THE RISE AND RISE OF MICHAEL RIMMER.

Screenplay by:

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David Paradine Films Ltd.,
Claridge House,
32, Davies Street,
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01-499 3163.
INT. FAIRBURN BUILDING. RECEPTION. DAY.

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.
INT. STAIRCASE. DAY.

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

INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

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.

INT. OFFICE. DAY.

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:
CONT'D.

FERRET

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

RIMMER leaves. FERRET turns and looks at his files.

FERRET

Co-ordination?

INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

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.

INT. MORRISON'S OFFICE. DAY.

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

INT. CORRIDOR/OFFICE. DAY.

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:
CONT'D.

RIMMER

Thank you.

INT. LAVATORY. DAY.

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:
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:

EXT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LAVATORY. DAY.

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?
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.

INT. FERRET'S OFFICE.

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:
CONT'D. 2.

RIMMER
(ushering them out)
Thank you gentlemen. Here's my card...
if you'd like to call next Tuesday.

INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

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.

INT. PUMER'S OFFICE. DAY.

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.
INT. LAVATORY. DAY.

Rimmer sees Crodder entering lavatory. He follows him in and clock watches 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.

INT. FILING ROOM. DAY.

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.

INT. FERRET'S OFFICE. DAY.

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

CONTINUED:
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.

INT. CORRIDOR. EVENING.

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.
INT. DARKENED LAVATORY. NIGHT.

CRODDER
(shouting plaintively)
It's no good turning the lights out.
I know you're still there.

EXT. FERRET'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

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.
INT. FAIRBURN BUILDING. RECEPTION. DAY.

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.

INT. RIMMER'S OFFICE. DAY.

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?
INT. RECEPTION. DAY.

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.

INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

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.

INT. RIMMER'S OFFICE. DAY.

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.
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 it shows 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.

EXT. FAIRBURN'S STATELY HOME. DAY.

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.

EXT. FAIRBURN'S HOUSE BY LAKE. DAY.

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:
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.

EXT. FAIRBURN BUILDING. DAY.

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

INT. FERRET'S OFFICE. DAY.

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 it's 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. Fairburn.

CONTINUED:
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:
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.
CONT'D. 3.

As RIMMER and FAIRBURN leave.

FERRET

Good thinking.

INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

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.

INT. FERRET'S OFFICE. DAY.

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.

INT. FERRET'S HOME. DAY.

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:
MRS. FERRET
Have you been fired?

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

INT. RIMMER'S OFFICE. DAY.

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.

INT. MINT COMMERCIAL. NIGHT.

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.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM. DAY.
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:
FERRET reaches the safety of the door.

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

INT.
TANYA'S OFFICE. DAY.

TANYA
(into intercom)
Yes, Mr. Rimmer ... of course, Mr. Rimmer ... right away, Mr. Rimmer. Yes, Ferret is cleaning out the basement.

INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

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!
CONT'D.

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.

EXT. CRODDER AT DOOR. DAY.

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

MRS. SPIMM
Come on in.

INT. LOWER MIDDLE CLASS LOUNGE. DAY.

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.

EXT. DIRTY CANAL. DAY.

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

INT. SLEAZY ROOM. DAY.

Tart clearing away some whips.

CONTINUED:
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.

INT. FAIRBURN BUILDING. DAY.

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?
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:
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: it's 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.

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO. NIGHT.

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)
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:
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 let's 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.
INT. ANOTHER ANGLE TELEVISION STUDIO. NIGHT.

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
Fiddledeedee and away we go.

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

CONTINUED:
CONT'D.

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 ...

INT. RIMMER'S OFFICE. DAY.

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.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM. DAY.

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.

EXT. NUNEATON. DAY.

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 what 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:
CONT'D. 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 ...
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.

INTERVIEWER hovers near again.

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

INT. T.V. STUDIO. NIGHT.

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

CONTINUED:
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.

EXT. NUNEATON. DAY.

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 men 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.
INT. T.V. STUDIO. NIGHT.

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

INT. WOMENS' CONSERVATIVE LUNCH. DAY.

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, dear)

EXT. VISUAL ROOF. DAY.

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?
CONT'D.

