

"Divorced On Mars"

ACT ONE
SCENE ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. MARTIAN AIRPORT - DAY (DAY ONE)

A FORBIDDING MARS LANDSCAPE WITH A TENEMENT-LIKE MARTIAN MEGALOPOLIS IN THE BACKGROUND. PLUMES OF GREASY SMOKE CURL FROM INDUSTRIAL CHIMNEYS WITH WASHING HANGING OFF THEM. IT LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE GLUED TOGETHER THE WORST PARTS OF NEW YORK, MUMBAI AND CARACAS AND PAINTED IT A SICKLY RED.

A BATTERED **SPACECRAFT** LOWERS TOWARDS THE PLANET.

PILOT (O.S.)

Welcome to Mars, thank you for flying Aer
Lingus.

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE TWO

INT. MARTIAN AIRPORT - DAY (DAY ONE)

(Nigel, Windy, Sikh Clerk, Grotty Man, Foppy Passenger, Irish Passenger, Kind Stranger, Janitor, crowd, aliens)

A FILTHY AIRPORT LOUNGE, SOMETHING OUT OF "TOTAL RECALL." BEGGARS, BROKEN LIGHTS, LEAKY PIPES. A GANG OF DISREPUTABLE TYPES MILLS ABOUT. AN ALIEN **JANITOR** SPEARS SOME REPULSIVE TRASH WITH A RAT IN IT AND EATS IT OFF THE STICK. AN URGENT VOICE KEENS FROM BEHIND THE MOTLEY CROWD.

NIGEL

Let me pass! I say, emergency!

THE GORMLESSLY UPPER-CLASS **NIGEL MAINSTUFF** PUSHES INTO VIEW. HE HAS SPROUTED A RIP VAN WINKLE HAIR AND BEARD EN ROUTE, AND HIS JACKET IS MOTH-HOLED. IN TOW IS HIS DAUGHTER, **WINDY**, A WELL-DEVELOPED 16 CRAMMED INTO THE BURSTING TOGS OF AN 11-YEAR-OLD. WINDY'S LONG HAIR HAS PIGTAILS DOWN AROUND KNEE-LEVEL, AND SHE CLUTCHES A RAGGED TEDDY BEAR AND A BIG ROUND LOLLY. SHE LOOKS LIKE SHE'S BEEN DRAGGED BACKWARDS THROUGH PUBERTY BY THE ANKLES. NIGEL SPEAKS AS THOUGH HE STEPPED OUT OF "GOSFORD PARK."

NIGEL

I say, S.O.S! There's been an absolutely ghastly mistake!

THE SIKH **AIRPORT CLERK** IS UNSYMPATHETIC.

AIRPORT CLERK

You had a ghastly mistake? I am bloody Scandinavian. How do you jolly well explain that? My parents, Sven and Inge, were up a tree about my appearancing.

NIGEL

Yes, that's very tragic, but back to me. When I purchased these bally tickets...

AIRPORT CLERK

Lordy me, it was a puzzler. The only Sikh in all of Finland was Mother's pathological child-swapping nurse. (THINKS) Wait just a jiffing minute!

NIGEL

You see I bought these two First Class tickets from Earth...

IRISH PASSENGER

You, in First Class? Pull the other one. You look like shite, mate.

THE TATTY CROWD LAUGHS THROUGH THEIR CRACKED TEETH.

NIGEL

No, no. The reason I look like this Shite fellow is that after you put us to sleep some bounder bumped Windy and me to Economy!

AN UPPER-CLASS **FOPPY PASSENGER** IN A CRISPLY PRESSED SUIT STANDS BESIDE NIGEL. HE'S GOT A DINNER TRAY STRAPPED AROUND HIS WAIST WITH CHAMPERS AND CAVIAR ON IT, PLUS A FLOWER IN A VASE, AND A "TIMES."

FOPPY PASSENGER

Erm, that'd be me, actually. There were no First Class seats left and the Captain and I went to the same school. In fact, the same dorm. Same bunk, most nights...

NIGEL

Trouble is, There's no cryogenic suspension in Economy...

(BREAKING DOWN)

Look at me! I've aged 5 BLASTED YEARS!

THE CROWD HOWLS AND COUGHS WITH LAUGHTER, SLAPPING THEIR DIRTY SIDES, RAISING CLOUDS OF DUST.

AIRPORT CLERK

I am empowered with offering you a partial refund. Or, a picture of Robbie Williams frolicking naked with a shaved macaque.

HE FANS A HANDFUL OF PHOTOGRAPHS.

FOPPY PASSENGER

Tally ho, I'd like one of those!

NIGEL

Dash it, I don't want a refund! I want five years of my life back! Look at my 11-year-old daughter. Look at her!

(PUSHES WINDY FORWARD)

She's a teenager!

WINDY

Dad, my knickers are too tight. My bum's gone to sleep.

NIGEL

And now her bum's gone to sleep!

GROTTY MAN

I could give it the kiss of life, dearie,

see if it comes 'round.

NIGEL PULLS WINDY AWAY FROM THE LEERING LETCH.

WINDY

Daddy, tell them who you are.

NIGEL

My good man, I happen to be a Barrister!

FOPPY PASSENGER

And I'm sure you're an absolute whiz, or
else why would you be here on Mars?

HE MINCES LIKE KENNETH WILLIAMS, BITING A MARINATED MUSHROOM OFF A LONG
FORK. THE CROWD LAUGHS APPRECIATIVELY. A FILTHY I-BEAM DROPS FROM THE
CEILING, KILLING A PORTER.

NIGEL

This is a whacking great nightmare!
There was nothing like this in the
brochures! Where are the crystal
sidewalks, the fruit-tree-bordered
avenues and the indoor lagoons?

THE CROWD HOWLS ANEW AT HIS GULLIBILITY. THE GROTTY MAN HORKS ON THE
FLOOR.

GROTTY MAN

There mate, swim in that!

PEALS OF LAUGHTER. A ROUGH-LOOKING FAGINESQUE **STRANGER** IN HALF-GLOVES
PUSHES THROUGH AND SILENCES THE CROWD.

