

'THE RISE AND RISE OF MICHAEL RIMMER'.

Screenplay by :

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No page 23!

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Claridge House,
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01- 499 3163.

1 INT. FAIRBURN BUILDING. RECEPTION. DAY.

1

An old-fashioned office entrance with RECEPTIONIST also working the switchboard. BUFFERY, a client, enters followed closely by MICHAEL RIMMER who contrives to give the impression they are together. RIMMER carries a clipboard and stopwatch. A board says 'FAIRBURN OPINION POLLS', 'FAIRBURN MANAGEMENT', etc.

BUFFERY

(politely)

I'd like to see the Managing Director please. Buffery's the name.

RECEPTIONIST

Just one moment.

(she presses intercom. button)

Mr. Ferret?

FERRET'S VOICE

(over intercom.)

With cream please.

RECEPTIONIST

No, Mr. Ferret ...

FERRET'S VOICE

But I always have cream, and sugar.

RECEPTIONIST

There's a Mr. Buffery to see you.

FERRET'S VOICE

Oh, send him up please.

RECEPTIONIST

(to BUFFERY)

Third floor please.

(to RIMMER)

Yes?

RIMMER

Yes.

RIMMER walks away with BUFFERY.

2 INT. STAIRCASE. DAY. 2

RIMMER follows BUFFERY and times his ascent with a stopwatch. An embarrassing silence for BUFFERY as they continue up the stairs.

3 INT. CORRIDOR. DAY. 3

RIMMER follows BUFFERY along corridor and enters FERRET's office behind him. FERRET, the Managing Director, is a struggling member of the respectable middle class.

4 INT. OFFICE. DAY. 4

TANYA who is FERRET's very sexy secretary is seated at desk in same office.

BUFFERY

Mr. Ferret?

FERRET

Yes.

FERRET smiles, puts out his hand. BUFFERY punches FERRET in the face, knocking him back off his chair, turns to leave the office and stops at the door.

BUFFERY

Just popped in to cancel our contract.

BUFFERY exits.

RIMMER

(smiling)

Good morning, Mr. Ferret.

FERRET

(struggling to get up)

Good morning ... You alright?

er ... er.

RIMMER

Rimmer Sir - Co-ordination.

CONTINUED:

4 CONTD.

FERRET

Ah yes, keep it up ... vital work.

RIMMER leaves. FERRET turns and looks at his files.

FERRET

Co-ordination?

5 INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

5

RIMMER goes down corridor passing door marked "CHIEF STATISTICIAN" N. CRODDER. We hear a strangled cry of "God" from within. He stops at door marked J. MORRISON, Public Relations.

6 INT. MORRISON'S OFFICE. DAY.

6

RIMMER opens door with considerable difficulty. We see an office covered in cobwebs. Moths flit to and fro amidst the dust.

7 INT. CORRIDOR/OFFICE. DAY.

7

RIMMER closes door and proceeds to Accounts Office. He opens door to discover Chief Accountant FEDERMANN, who is on 'phone. The room has the atmosphere and equipment of an old fashioned betting shop.

FEDERMANN

I'll just read those figures back.
Two pounds to win on Lively Lady.
And a fiver on the Groper ...
(notices RIMMER)
Ah, ha ... good morning.

RIMMER

(smiling)
Good morning.
It's Mr. Federman isn't it?

FEDERMANN

Yes.

RIMMER notes something down on his clipboard and leaves.
CONTINUED:

7 CONTD.

RIMMER

Thank you.

8 INT. LAVATORY. DAY.

8

RIMMER enters lavatory and takes up position by door.
PUMER enters.

RIMMER

(smiling)

Mr. Pumer?

PUMER

Yes ... who are you?

RIMMER

Rimmer, Co-ordination ... please carry on.

PUMER goes to pee, puzzled. As he begins RIMMER clicks stopwatch.

BEGIN TITLES.

PUMER finishes. RIMMER clocks stopwatch again and notes down findings. Exit PUMER, disturbed. RIMMER tests automatic towel dispenser. The entire roll falls out. RIMMER makes a note. Enter FEDERMANN.

RIMMER

Hello again, Mr. Federmann.

FEDERMANN

Oh, hello.

FEDERMANN goes into cubicle. RIMMER clocks stopwatch then wanders about noting efficiency of taps, plugs, liquid soap containers etc. None of them work. FEDERMANN pulls chain: it does not work first two times and when it does, makes an appalling gurgling roar. RIMMER clicks stopwatch and makes note. FEDERMANN leaves embarrassedly.

FEDERMANN

Ah, well, back to the grindstone.

CONTINUED:

8 CONTD.

RIMMER goes into cubicle and climbs up on seat to inspect the faulty cistern. Enter CRODDER. He goes into next door cubicle, takes his trousers down, and is about to begin when he sees RIMMER above him. He leaves cubicle looking worried.

RIMMER

(cheerfully)

Won't be a moment.

He completes operation and gets down for a test flush, this is satisfactory.

RIMMER

Would you mind using this one,
Mr. er ...

CRODDER

Crodder.

CRODDER enters cubicle but does not quite shut the door, through the crack he peers at RIMMER as he clocks his stopwatch.

CRODDER

Good God! Is nothing sacred?

END TITLES:

9 EXT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LAVATORY. DAY. 9

TANYA is coming down the corridor as CRODDER emerges.

CRODDER

Extraordinary thing just happened in the john! I went in and there was a fellow there with a stopwatch.

TANYA

That's Mr. Rimmer, co-ordination.

CRODDER

Is he one of those ghastly Time and Motion people?

CONTINUED:

9 CONTD.

TANYA

I think he's working for Mr. Fairburn himself.

RIMMER appears.

CRODDER

(obsequiously)

Good morning ... Well mustn't hang about ... lots to do.

Two men, FROMAGE and WARING, are advancing purposefully down the corridor. TANYA leads them to FERRET's office. RIMMER follows them in.

10 INT. FERRET'S OFFICE.

10

TANYA

Mr. Fromage and Mr. Waring, Mr. Ferret. They've come about the advertising.

FERRET

Ah, good morning!

FERRET goes to his desk and sits down.

FERRET

I expect you've come about the advertising.

WARING

Yes, we have.

FERRET

Ah good. Well, I will just get the man in charge of advertising.

WARING

No, Mr. Ferret, we have come to see you.

FROMAGE

Yes, we've come to make a complaint.

CONTINUED:

FERRET

Ah, well, I'll get the man in charge
of complaints.

WARING

No, Mr. Ferret, we want to see you.

FERRET

Ah well, you've come to the right man
then.

WARING

Just over six months ago, Mr. Ferret,
you undertook our new advertising
campaign. We heard from you for the
first time yesterday. You sent us
some slogans for advertising our
dog food.

FERRET

Good.

WARING

We don't make dog food, Mr. Ferret,
we make humbugs.

FERRET

Oh, and you're not thinking of branching
out into dog food?

WARING

No, and if we were, we would want
something more original than "Woof
makes doggies bounce with health".

FERRET

Do get that typewriter fixed, Tanya.

RIMMER

We are working on a new presentation
concept, Mr. Waring. Mr. Ferret will
have it ready in a week.

FERRET

... one week it is ... make a note
Tanya.

CONTINUED:

10 CONTD. 2.

RIMMER

(ushering them out)

Thank you gentlemen. Here's my card...
if you'd like to call next Tuesday.

11 INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

11

We see RIMMER in longshot in earnest, efficient conversation with FROMAGE and WARING in corridor. As they leave we hear the strains of tango music. RIMMER goes down corridor and stops at PUMER's door.

From inside the office comes the strain of Victor Sylvester Music. RIMMER listens for a moment and then opens the door quietly.

12 INT. PUMER'S OFFICE. DAY.

12

Inside is PUMER wearing tails, carnation, learning the steps of the TANGO. On the floor he has chalked out foot positions and as RIMMER watches he starts a series of steps. These involve him in a turn during which he sights RIMMER, double take, turns again, double take, turns again.

PUMER

(pointing to marks on the floor)

Tango. My wife and I have been selected for the South East. I practise in the coffee break, I don't have coffee.

RIMMER

(taking a note on his clipboard)

Pumer with an 'e' isn't it?

PUMER

Well, just the one 'e' ...
well, coffee break over.

PUMER replaces tails on coat hanger.

13 INT. LAVATORY. DAY.

13

RIMMER sees CRODDER entering lavatory. He follows him in and clocks watch as CRODDER enters cubicle.

Pause.

CRODDER'S VOICE

You can stay there all day if you like.
I can't do anything under these conditions.

14 INT. FILING ROOM. DAY.

14

FERRET is pretending to get a file, whilst fumbling near TANYA's legs. RIMMER approaches and watches from the bottom of a small staircase.

FERRET

Um ... thank you, Tanya, that'll be
all I'm afraid.

FERRET motions TANYA away, she walks down the stairs to FERRET's office.

TANYA

All right, Mr. Ferret.

RIMMER

If it's all right by you, I'll take
over the office next door to you.

FERRET

Oh good! Yes, look, I'll tell you
what, why don't you take it over?

RIMMER

Thank you.

FERRET looks at his watch and walks down the stairs.

FERRET

Ah well must be off.

14A INT. FERRET'S OFFICE. DAY.

14A

FERRET goes into office, goes to mirror and notices
lipstick marks and turns on tap in washbasin. Water

CONTINUED:

14A CONTD.

comes out. Suddenly stops.

FERRET

Tanya, what have you done with my water?

TANYA

The Water Board have cut it off, sir.

FERRET

What have we ever done to them?

TANYA

We haven't paid them, sir.

FERRET

Money, money, money. Whatever's the world coming to?

(slightly furtively to Tanya as
RIMMER walks away in corridor)
See you in the pub.

15 INT. CORRIDOR. EVENING.

15

FERRET is kneeling at coca cola machine, cleaning lipstick off with coke and flannel. PUMER, FEDERMANN leave and TANYA walks out of office and down the stairs.

FERRET

They'll be cutting the electricity off next.

The corridor is plunged into darkness. Confusion. Darkness is pierced only by the beam of RIMMER's torch. We see FERRET walk into a fire extinguisher by the light of this.

RIMMER

Goodnight, Mr. Ferret.

FERRET

Ah Rimmer. I was just conducting a little experiment; on the effect on office efficiency of total darkness. I wouldn't bother to tell Mr. Fairburn about it, he's a bit out of touch with modern methods.

CRODDER

(shouting plaintively)

It's no good turning the lights out.
I know you're still there.

FERRET staggers to front door. It is opened by MRS. FERRET.

MRS. FERRET

Where have you been?

FERRET

Well lots of places, Paris, Rome ...

MRS. FERRET

Tonight.

FERRET

Ah, tonight, I was working late.

MRS. FERRET

I rang the office and they said you weren't there.

FERRET

Really? Who did you speak to?

MRS. FERRET

A Mr. Rimmer.

FERRET

Ah yes, as I was working late I told him to say that I wasn't there. Full marks to Rimmer.

MRS. FERRET

You come in here reeking of sex and scent and with a love bite on your neck.

FERRET

It's not scent dear nor is it a love bite. I happened to be washing my face with coca cola when the lights went out and I banged my neck on the fire extinguisher.

18 INT. FAIRBURN BUILDING. RECEPTION. DAY.

18

People arriving at the office and treating RIMMER with respect and obsequiousness, as he ticks off their names on a clipboard. TANYA arrives. Workmen are busy pulling down walls.

TANYA

Good morning, Mr. Rimmer.

TANGO MUSIC AS PUMER ENTERS DANCING. He eases into a normal walk as he sees RIMMER.

PUMER

Good morning.

19 INT. RIMMER'S OFFICE. DAY.

19

RIMMER is on the 'phone. New office equipment is being brought in and old stuff removed. Workmen are knocking down walls. TANYA is also there.

RIMMER

The report on Davidson and Cubbey please Tanya,

(TANYA goes to cabinet)

and could I have the appreciation figure for last month? Thank you.

RIMMER feeds them into the adding machine and picks up a second 'phone.

RIMMER

Sorry to keep you Mr. Wilde; my secretary's just getting the file, can I call you back?

Another 'phone rings.

RIMMER (Cont'd.)

Hello ... yes, Mr. Tibalt ... It must have slipped Mr. Ferret's mind ...

I'll get it done right away ...
goodbye. Any sign of Mr. Ferret,
Tanya?

20 INT. RECEPTION. DAY.

20

FERRET passing reception desk looking at his watch. Various workmen are knocking down walls - a new elevator is being installed.

FERRET

Good morning ... terrible traffic today. Terrible traffic yesterday ... just like last week.

21 INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

21

FERRET appears at top of the stairs still muttering about the terrible traffic. CRODDER stops him.

CRODDER

Can't stop ... it's all go this morning.

FERRET

Terrible traffic.

CRODDER

Mr. Rimmer's anxious to see you.

FERRET

Ah good ...

As FERRET passes RIMMER's office he raises his brief case to obscure his face. We can clearly see R.J. FERRET embossed on the leather.

22 INT. RIMMER'S OFFICE. DAY.

22

From RIMMER's office we see FERRET enter his own office next door through enormous holes in the wall. FERRET sits down and swings feet on to desk.

