

UNDERTAKERS
EPISODE 3
'DEFROCKED'

by

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"UNDERTAKERS - EPISODE 3 - 'DEFROCKED'"

FADE IN:

EXT. MRS GREEN'S HOME - DAY

RICKY and MIKE park a BLACK VAN outside the home of recently deceased MRS GREEN. A marked POLICE CAR sits up ahead.

Ricky exits first and rubs his hands in the winter morning chill. Mike lifts a heavy BAG from the seat and they walk towards the house, careful to avoid patches of ice.

FRONT DOOR

The two undertakers are met by CONSTABLE DRAKE who opens the door. He smirks when he sees them.

CONST. DRAKE
Good of you to show up.

RICKY
Where is she?

CONST. DRAKE
(nods up)
Upstairs. Bedroom.

Drake tries to suppress a giggle but fails. He turns to let them in. Mike leans close to Ricky out of Drake's earshot.

MIKE
Wanker.

INT. MRS GREEN'S HOME - DAY

Drake makes his way upstairs. Ricky and Mike follow. The sound of a DOOR BANGING is heard and priest FATHER LOWRY, clad in black, stomps down the stairs.

FR. LOWRY
Indeed! Is nothing sacred?

Fr. Lowry brushes past them to exit. Drake suppresses another laugh. Ricky turns to Mike who shrugs.

ENTRANCE TO BEDROOM

A second police officer CONSTABLE WOODS stands guard at the entrance to Mrs Green's bedroom. He is joined by his fellow officer and they block the way ahead.

CONST. WOODS
 Hope you boys brought your tools.
 Don't think this one will fit into
 a body bag without a little help.

CONST. DRAKE
 (to Const. Woods)
 Hasn't she already got a tool in
 there?

CONST. WOODS
 Not sure it will be of any use now.
 We left it running for you, though.

The police men move aside. Ricky is about to open the door when he hears a loud BUZZING. Puzzled, he enters.

MRS GREEN'S BEDROOM

The camera is positioned at the back of the room at pillow level facing the door. A naked MRS GREEN lies on the mattress. Her wrinkly thighs are spread to greet Ricky and Mike.

The loud buzzing noise is revealed to be an ENORMOUS PINK VIBRATOR - the rabbit head can just be seen. It wiggles at the undertakers. Ricky shakes his head as Mike grins. The police men round the corner cackling.

CONST. DRAKE
 Must be Duracell batteries. That
 rabbit's been going for hours.

CUT TO:

TITLE CREDIT IN BLACK

**"UNDERTAKERS
 'DEFROCKED'"**

The 'S' of 'Undertakers' topples to swing like a broken hinge.

FADE TO:

EXT. REAR OF FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Mike and Ricky huddle in the rear courtyard of their work 'ASHES TO BASHAMS UNDERTAKERS' smoking. In the background are some industrial size BINS and graffiti on the wall shows a picture of the Grim Reaper.

MIKE

Did you see the size of that thing?
Would put most men to shame. Me on
the other hand, I'm packing an
animal of my own.

He grabs his crotch. Ricky ignores him.

RICKY

Did you remember to check the
thermostat? Don't forget what
happened last time.

MIKE

(smiles to himself)
Oh yeah, Mr Runnels. But that
wasn't my fault, Ricky.

RICKY

You're in charge of storing the
stiffs, Mike. We can't have another
body decomposing like that.

MIKE

Looked like a black fungus had
eaten him from the inside.

RICKY

Did you manage to get her ...
unstuck?

MIKE

Mrs Green? That rabbit put up a
struggle to come out of its hole
but I pulled it off.

Mike laughs as Ricky flicks away his spent butt.

RICKY

So what about the surprise party
for Amanda?

MIKE

All sorted for Thursday afternoon.
Red Lion, 3 o'clock. I'll make sure
she knows I organized it.

RICKY

She's turning eighteen, ten years
your junior. And she has a
boyfriend. Let her be.

MIKE

And miss the chance of having those
virgin thighs around me? Jimmy's
getting the cake.

RICKY

You trust Jimmy Basham? He can
barely dress himself. I'll buy the
cake, you just make sure she's
there for three.

A small VAN, more like the Pope Mobile, pulls into the long
drive. A patch of ICE lies unseen ahead.

MIKE

(nudges Ricky)

Look out. The Bashams are back.

Mike and Ricky run to hide behind the bins. They watch BILLY
BASHAM attempt to steer. His thick, goggle-like glasses don't
help. MRS BASHAM, his wheelchair-bound monster of a wife, is
clearly yelling at him from the rear.

The tyres touch the ice and the van skids. It manages to spin
a perfect 180 degrees without crashing. Mike and Ricky look at
each other then back at the van.