KIND STRANGER

All right you lot, all right!

HE TAKES NIGEL ASIDE. HE'S HOLDING SOMETHING **ROLLED UP**.

KIND STRANGER

They've had a bit of fun at your expense
I'm afraid, Squire. They're rough round
the edges but they're a good lot. You're
worried for nowt.

NIGEL

"Nowt"? You call this bloody nowt? Look

at me! Someone used my pockets for
airsick bags!

HE TAPS HIS BULGING SQUELCHY POCKETS.

KIND STRANGER

Calm down, sir. You can go back to Earth
and start over, no 'arm done.

NIGEL

(GLIMMER OF HOPE) Really?

THE STRANGER UNROLLS A FILIGREED WELCOME MAT.

KIND STRANGER

All you gotta do is step on this Time-
Reversal Mat, close your eyes, click your
heels and say "There's no place like
home" three times. Bob's yer uncle,
you're back in...

(CHECKS NIGEL'S TICKET)

... Bognor.

NIGEL

"Time Reversal Mat?" I don't believe
I've heard of that.

KIND STRANGER

Mars invention, Squire. Not everyone
takes to the old "fourth-from-the." We
don't want anyone here whose heart in't
in it so back you go, no 'ard feelings.

NIGEL STEPS CAUTIOUSLY ONTO THE GLITTERING MAT.

NIGEL

Gorsh, I feel rather badly about being so
stroppy now. Three times you say?

THE STRANGER NODS. NIGEL CLOSES HIS EYES.

NIGEL

Windy, you follow me. (EYES SHUT)
"There's no place like..."

BONK! THE STRANGER TAKES OUT A COSH AND SWACKS NIGEL UNCONSCIOUS.
WINDY SCREAMS. THE CROWD LAUGHS THEMSELVES SICK. THE STRANGER PULLS

OUT A WHOPPING PAIR OF SCISSORS.

KIND STRANGER

All right, guv. Let's be 'aving them trousers then...

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE THREE

INT. MARTIAN AIRPORT - DAY (NIGHT ONE)

(Nigel, Windy, Bunny, criminals)

NIGEL COMES-TO SANS PANTS, BLEARILY LOOKING UP AT **BUNNY PROCK**, A CONNIVING OUTGOING SCOT WITH A WARY EYE AND A GRUBBY JACKET OF MANY POCKETS. BUNNY IS GOING THROUGH NIGEL'S ALREADY-RANSACKED HAND LUGGAGE. IN THE BACKGROUND, A GANG OF NE'ER-DO-WELLS CROWBARS OPEN THE PUBLIC LOCKERS.

NIGEL KNOCKS A **VULTURE CREATURE** OFF HIS CHEST WITH A START.

BUNNY

Welcome to Mars. Ye've very attractive legs for a middle-aged man.

(PULLS UP NIGEL'S SHIRT)

And yer underpants have a certain naive, yet playful cheekiness.

NIGEL

I'm... alive?

BUNNY TOSSES STUFF OUT OF NIGEL'S HAND-LUGGAGE.

BUNNY

Ye're lucky, ye had complete crap in here nobody wanted. If ye'd had cigarettes, they'd have killed ye. If ye have a pipe they'll grind ye up and smoke ye. If you're a smoker but you've got nae ciggies, they'll kill ye and lick the nicotine stains off yer teeth. And if you've got any gold teeth, I'll kill ye,

so please don't tell me. I'm Bunny.

NIGEL

(STILL GIDDY)

You're not a bunny, your ears are too small.

NIGEL

That's my name, ye great poncy berk. Of course I'm not a real bunny. Even I'm not tha' criminally delusional! The name's Bunny Prock. Ay, the paper was right about you.

BUNNY EYES THE "MARS CHRONICLE" IN A NEWSPAPER BOX. THE HEADLINE SAYS "NEW ARRIVAL LOOKS LIKE SHITE."

NIGEL

How long was I unconscious? What time is it?

BUNNY

Couldn't tell ye. I keep my watch up my arse for safety. But it feels like six or six-thirty.

HE STICKS HIS POSTERIOR IN NIGEL'S FACE

BUNNY

Can ye hear the chime by any chance?

WINDY COMES OUT OF THE BACKGROUND WHERE SHE'S BEEN SNOGGING WITH AN ALIEN.

BUNNY

Hello. Is this yer lady friend?

NIGEL

This is my 11-year-old daughter, Windy.

BUNNY

Eleven, is she? Take my advice, board up yer windows and have her sleep in a shark cage tonight.

WINDY

Daddy? Who's this smelly ignorant prat?

BUNNY

Bunny Prock, official bodyguard to the
Public Defender, at your service.

NIGEL

By the by, what happened to the last
Public Defender?

BUNNY

Oo, he's dead. They're all dead.

BUNNY PULLS A FLUFF-COVERED CRISP FROM ONE OF HIS MANY FILTHY POCKETS.

BUNNY

Crisp? Only a Pound, and I'll throw in
the fluff for free.

NIGEL

How did he die?

BUNNY EATS HIS DUSTY CRISP. HE SHRUGS.

BUNNY

Couldn't tell ye. I was hiding in a
barrel crying me eyes out at the time.
But I did hear a lot of unsaintly
screaming.

A HIDEOUS **ALIEN** POLISHING A NAPPING TRAVELLER'S SHOES WHIPS OUT A
KNIFE, CUTS OFF THE GUY'S FEET AND MAKES OFF WITH HIS FLORSHEIMS.
BUNNY LICKS HIS SALTY FINGERS.

BUNNY

We'd best be going. After dark the
unsavoury element comes out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. "MARS ARMS" APARTMENTS - NIGHT (DAY ONE)

(Bunny V/O)

PANNING THE MARS ARMS APARTMENT COMPLEX, SOMETHING OUT OF "BLADE RUNNER" MINUS THE RAIN. IN THE BACKGROUND URBAN MARS SPRAWLS OUT, A CRIMSON MELANGE OF TATTY SHACKS AND SOUL-CRUSHING CONCRETE WAREHOUSES.

