

Chuck Spunt

written by

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(c) 2024

Comedy Series

ON THE DOTTED LINE

FADE IN:

INT. BANK - DAY

Lanky, bespectacled face ache CHUCK SPUNT (50's) enters and waits to be seen by a member of staff. He checks his wristwatch

CHUCK SPUNT

C'mon, c'mon. I haven't got all bleeding day.

A young ASSISTANT approaches and smiles warmly at him.

ASSISTANT

Sorry to keep you waiting, sir.
How may I help you today?

CHUCK SPUNT

(clears throat)

I made the mistake of attempting to use your ATM to make a cash withdrawal last night. It swallowed my card without accepting the transaction.

ASSISTANT

Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. And when did this happen, did you say?

CHUCK SPUNT

Last night. It printed me a receipt for the transaction, but failed to release the cash.

ASSISTANT

Oh, how awful. You must have felt quite pushed.

CHUCK SPUNT

(abruptly)

Pushed is not quite the right word I would've used myself, but I get your gist.

ASSISTANT

And what time did this failed transaction take place, exactly?

CHUCK SPUNT
Eight-o'clock, on the dot.

ASSISTANT
And how much was this transaction
for?

CHUCK SPUNT
Fifty pounds, exactly.

ASSISTANT
And do you still have the
transaction receipt with you?

CHUCK SPUNT
Yes, I do in fact.

ASSISTANT
May I see it please? Also the
card you used to make the
transaction.

CHUCK SPUNT
I told you the ATM swallowed my
card. I don't have it.

ASSISTANT
(chuckles)
Oh yes, of course. Sorry.

He hands her the transaction receipt. She studies it
carefully.

ASSISTANT /
Is it just the one account you
have with us here, sir?

CHUCK SPUNT
Yes, I'm not Elon Musk.

ASSISTANT
Do you have any proof of ID with
you?

He hands her his DRIVING LICENSE from his wallet. She studies
it closely.

ASSISTANT
So can you tell me exactly what
happened when you slipped your
card into the machine?

CHUCK SPUNT

Well, I tapped in my pin number like you do, and then the amount that I wanted to withdraw. I waited a bit before it printed me a receipt without actually delivering the money requested. It then duly swallowed my card and told me to seek assistance.

ASSISTANT

(sympathetically)

Oh, that's awful. Just wait here a moment and I'll b right back.

She hands back his driving license then walks off with the receipt.

CHUCK SPUNT -

(mumbles)

I've got better things to do with my time than stand here begging for my fifty quid back.

He whistles a tune as he waits for her to return.

Beat.

She returns clutching an A4 FOLDER.

ASSISTANT

Sorry to have kept you waiting, Mr Spunk. But I just need to run through this claim form with you. It should only take a matter of minutes.

CHUCK SPUNT

(irksomely)

My name is Spunt!

ASSISTANT

Oh, I am sorry. But please don't shout at me, sir.

CHUCK SPUNT

Well get it right and I won't have to will I?

She tuts as she opens the folder and takes out the claim form.

ASSISTANT

Right then. This is the claim form. There's a short questionnaire in case of any fraudulent claim arising from a disputed transaction. Is it okay to proceed?

CHUCK SPUNT

Not really. I've told you what happened. You have the receipt in your hand for heaven's sake! Don't you believe me? D' you think I'm making this up?

ASSISTANT

It's just policy I'm afraid, sir. You never know what people might try and pull these days. For all we know you might have forgotten that you went and spent the money.

CHUCK SPUNT

Well. I'm sure I'm not the only person this must have happened to. You just watch... there'll be an army of people coming right through that door claiming the same thing happened to them.

She ignores him and scrutinises the claim form.

ASSISTANT

OK. Sorry. I've not actually done one of these before, so bear with...

CHUCK SPUNT

Look, how long is this going to take, for heaven's sake?

ASSISTANT

Not long. Please stay calm, sir.

She looks up at him questionably.

CHUCK SPUNT

Then get on with it, will you?

He takes a deep breath.

ASSISTANT

(ignores remark)

What was the date of your last eye test?

CHUCK SPUNT

I have no idea.

ASSISTANT

You wear spectacles, so you must know when you last visited the optician, sir.

CHUCK SPUNT

(scratches chin)

Erm. Now let me think.

