1 INT JACK'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM MORNING 1 (0930)

1

(JACK, VICTOR)

Jack is putting down a couple of rolls and sausage. Jack looks at his watch. There is a knock at the door.

JACK:

Clock work.

Victor enters.

VI CTOR:

Top of the morning, Jack boy. Wee bit nippy out there.

JACK:

Morning Victor.

Victor observes the spread. Rolls, Teas, Penguins. He sits and opens the paper. Jack looks at Victor expectantly.

JACK: (CONT'D)

Eh... What's happenin'?

Victor munches on his roll and sausage.

VI CTOR:

G es a chance, Jack, I've no read it yet.

JACK:

No, the other paper. Ma paper to read.

VI CTOR:

I just got the one.

JACK:

No, that's no how it works. One of us does the rolls, the teas and the Penguins and the other one jumps down and gets the two papers. We read them then we swap.

VI CTOR:

Ach aye. I just got the one. The headlines were the same. Plus the price is went up. So one'll dae us. I'll read this, then gie it to you.

1 CONTI NUED:

Victor begins to read the paper.

VI CTOR: (CONT'D)

Jeez-o. That's a surprise. Of t. Didnae see that comin'. "More on pages 6 and 7. He's no deid, is he? Jeez that's young!

JACK:

So let me get this right. You sit there and get all the news first hand I've to sit here with nae news. In the dark. Like a daftie. Out the loop. A caveman. A cromagnon!

VI CTOR:

Put the telly on! Aah, of course, they didnae have to back in Cromagnon times. Make a fire or what ever it is you people dae.

Jack sighs. Victor gives in.

VICTOR: (CONT'D)

Are ye wanting the paper?

JACK:

Naw. Just Gimme that wee magazine that they always stick in the middle.

Victor pulls out the "Futuroo" catalogue.

VI CTOR:

(Affecting Caveman voice) MAGAZINE. GIFT. LOOK PICTURES.

JACK:

I will fashion a spear and stick it up your arse. (Same caveman voice) EYES MAKE WATER.

Victor throws it to Jack.

JACK: (CONT'D)

I love these. Full of clever, handy stuff ye cannae get in the shops. There's yer key ring calculator.

VI CTOR:

What de ye need that for?

JACK:

That would dae a janitor. "How many daft keys have I got here? Ch haud on I've got a wee calculator here." (Reading) Thermal cup. "Keep yer cuppa piping hot!"

VI CTOR:

I don't see the benefit of that.

JACK:

Well, Ye make a cup of tea, you go for a biscuit, slip, faw, snap yer leg, up the hospital, 4 hours on a gurney, ignored! Up the road a again, greeting wi'the pain, gasping for a cup of tea, Ch hello! Roasting hot cup of tea just the way you left it! Perfect!

VI CTOR:

That is a handy thing. Bad fracture. Nice cup of tea.

JACK:

Look at this! It's a big magnifying

1 CONTI NUED:

JACK:

...and it boils them for you before you wake up!

VI CTOR:

Haha!

JACK:

And if you order it before the end of the month you get the Toastie soldier companion!

VI CTOR:

(Laughing) Eggmaster 3000!!! Gies a look at it.

JACK:

You can read it when I'm done wi'it.

JACK: (CONT'D)

Eggmaster 3000 What kind of windae licker would part with his money for that?

HARD CUT TO:

2 INT. WINSTON'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM/FRONT DOOR DAY 1 (1000) 2 (WINSTON, CHRIS THE POSTIE)

Winst on is on the phone. He is holding a Futuroo catalogue open.

WINSTON:

Yes. The Eggmast er 3000 pl ease.

Winston licks his thumb and rubs a mark off his window.

WINSTON: (CONT'D)
And am I still eligible for the
Toastie soldier companion? You
dancing bear. That's great,
thanking you. Would I like
expedited delivery? What does
Expedited mean? Quicker. Aye gies
that, Hen. Cheerio now.

Winston's doorbell goes.

WINSTON: (CONT'D)

What a service!

He goes to the front door and opens it. Chris the Postie stands before him

CHRI S:

Registered Letter.

Winston signs the electric box. Chris looks at it disparagingly.

CHRIS: (CONT'D)

Is that yer signature, aye?

