

SHOOTING SCRIPT DATED 27/06/16

BBC SCOTLAND

STILL GAME

EPISODE 1 - "GADGETS"

Written by

FORD KIERNAN AND GREG HEMPHILL

THE SENDING OF THIS SCRIPT DOES NOT CONSTITUTE AN OFFER  
THIS SCRIPT REMAINS CONFIDENTIAL AND THE PROPERTY OF THE BBC

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

(JACK, VICTOR)

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

JACK:  
Clock work.

Victor enters.

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

JACK:  
Morning Victor.

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

JACK: (CONT'D)  
Eh...What's happenin'?

Victor munches on his roll and sausage.

VICTOR:  
Gies a chance, Jack, I've no read  
it yet.

JACK:  
No, the other paper. Ma paper to  
read.

VICTOR:  
I just got the one.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

Victor begins to read the paper.

VICTOR: (CONT'D)  
Jeez-o. That's a surprise. Ooft.  
Didnae see that comin'. "More on  
pages 6 and 7. He's no deid, is he?  
Jeez that's young!

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

VICTOR:  
Put the telly on! Aah, of course,  
they didnae have tv back in  
Cromagnon times. Make a fire or  
whatever it is you people dae.

Jack sighs. Victor gives in.

VICTOR: (CONT'D)  
Are ye wanting the paper?

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

Victor pulls out the "Futuroo" catalogue.

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

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

Victor throws it to Jack.

JACK: (CONT'D)  
I love these. Full of clever, handy  
stuff ye cannae get in the shops.  
There's yer key ring calculator.

VICTOR:  
What de ye need that for?

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

JACK:

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

VICTOR:

I don't see the benefit of that.

JACK:

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

VICTOR:

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

JACK:

Look at this! It's a big magnifying glass ye clip onto the newspaper, turns awe the print big.

VICTOR:

That would be good. If ye had a newspaper tae read.

Jack looks up from his catalogue.

Victor raises his paper up and returns to reading.

JACK:

Hmph. (Jack chuckles) Look at this.

VICTOR:

What is it?

JACK:

It's the shite you get as well. The Eggmaster 3000. This is aimed at wankers. What it does is, you stick two eggs in it the night before..

VICTOR:

Uh-huh.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

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

VICTOR:  
Haha!

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

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

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

JACK: (CONT'D)  
Eggmaster 3000 What kind of windae  
licker would part with his money  
for that?

HARD CUT TO:

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

(WINSTON, CHRIS THE POSTIE)

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

WINSTON:  
Yes. The Eggmaster 3000 please.

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

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

Winston's doorbell goes.

WINSTON: (CONT'D)  
What a service!

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

CHRIS:  
Registered letter.

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

CHRIS: (CONT'D)  
Is that yer signature, aye?

WINSTON:  
Yes. Exactly the same as it always  
is. (Points to his signature)  
Yingimnyingyem.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

WINSTON: (CONT'D)  
Oh dear. Well that's a surprise.  
Better run round the place with the  
hoover.

3 INT NAVID'S DAY 1 (1030) 3

(NAVID, ISA, WINSTON)

Isa dusting cans.

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

NAVID:  
You know, Isa, I never give you  
anything.

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

ISA:  
How de ye mean?

Navid pulls a mop from behind the counter.

ISA: (CONT'D)  
A mop?

NAVID:  
No just any mop, Isa.

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

NAVID: (CONT'D)  
Got you something out the Futuroo  
catalogue. The Floor Hear-o!

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

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

NAVID:  
C'mon. That mop looks like it's had  
chemo. And anyway. The Floor Hear-o  
has Bluetooth.

ISA:  
Bluetooth? It's normally Detol I  
use.

Navid pulls out headphones.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

NAVID:

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

ISA:

Wireless?

NAVID:

Nae Wires. Wire free! Do you no  
know nothing?

ISA:

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

NAVID:

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

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

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

ISA:

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

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

NAVID:

It's actually a present for all of  
us.