Billy Basham eases out of the driver's seat, his ears burning.
His shuffles head down to the boot and with a deep breath
opens it.

MRS BASHAM

Bloody idiot! You're gunning for
me, Billy Basham. Your own wife.
Don't think I don't know what
you're at. Put me in a coffin with
all those other stiffs.

BILLY

No, love. It was an accident. Ice
on the path.

MRS BASHAM

Ice my legless backside. Well you
won't get rid of me that quick.
It'll take more than ice cubes and
EasyJet to bring me down.

Billy pushes a button to lower his wife to the ground.
Squashed into her wheelchair like a sack of lard, Mrs Basham
wears her permanent scowl. Billy pushes her off.

MRS BASHAM

My leg, idiot.

Billy reaches back to grab a PROSTHETIC LEG. With great
difficulty he holds it under his arm. The foot dangles over
his wife's face.

MRS BASHAM

Trying to kick me with my own foot?

Swivelling the leg over his shoulder, somehow Billy balances
it and wheels the old bat up a ramp and into the funeral home.

Ricky and Mike stand up, clearly worried.

MIKE

Weren't they due back next week?

INT. BASHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Billy wheels Mrs Basham into the office. Seated by the desk is
WINNIE. She resembles her mother in looks and charm and barely
glances up from her MOBILE PHONE to acknowledge them.

BILLY

Hiya, love.

Winnie continues to ignore her parents' arrival.

MRS BASHAM

One night! One bloody night, that's
how long the holiday lasted. Phone
them, Billy. Get on the phone right
now. Oh, we're going to sue.

Billy is in no hurry to go near a telephone. He removes his
coat and wipes the steam off his glasses. The door opens and
in bounces JIMMY. He is dressed in a black suit two sizes too
large. He bounds to his mother like an excited puppy.

JIMMY
You're back early.

Mrs Basham's demeanour changes instantly. She is all smiles and coos over her youngest son.

MRS BASHAM
My Jimmy. Come and give your poor mummy a kiss.

Jimmy pecks her cheek.

JIMMY
Did you bring anything back?

BILLY
We only left two days ago.

Mrs Basham snarls at her husband before reaching out to pat her son's hair.

MRS BASHAM
Of course I did, sugar pie.
(barks)
Where's my bag?

Billy is about to pour himself a cup of tea. He replaces the kettle with a sigh.

BILLY
In the car.

MRS BASHAM
Fat lot of good it will do there.

BILLY
I'll go and get it.

Billy trudges out with his daughter not acknowledging his existence and his wife adoring their idiot son.

AT REAR EXIT

Reaching for the door handle, Billy backs away as Ricky and Mike step inside. Billy is delighted to see them.

BILLY
There they are, my dynamic duo.
How's it going fellas?

RICKY
 Things are fine, Billy. And you?

Billy's head darts around to check if they're alone. He nods to the BODY PREP room and leads them in.

BODY PREP ROOM

Free from the witch's stare, Billy physically displays his relief. Ricky and Mike take a spot opposite their boss next to the laid-out CORPSE OF MRS GREEN.

RICKY
 What happened in Majorca?

BILLY
 It was interesting to say the least.

INTERCUT:

NOTE: Background music plays over intercut scenes.

INT. BASHAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Billy dozes on top of his bed. A CLOCK beside him reads 22:15. Mrs Basham hurls her PROSTHETIC LEG to wake him up.

BILLY (V.O.)
 Our flight was early, 4am check-in.
 I'd suggested to Mrs Basham that we
 sleep over at the airport hotel.
 But no, she had other ideas.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

The airport is deserted. Not a soul save a CLEANER. A bleary-eyed Billy pushes Mrs Basham in her wheelchair several feet then rushes back to retrieve their luggage and prosthetic leg. He repeats this procedure until they reach the café which, along with everything else, is closed. A clock reads 1am.

With luggage barricading them to their seats like General Custard at the Alamo, Mrs Basham snores like a pig while Billy twiddles his thumbs. He carefully tries to extract a BOOK from his bag squeezed between them but receives an elbow to the jaw as Mrs Basham shuffles to get comfy.

The cleaner approaches with a VACUUM. He tries to push it under the wheelchair but gets a prosthetic leg over his wrist for the trouble.

CHECK-IN

At last 4am arrives. Mrs Basham is at the front of the queue as Billy struggles to mount the luggage onto the scales. The STEWARDESS attempts to take Mrs Basham's fake leg. A tug of war ensues. The stewardess wins and attaches a label onto the fake toes. It rolls away with the other bags as Mrs Basham is left fuming.