WINSTON:

Yes. Exactly the same as it always is. (Points to his signature) Yingi myingyem

Winston slams the door in his face and opens his letter.

He returns to his living room and lays it out on the table.

2 CONTI NUED:

WINSTON: (CONT'D)

Ch dear. Well that's a surprise.

Better run round the place with the hoover.

3 INT NAVID'S DAY 1 (1030)

3

(NAVID, ISA, WINSTON)

Isa dusting cans.

Navid emerges from the beads. He watches Isa from behind. Her bum is wiggling away while she is dusting.

NAVI D:

You know, Isa, I never give you anything.

Beat. Isa turns and looks at Navid. A hint of romance on her face.

I SA:

How de ye mean?

Navid pulls a mop from behind the counter.

I SA: (CONT'D)

A mop?

NAVI D:

No just any mop, Isa.

He turns the mop to reveal the legend emblazoned on it:

NAVI D: (CONT'D)

Got you something out the Futuroo catalogue. The Floor Hear-o!

I SA:

Ooh, Navid, I'm no needing that, I like ma string mop.

Navid lifts the mop. It has three measly strings left.

NAVI D:

C'mon. That mop looks like it's had chemo. And anyway. The Floor Hear-o has Bluet oot h.

I SA

Bluetooth? It's normally Detol I use.

Navid pulls out headphones.

3 CONTI NUED:

NAVI D:

Dear oh dear. (Patronizing) Bluetooth gives you wireless music, Isa.

I SA:

Wireless?

NAVI D:

Nae Wires. Wire free! Do you no know not hing?

I SA:

But if I want music, Navid, there's a perfectly good transistor there!

NAVI D:

That's for me to listen to my quality music. This is for you to listen to your shite. It makes your mopping a whole lot simpler cause the music makes the chore pass much quicker.

Winst on enters and begins shopping. Navid puts the headphones on Isa. Her face lights up.

Isa sidles off, mopping and shaking her behind to the music.

I SA:

It's got a lovely fast action! HELLO WINSTON! NAVID GOT ME THESE! AS A PRESENT!

Winston recoils in fright. He heads to the counter. Navid smiles at Winston and leans in.

NAVI D:

It's actually a present for all of us.

WINSTON:

Eh?

Winston's face lights up. He turns to Isa.

WINSTON: (CONT'D)

Aah, earmuffs for a nosy cow!

Isa just smiles.

3 CONTINUED:

WINSTON: (CONT'D)

JACK AND VICTOR HAVE WENT AFF THEIR HEIDS AND THEY VE JUMPED OFF THE HIGH FLATS.

Isa smiles, not hearing a thing.

WINSTON NAVID:

He he he.

Navid and Winston share a knowing laugh. Navid has played a blinder.

I SA:

When's your house guest coming?

WINSTON:

What?

Isa ghosts over. She takes her headphones off. She cooly scans Winston's basket.

I SA:

Well, big tin of soup instead of small tin, Full loaf, when you normally take a wee one, a dozen eggs, not six. And the quilted toilet roll. You usually buy the cheap stuff that yer fingers go through... You've got a house guest visiting. I'm asking when?

NAVI D:

Scary.

Winston is raging.

WINSTON:

See you, Isa? You should grow a moustache, well, a thicker moustache. Get it waxed up at the ends and get a job mopping on the Orient Express ya nosy bastard ye!

Winst on heads to the door, beaten again. Isa goes back to her mopping. Winst on exits.

I SA:

Right, that's me away!

NAVI D:

Ckey dokey.

3 CONTI NUED:

Navid quickly inspects the floor.

NAVID: (CONT'D)
Haud on! You've missed a big bit there!

I SA:

Aye. I tried moppin there but the music wouldnae go on my Wi-Fi. It's a cold spot they call that. Cheeryby!

4 INT CLANSMAN DAY 1 (1115)

4

(TAM, BOABBY, ERIC, JACK, VICTOR, WALTER, WINSTON)

Tam is thumbing through the Futuroo catalogue.

TAM

Spider Catcher. 19.99? Not a chance. Batter it with a slipper. 20 quid saved. What's this noo? An I onic Shoe Freshener. 49.99! Bollocks. Shoes aff, stinking. Lidl's "Ssst. Ssst." Thruppence worth of a squirt, Cotton fresh.

Boabby takes Tam's magazine. He looks at it with disgust.

