Bryant standees !

C: They don't. He spent a whole morning down Sutton Library on the colour photocopier enlarging a picture of Nicola in “Varos” onto sheets of A3.

D: Then he spent the whole of the afternoon and evening, sticking it onto card, and cutting it out. *(looks at SHIRT in a disapproving way)*

S: *(to DUFUS, harshly)* Well at least I'm not as bald as you !

E: Ooh, it said something about men going bald in my fashion magazine. *(scrabbles in bag, and finally produces magazine, which she flicks through quickly)* Ah, here we are – “when a man loses his hair at the front, it means he's a great thinker. And when he loses his hair at the back, it means he's a great lover”.

D: But I'm losing mine at the front and the back, what does that mean ?

S: It means that you think you're a good lover !!

D: *(changing subject)* I think I will go on Saturday.

E: *(ignoring him)* So, did we find out what's on the telly, then ?

C: *(to SHIRT)* Are you sure that you don't know where my “Radio Times” is ?

S: Wait a minute, I might be sitting on it. *(moves a little and produces magazine)* You must have left it there earlier when you were reading it ! I haven't been reading it, you can't prove anything. *(flicks through it)* Let's see – BBC 1 some celebrity cooking thing with two docusoap “stars”. “Stars” ? Do you think we could sue them under the Trade Descriptions Act ?

C: What else ?

S: Well on BBC 2, there's a historical re-enactment of the One-Hundred Years War, presented by some professor with glasses, no hair, and an annoying accent. ITV1 offers us live cup football – Arsenal vs. West Ham.

D&E: *(together)* YES !!!

C&S: *(together)* NO !!!

S: Channel 4's got a new reality-TV programme, in which sixteen moaning people are abandoned together in an igloo in Antarctica – that's called “Cold Shoulder”. And finally, Channel 5's got some grainy TV movie called “If Only”, followed by “The World's Least Exciting Police Chases”.

E: What about a video ?

D: A WHO ?

C: No, it would take us all night to agree. You'd want one with Leela, Enigma would want one with Adric, and Shirt would force us to watch “Planet of Fire” for the millionth time.

S: What about you and “Terminus”, then ? You must have got through three copies of it !

C: I'm sure I don't know what you're insinuating.

S: What I'm insinuating is.....

D: *(interrupting)* What about a rummage under the duvet ?

E: I beg your pardon ?

C: It's his “cunning” decision-making strategy. He puts a video from each Doctor under a duvet, and pulls one out at random, and we watch it.

E: *(unsure)* Right !

S: Anyway, if we watched a WHO, it'd take us all evening to agree whose copy we were going to watch.

D: I know, we could all listen to one of the Large Endings' audios together.

E: Which one ?

C: What about one of the McGann's ?

S: What ? Joe, Steve, Paul, or.....the other one?

C: No, one of the Paul McGann audios. He's excellent in them.

S: And don't forget India Fisher's Charley's very good too !

D: Did he just say that India Fisher's "charlies" are very good ?

C: Yes, it was another feeble attempt at humour. Just ignore him, you'll only encourage him !!!

D: I thought it was one of his breast attempts !! (*chuckles*)

S: Ah, the mammaries, the mammaries !!!

E: (*interrupting*) When you two have finished with the bosom jokes, what about a non-WHO video ? Let's see what we've got in here !

(*ENIGMA crosses to cabinet under television, and opens top drawer*)

E: Hmm, "Sapphire & Steel", "The Prisoner", "Now That's What I Call Classic Childrens' Television".

D&S: (*together*) Chalky's !

E: Let's see what else we've got.

(*ENIGMA closes top drawer, and opens middle drawer*)

E: "Circle of Friends", "Good Will Hunting", "Hard Rain", "Sleepers", "Big Night", "Return to Me", "High Heels and Low Lives"...

C&D: (*together*) Shirt's !

(*ENIGMA closes middle drawer, and opens bottom drawer*)

E: Hmm, hundreds of unlabelled videos

C&S: (*together*) Dufus' !

E: Oh, and a complete set of "The Flashing Blade".

D: Hey, maybe we could.....

C&S: (*together, firmly*) NO !!

E: I don't fancy any of them. (*closes drawer*) What about "Blockbusters" ?