RIMMER

Mr. Ferret?

FERRET

Ah...didn't see you there. Sorry about the hole in the wall. Terrible traffic.

CONTINUED:

22 CONTD.

RIMMER

Could you let me have the results of the Wheatieflake survey?

FERRET

Not as such ... but I've got the one on boot polish.

RIMMER

And what does it show?

FERRET

It shows ... er ... well itsshowes that about 90% of English families don't like boot polish for breakfast ... I'm afraid there was a bit of a muddle about the questionnaires... I'll look into it right away.

FERRET gets up.

RIMMER

I'd rather you didn't.

FERRET sits down.

FERRET

Right ... I'll ... er not look into it.

23 EXT. FAIRBURN'S STATELY HOME. DAY.

23

RIMMER draws up in a taxi. FAIRBURN's old fashioned Rolls Royce stands in the driver. RIMMER gets out of the taxi and puts on his smart pair of Wellington boots.

24 EXT. FAIRBURN'S HOUSE BY LAKE. DAY.

24

RIMMER approaches FAIRBURN who is determinedly fly fishing in the middle of stream/lake. RIMMER walks into the water and stands by FAIRBURN.

RIMMER

I've got it all here, sir.

FAIRBURN

(involved with fish)

What? Who are you?

RIMMER

I'm afraid it's only the preliminary findings. I haven't had much time.

FAIRBURN

Is this one of Ferret's damn fool ideas?

CONTINUED:

24 CONTD.

RIMMER

No sir, it's the business efficiency report you commissioned.

FAIRBURN

I did no such thing, I've never seen you before in my life.

RIMMER

Yes, I think your decision to investigate was very timely.

FAIRBURN

Was it? Ah, it was timely was it? Yes. Well that's what decisions should be. It seemed to have slipped my mind and my wife's been rather under the weather.

RIMMER

Nothing serious I hope.

FAIRBURN

No, no, I think she'll linger on for quite a while yet.

RIMMER

(handing over a file)
Here's the report sir.

FAIRBURN

It's a bit long ... could you give me a rundown I'm a bit busy today.

RIMMER

Well, sir, the firm seems to be running an annual deficit of some seventy-five thousand pounds.

FAIRBURN

Seventy-five thousand pounds! My god. Well do you know the words that come to my mind!

RIMMER

No sir, I don't know the words.

CONTINUED:

FAIRBURN

Fire Ferret. Those are the words.
Fire Ferret.

FAIRBURN storms out of the water closely followed by RIMMER.

25 EXT. FAIRBURN BUILDING. DAY.

25

Rolls Royce draws up, FAIRBURN and RIMMER get out and enter offices. People treat them with great respect.

26 INT. FERRET'S OFFICE. DAY.

26

FERRET in office at his desk. He is watching cricket on the T.V. with a plate of half eaten cream buns in front of him. There is a buzz on the intercom. He finishes the bun and flicks the switch.

FERRET

Yes?

RECEPTIONIST

(through intercom)

Mr. Fairburn to see you, sir.

FERRET

I'm busy.

RECEPTIONIST

But it's Mr. Fairburn, sir. He wants to see you now.

FERRET

I don't care if its Mr. Fairburn himself...
Oh it is! Ah, I see. Er, um. Tell him
I'm with a client. Give me five minutes.

FERRET flicks off the switch and starts to clear away. The door flies open. FERRET starts, see FAIRBURN and in one movement flicks whole plate of buns behind the T.V. set.

FERRET

Ah Mr. Fairbun.

CONTINUED:

26 CONTD.

FAIRBURN

Fairburn.

FERRET

Fairburn, yes, yes, my client just left unexpectedly by the back...escape.

FERRET switches T.V. set off.

FERRET (Cont'd.)

We're doing market research about people watching cricket on the T.V. Yes ... so do sit down Mr. Creambun ... Fairburn! Throw those old files somewhere.

FAIRBURN sits down. RIMMER stands behind him. A long menacing silence. FERRET laughs wildly.

FAIRBURN

What are you laughing at Ferret?

FERRET

Just er ... nothing.... I was trying to break the ice.

FAIRBURN

I've been looking into the annual accounts...

FERRET

Ah yes, well about the deficit ...

FAIRBURN

I'm coming to that.

FERRET

Ah ... you're coming to that.

FERRET flicks the intercom.

He's coming to that.

FAIRBURN

You're fired.

CONTINUED:

26 CONTD. 2.

FERRET

How about that, well I must be off
then.

FAIRBURN

One moment Ferret: about the deficit.

FERRET flicks intercom.

FERRET

He's come to that.

FAIRBURN

It's enormous.

FERRET

So it is ... huge ... well.

FERRET rises to leave.

RIMMER

£75,000, sir.

FAIRBURN

£75,000. It amounts to criminal
negligence.

FERRET

£75,000 ... that is a lot
(tries to leave)

FAIRBURN

You owe me a lot of money Ferret! And
you will remain with this firm working
very hard in a menial capacity for a
pittance until such time as I decide
you have worked off your debt.
Otherwise it will be P.R.I.S.O.N.

FERRET

Ah, Prison.

CONTINUED:

26 CONTD. 3.

As RIMMER and FAIRBURN leave.

FERRET

Good thinking.

27 INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

27

FAIRBURN bangs the office door.

FAIRBURN

I should put Ferret in charge of
cleaning; he can't do much damage
there.

A tremendous crash comes from FERRET's office as cupboard
falls over.

28 INT. FERRET'S OFFICE. DAY.

28

FERRET is trapped under cupboard.

RIMMER

(looking in on FERRET)

I'm sorry about all that unpleasantness
... why don't you take the afternoon
off.

29 INT. FERRET'S HOME. DAY.

29

MRS. FERRET

What do you mean by coming home
at this hour?

FERRET

What hour?

MRS. FERRET

Two o'clock in the afternoon.

FERRET

Anyway I'm home early for a change.

CONTINUED:

29 CONTD.

MRS. FERRET

Have you been fired?

FERRET

Fired? Ha ha. Fired??? Ha, ha, ha,
near to it. I mean far from it.

30 INT. RIMMER'S OFFICE. DAY.

30

TANYA showing FROMAGE and WARING into RIMMER's office.
RIMMER at his desk.

RIMMER

Ah Mr. Waring, Mr. Fromage, do sit down.
I have the results of our survey into
why the sales of Olde English Humbugs
are declining.

WARING

You can be frank with us ... what does
it show?

RIMMER

The consumer strongly dislikes the taste
of your product, furthermore it's
extreme hardness makes it almost
impossible to eat.

FROMAGE

That's very true.

WARING

Nobody knows that better than us.

RIMMER

But I think it might be possible to
make a virtue out of these faults with
the right kind of campaign.

30A INT. MINT COMMERCIAL. NIGHT.

30A

The screen shows a very sexy girl, lying obviously naked
under a sheet on a large double bed; she is tossing and
turning restlessly.

CONTINUED:

V.O.

What's keeping him? Why doesn't he come. Suddenly she remembers her tube of Scorpios.

She reaches for her bag on the bedside table, unzips it and languorously withdraws a silver tube, she caresses the top and squeezes out a mint which she places sensuously in her mouth; she begins to chew, a look of mounting excitement on her face.

V.O.

The refreshing hardness tingles on her tongue; she doesn't need him any more.

V.O. CHOIR SINGING.

Scorpio, the mint that lingers longer in the mouth.

She is now obviously satisfied.

V.O.

Enjoy yourself, with a Scorpio.

30B INT. BRIEFING ROOM. DAY.

30B

The lights come up. FROMAGE and WARING are impressed and randy.

FROMAGE

Good God! Is that our old Humbug!

Enter FERRET with tray.

FERRET

Here's the coffee you asked for, sir.

RIMMER

It was tea, Ferret.

FERRET

Ah tea was it? Well I think there may be some tea in it.

CONTINUED:

30B CONTD.

FERRET reaches the safety of the door.

FERRET

How about 'Sailors enjoy an Olde
English Humbug of an evening.'

31 INT.
TANYA'S OFFICE. DAY.

31

TANYA

(into intercom)

Yes, Mr. Rimmer ... of course, Mr. Rimmer
... right away, Mr. Rimmer. Yes, Ferret
is cleaning out the basement.

32 INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

32

RIMMER showing BUFFERY out of office.

RIMMER

Thank you, Mr. Buffery, I'm glad
we've been able to sort things out.

BUFFERY

Well, I must say things seem to have
improved.

(sighting FERRET in corridor,
covered in dust and carrying a
broom)

He's not still here is he?

RIMMER

Well we try to temper business with
humanity. He's in charge of the tea
now.

BUFFERY

Ah, oh, I thought it tasted odd.

FERRET who had been walking down the corridor finds
himself near BUFFERY whom he recognises with a jump.

FERRET

Oh, Mr. Bifferty!

CONTINUED:

34 CONTD.

CRODDER

In my sexual habits? I don't want people ...

RIMMER

In yours and everybody elses. I think an honest and extremely detailed investigation of this kind is the quickest way of getting us on to the front pages.

35 EXT. CRODDER AT DOOR. DAY.

35

CRODDER

Excuse me we're conducting a poll into the sex habits of the British.

MRS. SPIMM

Come on in.

36 INT. LOWER MIDDLE CLASS LOUNGE. DAY.

36

MAN

How many times a week. You're joking. The last time was Tuesday, the third of June, 1953. It was the Coronation that got her going.

37 EXT. DIRTY CANAL. DAY.

37

FROGMAN under water. PUMER leans down and taps on his mask and points at list. FROGMAN mouths 'Fuck Off' through visor. PUMER looks puzzled.

38 INT. SLEAZY ROOM. DAY.

38

Tart clearing away some whips.

CONTINUED:

38 CONTD.

TART

... It's quite enjoyable work but this isn't really my profession. I regard it as a stepping stone to show business.

She opens cupboard and sees MANDEVILLE in chains hanging upside down. He is also wearing a restrictive mask.

TART

Oh, Mr. Mandeville, I'd forgotten all about you.

The TART takes off the mask.

MANDEVILLE

It's a pleasure.

39 INT. FAIRBURN BUILDING. DAY.

39

Feverish activity as RIMMER walks through office; adding machines whirr and facts are correlated.

The workers are goggling somewhat at the results.

CRODDER

Five times an hour!

FEDERMANN

Why is it always in Latin?

CONTINUED:

39 CONTD.

PUMER

I thought that one was a cough mixture.

40 SCENE DELETED. 40

41 INT. FERRET'S HOUSE. DAY. 41

FERRET at breakfast table reading the Daily News Sex Poll Newspaper. Headlines read "Sex and the British. Yes, It's Randy Britain . You've never had it so often."

MRS. FERRET

I think it's disgusting, shoving sex down people's throats at the breakfast table.

MRS. FERRET is dusting feverishly.

FERRET

It's only a poll dear.

FERRET

Well if you spent a little less time reading about sex and a bit more time doing something about it.

FERRET

I do ...

MRS. FERRET is startled.

FERRET

That is I don't ... anyway I'm reading about the pound ... its on the floor again ... well I must be off to work ... I've got these new sweeping powers ... er ... sweeping new powers.

MRS. FERRET looks out of window and sees their car has a "For Sale" notice on the windscreen.

MRS. FERRET

They've cut down your wages, haven't they?

FERRET

Cut them down? Cut them up more likely.

CONTINUED:

41 CONTD.

MRS. FERRET

Then why's the car for sale?

FERRET

It isn't, where?

MRS. FERRET points out of window.

FERRET

Oh that? That's a mistake ... one of
Rimmer's cock ups. It should read
Fors Ale: its a new beer we're
advertising. Fors Ale makes you
hearty and hale.

MRS. FERRET

I've never heard of it.

FERRET

You never may ... very hush hush.

FERRET tucks paper under his arm and rushes out.

42 INT. TELEVISION STUDIO. NIGHT.

42

The STEVEN HENCH show is in progress. A studio audience.
HENCH is seated between MICHAEL RIMMER and PETER NISS
of International Opinion Polls. PERCY EDWARDS has
just completed his bird imitation.

PERCY

Good night. Tu whit tu wu.

The audience applauds. HENCH smiles and claps; then
very serious into camera.

HENCH

Do grocers indulge in sexual intercourse
twice as often as butchers?
Is Doncaster the wife swapping capital
of Britain?
Do money and sexual inventiveness go
hand in hand?

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

HENCH (Cont'd.)

A sensational Poll this morning purports to give the answers. I have with me Mr. Michael Rimmer of Fairburn Polls and Peter Niss of the rival International Opinion Polls.

I have the feeling Mr. Rimmer ...

RIMMER

Congratulations.

The studio audience laugh.

HENCH

I get the impression that you conducted this survey because you felt that this kind of scientifically disguised smut would get your firm maximum publicity.

RIMMER

Could you tell me why you've invited me on the programme?

HENCH

To find out your real motives for publishing the poll.

RIMMER

And to talk about sex.

NISS

Do lets try not to be frivolous.

RIMMER

Sex may be frivolous to you Mr. Niss... but its not for me ... or for that matter, the vast majority of people in this country.

NISS

But do we really want to know how many times a week and how satisfactory the results.