WINSTON:

Eh?

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

WINSTON: (CONT'D)

Aah, earmuffs for a nosy cow!

Isa just smiles.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

WINSTON: (CONT'D)  
JACK AND VICTOR HAVE WENT AFF THEIR  
HEIDS AND THEY'VE JUMPED OFF THE  
HIGH FLATS.

Isa smiles, not hearing a thing.

WINSTON/NAVID:  
He he he.

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

ISA:  
When's your house guest coming?

WINSTON:  
What?

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

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

NAVID:  
Scary.

Winston is raging.

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

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

ISA:  
Right, that's me away!

NAVID:  
Okey dokey.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

Navid quickly inspects the floor.

NAVID: (CONT'D)

Haud on! You've missed a big bit  
there!

ISA:

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

4 INT CLANSMAN DAY 1 (1115) 4

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

Tam is thumbing through the Futuroo catalogue.

TAM:

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

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

BOABBY:

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

ERIC:

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

Eric takes his hat off and demonstrates.

ERIC: (CONT'D)

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

Eric switches it on. Everybody stares at him.

ERIC: (CONT'D)

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

BOABBY:

Very good. You wanting a pint or what?

ERIC:

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

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

Eric takes his jacket off.

ERIC: (CONT'D)  
I'm roasting! I'm sweatin' like  
Pavarotti's pallbearers.

Jack and Victor enter.

BOABBY:  
Look who it is! Chas and Dave!

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

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

VICTOR:  
And get a pint for Winston.

BOABBY:  
That's no Winston.

Jack and Victor turn round.

BOTH:  
Walter!

WALTER:  
Hey, long time to see!

TAM:  
Must be what,

WALTER:  
Lemme think noo...15 year!

JACK:  
Have you seen Winston yet?

WALTER:  
No. Thought I'd jump in for a quick  
pint first before I go over to see  
WINSTON!

Winston walks in.

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

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

Winston limps over.

WALTER:

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

WALTER: (CONT'D)

What happened to your leg?

WINSTON:

Lost it. Fags.

WALTER:

Oh dear.

Winston grabs Walter's right hand.

WINSTON:

Anyway, how ye doin'?

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

WINSTON: (CONT'D)

What happened to your arm?

WALTER:

Lost it. Rigs.

Winston looks round. Everyone is stifling a laugh.

WALTER: (CONT'D)

Got a big payday oot it!

WINSTON:

That's good. So where have you been?

WALTER:

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

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

WALTER: (CONT'D)

Stop me if I'm boring ye!

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

TAM:

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

Tam taps Eric on the head.

TAM: (CONT'D)

Eric, wake up ya auld tit!

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

TAM: (CONT'D)

Bloody hell! It's roasting!

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

Everyone reacts!

ALL:

Haaawwwww!

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

ERIC:

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

Everyone reacts to Eric's faux pas.

ALL:

Haaaaaaaaw!

Winston and Walter laugh.

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

(JACK, VICTOR, ISA, CHRIS THE POSTIE)

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

ISA:  
Morning, Jack.

JACK:  
(Taken aback) Morning, Isa.

After a few beats, Victor emerges from his flat.

VICTOR:  
Jack. Isa.

JACK:  
Victor.

ISA:  
Victor. Morning.

VICTOR:  
Morning to you too.

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

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

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

JACK:  
Very funny. You got something for us?

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

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

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

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

ALL:

Aaaaahhhh.

ISA:

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

VICTOR:

Allow me.

He opens his box and presents a stone.

JACK:

A stone.

VICTOR:

At first glance. Observe!

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

ISA:

What's the good of that?

VICTOR:

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

JACK:

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

VICTOR:

Eh? Oh aye.

JACK:

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

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

Victor puts it down by his front door.

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

JACK:  
Like yer starting a rockery. A one  
rock rockery. A shitey rockery.

ISA:  
Ye should get doon the garden  
centre and get mair rocks roon  
about it.