DEPARTURE LOUNGE

Mrs Basham pushes herself over toes to board first. She thrusts her finger at the stewardess who smiles sweetly.

EXT. AEROPLANE - NIGHT

Mrs Basham is strapped into a VERTICAL GURNEY like Hannibal Lector and is thumped up the stairs backwards.

INT. AEROPLANE - NIGHT

Mrs Basham, now in her wheelchair, is brought down the aisle by the stewardess. She passes by all the seats and through a curtained area to the --

REAR ROOM.

A sign written in red marker reads 'FIRST CLASS DISABLED'. It is clearly an additional baggage closet. Another DISABLED PASSENGER sits strapped amongst the luggage.

MAIN SEATS

Billy leans back on his chair, closes his eyes, and a broad grin envelopes his face. Peace at last.

REAR ROOM

As the plane takes off the disabled passenger is wide-eyed with terror. A BAG falls on Mrs Basham's head.

INT. HOTEL - MAJORCA - DAY

Billy checks in as Mrs Basham chases away some youngsters from her wheelchair with her prosthetic leg.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MAJORCA - DAY

The room is far too small to accommodate a wheelchair. Mrs Basham makes Billy phone the receptionist.

Billy opens the door to find a JANITOR knocking. The janitor unscrews the door frame to the bathroom, Mrs Basham in obvious need. The chair still doesn't fit. The janitor clicks his fingers as he has an idea.

He reappears with a grotty COMMUNE then demands 50 EURO to use it. Mrs Basham pushes him out.

Now on her prosthetic leg, Mrs Basham still can't fit into the bathroom. With no other choice she pees into the toilet from the bedroom standing up. Billy walks away in embarrassment.

INT. RESTAURANT - MAJORCA - DAY

Mrs Basham gorges herself with as many foreign foods as her fat gob can fit. She slaps the WAITER'S hand as he goes to take her plate away.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MAJORCA - DAY

Mrs Basham clutches her stomach in agony as Billy makes another phone call.

A DOCTOR arrives. Mrs Basham lies face-down on the bed. The doctor pulls out a GIGANTIC SYRINGE. He whips down her shorts, exposing a flabby bum. CLOSE-UP of Mrs Basham's face as the needle penetrates, her mouth twisted into an 'O'.

INTERCUT:

BILLY

So we flew back the next day.

RICKY

Sounds like the holiday from hell.

BILLY

(smiles to himself)

It had its moments.

INTERCUT:

INT. AEROPLANE - DAY

Billy watches the clouds bob by as he sits alone. He has never been happier.

INTERCUT:

BILLY (CONT'D)

Any problems while I was gone?

Ricky notices the PINK VIBRATOR sitting on the table beside Mrs Green's corpse. He moves to cover it.

RICKY

No, no, everything was fine.

MIKE

Just Mrs Green here. Doesn't need much work done. Father Lowry says the Wake is on Wednesday night.

Billy pats both men on the shoulder.

BILLY

You're my boys. I can always count on you.

INT. RICKY'S CAR - NIGHT

Ricky drops off Mike to his home after work. He pulls up outside a council estate house sitting alone in the dark.

MIKE

We couldn't even get a week's break away from that fat cow.

RICKY

Think of poor Billy. He has to live with her.

MIKE

That's another reason I'll never get married. Free and single for life.

RICKY
 (nods to Mike's
 house)
 Alone and empty for life.

Mike shuffles in his seat before disembarking.

MIKE
 See you in the morning.

INT. RICKY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ricky waits impatiently at the dinner table next to his 3-year-old son PAUL. LILY NELSON, Ricky's dizzy wife, hurries in with their dinner. Ricky's plate holds Paul's dinner and vice-versa. Ricky switches them.

RICKY
 Where's Claire and Chris?

LILY
 Claire's at a friend's house and
 Chris should be at Computer Club.

Ricky chews on something brown. Paul spits out his food. Lily scoffs her dinner while speaking.

LILY
 I need you to mind Paul tonight.
 The book club is at eight. I'm
 hoping they get round to reading my
 manuscript soon.

Ricky breaks a boiled carrot with his teeth. He gives Paul some BROCCOLI.

LILY (CONT'D)
 I know they probably won't think
 it's very good but nothing ventured
 nothing gained. Paul, don't throw
 that away.

The broccoli is hurled at the wall. Ricky gives his son a secret wink. The sound of a DOOR OPENING is heard.

LILY
 That must be Chris now.
 (loud)
 Chris, come and get your dinner.

CHRIS NELSON, 13-years-old, pops his head into the living room. He takes one look at the mess on the plates and the broccoli on the floor.

CHRIS
I've already eaten.

He goes to leave when Ricky stops him.

RICKY
Wait a second. I need to ask you something.