CONTINUED:

42 CONTD.

RIMMER

Yes I do ... I think everybody's interested...

NISS

Well it's not the sort of Poll that we could conduct at I.O.P.

RIMMER

I think, that's a pity because the more we know about what people really feel and want, the better. This is the only way we're going to be able to adapt our society to fit its real needs. I think Polls are only beginning.

HENCH

Now lets see how our audience feels.

HENCH takes hand mike and goes into audience. He approaches a man who obviously doesn't want to talk, hiding his face behind his hands.

HENCH

You sir ... what do you think about publicising people's personal sexual habits.

The man still hidden shakes his head and tries to wave HENCH away.

HENCH

Ah you seem to disapprove ... wonder if your wife agrees.

HENCH turns to woman next to him.

WOMAN

(stage whispering)

I'm not his wife ... go away.

Woman pushes HENCH away.

•

Group walking away from the set includes RIMMER, NISS and HENCH, all laughing about the incident with the husband and non-wife on the programme.

NISS

And you knew they weren't married?

HENCH

Yes...ha, ha, ha...poor sods.

NISS

What you might call a moment of real television.

A COMMISSIONAIRE arrives with a 'phone.

COMMISSIONAIRE

Call for you, Mr. Rimmer.

RIMMER

Who is it?

COMMISSIONAIRE

Says he's the Bishop of Cowley, sir.

RIMMER

Hello Your Grace.

While he speaks to the BISHOP, HENCH and NISS mutter inappropriate remarks such as ... ask him how his bishoprick is?' and 'does he believe in sex after death'.

RIMMER

Thank you...I'm glad you enjoyed it...
how very sweet of you ... next week's a
bit tricky ..right, breakfast 8 o'clock
at the zoo.

He puts the phone down and rubs hands together.

RIMMER

Fiddledee and away we go.

HENCH

I'd better go and look after Percy,
he looks a bit broody.

CONTINUED:

HENCH goes to chat to PERCY EDWARDS in another corner of the room.

RIMMER takes out cheque book and writes.

RIMMER

Peter, I did just happen to jot down a few reasons why you might like to leave I.O.P. and come over to Fairburn.

RIMMER hands over a cheque that NISS peruses.

NISS

Ah ... well, it's very well put ...
I especially like the noughts ...

44 INT. RIMMER'S OFFICE. DAY.

44

RIMMER and NISS lounging about with feet on desk in new smarter office. Carpet on floor.

RIMMER

If I.O.P. had done a sex poll Peter, what size of sample would you have taken?

NISS

No more than a thousand.

RIMMER

I suppose if one of I.O.P.'s polls could be shown to be wildly inaccurate it might divert a little custom our way.

NISS

True.

45 INT. BRIEFING ROOM. DAY.

45

Group of Fieldworkers, including PUMER, CRODDER, FEDERMANN listening to RIMMER.

RIMMER

In your folders along with your £25. bonus, you have detailed instructions and the photographs of twenty men. These twenty men are conducting a survey of religious attitudes, for
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

RIMMER (Cont'd.)

International Opinion Polls. On Wednesday, tomorrow, they will be in Nuneaton. So will you. Lights please! Those of you with 'Group One' on your sheets will go immediately to the corner of High Street and Cloister Road where you will see this man.

RIMMER points at screen with pointer as a naked lady is flashed on the screen.

RIMMER

Ferret!

There is a strangled cry of "sorry" from FERRET. The screen goes blank. CRODDER falls to floor.

RIMMER

What's the matter with Crodder?

PUMER

I'm afraid the sex survey rather took it out of him.

The right picture of the I.O.P. interviewer is flashed on to screen.

RIMMER (V.C.)

This man.

46 EXT. NUNEATON. DAY.

46

The picture comes to life. Voice over continues.

RIMMER (V.O.)

When he questions you, you will give the answers supplied, on your sheet.

A bus draws up further down the street and PUMER leads the fieldworkers towards the Pollster.

CONTINUED:

PUMER

Group one, this way! Walk naturally.

He demonstrates badly. Leading the group he runs towards the interviewer. Suddenly they slow and move aimlessly as interviewer half turns to them. Two break from the crowd and go to a shop. One stands before a car proprietorially. Three of them start a conversation next to the interviewer. The others stare fixedly in a shop window. One looks for a non-existent dog. One ties his shoelace interminably. One takes his cap off and begs. PUMER himself, nonchalant and looking round motivelessly, walks towards interviewer and into bus stop stand.

PUMER

Ah ...

INT.

Eh ah!

PUMER

I...I...walked into this blessed bus stop.

INT.

Oh.

Interviewer smiles and turns to consult board.

PUMER

Eh, yes, I walked into this bus stop.

INT.

Are you alright?

PUMER

Oh yes! Fit as a fiddle. Like to keep myself fit. Plenty of exercises. One would say that was my religion.

PUMER makes meaningful look at the word 'religion'.

INT.

Really.

INTERVIEWER continues ignoring PUMER.

PUMER

I, I, I really wanted to ask you waht
the time was.

INT.

Oh, it's almost quarter past nine.

PUMER

Oh, thank you. I was saying to my
wife while we were praying this
morning Oh. PUMER

INTERVIEWER has moved away from him and gone to man
standing by car.

INT.

Excuse me sir, we are doing surveys
of people's religious attitudes and
habits and would very much value your
opinions.

FEDERMANN

Oh yes, yes, certainly.

INT.

What religion are you?

FEDERMANN

I am a Buddhist.

INT.

... a Buddhist ... I see. Are you a
practising Buddhist?

FEDERMANN

Yes.

CONTINUED:

46 CONTD. 3.

Real owner of car appears.

CAR OWNER

Excuse me!

He drives off to puzzled look from INTERVIEWER.

INT.

How long have you been a Buddhist?

FEDERMANN

All my life.

INTERVIEWER turns to select another interviewee.
CRODDER is staring into a shop window.

INT.

Excuse me, sir. We're conducting a
relig ...

CRODDER

I'm a Buddhist?

INT.

You're a Buddhist?

CRODDER

Yes, there is a lot of us in Nuneaton
you know.

PUMER returns and accosts the INTERVIEWER.

PUMER

Would you mind telling me the time again?

INT.

Oh, not at all, 9.16.

PUMER

Oh! Because I was going to meet my
religious brother ...

CONTINUED:

46 CONTD. 4.

INTERVIEWER turns to TANYA.

INT.

Could you tell me your religion,
Madam.

TANYA

(sexily)
I'm Church of England.

INT.

Have you always been C. of E.?

TANYA

No, only since I married.

INT.

And before that you were ...

TANYA and
INTERVIEWER

(simultaneously)
A Buddhist.

PUMER hovers near again.

INT.

(to PUMER)
Will you please stop asking me
the time.

47 INT. T.V. STUDIO. NIGHT.

47

NEWSREADER at desk, back projection screen shows
picture of Nuneaton.

CONTINUED:

47 CONTD.

NEWSREADER

There has been a strong reaction in Nuneaton to the poll published today by I.O.P. showing that 42% of the population of Nuneaton are practising Buddhists, 22% Mohammedans, only 11% Church of England, and that 9% are Worshippers of the Great White Ram.

48 EXT. NUNEATON. DAY.

48

GERALD PRINGLE on film with stick mike staring into camera.

PRINGLE

This astonishing result has raised strong feelings among the God-fearing people of Nuneaton. The man in the street is shocked and bewildered.

Caption reads 'Gerald Pringle'.

MAN

I am shocked and bewildered, Gerald, bewildered and shocked.

VICAR

(gently)

In these ecumenical times I'm not saying Buddhism is a bad thing, but is it a good thing? It's possible to approach God in many different ways but there's no need to be silly about it.

PRINGLE

From the angry streets of Nuneaton, good night.

49 INT. T.V. STUDIO. NIGHT.

49

NEWSREADER

The Leader of the Opposition, in a speech at Beccles soundly condemned the Government over this incident.

50 INT. WOMENS' CONSERVATIVE LUNCH. DAY.

50

TOM HUTCHISON, Leader of Opposition, on film.

HUTCHISON

In our manifesto at the last election we pointed out in no uncertain terms the dangers of Opinion Poll firms operating without proper control. If I may quote "There are many other fields in which the Tory Party might not hesitate to take action" (Hear, Hear) (Dear, Bear)

51 EXT. VISUAL ROOF. DAY.

51

HENCH and RIMMER being filmed by T.V. camera crew and DIRECTOR walking backwards on the roof. NISS is watching the scene.

HENCH

Mr. Rimmer, doesn't this result clearly demonstrate that we have placed rather too much trust in opinion polls?

RIMMER

Not at all, although I think it does raise doubts about the sampling methods of I.O.P.

HENCH

But why should we believe that your methods are any more reliable?

CONTINUED:

51 CONTD.

RIMMER

I just want to be judged by results, Steven. Take the forthcoming bye-election at Lymholt ... I'm prepared to guarantee that our forecast will be within 1%.

DIRECTOR

Cut. Cut it. Marvellous.
Very visual. Very visual.

The CREW disperse to cries of 'It's a wrap'.

NISS

You bloody idiot, how can you guarantee 1%?

RIMMER

We'll ask everybody.

52 EXT. LYMHOLT STATION. DAY. 52

A train arrives and about one hundred people get off carrying clip boards.

53 EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS. DAY. 53

Interviewers knock on doors.

54 EXT. HIGH SHOT OF STREETS. DAY. 54

CRODDER standing at door of house. Door opens.

CRODDER

Mrs. Spimm, we're conducting a survey into people's voting intentions.

MRS. SPIMM

(same woman as in sex poll)
Oh hello again, come on in.

55 EXT. LYMHOLT TOWN HALL. NIGHT.

55

GERALD PRINGLE

And now here is the Returning Officer,
Alderman Poot to announce the results.
The Fairburn Opinion Poll has predicted
a Conservative victory by 4.1%.

There are only three or four people there.

POOT

(clears his throat)

Ladies

(coughs again)

and gentleman, could I have quiet
please. I must have quiet for the
official announcement.

There is very little noise anyway. Stifled shout of
"Drop dead!" from one member of the crowd.

POOT (Cont'd.)

Order ... order ... order ... please.

Upper class shout from crowd. "Oh! get on with it, you
awful little man".

POOT

Quiet, I must have quiet for the
official announcement.

(silence reigns) (coughs)

As the official Returning Officer
for this constituency, the
constituency of Lymholt

(shout from the crowd 'surprise')

I am afraid I must ask for official
silence for the absolute (cough)
absolute silence for this official
announcement. As the official
Returning Officer for the constituency
of Lymholt, I shall now announce the
official result of the bye-election
in this constituency .. of Lymholt.

(Groans from the crowd)

CONTINUED:

55 CONTD.

POOT

Edith Melon.

PRINGLE

(in quiet voice)

Liberal.

POOT

3,212.

Kevin Parrot.

PRINGLE

Labour.

POOT

12,791.

PRINGLE

That's down, and it is possibly a
low poll.

POOT

Colonel Richard Pryor-Grafton.

PRINGLE

Conservative.

POOT

14,008.

PRINGLE

... Well ... the Conservatives in
... by 4.1%.

A tremendous triumph for Fairburn
polls ... and of course the Conservatives.

There is mild clapping.

56 EXT. LONDON ZOO AREA. DAY.

56

CHAUFFEURS stand by Rolls Royces, Bentleys, etc., parked
in street. HUTCHISON and BISHOP of COWLEY draw up.
The BISHOP's Rolls tows a mobile chapel.

CONTINUED:

56 CONTD.

HUTCHISON

Good morning Your Grace ... I like the
er ,.. (points to Rolls Royce)

BISHOP

Ah yes ... well, if you can't bring
people to the Church, bring the
Church to the people.

57 EXT/INT. LONDON ZOO. MAPPIN TERRACE. DAY.

57

HUTCHISON and the BISHOP are ushered on to the terrace
by FERRET in waiter's costume. A buffet breakfast is
under way; champagne, and orange juice, kedgerree,
kidneys, bacon, etc., under silver domes. An assortment
of London luminaries are there and NISS, TANYA, HUGH
WILTING, etc. RIMMER circulates with plenty of
'Gorgeous, Super to see you's.' PHOTOGRAPHERS circulate.

RIMMER

(to celebrity)

That's absolutely fascinating.

(sees HUTCHISON and the BISHOP come in)

Excuse me ... super talking to you.

He goes over and greets them.

RIMMER

Hello ... so glad you could come.
Champagne all right. Food's over
there ...

HUTCHISON

You seem to have got the whole of
London here ...

RIMMER

Just a few friends.

BISHOP

I think breakfast is such a good idea.

HUTCHISON goes off in search of food.

CONTINUED:

57 CONTD.

BISHOP

Have you managed to find time for our little survey?

RIMMER

Yes, I think we've put our finger on the reason for your declining attendances.

BISHOP

We've tried everything you know, pop groups, bingo, hallucinogens in the wafers...Son et lumiere in the graveyard...
(gestures at clothes)
... and all these old costumes are a bit old hat for the seventies.

RIMMER

That's all gorgeous but there's one basic stumbling block.

BISHOP

What is it; what's keeping them away?

RIMMER

God.

BISHOP

I had a nasty suspicion it was that.

