

**Wake Up, Elmswick!**

*Pilot Episode*

By

Josh Mills

FADE IN:

INT. STUDIO

The brash, trumpet-led theme to WAKE UP, ELMSWICK plays. As it reaches crescendo, presenter PAUL SWEN begins his introduction.

PAUL SWEN

From the squalling babe to the festering crone, the cruel light of morning waits for no man. With that in mind, it's time to WAKE UP, ELMSWICK. Coming up on today's show:

The music shifts gracefully into a benign bed.

PAUL SWEN (CONT'D)

Teeth: nature's one trick pony.  
We ask: what's in pipes?  
Find out which flavour of Doritos is best to eat minutes before a job interview.

All that and more of today's top stories with me, Paul Swen. But first, as many of you shuttle along the highway making that desperate trek from point A to point B, we're going to throw you a bone and update you on today's travel situation. Joanna Followup is on Elba Street.

EXT. ELBA STREET

Mostly stillness. The odd bird tweet; a low hum of stationary cars.

JOANNA FOLLOWUP

Thank you, Paul, and it's bad news, I'm afraid, the traffic on Elba street is backed up as far as I can see, with no sign of moving any time soon.

PAUL SWEN

Oh dear! Do we know the source of the hold up at this time?

JOANNA FOLLOWUP

Well Paul, it seems that a hat has been left in the centre of the lane.

(MORE)

JOANNA FOLLOWUP (CONT'D)

We don't know yet who the hat belongs to, but evidently the drivers are reluctant to run it over, thereby squishing it.

PAUL SWEN

I see. And is it a nice hat?

JOANNA FOLLOWUP

Well we can't confirm too much at this point, but it would appear to be a "North Face" brand winter hat, probably retailing at around the £12-£16 mark.

PAUL SWEN

But, and correct me if I'm wrong, Joanna, surely simply being on the vile, filthy ground is doing the hat no favours at all.

JOANNA FOLLOWUP

It's an easy assumption to jump to, but not being a scientist, I couldn't possibly say. Luckily, I spoke to a man earlier who does have the answers. And he should know: he's a scientist.

SCIENTIST (PHONE)

Well, it really depends on the ground it's on. It could be possible that bacteria-

JOANNA FOLLOWUP

So as you see, there's still a whole lot we don't know.

INT. STUDIO

PAUL SWEN

Thank you, Joanna, and we'll be following this story as it plays out over the morning.

Coming up is today's top story, teens taint drinking water by swearing into well. But first, in the immortal words of Ariel Sharon, "I need those ads; gimme those ads".

INT. BIG HALL

Exciting ITV gameshow-style music begins. Lots of *whoosh*-like sound effects.

ANNOUNCER

Do you have what it takes to be a star? Do you want the chance to prove it? Are you...

VOICE 1

I am...

VOICE 2

I am...

VOICE 3

I am...

VOICE 4

I am...

CHORUS

Britain's next top geezer!

The theme tune kicks in in full, then fades away in lieu of an audience's applause as a young man walks out on stage.

PETE

Hi, I'm Pete, I'm 28 and I'm from Blackpool!

More cheers.

GEORDIE JUDGE

OK, Pete, and do you think you have what it takes to be Britain's next top geezer?

PETE

I do.

GEORDIE JUDGE

And what are you going to do for us today?

PETE

I'm going to smash up some melons.

GEORDIE JUDGE

OK, Pete, take it away!

Pete begins. Grunts, thumps, the splatter of melons against stage. The crowd, enthusiastic at first, gradually peters out. Clapping all but ceases. The SENIOR JUDGE holds a hand up.

SENIOR JUDGE

OK, Pete, I'll stop you there.

The splatting slows then stops.

SENIOR JUDGE (CONT'D)

(sighs)

It's... not exactly menacing, is it?

PETE

But I smashed up all the melons!

SENIOR JUDGE

Yes, but that doesn't convince me that you could, say, smash up my head.

PETE

...I could.

SENIOR JUDGE

My head? Replete with a layer of thick skull? I doubt that!

GEORDIE JUDGE

Have you got anything else you could show us?

PETE

Well, I can do a pretty scary glare.

GEORDIE JUDGE

Alright.

A near-silence as Pete glares. Murmuring from the crowd.

SENIOR JUDGE

I'm sorry, Pete, but it's a no from me.

GEORDIE JUDGE

Four nos, I'm afraid, pet, but thanks for coming.

PETE

(furious)

I tell you what, you don't know [bleep] anything about being a [bleep] geezer! Come round my yard and I'll [bleep] do you!