A reluctant Chris comes in.

RICKY
You're good with computers, the web and the Tweeter.

Chris rolls his eyes but nods.

RICKY
How do you fancy a challenge? The Bashams need a website and I thought you'd like to give it a go. They don't have any money but I'll sort you out. What do you say?

Chris contemplates. An idea strikes him and he licks his lips.

CHRIS
Yeah, okay.

RICKY
Thanks, son. I appreciate it.

The door closes and is splattered in slimy mashed potato. Paul smears the remainder all over his face.

INT. BASHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Ricky enters the office with a knock. It is early morning and Billy is the only other one there.

RICKY
You wanted to see me?

BILLY
Take a seat, my boy. Have a cuppa.

Billy hands Ricky a CUP OF TEA. He warms his hands around it.

BILLY

I wanted to pick your brains. The undertaking sector is in a period of decline. People are living longer.

RICKY

(worried)

Are you going to let me go?

BILLY

(laughs)

No, no. We need to drum up more business. When I was on holiday I had a few ideas. Do you mind?

Billy uncreases a piece of PAPER. He wriggles his thick glasses to read.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Care homes. We visit care homes.

RICKY

Why?

BILLY

(shrugs)

Might give them the hint? No? Okay, we attach a fog horn to the hearse. Circle around the care homes. Those things would frighten anyone to death.

RICKY

Might I make a suggestion? Instead of making more customers can't we lure them into us?

BILLY

How?

RICKY

Advertising.

BILLY

(shakes head)

We already have an ad in the local paper. Costs me a fortune.

RICKY

Why not use the Internet?

BILLY

But we have a website.

RICKY

We do?

Billy types on the computer then swivels the monitor to face Ricky. The screen is black and littered with out-of-focus pictures of graves and coffins. LURCH from The Addams Family looms at the side. Creepy music from Halloween plays in the background. Billy clicks to the guestbook page which is chocked full of spam porn.

BILLY

Brings us no business at all.

RICKY

Maybe it's time for a makeover.
Social media is all the rage.
Facebuck, Tweeter. Everyone's
online nowadays.

BILLY

It'll cost too much money and
anyway, who could we get to do it?

RICKY

My Chris is a wiz at all this
stuff. It'll be part of his school
project, won't cost a penny. I've
already asked him.

BILLY

Sounds good. I did have one other
idea, though.

RICKY

Uh-huh?

Billy drops below his desk & reappears wearing an ELVIS MASK.

BILLY

These are all the rage in America.

RICKY

Elvis masks?

BILLY

Themed funerals. Instead of the traditional boring service people pay to be entertained. The mourners come dressed up, make a bit of a show out of it. No traditional hymns. They choose their own music.

Ricky is speechless. Billy removes the mask.

BILLY (CONT'D)

It's a great atmosphere. I watched them on YouTube.

RICKY

Maybe choosing your own music, but I'm not sure about Elvis.

BILLY

That would be a start. Put that as a new service on our website.

Ricky stands to leave.

RICKY

Mrs Basham not in today?

BILLY

(with relief)

She's gone out with Winnie. They'll be back this afternoon.

INT. SHOPPING CENTRE - DAY

Mrs Basham is on her electric SCOOTER with Winnie trotting behind her. A large SUITCASE is strapped into the scooter's rear basket. They turn into a --

DEPARTMENT STORE.

A STORE ASSISTANT serves an ELDERLY MAN at the front of a long queue. Mrs Basham bunks to the front sending him flying.

MRS BASHAM

I demand a refund.

STORE ASSISTANT

There's a queue ...

He doesn't get to finish when the suitcase is THUMPED down.

MRS BASHAM

My holiday lasted one bloody night
and this bloody thing hardly
stepped off the plane.

STORE ASSISTANT

So it was used?

MRS BASHAM

(cups hands to
ears)

Hello? Echo? What did I just say?
It hardly got off the plane.

STORE ASSISTANT

Have you got a receipt?

MRS BASHAM

Don't believe in them.

STORE ASSISTANT

Did you use a credit card to
purchase the item?

MRS BASHAM

And give it to you to charge me
more? I don't think so.

STORE ASSISTANT

Then I'm sorry but there's not a
lot I can do. Without proof of
purchase there are no refunds.

Mrs Basham grabs the nearest object - a CLOTHES HANGER - and
hurls it like a boomerang at the wall in frustration. It
ricochets and clocks the assistant on his head.

MRS BASHAM

Serves you right. Get me the owner.
I demand to see the owner.

A MANAGER appears to tend to his injured staff. Winnie uses
the situation to steal a YELLOW BLOUSE, slipping it into the
REAR BASKET of the scooter.