RIMMER

73% find it hard to believe in him.

BISHOP

Well I do think that doubt is a terribly important part of belief. You mean if we phased out the God side of the worship we'd get better audiences?

RIMMER

It's worth exploring ... excuse me.

RIMMER moves off.

BISHOP

Yes ... a sort of 'Our Father which might be in heaven' ...

CONTINUED:

FAIRBURN

Delicious kedgerree.

FAIRBURN turns to tank and points at highly coloured fish.

FAIRBURN

Ferret. I'll have one of those.

RIMMER is talking to NISS.

RIMMER

Super of you to come.

NISS

Anything for a laugh.

NISS hands over a dossier to RIMMER.

RIMMER

Gorgeous. Thank you. ... I'll have a word with Hutchison now, I think.

HUTCHISON is the only man not engaged in active conversation. RIMMER passes BISHOP who is being ordered around by PHOTOGRAPHERS to cries of 'Hold the loaves up', 'Look zany, Bishop' 'Great'.

RIMMER

Sorry to neglect you, Tom.

HUTCHISON

(smiling)

I must congratulate you on that Lymholt prediction of yours.

RIMMER

Thank you.

HUTCHISON

I understand you've been conducting a survey into the relative merits of the Prime Minister and myself.

CONTINUED:

57 CONTD. 3.

RIMMER

Yes ... very interesting conclusions.

57A INT. LONDON ZOO/ELEPHANT HOUSE. DAY.

57A

RIMMER hands the dossier over to HUTCHISON; he reads it slowly and the ELEPHANT yawns.

HUTCHISON

Vapid ... oh dear ... cold, tedious, uninspiring.

RIMMER

It's not so good over the page.

HUTCHISON turns over page.

HUTCHISON

Well, it's all very well being warm and lovable, what this country needs is tough thinking at the top.

RIMMER

I couldn't agree more.

TANYA approaches.

TANYA

Excuse me, sir, the Prime Minister's on the phone.

HUTCHISON looks dismayed.

RIMMER

Tell him I'll ring him back.

RIMMER and HUTCHISON walk round the Elephant House.

HUTCHISON

You know, Rimmer, this survey of yours isn't going to make my position at the party conference any easier. There have been a lot of rumblings you know.

CONTINUED:

57A CONTD.

RIMMER

But if the survey published only the more positive aspects of your leadership...

HUTCHISON

Ah, yes, well. Um ... have you ever thought of taking up politics? We need dynamic young blood in the party.

RIMMER

Are there any seats available?

57B EXT. LONDON ZOO. MAPPIN TERRACE. DAY.

HUTCHISON

To the right man there are always seats available. Old Eric Bentley is thinking of retiring.

RIMMER

Well, I would be extremely interested.

HUTCHISON

Of course, it all rather depends on what happens at the Conference.

RIMMER

I think I can help you there, Tom.

FERRET is in the fish tank trying to catch a fish for FAIRBURN.

58 INT. GYMNASIUM. DAY.

58

HUTCHISON is being coached in public speaking. He stands on stage while RIMMER and NISS are in different parts of the Gymn.

HUTCHISON

And the first priority must be that of trade union reform.

CONTINUED:

RIMMER
(shouting from Gallery)
What about unemployment?

HUTCHISON makes grand gesture to the Gallery.

RIMMER
That's good. Keep the turn. Now...
again. What about unemployment?

HUTCHISON
(makes 'his turn' and reads from script)
Don't talk to me about unemployment
young man. I was unemployed before
you were born. My memory of those
terrible days in the thirties still
bring tears to my eyes.

NISS
Now.

HUTCHISON attempts to weep producing handkerchief.

RIMMER
We can fix the tears. Don't worry.
Next heckle.
(glances at sheet) (sings Red Flag)
...We'll keep the Red Flag flying here.

RIMMER and NISS sing the Red Flag - alternate lines.

HUTCHISON
Thank you for that charming rendition,
but I don't think the group is ready
to record yet.

RIMMER and NISS clap and do forced hearty laughs.
HUTCHISON does terrible smile.

NISS
Lose the smile.

HUTCHISON
And I would remind our young vocalists
of the left that red is also the colour
of blood, blood that was shed in
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

58 CONTD. 2.

HUTCHISON (Cont'd.)
Hungary and Czechoslovakia by the
Russian oppressors.

RIMMER

Applause, applause, applause, very
good, Tom.

59 EXT. UNIVERSITY.

59

NISS is walking through sports grounds with RANJIT 'X', a student leader. Students can be seen practising rioting techniques such as; throwing marbles under horses' hooves. Throwing stones at knock down fairground cut-out policemen. Striking people with peace signs. Small groups being lectured. One group shouting "Fascist Pig" at pig with swastika on it, led by U.S. Student. Signs such as 'Che lives', etc.

NISS

And how did you persuade the authorities
to establish a Faculty of Applied Violence?

RANJIT X

Direct action ... its the only way ...with
the minimum of non-violence.

(to student)

U.S. plus napalm equals what?

U.S. STUDENT

Fascism, Ranjit.

RANJIT X

First class Gary ... now as I understand
it, you guarantee maximum TV and press
coverage, travel expenses and a bonus
for speaking parts.

NISS

(Handing over sheafs of paper)

And of course your usual personal
appearance fee.

RANJIT X

Don't lets talk about bourgeois things
like money please ... speak to my agent
about it.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

RANJIT X (Cont'd.)

(shouts at students lying
passively on ground)

Get up! None of that old Ghandi rubbish,
get up and hit someone! Oh Che, forgive
them for they know not what they do.

They have now reached Podium.

RANJIT X (Cont'd.)

Could you all come over here please ...
would the group singing "We shall not
be moved" move over here at the double
please...Fellow students...next week
the Conservative Party is holding its
annual conference ...

60 INT. CONSERVATIVE CONFERENCE HALL.

60

HUTCHISON and RIMMER who is about to Mount Podium.

RIMMER

Hold on to the handkerchief ... and
no smiling.

HUTCHISON

I've never felt less like smiling in
my life.

RANJIT X organising Hecklers. Chairman stands up.

CHAIRMAN

Ladies and gentlemen, the next Prime
Minister of Great Britain, the leader
of the Conservative Party, Tom Hutchison.

Mild applause. HUTCHISON stands up. Cut to Hecklers
preparing missiles.

HUTCHISON

Ladies and gentlemen
(tomato and eggs begin to rain on him)
Ladies and gentlemen.

CONTINUED:

60 CONTD.

There is mounting uproar. Chairman leaps to feet.

CHAIRMAN

Order! Order! Order!

Cut to strong arm men moving toward Hecklers, who have begun singing The Red Flag. RANJIT X is thrown bodily out of the door and down the stairs.

HUTCHISON

No, no I would ask the ushers not to eject our friends of the left, the Conservative Party believes in the freedom of speech. I wish they did!

A good round of applause as the noise dies down, we still hear people singing The Red Flag. It dies out.

HUTCHISON

Thank you for that charming rendition, but I don't think the group is ready to record yet! And I would remind our young vocalists of the left that red is also the colour of blood, blood that was shed in Hungary and Czechoslovakia by the Russian oppressors.

A very big round of applause and cheering. Cut to RIMMER sitting in audience with NISS.

RIMMER

Going very well.

HUTCHISON

And now if I may turn to Economic matters...

A very old woman gets to her feet.

OLD WOMAN

What about the old age pensions?

At this moment HUTCHISON makes 'his turn' to the gallery. The old woman is in the body of the hall.

RIMMER

(alarmed)

That's not in the script.

OLD WOMAN

What about the old age pensions?

CONTINUED:

HUTCHISON

Don't talk to me about unemployment young man. I was unemployed before you were born. (Sensation)

Audience.

What? What? What?

HUTCHISON

My memory of those terrible days in the thirties still brings tears to my eyes.

He immediately raises handkerchief to his eyes. We see a bottle inside the handkerchief. He dabs eyes with it. Tears appear. He then places handkerchief in front of him and continues with difficulty.

And I and the whole of the Conservative Party are strong committed and I emphasise this ...

He thumps table but hits handkerchief and shatters bottle of tear inducer. The fumes quickly spread to the other Ministers who begin weeping.

We are committed to a policy of full employment ... (sobbing)
Lower taxation ... social justice ...
and ... and I'm sorry.

All the Ministers are in tears now and it is beginning to affect the front row of the audience.

HUTCHISON

And ... and ...

RIMMER

He can't read the notes ... start the applause.

NISS rises to feet and starts applauding.

RIMMER

7 minutes, pass it along.

The words "7 MINUTES" are passed along the rows of delegates: Intercut ... shots of weeping Ministers.

61 INT. MOBILE STUDIO ON PIER. DAY.

61

HENCH

Amidst amazing scenes at the Conservative Party Conference this afternoon, the Leader of the Opposition was accorded an unprecedented seven minutes ovation. Mr. Hutchison your position as Leader must now be completely secure. How do you feel about the violent heckling that punctuated your speech?

HUTCHISON

(pink eyed)

I'm not saying the Labour Party was responsible for this disgraceful episode but I will say this. It certainly seemed to be organised.

62 EXT. PIER. DAY.

62

HUTCHISON, RIMMER and NISS emerge from caravan grinning. They walk through a barrage of photographers then along pier.

RIMMER

So far so good.

HUTCHISON

What is the next move, Michael?

RIMMER

Well at the moment I've got my personal life to consider.

Amazed reaction from NISS.

RIMMER

I'm thinking of getting married.

HUTCHISON

Congratulations Michael.

CONTINUED:

62 CONTD.

RIMMER

I think an M.P. needs a wife, at his side.

HUTCHISON

Quite right.

NISS

Who is it?

RIMMER

That I'm not sure of yet. Peter, have you got the results of that Poll?

NISS

Yes. Queen number one as usual...

He hands over folder with photographs attached. RIMMER reads.

RIMMER

Number two, second most popular girl in Britain, Pat Cartwright ... the show jumper ... hum ... good.

NISS

Love at first sight.

RIMMER

Pretty girl isn't she?

NISS

You romantic fool you.

63 EXT. PAT CARTWRIGHT'S HOUSE. DAY.

63

RIMMER arrives in Jensen Director. TANYA is working in the secretary's seat. Horse training corral of large English country house. PAT CARTWRIGHT is riding round on a stallion. RIMMER calls out and she rides over and dismounts. We hear end of short conversation.

PAT

Would you like to come in and have a drink. My parents would love to meet you.

CONTINUED:

63 CONTD.

RIMMER

Gorgeous, but I've got to dash to see
the Prime Minister - What about dinner?

64 EXT. NO. 10 DOWNING STREET. DAY. 64

RIMMER arrives in sports car, and parks it conspicuously
badly. He walks to the door of No. 10.

65 INT. NO. 10 DOWNING STREET. 65

BLACKET, the Prime Minister is reading PREDICTION
and laying out his TARO cards.

BLACKET

Hello, Michael, nice of you to come.

RIMMER

It's a pleasure, Prime Minister.

BLACKET

Tell me Michael ... have you ever thought
of going into politics? We're always
on the look out for fresh blood ... and
there are one or two seats available.

RIMMER

I've never really thought of myself
as a socialist.

BLACKET

I don't see why that should be an
impediment; we're not bound by dogma.
Think it over ... the offer's there ...
now then my spies tell me ... not literally
of course

(switches on concealed tape
recorder)

that your firm has been investigating
the reasons for the slight decline in
the popularity of my Government.

CONTINUED:

65 CONTD.

RIMMER

I'm afraid it's you sir.

BLACKET

But your polls have always shown me
as more popular than the Government
as a whole.

RIMMER

Exactly, the public haven't been seeing
enough of you: you've been off our TV
screens for quite a while now.

BLACKET

Well I try to give the impression that
we work as a team.

RIMMER

But every team needs a leader.

BLACKET

True ... so you think a little more
exposure on the silvery tube...

RIMMER

The more the better..

66 INT. DRAWING ROOM. RIMMER'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

66

BLACKET is talking on T.V. RIMMER and PAT are watching.

BLACKET

A lot has happened since 10 o'clock
this morning, so I thought it was
about time we had another of our
little fireside chats.

RIMMER

Never seen a man dig his own grave
before.

PAT

Oh, turn him off Michael.

CONTINUED:

66 CONTD.

RIMMER switches him off with remote control device. He presses another button and soft music comes up and the lights dim gently. RIMMER nuzzles her neck and with mock sincerity says:

RIMMER

I must tell you how much I've admired your seat ... it's been an inspiration to me.

Kiss, kiss. He starts on her buttons.

PAT

No ... stop it ... we mustn't ...

RIMMER

Once doesn't count as breaking training.

PAT

But I've got the Olympic heats tomorrow.

RIMMER

I've got the Olympic heats tonight ...

67 EXT. SPORTS. DAY.

67

Music mounts to climax and we see brief shot of Olympic flame being kindled. Followed by several sexually allusive shots. Pole locks into socket; diver into water; a baton slowly changes hands; hammer thrower; javelin; sexual horse jumping shots; ending with Olympic flame slowly going out.

68 INT. BEDROOM. RIMMER'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

68

PAT and RIMMER in bed. She is dreamily sated.

PAT

I think I've achieved a new personal best.