BOABBY:

Ai med at pensioners! "That'll make my meaningless life easier. This might keep me out the grave for another 15 minutes!" Look at this. An Electric Bunnet. "Outsmart Jack Frost this winter with the Hot Cap. Shite.

ERI C:

No shite, Boabby. It's Toasty. It came the day. Magic.

Eric takes his hat off and demonstrates.

ERIC: (CONT'D)

Yer wee PP3 battery goes in there. Awe the lining in there is like a mini electric blanket.

Eric switches it on. Everybody stares at him

ERIC: (CONT'D)

Wait! There ye go. It's kickin in noo!

BOABBY:

Very good. You wanting a pint or what?

ERI C:

Aye. I'll a take a pint of cider. Lots of ice!, Boabby.

4 CONTI NUED:

Eric takes his jacket off.

ERIC: (CONT'D)
I'm roasting! I'm sweatin' like Pavar ot ti's pal I bear ers.

Jack and Victor enter.

BOABBY:

Look who it is! Chas and Dave!

JACK:

That's right and you put the Cock in Cockney. Two pints, prick!

A man comes in at the back of them He looks similar to Winston in shape, face and same coloured clothes.

VI CTOR:

And get a pint for Winston.

BOABBY:

That's no Winston.

Jack and Victor turn round.

BOTH:

Walter!

WALTER:

Hey, long time to see!

TAM

Must be what,

WALTER:

Lemme think noo...15 year!

JACK:

Have you seen Winston yet?

WALTER:

No. Thought I'd jump in for a quick pint first before I go over to see W NSTON!

Winston walks in.

WINSTON:

What are you like? In here entertaining the troops before you visit yer brother!

4 CONTI NUED:

Winston limps over.

WALTER:

A drink for ma brother! In fact get one fur everybody!

WALTER: (CONT'D)

What happened to your leg?

WINSTON:

Lost it. Fags.

WALTER:

Ch dear.

Winston grabs Walter's right hand.

WINSTON:

Anyway, how ye doin'?

Winst on shakes his arm It extends by about a foot and a half. Something is badly wrong.

WINSTON: (CONT'D)

What happened to your arm?

WALTER:

Lost it. Rigs.

Winst on looks round. Everyone is stifling a laugh.

WALTER: (CONT'D)

Cot a big payday oot it!

WINSTON:

That's good. So where have you been?

WALTER:

Where have I no been? I was on the Heimdal gas field. Transferred and got moved to Oselvar. Oil. That awe travels via the Northpipe tae-

The boys are enthralled. Walter hears snoring. We cut to see Eric is asleep.

WALTER: (CONT'D)

Stop me if I'm boring ye!

4 CONTI NUED:

TAM

No, no, you're no boring himit's the battery bunnet.

Tam taps Eric on the head.

TAM (CONT'D)

Eric, wake up ya auld tit!

Tam lifts the hat off Eric's head. He reacts to the hat being scorching! Eric's head is bright red.

TAM (CONT'D)

Bloody hell! It's roasting!

Tam juggles the hat like a hot potato. Smoke comes off it. He throws it on the bar counter. It bursts into flames.

Everyone reacts!

ALL:

Haaawwww.

Eric wakes up. Boabby lifts the soda gun and douses it. It hisses out. The danger is over.

ERI C:

No ma good bunnet! That cost me an arm and a leg!

Everyone reacts to Eric's faux pas.

ALL:

Haaaaaaaaw!

Winston and Walter laugh.

5 INT JACK AND VICTOR'S LANDING. MORNING 2 (1000)

5

(JACK, VICTOR, ISA, CHRIS THE POSTIE)

Jack emerges from his flat. Is a stands before him, at her door.

I SA:

Morning, Jack.

JACK:

(Taken aback) Morning, Isa.

After a few beats, Victor emerges from his flat.

VI CTOR:

Jack. Isa.

JACK:

Victor.

I SA:

Victor. Morning.

VI CTOR:

Morning to you too.

A few more dry beats. We cut back and forth between their smiling, waiting expressions. Eventually, the lift pings open.

Chris the Postie emerges. He gets a fright at the three of them standing there.

CHRI S:

What's this? Have I got off the lift at a zombie movie? Dawn of the Decrepit?

JACK:

Very funny. You got something for us?

