

FIFTY SHADES
DAVE OF E

FIFTY SHADES OF DAVE: PART ONE

TRANSCRIPT

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FIFTY SHADES OF DAVE
CONTAINS STRONG LANGUAGE,
ADULT THEMES, AND CONTENT
OF A DISTRESSING NATURE.

Part One.

Title Music - 'The Man With A Heart Of Stone'

[sung] 'It's the damnation of societies creation of the man with a heart of stone, it's just the expected, he loves being rejected and now he's all alone. We've been through a lot, so many ups and downs, I can't seem to stop, take a stroll outside and gaze at the stars and realise how beautiful, how beautiful you are'

[Heartbeat, echoes and increases in pace, swirling sounds increase in volume]

Rosie: [in dream state] Hello? I'll fight ya! No. [Repeats and Echoes]

[phone rings]

Rosie: [in dream state] Hello? Hello? No. Fight ya

[inaudible]

Rosie: [in dream state] Hello? Hello? No. No. Hello? Fight ya.

[phone rings]

Rosie: [in dream state] Hello? I'll fight ya!

Bedmate 1 Male: Rosie!!!

Rosie: Aw, Shit. What!

Bedmate 2 Male: You were having a bad dream, love.

Rosie: Woah. Was I? [nervously laughs] Sorry guys!

[fluffs pillow]

Bedmate 1 Male: You woke me up! I need m' rest, me! if you want a repeat of last night!

Bedmate 2 Male: [tired] Yeah, me n'all!

Rosie: [continues to stir] Sorry lads, sorry.

Bedmate 3 Female: I'm here as well!

Rosie: Who are you? [concerned] Who is she?

Bedmate 3 Female: Cheeky Cow! I come all the way back 'ere...

Bedmate 1: 'Ang on love, [farts] who are ya? [pause] Were you at the club?

Bedmate 3: No?! [fluffs pillows] I was already here from the night before, you asked me back Rosie...

Rosie: [raises voice] Gentlemen and [pause] lady, Please! I have a very long day tomorrow, [stirring] and I need my sleep. Can we *please* stop fighting, and get some shut eye? Hm?

Bedmate 1: Yeah OK. [pause] Uh, no, wait! [pause] I need a piss...now! [stirs and gets out of bed]

[footsteps]

Rosie: [despairingly] Oh god.

Scene 2

[Bickenhole radio jingle plays]

Neil: You're listening to Bickenhole Radio, a Bickenhole in one - Bickenhole Radio.

[jingle ends]

Barbara Dish: Bickenhole News, news for locals with me Barbara Dish.

[Bickenhole radio news jingle plays]

Many residents came out in force today to protest the opening of Bickenhole's first ever LGBTQ nightclub. 'Bertie's' has come under intense scrutiny since it was announced that the beloved Bickenhole landmark 'Hole Trinity Church' was earmarked as its permanent home. Locals say it's a travesty and a mark of the devil himself, but the new owners of the nightclub claim its advantageous as many of the church's staff still work there...

[button click]

Rosie: [despondent] fuck me, I've gotta get another job mate. This show is just the fucking worst!

Neil: [disappointed] Oh, Not this again...

Rosie: No, seriously, right! Remember yesterday? When some old git called in to tell me his psoriasis had spread to his ball-sack? He thought I was the village pharmacist for fucks sake!

Neil: Yeah but you helped him didn't ya?

Rosie: [proudly] Oh yeah, I advised him to keep it lubricated. That's what you gotta do see, but it's only because I know that from experience...

Neil: Yeah. [pause] Ey, Wait! Speaking of itchiness - aren't you seeing that fella tonight?

Rosie: Aw, I dunno. [pause] He's a bit...bizarre.

Neil: I thought that's why you liked him!?

Rosie: Well yeah, but there's no job description?! I mean, take the other night right, we were back at mine, big light off, you know, and he wanted me to eat pastrami off his [pause] face, right? Now, I like pastrami, I do [pause] but I can't be doing with picking the beard hair from my teeth afterwards

Neil: [in disgust] Oh God...

Rosie: know what I mean?

Neil: [nauseous] you need to get tested, you!

Rosie: Shut it, will ya. Besides you can't get gonorrhoea from a beard anyway [Pause, worried] can ya?

Neil: You can! And besides, I meant your *brain*...

Rosie: oh! [laughs] god yeah, tell me something new - [exhales loudly] God I wish something, ANYTHING, exciting would happen.

[printer rattles loudly]

Neil: [in the distance] You may be in luck my diseased little friend - take a butchers at this beauty.

[sheet of paper rustling audible]

Rosie: W..Well, what do you want me to do with this? [pause] 'Ang on...

[studio button click]

[end of news jingle]

Rosie: Thank you Barbara! How you manage to get through that without sedation I'll never know! Now, burning dilemma on everyone's lips - Would you rather die of the runs or hiccup yourself to death? I'll be hearing from you, after this.

[studio button click]

[relaxing music begins]

Ad Guy: Introducing the new BDSM [pause] ASMR Podcast [pause] tighten those knots and loosen up... [whip cracks and male moans]

[relaxing music fades]

[studio button clicks]

Rosie: I still don't know what you want me to do with this. [waves paper furiously] Give it to the guy with the runs? he's gonna call, [pause] *again*.

Neil: No! We help him.

Rosie: [waves paper again] This would help him! Ok, how?

[‘The Greenhouse’ theme starts, plucky piano synth and birds tweet]

Scene 3

Rosie: Good evening you lovely, lovely lot - thank you for tuning in - it's a gorgeous evening here in *The Greenhouse*. Neil and I are with you until ten PM tonight, at nine we will be doing your dedications - but remember - keep em' clean guys, yeah? We will also be joined in the studio by local 'WI' organiser Margaret Whitlow who quite unbelievably, holds the world record for [feigned excitement] producing belly-button fluff and has begun selling her own line of fashionable knitwear from it [pause] Neil? Grab me the hipflask would ya? Also, be cracking open 'The Greenhouse' window. Back after this!

[Ad begins, smooth piano]

Ad Lady: Let the Bicken see the hole, Bickenhole Radio.

[studio button click]

Neil: [cautiously] I know what you're thinking and before you say it, I had nothing to do with it, I swear! I don't even pick the guests anymore.

Rosie: [threateningly] I'm gonna go, right now, and buy you the warmest, tightest range of naval lint budgie smugglers that woman has to offer!!

Neil: Ah, it's a waste of time! My mum knows her, she's already bought me the full set. Snood and matching gloves - everything!

Rosie: Ey! Did you respond to that guy on twitter earlier?

Neil: I told him to give us a call, yeah.

Rosie: [distressed] you haven't!?