(fading as he's dragged off)

I'll [bleep] you right up!

GEORDIE JUDGE

Why couldn't he show us that on stage?

Theme music as we return to the studio.

INT. STUDIO

PAUL SWEN

Stirring stuff. In a little while Pat from next door will stop by with some of her brutal truths, but before that let's go to the phones. Hello, caller, you're on the air.

ALLISON (PHONE)

Oh my god, hello!

PAUL SWEN

Hello. Please state your name in a calm fashion.

ALLISON (PHONE)

Erm, my name's Allison, and I'm a huge fan!

PAUL SWEN

Well, hello, Allison! And what are you calling about today?

ALLISON (PHONE)

Well actually, Mr Swen, I'm calling because I work for Hock Hawkers, your...

PAUL SWEN

My online ham delivery company of choice. Well I must say, Allison, it is *delightful* to hear from someone who has improved my life so completely. Your company is-

ALLISON (PHONE)

Erm... Mr Swen, I'm sorry to tell you this, but - it's bad news.

PAUL SWEN

Bad news?

ALLISON (PHONE)

Yes... there's a problem with your order this month. The 5kg mango glaze... it's...it's...

PAUL SWEN

Don't say it.

ALLISON (PHONE)

(near tears)

It's out of stock, Mr Swen. It's all gone!

Sad music begins.

PAUL SWEN

Dear god. No. No, how can this be?  
I ordered that ham nearly two weeks  
ago! Surely I must've been top, or  
near the top of the list? A ham  
must be mine!

ALLISON (PHONE)

I don't know what to tell you, Mr  
Swen, it was a very popular ham!  
The glaze... the sweetness of the  
mango permeated the ham so that-

PAUL SWEN

I don't want to hear this! Don't  
*taunt* me with a ham I can never  
taste!

ALLISON (PHONE)

Well, Mr Swen, we're obviously more  
than happy to provide you with an  
alternative. This month the brown  
sugar and mustard glaze has been-

PAUL SWEN

Fool! You can't make this right  
with a simple mustard glaze! I  
demand what is mine!

ALLISON (PHONE)

Well, perhaps... what if I were to  
send you a pineapple and ginger  
ham... and instruct the driver to  
stop by the fruit market, buy a  
mango and rub it on the ham before  
dropping it at your door? It  
wouldn't be quite the same, but...

PAUL SWEN

No, no... it's the least I deserve.  
Please. I'll allow you to do this  
for me.

ALLISON (PHONE)

Excellent. And once again, Mr Swen,  
apologies for the inconvenience.

PAUL SWEN

Oh, please, it's not your fault.  
And call me Paul. You know,  
Allison, you really do have the  
most delightful phone manner.

ALLISON (PHONE)

(flattered)  
Well, thank you!

PAUL SWEN

I've always wanted to pay a visit to the ham warehouse. See if it could ever live up to what I imagine. Maybe you could show me around some time?

ALLISON (PHONE)

(giggles)

Well, that sounds really fun. But I actually work miles away from the warehouse. I've never even been in the-

The phone slams down.

PAUL SWEN

Coming up: is your cat nice? Ask our resident vet. But first, an in depth look at one of our many fascinating citizens. It's *Humanity, a Biography*, with Roland Collins.

INT. WORKSHOP

The trumpet break from Love's "Alone Again Or" plays as we fade into the intro.

ROLAND COLLINS (V.C)

They say a stopped clock is right twice a day. But if Michael Doyle has his say, it'll be right as many as 86,400 times a day. Michael is not Chronos, the god of time reborn, but a clock maker. I travelled to his workshop in Elmswick to find out what makes him tick. Pun intended? Find out at the end of the show.

Light machinery noises.

MICHAEL DOYLE

I feel like I'm providing a service to the community, absolutely. I mean, without clocks, how would we possibly know the time?

ROLAND COLLINS

Well, I tend to check the time on my phone.

MICHAEL DOYLE

Your *phone*? You mean like you call someone who *does* own a clock?



ROLAND COLLINS

No, my mobile phone. It's got the time right there on the screen, look.

MICHAEL DOYLE

Huh. If you'll excuse me for a moment.

Footsteps. A slamming door. A muffled scream.

ROLAND COLLINS (V.O.)

Michael showed me around his workshop. If you've never seen a clock maker's workshop, just imagine a watch maker's workshop - then scale it *right* up. And remove the wrist strap, for god's sake.

MICHAEL DOYLE

So this is where I do the really fiddly stuff. All the tiny little parts I keep over here.

ROLAND COLLINS

That certainly does look intricate.