BUNNY (V/O)

... and never play the shell game for yer internal organs, they've got a way of hiding the pea. Ye'd be on a shuttle back to earth minus yer testicles before you could say Felicity Kendall.

SCENE FOUR

INT. NIGEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (NIGHT ONE)

(Nigel, Windy, Bunny, family, Swain, Wall Crawler, fridge thing)

BUNNY AND NIGEL ENTER NIGEL'S APARTMENT, A FOUL HELL-HOLE WITH CRUMBLING FURNITURE, MOLDY RUGS AND MOTH-EATEN CURTAINS. NIGEL IS STILL PANTLESS. CEILING WATER DRIPS INTO A BUCKET. SIGNS AROUND THE WALLS OF A RECENT ALL-CONSUMING FIRE. THROUGH A HOLE IN THE WALL ONE CAN SEE THE **FAMILY NEXT DOOR** HAVING DINNER IN THEIR UNDERSHIRTS.

BUNNY

Welcome to Shangri-La!

THE DOOR DROPS OFF ITS HINGES. NIGEL DROPS HIS ROPED-UP SUITCASE IN GOBSMACKED HORROR.

NIGEL

It looks more like Shangri-loo! They can't expect a high public official to live here.

BUNNY

Ah, it's not so bad. A lick of paint, a vaseful of plastic daffs...

HE TURNS ON THE LIGHT SWITCH. THE TABLE LAMP IGNITES.

NIGEL

Not so bad?! That other fellow from Wham lives better than this! The carpet looks like someone puked it here!

SEVERAL YARDS OF WALLPAPER PEEL OFF WITH A SUCKING SOUND.

BUNNY

It may appear run down by picky Earth standards, but here on Mars it's the height o' swank. Ye've all mod cons:

(SHOWING HIM AROUND)

Stove, fridge, hammock -

HE HEAVES NIGELS SUITCASE ONTO THE WHITE "HAMMOCK," WHICH COLLAPSES.

BUNNY

Oh sorry, that's a spider web -- ye've got yer pole...

BUNNY INDICATES A LONG POLE LEANING NEAR THE WINDOW.

NIGEL

What do I want with a pole?

BUNNY PULLS OPEN THE CURTAINS. A FANGED **CREATURE** WITH SUCKERS ON ITS FEET AND HANDS IS STUCK TO THE OUTSIDE OF THE WINDOW, SLOBBERING ON THE GLASS. BUNNY PUTS THE POLE THROUGH A HOLE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WINDOW AND GIVES A GOOD SHOVE. THE CREATURE DROPS SCREAMING TO ITS DEATH.

BUNNY

Of course, ye'll use it a lot more in the summer months.

NIGEL

I'm in the nethermost circle of Hades!

(PANIC) We left Windy in the lobby.

Windy?!

HE RUNS TO THE DOOR AS WINDY ENTERS, A LECHEROUS BELEATHERED **SWAIN** HANGING BOOZILY OFF HER ARM, HIS TONGUE IN HER EAR.

WINDY

Daddy, I've met ever such a dishy bloke. Can he sleep over?

SWAIN

Nice bit o' skirt chicken you raised

here, guv. Which way to the nakedest
room in the 'ouse, darlin'?

NIGEL ADOPTS A 1904 GENTLEMAN JIM CORBETT BOXING POSE.

NIGEL

Get your unsanitary mitts off my daughter
you unsavoury rumpot, and vacate these
premises before I give your bonce a right
varnishing!

BUNNY

(DIRELY) Aye, be off.

SWAIN

I'll be back, darlin'. Wivv a nice cold
bottle o' knicker grease.

THE SWAIN EXITS. WINDY STARTS BAWLING.

WINDY

Daddy, I loved him! And he promised me
something called trouser sweeties!

NIGEL

Windy, what's happened to you?

WINDY

I don't know. (CONFUSED) I feel a
conflict in my nascent bosom. On the one
hand you're still my dear old Dads who
can do no wrong, but on the other I think
of you as a stupid, boring old fart who's
buggering up my life.

BUNNY

Puberty can be a magical yet confusing
time.

NIGEL SLUMPS INTO A CHAIR, DESPONDANT.

NIGEL

I've lost everything! My wife, my house,
and five years of my life, right up the
spout!

HIS CHAIR COLLAPSES. EVEN GRUFF BUNNY TAKES PITY.

BUNNY

Sorry about the wife. She's... with the Almighty in Heaven?

NIGEL

She's with a house-painter in Sidcup. It was an open-and-shut case of adultery. (BITTER) She was open for him and shut for me. Had to take this job to pay the dashed alimony.

BUNNY

Look on the sunny side.

WINDY

That's right, Daddy. At least I've got a dead brilliant pair of knockers and Michael Barrymore's dead. I think I'll go in my bedroom, write a chatty letter to Mum on my Rupert Bear stationery, then shave half my hair off and write "bollocks" on the side of my head.

(KISSES HER DAD)

Oh, and if you're going out, I need oodles of embarrassing women's products.

WINDY EXITS. NIGEL DROPS HIS HEAD IN HIS HANDS.

BUNNY

Ahh, they grow up so fast.

NIGEL

I've failed her. I've failed everyone.

BUNNY PICKS A MOULDY FRUIT OUT OF A BOWL AND BITES IN.

BUNNY

We've all failed, that's why we're here. I was a cranial surgeon in Glasgow for 13 years. Thirteen years, wrist-deep in brains and blood, groping and prodding in the very quiddity o' human consciousness.

NIGEL

Did you... lose a patient?

BUNNY

I lost all of them. I was a carpet-layer. I really shouldn'ta been there. Only reason the National Health hired me in the first place was I had me own rug knife and glue-gun.

NIGEL GOES TO THE FRIDGE.

NIGEL

Dash it, I'm not going to let this setback get me down...

BUNNY

I'll say one thing, I did put their hair back on really neat...

NIGEL

I'm going to forge a new life for Windy and me! The test of a man isn't how he manages success, but how he handles adversity. Fighting the good fight, taking the knocks as they come...

HE OPENS THE FRIDGE DOOR AND STICKS IN HIS HEAD.

NIGEL

Getting up each day and...