Neil: Yeah why not? We are a *call-in show!*

Rosie: [sardonically] I'll tell you, shall I? Sit back, relax, OK? One [angrily] I'm not a fucking therapist Neil. I'm already a pharmacist - may as well open up my own fucking doctors' practice! Two, right... /

Neil: [interrupts] look! if he's listening, he'll hear you asking for callers, right? So, what's stopping him anyway? [more seriously] He *obviously* needs to talk.

Rosie: Yeah [pause] to professionals Neil. Not you and me.

Neil: May I remind you, we won a *Bickenhole Local Radio Award of Excellence for Community Well-being* last month, did we not?

Rosie: I still think they called out the wrong name.

Neil: Barbara Dish wasn't too happy, was she? [pause] Look, it won't hurt. We need this. [self-assured] Good for ratings!

Rosie: I suppose. But, hey! just, warn me beforehand okay? Not like last time, when you suddenly had an aversion to call screening. It was a farce!

Neil: Eh, it was kinda fun...

Rosie: Right up to the point when that surprisingly chatty woman from 'Bickenhole Stroke Survivors Club' called in [pause] was like having a conversation with Joseph fucking Merrick.

[interlude - orchestral]

Scene 4

Rosie: [fades in] And there we are! A big, BIG thank you to Margaret there, and that yarn bombing club sounds [false] bloody great, good on ya! Better to be a yarn bomber than aaaaah, suicide bomber! Am I right?

[awkward pause]

Neil: [disbelief] I'd have to ask around on that one.

Rosie: Next up, we shall open *The Greenhouse* window! Is it me? Or is it hot in here? Back in 5...

[studio button clicks]

Neil: It's most definitely you. [annoyed] Did you actually just make a suicide bomber joke, or have you spiked my tea again because as you put it, I needed to 'loosen up'

Rosie: (concerned) Fucking 'ell. Do you think they'll mind?

Neil: By '*they*' do you mean the 'Radio Standards Commission' that not only fund this show but have links with antiterrorism organisation 'disarm'? [pause] Nah, they'll be sound I'm sure. [pause] As we're on the subject of controlling narcissists though, did you see that guy after?

Rosie: Course I did. And his mate. Fucking obsessed aren't I. Although, [giggles] you'll like this.

Neil: [murmurs] No, I won't.

Rosie: They were out of pastrami in the Asda - *apparently* right, so he only goes and brings this frozen fuckin' chicken over instead [cackles]

Neil: Woah [semi laughing] hang on. I thought the *other* guy liked Pastrami.

Rosie: Erm. [calculating to herself] There was Adam, Ty [pause] Well, Yeah, they all do!

Neil: Ah! Let, let me guess. You've all contracted salmonella and possibly some sort of rare strain of E coli? [starts to make it up] coz, oh I dunno, you used its beak as some sort of, kinky, sacrificial nipple clamp?

Rosie: [interrupts] No, we fucking ate it! With a nice Caesar, and some crusty bread, if you must know, (viciously) judgemental dick!!

[Office phone rings]

Neil: [answers - telephone voice] Bickenhole Radio [pause] um - yes? [longer pause] Oh, hi there! Just a sec! Can I put you on hold? [pause] Yep [pause] thank you, thanks!

[telephone button press]

[whispers anyway] Yo, Chicken lickin' - it's him!

Rosie: [whispers] Who?

Neil: [still whispering] Him, you know, the paper! The, the tweeter! [flustered] *Y'KNOW, the guy who needs help!*

Rosie: Oh, great a vast improvement - suicide bomber to suicide watch.

Neil: He sounds alright, he... he may not be *that* bad!

Rosie: He will be. It's us, innit.

[Telephone Button Click]

Neil: [Telephone Voice] Helloo? (pause) Yeah hi. So, yeah, after we go to a little break, we'll open up those lines and get you on! [pause] Yeah, [pause] yeah that's fine, yeah Rosie can chat with you about that, yeah. [long pause] ...uh huh. [pause] Okay, so what name do you want to use then? [pause] Okay, sure, no problem mate, ummm, leave it to us. [pause] No, no no no it's fine fella. [pause] No, you're in good hands with Rosie [laughs]

Rosie: [barely audible] you bastard!

Neil: [phone voice] hold the line matey [pause] cheers.

[studio button clicks]

Neil: [tuts] Relax. He's alright, [excitedly] oh yeah and he's called Dave!

Rosie: Oh! so we *finally* get a name.

Neil: Oh no, It's not his real name.

Rosie: Why do I have to call him 'Dave' then?

Neil: Because he wants to protect his identity.

Rosie: *Protect his identity!* What the fuck's he done? Every fucker knows everything about everyone 'ere.

Neil: [titillated] We'll find out soon, won't we.

Rosie: [confused] But why 'Dave' though? Couldn't it be something more, I dunno, sexier?

Neil: [intrigued] Hmm.

Rosie: Like...

[Spanish guitar music begins]

[with Spanish accent] Paolo. [another accent] Dimitri...

(Spanish music ends)

[pause] Colin?! Hang on, [gets hysterical] he's a murderer, isn't he? Or the real *Bick Park* pervert!! [overly dramatic] I knew it. We're all gonna die!

Neil: Don't be so ridiculous [pause] You know *his* real name is Pat Noggin, he's called in before, remember? He's on **after** 'Dave'.

Rosie: But why?

Neil: Park's locked after 8!

[studio button clicks]

Scene 5

[Sound of window smash]

Rosie: Yes folks, that sound can only mean one thing - Our Greenhouse window is OFFICIALLY open - [pause] Oooh, just look at it. It's like the gaping chasms of the Grand Canyon - as wide James Corden's trap. Let's get over to the callers, I believe we have Pedro on the line. Pedro are you there?

Neil: [annoyed] It's Dave. We have Dave.

Rosie: Ah Yes, Dave now, for those who haven't seen it yet, we had a tweet from our 'Dave' prior to the show today, and I can see a few of you have retweeted it, [irritated] *thanks for that* - but we've had a natter to him and it seems things aren't going so well for him at the moment, so we've got him on the line now,

Dave? [pause] would you like to discuss things? [pause] Anything?

[line buzzes and cracks]

Dave: Hello?

[inaudible]

[studio button clicks]

Rosie: This is Noggin you idiot!

Neil: What?

Rosie: Bad reception in the park! Everyone knows that!

Neil: [dismissive] No, it's not. It's Dave! [slow down] Talk to him.

[studio button clicks]

Rosie: It can be hard to talk sometimes Dave, but here in the garden we are a friendly bunch, [pause] mostly. [pause] David?!