Isa opens her parcel. It is a wee brown plastic dog. She switches it on and puts it down on the door mat. She flashes a wee handset device. She goes into her house and shuts the door.

ISA: (CONT'D)  
Watch.

Jack and Victor look at each other.

ISA: (OOV) (CONT'D)  
CHAP MA DOOR!

Jack and Victor knock. The dog speaks, we hear Isa's voice:

DOG:  
Who is it, please?

JACK:  
You know who it is.

DOG:  
For the purposes of demonstration  
please state your name.

VICTOR:  
Victor McDade and Jack Jarvis.

JACK:  
Esquire.

ISA:  
I'm sorry I can't come to the door  
right now as I'm making Cock-A-  
Leekie soup. So bugger off.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

BOTH:  
Good/That's a handy thing, that.

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

Jack and Victor are gone.

HARD CUT TO:

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

(JACK, VICTOR)

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

VICTOR:

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

JACK:

What's your bath time routine?

VICTOR:

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

JACK:

Ablutions?

VICTOR:

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

JACK:

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

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

JACK: (CONT'D)

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

VICTOR:

Nice. Much was it?

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

JACK:

34.99.

VICTOR:

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

JACK:

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

Victor leaves.

7 EXT STREET DAY 2 (1400) 7

(TAM, ERIC, WALTER, WINSTON, JACK)

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

WALTER:

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

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

JACK:

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

ERIC:

Ma ribs are sore.

TAM:

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

Everyone laughs.

ERIC:

Or the clown that comes oot before the main event!

JACK:

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

WINSTON:

Thanks, fur that, Jack.

JACK:

Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

WALTER:

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

WINSTON:

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

WALTER:

How?

WINSTON:

Long story.

Everyone smiles and looks at their shoes.

WINSTON: (CONT'D)

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

JACK:

Vaguely.

WINSTON:

How about the Greyhounds? Where's Victor?

JACK:

Up the garden centre buying bloody pebbles.

WINSTON:

What fur?

JACK:

He's a crackpot.

WINSTON:

You want tae come wi' us?

Jack waves his new sponge and bar of soap.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

JACK:

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

Everybody steps back from Jack.

JACK: (CONT'D)

I've had showers and that. Naw,  
youse enjoy yourselves.

8 INT JACK'S FLAT - BATHROOM. NIGHT 2 (1800) 8

(JACK)

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

JACK:  
Ooh, look at you, filling up  
lovely.

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

JACK: (CONT'D)  
Temperature's just tickety-boo.  
Book stand.

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

JACK: (CONT'D)  
I'll be getting intae you, shortly  
and I don't know when I'll be  
getting out!

We see the robe falling to the floor to Jack's feet and the sound of him entering the bath.

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

(JACK V/O, VICTOR, ISA)

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

VICTOR:  
16 quid for this pile of shit.

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

JACK: (OOV)  
(Muffled) Victor!

Victor cocks his ear. What was that?

JACK: (CONT'D)  
Victor!

Victor opens the letter box.

VICTOR:  
Jack?

JACK:  
Help!

VICTOR:  
Huv ye fell!?

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

VICTOR:  
Oh Jesus! Haud on!

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

DOG:  
What's all the commotion?

Victor runs and raps Isa's door.

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

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

DOG:  
Who's calling?

VICTOR:  
It's me, Victor. Open the door!

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

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

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

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

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

ISA:  
Put yer shoulder tae it!

VICTOR:  
Oot the road.

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

ISA:  
MOVE!

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

10 INT JACK'S FLAT - BATHROOM. DAY 3 (0930)

10

(JACK, VICTOR, ISA)

Victor and Isa enter frantically.

VICTOR:

Jack, ye awright? What's happened here?

JACK:

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

ISA:

Jack, yer wullie!

Victor grabs a small face cloth.

VICTOR:

Here, I'll cover that up!

JACK:

Wi' a bigger towel!!!

ISA:

Who takes a bloody bath first thing in the morning?

JACK:

I took it last night!