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
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.

Ext. Lymholt Station. Day.

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


Interviewers knock on doors.


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.
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:
Edith Melon.

PRINGLE
(in quiet voice)
Liberal.

3,212.
Kevin Parrot.

Labour.

PRINGLE
12,791.

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

PRINGLE
Colonel Richard Pryor-Grafton.

Conservative.

PRINGLE
14,008.

... Well ... the Conservatives in ... by 4.1%.
A tremendous triumph for Fairburn polls ... and of course the Conservatives.

There is mild clapping.

EXT. LONDON ZOO AREA. DAY.

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:
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.

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

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, kedgeree, 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.
(see 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:
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 kedgeree.

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:
CONT'D. 3.

RIMMER
Yes... very interesting conclusions.

INT. LONDON ZOO/ELEPHANT HOUSE. DAY.

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:
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.

HUTCHISON is being coached in public speaking. He stands on stage while RIMMER and NISSL 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 men. 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)
HUTCHISON (Cont'd.)
Hungary and Czechoslovakia by the Russian oppressors.

RIMMER
Applause, applause, applause, very good, Tom.

EXT. UNIVERSITY.

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 policeman. 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)
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 ...

INT. CONSERVATIVE CONFERENCE HALL.

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:
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 men. 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.
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.

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:
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.

EXT. PAT CARTWRIGHT'S HOUSE. DAY.

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

EXT. NO. 10 DOWNING STREET. DAY.

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

INT. NO. 10 DOWNING STREET.

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.
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..

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

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.
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 ...


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.
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 repawned ... repaired ...

He leans back with casual air.

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

EXT. T.V. STUDIOS. DAY.

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:
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.

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

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

SPOT
(whinnies with laughter)
Such a ghastly little man.

Upper class whinnies 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.
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.

EXT. BUDLEIGH MOOR. NIGHT.
Notice saying "Budleigh Moor Conservative Association".

INT. HALL. NIGHT.
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 racialist.
(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)
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 racist but ...

EXT. NEWSPAPER POSTER. DAY.
"Race Uproar. BENTLEY hits out."

INT. HUTCHISON'S ROOM. ALBANY. DAY.
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:
CONT'D.

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.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

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

CONTINUED:
Hey, Whitey.

Good evening.

You're trash man.
(hits WILTING)

But I'm on your side.

BLACK continues to beat him up.

I got rhythm.

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).

INT/EXT. POLICE STATION. DAY.

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 unmistakeable and very aggressive. WILTING reaches end of line.

Well, sir?

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

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!

INT. CAR. DAY.

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?

EXT. COUNTRY SCENE. DAY.

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:
PAT
(to RIMMER)
When are we going to get away from all these people.

RIMMER
As soon as I get in darling.

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

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 braely drinking appalling tea. Both in pub playing darts. Various American touches to the campaign.

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

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 ab 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.

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.
CONT'D.

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 suitting 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.

INT. T.V. STUDIO. NIGHT.
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:
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 durn!

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

INT. RIMMER'S WORKOUT ROOM. DAY.

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.
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:
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.

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.

RESUME SC. 85.

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.
LONDON STREET. DAY.

NESVENDOR
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.

INT. RIMMER'S DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT.


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.

INT. RIMMER'S FLAT. NIGHT.

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:
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.

EXT. TOWN. DAY.

Polling Day. People are walking into a Polling Booth.
INT. T.V. STUDIO. LONDON. NIGHT.

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.

INT. COUNTING AREA. CLITHEROE. NIGHT.

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.

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

HENCH
Thank you, Eddie, and now let's have one more look at the state of the parties. (MORE)
CONT'D.

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.

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

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.

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

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.
INT. COUNTING HALL. CLITHEROE. NIGHT.

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.

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

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?

INT. STOCKHOLM T.V. STUDIO. NIGHT.

There is an empty chair and a FLOOR MANAGER.

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

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

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

EXT. PARIS. NIGHT.

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

HENCH
Bon soir, Pierre.

CONTINUED:
CONT'D.

PIERRE
Bonsoir.

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

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.

EXT. PARIS. NIGHT.

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

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

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:
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.