[line goes dead]

Rosie: Oh, we've lost Dave, erm, whilst Neil calls them back let me say if you planning on calling in guys, please please PLEASE ensure you have signal. Don't stand in the park, or under a tree... [knock on studio glass from Neil] How we getting on Mr Folding? Any luck for our listeners? - The natives are getting restless 'ere. I think we've got Dave back - I'm getting thumbs up from Mr Folding, - ain't you got really small thumbs [laugh] DAVE?! The man himself. Are you receiving us now?

[large bang, explosion - hisses and sizzles]

Rosie: [shocked] What [pause] the fuck just happened?

Neil: Power's out. The whole station!

Rosie: Pub?

Neil: Yep.

[interlude orchestral]

Scene 6

[street noise, traffic beeps. The clapping of Rosie's heels and the aggressive bassline of the nightclub get louder]

Neil: [guilty] Feel kinda bad for leaving Dave like that.

Rosie: [slurred] Ow, Fuck him. He didn't answer did he? [aside] Alright love?

Neil: Who's that?

Rosie: [slurred] Dunno, knows me though, doesn't he?

Neil: Isn't it your brother?

Rosie: [slurred] Oh shit, yeah it is!

[cork pops, dance music pumps, inaudible crowd noise]

Rosie: [shouting, slurred] Buzzin' in ere! Great! Some talent out tonight!

Neil: [shouting] Look at the line at the bar! We're never going to get served. [pause] Now, sit there, no not there [glass smash] there! I'll get you a drink. What you 'avin?

Rosie: [slurred] Kahlua and a diet coke. Gotta watch my figure!

Guy at the bar: [joining in] I can watch it for ya darling!

Rosie: [slurred] Cheeky cunt! [cackles]

Neil [at the bar]: Kahlua and diet coke please [bottles clink] and, uh, a lager.

[drink pouring]

Guy at bar: Hello, fancy seeing you here?

Neil: Oh, [nervous] hi! You alright?

Guy at bar: Great, I'm out with a few of the lads!

[ice clinking in a glass]

Neil: Oh, that's [pause] good!

[glasses clink together]

Guy at bar: Josh's here, somewhere...

Neil: Good, [barely audible] good. How [pause] how is he?

Guy at bar: He's alright. He said he tried to call ya.

Neil: Did he? [nervous laughter]

Guy at bar: Yeah, I'll get him for you now

[bottles put down on bar]

Neil: [concerned] Oh no, no you don't need to do that.

Guy at bar: Okay. He's over there anyway - with your friend. Rosie, isn't it?

Neil: Oh Shhhhit, Erm...

[glasses clink]

Bystander: Oi!

Neil: Excuse me!

[glasses clink]

Bystander Two: Hello??

Neil: Sorry

[glass smashing]

Bystander Three: Wanker!

Neil: Sorry!!

Rosie: [slurred] So I said to him, you can fuck right off. I'm not going anywhere near that thing. Whey, 'ere he is! Got lost did ya? This is Nosh, [bottles put down on table] uh, Josh. Do you know Josh?

Neil: Yeah, hi.

Josh: [playfully] Hello.

Neil: [to Rosie] Listen, there's a seat over there by the window, you'll like it over there, why don't/

Rosie: [interrupts, slurred] So, how do you two know each other?

Josh: We met here, didn't we? About a year ago?

Neil: Think so.

Rosie: [angry slurred tone] When did you come 'ere without *me*?

Neil: I [pause] can't remember. Listen, I'm not feeling too well. I'm going to go home. Here, have my lager.

Josh: [eagerly] I'll walk you out!

Neil: No, [pause] no, I'm fine, thanks.

Rosie: [shouting slurred] So long, traitor! Ah, he's alright really. Kinda sweet. He looks after me, he does yeah. Not like, as in, he's me carer. I'm not tagged or nothing. Just wish he could find someone.

Josh: Does he *need* someone though?

Rosie: [slurred] Everyone does, don't they?

Josh: [authoritatively] Maybe, he's too picky.

Rosie: [slurred] What, him? Pff, Nah, he's never been with anyone. I've known him for years. He's never expressed any interest. Not even in me!

Josh: Really?

Rosie: [slurred] Straight up. I mean come on, every guy in 'ere is looking at me right now.

Josh: [in agreement] Hm. Has he ever said anything to you about, who he likes?

Rosie: [slurred] No. I don't think so. He's much more reserved about that stuff.

Josh: yeah.

Rosie: [slurred] Too shy, shy, shy! [sings Kajagoogoo] Hush Hush Eye to Eye! Oh come on, let's have a dance. Ey, keep your hands to yourself.

Josh: Oh, I will.

[end scene, background din fades out]

Scene 7

[phone vibrates, voicemail message]

Rosie: [recorded message] 'This is Rosie B; you know what to do'

Caller [haughty]: Good morning, this is a message for a [pause] Miss Barfield. My name is Dominic Richardson of Howell and Son Solicitors in Bickenhole. I've received a call from the CPS this morning and need to liaise with you at a more [pause] convenient time in relation to a matter of some urgency regarding your case. If you could call me back please, I would be very grateful, and we can arrange a meeting. Many thanks and bye bye for now.

[call ends, text message tone]

Scene 8

[Bickenhole Radio Jingle - Rosie: Your listening to Bickenhole Radio]

Rosie: Hello and welcome once again to another evening in *The Greenhouse* with me, Rosie Barfield and my ever-doting producer Neil [pause] say hi Neil...

Neil: Hi Neil.

Rosie: [sarcastically] Aww. I'm so pleased that the medication seems to be working this time! [pause] Okay! This evening we will be answering your emails, tweets, texts, calls - The lot of it. It seems our caller that never was 'Dave' from last night has made quite an impression on you lot! [pause] So, Dave, if you're listening mate, our windows open at 9pm later and we can, power outage permitting, get you on tonight. Back after this.

[studio button clicks]

[Ad Begins]

[plucky piano tune]

Ad lady: Next to the breast, Radio's the best. Bickenhole Radio.

Ad ends.

Rosie: How many calls is that now?

Neil: Erm, seventeen.

[studio phone rings in background, continues unanswered]

Neil: Oh, Eighteen!

Rosie: [Genuine] That's fucking mad, 'innit! We haven't had this many calls since I ballsed up the weather girls name...

Neil: [guffaw] Oh gawd yeah! [pause] What was it again?

Rosie: Jill Doe.

Neil: Ah yeah.

Rosie: So we're trying again tonight, getting him on, like...

Neil: [surprised] Ah, Look at you now. Yesterday you didn't want him on at all!

Rosie: [dismissive] Yeah, well, I feel a lot better today.

Neil: Ah! Scored last night then did ya? Ey, Come on then, who with? [concerned] Wasn't chicken tonight again was it?

[chicken clucks]

Rosie: No and no one says scored any more y'square [pause] It was Josh.

Neil: [pause] Josh?