VICTOR:

And ye've took another one this morning?

JACK:

I'VE BEEN IN HERE SINCE LAST NIGHT!

BOTH:

Bloody hell/Oh my!

JACK:

Look at the state of ma skin I'm like Judy Finnegan!

VICTOR:

And ye cannae lift yersel oot?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

JACK:

I'm awe stuck to the sides, like suction!

ISA:

Just pull the plug oot!

JACK:

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

VICTOR:

Don't panic!

JACK:

Panic? I'm no panicking! I'm past the panicking bit! I was panicking for about ten hours, but that's past noo!

ISA:

Call 911!

JACK:

What, for American Police?

VICTOR:

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

JACK:

Haud on, Victor, you cannae dae that!

VICTOR:

How?

JACK:

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

ISA:

BnQ.

VICTOR!

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

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

JACK:

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

ISA:

Aaaaagh! I know what it is!

VICTOR:

What?

ISA:

This happened to Big Janice  
Mcafferty her wi' the eating  
disorder you know who I'm talking  
about she's barred from Gregg's fur  
grazing she got stuck and her man  
called....

Everyone waits.

VICTOR:

Her man called....

JACK:

Man called.....

ISA:

Kenny.

JACK:

THE NUMBER HE CALLED YA DAFT COW!

ISA:

NHS Ambulance services department.

Isa runs out the bathroom

ISA: (CONT'D)

THAT'S WHO YOU CALL!

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

11

(NAVID, WINSTON, WALTER, MEENA)

Winston and Walter arrive in the shop. They sidle up to the counter.

WINSTON:

Navid. Meet my brother. Walter.

NAVID:

Walter. Nice to see you. What can I do you for?

WALTER:

Cigars? What huv ye got?

Navid turns round and selects a single panatella.

NAVID:

Cigars! I have classy ones for the man about town and not so classy ones for the man about scheme.

WALTER:

Classy. Always classy.

NAVID:

Claaassy. I used to be a half Corona man myself. That was when we lived in Gujarat.

WALTER:

I know Gujarat.

NAVID:

You know Gujarat?

WALTER:

Oh aye. I worked in LaHore for long enough. The guy I worked wi' was from Gujurat. Aftab Jarwar. He was a good laugh. Tiny wee fella. He was only about 4 foot six.

Walter switches into Punjabi

WALTER: (CONT'D)

(Translation:) But he had a cock like an elephant.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

Navid and Walter piss themselves laughing.

NAVID:  
(In Punjabi) A cock like an  
elephant! That's a cracker.

Meena shouts from behind the beads.

MEENA:  
Aftab Jarwar? I think I might have  
met him!

Navid, Walter and Meena are howling with laughter. Winston is trying to join in the laughter. It fades.

Navid sticks the cigar in Walter's shirt pocket.

NAVID:  
Here. Take that. That's a better  
laugh than he's ever gied me!

Winston laughs again weakly.

There is an awkwardly silence.

NAVID: (CONT'D)  
Have YOU ever been anywhere good,  
Winston?

WINSTON:  
Eh. Aye. RawalPindi.

NAVID:  
Oh! In the Punjab region?

WINSTON:  
No, in the Sauchiehall Street  
region. Next to the dry cleaners.  
Nice Pakora.

Winston smiles expecting a laugh. He gets nothing. Tough shop.

12 INT JACK'S FLAT - BATHROOM DAY 3 (1130)

12

(JACK, VICTOR, BIG JOHN, ISA)

Jack is asleep. Eventually, he stirs. When he wakes, he looks confused. How was he sleeping? He sniffs. Something's not right.

Jack freaks out, splashing water everywhere. We cut wide to see that Victor is taking a shit.

JACK:  
What the hell are ye daein?

VICTOR:  
Sorry Jack I was putting if off for ages, I've hud tae park a loaf in yer lavvy!

JACK:  
Ye animal! Who does that? You only live next door!

VICTOR:  
I couldnae leave ye yersel in the bath, ye've been asleep! You could huv done a Whitney Houston!

