

FADE IN:

EXT. NORTHERN MINING TOWN: DAY

An old Volvo estate with a large roof rack drives past the entrance to a Pit.

A group of striking miners in Donkey jackets stand around a lit brazier.

INT: VOLVO. DAY

JULIAN (20'S) Hungover, raffish, handsome, is driving. CHRIS same age, neater clothes, fresh faced, looking through a battered A4 ledger.

JULIAN

Stupid bastards.

CHRIS

Why?

JULIAN

Maggie'll never give in.

CHRIS

Frankly I don't give a damn.  
How much cash we got?

JULIAN

No money - you had to pay for  
breakfast.

CHRIS

I always pay for breakfast.

JULIAN

Only when I can't.

CHRIS

What happened to last weeks  
takings then?

JULIAN

I spent it.

CHRIS

On what?

JULIAN

(actor voice)

Wine, women and song.

CHRIS

John Chapter 11 verse 35

JULIAN

What?

CHRIS

"Jesus Wept". You should know  
that - you're the divinity  
Scholar.

JULIAN

He was only crying because  
Lazarus was dead - at least he  
came back to life - you haven't  
even lived yet.

CHRIS

Fuck Off

JULIAN

Look, I'm the one who goes out  
and makes the deals which bring  
in the money - all you do is  
sit in the shop all day - a  
fiver for this a tenner for  
that. You're only 24 for  
Christ's sake - what's the  
matter with you - live a  
little.

CHRIS

Where did that come from?

JULIAN

Think - the truth is the kitty is empty, the tank is empty, the petrol can is empty and the shop is full. So get off your arse and sell something - otherwise we will not be able to get home, go to the pub and generally function.

CHRIS

But the shop's full of crap. People don't buy crap.

JULIAN

I bought it!

CHRIS

I rest my case.

Julian lights a cigarette.

JULIAN

I bet I could sell it.

CHRIS

You try it then. I bet you don't take fifty quid all day. I tell you what, we'll swap round. You do the shop and I'll do the calls.

JULIAN

How about a sporting bet - a fiver says I take more than fifty quid.

CHRIS

You're on.

They shake hands on the bet.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SHOP - DAY.

The Volvo pulls up in front of a row of shops with a gated arch in the centre and Chris gets out and starts to open the gate.

The Volvo swerves round into the opening narrowly missing Chris and glances one of the gates.

CHRIS

Bastard!

Julian parks the car in a large walled yard at the back of the shop, full of all manner of vehicles, bikes, mopeds, scooters, chimney pots and other Junk.

Julian gets out of the car laughing.

JULIAN

Missed.

CHRIS

Idiot - you've damaged the car.

JULIAN

I can run you over but I mustn't damage the car - might cost money. I suppose you're thinking - "at least the NHS is free". Until Maggie gets her way that is - a majority of 144 she can do what she likes.

Chris sticks two fingers up at Julian's back.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

It's only an old wreck anyway, who cares. Lighten up will you.

They walk through the archway to the back door of the shop.  
Julian unlocks it.

The walls of the arch way are lined with second-hand furniture  
of all types on both sides. There are a lot of wardrobes.

INT. SHOP - DAY.

Julian and Chris manoeuvre gingerly past a wall of old radios  
- wooden, Bakelite and metal and squeeze into the main shop.

Shop interior small but packed full of all sorts of junk,  
including a row of cookers and a neat pile of old car  
batteries.

Chris starts to count the batteries.

JULIAN

What calls are there?

CHRIS

Two house clearances - can't do  
those - no dough.

JULIAN

Go anyway - say you'll come  
back with the money - offer  
them your body - anything - use  
your brains.

CHRIS

I could weigh these in.

JULIAN

Fucking batteries - something  
more interesting - what's in  
the book?

Chris reads the A4 Ledger he brought from the car.

CHRIS

Bit of pine, couple of china  
cabinets - (pause) and two  
cookers.

JULIAN

Daleks

CHRIS

What?

JULIAN

Cookers - Daleks.

CHRIS

Shut up about Dr Who.

Julian goes over to the row of cookers in the centre of the shop grabs one from behind and starts swinging it around.