MANAGER

I don't care if you're in a
wheelchair, missus, you can't go
throwing things at my employees.

Mrs Basham grabs another clothes hanger and hurls it. It ricochets again, this time bouncing at the manager. He ducks and it hits the assistant.

OUTSIDE DEPARTMENT STORE

Two SECURITY GUARDS escort Mrs Basham from the store. She raises hell.

MRS BASHAM
Get off me, pigs!

SECURITY GUARD #1
Don't come in this store again.

MRS BASHAM
And who's going to stop me?
(to Guard #1)
You look like someone's stood on
your head.
(to Guard #2)
And your face needs a good slap.

SECURITY GUARD #2
Just leave.

Mrs Basham circles to leave then her --

SCOOTER REVERSES

Into the guards' ankles. They hop up and down as Mrs Basham makes her getaway. Winnie saunters past them, not a care in the world.

INT. FRONT RECEPTION - DAY

AMANDA, the young college temp, sits alone at the reception desk. A painting of WILLIAM BASHAM SENIOR is mounted on the wall above her. Mike slinks into view.

MIKE
Hey, gorgeous.

AMANDA
Hi, Mike.

MIKE
Quiet morning?

AMANDA

Yep.

He slides himself onto the table, his crotch mere inches from Amanda's face.

MIKE

So I hear you're turning eighteen this week?

AMANDA

Thursday's the big day.

MIKE

Any plans?

AMANDA

Me and Sean are going clubbing.

MIKE

That kid? You'd be better off with a real man. Why don't we hook up? I'll give you a birthday you'll never forget.

AMANDA

(embarrassed)

So why are Mr and Mrs Basham back early from their holiday?

MIKE

Problems with water works ... anyway, I forgot to say, Billy wants you to work on Thursday afternoon. I told him it's your birthday but he insisted.

AMANDA

Mmm, yeah, sure.

MIKE

Eighteen. When I turned eighteen I met this bird. Bit of a milf. We went at it all night. I had the worst hangover. I woke up and saw a glass of water by the bed. Took a slug and almost choked. It was her false teeth! Turned out it was my mate's granny, ha-ha. Though there's a lot to be said about a mature lady's gums ...

Jimmy walks into the room. Saved, Amanda jumps up.

AMANDA

Coffee? I'll turn the kettle on.

As Amanda leaves Mike ogles her pert backside. Jimmy grins like an idiot.

MIKE

That, Jimmy, is why God put women on this earth.

(turns to Jimmy)

You got things sorted for the party?

JIMMY

(smiling inanely)

Yep.

MIKE

Why are you smiling like you've just discovered PornHub?

JIMMY

I made a call.

MIKE

To who?

JIMMY

A stripper.

MIKE

A stripper?

JIMMY

For the surprise party.

MIKE

Nice one. Why didn't I think of that? Do they dress up? Nurse? Police? Secretary?

JIMMY

(nods enthusiastically)

Yep, yep and yep.

MIKE

Ace. So what's she called? No, let me guess - Chandice? Michelle? Rhonda?

JIMMY

You were close with Michelle. He's called Michael.

MIKE

Michael!?

JIMMY

(shows mobile)

I have a picture. Looks like he works out and everything. Only charges fifty quid an hour. Does extras but I'm not sure what that means.

MICHAEL the stripper poses bearing his naked chest while ripping off a sailor's uniform. Mike hands the phone back in disgust.

MIKE

Looks like a poser. I'm having nothing to do with it.

Mike wanders off as Jimmy attempts to flex his non-existent muscles to imitate the rugged stripper.

INT. SHOPPING CENTRE - DAY

Winnie exits the toilets and joins her mother to leave the centre. They are met at the doors by the two security guards.

MRS BASHAM

Not you two muppets again.

SECURITY GUARD #1

Both of you need to come with us.

SECURITY GUARD #2

Now.

Mrs Basham is outraged but complies. Winnie is not concerned.

SECURITY INTERVIEW ROOM

Mrs Basham and Winnie wait in a room alone. Posters on the wall relate to stopping crime, especially theft. The door opens and the SECURITY MANAGER enters.

SECURITY MANAGER

Ladies, my name is Henry Driller.
I'm the Centre Security Manager.

MRS BASHAM

I don't care if you manage the piss stalls. Why am I here? Where's my refund for that suitcase?

The manager sits to face them. Behind him is a TELEVISION.

SECURITY MANAGER

Mrs Basham, isn't it? We have reason to believe that you and your daughter stole an item of clothing from one of our stores today.

MRS BASHAM

Steal? Me? A thief?

SECURITY MANAGER

We have video footage.