69 INT. FERRET HOUSE. DAY.

69

FERRET is watching grandstand on T.V. Beside him is

CONTINUED:

a bottle of beer with an obviously hand painted label reading "Fors Ale". Most of the furniture has gone.

T.V. COMMENTATOR.

The surprise upset at the White City was the defeat of Olympic champion Pat Cartwright who trailed in a very tired fifth; she complained afterwards of stomach cramps.

MRS. FERRET enters and sees FERRET on knees by screen peering at show jumping. He springs back to the one remaining chair. MRS. FERRET switches off T.V.

MRS. FERRET

Where's it all gone?

FERRET

What? Where's what all gone?

MRS. FERRET

The furniture.

FERRET

Ah that ... yes well while you were out it started getting a bit shaky so I popped it into the furniture shop to have it repawnd ... repaired ...

He leans back with casual air.

I rather like it like this ... great feeling of space. Care for a glass of Fors?

70 EXT. T.V. STUDIOS. DAY.

70

BLACKET's Humber drives up and he gets out. The doorman opens the door for him.

DOORMAN

Nice to see you again so soon, sir.
You know the way I imagine.

CONTINUED:

70 CONTD.

BLACKET

Oh, ho, ho, yes.

DOORMAN

We thought of building you a flat upstairs, sir.

BLACKET

Oh, no, no, very amusing ... because I'm here so often you mean? Ha, ha, ha.

(to himself as he goes through door)
Bloody Capricorns. Have a word with Charlie about him. A little regional unemployment I think. Ha, ha, ha.

71 EXT. LOVELY LAWNS OF SIR ERIC BENTLEY'S COUNTRY SEAT.

71

In the drive a number of Bentley's cars including land-rover and 'Support Rhodesia' and 'Save the Spofforths' signs. Croquet is in progress. SIR ERIC BENTLEY, RIMMER, HUTCHISON, SPOT, SIR ERIC'S NEPHEW, LADY VANYA, BENTLEY, NISS, BISHOP and MANDEVILLE. PAT is riding nearby. HUTCHISON walks up with MANDEVILLE.

HUTCHISON

Michael, have you met my dear friend Teddy Mandeville, Chancellor of the Exchequer any moment now, eh Teddy!

RIMMER

How nice to meet you in the flesh, sir.

MANDEVILLE

My pleasure.

HUTCHISON

Your Blacket idea is working very well.

SPOT

Even our gardener's sick of him. I mean he's never off the box.

CONTINUED:

71 CONTD.

RIMMER

I hope he doesn't die of over-exposure.

SPOT

(whinnies with laughter)

Such a ghastly little man.

Upper classwhinnies of agreement.

RIMMER

He's a big help but you know what's going to decide the election. The race issue. We've got to be tougher with immigrants.

HUTCHISON

I don't see how we can go any further than the Labour Party. We can't let in less than zero.

SPOT

We could let a few out ... I mean Uncle Eric had this ... super idea about a boat race ... £5,000 for the first West Indian to row back to Jamaica ... then they'd all sort of row off ...

LADY VANYA

(calling)

Spot! Your shot!

SPOT

Oh, my shot.

(leaves to hit his ball)

Coming, Auntie Vanya.

RIMMER

As Sir Eric is retiring in any case .. why don't you let him express his real views.

CONTINUED:

71 CONTD. 2.

HUTCHISON

But the man's a lunatic.
 (looks at BENTLEY)
 Ah good shot Sir Eric.

RIMMER

Exactly ... he could make a grossly
 inflammatory speech ... you then sack
 him and emerge as a man of principle ...
 but the impression would still get about
 that we are tougher on immigration than
 Labour.

RIMMER calls to NISS, chatting to PAT behind a tree, her
 horse grazing nearby.

RIMMER

Peter, if I could tear you away from
 my fiance for a moment ... I'd like
 you to ring up a few newspapers.

Blackcroquet ball is struck far, far away.

72 EXT. BUDLEIGH MOOR. NIGHT.

72

Notice saying "Budleigh Moor Conservative Association".

73 INT. HALL. NIGHT.

73

Empty hall except for BENTLEY's wife sitting at front
 with SPOT and many reporters and photographers clustered
 at back.

SIR ERIC BENTLEY

No one could accuse me of being a
 racist.

(SPOT cackles) (SIR ERIC glares)
 But when I hear stories as well
 authenticated as this which I got
 from a very close friend of a
 constituent who had been talking
 to somebody in a pub who'd heard
 from an extremely reliable source

(MORE)

73 CONTD.

SIR ERIC BENTLEY (Cont'd.)
 that a frail old lady of 92 had been
 locked in a lavatory by a group of
 ten immigrants who proceeded to poke
 at her with sharpened broomsticks
 over a period of fourteen hours whilst
 they chanted anti-white slogans and
 finally forced her to use a newspaper
 photograph of Mr. Enoch Powell in a
 way that I would rather not go into
 here ... when I hear stories like
 this I wonder "Are we mad?" To allow,
 in this country, frail old ladies to
 be ruthlessly poked by blacks.

LADY BENTLEY and SPOT clap.

SIR ERIC BENTLEY
 Now I'm no racialist but ...

74 EXT. NEWSPAPER POSTER. DAY.

74

"Race Uproar. BENTLEY hits out."

75 INT. HUTCHISON'S ROOM. ALBANY. DAY.

75

Shadow Home Secretary HUGH WILTING is flapping in front
 of HUTCHISON. RIMMER is also present.

WILTING
 Have you read this filth?

HUTCHISON
 Yes, yes, I have, dreadful. Dear
 oh dear!

WILTING
 What are you going to do? I can't
 be Home Secretary in a party that
 condones racialism.

CONTINUED:

75 CONTD.

HUTCHISON

Don't worry Hugh. I shall act. I shall act. On matters of principle I am acting the whole time.

HUTCHISON sits at his piano and tinkles away.

RIMMER

Sir Eric's announcing his retirement tonight.

HUTCHISON

And Michael is taking over his seat at the General Election.

WILTING

But that still leaves the impression that we're a lot of racialists.

HUTCHISON

Yes, well of course I admire your integrity, Hugh; but you must realise that we want to win this election and let's face it this isn't going to do us any harm.

WILTING

It's no good, I must speak out.

RIMMER

I don't think Tom wants another five years in opposition.

Cold pause.

WILTING

I don't care. I won't be muzzled.

76 EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

76

WILTING is walking down badly lit street when a large BLACK MAN appears from alleyway.

CONTINUED:

76 CONTD.

BLACK

Hey, Whitey.

WILTING

Good evening.

BLACK

You're trash man.
(hits WILTING)

WILTING

But I'm on your side.

BLACK continues to beat him up.

BLACK

I got rhythm.

WILTING

I understand your motives (thump)
Now let's discuss this rationally. (thump)
I'd do the same if I was you. (thump)
Cool it, baby. (Knock out).

77 INT/EXT. POLICE STATION. DAY.

77

WILTING is bandaged and in wheel chair, being wheeled down corridor by POLICE SERGEANT. They go through door into Police Yard where a line of men, all white save his assailant. As WILTING is wheeled down the line, all the suspects say the words "Hello Whitey" in varying accents. The BLACK MAN's accent is unmistakable and very aggressive. WILTING reaches end of line.

POLICEMAN

Well, sir?

WILTING

I couldn't swear to it ... but it might just possibly be the one in the green shirt.

78 EXT. CHURCH. DAY.

78

Post marriage rites; everyone cheering as RIMMER and PAT are about to get into car. PAT kisses her parents.

PAT

Bye, Mummy, Bye Daddy.

NISS kisses PAT. RIMMER and PAT get into the car and drive off.

NISS

(waving gaily)
Calculating sod!

79 INT. CAR. DAY.

79

Happy couple in back seat of car.

PAT

(kissing RIMMER)
Right darling. Now where's this
super secret surprise honeymoon?

RIMMER

Ever heard of a little place called
Budleigh Moor?

80 EXT. COUNTRY SCENE. DAY.

80

PAT and RIMMER appear to be sitting on a country stile holding hands. After a few seconds during which we think they've got away from it all, a battery of flash lights go off and we see masses of photographers. As we pull back we see that they are on a platform with 'Budleigh Moor' banners.

PHOTOGRAPHERS

Once more, kiss, Mrs. Rimmer ... look
into his eyes ... Remember you're on
honeymoon. Just one more like that ...

RIMMER

That'll be enough gentlemen.

CONTINUED:

80 CONTD.

PAT

(to RIMMER)

When are we going to get away from
all these people.

RIMMER

As soon as I get in darling.

81 EXT./INT. BUDLEIGH MOOR. DAY/NIGHT.

81

Split screen rapid montage of election canvassing shots. With Simon and Garfunkel type music. RIMMER shaking hands. RIMMER kissing babies. RIMMER and PAT patting cows. Newspaper headlines reading: "Tories edge four per cent ahead since race flare up". RIMMER and PAT having tea in Grotty Cottage bravely drinking appalling tea. Both in pub playing darts. Various American touches to the campaign.

82 INT. T.V. STUDIO MAKE-UP ROOM. NIGHT.

82

P.M. sitting in front of mirror, looking at palm of his hand as sexy girl makes him up.

BLACKET

Deirdre, would you say my career line comes to an abrupt halt? No need to put much on my face I've got most of it left from this afternoon. Just a few drops in the eyes, get that lovable twinkle going ha, ha, ha and could you make the mouth a bit more generous please.

83 INT. RIMMERS WORKOUT ROOM. PAT ON ROWING MACHINE. NISS DRINKING. DAY.

NISS

Keeping fit?

PAT

That's about all there is for me to do.

CONTINUED:

83 CONTD.

PAT gets off machine and lies down by NISS's feet and does bicycle exercises with her legs.

NISS

I used to be pretty fit when I was in the army ... the only trouble was that it made me fantastically randy ...

PAT

Oh it does.

NISS

You must be pretty fit ... how's married life suiting you?

PAT

How should I know, I've hardly seen him since the ceremony.

NISS

But what about all those lovely pictures of you together in the papers.

PAT

That's the only time we've been together when there's a photographer around.

NISS

I must say there is a calculating side to Michael which I find rather ... do you actually know anything about him? Where does he come from?

PAT

He never talks about it to me ... just says he was found in the bulrushes

(pause)

You can't stand him, can you?

CONTINUED:

NISS

No, no, no, it's not that ... but I don't like to see what he's doing to you.

PAT

What he's not doing to me.

84 INT. T.V. STUDIO. NIGHT.

84

BLACKET in front of moving back projection of country scene. He is smoking a pipe and miming a country walk on a moving belt.

The camera intercuts between BLACKET on the screen and a reverse shot of BLACKET with the autocue he is reading and the B.P. clearly visible.

BLACKET

C.S. AUTOCUE "Warm smile". He smiles.
Good evening.

When you vote next week I'd like you to remember ...

C.S. AUTOCUE "Compassionate sincerity".

That basically you know friends, this election is not about money and material things; it's about morality. The Labour Party is nothing if it is not a moral crusade.

C.S. AUTOCUE "Wry smile".

It's hardly necessary to remind you what we stand for. The Labour Party stands for ... well it stands for ..

We see that the AUTOCUE has stuck.

as we all know the Labour Party stands for ... as I don't think I need remind you ...for ... it stands for ... I'm not standing for any more of this ...

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

84 CONTD.

 BLACKET (Cont'd.)
 stop the cameras ... get the bloody
 man off the autocue.

 FLOOR MANAGER
 (stage whispering)
 It's live.

 BLACKET
 I know he's alive ... but I'm the
 Prime Minister not Sooty. Pull your
 finger out.

 FLOOR MANAGER
 (coming into shot and whispering in
 BLACKET's ear)
 It's a live broadcast, they can see you.

 BLACKET
 What! Oooh! Ha, ha, ha. Oh dung!

BLACKET stops walking the belt continues and flings
 him through back projection screen.

85 INT. RIMMER'S WORKOUT ROOM. DAY.

85

RIMMER is wearing dark goggles and sitting under sunray
 lamp. HUTCHISON appears steaming from the sauna room.

 HUTCHISON
 Well, Michael you've done a splendid
 job with Blacket.

 RIMMER
 I hope I can continue to do one.

HUTCHISON dips his toe into the pool and shivers.

 HUTCHISON
 I've just been thinking about the
 composition of the Government and
 I've been trying to work out where
 your many talents would bear most
 fruit.

CONTINUED:

RIMMER

Well, all my experience has been in financial matters, so I thought Chancellor of the Exchequer.

HUTCHISON

My dear Michael. You're not even an M.P. yet. I admire your directness and drive, but as you must know, Mandeville will be in charge of the Exchequer.

RIMMER

Of course, I've always believed that a man's personal life is his own affair.

HUTCHISON

What do you mean?

RIMMER

You hadn't heard anything then?

HUTCHISON

No ... what is there to hear?

RIMMER

Well ... I hate to spread gossip ... and they're probably faked in any case.

HUTCHISON

What are faked?

RIMMER

The photographs I was sent.

HUTCHISON

Of Mandeville.

RIMMER

And friends. But even if they're real I don't see why they should affect his efficiency at the Exchequer.