JULIAN

Exterminate, exterminate!

CHRIS

Prat.

JULIAN

Don't knock Daleks - they're good sellers. Think of the social security cheques.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SHOP - DAY.

The Volvo slows outside the shop. Julian stands at the door.

CHRIS

I'll be off then. Have fun and behave - don't upset any customers.

Julian sticks two fingers up at him - Chris smiles and waves cheerily back.

INT. SHOP - DAY.

Julian sits down in a battered armchair at the back of the shop and lights a cigarette.

People start to walk past the shop. Some look in the window. A man in his twenties walks in.

MAN

How much is that duck?

The pot duck in the window has an obvious price ticket on it of £5.00.

JULIAN

Believe it or not it's five pounds.

MAN

That's not bad.

The man walks out. Julian pulls a face.

The phone rings.

EXT: COUNCIL ESTATE. DAY

A run down council estate. Pit wheel on the horizon. It's raining and some bedraggled kids are playing football in the road.

The Volvo, a piece of furniture on the roof, appears and parks behind an old ford escort which has four piles of bricks instead of wheels. Red Phone Box nearby. Chris gets out. KID (10), scruffy, shouts at him.

KID

Hey mister 50p for watching your motor?

Chris takes 50p from his pocket and flicks it towards the kid.

Kid watches it spin and catches it in one hand like a cricket fielder, pockets it, walks to the Volvo and sits on the bonnet cross legged.

Chris opens phone box, another kid shouts.

KID 2

Mister I've found more batteries.

Without looking round Chris shouts.

CHRIS

Bring them to the shop 50p  
each.

Chris goes into the phone box and dials.

INTERCUT - SHOP/PHONE BOX

JULIAN

Anything?

CHRIS

I couldn't believe the first  
house - jam packed with rubbish  
- mostly unsellable.

JULIAN

Our speciality.

CHRIS

I've agreed we'll clear it for  
£50 - their solicitors will  
pay.

JULIAN

Wow - I'm looking forward to  
that job already.

CHRIS

Second one wanted £500 and I  
offered three. Some nice bits  
but couldn't see it at five.  
Might get back to us.

JULIAN

I thought you had no money.

CHRIS

One of us needs sense - I kept  
some back. I've also got the  
China Cabinets.

JULIAN

Fine - Gordon will buy them  
tomorrow.

CHRIS

How's the bet going?

JULIAN

Great new idea - I'll win hands  
down.

INT: SHOP. DAY

Julian starts to rummage under the counter and finds Chris's  
box of price cards and marker pens. He starts to write on the  
cards. CHAIR £3 or £5. WARDROBE £30 or £45. CHEST OF DRAWERS  
£10 or £15.

He puts the price tags on things.

A shabbily dressed elderly lady enters shop.

CUSTOMER

Do these cookers cook?

JULIAN

Of course.

CUSTOMER

Well I've just turned some of  
these rings on and they are not  
getting hot.

Julian rubs his head as though he has a headache.

JULIAN

They're not wired up.

Customer looks suspiciously at Julian and walks out.

EXT: STREET OUTSIDE SHOP - DAY.

Julian is kneeling at an A board and rubs out "Wanted William and Mary Chests on Stands" and writes "Wanted Stuffed Sea Birds".

An elderly lady is carefully going over a chair outside the shop. She makes up her mind and opens her purse.

ELDERLY LADY

Eight pounds for the chair? It  
will do nicely in my hall.  
You've done yourself here love.

JULIAN

Eh?

She offers him £8. Julian jumps up and tries to brush himself down a bit.

JULIAN

Thank-you madam.

INT: SHOP. DAY

MAN (60's) tall, shabby, pork pie hat, walks in.

MAN

Do they have to be Sea Birds?

Julian just looks at him vacantly.

MAN

Sea Birds - on the board.

Man gestures outside.

JULIAN

I beg your pardon.

MAN

(impatiently)

Do they have to be Sea Birds?  
It says outside that you want  
to buy Sea Birds. Do they have  
to be Sea Birds.

JULIAN

Well, er, no, we would be  
interested in any birds. What  
do you have?