AN ENORMOUS PAIR OF **GREEN TENTACLES** REACHES OUT AND PULLS HIM INTO THE FRIDGE. THE DOOR CLOSES BEHIND HIM.

BUNNY

Oh, did I warn ye about the fridge?

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE FIVE

EXT. MARTIAN STREET - DAY (DAY TWO)
(Nigel, Bunny, RoboHooker)

THE NEXT DAY. NIGEL, SHAVED FACE STICKERED WITH BLOODY TISSUE, STRIDES TO WORK THROUGH A SLUMMY, RED-TINGED NEIGHBORHOOD, PORTMANTEAU IN HAND. HE'S THROWN TOGETHER AN OUTFIT FROM HIS APARTMENT DRAPES. THE CARS ARE OLD 3-WHEELERS AND CLAPPED-OUT VAUXHALL VIVAS, PUTTING ALONG ON THEIR LAST LEGS. PEOPLE LIVING IN SHOPPING CARTS IN THE ALLEYS. AN **ALIEN** FISHING IN A SEWER GETS A BITE AND IS PULLED IN. NIGEL PICKS UP HIS PACE.

AN ATTRACTIVE **HOOKER** STEPS OUT IN FRONT OF HIM. SEXY OUTFIT, PUSHUP LACE-TOP BRA, GARTERS, BANGS. SULTRY VOICE.

HOOKER

Hey, good-looking. Wanna go back to my place? We could cover our bodies in cream and make belly butter.

NIGEL LOOKS AROUND.

NIGEL

Excuse me?

HOOKER

Or we could go to your place and pretend I'm inflating a balloon, winkety-wink. What do they call you?

NIGEL

"You chinless dink," mostly.

HOOKER

I'm Candy. Why don't we step into this alley, You Chinless Dink, strip off our clothes and make a peace sign in the squelchy trash?

NIGEL

Love to, but unfortunately I'm just off to work. First day, too, shouldn't be late. Perhaps lunch?

HOOKER

Any time for you, you great thundering whump-monkey.

SHE PARTS HER HAIR. THERE'S A COIN SLOT IN HER FOREHEAD.

HOOKER

To reserve your Noontime Nasty, insert two quid for the first five minutes and 50 P for each additional minute.

NIGEL

My God, don't move, you've got a hole in your head!

HE PUTS A HAND OVER THE SLOT, VAGUELY FIRST-AID-ISHLY.

NIGEL

Help! This girl's got a hole in her head! Bunny hasn't been operating on your brain has he?

THE GIRL'S TONGUE COMES OUT OF HER MOUTH. AND KEEPS COMING, ABOUT A FOOT AND A HALF. NIGEL'S EYES POP. THE TONGUE TICKLES HIS CHIN, OR WHAT THERE IS OF IT. BUNNY SIDLES UP BESIDE THE PARALYZED NIGEL.

BUNNY

It's a robot trollop, Nigel. They're made by Meccano.

HOOKER

Howsabout it, rhino-pants?

SHE MAKES RUDE SLURPING NOISES. BUNNY PULLS NIGEL AWAY.

BUNNY

Sorry, he's not interested.

NIGEL

Terrific meeting you, though.

HOOKER

Get stuffed, you cheap impotent bastard!

BUNNY STEERS NIGEL AWAY FROM THE SITE OF HIS NEAR-CONQUEST.

BUNNY

Ye know, if ye jab a screwdriver in there and wiggle it around, sometimes you can get it for free.

THE HOOKER PULLS A HANDLE FROM HER NECK AMD CRANKS HER TONGUE IN.

FADE OUT.

ACT TWO
SCENE ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY (DAY TWO)
(Nigel, Bunny, Squatter, scummy types)

NIGEL AND BUNNY ASCEND THE COURTHOUSE STEPS. SCUMMY TYPES LURK BETWEEN THE COLUMNS.

BUNNY

Now remember, there's nothing to be
ashamed of in what ye're doing.

NIGEL

But I'm not ashamed.

BUNNY

Ye're defending the poor, the weak and
the defenseless. The downtrodden of this
society. The pitiful, the wretched, the
ill-fed and poorly clothed...

A **SQUATTER** LIES WRAPPED IN RAGS AT THE TOP OF THE COURTHOUSE STEPS.
BUNNY PICKS UP THE GUY AND HEAVES HIM DOWN THE STEPS, BEGGING CUP AND
ALL. HE BOUNCES, SCREAMING, DOWN THE STEPS.

BUNNY

... the penniless, the smelly and the
badly injured...

CUT TO:

SCENE TWO

INT. HALLWAY - DAY (DAY TWO)

(Nigel, Bunny, bystanders)

JUSTICE-BUILDING HALLWAY WITH TWO UNDISTINGUISHED DOORS. CLERKS BUSTLE BY. THERE'S AN ODD DRINKING FOUNTAIN BUILT INTO A WALL RECESS.

NIGEL

Gorsh, that's the strangest-looking
drinking fountain I ever saw...

NIGEL BENDS LOW OVER IT, HIS FACE PRACTICALLY IN THE BOWL, AND TWEAKS THE SPIGOT.

BUNNY

There's a verra good reason for that.
It's no' a drinking fountain...

A METAL FLAP FOLDS DOWN FROM THE WALL, LOCKING NIGEL'S HEAD INTO THE DEVICE, STOCKS-LIKE. HE STRUGGLES LIKE A TRAPPED BADGER AS A RUSHING SOUND BUILDS...

BUNNY

... it's a Neptunian toilet.

KA-POOSH! THERE'S A VIOLENT SPLASHING BANG AND THE LID LIFTS CLEAR. NIGEL BACKS AWAY, STUNNED AND STAGGERING, HIS FACE DRIPPING WITH BLUE LIQUID.

BUNNY

Ye canna show up for work lookin' like a
soggy homosexual Braveheart. I'll fetch
some towels.

BUNNY EXITS. NIGEL WIPES HIS FACE ON HIS SLEEVE, CONSIDERS THE TWO DOORS, AND STILL A LITTLE STUNNED, PICKS THE NEAREST AND GOES INSIDE...