Rosie [excitable]: Oh, yeah, long story. This morning though, right - I got up, went to the bog. I could see a reflection of myself as I pissed and I looked like fuckin' Anne Widdecombe right, so I thought, I gotta sort myself out, and no word of a lie, I went to put my hair up and the entire chicken nugget fell on the floor! [uncomfortable laughter] Came in handy actually as he didn't have anything in.

Neil: But [pause] *Josh*? [confused] The guy that was chatting to you last night. *That* Josh?

Rosie: Yes! Fucking hell! What's with all the questions?

Neil: No, nothing just, surprised that's all. Didn't think he'd be your type.

Rosie: My type? Do I look like I have a type?

Neil: Oh Okay! I just didn't think you'd be *his* type, then.

Rosie: [suspicious] What the fuck do you know about his type?

[studio phone rings, continues unanswered]

Neil: Nothing.

Rosie: Shut it then. [lighter tone] He's quite funny really, isn't he? He [pause, goofily] *pretended* he didn't want me to come round. Felt awkward about touching me, so he said. [naively] I've heard them all.

Neil: Well, maybe he didn't!?

Rosie: [Sarcastically] Yes Neil, I did think that as he pummelled me so mercilessly.

Neil: Did he hurt ya?

Rosie: What! 'course he did. I asked him to!

Neil: Look, I'm just looking out for ya. I just don't understand why anyone would do that. Especially 'im.

[studio phone rings, continues unanswered]

You'd had a few, just making sure he didn't take advantage.

Rosie: [slightly angry] Look, my life is my own, OK? I'll do what I want, with whom I want. It takes two to tango and besides - did you see the last guy who tried to take advantage of me?

Neil: Look, I just don't want you to get hurt.

Rosie: [increasingly upset] I appreciate that but [pause] what do you know about hurt?

Neil: [long pause, hurt] Let's leave it there shall we?

Rosie: I don't need any more judgement in my life, OK? That's all I've ever had. I need you to be there, sat in the corner, your dopey arse rolling your eyes at things I say. I need you to have m'back, not stab me in it.

Neil: I'll never do that! [pause] I can't speak for anyone else though.

Rosie: [snappy] Then don't! I'm fine.

Neil: Ok. [long exhale] Did you know, I often wonder whether *Channel 5* would be interested in a documentary about *your* exploits.

Rosie: Why *Channel 5*?

Neil: [cheekily] Oh you know why you'd be on *Channel 5*...

Rosie: [intrigued and amused] Is *Channel 5* still going?

Neil: Ah, it's clinging on. [under his breath] (although I'm not entirely sure how)

Rosie: Mr Folding. Are you - someone who's nightly activities consist of watching [pause] what is it? 'Fraggle Rock'! Have the occasional danger wank before your dear old mother comes in with yet another big ol' cuppa tea and mint viscounts?! Are you, the big corduroy Casanova/

(studio phone rings, continues unanswered)

Rosie: *still* trying to cast judgment on *my* life. [pause, enraged] I hope for your sake, your life insurance is up to date!

Neil: Um, nope. [pause] Just my inoculations.

Rosie: Fuck *you!*

Neil: [laughs] Nah, come on. You're my best mate, aren't ya! Besides, I know too much about ya. [whispers] *I know where they're buried.*

Rosie: You don't know *everything.*

Neil: [laughs] I know as much as I can stomach [pause] Anyway...

[jingle fades in]

Neil: [continued] ...if you do need to talk about anything, I'm here OK? [pause] You're on in 5 seconds...

Rosie: That's still enough time to kick your ass!

[jingle ends]

Scene 9

Rosie: Welcome back! Now [pause] as many of you will know, local elections are nearly upon us again and therefore it'll soon be time to get out there and cast all important votes that could shape the future of this wonderful community we have in Bickenhole. To help make up your minds, we have bookies favourite, Conservative candidate Roland Blythe Esquire III in the studio who will be talking about his latest bid to close all of Bickenhole's Food Banks, should he be elected. If you ask me, **THIS** is the dynamism we need in Bickenhole. Now, the news with Barbara Dish, and my, my, she *really* is...

Barbara Dish: This is Bickenhole Radio News, News For locals with me, Barbara Dish...

[News jingle plays]

[Studio button click]

Neil: [forlorn] Do you think he'll really close all the food banks?

Rosie: Yeah. I went to his campaign party didn't I. Champagne, caviar the works. He had that certain [pause, admiration] determined, look in his eye, you know.

Neil: Which one? The one that droops ever so slightly lower than the other?

Rosie: You really don't like Tories do you?

Neil: As people? [pause] No. As politicians though, uh, no. As lovers? Well, I wouldn't know. [goading] I bet you've kissed a Tory haven't' ya?

Rosie: I'm bound to 'ave! There was that investment banker, Rory, you know, the one with house in Henley on Thames? Art Collector. Do you think he was a Tory? [long pause] yeah you're probably right [pause] and please [affronted] lower your eyebrow!

Neil: [as channel 5 Geordie voiceover guy] Next on Channel 5, Rosie Barfield is in search for love, but there's one very strict rule. They must be Mr Right [pause] Wing. Find out how she gets on in '*Rees-Mogg, Marry, Avoid.*'

Rosie: [Clears throat - as posh female voiceover] And later, that loveable remoaner Neil Folding, and that short little Danish fella - welcome 12 new contestants into the tent, in the brand-new series of *The Great British (over dramatic) Flake Off!!!*

[interlude begins in the style of GBBO music. They argue, fades]

Neil: Flake? I find that really offensive...

Rosie: Of course you do, 'coz you're a flake.

Neil: Why am I a flake?

Rosie: Coz' you're an absolute idiot, you constantly keep talking, you should listen to yourself...

[fades with music, becomes inaudible]

Scene 10

[fades in]

Rosie: Ah, what a classic! Thank you all for joining us in what is yet another gorgeous evening in *The Greenhouse*! As avid listeners of the show would know - this week we've welcomed 'Dave' into the garden and we wanted to get him on tonight, but we've had this from him instead, it reads:

'Thank you Rosie, and Neil of course, for taking the time to try and chat with me last night. It really does help. People have always encouraged me to talk about [pause] issues I have been having and it's [pause] not easy. Truth is, I have suffered with crippling anxiety and depression for some time and my life has taken a detour, so to speak, that I'm not coping with well, at all.

I feel I have nowhere to turn, and no one to talk to about it. I haven't been in this area for very long and lack any form of friendship [pause] I live in a bit of a hovel as it's all I can afford, with a few other people who [pause] I don't seem to be getting on with and your show is a pleasant distraction from my thoughts.