S: I'll have a "P" please, Enigma !!

D: Out the door, second on the left.

(DUFUS begins laughing “internally”, shaking as he does so)

C: You see what he’s done there is.....

E: No, I mean, what about going down to Blockbusters’ to get a video out ?

C: And you really think we could get some kind of consensus. Last Saturday we spent nearly an hour choosing....

S: Let’s be honest, half that time was Dufus deciding whether he wanted ice-cream or not. Eventually you told him to hurry up, he got in a mood, threatened to go home and watch the video on his own, then took a large tub out of the Haagen Daas fridge, refusing to share it with either of us.

D: Mmmm, ice-cream !!!

C: Oh, that reminds me, none of us have offered our guest something to eat.

E: What have you got ?

S: Rhythm ?

C: *(ignoring SHIRT)* Well, I’ve got some Pringles and some assorted nuts.

D: Yes, you could nibble Chalky’s nuts. *(sniggers)*

S: I’ve got some Tesco economy bog-standard vaguely-salted crisps.

D: And I’ve got some cheese !

S: Pie ! Oh, sorry, wrong argument !!

E: Oh, do you all have separate food, then ?

C: Yes, after arguments over who had bought what.

D: It doesn’t stop people eating other people’s food though !!

S: *(bitter)* It certainly doesn’t !!

C: You’re not still moaning about that giant bag of “Haribo” kiddy sweets, are you ?

S: Someone ate them, and it wasn’t me !!

E: Aren’t you all a bit big for kiddy sweets ?

S: By no means – “kids and grown-ups love it so, the happy world of HARIBO”.

C: Who says that advertising doesn't work ? Give him five minutes and he'll be singing the "Shake and Vac" jingle.

(SHIRT opens his mouth, CHALKY shakes his head and looks at him fixedly. SHIRT closes his mouth)

D: I could call out for a pizza.

S: He's been waiting for an excuse to suggest that for weeks.

C: Just as long as you don't phone that scary place that knows your address without you having to give it to them.

S: I think that it's just that they recognise his voice, he phones them so often. He's probably supporting the owner's kid through university single-handedly.

E: Can you afford a pizza ?

D: Well, if I don't go on Saturday.....

C: I thought that you were going on Saturday.

D: I might not.....

(CHALKY, SHIRT & ENIGMA put their heads in their hands for a few seconds)

D: *(after a long pause)* I know what we can do !

C: *(wearily)* What ?

D: Enigma could teach me to dance.

E: Teach him to dance ?

S: Trust me, you've seen nothing until you've seen Dufus dance. Then you've seen nothing. *(pause)* Dufus would be great at dancing if it wasn't for two things....

C,S&E: *(together)* His feet !

D: It's just that I've been invited to a disco with some of the girls from work.

C: That's a great suggestion, Dufus.

D: It is ?

C: Yes, but unfortunately, we haven't got until the end of time.

S: *(mumbles)* It just feels like it.

E: What about the cinema ?

S: This is supposed to be flat-warming type affair. Anyway, all the film are all too long !

E: Too long ?

S: Yes, I'm with Alfred Hitchcock...

C: What ? "A writer should appear in all of his own work, even if he's an appalling actor" ?

S: *(ignoring him)* No – "The length of a film should be directly related to the endurance of the human bladder".

C: So, that's about half-an-hour in your case.

E: OK, so the cinema's out. We must be able to think of something.

(ENIGMA stands up and looks around the room searching for inspiration, and notices a small rag doll dressed in beige pyjamas, with a prominent star badge, sitting on the mantelpiece. She crosses to it, picks it up, and is dismayed to find that it has dozens of pins sticking out of it)

E: What's this ?

C: Erm...

D: Erm....

S: Well, it's certainly not a voodoo doll of Adric if that's what you're thinking !

(CHALKY & DUFUS glare at him)

C: No, it's.....a pin-cushion based onsomeone else entirely.

E: *(disbelieving)* Who ?

C: Erm...

D: Erm....

S: *(quickly)* The Milky Bar Kid !! You know, "the milky bars on me !!!"

C: *(aside)* Thank goodness, I wondered what that stain was !!