(reflects)

Yes, I remember. It was last August, in fact.

ASSISTANT

Can you supply the name and address of your optician, so we can arrange for you to take a random eye test, in the event that we require you to do so?

CHUCK SPUNT

This is completely outrageous!

ASSISTANT

Is that a no, then, sir?

CHUCK SPUNT

(crazily)

Ha, ha ha ha... Yes, no, no!

ASSISTANT

Have you ever held a criminal record, and if so what was it in relation to?

CHUCK SPUNT

Not yet. I'm still working on it.

He ruminates.

ASSISTANT

How long have you been banking with us, Mr Spunk?

CHUCK SPUNT

Look, if you call me that once more I'll. I'll...

He raises a clenched fist and grits his teeth.

ASSISTANT

Oh sorry, sir. I keep forgetting it's Spunt.

(pauses)

And finally, are you happy with the service we offer our customers at this branch?

CHUCK SPUNT

Ha! No chance.

ASSISTANT

Oh, I am very sorry to hear that. Can you explain why that is?

CHUCK SPUNT

I've never been so humiliated in my entire life.

(reflects)

Apart from when I...

ASSISTANT

...No one is accusing you of anything, sir. It's just a claim form.

CHUCK SPUNT

Not yet, maybe. But once you've gathered all the information who knows what I will be inundated with?

ASSISTANT

Just sign on the dotted line, then, please sir.

She hands him the claim form along with a pen.

He bends over the counter to sign his name.

ASSISTANT /

And we will need the name and address of your optician, so we can arrange for you to take another eye test.

He looks up at her in dismay.

CHUCK SPUNT

What?

He freezes with a look of horror when she hands him back his
TESCO POINTS CARD.

ASSISTANT

That is your Tesco Clubcard that
the ATM swallowed last night, Mr
Spu-

CHUCK SPUNT

-Don't you dare!

END

BURGER ISSUES

FADE IN:

INT. BURGER BAR - NIGHT

CHUCK SPUNT enters the busy fast food shop and stands in the queue to use one of the three electronic ordering machines.

He stands behind a HOODIE who is unfamiliar with the point of sale system.

The Hoodie is unable to make their purchase and each time is taken back to the menu screen.

Chuck Spunt peers over the Hoodie's shoulder and shakes his head in annoyance.

CHUCK SPUNT

Look, what do you want to order for heaven's sake? I mean, it's not rocket science, is it? You just press your finger on the item you want to purchase and then go to payment and tap your debit card. Christ! Didn't anyone teach you how to poke?

The Hoodie ignores him and doesn't turn around.

CHUCK SPUNT /

Look, if I have to wait here much longer I'll die from malnutrition. If you can't work it out, then why don't you ask someone to help you?

He sighs his frustration, then steps in front of the Hoodie and faces the screen in front of him.

CHUCK SPUNT /

So, a double whopper with cheese, large fries and a large chocolate milkshake, right?

HODDIE

Mmmmm.

Chuck Spunt presses the choices, then reaches the payment section.

Without thinking he takes out his credit card and taps it on the screen.

A PRINTED RECEIPT

The Hoodie produces a large hairy hand from under his jacket and grabs the receipt.

Chuck Spunt turns to face him.

His POV: A GORILLA.

He faints.

HOODIE

Mmmmm, ummmm.

The Hoodie takes off his fancy dress mask and stares down at Chuck Spunt.

HOODIE /

(shakes head)

What's his problem?

END

PSYCHOTHERAPY

FADE IN:

INT. CONSULTING ROOM - DAY

CHUCK SPUNT sits in a leather armchair. He looks relaxed and composed. The lamp beside him is switched off.

Off screen a PSYCHOANALYST sits and listens.

CHUCK SPUNT

Well, it seems to be happening more and more often, I'd say.

PSYCHOANALYST

Mmmmm.

Short Silence.

CHUCK SPUNT

I mean, how would you feel if you knew you were standing behind an actual gorilla?

PSYCHOANALYST

Mmmmm.

Short silence.

CHUCK SPUNT

I was stood right behind him at the point of order machine.

(pauses)

And all the time never realized. I even paid for his food. Can you believe that? I paid for his food.

PSYCHOANALYST

Mmmmm.

CHUCK SPUNT

That was before I suffered an episode. I mean, who wouldn't have?