[sombre piano begins, paper rustles]

It's OK though, I have a partially full bottle of whisky with my name on it. Actually, I have two. Mainly because it's the only thing that gets me to where I need to be as quick as I need to get there. The feeling is soothing. I feel as if I'm not really me. And I can live with that, just about. Sadly though, I'll live to regret it tomorrow morning. It's a funny thing, life. You come into this world crying, and I imagine you leave it in just the same way...

[Scene changes. In Dave's home. Dave is gasping for breath; he's upset and shaking]

Rosie: [on radio] I'll leave you now with this;

Rosie and Dave: [simultaneously, on radio] Now that my ladders gone, I must lie down where all the ladders [pause] start. In the foul rag and bone shop [pause] of the heart

Rosie: [on radio] Yeats.

[whisky bottle opens and he pours a drink]

Rosie: [on radio, continues, depressed] Kind Regards, [pause] 'Dave'

[studio button clicks, piano ends]

Rosie: [reserved, shaken] Dave. Thank you for that message. We're here for you. Our audience will listen to any old tripe [nervous laughter] let's face it, they've listened to us prattle on for what is it? 4 years now? Give yourself a break if you can. We'll get you back on soon, yeah? Chin up hun. This is for you:

[theme song plays and fades out- Studio button click]

Rosie: [Exhales] Fuck me! look at me! Look at me *now*. do I look depressed? I feel like it's dripping off me. Do you think we should put a disclaimer on at the end of the show like, '*If you've been affected by...*'?

Neil: Uh, it wouldn't hurt. Umm, but are there any depressed people in Bickenhole? Apart from 'Dave', you and me?

Rosie: Right! I need a drink. Coming down the pins?

Neil: [laughing] We've got another hour of the show!

Rosie: Aw fuck. hang on -

[a bag is unzipped, in distance]

Rosie: [in distance] Where's m' hipflask? Can you pass me my phone, ta.

[door opens]

[music for 'On The Fence' Bird tweeting annoyingly and a gunshot]

Neil: We're on the fence right now seeing what you've been tweeting to us, let's see [pause] okay, so we've got a message from @bickenyholesagoal - Oh I see, it says 'Guys, what's your thoughts on flat Earthers? And this is a message for my favourite whore [turns page] ...ticulturist, Rosie, [slightly disgusted] Can I come and trim your bush darlin? Darling spelt without the 'g' at the end there. Okay, well, Rosie's not here right now, so I'll pass this very important message on, but a friendly bit of advice mate, wear some gloves! [laugh] Um, Flat Earthers - well, I'm a keen believer that everyone has a right to free thought, no matter how ludicrously idiotic it may be. I hope that's the answer you wanted 'Enyhole' [pause] judging by your twitter profile pic, probably not! I'd love to hear Rosie's views on this [pause, shouts] Rosie?!

[door opens]

Ah, here she is Dame Judi Wench herself - feeling any better?
[pause] we've had a tweet! Flat Earthers - Recommend?

Rosie: Oh yeah. light, comfortable. I wouldn't wear anything else on my feet during this 'kinda weather [long pause] What!?

Neil: I knew it'd be good. Back after this!

[studio button clicks]

Ad Begins

Ad Lady: The Man from the radio, he say yes! Bickenhole Radio.
[ends]

Neil: [pause] You alright?

Rosie: [unconvincing] Yeah.

Neil: [pause] Sure?

Rosie: [angrily] Yeah, I said!

Neil: Hm. You look as though you've contracted bird flu. Judging by your meat related fetishes, I know that's not too far-fetched
[laughing]

Rosie: The police just called me.

Neil: [pause, concerned] Why?

Rosie: [quiet] They want me to come into the station. [pause] Tonight.

Neil: I thought that was all over? Not that you've ever said too much about it.

Rosie: [concerned] Me too.

Neil: Well, what did they say?

Rosie: Not much, I don't suppose they can over the phone.

Neil: Do you want me to finish the show?

Rosie: No no! It'll just be some forms to sign.

Neil: Want me to come with you?

Rosie: Nah, [pause] nah come on. Let's get this show done.
[exhales] [fade out]

[interlude music]

Scene 11

[fade in]

Neil: What is it to be this evening then? [overly dramatic] What manner of absurdity will befall us [yawns] I know what I'll do!

Rosie: Oh, What?

Neil: Liven things up! Get your mind off things.

Rosie: Oh, shut up, I don't need that. You're making me sound like bloody 'Dave'!

Neil: And what's wrong with that?

Rosie: [dismissive] I dunno

Neil: Come on, no call screening. Quick fire calls, as they come. 'Bound to be a few bigguns, juicy ones too!

Rosie: [cheers up, playing along] Ohh! I don't mind a big juicy one, me!

Neil: So they say...

Rosie: [sardonic] That makes you safe then doesn't it?

[window smash, 'The Greenhouse' theme plays and ends]

Rosie: Welcome, welcome! It's that time again, where we open up the lines and discuss what really makes you tick, Bick. Remember folks, whether you're in a rut, a cheating slut or secretly taking it up the butt - we don't judge, not in *my* garden. Alright? Who's on line one?

Caller 1 Male: Hello?

Rosie: Hi Who's this?

Caller 1 Male: It's Brian.

Rosie: Hi Brian, what can we do for ya?

Caller 1 Male: Yeah, I'd like to report a missing shoe.

[click, call terminated]

Rosie: Who do we have on line 5?

Caller 2 female: [sounds like frail old lady] Good evening my love, my name is Marjorie

Rosie: Hello Marjorie, thanks for the call. What can we help you with?

Caller 2 female: Well, I'm a 67 year old widower dear and I was rather hoping I could advertise for a bit of companionship you know, someone to play bowls with, have a chippy supper with [pause] or [pause] a nice bit of cock.

Rosie: If my show could do that Marjorie, I wouldn't be here presenting it. Goodbye!

[click, call terminated]

Rosie: You're on the air!

Caller 3 Male: [unhinged, sinister] Hello, *Rosie*.

Rosie: Hello mysterious caller man. What can I do for you?

Caller 3 Male: [threatening] Haven't you heard? [pause] I'm out.

Rosie: Awww, well done! Congratulations! That's a very brave thing to do my friend, keep going 'chuck.

[click, call terminated]

Rosie: Cooking on gas tonight me! Next!

Caller 4 Male- Dave: [nervous, quiet] Uh, hi.

Rosie: Hello there! You don't sound scary or insane, please tell me you've got something interesting to chat about!

Caller 4 Male- Dave: [sheepish] Uh, I'm not sure about that [nervous laugh] Um, I couldn't sleep so I thought I'd, um, give you what you wanted...

Rosie: You sound like my kind of man! Where have you been all my life? What's your name love and how can we help?