MAN

A Bear.

Julian stares in disbelief.

JULIAN

A what?

MAN

A bloody huge bear and quite a  
few birds as well - more  
farmland birds.

Julian continues to stare at the Man.

MAN (CONT'T)

Are you a bit thick - is there  
someone else I can talk to?

JULIAN

Erm, no, er, sorry.

MAN

It's not me. It's my uncle.  
He's got quite a few birds. And  
a bloody huge bear. He asked me  
if I wanted them. But they're  
weird. And I've no room.

Julian shakes himself out of the daze.

JULIAN

Actually it sounds interesting.  
We'll certainly come and have a  
look.

MAN

He lives in Moorends. But I'll  
have to be there. Wolfie is a  
bit odd.

JULIAN

Wolfie?.

MAN

He's German. Short for  
Wolfgang. He's a bit strange. I  
cook his tea on Mondays. So you  
could come to-night. If you  
want. About five.

JULIAN

That would be fine. What's the  
address?

MAN

64b Thorne Road.

JULIAN

Jolly good - see you this evening.

The man leaves the shop and Julian writes the call in the back  
of the A4 ledger.

HELEN (30's) country chic, attractive, comes in.

JULIAN looks up from the ledger and quickly walks over.

JULIAN

Can I help madam?

HELEN

I'm sure you can. The large wardrobe in the passage. I don't quite understand. It says thirty or forty pounds. So is it thirty ... or forty pounds?

JULIAN

Ah yes, that's our social pricing policy. Because of the current economic difficulties we offer our customers a choice. If they are finding times hard they can buy at the lower price; but if they're well-endowed the higher price applies.

HELEN

Well, I can certainly assure you that I'm extremely well-endowed.

JULIAN

I am very well aware of that madam. In which case the wardrobe in question is forty pounds sterling.

HELEN

Thank you - I'll take it. Would you deliver it to Snaith?

JULIAN

For a nominal fiver it would be my pleasure.

HELEN

Forty five pounds it is then. I live at the old Vicarage in Snaith, do you know it by any chance?

JULIAN

Er um I'm not sure.

HELEN

You go down to the bottom past  
the Beast Fair and then it's up  
and around a bit.

JULIAN

I'll look forward to seeing you  
later then.

Helen extends her hand to shake and Julian kisses it instead

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SHOP - DAY.

Julian is watching Helen's disappearing figure.

The Volvo pulls up with two china Cabinets tied to the roof  
rack.

Julian moves over and starts to untie them. Puts one onto the  
pavement. Looks it over

Chris gets out of the car.

JULIAN

You've missed that broken pane.  
You know how hard they are to  
fix and Gordon is coming  
tomorrow

CHRIS

It was fine when I bought it.

JULIAN

It can't have been

CHRIS

You were too rough taking it off the car.

JULIAN

All right then it's my fault.  
You don't have to mend the  
bloody things. It's a real  
fiddle.

CHRIS

It'll give you something to do  
I bet you've done sod all else.

JULIAN

On the contrary I have been  
very busy. And you owe me a  
fiver.

CHRIS

Why?

JULIAN

Because I have taken £53 and  
the bet was £50

CHRIS

I'll pay you later - I've no  
cash.

JULIAN

I've heard that one before.

CHRIS

I'll go and get those daleks.

JULIAN

Bon Voyage.

INT: SHOP. DAY

The two China Cabinets are at the back of the shop and Julian  
is carefully chipping the putty from around the broken pane.

MINER'S WIFE (30's) walks in and stands watching Julian.

MINER'S WIFE

That's clever, I didn't know  
you could mend those things.

JULIAN

Highly skilled work.

MINER'S WIFE

I know, Gran's got damaged and  
Dad won't touch it.

Julian looks at her for the first time

JULIAN

We can make you a good offer?

MINER'S WIFE

No, she wouldn't part with it.  
But...

She starts to take off her wedding ring.

How much for this?

JULIAN

No love, you can't sell that.

MINER'S WIFE

I told him not to do it but the  
silly bugger joined his mates  
on strike and we're skint.

JULIAN

I'LL have a look then love.

Julian checks for the mark, hands it back.