CUT TO:

SCENE THREE

INT. DINGY ROOM - DAY (DAY TWO)

(Nigel, Burly Men, Executioner #1, Executioner #2, Veronica)

NIGEL CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND HIM, WIPING HIS BLUE FACE ON HIS SLEEVE,

AND LOOKS AROUND. 5 OR 6 **BURLY MEN** SIT IN SEVERAL CHAIRS, PATIENTLY FLIPPING THROUGH MAGAZINES.

NIGEL

Hello, chaps. I say, we're rather a crowd. Nigel Mainstuff, new Public Defender, how'd you do?

SILENT HOSTILE INDIFFERENCE. THERE'S NO EMPTY CHAIRS.

NIGEL

Don't suppose you could shift a little to the... no, I suppose not. Right then...

MOVING AROUND THE ROOM, HE COMES TO A LARGE, ANTIQUATED WOODEN **ELECTRIC CHAIR** IN ONE CORNER. METAL HAT, BIG ELECTRIC CABLES, LEATHER WRIST STRAPS AND BIG WALL SWITCH.

NIGEL

Is anyone sitting here?

THEY LOOK UP. HE'S GOTTA BE KIDDING.

NIGEL

No? My lucky day, I get the big chair!

NIGEL GETS A MAGAZINE, THEN HOPS UP IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR LIKE HE WAS GETTING IN FATHER CHRISTMAS'S LAP.

NIGEL

(OFF MAGAZINE) I say! According to my horoscope, the letter "E" figures prominently in my fortune today.
(THINKS) Hmm. "Mars"? No. "New Job"?
No.

TWO **EXECUTIONERS** ENTER, CARRYING AN EMPTY STRETCHER. THEY LEAN IT ON THE WALL AND WALK TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR.

NIGEL

"Large Drab-Uniformed Gentlemen"? No, no, no, and no.

EXECUTIONER 1

'Allo, Sonny-Jim. In a bit of a hurry then, are we?

NIGEL

Rather. Quite a lot on my plate today.

EXECUTIONER 1

Right, we'll do you first then shall we?

NIGEL

Hate to jump queue, but if you wouldn't mind. (OFF HOROSCOPE) Your name wouldn't be "Edward" or "Eugene" would it?

THE EXECUTIONERS BEGIN STRAPPING NIGEL INTO THE CHAIR, WRISTS AND ANKLES.

NIGEL

You know, when I first sat down -- haw! you likely hear this all the time -- but I rather thought this resembled an Electric Chair!

(THINKS)

Electric! Wait a minute.

EXECUTIONER 1

You know, Executioner Number Two, he's got a point. This does bear a resemblance to that self-same venerable life-ending device.

EXECUTIONER 2

Leather arm straps, metal titfer, whopping great switch on the wall labelled "Danger, High Electric Current." Urine all around, and the overpowering stench of death. Yeah, I can see it, Executioner Number One.

NIGEL

Well if it is an electric chair -- a theory to which my horoscope plus the eerie similarities just enumerated lends some credence -- for goodness sake, let me up.

EXECUTIONER 1

I promise you sir, soon as your innards turn to custard, that's precisely what

we'll do.

HE NODS TO EXECUTIONER #2, WHO THROWS THE WALL SWITCH. A LOUD ELECTRICAL **BUZZ**. ELECTRICITY **ARCS** ACROSS NIGEL'S WRITHING BODY AND HIS HEAD **SMOKES**. THE ROOM LIGHT DIMS.

NIGEL

E-e-e-e-e-e! Steady on! I say, hold it! Stop! Lay off this instant!

EXECUTIONER #2 TURNS THE CURRENT OFF. THE ROOM LIGHTS RETURN. NIGEL IS SLIGHTLY BLACKENED AND SMOKING. THE MEN IN THE CHAIRS FAN THE SMOKE WITH THEIR MAGAZINES.

EXECUTIONER 1

What seems to be the trouble, sir?

NIGEL

Dash it all, you're executing me, that's the bally trouble! I don't want to be a Moany Martin but I haven't done anything!

EXECUTIONER 1

So you don't wish to be electrocuted.

NIGEL

No. Not at all.

EXECUTIONER 2

You're not just saying in haste something that upon reflection you'll regret later?

NIGEL

No. Really I'm not.

EXECUTIONER 1

Tell you what. We'll flip the switch, give it some thought.

EXECUTIONER #2 PULLS THE SWITCH AGAIN. **BUZZING, SMOKE AND ELECTRICAL DISCHARGES** FILL THE ROOM.

NIGEL

No no no! Stop! Desist this instant, damn you!

EXECUTIONER #2 TURNS THE POWER OFF.

EXECUTIONER 2

Now sir, there's no call for that sort of language.

HE INDICATES A SIGN ON THE FACING WALL: "NO SWEARING." ALL THE OTHER PRISONERS TSK TSK... THERE'S ALWAYS ONE.

NIGEL

Sorry, that's not like me. Guess I got caught up in all the excitement...

EXECUTIONER 1

Never mind sir, no harm done. Far as we're concerned it never happened.

NIGEL

Thank you. I... E-e-e-e-e-e-e!

THEY FLIP THE SWITCH AGAIN. BUZZING, SMOKING, AND ARCS OF BODY LIGHTNING... NIGEL BOUNCES LIKE A MARIONETTE.

A LIGHT FALLS INTO THE ROOM. THE EXECUTIONERS SHIELD THEIR EYES AGAINST IT. ALL THE MEN IN THE ROOM LOOK TOWARDS THE LIGHT... EVEN NIGEL IN HIS DEATH THROES LOOKS.

IN THE OPEN DOORWAY STANDS **VERONICA**, A COMELY 1940s-STYLE RAYMOND CHANDLER BROAD, A YANK, TOUGH AS NAILS.

VERONICA

Turn it off, you clowns.

THEY TURN OFF THE JUICE. NIGEL'S SPASMS DIE DOWN GRADUALLY.

NIGEL

(2 YEARS OLD)

Icht thinkle poop?

VERONICA

Unhook him you apes.

THEY DO.

NIGEL

Glabbn fmug.

VERONICA

Bring him into my office.