The manager lifts a REMOTE CONTROL to play the video. On screen a high-angled view shows the second clothes hanger hitting the assistant. From the corner Winnie can just about be seen slipping a YELLOW BLOUSE into the scooter's REAR BASKET. Freeze frame.

SECURITY MANAGER

What have you to say about that?

MRS BASHAM

If he had any balls he wouldn't have ducked.

SECURITY MANAGER

(irritated)

I meant about your daughter taking that blouse.

MRS BASHAM

What blouse?

SECURITY MANAGER

The one in your scooter.

The security manager stands and slowly moves behind the women. Dipping his hand into the basket, he removes a series of PLASTIC BAGS.

MRS BASHAM

That's my new bra. Size 42E if you must know, pervert. Those are my stockings but you'd know all about them I bet. Like to dress up at the weekend, don't you?

The security manager checks every bag, each one getting him more exasperated. He lunges at their HANDBAGS.

MRS BASHAM

No you don't!

Mrs Basham swings her bag around in one perfect circle catching the security manager directly in his dangly bits. He drops to the floor clutching his crotch.

MRS BASHAM

The Bashams are not thieves, you snivelling worm. Now let us go before I run you over.

As the Basham women leave Winnie adjusts her coat. The unmistakable colour of a YELLOW BLOUSE can be seen along with a PRICE TAG LABEL.

INT. RICKY'S HOUSE - DAY

Chris beavers on his laptop. Ricky approaches from behind.

RICKY

Whatcha doing, son?

CHRIS

Finishing off the Basham's website.

The screen shows a professionally designed web presence with good photos and no tack.

RICKY

That's fantastic.

CHRIS
I've created a Facebook profile and
live video streaming.

RICKY
(hasn't a clue)
Great.

CHRIS
It means you can video a funeral
and broadcast it live around the
world for free.

RICKY
Wouldn't it need a camcorder and
wires and stuff?

CHRIS
You could do it cheap. Use a
webcam. I have a spare one here.

Chris hands his father a WEB CAM which he pockets. Ricky rubs
his son's hair with pride.

RICKY
I don't know where you get the
brains. They're certainly not from
me.

CHRIS
Dad, can I ask a favour?

RICKY
Anything you want.

CHRIS
There's some software I want to buy
online, for school. It only costs
fifteen quid. Can I use your card?

Ricky pulls his CREDIT CARD from his wallet. He hesitates.

RICKY
I'm not going to find my details on
some hacker website, am I?

CHRIS
No, Dad.

Ricky gives the credit card and with a final pat on the
shoulder, leaves the room.

Chris opens the Internet and types something in. A COMPUTER HACKING website appears offering software to crack into the FBI. Chris holds up his father's credit card to enter.

INT. PENNY GREEN'S HOME - DAY

Ricky and Billy sit opposite PENNY GREEN, daughter of deceased Mrs Green. They are discussing funeral arrangements.

BILLY

We can assure you that your mother will receive the best funeral service possible.

PENNY

My mother was a saint, Mr Basham. Uncorrupted by the sinful pleasures of this world. She could have been a nun if she hadn't of married.

INTERCUT:

INT. MRS GREEN'S BEDROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Ricky stares at the pink rabbit vibrator entertaining Mrs Green on her bed.

INTERCUT:

PENNY

You were there to collect her body. Was she at peace?

BILLY

Actually it was Ricky here.

RICKY

What? Oh yes, peaceful. Very peaceful. Couldn't be more at peace.

PENNY

Thank the Lord for small mercies.

BILLY

About the funeral service - I have some good news and bad news. The bad news is the church building is being renovated this week and Father Lowry is on holiday.

(beat)

The good news is he's sending a replacement priest who will conduct the funeral on our premises.

PENNY

Will I still be able to bring an Offertory gift? It was my mother's teddy from when she was a child.

BILLY

I'm sure that will be fine.

PENNY

And you mentioned non-traditional music?

BILLY

Ashes to Bashams can now provide a selection of modern music if desired.

PENNY

Mum loved Tom Jones.

RICKY

(to himself)

I bet she did.

BILLY

We also offer a video service to record the occasion. It can even be put on the Internet.

PENNY

I have relatives in Australia.

BILLY

The funeral can be shown live to them via our website.

Billy nods to Ricky who gives a non-committal nod back.

PENNY

Thank you, both of you. My mother meant everything to me. I only want her to have a dignified farewell.

BILLY

That's our guarantee to you.

EXT. PENNY GREEN'S HOME - DAY

Walking back to the car, Ricky realizes something.

RICKY

When is that funeral again?

BILLY

Tomorrow at 3pm. Why?

RICKY

Amanda's birthday party.

BILLY

The college girl?