JULIAN

It's 9 carat.

CUSTOMER

I know - pure gold - it's my  
wedding ring.

Julian goes back to his work.

MINER'S WIFE

Are you going to make me an  
offer then?

JULIAN

I'd rather you kept it.

MINER'S WIFE

The buggers on Finkle Street  
only offered me £34.

Julian gets some scales out of a drawer and weighs the ring at  
15gs. Looks at the mark again.

JULIAN

It's worth 53 pounds to me.

MINER'S WIFE

God bless you love, I'll send  
my mates to you.

Julian gets the broken bits of glass out, cuts a bit of  
cardboard to fit in the hole and is taking the glass out of an  
old picture frame when the phone rings.

JULIAN (into phone)

C and J

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hello this is the Social  
Security Office.

JULIAN (into phone)

The Social Security?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Yes, I understand you sell  
cookers.

JULIAN(into phone)

Yes we sell cookers - why?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

It's just that I have a client  
in the Office who needs a  
cooker.

JULIAN (into phone)

We have a number in stock at  
the moment.

Julian looks askance at the rather battered row of second hand  
cookers.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Are they all checked and  
reconditioned?

JULIAN(into phone)

They are all carefully checked  
when they come in but we don't  
really recondition them.

He glances at the cookers again and winces.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Our Client is in desperate need  
and we only usually authorize  
reconditioned goods. (pause) Do  
you think however on this  
occasion it would be possible  
to say they have been checked  
AND reconditioned?

JULIAN(into phone)

Weell (pause) I suppose it might be perfectly reasonable to say they are fully reconditioned - yes.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Oh good, our client really is in need and not many shops have them - we can pay £80 for second hand reconditioned cookers. Who do I make the social security check payable to?

JULIAN(into phone)

C and J General Dealers. Is there anything else we can help you with?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Not today thanks - our Client will pop in with the cheque - can you deliver?

JULIAN(into phone)

Yes of course.

Julian hangs up. He punches the air.

He goes back to the China Cabinet. With surprising ability cuts a small pane of glass the same size as the bit of cardboard and fits it into the China Cabinet, finally polishing the new putty with shoe polish to age it.

The Volvo can be heard in the yard.

EXT: YARD. DAY

CHRIS

Come and give me a hand with these bloody things.

JULIAN

Foul things - Daleks.

CHRIS

I've got a baby belling and a big Double Creda - which is quite a good thing. And I begged them. I'll clean them down tomorrow. Anything happened?

INT: SHOP. DAY

Chris spots the wedding ring on the scales, looks at the weight and picks it up.

CHRIS

How much?

JULIAN

53 pounds

CHRIS

Why?

JULIAN

All the money I had.

CHRIS

Its only worth £30. And at your rules. Always double up!

JULIAN

I'd have given her more if I'd had it.

CHRIS

Soft prat. Why? Pretty face.

JULIAN

No, I felt sorry for her - you wouldn't understand.

CHRIS

What's with stuffed Sea Birds?  
I told you about this with the  
Chests on Stands - nobody round  
here has stuff like that.  
Anyway it just makes us look  
stupid.

JULIAN

Oh ye of little faith I've  
already had one call about the  
seabirds and by the way you owe  
me a fiver.

CHRIS

Show me the book.

He looks at the page for today.

CHRIS (reads)

Stuffed birds and bear 64b  
Thorne Road. 5 O'clock. I'm not  
going to that shithole again  
that's where I got into bother  
with those pikies.

JULIAN

There's a wardrobe to deliver  
in Snaith. We'll call on the  
way back.

CHRIS

You can bollocks - the last  
time I went down Thorne Rd. it  
was to look at some kitchen  
stuff - turned out to be a  
fifties fridge that didn't work  
- lying on its back in the  
garden. Stuck there with 350

notes in my back pocket. I thought they were going to beat me up and nick it. Jumped over a fence to escape. There's me legging it down the road to the car

JULIAN

Fair enough - but don't knock them - you never see a skint traveller.

CHRIS

Travellers? Since when have you been so PC - they're Pikies.