CHRI S:

I do as it happens. I've got something for all of ye.

Chris hands out three parcels, one to each. Victor's is small, Isa's is medium sized, Jack's is large.

5 CONTI NUED:

All three recognise the Futuroo wrapping paper on each parcel and nod knowingly to one another.

ALL:

Aaaaahhhh.

I SA:

All different sizes. A wee innovation fur each of us. Tae make life that wee bit easier. Whose gonnie kick things aff.

VI CTOR:

Allow me.

He opens his box and presents a stone.

JACK:

A st one.

VI CTOR:

At first glance. Observe!

Victor takes out his house keys and puts them inside the stone.

I SA:

What's the good of that?

VI CTOR:

If I come in one night, after an evening in the Clansman and discover I've lost my keys because I'm pished or what have you, then I've got a set right here. Disguised as a common or garden pebble.

JACK:

Which wouldnae look oot a place in the garden but this is a landing.

VI CTOR:

Eh? Ch aye.

JACK:

A robber would see that and say "Cooh, there's one of they plastic Futuroo hide yer key pebbles." That'll save me kicking the door in.

Victor puts it down by his front door.

VICTOR: Shut up. It looks good there. Like a rockery.

JACK:

Like yer starting a rockery. A one rock rockery. A shit ey rockery.

I SA:

5 CONTI NUED:

BOTH:

Good/That's a handy thing, that.

DOG

Right. Come in and show me what you got, Jack. Jack. Victor?

Jack and Victor are gone.

HARD CUT TO.

6 INT JACK'S FLAT - BATHROOM DAY 2 (1030) 6

(JACK, VICTOR)

Jack and Victor stand in front of a fancy, white electronic "Bath Tidy" which sits across the bath full of gadgets. Radio, reading stand, soap dispenser etc. Two plastic white lights Packed with shite.

VI CTOR:

Woaf. That is the bollocks. The business. The daddy of them all. What the hell is it?

JACK:

What's your bath time routine?

VI CTOR:

I don't take a bath. Routinely. Too much hassle. I dae my ablutions with ma shower head.

JACK: Abl ut i ons?

VI CTOR:

Aye, Ye know, Roon the houses. Oxters, arsehole, clacker bag.

JACK:

Thank you, Victor. I've now got that in Panavision. But I know what you're saying. I'm the same. I just use the shower. To men of oor age, a bath is a pain in the arse. But with the Techno Tub. No-sir-ee. Soap dispenser, dish there, thermometer there, beer holder, book stand, lights and the piece to r esi st ance,

Jack switches on a dial. We hear an old tune.

JACK: (CONT'D)

Bath time's a pleasure. And I'll be having one tonight.

VI CTOR:

Nice. Much was it?

6 CONTI NUED:

JACK:

34. 99.

VI CTOR:

Aye. That's better than a dummy stone right enough. Once ye've used that tonight, I'll take a shot of it and have a good steep masel..

JACK:

Naw. The Techno Tub's a personal thing. That's like taking a lain of a man's sponge. Away and fondle yer stone.

Victor Leaves.

7 EXT STREET DAY 2 (1400)

7

(TAM, ERIC, WALTER, WINSTON, JACK)

Tam and Eric stand with Walter and Winston. Walter is finishing a funny story.

WALTER:

(Jerks a thumb to Winston) Two of us are steaming and he turns roon and says "Naw, you haud it's heid! I'll put the wellies on it!"

Tam and Eric lose it. They are all laughing. Jack approaches. He carries Soap and a new sponge.

JACK:

What huv I missed, what's awe the laughing aboot?

ERI C:

Ma ribs are sore.

TAM

It's Walter here, you could be a stand-up comedian, son! Or youse could be a double act. But you'd huv to go the straight man, Winston.

Everyone laughs.

ERI C:

Or the clown that comes oot before the main event!

JACK:

Aye cause he's it and you're shit! That could be yer double act name! "Ladies and Gentlemen, a big hand," nae offence, Walter, "for IT AND SHIT!"

WINSTON:

Thanks, fur that, Jack.

JACK:

Sorry.

WALTER:

Right, where are we gaun, the bookies? Let's flash some cash!

WINSTON:

Naw, naw. Stevie the bookie's a wrong 'un.

WALTER:

How?

WINSTON:

Long story.

Everyone smiles and looks at their shoes.