MICHAEL DOYLE

Yes, it is. Here, you can taste these cogs if you like.

ROLAND COLLINS

Taste them? Do they taste nice?

MICHAEL DOYLE

I don't know, I've never tasted them. I just thought - it might be something you'd enjoy.

ROLAND COLLINS

Hmm. I believe... I'll pass.

ROLAND COLLINS (V.O.)

Take comfort in this: even the awfully famous must use clocks to discover the time. Michael has made clocks for some of the brightest stars we have - in exchange for cash rewards.

MICHAEL DOYLE

This one here, I made for champion golfer Rory McIlroy.

ROLAND COLLINS

I see. And if you *squint*... the hands actually look like little golf clubs!

MICHAEL DOYLE

(proud)

Yeah.

ROLAND COLLINS

That's a very fortunate coincidence, eh?

MICHAEL DOYLE

Er, no, actually very much deliberate.

ROLAND COLLINS

Oh... ohho! You sly beast!

ROLAND COLLINS (V.O.)

Those who create must always look forward, or be doomed to the past. Or stare straight forward, like a weirdo. I asked Michael about the future of the industry - and listened politely to his answer.

MICHAEL DOYLE

These things are cyclical, you see. We in the industry call this past 25 years the "nano-era". The trend has been for smaller and smaller clocks. But now, things are shifting. I'd expect clocks to become larger - to previously unseen degrees.

ROLAND COLLINS

How large are we talking?

MICHAEL DOYLE

Well, put it this way - if a rambunctious child runs into it during a high spirited game - you're going to know about it.

ROLAND COLLINS (V.O.)

Michael was quick to boast about his successes, but his industry hid a dirty secret. Hitler. Stalin. Pol Pot. David Walliams. These men too used clocks.

MICHAEL DOYLE

(flustered)

Well, I... I mean, this is hardly fair. It's not for us to regulate, you know... who uses the... we can't help.

ROLAND COLLINS

Well, one might say it's easy to turn a blind eye. But could the makers not, for example, set Hitler's clock back a few hours so he's late for the day's atrocities? Or prevent David Walliams from his daily psychological torment of his elderly neighbour?

MICHAEL DOYLE

Look, I - and the rest of the clock making community - am sick of getting the blame for that whole Hitler thing. We build the clocks so you know the time. But what you do with that time is not my concern!

ROLAND COLLINS

But surely-

MICHAEL DOYLE

No. I've said my piece.

ROLAND COLLINS (V.O.)

I had identified Michael's yellow streak, and he didn't like it one bit. Like a true coward, he was quick to confront me and defend his principles. According to the interviewer's code, I was well within my rights to bop him on the tip of his nose. But instead, I bravely changed the subject.

ROLAND COLLINS

So... what's the smallest clock you've ever made?

MICHAEL DOYLE

A small clock is a watch. I don't make watches.

ROLAND COLLINS

(long pause, sigh)

...Ok.

ROLAND COLLINS (V.O.)

I had reached the height of rage. My fingers grasped my keys, in case I should sense an attack coming and need to get in the first blow. But then, taking a look at my phone, I realised - I had filled the allotted time demanded of me by the radio station. I could leave.

ROLAND COLLINS

Alright, then, Michael, I suppose I'd better be off.

MICHAEL DOYLE

Right. Can I just give out my company details, so I can get something out of this?

ROLAND COLLINS

Absolutely, no worries.

MICHAEL DOYLE

We're based at-

The trumpet break resumes for Roland's sign off.

ROLAND COLLINS (V.O.)

I may not have forged a friendship with the dreadful Michael Doyle, but I feel I can understand him, and by extension all clock makers. Thus ends today's lesson. Learn from this - and change your ways.

INT. STUDIO

PAUL SWEN

Coming up: Imprisoned in his own home, we meet the man who forgot how doors work. But first, let's check back in with Joanne, and the travel situation.

EXT. ELBA STREET

More commotion than before. Semi-frequent horn honking.

PAUL SWEN

Joanna, any developments?

JOANNA FOLLOWUP

Well, Paul, I'm afraid to tell you things are heating up somewhat over here. Drivers are starting to lose patience. I'm just going to speak to one here - hello, sir, how are you feeling?

DRIVER

Well, it's just ridiculous, isn't it? All this palaver over a wooly hat! I'm just trying to get to the farmer's market, but I might as well just give up all hope of getting a juicy pear!

JOANNA FOLLOWUP

They tend to go quick, but even so, sir, have we not a duty to watch over the hats of our fellow citizens?