JULIAN

They know how to do deals. The miners round here have Escorts - the "Pikies" drive around in Mercs.

CHRIS

Robbing people.

JULIAN

It's not just that - there're clever - canny - it's in the genes. They start young - look at your battery boys.

CHRIS

Little Bastards

JULIAN

You deal with them though - I bet they could teach us a thing or two.

The pair look at each other and sort of agree to disagree.

Chris walks around to see how much has been sold. He notices Julian's new price tags.

CHRIS

What's all this crap with the prices, you just can't take anything seriously - people just think we're stupid. All you do is take the piss. I'm staying in the shop tomorrow.

JULIAN

Ha - a woman gave me £8 for a chair that said £3 or £5

CHRIS

Hilarious - I stay in the shop!

JULIAN

That suits me fine. You take yourself far too seriously. Give me a hand with the wardrobe.

The wardrobe is a typical Victorian 3-piece. Chris takes the top and base and puts them in the back of the car.

Between them they carry the main trunk to the car and heave it onto the roof. Julian goes back into the shop to get the keys and Chris ties the wardrobe to the roof-rack.

All packed, Julian lock's up.

INT. CAR - DAY

Julian is driving. He picks Dr. Feelgood from a large selection of tapes and shows it to Chris. Chris gives a thumbs up sign. He puts it in the tape player and Roxette comes on.

CHRIS

I'll never forgive you for spending all that money on that bloody wireless. It cost more than the car - all my battery money.

JULIAN

You're just a boring prat (in sing song voice) spend 50p earn a pound, spend 50p earn a pound. I'm sick of your boring batteries.

CHRIS

Bollocks.

They both laugh

Pause while the music plays.

JULIAN

You'll be quite taken with Helen.

CHRIS

Oh Helen is it?

JULIAN

Yes it is - and she is really rather nice. If she lives where I think she does she is a proper bit of posh totty.

CHRIS

You're hopeless. It's anything in a skirt with you. I'd have thought you would have had enough grief with women by now.

JULIAN

One can never have enough of the fairer sex. Do shut up.

Julian turns the music up very loud.

EXT. - COUNTRY LANE - DAY

The Volvo takes a corner too fast and the wardrobe falls off the top.

Turns through a gate and down the drive of a large Georgian House.

EXT - OUTSIDE HELENS HOUSE - DAY

Helen opens the front door as the Volvo draws up. Her long blond hair is now down and she is wearing riding gear.

Julian gets out of the car and walks towards her.

JULIAN

What a glorious house. I rather  
thought it was this one.

Chris gets out of the car, stares at the roofrack and drops to his knees with his head in his hands.

Julian is chatting to Helen. His back to the car.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Yes Georgian. Wonderful  
brickwork and windows. Very  
handsome.

HELEN

Is your colleague ill?

Chris is rocking backwards and forwards

JULIAN

Please excuse me.

JULIAN (mouths to Chris)

Where the fuck has it gone.

Chris shrugs, glaring at him.

JULIAN (to Chris)

Get the pediment and base out  
the car for the young lady  
would you.

JULIAN (to Helen)

He hit his head on the car  
getting out, he'll be OK in a  
mo.

HELEN

Oh dear, I do hope he's OK.

JULIAN

His heads as thick as a plank,  
he'll be fine.

HELEN

Shall I get him some ice?

JULIAN

No honestly, he's fine.

Chris carries the two other pieces of the wardrobe into the  
house.

JULIAN

(to Chris)

I say, what about the other bit  
young man?

Chris gives Julian a belligerent glare.

JULIAN

(to Helen)

One can't get decent staff  
these days. I was under the  
impression that my colleague

JULIAN (CONT'D)

had loaded the entire piece of furniture and apparently this is not the case. I am so sorry - how awfully embarrassing. I afraid I will have to bring the middle bit to-morrow.

HELEN

Don't worry. There is nothing spoiling. To-morrow will be fine. Perhaps you could give me a ring on this number before you come because I'm rather busy at the mo.

Helen hands Julian a card.

Chris clears the ropes from the roof-rack without Helen noticing.

INT. CAR. DAY

They get in the car and drive off.

JULIAN

Bloody marvellous- I've got her phone number.