(pauses)

I fainted.

PSYCHOANALYST

Mmmmm.

Short silence.

CHUCK SPUNT

He was attempting to place an order. I only stepped in to help him.

PSYCHOANALYST

Mmmmm.

CHUCK SPUNT

I'll never do that again in a hurry.

PSYCHOANALYST

Mmmmm.

CHUCK SPUNT

I remember being helped to my feet and the counter staff handing me a burger meal, then politely asking me to leave.

(pauses)

They said I was upsetting the customers. Ha!

(flippantly)

I'm the one suffering nightmares, and I'm upsetting the customers? Ha! This country!

Psychoanalyst peels a banana.

CHUCK SPUNT /

I'll need a holiday to get over this one, I can tell you that.

(pauses)

Ha! Beam me up Scotty.

Psychoanalyst gnaws on a bamboo shoot.

PSYCHOANALYST

Mmmmm, ummmm.

CHUCK SPUNT

Is that it? Are we done?

PSYCHOANALYST

Mmmmm.

He switches the lamp on and gets to his feet.

His POV: The Psychoanalyst bites into a double whopper.

Chuck Spunt faints.

END

MAIL DISORDER

FADE IN:

EXT. LEAFY STREET - DAY

Chirpy POSTMAN 30s does the rounds and puts the mail through each letterbox in turn.

He grabs a parcel from his bag as he whistles a tune.

He rings the bell on door 29 and waits for it to open.

CHUCK SPUNT opens the door wide. He wears slippers and a cardigan over a check shirt.

POSTMAN

(brightly)

Morning.

CHUCK SPUNT

(solemnly)

Morning.

POSTMAN

I've got a parcel for you, Mr. Spunk. Just sign here.

Shows an EPOD to sign for the parcel.

CHUCK SPUNT

(sighs)

For your information it's Spunt. Read what it says on the label.

POSTMAN

What is?

CHUCK SPUNT

(irked)

My name, you cretin.

Postman reads the label then looks up at him in question.

POSTMAN /

Nope. It still says Spunk, Mr Spunk.

CHUCK SPUNT

Give me that!

Snatches parcel.

POSTMAN

You have to sign for it I'm
afraid, otherwise...

CHUCK SPUNT

How long have you been delivering
our mail?

POSTMAN

(ruminates)

Two years, four months, six days,
eight hours,

(checks watch)

and forty three minutes.

CHUCK SPUNT

Then you know my name is Spunt,
correct?

POSTMAN

Well, It's not about me, is it?
Whoever sent these letters and
the parcel begs to differ. So
just sign here.

CHUCK SPUNT

I am not signing anything until
you get my name right.

POSTMAN

Fair enough. I'll take it back to
the sorting office and have it
sent back.

Postman snatches parcel back.

CHUCK SPUNT

Hang on, hang on a minute.

POSTMAN

You gonna sign for it, or not?

CHUCK SPUNT

I'll sign for it this time, and
only this one time. There's
obviously been a typo error with
the name.

POSTMAN

Can't say I agree there.

CHUCK SPUNT

What'd you mean?

Postman shows him a handful of letters.

POSTMAN

Well, I've got the rest of your
post and every letter is
addressed to a Mr. Spunk. See?

CHUCK SPUNT

Give me those!

He snatches the letters from his hand and gazes at the name
and address of each one.

His POV: POSTAL ADDRESS: Mr. Chuck Spunk. 29 Overton Drive.
E11 4RH.

POSTMAN

Sign here, then, please, Mr.
Spunk. I can't stand here arguing
over whether your Spunk, or
Spunt.

He grits his teeth and signs for the parcel then slams the
door shut.

The Postman walks off with a huge grin on his face.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

With the mail and the parcel in hand Chuck Spunt grimaces as
he sinks to his knees in despair.

His wife MARGERY descends the stairs and sighs.

MARGERY

(tuts)

What on earth are you doing down
there, Chuck?

He quickly gets to his feet and waves the mail at her in
torment.

CHUCK SPUNT

Look at these! Just look at who
they're addressed to.

She snatches the mail and the parcel from him and studies
them.

MARGERY

I can't see a problem with them.
They're all addressed to you.

CHUCK SPUNT

What? But look at the name for
heaven's sake.

MARGERY

You. Mr. Spunt.