DRIVER

I'm not responsible for anyone else's hat, and I wouldn't expect anyone to watch over mine. A hat belongs on the head, and nowhere else!

JOANNA FOLLOWUP

Would you say you're about ready to just run the hat over?

DRIVER

Yeah, I am! I think I might just do that!

An engine rev.

JOANNA FOLLOWUP

I'm sorry, I'll have to stop you there, because I'm just getting a report that the hat belongs to local bully Reg Gallop. Again, it has been suggested that the hat on Elba street belongs to local bully Reg Gallop. Now, sir - you were saying you're going to run over the hat?

DRIVER

Well, er, you know....

JOANNA FOLLOWUP

Has this recent update changed your mind?

DRIVER

Hmm? Update? No, not at all. I'm not scared of Reg Gallop.

JOANNA FOLLOWUP

Well, with that in mind, why not go ahead and run over the hat?

DRIVER

Well I... I mean, I don't want to damage my tires!

JOANNA FOLLOWUP

Well why not spit on it, then? Just run out and spit on it.

DRIVER

I... no. I have a Snickers in the car I need to look after. You'd probably eat it.

JOANNA FOLLOWUP

I was going to eat the Snickers. But even so, this goes to demonstrate the cowardice of the people of Elmswick. And now, this.

DRIVER

...hey!

INT. CINEMA

Bouncy, upbeat instrumental trailer music.

ANNOUNCER

From the focus group that brought you *It's Complicated*, and that other one with Tommy Lee Jones, comes:

A Gentle Comedy For An Older Audience.

See all your favourite stars of a certain age: Maggie Smith. Bill Nighy. That other guy, the one who's not Bill Nighy. Judi Dench will probably show up at some point. The other lady, the TV one. Her too. A slightly younger male actor. Colin Firth if you're lucky, but more likely Hugh Bonneville. It's the mildly amusing film sensation of the summer!

MAGGIE SMITH

I do love to sample the local cuisine!

INDIAN GUY

Ma'am, please, that is very spicy!

MAGGIE SMITH

I'm sure I can handle it, dear.

A record scratch.

MAGGIE SMITH (CONT'D)

Waaaaa!

ANNOUNCER

Chuckle softly as the aging stars step out of their comfort zone!

(MORE)

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Smile wryly as the dignified elderly actors rattle off a few mild swear words! One of them even says the F word! Discuss how much you'd love to visit India, then forget all about it on the way home!

A Gentle Comedy For An Older Audience. Because what else are you going to see, Mad Max? I don't think so.

INT. STUDIO

PAUL SWEN

Later on the show, a Twix hammered flat: is it art? But first, sport.

INT. STADIUM

Two football commentators, GARY and MARK, call a game.

MARK

Anderson to Murray, great composure from the young midfielder, holds it up before sending it to LaCroix.

GARY

Yeah, he's very calm on the ball, real improvement from him this season.

MARK

LaCroix looks for space, manages to get the ball to  
(deeper, slower)  
Jaboo, the dark sorcerer on loan from Mystery FC.

GARY

Interesting player, Jaboo, not necessarily the most technically gifted, but he is in possession of some truly baffling magical powers that can really turn a game on its head.

MARK

Yeah, deployed correctly, he's got the poise and the unexplainable supernatural abilities that make all the difference.

GARY

Jaboo kicks the ball into a purple cloud, it disappears... and reappears just inches in front of the goal, it's in!

The crowd goes wild.

MARK

Great bit of technique from the evil shaman there, and as I say, he really is a unique player, isn't he Gary?

GARY

He is, Mark, he does things that players lacking in magical powers, dark or otherwise, simply can't.

MARK

The goalkeeper's not happy, he's coming out to have a word with Jaboo... oh, and what's this?

GARY

He's wrapped his hands around his own throat! He's squeezing the life out of himself!

MARK

And whether it's an expression of frustration, or more likely an evil spell cast by Jaboo, the goal will stand, and play resumes.

GARY

Elmswick to kick off, Mengle to Rickard... and the Elmswick players cover their faces. What's going on?

MARK

A bit of commotion on the pitch... oh! It looks like the Elmswick players' eyeballs have popped out!

GARY

Well this is quite something - to a man, the Elmswick teams' eyes have fallen out onto the pitch! What a turn!

MARK

And Jaboo's arms are raised, looks like he's taking the credit for this one.



GARY

The referee's not happy, he's reaching into his pocket...

MARK

Oh, and he's been launched a good 60 feet in the air!

GARY

Would you believe it! Jaboo, cool as you like, is using his telekenetic ability to slowly rotate the referee, who can do nothing but scream!