Julian shows Chris Helens card, smiling, puts it in the breast pocket of his jacket and then taps the pocket.

Julian puts the Dr Feelgood tape back on.

Chris stares at Julian angrily while he drives and Julian just ignores him.

After a while Chris leans forward and turns off the tape. Julian turns to Chris as if to say 'why did you do that'

CHRIS

I can't believe what a complete prat you are.

JULIAN

Why?

CHRIS

(imitation of Julian's  
false posh voice)

One just can't get decent staff  
these days.

Julian glances over and smiles.

CHRIS

I can't believe you said that.

JULIAN

Now you're being the prat - it  
was only a bit of fun.

CHRIS

Well I didn't find it funny.

JULIAN

Don't be such an arse.

CHRIS

Me! An arse. Don't you realize  
what you have just done?

JULIAN

Calm down old boy.

CHRIS

You were driving far too fast  
with the music far too loud and  
didn't notice the wardrobe fall  
off the roof.

JULIAN

Nor did you

CHRIS

Did what?

JULIAN

Notice!

CHRIS

You are going to have to come up with a bloody good excuse ... or find the bloody thing.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Anyway, the speed you were driving it's probably smashed to smithereens by now.

JULIAN

Blame me! - you tied it on.

CHRIS

So it's my fault now - I really DO NOT believe you.

JULIAN

OK. OK. You are for once quite right. It is the responsibility of the driver to assure the security of his load. I failed to do so and am therefore negligent.

CHRIS

You are a damn sight more than negligent- you are a complete and utter prat. What the bloody hell are we going to do?

JULIAN

Go to the Pub.

Chris stares at him.

JULIAN (CONT)

Calm down old boy. You may notice that I taking the same route back and am on the lookout for errant wardrobes. I suggest you do the same.

They drive along in silence.

CHRIS

We'll never find the bloody thing. You do know that this is serious - you could have bloody well killed someone.

JULIAN

Well I'm quite sure that if you read a headline 'Mystery of motorcyclist found dead in wardrobe' you will take great delight in dobbing me in.

CHRIS

Jesus - you just cannot be bloody serious about anything. What the hell are you going to tell that lady?

JULIAN

You just leave Helen to me.

CHRIS

I just can't bloody well believe you. I'm losing the will to live.

JULIAN

Pub time.

EXT - TOWN - DAY.

The Volvo is driving on the outskirts of a grim Yorkshire mining town. It splutters as it runs out of petrol and Julian pulls up at the kerb.

CHRIS

We've got the can.

JULIAN

I told you it was empty this morning.

CHRIS

I've had enough for to-day, we can walk to the Pub from here.

INT - PUB - DAY.

They walk up to the bar.

LANDLORD (60's)tall, grey and well spoken, rundown old Etonian, possibly slightly drunk.

JULIAN

Two pints of whatever you're drinking Edward - on the slate.

Edward is already pulling the pints.

EDWARD

I am disinclined to give you two any further credit.

JULIAN

You know very well we're your best customers, and in any case I cleared the slate last week.

EDWARD

Customers like you I could do without. What havoc have you reeked today?

CHRIS

Don't ask.

EDWARD

Unsalable items purchased?

JULIAN

A whole house full.

EDWARD

Jolly good.

JULIAN

You know what would look good  
in here Teddy - A bloody great  
stuffed Bear.

EDWARD

I have no intention of buying  
anything else from you pair  
until you refund the money for  
that Stags head that started to  
smell.

CHRIS

Now, now Edward you can't  
really blame us for the smell  
in this place. It would help if  
you had the carpets cleaned.

EDWARD

You're responsible for most of  
my other problems.

All three take a drink from pints of bitter.

EDWARD

It would also help if people  
didn't use this place like a  
bank.

JULIAN

Two more pints and one for  
yourself, and while we are on  
the subject of banking would  
you cash me this cheque.

Without waiting for a reply Julian signs the back of a Social  
Security cheque for eighty pounds.

EDWARD

Where do you two scoundrels get  
all these social security  
cheques from?

JULIAN

Daleks, Old Boy, Daleks.

THE END.

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