CONTINUED:

85 CONTD. 2.

HUTCHISON

Have you got ... these photographs
with you ?

RIMMER sits up, takes off his sungoggles and hands
over a packet to HUTCHISON.

RIMMER

Yes ... I thought I'd better hand them
over to you and say no more about it.

(he does so)

God knows where the negatives are.

86 C.U. PHOTOGRAPH MANDEVILLE AS IN SC. 38.

MANDEVILLE hangs upside down in cupboard.

HUTCHISON

(peering at them)

That's not Mandeville.

RIMMER

The other way up.

HUTCHISON

Good God. The continental pig.

87 RESUME SC. 85.

87

He looks at the rest of them, exclaiming the while.

HUTCHISON

Who sent you these?

RIMMER

It just said a friend.

HUTCHISON

(looking at another)

Geese, Christ! I may have to reconsider.

88 LONDON STREET. DAY.

88

NEWSVENDOR

Conservative Shadow Chancellor resigns; ill health given as reason; surprise appointment of Michael Rimmer; see page nine for in-depth profile of Tory whizz kid; paper sir?

MANDEVILLE

No thank you; you've told me all I want to know.

89 INT. RIMMER'S DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT.

89

HUTCHISON on T.V. Screen. Card saying: "A Party Political Broadcast on behalf of the Conservative Party." HUTCHISON appears on screen.

HUTCHISON

The next Conservative Government will reduce income tax, purchase tax and increase Old Age Pensions: This I solemnly pledge. Now to help you make up your minds here's a chance to take another look at the alternative to a Conservative government.

BLACKET appears on the screen in a re-run of the end of his disastrous broadcast.

90 INT. RIMMER'S FLAT. NIGHT.

90

NISS and PAT are playing scrabble and watching T.V. The BLACKET disaster is repeatedly re-run. NISS switches sound down.

NISS

That was a bloody good idea of Michael's.

The silent picture of BLACKET can be seen in the background as they continue the game, lying down on the floor next to each other. The game is fairly well advanced. NISS looks at his letters.

CONTINUED:

90 CONTD.

NISS

Ah, yes. Now what would be good now.

(placing letters on board)

Bed. B. E. D. Bed.

(looks meaningfully)

PAT

That's eight to you and I'll make
LOYALTY.

(placing letters down)

NISS

Oh, that's a good word. Fifteen to you.

Now how can I use my 'X'. Ah, yes, I
can get sex with the 'E' of Bed.

PAT

Ah, I can add U ... A ... L ... Five to me.

NISS

Ah, but you don't know what you've let
yourself in for. I can use your Loyalty
to get Sexuality.

(adds letters IT)

PAT

Well, all I can do is this.

She puts the letters 'N' and 'O' down on a vacant part
of the board.

NISS

But you can't do that, it's not
connected with anything.

PAT

Oh yes it is. Good night, Peter.

91 EXT. TOWN. DAY.

91

Polling Day. People are walking into a Polling Booth.

92 INT. T.V. STUDIO. LONDON. NIGHT.

92

HENCH standing in front of desk. A Bank of T.V. Monitors, and huge scoreboard showing Conservative 0, Labour 0, Liberal 0, Others 0, and an enormous swingometer with the pointer at 0. NISS, SCHUMANN and other figures are also in the studio.

HENCH

Good evening and welcome to Election Grandstand. The first result should be coming in quite soon from Clitheroe this is Hugh Wilting's seat and traditionally the first constituency to complete the counting, but first, with no results in let's ask David Schumann what he thinks of the situation.

SCHUMANN (a Glaswegian)

Frankly, Steven, I think we've started the programme about an hour too early.

HENCH

Ah, ha, ha, well let's go over to Freddie Daring in Clitheroe to see if there's any news yet.

93 INT. COUNTING AREA. CLITHEROE. NIGHT.

93

FREDDIE DARING standing above a mass of furious counters and tellers.

DARING

Well, these lads've got a great reputation to maintain and they're absolutely determined to give us the first result. I've never seen such fast hard counting and we should have something to tell you in a few minutes.

94 INT. T.V. STUDIO. LONDON. NIGHT.

94

HENCH

Thank you, Eddie, and now let's have one more look at the state of the parties.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

94 CONTD.

HENCH (Cont'd.)

That's the position at the moment with no results in yet and now perhaps we could get a reaction from New York. So over there now by Early Bird to Tom Stoddart.

95 INT. T.V. STUDIOS. NEW YORK. NIGHT.

95

STODDART

I'm not your Buddy, neither am I your mother ... appalling people.

(he realises he is on the air)

Ah yes, well, over here in New York we're all as they say over here 'doggone keen' to hear the first result.

HENCH'S VOICE

(over Stoddart's picture - shouting)

So are we here in London, and we must go back up to Clitheroe as I think they may have something for us.

In the background, on T.V., we see STODDART being mugged.

96 INT. STOCKHOLM. T.V. STUDIOS. NIGHT.

96

DR. LUNS

Here in Stockholm we are extremely excited.

HENCH

(V.O. shouting)

We don't want to talk to you at the moment, Dr. Luns, if we could talk to you later.

DR. LUNS

Oh, I wanted to tell you ...

HENCH'S VOICE

And so over to Freddie Daring in Clitheroe for the first result.

97 INT. COUNTING HALL. CLITHEROE. NIGHT. 97

DARING

No, we don't have the result yet but in the closing minutes these lads are really going berserk, George Winthrop, one of the most experienced counters broke a finger just now but he's carrying on.

98 INT. T.V. STUDIO. LONDON. NIGHT. 98

HENCH

Well, thank you Freddie. Well still no results from Clitheroe.

HENCH looks appealingly at NISS and SCHUMANN. They both shake their heads.

HENCH

In that case, let's rejoin our good friend Dr. Luns in Stockholm. Are you there Dr. Luns?

99 INT. STOCKHOLM T.V. STUDIO. NIGHT. 99

There is an empty chair and a FLOOR MANAGER.

FLOOR MANAGER

He is gonna to the errr. 'ee will be back.

100 INT. T.V. STUDIO. LONDON. NIGHT. 100

HENCH

In that case we'll go over to Paris where Pierre Du Bois is waiting.

101 EXT. PARIS. NIGHT. 101

Parisian cafe where PIERRE DU BOIS is serving drinks in waiter's kit.

HENCH

Bon soir, Pierre.

CONTINUED:

101 CONTD.

PIERRE

Bon `soir.

102 INT. T.V. STUDIO. LONDON. NIGHT. 102

HENCH talking to monitor.

HENCH

Pierre du Bois both the candidates at Clitheroe are keen supporters of the Common Market, what's the French reaction to this phenomenon.

103 EXT. PARIS. NIGHT. 103

PIERRE

Je comprends rien. Moi j m'en fou
Salud. Service no compris.

104 INT. T.V. STUDIOS. LONDON. NIGHT. 104

HENCH

Ah, well, I'm not sure we've located the right Pierre du Bois. But while we were talking to Paris we did get the first result in, not from Clitheroe but from Beccles. And here it is.

Card comes up on Screen. ORVILLE-GASPACHO (Conservative) 27,001. FOGGE (Labour) 10,744. Conservative Gain.

HENCH

A Conservative gain there Well, let's see what swing that is. Over to Magnus Orbison on the swingometer.

The swingometer registers just under 20% to the Tories.

HENCH

Peter Niss.

NISS

That's exactly the swing we predicted at Fairburn, but if repeated it will give a Conservative majority of 265.

CONTINUED:

104 CONTD.

HENCH

Well, now the results are coming in thick and fast. And here's an interesting result. Michael Rimmer has held Budleigh Moor for the Conservatives with a greatly increased majority.

105 EXT. BUDLEIGH MOOR TOWN HALL. NIGHT.

105

RIMMER and PAT waving from balcony.

RIMMER

It won't be long now darling.

PAT

It hasn't been long for the last six weeks.

106 INT. FERRET'S BARE LIVING ROOM.

106

MR. and MRS. FERRET are watching television.

MRS. FERRET

He's in, I knew he would do it.

FERRET

But only by 17,000.

107 INT. T.V. STUDIOS. LONDON. NIGHT.

107

HENCH

So with 435 results we have the news that the Prime Minister has conceded defeat.

108 INT. NO. 10 DOWNING STREET. NIGHT.

108

BLACKET kicking in his T.V. set.

109 INT. T.V. STUDIO. NIGHT.

109

Shot of Conservatives celebrating, on T.V. screens. Score ticking over. Plebs running in and out of studio with bits of paper. Clock now reads six fifteen in morning. Staff looking dead.

HENCH

And now at six fifteen there's only the Clitheroe result to come in, and here it is, after three recounts, Hugh Wilting has retained his seat with a majority of only 5, that's over 18,000 down from the last election, due no doubt to his courageous stand on the race issue.

Now we leave election grandstand with a new Conservative Government in office. So it's my thanks to all our experts and good night.

Exhausted everyone straggles out of the studio, the lights go out, leaving a single monitor switched on, on which the patient figure of Dr. Luns is still sitting.

LUNS

Hello. Hello London. Luns here.

110 EXT. CABINET GROUP PHOTOGRAPH. DAY.

110

Stern faced and resolved group.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The P.M. is holding an emergency cabinet meeting at Chequers to discuss what he describes as the very grave financial situation.

111 EXT. CABINET GROUP. CHEQUERS. DAY.

111

Start on champagne cork exploding. PULL BACK to Cabinet Ministers eating strawberries. They are giggling and chortling "we won". WILTING, now recovered save for right arm in plaster-cast and sling; HUTCHISON, now P.M., stops the giggling.

CONTINUED:

111 CONTD.

HUTCHISON

Gentlemen, the Chancellor will bring the exact figures, but I think unless we announce strong measures, there is a great danger of another run on the pound.

SNAGGOT

Oh, I wonder if you'd excuse me for a moment. There's a rather important call I have to make to my wife in Zurich.

All rise.

HUTCHISON

Gentlemen, I must ask you as patriots and Ministers not to speculate against the pound.

Rush from the table is halted as RIMMER's helicopter arrives. RIMMER gets out and comes to table.

RIMMER

Sorry I'm late. I wanted to make sure I had all the figures.

HUTCHISON

Good, well, we've just been discussing the appalling mess left to us by the Socialists. We have inherited a mess haven't we.

RIMMER

Yes.

HUTCHISON

Good. Fine.

RIMMER

All in all the financial situation could be described as disastrous.

CONTINUED:

111 CONTD. 2.

HUTCHISON

Catastrophic.

SNAGGOT

Hopeless is another good one.

HUTCHISON

I think we're all agreed to the nature of the problem. Now Michael, what proposals do you have to deal with this ... crisis.

ALL

Yes, crisis.

RIMMER

Well first of all I would reduce income tax, purchase tax, and increase Old Age Pensions.

HUTCHISON

You must be mad.

RIMMER

I think we have to fulfil our pre-election pledges.

HUTCHISON

My dear Michael, nobody expects us to do that. (hear, hear)
The normal thing is to say how staggered and horrified we all are and blame it on the last lot. I mean what are our gold reserves at the moment.

RIMMER

2½ million.

POTTER

Jesus Christ.

CONTINUED:

111 CONTD. 3.

HUTCHISON

But seriously Michael ... what are your proposals.

RIMMER

Well, I've been having a word with our friends in Paris and Bonn.

WILTING

I didn't know we had any friends in Paris and Bonn.

RIMMER

So while I'm sorting things out I suggest you sit tight and do nothing for a couple of weeks.

HUTCHISON

Good idea, will all those in favour of doing nothing for two weeks raise one hand.

All hands go up save WILTING's who is incapacitated still.

RIMMER

That's all I have to say, gentlemen. However, I do think we should give the impression of activity.

HUTCHISON

What about a summit? That would pass the time.

RIMMER

Very good ... and we should talk in terms of keeping our options open and so on.

Members of the Cabinet murmur agreement as they drift off.

BREAM

An agonising reappraisal of the fiscal malaise.

CONTINUED:

111 CONTD. 4.

SNAGGOT

Cutting out the red tape.

POTTER

Rooting out the dead wood.

WILTING

Establishing a think tank.

SNAGGOT

Bomb Dresden.

BREAM

Put out peace feelers.

SNAGGOT

The only thing the Germans understand
is a bomb on the head.

112 EXT. LONDON AIRPORT. DAY.

112

HUTCHISON surrounded by T.V. Cameras and PRESSMEN. He
mounts steps to plane and waves.

113 INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENCE. DAY.

113

On projection screen, in conference room, we see film
of all the latest military equipment, rockets, etc.
with commentary over in Dick De Keyser voice. Famous
Generals, COLONEL MOFFAT, an Anglo-Scot, Air Marshals,
Admirals and RIMMER. On the walls various signs
including 'Be like Dad, keep mum' and 'Careless talk
costs lives.'

V.O.

Britain's defences have been been
stronger. Take a look at the unique
British Hover bomb which hovers over
the enemy issuing instructions to
surrender. If not shown a white
flag within 15 seconds it devastates
50 square miles.

CONTINUED:

113 CONTD.

AIR MARSHAL NOBE

I've never seen that, is it one of yours.

V.O.

Now feast your eyes on the giant new Caligula Missile Computer programmed to home in on specific targets.