WINSTON: (CONT'D)

Right. I had an accumulator come up. 35 grand. Stevie does a runner. Then he comes back, Shaves his heid baldy and claims to be his brother. I stay in his toilet awe night and bust him, so he pays me, but I cannae stay oot the place and I start losing it. I'm down to my last few quid then bingo I get it awe back. Stick it in ma leg which flew out the windae and a ned ran away with all ma lolly. (To Jack) Ye remember awe that?

JACK:

Vaguel y. awayt hhEuTc 0 Tw (JACK:) Tj 1 0 TA1 Nyo361. 62. 09eund&u-

7 CONTI NUED:

JACK:

Naw. I'm going up the road tae have a bath. I've no had a bath for two year!

Everybody steps back from Jack.

JACK: (CONT'D)
I've had showers and that. Naw, youse enjoy yourselves.

(JACK)

Jack has got his big tartan robe on. He is watching his bath fill up. He presses on the lights then turns the overhead light off to see the water sparkling. He turns on the radio and hums along with the tune.

JACK:

On, look at you, filling up lovely.

Jack decants a tin of beer into a pint tumbler and places it in the glass holder on the bath tidy. He checks the temp on the bath tidy.

JACK: (CONT'D)

Temperature's just tickéty-boo. Book stand.

Jack pulls from his robe a giant grave stone slab of Dairy MIk and puts it on the book stand.

9 INT JACK AND VICTOR'S LANDING. NEXT MORNING 3 (0930)

9

(JACK V/O, VICTOR, ISA)

Victor emerges with a pack of Digestives. The floor space outside his door is now covered with pebbles. He steps over them stumbling and trying to get his balance.

VI CTOR:

16 quid for this pile of shit.

He eventually navigates them and arrives and knocks Jack's door. Nothing. He knocks it again.

JACK: (OOV)

(Muffled) Victor!

Victor cocks his ear. What was that?

JACK: (CONT'D)

Vi ct or!

Victor opens the letter box.

VI CTOR:

Jack?

JACK:

Hel p!

VI CTOR:

Huv ye fell!?

JACK:

Naw I'm stuck in the bath I've been in it all night?

VI CTOR:

Ch Jesus! Haud on!

Isa's dog's eye's light up.

DOG

What's all the commotion?

Victor runs and raps Isa's door.

VI CTOR:

Isa! Isa! Jack's stuck in the bath!

9 CONTI NUED:

DOG

Who's calling?

VI CTOR:

It's me, Victor. Open the door!

DOG

I'm sorry, I cannot receive guests, at the moment for I amin my dressing gown eating toast and reading my Bella magazine.

Victor snatches up the dog and begins shouting in its face.

VI CTOR:

LISTEN TO ME YOU HALFWIT! OPEN THIS BLOODY DOOR, JACK'S STUCK IN THE BATH! GET IT OPENED OR I'LL RIP THIS DUG'S LEGS AFF!

Isa opens the door. Victor has run back across the landing.

VICTOR: (CONT'D) (trying the door.) It's locked!

I SA:

Put yer shoulder tae it!

VI CTOR:

Out the road.

Victor takes a feeble run and hits it like snowball hitting a gas fire. He hits it again. Same result. He kicks it feebly.

I SA:

MOVE!

Victor gets out the way. Isa runs full steam at the door. She knocks it clean off its hinges.

(JACK, VICTOR, ISA)

Victor and Isa enter frantically.

VI CTOR:

Jack, ye awright? What's happened here?

JACK:

What de ye thinks happened? I've thought this bath is that good I've decided to live in it! I'm stuck! I cannae get oot!

I SA:

Jack, yer wullie!

Victor grabs a small face cloth.

VI CTOR:

Here, I'll cover that up!

JACK:

W' a bigger towel!!!

I SA:

Who takes a bloody bath first thing in the morning?

JACK:

I took it last night!

VI CTOR:

And get

CONTI NUED: 10

JACK:

I'm awe stuck to the sides, like suct i on!

I SA:

Just pull the plug oot!

JACK:

I cannae, it's directly under ma ringer I've tried that!

VI CTOR:

Don't panic!

JACK:

Pani c? I'm no pani cki ng! I'm past the panicking bit! I was panicking for about ten hours, but that's past noo!

I SA:

Call 911!