EXT. BUDLEIGH MOOR TOWN HALL. NIGHT.

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.

INT. FERRET'S BARE LIVING ROOM.

MR. and MRS. FERRET are watching television.

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

FERRET
But only by 17,000.

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

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

INT. NO. 10 DOWNING STREET. NIGHT.

BLACKET kicking in his T.V. set.
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

EXT. CABINET GROUP PHOTOGRAPH. DAY.

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.

EXT. CABINET GROUP. CHEQUERS. DAY.

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

EXT. LONDON AIRPORT. DAY.

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

INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENCE. DAY.

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:
AIR MARSHAL NOBE
I've never seen that, is it one of yours.

V.O.
Now feast your eyes on the giant new Caligula Missle 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 CRIGHTON
Well, I've never seen any of those.

C.U. BRITISH FLAG.
All this and more make British defences the envy of the world.

C.U. QUEEN ON HORSEBACK.
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.

ANOTHER ANGLE. MINISTRY OF DEFENCE. DAY.
General murmur of 'What' 'Preposterous'

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

CONTINUED:
RIMMER leads them out of the room.

EXT. MODEL ROOM. TERRACE. DAY.

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.

Murmurs 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'.

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

CONTINUED:
EXT. PORTON DOWN. DAY.

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 Streptococcatorium".

INT. STREPTOCOCCATORIUM.

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 'OOOH!!'

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'.

DELETE.

INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY BLOCK. DAY.

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.
GUIDE

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

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

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

INT. SPOFFORTHS REGIMENTAL MESS. GUEST NIGHT. NIGHT.

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.
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.

EXT. SWISS SNOW CLAD MOUNTAINS. DAY.

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.

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

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


EXT./INT. CASTLE COURTYARD. DAY.

Dead SWISS GUARDS litter the floor holding tattered handkerchiefs, in great disarray.
129 INT. CASTLE GOLD VAULT. DAY.
SPOFFORTHS are opening gold vault door with resounding clang.

130 INT. CASTLE VAULTS.
Mounds of shining gold bars.

131 INT. CASTLE VAULTS.
SPOFFORTHS are loading gold bars on to ski-trolleys.

132 INT. CASTLE WALL.
A SPOFFORTH is sprawling the words 'Viva El Fatah'.

133 EXT. SWISS MOUNTAIN SLOPES. DAY.
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.
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.
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.
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 there 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.

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, NISSL, MOFFAT, other Members of the Cabinet and innumerable dignitaries. Cries from CAMERAMEN and NEWSPAPER MEN who are dominating the proceedings. AUDIENCE is clapping, SPOFFORTH'S 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:
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.
INT. T.V. STUDIO. NIGHT.

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:
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.
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 ...
or 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.
INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS. CORRIDOR.

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.

INT. RIMMER HOUSE. BATHROOM. NIGHT.

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:
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.

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:
EXT. CONSERVATIVE H.Q. NIGHT.

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

INT. RIMMER'S DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT.

PAT is hurling herself against door.

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

PAT
If you loved me you'd let me out.

NIS
I do love you.

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

EXT. CONSERVATIVE H.Q. NIGHT.

RIMMER has arms raised in victory.

INT. RIMMER'S DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT.

PAT
If you let me out you can have me.

NIS lets PAT out and tries to kiss her.

NIS
Darling Pat.

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

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.

    PAT
    Christ, he's done it.

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

    NISS leaves.

150  EXT. CONSERVATIVE PARTY H.Q. NIGHT.

    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.

    RIMMER enters.

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

152  INT. BALLROOM. NIGHT.

    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:
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.
PAT

That was marvellous; did you really mean it?

RIMMER

Oh, yes.

EXT. PARALLEL SUBURBAN STREETS. DAY.

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.

INT. COUNCIL HOUSE. DAY.

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

0oh 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?

INT. BINGO HALL. DAY.

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:
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.

INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY. DAY.

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.

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:
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.

INT. RIMMER'S OFFICE. HOUSE OF COMMONS.

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?
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.

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

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

CONTINUED:
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.

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

EXT. HIGH LONDON STREET. DAY.
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.

EXT. LONDON STREET. GROUND LEVEL. DAY.
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.