CUT TO:

SCENE FOUR

INT. VERONICA'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY TWO)

(Nigel, Bunny, Veronica, Executioner #1, Executioner #2)

THE EXECUTIONERS DRAG NIGEL INTO VERONICA'S OFFICE: IT'S GRUBBY, CLOSE, PILED HIGH WITH CASE FILES.

VERONICA

Now get out.

THEY LEAVE NIGEL TEETERING AND EXIT. VERONICA LIGHTS A CIGARETTE OFF NIGEL'S SMOKING SKULL.

VERONICA

So you're the new Public Defender.

NIGEL

Ftttttthhnnneeeeeeee?

VERONICA

I'm the Chief Prosecutor for Mars.
Veronica Big-Botty.

RAUCOUS **LAUGHTER** FROM MANY VOICES OUT IN THE HALL. SHE OPENS THE DOOR AND YELLS OUT:

VERONICA

IT'S NOT FUNNY! Anyone who wants the
Death Penalty laugh it up, cos this
drooling scab won't save you!

THEIR LAUGHTER DRIES. SHE TURNS BACK TO NIGEL, WHO BEGINS TO RECOVER HIS WITS.

NIGEL

Thanks ever so for saving me. You've no
idea how simply awful my week's been.

SHE'S CALMLY PUTTING ON BRASS KNUCKLES.

NIGEL

Lost five years of my life, then I was
duffed up in the bally airport, got my
head stuck in an alien lavvy, then to top
it off...

VERONICA WINDS UP AND AND GIVES NIGEL A ROUNDHOUSE PUNCH THAT KNOCKS
HIM BACKWARDS OVER HER DESK. SHE REMOVES THE KNUCKLES AS NIGEL GETS UP
DAZED OFF THE FLOOR.

NIGEL

I'm sorry. I appear to have tripped over
your desk...

VERONICA

Listen here, you half-faced, puffed-up,
buck-toothed, inbred, egg-and-chip
sucking, public-school-buggered Nancy-
boy.

NIGEL

Steady on!

VERONICA GRABS HIS NOSE AND LIFTS HIM UP ON HIS TOES.

VERONICA

I'll let you in on a little secret, Mr.
Defender. Everyone on Mars is guilty.
Oh, they may not be guilty of whatever
they're charged with, but they're all
guilty of something for which they
deserve to be jailed, killed, barbecued
and pissed on.

NIGEL

I say, that's a little near the
knuckle...

SHE PUSHES HIM BACKWARDS BY THE NOSE.

VERONICA

It's my job to sit on the lid of this
festering garbage can while you try to
pry it off with your legal crowbar. Well
let me tell you, Little Lord Fauntleroy,

the balls haven't been sewn on that I can't cut off in a courtroom, you understand me?

NIGEL

I take it this is your invitation to a good old legal bash-up?

VERONICA

Just don't do a good job. Looking at your record, I'm sure that won't be a problem.

SHE PUNCHES HIM IN THE STOMACH AND STRIDES OUT. BUNNY STICKS HIS HEAD INTO THE OFFICE, CARRYING SOME TOWELS.

BUNNY

Ah, there ye are! What happened to you then?

NIGEL

(WINDED) Well, I was executed three times... punched really hard twice.

BUNNY

I've had days like that meself. What d'ye say to a sarnie down the pub?

NIGEL NODS VAGUELY. HE EXITS THE OFFICE, HUNCHED OVER.

CUT TO:

SCENE FIVE

INT. HALLWAY - DAY (DAY TWO)

(Nigel, Bunny, bystanders)

PEOPLE STROLL THROUGH THE BUSY HALL. NIGEL WALKS OUT, HUNCHED-OVER. BUNNY LOOKS UP AT AN OVERHEAD CLOCK AND DROPS HIS PANTS TO REVEAL PONGY UNDIES.

BUNNY

You go on ahead. I've just got to wind

me watch.

BUNNY ROLLS UP HIS SLEEVE. EVERYONE IN THE HALLWAY RUNS LIKE HELL FOR THE EXITS. ONE MAN LEAPS OUT A WINDOW.

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE SIX

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT (NIGHT TWO)
(Nigel, Bunny, mugger)

LATE, NIGEL'S HALLWAY. A PAST-INEBRIATED NIGEL AND BUNNY STAGGER HOME FROM THEIR REVELS.

NIGEL

Oh Bunny. My Bunny buddy. You're the best Martian bunny friend a chap ever had.

BUNNY

And you... ye're not the worst chinless pillock ever to wee on himself in a pub lavvy.

SOMETHING BEGINS TO LIFT OUT OF A CARDBOARD BOX IN THE HALLWAY. BUNNY REACHES DRUNKENLY BUT MATTER-OF-FACTLY INTO A WALL BOX -- "WITH OUR COMPLIMENTS" -- RETRIEVES A CRICKET BAT ON A CHAIN, SWACKS THE THING SILLY AND WALKS ON. NIGEL DOESN'T NOTICE. HE FEELS HIS CHIN.

NIGEL

Shame about the old mandible. My family loses a centimeter of chin each generation. At the present rate of erosion, by the year 2500 the Mainstuff men'll have a neck right up to their nostrils.

BUNNY

Ye're nae a bad sort, Nigel, but ye're thick as an elephant's wally.

(AT NIGEL'S DOOR)

I won't come in. I think I'll do a bit
o' carpet-snoggin' right here.

BUNNY COLLAPSES INSENSATE FACE-FIRST, RAISING A POTTER. NIGEL FUMBLES
FOR HIS APARTMENT KEY. A **MUGGER** WITH A HEAVY SPIKED KNOUT RISES FROM
THE GLOOM BEHIND HIM, RAISING HIS PONDEROUS WEAPON OVER HIS HEAD...

NIGEL

Good evening.

NIGEL GOES INSIDE AND CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND HIM BEFORE THE MUGGER CAN
GAIN CONTROL OVER HIS WEIGHTY CUDGEL.

CUT TO:

SCENE SEVEN

INT. NIGEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (NIGHT TWO)
(Nigel, Veronica)

THE SPIKES FROM THE KNOUT COME THROUGH THE LOCKED DOOR BEHIND NIGEL,
WHO BARELY NOTICES. HE STAGGERS FORWARD AS LIGHT FALLS ACROSS HIS
FACE...