JACK:

What, for American Police?

VI CTOR:

Away ye go, ya hofwit! "Is that CSI Mami, ma pals stuck in the bath. Where? Glesga!" Idiot. It's 999!

JACK:

Haud on, Victor, you cannae dae t hat!

VI CTOR:

How?

JACK:

That's for emergencies, I'm no dyin! I'm just wanting out the bath. There's a number ye phone when yer having trouble wi' a bath?

I SA:

BnQ

VI CTOR!

Naw! I know what it is, it's 101.

JAQBK:
That's crime! I've no been robbed.
The only thing that's getting
Kenny bbbed is ma bastardin' dignity!

ISA: Aaaaagh! I know what it is!

OSMAT: CIDIOR:A: 1 JACK:

What?

I VSIACTOR: m

This happened to Big J 7jic6yAwmU55Tm - 0. 204 Tci 4H4. aaafferty -

11 INT NAVID'S. LATE MORNING 3 (1100) (NAVID

Jack looks away. Victor does up his trousers. An irate, very large man enters.

VICTOR: (CONT'D) Hello! You must be from the services.

JACK:

Naw! This is big John fae doon stairs! How are you, John?

JOHN:

What's gaun on here?

VI CTOR:

He's stuck in the bath, son.

JOHN:

Are ye? Well I've got water coming doon into ma bathroom Which I've been daein up for the last three months and I've just finished. Only to look up and see drip drip

Isa comes in dressed.

ISA: Are they still not here?

JACK: Absolutely typical, intit

35.

12

12 CONTI NUED:

VI CTOR:

Ch aye!

Victor flushes the toilet.

13 INT STEVIE THE BOOKIE'S DAY 3 (1145)

13

(WINSTON, WALTER, STEVIE)

Walter and Winston are watching a horse race. Stevie the Bookie looks on from his counter. He smiles at Winston, who looks away in disgust.

WALTER:

C'mon then. C'mon then. Bingo!

WINSTON:

Beat by a bawhair!

Winston scrumples up his bookie slip in the old school style. He accompanies Walter to the counter. Walter heads to the window first, offering his slip.

STEVI E:

Excuse me, a minute sir, if I could just tend to this customer first.

Stevie signals to Winston.

WALTER:

Ch aye. Of course.

Walter steps out the way, leaving Stevie to do a victory gloat dance right in Winston's face. Winston takes it in silence. It lasts for however long the episode is short.

Stevie's dance comes to an abrupt end. He turns to Walter. Walter looks to Winston quizzically. "What was that about?"

WINSTON:

Just ignore him, Walter.

STEVI E:

How can I help you?

WALTER:

Wee accumulator came up there.

STEVI E:

(affable) Nice! Lemme see. Now you don't see that very often. You've started with a pound. Ye've predicted McPherson in round three last night. Score draw, next, they're very tricky.

(MORE)

13 CONTI NUED:

STEVIE: (CONT'D)

The winner at Hamilton. And you never took the odds. That was clever.

Stevie casts an eye at Winston.

STEVIE: (CONT'D)

£210. Well done.

Stevie grins at Winston. Winston shakes his head. But he's not annoyed. He smiles to himself at the irony of his arch enemy cosying up to his brother. Walter takes the money with his plastic hand.

STEVIE: (CONT'D)

Smart accumulator. 'Q ever.' That's took a bit of nouse. I wouldn't mind buying you a pint and picking yer brains about your process!

WALTER:

Anytime!

WINSTON:

Aye, anytime.

STEVI E:

Naw, I was referring to the winners' enclosure.

Winston and Walter make to leave.

STEVIE: (CONT'D)

₩ nst on!

Winst on turns. Stevie reprises his "Victory" dance to annoy him

14 INT JACK'S FLAT - BATHROOM DAY 3 (1200)

14

(JACK, VICTOR, ISA)

Victor enters. Isa is sitting on the loo.

VI CTOR:

You're no taking a dump an awe are ye?

I SA:

Indeed I am not ya filthy pig!

JACK:

What did they say?

VI CTOR:

Yer no gonnie like this. They said it could be up to six hours.

JACK:

I'll no last another six hours. This water's gaun cold.

I SA:

We can fix that, wi' a wee top up.

Isa turns on the hot water tap but it's tight.