Faint, distant screaming.

MARK

The referee is returned safely to the ground, he's shaken, but it looks like there won't be a card at this point, and play resumes.

GARY

Christoph to Jaboo, who takes a shot... unbelievable!

MARK

The ball stops dead several times, swerves at some quite frankly inexplicable angles, and then rockets into the top right corner, the keeper had no chance.

GARY

Incredible goal, and I tell you what, you're only going to see that kind of goal from an evil wizard, I don't care what you say.

MARK

The home fans aren't at all happy, they're booing Jaboo, who fixes them with a gaze.

Booing, which quickly turns into perfectly unified clapping.

GARY

Oh, it looks like they've changed their tune, now they're giving the goal a perfectly synchronised round of applause.

MARK

They are, Gary, if I had to guess I'd say Jaboo is forcing them to clap, using his magical powers.

GARY

I think you're right, Mark, but I tell you what, you can't fault the lad for wanting to celebrate after a goal like that.

The final whistle.

MARK

And that's it! Elmswick win 3-2!

GARY

What a game. It does make you question the logic of only bringing on a player with Jaboo's skills and evil powers in the 86th minute, but that's football.

MARK

That. Is. Football.

INT. FUTURISTIC STUDIO

The bleeps and bloops of space age machinery. Pompous 2001-esque music plays.

DAVID NORRIS

Good day, explorers of the new frontier. I am Sage David Norris. Join me as I venture onwards into the future. Peep with me through the wormhole, past the curtains of time, into the year 2500.

More whooshes, as we transport through time.

DAVID NORRIS (CONT'D)

Much has changed in the year 2500. Hammers are 15% louder. Crows and ravens have swapped names. And money has been retired - in favour of rock n roll trivia.

No longer are power and possessions the dominion of the Haves, those lucky few born into wealth and status. Now, if you desire a country manor or a classic car, you needn't play the stocks. Instead, simply stroll to the dealership or estate agency and announce "Bon Jovi's 1986 album *Slippery When Wet* was produced by Bruce Fairbairn". And like that, the keys are yours.  
(getting agitated)

(MORE)

DAVID NORRIS (CONT'D)

And in this world, no one will be mocked for their wealth of classic rock trivia. Never again will a man be scorned by his own children for knowing the hilarious backstory behind the album cover of Styxx's *Equinox*.

(more agitated)

And once I perfect my cryogenic chamber and fall into a five century slumber, I will arise as the richest man the planet has ever known! Civilizations will bow before me in the knowledge that I can name every member of Chicago, and draw a pretty accurate picture of Gene Simmons' childhood spaniel!

(calm)

So please, not for yourself, but for your children's children's children, look to the future... and keep on rocking.

INT. STUDIO

PAUL SWEN

A stark look at things to come. In a minute I'll be handing you over to the rasping poetry of Susan Larynx, but before that, let's check in one more time on the traffic situation. Joanne?

EXT. ELBA STREET

Even more honking, revving, grumbling.

JOANNA FOLLOWUP

Well Paul, the queue is only growing and tempers rising, but if I'm not mistaken I have on the line local bully Reg Gallop, to confirm ownership of the hat. Reg?

REG GALLOP (PHONE)

Yeah.

JOANNA FOLLOWUP

Can you confirm that this is your hat, lying in Elba road?

REG GALLOP (PHONE)

No.

JOANNA FOLLOWUP

No it's not your hat?

REG GALLOP (PHONE)  
No. My hat's *here*, look.

JOANNA FOLLOWUP  
I can't see you, Reg, I'm on the phone.

REG GALLOP (PHONE)  
It's right *here*, on my *head*!

JOANNA FOLLOWUP  
Well, a surprising turn up here, the hat is in fact *not* that of local bully Reg Gallop.

Whooping, honking, cars peeling off.

JOANNA FOLLOWUP (CONT'D)  
And with that, the flood gates are open! Car after car is squishing the hat, which, without a head to envelop was already somewhat flat and is now all but two-dimensional! Truly inspirational stuff. And I think that's just about-

DWEEB  
Pardon me, has anybody seen my- oh.

Gales of laughter from onlookers.

JOANNA FOLLOWUP  
(laughing)  
And in one final twist, it would appear that the hat belonged to a meek loser, who couldn't possibly seek revenge for the damage to his headgear. A happy ending!

INT. STUDIO

PAUL SWEN  
A happy ending indeed! All that's left is to reveal the answer to today's quiz, which is *leprosy*. Goodbye, Elmswick. Please, take a long hard look at yourself, and come back tomorrow.

FADE OUT.