GEN.STRIKE.

I'VE never seen that one, is that one of yours?

V.O.

And if that isn't enough to strike fear into the hearts of our enemies, what about this jolly little fellow; the navy's nuclear-powered Water Weasel ... when it's not annihilating our foes it's hard at work gathering fish.

ADMIRAL CRICHTON

Well, I've never seen any of those.

114 C.U. BRITISH FLAG.

114

All this and more make British defences the envy of the world.

115 C.U. QUEEN ON HORSEBACK.

115

So for those who think that the British lion has lost its teeth, let them be warned that it can still give them a pretty nasty suck.

116 ANOTHER ANGLE. MINISTRY OF DEFENCE. DAY.

116

General murmur of 'What' 'Preposterous'

RIMMER

And now, just step on to the terrace please gentlemen. There are refreshments.

CONTINUED:

116 CONTD.

RIMMER leads them out of the room.

117 EXT. MODEL ROOM. TERRACE. DAY.

117

A model countryside is set upon the terrace with models of all the weapons we have just seen on film. Champagne and food are also on nearby tables. Service WAITERS to begin to serve the refreshments. MILITARY GUARDS ARE AT EACH END OF THE TERRACE.

RIMMER

I think this answers your question, gentlemen.

AIR MARSHAL NOBE

But these are just models.

RIMMER

And that's all we need; thanks to our film department we have the finest deterrent force in the world.

Mumurs of 'Disgraceful; shocking; rebarbative!'
'Very good champagne'.

RIMMER

This will save us approximately a billion a year, enabling me to increase your own salaries by 100%.

GENERAL STRIKE

What?

ADMIRAL CRICHTON

Twice as much Willy.

GENERAL STRIKE

'Mums the word'.

Mumurs of approval. A few begin to play with the models. GENERALS and company look a little puzzled but rather pleased.

CONTINUED:

119 EXT. PORTON DOWN. DAY. 119

Sign indicates that it is a germ warfare establishment. Biological Warfare Research Centre. Another sign says 'Open Day'. Various visitors are wandering around. Buses with 'Derby and Joan Club' signs are parked nearby.

RIMMER and COLONEL MOFFAT with GUIDE pass sign "To The Streptococculatorium".

120 INT. STREPTOCOCCATORIUM. 120

They pass looking at old ladies and men watching various audio-visual sideshows.

MECHANICAL VOICE

If you look through the viewer, you'll be able to see these powerful little creatures, romping about in their natural environment, in this case a stoat's lung.

Chorus of 'OOH!!'

ANOTHER MECHANICAL VOICE

There's no cruelty involved here, and it is stressed that no British dogs are employed for experiments, wherever possible a human volunteer is used.

OLD LADIES, Chorus of 'Ooohs'.

121 DELETE. 121

122 INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY BLOCK. DAY. 122

RIMMER, MOFFAT and GUIDE enter. SOLDIERS with guns guard entrances and doors of frigidaires. The room is full of 'DANGER' signs and trays, boxes, etc., of germs, all marked with warning signs. Guide picks up a round dish with jelly in it:

GUIDE

Do you know, sir, there's enough elephantiasis in here to wipe out China? Think of it, six hundred
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

GUIDE (Cont'd.)
bloated Chinks rolling about the place.

MOFFAT
We could have done with that in Malaya.

GUIDE
You've got to laugh, sir, you need a
sense of humour in this place.

RIMMER
Where's the Union Jacalli?

GUIDE
Over here, sir.

GUIDE goes to the frigidaire. GUARD comes to attention
as GUIDE takes out a tray of aerosols with Union Jack
markings. Proudly, he places them on a bench.

GUIDE
There she is, sir, the Union Jacalli,
our latest germ for peace; and
incidentally a big dollar earner.
And has gained the Queen's award for
industry.

RIMMER
And there's no known antidote?

GUIDE
Not as yet, sir; it's an extremely
concentrated form of the common English
cold. Acts in seconds - leaves no trace.

RIMMER
That's the one for us, Colonel.

COLONEL
Yes, sir.

GUIDE lovingly replaces tray in Frigidaire.

CONTINUED:

122 CONTD. 2.

GUIDE

He's a right little bugger this one;
once he's in there, there's no shifting
him ... Like a Lager, sir?

123 INT. U.S. PRESIDENT'S OFFICE. DAY. 123

P.M. is nearer the head of the queue.

124 INT. SPOFFORTHS REGIMENTAL MESS. GUEST NIGHT. NIGHT. 124

Long dining table laden with silver and regimental trophies; walls covered with tattered flags, and regimental standards in corners of room. The Guest Night is in full swing. Everybody is drunk except for RIMMER. During the whole of the proceedings, a SERGEANT PIPER walks round the table playing. All the OFFICERS are present, wearing mess kit and medals. We pan down the table hearing chance remarks about the Swiss and lots of military planning, with the salt cellars.

MAJOR MATHIESON

(using salt cellars)

Jamie's lot come in here ... Charles is over here ... then we all sweep in and wipe them out. Completely.

CAPT. DUNSMUIR

NO survivors.

MAJOR SCOTT

No survivors? That's a bit rough, I'd better tell Mary right away.

CAPT. DUNSMUIR

No, sir. No survivors on their side.

MAJOR SCOTT

Ah. That's more like it.

CAPT. DUNSMUIR

Simple ... effective ... and bloody good gun.

(They toast)

CONTINUED:

LT. WILLIAMSON picks up a canister of Union Jacalli.

LT. WILLIAMSON

(musing to himself)

Better master the machinery. Know your weapon. How do these chaps work? Press firmly down with index finger. First ensuring that all ranks are wearing gas masks.

LT. WILLIAMSON presses the spray and passes out.

We track down to another conversation.

CAPTAIN FRASER

The Swiss have been asking for it. I mean what self respecting nation can go for 500 years without a war.

LT. STOPPARD

The Swiss.

CAPTAIN FRASER

Exactly.

LT. STOPPARD

'Nuff said.

We reach MOFFAT and RIMMER.

MOFFAT

(barely controlling emotion)

You see people have lost the old values of honour ... and decency.

RIMMER

Courage ... Comradeship.

MOFFAT

I can't tell you how grateful I am Michael, for this chance to do something for Britain. You see ordinary people in this country are sick and tired of being pushed around.

CONTINUED:

124 CONTD. 2.

RIMMER

Yes.

MOFFAT

(suddenly shouting)

SERGEANT MAJOR!

The PIPER stops playing and stands behind the COLONEL.
MOFFAT stands up. All follow suit.

MOFFAT

Gentlemen. Operation Cuckoo!!

ALL

Operation Cuckoo. God bless her.
(they all drink)

PIPER starts playing - music continues over next scene.

125 EXT. SWISS SNOW CLAD MOUNTAINS. DAY. 125

A peaceful scene. The scots music grows louder suddenly over a ridge, leap the ski-ing Spofforths in kilts, wearing tartan gas masks. The Spofforths OFFICERS are riding sno-mobiles.

126 EXT. SWISS SNOW CLADD MOUNTAINS. DAY. 126

CLOSE UP SHOTS of SPOFFORTHS' Tartan gas masks, skis. They ski superbly down towards the valley.

127 EXT. GOTHIC CASTLE. A LA "WHERE EAGLES DARE". DAY. 127

The piping stops. Silence. A drum roll. Silence. A spate of sneezing and thuds of bodies falling on concrete.

128 EXT./INT. CASTLE COURTYARD. DAY. 128

Dead SWISS GUARDS litter the floor holding tattered handkerchiefs, in great disarray.

- 129 INT. CASTLE GOLD VAULT. DAY. 129
 SPOFFORTHS are opening gold vault door with resounding clang.
- 130 INT. CASTLE VAULTS. 130
 Mounds of shining gold bars.
- 131 INT. CASTLE VAULTS. 131
 SPOFFORTHS are loading gold bars on to ski-trolleys.
- 132 INT. CASTLE WALL. 132
 A SPOFFORTH is sprawling the words 'Viva El Fatah'.
- 133 EXT. SWISS MOUNTAIN SLOPES. DAY. 133
 To the sound of pipes the triumphant SPOFFORTHS are towed uphill and away with the gold laden radracks. Some SPOFFORTHS still ride sno-mobiles.
- 134 INT. U.S. PRESIDENT'S OFFICE. DAY. 134
 We see the P.M. being shown into the office. Door closes. Five seconds later the P.M. comes out again.

HUTCHISON

Thank you, thank you.
 (waving at President)
 See you again soon.

PRESIDENT'S SECRETARY.

Next.

- 135 EXT. LONDON AIRPORT. NIGHT. 135
 At bottom of aeroplane stairs talking to TV and REPORTERS.

PRIME MINISTER

I'd just like to say that my talks with the President were wide-ranging full and exhaustive.

136 EXT. NEWSPAPER HEADLINES. DAY.

136

Cut to newspapers whirling out with headlines reading 'Gold From The Sea - Dazzling Prospects' and 'North Sea Gold. U.K. O.K.?' Daily Mirror says 'Bloody Marvellous, there's gold in them thar drills'.

NEWSPAPER VENDOR on street corner.

NEWSVENDOR

North sea gold find confirmed! Read all about it! The Bank of England this afternoon announced that a massive new find of gold believed to be worth at least thirty billion pounds will enormously help to bolster Britain's reserve position. Mystery moves in Geneva as Swiss Government breaks off relations with Egypt. Paper, sir?

MANDEVILLE

Have you got the results of the 3.30?

NEWSVENDOR

Kentucky Lad 33-1 L. Piggot up. Paper, sir?

MANDEVILLE

No thank you.

137 EXT. RIMMER. DREDGEWAY RIG IN NORTH SEA.

137

Celebration scene. T.V. Cameras. PHOTOGRAPHERS are all crammed on to the rig which is surrounded by many small boats containing sightseers. Helicopters fly above. On the rig are HUTCHISON, RIMMER, WILTING, PAT, NISS, MOFFAT, other Members of the Cabinet and innumerable dignitaries. Cries from CAMERAMEN and NEWSPAPER MEN who are dominating the proceedings. AUDIENCE is clapping, SPOFFORTHS pipe band is playing. WILTING has noticeable limp and carries a stick.

HUTCHISON

And its my pleasure to show you the first ingot to be mined from our vast North Sea Gold Field.

CONTINUED:

137 CONTD.

Applause: 'Congratulations' 'Well done, sir'.

He reaches down to pick it up.

RIMMER

I'll give you a hand, sir.

RIMMER and WILTING hand over ingot.

HUTCHISON

It's all right, Michael, Hugh I think
its me they want.

HUTCHISON picks up the very heavy ingot. PHOTOGRAPHERS
clamour.

PHOTOGRAPHERS

Could you hold it up, sir. A bit to
the left Prime Minister. Look this
way sir. A bit higher still, Prime
Minister.

In order to get their shots the PHOTOGRAPHERS are advancing
on HUTCHISON who grins and attempts to raise the Ingot above
his head. He is backing gradually towards the edge of the
rig.

PHOTOGRAPHERS

Above your head, sir, that's right ...
a bit higher if you can.

Like a weight-lifter, the straining HUTCHISON finally
raises the ingot above his head in triumph. He slips.
RIMMER goes towards him. The weight of the gold causes
HUTCHISON to keel over backwards into the water. Still
clinging to the gold he disappears from view. Only
bubbles remaining. WILTING leans over the edge.

WILTING

Let go of the gold sir.

He is held back from jumping in. HUTCHISON is gone
for ever.

138 INT. T.V. STUDIO. NIGHT.

138

HENCH with WILTING, BLACKET and BISHOP OF COWLEY. They are chatting and drinking and giggling.

HENCH

Ha, ha, ha, I mean, I was quite fond of him, but what a stupid way to go, he, he.

BLACKET

Talk about - floating pound ...

FLOOR MANAGER

Quiet studio, quiet. Ten seconds, love.

They all assume appropriate serious expressions and hide drinks. HENCH tries to sober up. Music comes up and HENCH is cued. Behind them on the back projection screen is a picture of the P.M. fondling a goat.

HENCH

(very serious)

Tonight the country lies stunned by the tragic news of the death of the Prime Minister.

A very slight snort from off camera is heard and HENCH breaks up just managing to convert it into an agonised expression of grief.

HENCH

Messages of sympathy have been pouring in from all over the world. The Pope has condemned the senseless violence of our times. The President of the U.S.A. spoke warmly of the man with whom he had recently spent so much time. Here in the studio tonight are three men, who knew him well, First the Home Secretary, Hugh Wilting, who was with him when he died.

Turns to WILTING.

CONTINUED:

WILTING

This is a black day ... or a darkish sort of day for Britain.

BISHOP OF COWLEY

I think it ironic that a man who so loved the sea should be, so to speak bitten by the mouth that drowned him ...
(pause)

Was it St. Paul or Cole Porter who said 'We always hurt the one who loves us'. But I'm sure this fine man has found solace in heaven with Almighty God if there is such a person.

HENCH

Mr. Blacket you at times have been on somewhat acrimonious terms with the late Prime Minister.

BLACKET

We've had our differences.

HENCH

On one occasion, indeed several occasions, you described him as a two-faced weasel-eyed git.