(DUFUS, SHIRT & ENIGMA look at CHALKY with disgust)

D: *(snorts with laughter)* Hey, what do you get if you cross a cow, a sheep.....and a goat ?

C,S&E: *(together, wearily)* The Milky Baa Kid !!!!

(DUFUS begins laughing "internally", shaking as he does so)

S: Why does he do that ?

E: Do what ?

S: Tell jokes where the punchline is what we've just been talking about.

C: It's just one of the mysteries of the universe. Along with "Exactly which planet is Dufus on ?", and "Were Shirt's shirts ever fashionable....anywhere ?".

S: *(to ENIGMA)* What I like about this, is he's supposed to be my friend !

C: *(to ENIGMA)* You should hear what his enemies say about him !

(SHIRT pretends to be upset, bowing his head, and scrunching his eyes up)

E: Ah, you've upset him !!!

(ENIGMA crosses to SHIRT and hugs him. Over her back, SHIRT "cheers up" and does thumbs-ups to CHALKY & DUFUS. ENIGMA lets go of him, and sits down again)

E: Incidentally, why are there several hundred jiffy bags behind Shirt's chair ?

C: They're the remnants of Shirt's daily packages. He says they're things he's bought on E-bay, but he doesn't fool me, he's organising drug deals with his clients at work. I think he takes the idea of helping them slightly too far !

S: Ha, ha. Anyway, I don't help them, I punish them.

C: Too right, they have to talk to you for an hour each week, that's more punishment than anyone should have to bear. They'd be better off appealing for the electric chair, much less painful !!

S: Ooh, aren't we sharp today ! Almost as sharp as my dress sense !

C: Dress sense ? That's a misnomer !!!

S: Miss Nomer ? Hmm, that's an excellent name for a character in one of my sketches.
(mumbles to self) I can spell it with a 'G'. *(reaches for a small notepad, and quickly scribbles down some ideas)* Excellent. That'll be great !! *(puts down the pad)*

C: Stealing an idea for one of your sketches again, now there's a novelty !!

S: Well all work and no plagiarism makes for a dull sketch.

C: Very witty, I don't think. Anyway, when was the last time that you actually finished one of your scripts ? You and Dufus have been talking about that sitcom idea - "Heather and Helen" isn't it ? - for months, and no progress.

S: Yes, it's just a stupid dream. As if I could write a sitcom !!!

(ALL look straight at camera for a few seconds, then turn back to face each other)

C: Come on, there must be something that three guys and a girl can do on a Saturday night.

(DUFUS & SHIRT look at CHALKY, and raise their eyebrows. The three then look at ENIGMA quizzically)

E: *(firmly)* No !

S: Worth a try.

C: Yes.

D: Definitely.

E: If we can't think of anything, I think I'll go home.

(There is a long silence. All four are deep in thought. DUFUS opens his mouth to speak, then closes it again, and shakes his head. This is repeated by SHIRT & CHALKY in turn. Finally, CHALKY breaks the silence)

C: Sorry !

E: I'm off then. So I'll see some, or all of you on Saturday.

C: Yes.

S: Yes.

D: Maybe.

(ENIGMA stands up, as do CHALKY, DUFUS & SHIRT. ENIGMA throws her arms round them in turn, giving them a goodbye hug, CHALKY first, then SHIRT, and finally DUFUS who again continues to hold on to her after she has finished hugging him. ENIGMA breaks free, and accompanied by CHALKY she exits. DUFUS & SHIRT sit down again. DUFUS returns to typing, and SHIRT continues reading the "Radio Times". CHALKY re-enters)

C: Well that was a washout!! *(long pause)* Well isn't anyone going to say anything ?

D: I think I will go on Saturday !!!

(CHALKY & SHIRT groan. CUT TO CLOSING CREDITS)

CREDITS

Chalky.....Andrew East
Dufus.....Mark Bumpsteed
Shirt.....Paul Leach

Special Guest Star

Emma Carlile as Enigma.

Written by Paul Leach

Additional Material by Andrew East

Based on characters created by Andrew East

Assistant Director.....Mark Bumpsteed

Produced by Paul Leach

Directed by Andrew East

“Chalky, Dufus & Shirt – The Sitcom” is a Zenith Production for BBC Daydream
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