RICKY

We were going to take her to the Red Lion. Mike was sorting it. I'll tell him to postpone.

INT. FRONT RECEPTION - DAY

Amanda is filling in some paperwork as Jimmy sits on the table playing on his MOBILE PHONE. Ricky enters.

RICKY

Mike about?

AMANDA

I haven't seen him.

RICKY

I guess you better find out now. We were planning your birthday party for tomorrow afternoon but there's a funeral.

AMANDA

How sweet.

RICKY

Yeah, well, are you free in the evening instead? Mike's really keen.

AMANDA

I can't. I've made other plans.

RICKY

No problem. I've bought a cake but I'll bring it on Friday.

AMANDA

Thanks Ricky.

MRS BASHAM (O.S.)

(yells)

Jimmy!

At the sound of his mother's voice Jimmy bolts upright and rushes to the office.

INT. BASHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Mrs Basham and Winnie wait for Jimmy to arrive. A LAPTOP sits on the table. A WEB CAM lead is wrapped around the spokes of Mrs Basham's wheelchair.

MRS BASHAM

Bloody thing!

Jimmy enters and Mrs Basham softens.

MRS BASHAM

Be a good boy and help Mummy.

Jimmy places his MOBILE PHONE on the table to aid her.

MRS BASHAM

Take it with the laptop to the parlour and get Amanda to set it up, if she can be bothered. Little Miss Know-it-all college girl probably has a degree in computers.

As Jimmy leaves Mrs Basham rolls next to Winnie.

MRS BASHAM

Is the website live yet?

Winnie taps a few keys and the new website is displayed.

MRS BASHAM

I don't like that picture. And those flowers aren't pretty enough. How can I change what it says? No, that will never do ...

As she rants Winnie slips Jimmy's mobile phone into her pocket.

INT. BASHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Winnie flicks through Jimmy's stolen MOBILE PHONE, casually deleting things, when it rings.

INTURCUT INT. STRIP-O-GRAMMERS OFFICE/BASHAMS' OFFICE - DAY

SONYA, owner of 'Strip-O-Grammers', holds a telephone in one hand and a DIARY in the other.

SONYA

(into phone)

Hello, is that Jimmy Basham?

WINNIE

(into phone)

It's his phone.

SONYA

(into phone)

It's Sonya here from Strip-O-Grammers. Just calling to confirm a booking for this afternoon. The Red Lion Pub in Durham Street. You've chosen Michael to come as a cowboy?

WINNIE

(into phone)

There's been a change of plan.

Sonya begins to scribble in her diary. She seems confused.

SONYA

(into phone)

Are you sure? I mean, they're all in on it?

WINNIE
(into phone)
Just make sure he's there by three
and that he stays in character.
When the music hits that's his cue.

Winnie ends the call. As if nothing has happened she continues to wreck Jimmy's mobile.

INT. FUNERAL SERVICE ROOM - DAY

Mourners being to file into the funeral parlour greeted by Ricky at the door. Billy hovers anxiously by the web cam set-up. Jimmy thumps keys on the laptop, shaking his head.

JIMMY
It was working earlier.

BILLY
(seethes)
So why are you messing with it?
Just leave it alone.

COFFIN

A few of the mourners approach the coffin. Ricky spots one of them as 'Weirdo' Kevin. Kevin glances over both shoulders as he bends down to SNIFF the coffin lid. Ricky grabs his arm.

RICKY
(into Kevin's ear)
How many times do I have to throw
you out, weirdo!

Kevin gives little resistance as Ricky drags him out. He tries to get one last sniff of the coffin before being hurled out.

LAPTOP

Jimmy gives the web cam a whack and the image displays.

JIMMY
Got it.

BILLY
About bloody time. Now connect to
the relatives in Australia. I'll go
and see where the priest is.

Jimmy fiddles with the mouse pointer. 'GREEN FAMILY' is highlighted as an option to connect to but Jimmy bypasses it to hit 'BROADCAST TO ALL'.

INT. FATHER GOWAN'S CAR - DAY

Substitute priest Father Gowan is stuck in traffic. He checks his watch - 14:50. He tries his mobile but the battery's dead.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME ENTRANCE - DAY

Billy rolls on his heels, eyes darting to the passing traffic. A clapped-up banger pulls into the car park. The door opens and a handsome, heavily muscled MICHAEL the stripper steps out dressed as a priest. Billy runs to him.

BILLY

You're late. Everyone's arrived.

MICHAEL

But I was booked for three.

Billy grabs his arm and marches to the entrance.

BILLY

Bit of a strange one today. The music's quite, non-traditional, but I'm sure you'll pull it off.

MICHAEL

That's why I'm here.