Caller 4 Male- Dave: Uh, well I'd like to talk about a few things, if I can [pause] some [pause] a little delicate - my name is, um [long pause] 'Dave.'

Scene 12

[orchestral interlude]

[fade in]

Neil: [telephone voicemail] Hello and thanks for contacting Bickenhole radio. We're on the air right now but please leave a message with your name and number and we'll call you back.

[voicemail beep]

Angry Man: [irate] Hey! yeah, my name's Gary and I'm pissed off! do you actually think some loser moaning about his life is entertainment? It is not! You must be out of your fucking minds to air this shite. Everyone has fucking depression, he ain't the only bastard. He needs to grow the fuck up! And I'll tell you this, I'll not be tuning in again until this horseshite's off the air, d'ya hear me? [pause] Tossers!

[phone line scramble and end of voicemail beep]

Girl Caller: Hi, my name's Laura from Bickhampstead Village. I listen to your show every evening and [pause] I was blown away by your caller, Dave, last night. I just wanted to commend you really as a station for reaching out to him. What he said about his family life and his depression is awful and I'm sure there's more. You've given him that platform and outlet to release these demons. My partner Paul has depression and he would never do what Dave has done. But he was listening to it. I'd hate for him to ever feel like Dave, and not be able to talk to me about it. You've opened a lot of people's eyes. Well done and keep up the good work guys.

[call ends and voicemail beeps]

[Bickenhole Radio News Jingle]

Barbara Dish: This is Bickenhole Radio News, news for locals with me Barbara Dish. Local children have been evacuated from *Hole High School* this morning following an outbreak of herpes that is thought to have been brought into the school by a careless student teacher. This particular strain of herpes, contracted through sport contact, such as rugby, is otherwise known as *scrumpox* and is highly contagious and could mean the school is closed for at least a month. I caught up with the head

of Hole High School, Mr John Edwards earlier today and asked him if he'd been rubbing up against any men recently.

[in school, children play in background]

Mr Edwards: Sorry, What? [angry] Please leave, you are [bleep]-ing menace. [bleep]-ing Go!

Barbara Dish: Parents are said to be outraged of the proposed closure having already endured another earlier this year fraught with yet more scandal. In February, emergency services were called to what locals reported to be a raucous rave being held in the school grounds after home time. PC's Henry Black and Malcolm White from Bickenhole Constabulary recall the moment they found disgraced dinner lady Tracey Hart in what they describe as a 'pink custard induced coma' whilst several teachers indulged in extracurricular activities.

The accused and dubbed '*White Board Orgy six*' were suspended after all three teachers fell pregnant and all applied for maternity leave simultaneously causing huge staffing problems. Food tech teacher Miss Anita Dick, 47, Sociology Teacher Ms Lou Sanus, 23 and Foreign Languages Teacher Ms Olivia Klaussoff, all deny charges of sexual misconduct and have dropped their accusations against the head, who is rumoured to be involved. It seems the Head was worth it, then! Over to our floozie with the newsie. Lucy Nossett, Lucy.

[shoppers in background]

Lucy: [overly chirpy] Thank You Barbara. You join me live at the very heart of our community; the Obelisk Shopping Centre, where I've been speaking with a number of locals this afternoon about our very own presenters Rosie Barfield and producer Neil Folding-hosts of the popular evening show '*The Greenhouse*'. They find themselves in a bit of a pickle this afternoon as hordes of angry locals tells me that during last night's show, a caller named Dave - who has been featured heavily this week - has, from what some are saying, had a counselling session live on air. Rachel Scragg, a local, says she's furious at the presenters for changing their much-loved format, whilst another local listener Craig Elson tells me he has been feeling the same and it has encouraged him to seek help this very morning. Whether you agree or disagree with what our very own dynamic duo have done, it has certainly raised a few questions. We'll have a statement from Bickenhole Radio's owner later [on radio] *Bick* to you, Barbara.

[Bickenhole Radio News jingle plays on Radio]

Rosie: [in disbelief] Fuck my life!

[Mobile Phone Rings instantly]

Rosie: [flustered] Shit! Hello, Rosie Barfield! [pause] Hi, hi Declan! [pause] Yeah, I've just heard, yeah. [pause] Okay, sure! This Afternoon? [pause] Yeah, well I have the show at uh, 8, anyway. [pause] Now? Yeah! [pause] Neil? [pause] I'm not sure, no. [pause] Yeah, I'll see if I can grab him. [pause] Ok. Cheers.

[phone click]

Rosie: [despairingly] Fuckety, fuck, shit bags, fuck!

[dials number, soft dial tone heard, answered]

Rosie: Hello? 'ave you had a call? [pause] from the office! [pause, angry exhale] did you hear the news? [pause] no, the *actual* news. Well, Nosset's knocking around and apparently the whole town is pissed. They want our fucking heads! [pause] For helping 'Dave'! Now, fucking Eaveson is pissed! [pause] he is! He just called me! [longer pause] you don't know that, he never calls. He's pissed. Anyway, 5 o'clock, at the station, he wants a meeting. You too. [pause] Look, I have to go to the police station, don't I. [pause] yeah alright, bye. [sharp exhale]

[orchestral interlude]

Scene 13.

[Door knock]

Declan: [dramatically, from other side of door] Enter!

[door opens and shuts as Neil walks in]

Declan: Ah! the man I wanted to see, Mr Folding. Take a seat - your uh, counterpart not with you? The Cane to your Able? The ah, *Willoughby* to your *Schofield*?

Neil: Uh, she's on her way. I'm surprised she's not here yet, actually.

Declan: Yeah, she's is full of surprises! As, it seems are you. Partly the reason I asked to see you both.

Neil: Yes, Rosie had explained a little.

Declan: Did she [long pause] That's good of her. Well, as it seems we may be waiting some time for her, I'll begin.

Neil: [nervously] I'll call her. It's no problem.

Declan: [without pauses] I have a tight schedule to keep Neil I hadn't factored in this meeting today and I have a million and one other things to be getting on with shall I start?

[door opens]

Rosie: [sheepish] Sorry, Declan. Sorry.

Declan: [authoritatively] Please be seated Ms Barfield! As you're both here now, I'll make a start. [pause] Now [fake sincerity] You two are [pause] audio [whispers] legends - [shouts] GODS! amongst the Pantheons! Bickenhole. Radio. Royalty! Your listeners love you, and for that we love you. Because we love you, our sponsors love you, and when our sponsors love you, you [calms down] are kept in a job. [pause] That's the way it works my friends [pause] Your listeners, your people, hold everything in its place. [quickly] Rosie, who is Pol Pott?

Rosie: [confidently] The guy who won *Britain's Got Talent*!

Declan: [despairingly] Neil, who is Pol Pott...