A CURVACEOUS **FEMALE FORM** IN A RAINCOAT STANDS BACK-LIT IN THE DOORWAY
TO HIS BEDROOM.

NIGEL

(FLUMMOXED) Dreadfully sorry, Miss, I
must have bumped into the wrong flat.

MUSIC: STEAMY SAXOPHONE

THE FIGURE STEPS FORWARD INTO THE LIGHT. IT'S VERONICA, HOLDING AN
UNLIT CIGARETTE. SHE LETS THE RAINCOAT DROP, REVEALING A DIAPHENOUS
NIGHTIE.

VERONICA

Hello, Mainstuff. Got a light?

NIGEL
Miss Big-Botty!

PEOPLE OUT ON THE STREET ARE HEARD LAUGHING. VERONICA GOES TO THE WINDOW.

VERONICA
It's NOT FUNNY!

SHE TURNS ANEW TO NIGEL, TRIES TO GET BACK INTO HER SULTRY POSE AND ADVANCES SEXILY AS NIGEL STUMBLES BACKWARDS.

VERONICA
As Prosecutor I've sent over 17-thousand men to their deaths in the electric chair, the gallows, the gas chamber, and that really big blender -- but inside I've got the same tender yearnings as any other writhing insatiable sex goddess. If you've come to biff me in the tummy again, I must warn you I've had an unfortunate amount to drink...
Nigel, you're a man and I'm a woman. You have a bed and I have a back.

(ADVANCING ON HIM)
You have a hungry look in your eyes, and I have Devonshire Cream and raspberry jam smeared all over my breasts.

NIGEL
Have you tried eating with a bib?

HE BACKS OVER A CHAIR. SHE PICKS UP A HAWSER-SIZED LENGTH OF ROPE.

VERONICA
Have you ever been tied naked and spread-eagled to a bed, Nigel?

NIGEL
Actually, yes, our Church Deacon was quite the japester...

SHE HANKS THE ROPE AROUND HIS NECK AND DRAWS HIM CLOSER.

VERONICA
As a bull is to the cape, as moths are to a flame, as a monkey's hand is to another

part of the monkey in front of horrified schoolchildren, so are we drawn to the primal dictates of love!

SHE HAS BACKED NIGEL AROUND TO THE BEDROOM DOOR. SHE SNAPS THE END OF THE ROPE LIKE A WHIP.

NIGEL

Before we inaugurate this evening of boundless passion, there's one thing I must know.

VERONICA

Anything.

NIGEL

You don't happen to have any scones to go with that jam and cream do you, cos I could put the kettle...

VERONICA SHOVES HIM LUSTILY INTO THE BEDROOM.

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE EIGHT

INT. NIGEL'S APARTMENT - DAY (DAY THREE)

(Nigel, Windy, Veronica)

THE NEXT DAY. WINDY EATS CEREAL, WATCHING BREAKFAST TV. A SELF-SATISFIED NIGEL STRUTS SMIRKINGLY FROM HIS BEDROOM, IN A PURPLE GIGOLO ROBE, CIGARETTE IN A HOLDER. HE'S IN A WORLD-BEATING MOOD.

NIGEL

Good morning, darling. What an absolutely wizard planet this old Mars is! Smell that synthetic air!

WINDY

(SNIFFS)

Smells like raspberry jam and spermicidal

jelly to me.

NIGEL

No, that other smell. The smell of conquest. Today's the day this old red ball gets a taste of justice, served up the Nigel Mainstuff way! I'm going in that courtroom this morning and knocking 'em for six.

HE OPENS THE FRIDGE DOOR. THE TENTACLE HANDS HIM A GLASS OF ORANGE JUICE.

NIGEL

And what's on your plate today, light of my life?

WINDY

I've quit school, I've got a job as an Ash-Into-Urn Funneller at the Crematorium, and this afternoon I'm gonna get my face shellacked.

NIGEL

Marvell -- you're bloody WHAT??

WINDY

D-a-a-ad, you're so out of it. You pick an expression and they shellac your face so it stays like that.

NIGEL

(FUMING) And that... that's good, is it?

WINDY

This way I can always look dead bored without having to think about it. And the blokes think it's right sexy.

NIGEL

Windy, even though biologically you're 16, you are emotionally unequipped for adult relationships. I feel you shouldn't date until you're (CALCULATES) ... 21 years old.

WINDY

Pull the other one and milk it!

NIGEL

Now now! We can talk about this when I return from work. And, speaking of things adult...

(A PONCY SWAGGER)

... there's a plum chance a young lady might be moving in here and asking you to call her Mumsy.

WINDY

Dad, you should know there are women on this planet who might be very nice to old pathetic gents like yourself. Only, you have to keep bunging 50 P coins in their foreheads...

NIGEL

It's nothing like that. This is a young lady of great discernment and beauty and no electronics at all, except for that battery-powered thingy in the first ten minutes to get things rolling.

VERONICA STEPS OUT OF THE BEDROOM, DRESSED IN HER STARCHED WORKDAY BEST. NO HINT OF THE PREVIOUS NIGHT'S TENDERNESS.

VERONICA

Mainstuff?

NIGEL

Darling!

NIGEL FLOATS TO HER. SHE SLAPS HIM HARD THEN GRABS HIM AROUND THE COLLAR IN A DEATH-GRIP.

VERONICA

In one hour we're facing each other across a courtroom, and I'm gonna show no mercy. I'm gonna make you crawl, I'm gonna make you suffer and beg. You'll be down on your knees whimpering for the God who has forsaken you.

NIGEL

A lot like last night, wot? Euuurgh!

SHE TWISTS HIS NECK. HE GOES LIMP AND CHOKES.

VERONICA

Last night was a moment of weakness,
followed by a moment of mediocrity. If
you tell anyone, I will cut out your
intestines and wear them as a wig. See
you in court.

SHE DROPS HIM ON THE CARPET AND SLAMS OUT OF THE APARTMENT.