BILLY

Oh, and there's a camera. We have relations in Australia wanting to watch.

MICHAEL

That'll cost extra. I don't normally do web shows.

BILLY

Fine, fine. We'll sort that out later with Father Lowry.

Michael seems confused as they go inside.

INT. FUNERAL SERVICE ROOM - DAY

All the chairs are full. Jimmy sucks on a lollipop while videoing. The door opens and in walks Billy with Michael the priest/stripper. He leads him down the aisle to the COFFIN and podium at the front.

BILLY
 (whispers)
 I've left some notes for you. Just
 follow the script.

Some of the female mourners nudge each other as they admire the handsome young priest. He lifts Billy's notes and begins to scan them. The service begins.

MICHAEL
 (does sign of
 cross)
 In the name of the Father, and of
 the Son, and of the Holy Spirit.
 Amen. The Lord be with you.

MOURNERS
 And with your spirit.

MICHAEL
 We come to offer Mass for Jean and
 her family.
 (looks to Billy)
 Mass?

Billy nods. Michael flips through the notes, shaking his head. The mourners are getting restless. He stops at a line of text before 'BEGIN MUSIC' and begins to read.

MICHAEL
 We will now have the Offertory.
 Would anyone like to bring
 something to celebrate Jean's life?

Penny Green walks to the front with a plastic bag. She removes a stuffed PINK RABBIT to place on the coffin. Ricky stifles a laugh.

MICHAEL
 Well then, it's time to get this
 party started.

At the back Billy presses 'PLAY'. Tom Jones version of 'Leave Your Hat On' booms out from the speakers.

Michael walks to the front of the podium. He begins to wiggle his shoulders in time to the beat. Then --

HIS COLLAR

Is whipped off and flung into the audience. They watch as he rips off his gown to reveal his --

OILED-UP NAKED BODY

Save a tight G-STRING that barely covers his essentials.

Jimmy nods to the music, sucking his lollipop, as the camera records the striptease.

INTERCUT:

INT. AUSTRALIAN RELATIVES HOUSE - NIGHT

Mrs Green's RELATIVES look on in shock at the live video.

INT. RANDOM JAPANESE BEDROOM - NIGHT

A trio of JAPANESE TEENAGERS are watching the funeral online.

INT. RANDOM AFRICAN HOUSE - DAY

An AFRICAN FAMILY watches the video stream.

INT. BASHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

Winnie watches the funeral. Her face is expressionless.

INTERCUT:

Billy points to the stripper urging Ricky to intervene. Michael is brandishing his near bare bum, patting each cheek. Exasperated, Billy runs to the front. He stands in front of Michael to cover him but the stripper whips him around and starts to undress him.

INTERCUT:

INT. RANDOM JAPANESE BEDROOM - NIGHT

The three teenagers laugh and act out the stripper double-act.

INTERCUT:

Suddenly the --

PINK THONG

Is sent airborne. It lands on Penny Green's face. Billy has his jacket wrapped around Michael's waist and drags him away. As the music fades Jimmy is the only one to stand up and clap.

INT. RICKY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ricky and his wife Lily cuddle in bed.

LILY
How was your day?

RICKY
Could have been better.

LILY
I got a strange phone call earlier.

RICKY
Oh?

LILY
Must have been a prank. Said they were from the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

RICKY
What did they want?

LILY
Just some nonsense about computer hacking. I told them I wasn't interested and hung up. It couldn't be the real FBI could it?

INTERCUT:

CHRIS'S BEDROOM

Chris lies in his bed, eyes wide, listening to his parents' conversation through the wall.

RICKY (O.S.)

Nah. Probably Mike from work having a laugh. I'll talk with him in the morning.

INTERCUT:

Lily kisses Ricky goodnight. Ricky stares up at the ceiling.

INT. BASHAMS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Billy stares up at the ceiling. On the other bed Mrs Basham is venting her nightly venom.

MRS BASHAM

And they accused me of stealing. Tomorrow morning you get on to our solicitor. I'll take them for every penny they've got. No-one makes a fool out of the Bashams, Billy. Billy? BILLY!?

Billy's ears are closed. He has transported himself into --

INT. AEROPLANE - DAY

Alone on the plane, Billy sucks on his drink through a straw. He looks out the window. The sun is shining, the clouds glide by gracefully and --

MRS BASHAM

Plummets from the plane holding her prosthetic leg. Billy smiles, turns to the stewardess and asks for another drink.

POST CREDITS:

INT. RED LION PUB - NIGHT

Surrounded by balloons, crisps and empty glasses of beer, Mike looks at his watch. The BAR MAN shouts for last orders. Mike rips off a HAPPY 18TH BIRTHDAY banner taped to the wall.

THE END