Neil: The Cambodian Prime Minister who was responsible for the death of a [pause while thinking] million of his own people, I think...

Declan: It was 1.7 million, nearly 2 million, but, well done! Yeah, you could say he was making a killing. What stopped him? Anyone?

Neil: He was overthrown.

Declan: Yes! [overemphasising] denounced. By who, do you know?

Neil: His own followers.

Declan: [animated] Precisely! Hitler, Salazar. Mubarak. Gaddafi. Hussein. Once at the top of the pile, all toppled by their own people.

Rosie: Look, if this is to do with last night's show - I can explain.

Declan: You think *my* station and *my* shows need explaining to *me*?

Neil: I think what she's *trying* to say is that we had the duty to help this guy. He came to us! He contacted the show himself. As you *must* have heard you would know that he said he's desperately low right now.

Declan: *Low?* the only thing that's low, from where I stand, is the standard of your show and the ratings that follow. People around here aren't interested in poor, poor *me*, they're interested *pour, pour me another!*

Neil: [affronted] Do people not matter then? – those who actually need us? would you rather us blot out the desperate, the sick, the helpless [pause] in favour of the absurd and the downright barmy?

Declan: Your show was built on the foundations of barmy, boy. That's what we pay you to do. That's what the people want!

Neil: You pay us to provide a service to the local community. And we have done that [pause] Dave *is* a member of that community, is he not?

Declan: [dismissive] I'm disappointed in your stance on this Neil. Coming from national radio as you do. You must know how this works.

Neil: [defensively] I'm *proud* of my career, and I'm *proud* of this show! What it was, and what it is.

Declan: And, presumably what it will be?

Neil and Rosie: [simultaneously] Absolutely!

Declan: Excellent. So [pause] you '*help*' this guy [pause] callers protest, which they're doing and switch off, which, they're also doing and [pause] the show fails, and because he hasn't got an audience, he kills himself. You're to blame? Isn't that [pause] manslaughter?

Rosie: [interrupts] That is ridiculous. So we can't help him now because he's at risk?

Declan: [shouting furiously] Do *not* underestimate people and what they're capable of [inhale, coughs regains composure] or expect anything from anyone. Look at all that Jeremy Kyle shit! He started off like you guys, on radio. A call-in format radio show like yours. A slippery, slippery slope, I *knew* he would. I *told* him he would on the golf course, he licked his golf ball clean as I spoke to him! And what happens? Somebody decides to kill themselves because they feel *used* and *violated*. The same goes for that *Love Island*, [exasperated] tripe!

Neil: Those shows don't help anyone. [defiant] *Ours* will!

Declan: That's not what the people think. They're calling for us to 'ITV' your ass. [gleefully] Sack ya!

Rosie: We have a contract!

Declan: I am fully aware. That's why you're here. Fortunately for you, this is not ITV. But I am not fucking around, and I will not lose listeners for the sake of your activism, socialism, cultural Marxism whatever the fuck your agenda is. If this guy tops himself, it's completely on you, I'll make sure of that! I'll do anything to protect this station. So, you'd do well to go and get him some *proper* help. Rosie, you find a doctor tell him to come onto the show tomorrow. Neil, douse the flames, hold back the resistance, tell them it's temporary. You have 24 hours.

Neil: And then?

Declan: [pause] You nip this in the bud by weeks end...

Neil: [huffs]

Declan: ...or you're gone.

Rosie: [vicious] You [pause] are a monster! I have every right/

Declan: [interrupts] Right or wrong, this is the way it is!

Neil: We're not going to have enough time; doctors are busy people!

Declan: You have this evening.

Neil: [confused] We have our show!?

Declan: [pause] No [pause] you don't. I'm sorry, but the sponsors wanted you gone. I met them half-way so it's suspension for this evening [pause] Desmond Johnny will be taking your slot. I suggest you sort this out [pause] and fast.

[rustling]

Rosie: I'm not having this.

[footsteps and door slam]

Neil: [angry] This is all wrong.

Declan: Tell it to the boss. [flippantly] Oh, wait! *I'm* the boss! So suck it.

Neil: [shouts] Rosie! Wait up!

[door slams]

[car park, traffic in distance. Voices echo]

Neil: [shouting] Rosie! Wait up!

Rosie: [in the distance, upset] I don't want to be anywhere near him or this place right now!

Neil: [breathless] I know [pause] What did they say at the police station?

[car horn]

Rosie: What?! [pause] Oh, the usual crap. That's not important now thought, is it?!

Neil: Really?

Rosie: [barks] Don't you fucking start!

Neil: I'm not starting. [sincere] I thought you handled that in there, brilliantly.

Rosie: [concerned] What are we gonna do? This is all too much. It's totally unfair. I was *this* close to booting off, then.

Neil: I know. But you didn't. I mean, the old Rosie would have!

Rosie: *Old Rosie?* [pause] And what of the New Rosie?

Neil: [calmer] Well, right now, she'll take her friend by the arm. Then they'll walk out of here with pride and find themselves a questionably stained seat in the pub where they shall sit, have a drink and work this all out [pause] OK?

Rosie: [muttering, childlike] Which pub.

Neil: *The Popeye's Arms!*

Rosie: [coming around to the idea] It's *your* round.

Neil: [laughs] Come on.

Scene 14

[intrusive musical bleeping sound of pub slot machine, coins fall, distant cough from a barfly, inaudible chatter from a few pub regulars]

Rosie: Fucking dead in ere, 'innit?

Neil: No, this is everyone [pause] Ah well, nearly everyone.

Rosie: [long pause] He didn't wanna serve us, did he? [pause, disgusted] Look at him [pause] polishing that glass and looking me dead in the eye!

Neil: [lowers tone] Eh, don't look at him! He'll eat us alive!

Rosie: Why did we come in here?

Neil: Because I thought we'd be safer in a place like this.

Rosie: Christ, if this is safer then what's waiting for us out there?!

[siren echoes outside]

Neil: [seriously] Are we going to discuss what happened today?

Rosie: We know what happened today. We got bollocked for helping out a caller. We need to find him immediate help before he tops himself. His life is in our hands, I don't even fucking like people!

Neil: That's what Eaveson would have you believe, but it's not is it? [confidently] We still have the power here. He could have axed us there and then, but he admits that 'Dave' needs further help and we're to find it...

[cough in background]

Neil: ...*by tomorrow yes*, but [sternly] we will! I'm sure of it.

Rosie: But then what?

Neil: Well then we go back to (pause) how it was.

Rosie: [pause, inquisitively] You don't want that though [pause] do ya?