BLACKET

In the rough and tumble of Parliamentary debate one often says things that are easily misinterpreted. But there was always a great warmth between us. One hates to make party points but ...

BISHOP OF COWLEY

Suffer little ones and let the little ones suffer. He giveth and taketh away and casteth bread upon the waters.

HENCH

Well just lets take one more look at this tragic accident.

CONTINUED:

138 CONTD. 2.

In slow motion, picture comes up of HUTCHISON edging nearer side of the rig.

HENCH (V.O.)

Here we see the Prime Minister moving to one side to give the photographers a better view of the gold.

At the crucial moment when HUTCHISON slips, the picture is partially obscured by a cameraman. RIMMER moves towards HUTCHISON. The action is frozen!

HENCH (V.O.)

This is the crucial moment; the Prime Minister slips; Michael Rimmer rushes to his side but is unable to save him.

Action starts again and though the events are obscured by foreground figures, it looks as if HUTCHISON may well have been pushed rather than pulled by RIMMER. We follow HUTCHISON into sea and stay with the bubbles.

HENCH

But even so soon after the tragedy, the question on everybody's lips is 'Who will succeed?'

139 INT. CORRIDOR. HOUSE OF COMMONS. DAY.

139

BREAM

I can't say I like the man, but you must admit he's got something.

POTTER

I can't say I like the man, but I must admit he's got something. How about you Mandeville.

MANDEVILLE

I can't say I like the man but I must admit he's got something on me.

140 EXT. COUNTRY LANE. DAY.

140

FERRET is riding along on a cycle. A transistor radio is hanging from the handlebars on which we hear the Jimmy Young Show in progress. Music ends.

JIMMY YOUNG (V.O.)

Time for our midmorning phone call ...
orft we go ..

We hear dialling tone.

MRS. FERRET (V.O.)

Hello.

JIMMY YOUNG (V.O.)

Mrs. Ferret?

MRS. FERRET (V.O.)

That's right Jimmy ... but Ethel to you.

JIMMY YOUNG (V.O.)

What do you do, Ethel?

MRS. FERRET (V.O.)

Just an ordinary housewife.

JIMMY YOUNG (V.O.)

And what does your husband work at?

MRS. FERRET (V.O.)

My husband, Jimmy ... he's a failure.

FERRET falls of bike into ditch; radio lands on marshy ground and slowly sinks. FERRET lies beside it.

JIMMY YOUNG (V.O.)

Ho, ho, ho ... as an ordinary housewife,
who would you choose to lead the
Conservatives.

MRS. FERRET (V.O.)

Oh, Michael Rimmer, Jimmy; he's
everything my husband isn't.

The radio disappears into mud.

141 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS. CORRIDOR.

141

BREAM is walking along corridor with SNAGGOT.

SNAGGOT

He's ruthless, opportunistic, dishonest, shallow, evasive, unprincipled, but I'm still not sure that he'll make a good leader.

142 INT. RIMMER HOUSE. BATHROOM. NIGHT.

142

PAT RIMMER is in the bath and RIMMER comes in and starts dabbing after shave on himself.

RIMMER

Don't wait up for me this evening, darling, I'll be rather late.

PAT soaks herself sullenly.

RIMMER

(kissing her on forehead)

Bye darling.

He reaches the door when she says.

PAT

I want a divorce.

RIMMER

A divorce, why?

PAT

To put it in terms you'd understand, sexually speaking we're 70% below the national average.

RIMMER

I know that darling, but you shouldn't pay too much attention to one month's figures, season variations are very misleading.

PAT

I mean it Michael, I want a divorce.

CONTINUED:

142 CONTD.

RIMMER

That's normal. Forty two per cent of married women go through this phase in the first year of marriage.

PAT

How do you think it would affect your chances of being Prime Minister if I went on television tonight and told everybody what a cold, unfeeling robot you are.

RIMMER

You won't do that.

PAT

I'll ring Steven Hench now ... he'd love to get you.

RIMMER

No you won't. Bye.

143 INT. DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT.

143

RIMMER steps outside and locks bathroom door.

RIMMER

Peter!

NISS appears.

NISS

Yes!

RIMMER

Pat's a little upset. Look after her and don't let her near a phone till I get back.

PAT is calling through door to NISS.

PAT

Let me out.

CONTINUED:

144 EXT. CONSERVATIVE H.Q. NIGHT. 144

RIMMER's car arriving at Conservative Party's Central Office. He is greeted by supporters.

145 INT. RIMMER'S DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT. 145

PAT is hurling herself against door.

NISS

Don't do that you'll bruise your lovely shoulders.

PAT

If you loved me you'd let me out.

NISS

I do love you.

PAT

And I love you so let me out you stupid, spineless, sycophantic ...

146 EXT. CONSERVATIVE H.Q. NIGHT. 146

RIMMER has arms raised in victory.

147 INT. RIMMER'S DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT. 147

PAT

If you let me out you can have me.

NISS lets PAT out and tries to kiss her.

NISS

Darling Pat.

She kicks NISS and rushes past towards phone in living room. As she picks it up she sees RIMMER on T.V. accepting victory.

148 INT. RIMMER ON T.V. NIGHT.

RIMMER

May I say how privileged I am to be elected Leader of the Conservative Party.

(Cheers!)

149 INT. RIMMER'S DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT.

149

PAT

Christ, he's done it.

NISS

So he has ... sorry darling ... duty calls.

NISS leaves.

150 EXT. CONSERVATIVE PARTY H.Q. NIGHT.

150

RIMMER

... under circumstances that I most bitterly regret, this is not time for false hopes. The situation is critical and I intend to take immediate action.

151 INT. RIMMER'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

151

RIMMER enters.

RIMMER

Hello darling, now let's start improving our monthly figures.

152 INT. BALLROOM. NIGHT.

152

RIMMER is introducing his cabinet to the Party faithful and T.V. cameras. Included amongst them are, NISS, MANDEVILLE and MOFFAT who has just been introduced. We see him smiling, with the caption over reading 'MINISTER OF DEFENCE'.

RIMMER (Cont'd.)

Alexander Mandeville will be Minister of Labour.

MANDEVILLE smiles.

RIMMER

Now happily recovered from his illness I have selected him because above all Alexander is a deeply human man.

CONTINUED:

152 CONTD.

MANDEVILLE smiles a little nervously.

RIMMER (Cont'd.)

And no one knows more than I how very human he can be.

Caption 'Minister of Labour' over the slightly embarrassed picture of MANDEVILLE.

RIMMER

As Public Opinion Polls have become so vital a part of our democratic way of life, the time has come to take them out of private hands where they could possibly be misused. I have, therefore, created a National Poll board under the Chairmanship of Peter Niss.

NISS smiles modestly.

I have chosen him not because he is a personal friend of myself and my wife, but because he brings that added dimension of knowing how best to keep open the lines of communication between you the people and us, your servants.

NISS smiles.

Now you know that I have never sought power ... and now that I have power I want to share it with you; for it is you, the people of Britain who have made this country great ... as Winston Churchill said 'You are the lion, I merely provide the roar'; and from now on I want to consult you directly. On every major issue there will be a referendum in which you may vote; so at last we will have a real democracy. Good night.

Applause. PAT moves towards RIMMER.

CONTINUED:

152 CONTD. 2.

PAT

That was marvellous; did you really mean it?

RIMMER

Oh, yes.

153 EXT. PARALLEL SUBURBAN STREETS. DAY.

153

Fleet of Post Office vans drive up with military precision and peel off down each street. Several POSTMEN emerge from each van with large bundles. They make their way down garden paths.

154 INT. COUNCIL HOUSE. DAY.

154

MR. SPIMM is at table filling in form. MRS. SPIMM who we saw earlier with CRODDER is watching delightedly as second delivery arrives.

MRS. SPIMM

Ooh look ... there's more coming ... isn't it nice ... It makes me feel so important.

MR. SPIMM

We are important Loretta, a vital cog. Hats off to Rimmer. Now then...Should we keep a continuing military presence in Binwandi?

155 INT. BINGO HALL. DAY.

155

PUMER is conducting a communal Vote in. The AUDIENCE is mainly women. Posters on wall. 'Think before you vote'. 'You're in charge'. Band is playing. Audio controlled Talkback type Swingometer on Podium. PUMER dances onto PODIUM and speaks into microphone. Music stops.

PUMER

Thank you maestro ... all having a good time at the Votein.

CONTINUED:

155 CONTD.

ALL

Yes. (they cheer)

PUMER

Right ... a little bit of fun on the
continent ... foreign affairs.

ALL (cheer)

PUMER

Seriously though Ladies and Gentlemen ...
tonight's star vote ... the Common Market
negotiating table ... now think very
carefully, remember its your vote, and
your vote counts. The Common Market
negotiating table ... let's hear it
for Scandinavian Pine.

There is subdued clapping. Swingometer registers 3%.

PUMER

That's three per cent for the pine ...
and now let's hear it for good old
British oak.

Huge cheers and clapping. Swingometer reads about 70.

PUMER

That's 70 for British oak and now last
of all ... how about Formica.

The audience gasp ... a moment's pause and then pandemonium
of enthusiasm.

ALL

Formica, formica.

SWINGOMETER reads maximum decibel level.

PUMER is mobbed by enthusiastic crowd.

156 INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY. DAY.

156

MANDEVILLE

Whole country's gone mad!

CONTINUED:

WILTING

Mad!

BREAM

The public don't know anything about the Government. What does he think he's doing?

MANDEVILLE

He's off his head.

BREAM

I suppose there's one advantage, at least we can hardly fail to stay in power.

MANDEVILLE

Power? What Power, the public have got all the power. Everyone's gone mad.

WILTING

Are you going to resign?

MANDEVILLE

I'm not mad. They are.

157 INT. COUNCIL HOUSE. NIGHT.

157

MR. SPIM is sealing up last of buff envelopes. There is a huge pile of them ready to be posted. They are in nightclothes.

MR. SPIMM

That's done ... bedtime. I think, I think I was right to take a firm line on China.

He starts to go upstairs.

MRS. SPIMM

Oh yes ... you had to.

CONTINUED:

157 CONTD.

A red light flashes on TV from newly installed machine
A noise like a miniature fire siren.

MRS. SPIMM

Oh quick, it's an emergency tellyvote.

They watch TV screen avidly.

T.V. (V.O.)

Hello again, the Government would
like to know your feelings on water
pollution.

158 INT. RIMMER'S OFFICE. HOUSE OF COMMONS.

158

NISS and RIMMER are lounging about reading some of the
replies to the referenda.

NISS

Here's a good way of reducing tension
in the Near East.

RIMMER

What's that.

NISS

Shoot Nasser.

They laugh.

RIMMER

There's one here suggesting a pre-
emptive nuclear strike against
Northern Ireland.

NISS

Ignorant gits.

RIMMER

It's going very well. Can you
think of anything more boring
than water pollution?

CONTINUED:

163 CONTD.

PAT

What's that for?

RIMMER

I thought it was time you felt the
smack of firm Government.

DIRECTOR

Standby ... ready Prime Minister?

They signal their readiness.

DIRECTOR

Turn over.

SOUNDMAN

Running.

DIRECTOR

Action.

RIMMER and PAT walk arm in arm.

RIMMER

As your Prime Minister, I hope I've
never been afraid to admit my own
mistakes. In every way the country
is booming but I must admit that our
experiment in participatory democracy
seems to have run into difficulties
perhaps I was too idealistic and in
this modern world we may well need a
more streamlined form of Presidential
Government. You must let me know
if you share this feeling. Next
week, you will have the chance to
tell me, in what could be, if it is
your wish, the last referendum for
sometime.

164. INT. RIMMER'S OFFICE. HOUSE OF COMMONS. DAY.

164

RIMMER is reading newspaper headlines reading 'RIMMER
PROMISES PRESIDENTIAL REFERENDUM. NO MORE AFTER THIS',
when WILTING bursts in.

CONTINUED:

164 CONTD.

WILTING

I've read this Referendum. What you're suggesting is nothing more or less than a dictatorship.

RIMMER

Hugh, like everyone else, you will have an opportunity of voting against it. It's quite democratic.

WILTING

But what you don't realise is that 90% of the population are idiots.

RIMMER

You said it, Hugh.

WILTING

You won't get away with this, Rimmer.

165 EXT. STREET. DAY.

165

Placard saying 'It's President Rimmer. 82% say yes.'

166 EXT. HIGH LONDON STREET. DAY.

166

Cheering crowds as RIMMER and PAT drive along in an open limousine. NISS, MOFFAT, MANDEVILLE, etc. are all in cars behind. Muzzle of gun protruding from unfinished office building about eighteenth floor. RIMMER seen through sights from GUNMAN's P.O.V. It wavers in its aim. Pull back to show that the gunman is FERRET, desperately trying to get RIMMER in his sights. He is leaning right over the window still aiming almost vertically down. He leans further and further and further.

167 EXT. LONDON STREET. GROUND LEVEL. DAY.

167

The demented figure of HUGH WILTING with a smoking bomb in his bandaged hand rushes out of a doorway shrieking 'Venceremos' he hurls himself towards RIMMER's limousine. As he is about to reach car he shouts 'We shall overcome' and draws back to hurl bomb.