I SA: (CONT'D)

It's no comin'.

Victor rolls up his sleeves.

VI CTOR:

Pl ease.

He moves past her to the tap. He applies a serious amount of pressure to turn it. It comes away in his hand. Water gushes out the tap.

JACK:

That's quite nice. That's gettin hot. That's getting too hot, Victor! It's ROASTING IT'S SCORCHING SERIOUSLY, SERIOUSLY THAT'S TOO MUCH! You'd be as well throwing totties in here!

14 CONTI NUED:

I SA:

Ye need the cauld tae coonter it!

Isa turns on the cold tap.

VI CTOR:

Right! It's now or never! Grab my hands Jack!

Jack grabs Victor's hands.

VI CTCR: (CONT'D) Ye ready? One! Two Three!

Victor has no leverage. He topples into the bath on top of Jack. Water pishes everywhere.

Isa lifts a bucket. She begins to bail water from the bath to the toilet sink. It's going everywhere.

Victor crawls out. His soaking clothes are dripping everywhere. He slips on the floor.

15 INT CLANSMAN AFTERNOON 3 (1400)

15

(BOABBY, WINSTON, WALTER)

Winston and Walter are draining a pint. Boabby stands cleaning tumblers.

WALTER:

(Awkward) Well, I better be hitting the road. That's a good gang of pals you've got here, Winston.

WINSTON:

Aye, I'm very lucky. Jack, Victor, Tam, Eric, Isa, Navid.

Boabby waits patiently for his mention.

WINSTON: (CONT'D)

Oh aye. I nearly forgot. Stevie the bookie.

Boabby gives up and heads into the stock room

WALTER:

Aye the bookie. I liked him Great guy.

WINSTON:

Oh aye. Great guy. Salt of the earth. (Under his breath) Which I wish he was under.

Beat.

WALTER:

It's a shame about poor old Auntie Lily, dying, intit?

WINSTON:

And there it is.

WALTER:

There what is?

WINSTON:

The reason for your visit, Walter. Yer bus is in an hour, but there was one wee last bit of business you had to take care of. The bite.

WALTER:
I don't know what yer talking aboot!

Winst on pulls out a letter. The one he received at the

16 CONTI NUED:

JACK: (CONT'D)

But I was stuck in that bath about sixteen hours!

JOHN:

What ye doin taking a bath at your age?

Victor drags the Techno tub bath tidy out the bath.

VI CTOR:

He normally takes a shower but he bought this!

JOHN:

What is it?

JACK:

Techno tub! It's does everything. Radio, lights, temperature.

VI CTOR:

It's a great thing.

JOHN:

What do you do with it?

Victor sits it on the bath.

VI CTOR:

It just sits there. Voila.

The bath disappears under its own weight through the floor.

VI CTOR: (CONT'D)

Techno Tub.

JACK:

Bath tidy.

Isa stares down the hole.

LSA

Yer bathroom really is lovely. Was that a new shower cubicle?

Post Sig

17 INT CLANSMAN NIGHT 3 (2215)

(JACK, VICTOR, WINSTON, TAM, BOABBY, ISA, ERIC)

Everybody is gathered. They are all quite bevvied.

JACK:

It's no just what Walter says, it's the way he says it. It's a gift, that.

TAM

You just have to look at him and he creases ye up.

VI CTOR:

That must be a bit weird for you Winston.

WINSTON:

How so?

VI CTOR:

Just, having the older brother who's the life and soul and eh...

WINSTON:

Funni er than me?

ALL:

Noo! Didnae say that. Deserving of a watch etc

17 CONTI NUED:

WINSTON:

Calm doon. He telt me aboot that. He gave me this to square ye up. Did ye think he'd done a runner?

BOABBY:

No! That's great. Right. Sorry.

Winst on hands Boabby 40 quid.

JACK:

To Walter.

ALL:

To Walter.

WINSTON:

Aye, to Walter.

We see the wistful look on Winston's face. Once again he bails out his brother.

Hard cut:

(JACK, VICTOR, ISA? VOICE FROM DOG)

Jack leans against Victor's front door. He is in full gloat.

JACK:

Still nae joy?

Victor is on his knees looking through his "rockery", chucking stones over his shoulder.

VI CTOR:

Which one was it?! 178 Tc (",) Tj f:fMlis on his knees looking