

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

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INT. PUBLIC HOUSE ENTRANCE DOORS. NIGHT.

Two wet bedraggled denim clad male figures (Wullie and Billy) struggle haphazardly through the entrance. Each is encumbered by carrying a holdall and Knapsack of tools, jackets pulled up over their heads. Free, of the doors, they drop their baggage, to straighten up, revealing youthful faces, as they wipe them dry and brush the wet from their hair.

BILLY

(complaining)

I thought you said the weather wis better doon here.

WULLIE

Aye, well, we must have brought it wi us.

For the first time they look into the Bar.

INT. BAR.

A smart modern interior, populated with smart well dressed and groomed, men and women. Excited chatter and laughter echoes the festive decorations of heart shaped bunting and garlands of flowers, strung around the bar. Balloons, imprinted with the message, "Happy Valentine" and "Be my Valentine" float against the ceiling, trailing pink and blue ribbons. Some being pulled down and presented to blushing men and women, some being "popped" to embarrassed laughter.

BILLY

(disgruntled and unnerved)

I don't think this is oor kinda pub.

WULLIE

(impatiently)

Billy. We're no gaun back oot tae get soaked. C'mon it'll be fine.

Billy hesitantly glances at the Bar and then the entrance, considering the options. Resentfully, he picks up his bags to follow Wullie through the throng of customers to a vacant spot against a wall, where they stack their bags.

BILLY

I'll get the drinks in.

WULLIE

Jist remember the price a drink in London is dearer than at hame.

BILLY

(turning back irritated)

Christ. Two pints isnae gonnae break us.

And as he begins to leave, again.

WULLIE
Oh! And Billy.

BILLY
(turning back exasperated)
Jesus. Whit noo.

WULLIE
(exaggerated slowness)
Speak slow.

BILLY
(incredulous)
Whit?

WULLIE
Speak slow. They wulnae understand
yir accent. If ye don't speak slow,
they hivnae a clue whit yir talkin
about.

BILLY
(angrily)
Are you winding me up. I know you've
Been tae London before and this is
ma first time but yir beginnin, tae
get on ma tits.

WULLIE
(indignant)
Hey! Am only tryin tae save yi an
embarrassment.

BILLY
(with rising anger)
Save me an embarrassment. Your a
bloody embarrassment.

WULLIE
(heatedly)
Oh yea think so. Well this is whit
you ur.

He grabs hold of a ribbon from a floating balloon and thrusts
it into Billy's chest.

WULLIE (CONT'D)
A fuckin' Valentine balloon.

Billy lurches forward grabbing him by the collar and pulling
him forward nuts him on the nose with his head and as he
staggers back to slump seated on to the baggage.

BILLY
Aye, well hiv a kiss ya bastard.