[slot machine in distance]

Neil: [exhales] This week's been so [pause] unbelievable! [disbelief] and it's only Wednesday! [pause] I was not prepared for this. I thought, on Monday, I knew who I was and what I was doing [pause, cough in background] but I don't think I do [pause] Listening to 'Dave' this week and seeing how others have treated him, treated us, is [irate] is not what I signed up for! Y'know, maybe the world *is* a different place now than it was when I started doing all this, and not for the better either! [pause,

concerned] Can I *actually* continue to provide a public service to those who want to lynch me for wanting to help someone?

[pause, slot machine pays out]

Neil: [furious] Is that really where we are as a society? [pause] I just don't think I can anymore.

Rosie: I think we've both been thrown under the bus here mate. I don't say it often, well, not at all but...

Barfly: [in distance] Is it loaded?

Rosie: you've always said the right things at the right time and now you're saying all of this, you've lost your love for the show, I should be mad at ya, because this is *my* career!

[pause] On Monday, I didn't give a shit about what people thought about me, I didn't care about a guy who had tweeted in saying he needed help, did I? [pause] I have only ever been disgusted with myself once before, and today [concerned] I feel it again. I don't think I'm the same person that I was on Monday and it's fucking [pause] frightening! [concerned] I'm scared! I don't think I've ever, ever said that before, out loud. [long pause] But you know what [pause] fuck it!

Neil: [depressed] Yeah, I get that. Y'know, I've beaten myself up a lot for not knowing or perhaps not wanting to know the reason I'm here [pause, deep] It *is* frightening when you finally wake up and see through all the bullshit for the first time. It's scary how much you miss. I think we've had an easy run with this - if this is the end. - I mean, let's face it [coughing in background], we've sat on our backsides, getting paid a decent wage and what do we do? We mock, belittle and sensationalise those around us for our own entertainment, and *theirs*. It's ironic that only now, they're offended!

Rosie: [pause] It's so hard, sometimes isn't it? To [pause] keep going and keep doing the right thing, the decent thing when everyone's telling you you're wrong...

[slot machine whirrs]

Rosie: [continues]: I thought I was a campaigner for free speech...

[approaching heavy footsteps]

Rosie: [continues] I still am! [pause] if it's fundamentally right!

[clink of glasses, two glasses placed onto table]

Rosie: [confused] Erm, Thank You...

[footsteps walk away]

Neil: Sorry? we [pause] didn't order these [long pause] Still not talking to us then I see.

Rosie: Do you think its cyanide?

Neil: It's more likely to be Rohypnol from him.

Rosie: [authoritatively] It's not rohypnol.

Neil: Wait there, I'll go check.

Rosie: Be careful [fades]

[footsteps]

Neil: Hi, these drinks? [clinking, drinks placed on bar] We didn't order these.

Landlord: [unpleasant] No shit.

Neil: I'm [pause] sorry! I'm not drinking them if you won't tell me where they came from.

Landlord: So, you do have some sense.

[pours drink]

Neil: [pause] I'll leave them, thanks.

[footsteps]

Landlord: [distant] They're from that guy. Sat in the corner, if you must know [pause] detective.

[slot machine chirps]

Neil: [pause, footsteps] The guy in the black coat? [concerned] Does he know me? Did he say anything to you?

Landlord: I should imagine everyone knows about you and your [pause] friend. He's not been coming 'ere long. He's quiet though, that suits me.

Neil: Ok, [dubiously] Thanks!

Landlord: before you go...

[slot machine pay-out]

Landlord: ...your friend [pause] the doxie. Is she uh, attached?

Neil: Ah, yeah. Yes, sorry. I'm [confident] *I'm* her boyfriend!

Landlord: [goads] You?

Neil: Yeah.

[barflies laugh]

Landlord: [laughs] I'll tell him to come find you first then.

Neil: [pause] Sorry, what?

[footsteps approach]

Rosie: [unaware] Just popping to the bogs!

[footsteps hit tile floor, toilet door creaks, clothing rustles and urine abrasively trickles into toilet bowl]

Rosie: [inquisitively] Hm [pause, reads aloud] 'When all is lost (pause) I will find you - specialising in Acceptance and Commitment therapy. Contact me today... '

[trickle ends]

Rosie: [continues to read aloud] 'Counsellor Joyce Logan of 'Think', Hole Hospital.

[clothing rustles, zip, paper rip, flush. Footsteps on tile floor]

Barfly: [in distance] I'd like to tap that!

Neil: [desperate] Oh, thank god. Sit!

Rosie: What's going on?

Neil: Is there something you're not telling me?

Rosie: What about?

Neil: Well, the landlord [pause] he says you two have a mutual friend. I think it's that guy sat over there; do you know him?

Rosie: black coat? [pause] no! wish I did though. He looks alright!

Neil: [agitated] Rosie, please, be serious! Do you know him?
[pause] Think!

[slot machine pays out]

Rosie: Think!? Yes! Look at what I found in the khazi! [laughs]

Neil: Shit, he's looking over. Don't. Look [pause] See! Look!
Look! He's talking to the landlord [pause] Oh, he's leaving.
[concerned] Is there a back door to this place?

Rosie: What's got into you?

Neil: [panicked] Oh, we have got to go. My stomach is in knots.
You know I have a sixth sense for this stuff.

Rosie: I'm not going anywhere until I've finished my Kahlua!

Neil: [frantic] He's gonna be waiting outside for me, I know it...

[heavy footsteps approach]

Neil: [worried] ...Oh, shit.

Landlord: Nice chap, just told me some interesting things about
you two. I didn't believe him though! Smells a bit like bullshit
to me. [pause] Anyway, the beers were to say thank you
apparently. You did him a favour or some shit [pause] he told
me to give you this.

[heavy footsteps]

Neil: [concerned] What's it say?

Rosie: It's a phone number! [showing off] I knew he liked me!

Neil: Rosie, [raises voice] please! [pause] Look there's
something on the back...

Rosie and Neil [simultaneously] [pause] Dave!!!

DISCLAIMER

Disclaimer Narrator: If you've been affected by any issues
raised in this episode or if you're finding it hard to cope,
please, don't suffer in silence. We know how difficult it can
be and sometimes how impossible it seems to open up and talk,
but by doing so, you could find the help you need, and it could

save your life. Please research local advice hubs, community groups and NHS initiatives in your area that will listen, advise and support you through whatever you are going through. Alternatively, reach out to us directly. Contact us through social media and get involved with the hashtag #wearealldave to share your story.

You've been listening to Fenella Fudge, Claudia Grier, Allan Lear, Curtis Ledsham, Nadya Lee, Richard Oliver, James Phillips, Michael Prosper, Hannah Thompson, Ashley Tyler and David Tyson. 'Fifty Shades of Dave' was written and produced by David Lee and recorded at Material Studios, Liverpool and has been made possible with help from The Martin Gallier Project and Involve Northwest.

Thank you for listening.