JACK:  
Where are these people that are supposed to be getting me out the bath?

VICTOR:  
That's nearly two hours since we found ye, they're surely due noo!

JACK:  
And if they come right noo, they're gonnie be confused! "Dearie me, This is a dilemma, who do we save first? The poor auld fella stuck in the bath or the silly auld duffer, superglued to the shiter! Finish yer manky business and get aff ma pan!

VICTOR:  
Right look away.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

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

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

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

JOHN:  
What's gaun on here?

VICTOR:  
He's stuck in the bath, son.

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

The man bundles past Victor.

JOHN: (CONT'D)  
Oot the way!

The man removes the front panel of the bath.

JOHN: (CONT'D)  
Look at that. Soakin. Rotten. That needs sorted! I told you about that, two year ago!

VICTOR:  
Look, keep the heid. There's an ambulance on it's way!

JOHN:  
If I get any mair water doon on me it'll be a hearse yer needin'!

The man stomps out.

JACK:  
Charmin'.

VICTOR:  
Where are these toerags?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

Isa comes in dressed.

ISA:  
Are they still not here?

JACK:  
Absolutely typical, intit? Leaving  
an old man stuck in the bath.

VICTOR:  
It's disgusting. It's because the  
pensioner isnae a priority!

ISA:  
Aye, dirty lazy pigs, we're the  
bottom of the pile and no mistake!

VICTOR:  
How long did they say they'd be?

ISA:  
Who?

VICTOR:  
The emergency services?

ISA:  
What did they say to me?

JACK:  
When you called them!

ISA:  
I didnae call them! I thought  
Victor'd called them, I was away  
getting ready!

JACK:  
You couple of stupid arseholes!

Victor and Isa run out the bathroom.

JACK: (OOV) (CONT'D)  
VICTOR!

Victor pokes his head back in the toilet.

VICTOR:  
Yes, Jack!

JACK:  
Flush!

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

VICTOR:

Oh aye!

Victor flushes the toilet.

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

13

(WINSTON, WALTER, STEVIE)

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

WALTER:  
C'mon then. C'mon then. Bingo!

WINSTON:  
Beat by a bawhair!

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

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

Stevie signals to Winston.

WALTER:  
Oh aye. Of course.

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

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

WINSTON:  
Just ignore him, Walter.

STEVIE:  
How can I help you?

WALTER:  
Wee accumulator came up there.

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

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

STEVIE: (CONT'D)

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

Stevie casts an eye at Winston.

STEVIE: (CONT'D)

£210. Well done.

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

STEVIE: (CONT'D)

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

WALTER:

Anytime!

WINSTON:

Aye, anytime.

STEVIE:

Naw, I was referring to the winners' enclosure.

Winston and Walter make to leave.

STEVIE: (CONT'D)

Winston!

Winston turns. Stevie reprises his "Victory" dance to annoy him.

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

14

(JACK, VICTOR, ISA)

Victor enters. Isa is sitting on the loo.

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

ISA:  
Indeed I am not ya filthy pig!

JACK:  
What did they say?

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

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

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

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

ISA: (CONT'D)  
It's no comin'.

Victor rolls up his sleeves.

VICTOR:  
Please.

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

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

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

ISA:

Ye need the cauld tae coonter it!

Isa turns on the cold tap.

VICTOR:

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

Jack grabs Victor's hands.

VICTOR: (CONT'D)

Ye ready? One! Two Three!

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

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

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

15 INT CLANSMAN AFTERNOON 3 (1400)

15

(BOABBY, WINSTON, WALTER)

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

WALTER:

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

WINSTON:

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

Boabby waits patiently for his mention.

WINSTON: (CONT'D)

Oh aye. I nearly forgot. Stevie the bookie.

Boabby gives up and heads into the stock room.

WALTER:

Aye the bookie. I liked him. Great guy.

WINSTON:

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

Beat.

WALTER:

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

WINSTON:

And there it is.