WINDY

So that's dear old Mumsy, is it?

CUT TO:

SCENE NINE

INT. COURTROOM - DAY (DAY THREE)

(Nigel, Windy, Bunny, Veronica, Judge, Lurker, Kind Stranger,
spectators/defendants)

A RAT'S HOLE OF A COURTROOM. THE JUSTICE IN THIS COURTROOM ISN'T SO
MUCH DISPENSED AS SCRAPED OFF YOUR SHOE AFTERWARDS. NIGEL AND BUNNY
SIT AT THE COUNSELLORS' TABLE WHILE RABBLE BARRACKS IN THE ROWS BEHIND
THEM. NIGEL IS IN WIG AND ROBE.

AMONG THE DEFENDANTS: A **LURKER** HOLDING A WOMAN'S PURSE, WITH THE OLD
LADY'S ARM STILL ATTACHED.

BUNNY

Ye look a right toff. No one'd ever
guess ye've got nae trousers and ye're
wearing cling film for underpants.

HE TAKES A FURRY WAD OF PRE-CHEWED GUM FROM A POCKET

BUNNY

Chewing gum?

NIGEL

Ta anyway. Now, this Judge...

(CONSULTING PAPERS)

"The Honourable G. Reaper" -- is he a

fair man?

BUNNY

I wouldn't say fair so much as enthusiastic. He can clear a docket faster than a Hungarian fart. He forgot his glasses one day and hanged the stenographer.

WINDY (O.S.)

Daddy?

NIGEL BRIGHTENS AND GRABS BUNNY'S ARM.

NIGEL

It's Windy! She's come to see her dear old dad's first day on the job. Windy, darling, where are you?

HE TURNS AROUND. WINDY HAS HER FACE FROZEN IN A HORRIBLE SNARLING EXPRESSION AND SHINY WITH DRIED SHELLAC. HER EXPRESSION DOESN'T CHANGE WHEN SHE SPEAKS.

NIGEL

Oh my God!

WINDY

Daddy, I'm not sure I like it.

NIGEL

Is this... how it's supposed to look?

WINDY

Not really. I worked up a really good dead bored look while he was heating the shellac, but then I sneezed. He slapped it on between the "Ahhh-" and "choo."

NIGEL

It's... not really so bad, is it Bunny?

BUNNY

She looks like a pig giving birth to a horse.

BUNNY PULLS A TACK-HAMMER FROM ONE OF HIS POCKETS.

BUNNY

I think I've got a chisel in the boot,
perhaps I could have a go at it.

JUDGE REAPER, A WRINKLED OLD PARTY (POSSIBLY A PUPPET-ALIEN) ASCENDS
THE BENCH AND GAVELS FOR ORDER.

JUDGE

Court's in session, honourable me
presiding. Sit.

HE SLAMS A BUCKET ON THE BENCH. IT'S LABELLED "BRIBES. YOUR ONLY
HOPE." VERONICA BREEZES IN.

VERONICA

M'Lud, let the record show we have a new
Public Defender...

JUDGE

Guilty! (GAVEL) Take him away and hit
him with this.

HE HAS A CAT-O-NINE-TAILS WITH SPIKED BALLS ON THE END.

VERONICA

Defenderer, M'Lud.

JUDGE

Oh. Still. Watch it. (PEERING) Is
that your daughter?

NIGEL

Yes it is, Milord.

JUDGE

Cor, I wouldn't mind putting a lolly
stick in that, eh usher? Mwaaaa! Case
Number One!

VERONICA

Arthur Jones, M'Lud. A worthless,
skiving, back-stabbing little creep who
deserves to have all his skin pulled off,
rubbed in pepper and pulled back on over
his head.

JUDGE

Righto! Guilty! (GAVELS)

VERONICA
Much obliged, M'Lud.

NIGEL
Half a tic! Don't I get to say something?

JUDGE
Be quick about it. If we don't hang him by noon we have to feed him lunch.

WINDY
Daddy...?

NIGEL
I know what you're going to say, darling. I've made a bit of a cock-up of the whole trip. But it's early days yet. I promise after I've won this case we'll go home and it'll be tea and bikkies 'round the fire like the old days, eh what?

WINDY
No Dad, I'm desperately in love and I want to move in with a boy and do nasty things to him till I have his children!

NIGEL
What? Which things? What boy?

WINDY LOOKS APPRAISINGLY AROUND.

WINDY
Well, the one in the back there's not bad...

BUNNY
What yer father's saying is give him a chance, he's go' everything under control. Deserving or not, these people shall be defended, and this big red ball will know it has the right honourable Nigel Mainstuff standing on it, even if he does have his bollocks in a sandwich bag.

NIGEL

Got it in one, Bunster.

(STANDING. VERY RONALD COLEMAN)

I hereby pledge no man shall walk that
Bridge Of Sighs till I've exhausted every
last drop of blood, tears and sweat in
his passionate and untiring defense!

(TURNS)

Milord! I can prove beyond the husk of a
doubt that the accused, Mr. Arthur "The
Shiv-Sticker" Jones, father of three,
patriot, servant of his King and country,
and regular C of E attendee, is
unequivocally, demonstrably, 100
percent...

NIGEL GLANCES OVER AT THE HANDCUFFED ACCUSED. IT'S THE **KIND STRANGER**
WHO MUGGED NIGEL IN THE AIRPORT. HE'S WEARING NIGEL'S TROUSERS,
CRUDELY TAPED UP THE FRONT WHERE HE CUT THEM OFF. NIGEL'S NOSTRILS
FLARE.

NIGEL

You trouser-nicking BASTARD!

NIGEL DIVES OVER THE DESK AT JONES, CLING-FILM-COVERED PRIVATES
JOUNCING, AND BEGINS SAVAGELY BEATING HIM ON THE COURTROOM FLOOR.
CHAOS IN THE COURT.

THE FOPPY PASSENGER FROM THE AIRPORT STANDS THERE, HIS MEAL TRAY STILL
AROUND HIS WAIST, LOOKING UP NIGEL'S ROBE.

FOPPY PASSENGER

Errrrrl, I'll have a bit of that!

FADE OUT