WALTER:

There what is?

WINSTON:

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

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

WALTER:

I don't know what yer talking  
about!

Winston pulls out a letter. The one he received at the  
beginning of the episode.

WINSTON:

This is the letter telling me Lily  
had passed. As soon as it arrived,  
I knew you wouldn't be long at the  
back of it. Cause that's how you  
operate. Four times I've seen you  
in the last forty years. Each time  
to borrow money. From me. Money you  
never paid back. You never even  
showed at oor Ma's or our Dad's  
funerals. That's because they had  
nothing.

Walter nods, knowing. He's been busted.

WALTER:

So was there any...

WINSTON:

Money? Yes. Lily left four  
thousand.

WALTER:

So that's two thousand each?

WINSTON:

No.

Winston takes out an envelope. He pushes it across the table.

WINSTON: (CONT'D)

Take the lot.

Walter leaves.

16 INT JACK'S FLAT - BATHROOM DAY 3 (1430)

16

(JACK, VICTOR, ISA, BIG JOHN)

Big John from down the stairs stomps in.

JOHN:

I warned you! My ceiling is soaking  
noo! How can you still be stuck?

ISA:

I know, it's a helluva carry on  
right enough they're sayin' on the  
phone it could be up tae six-

JOHN:

Shut up! I'm no wanting yer life  
story ya daft auld trout! Huv ye  
any Fairy Liquid?

JACK:

Aye! Under ma sink in the kitchen!

John runs out.

ISA:

What's he gonnie dae wi' Fairy  
Liquid, Jack?

JACK:

Maybe he just wants to get his  
temper doon, dae a few dishes.

ISA:

I, it's like therapy, that, intit?  
Anger management.

John comes back in

JOHN:

Oot the road!

John squirts fairy liquid all down Jack's back and yanks him  
out the bath like a bear.

Victor puts the robe on him.

JACK:

Listen son. I'm really sorry I let  
water doon on yer new bathroom.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

JACK: (CONT'D)

But I was stuck in that bath about sixteen hours!

JOHN:

What ye doin taking a bath at your age?

Victor drags the Techno tub bath tidy out the bath.

VICTOR:

He normally takes a shower but he bought this!

JOHN:

What is it?

JACK:

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

VICTOR:

It's a great thing.

JOHN:

What do you do with it?

Victor sits it on the bath.

VICTOR:

It just sits there. Voila.

The bath disappears under its own weight through the floor.

VICTOR: (CONT'D)

Techno Tub.

JACK:

Bath tidy.

Isa stares down the hole.

ISA:

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

Post Sig

17 INT CLANSMAN NIGHT 3 (2215)

17

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

Everybody is gathered. They are all quite bevvied.

JACK:

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

TAM:

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

VICTOR:

That must be a bit weird for you Winston.

WINSTON:

How so?

VICTOR:

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

WINSTON:

Funnier than me?

ALL:

Noo! Didnae say that. Deserving of a watch etc

WINSTON:

Ye cannae be jealous of family. Anyway, he's away noo so you'll just have to put up with the support act.

Everyone chuckles. Boabby picks up a notepad awkwardly.

BOABBY:

Away? Em, Winston, so over the last couple of days? Walter's ran up a tab here. 40 quid.

Winston blanches, before going into his pocket without missing a beat.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

WINSTON:

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

BOABBY:

No! That's great. Right. Sorry.

Winston hands Boabby 40 quid.

JACK:

To Walter.

ALL:

To Walter.

WINSTON:

Aye, to Walter.

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

Hard cut:

18 INT. JACK AND VICTOR'S LANDING. NIGHT 3 (2230) 18

(JACK, VICTOR, ISA? VOICE FROM DOG)

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

JACK:  
Still nae joy?

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

VICTOR:  
Which one was it?!

Isa's electronic door dog's eyes glow white as it comes to  
life

DOG:  
Want me to make up the couch?

Jack and Victor stare at the dog. They begin to throw rocks  
at it.

END OF EPISODE