CHUCK SPUNT

(dismayed)

What? Where?

MARGERY

If you put your glasses on you
might be able to see who they're
addressed to, instead of throwing
a wobbly.

She shakes her head and walks off.

He grits his teeth and clenches his fist in anger.

CHUCK SPUNT -

I'll get you, you bastard.

END

DISH COURSE

FADE IN:

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A busy night as CHUCK SPUNT and his wife MARGERY sit at a small table and wait to be served.

CHUCK SPUNT

Christ! Are we invisible, or something? Do they even know we haven't been served yet?

MARGERY

Be patient, Chuck. Can'tcha see how busy they are? That poor waiter is rushed off his feet.

CHUCK SPUNT

We've been sitting here ten minutes for Christ sake. They probably think we're a couple of dummies. Christ! We haven't got all night. Some of us have got lives.

MARGERY

Some more than others.

CHUCK SPUNT

They could at least offer us a drink.

MARGERY

Be patient.

A rushed waiter squeezes past their table with a tray of drinks.

WAITER

(accented)

With you in a moment.

CHUCK SPUNT -

(under breath)

About time. I've got a mouth like a second hand flip flop.

MARGERY

Stop it, Chuck! You'll get us
thrown out.

Margery studies the menu.

MARGERY /

So what are you going to have,
then?

He picks up the menu and opens it briefly.

CHUCK SPUNT

What are you having?

MARGERY

I asked first.

CHUCK SPUNT

Hmm. I'll probably have the
meatball picante. You?

MARGERY

I'll have the arrabiata, then.

CHUCK SPUNT

What about drinks?

MARGERY

I'll have a G&T - no ice.

CHUCK SPUNT

Right. I'll just have a pint of
whiskey, then.

MARGERY

Stop it.

The bearded Waiter finally comes to the table with notepad in
hairy hand. Chuck Spunt looks up.

FLASH FLASHBACK:

A GORILLA dressed as a waiter rolls his eyes at him.

END FLASHBACK.

WAITER

Ummmm.

Chuck Spunt gazes up at him in dismay.

MARGERY

Chuck, c'mon, he's waiting.

CHUCK SPUNT

Two double whoppers and a
chocolate milkshake to go.

The discombobulated Waiter turns to Margery.

WAITER

Is he alright?

END

FORECOURT FIASCO

FADE IN:

EXT. FILLING STATION - DAY

CHUCK SPUNT whistles a tune as he stands at the pump and fills his vehicle's tank with petrol.

POV: The digital price indicator rises to fifty pounds when he replaces the nozzle back inside the pump.

INT. FILLING STATION - DAY

He enters and stands third in the queue.

The middle-aged WOMAN at the front pays and grins as she exits. He looks at her bemused and grins knowingly.

The older, tall moustached Bulgarian MAN in front steps up to pay. He taps his card against the terminal.

CASHIER

Sorry that hasn't gone through.
Would you like to try again?

MAN

(accented)

Yes.

He taps his card again. Chuck Spunt gets edgy and tuts as the queue grows.

CASHIER

That hasn't gone through either.

MAN

That's not right.

CASHIER

Have you got another card you can use?

MAN

No. Nothing.

CASHIER

Would you like to try the ATM machine outside? There's one on the forecourt.

MAN

No. If it doesn't work in here it's not going to work out there, either.

Chuck Spunt leans over his shoulder.

CHUCK SPUNT

Look, if you like I can offer to pay for your fuel and you can BACS me later when you sort your card problems out.

MAN

Would you?

CHUCK SPUNT

Yes. If you show me some proof of ID, obviously.

MAN

Of course.

He takes out his wallet and shows him his driving license.

CU: Name on card - YORA D KUNT.

Chuck Spunt stares down at the driving license and raises a brow before he gazes at the Man questionably.

CHUCK SPUNT

(aback)

Yora D Kunt.

The Man snarls.

MAN

What?!

CU: Punch on the nose.

CHUCK SPUNT

Ouch!

Cashier shows a look of dismay and shakes his head as Chuck Spunt sinks to his knees holding his nose.

MAN

(to Cashier)

Never mind. I remember, I have
some cash.

CASHIER

Right then.

Chuck Spunt holds a tissue to his bloodied nose as he looks
up and grimaces.

END

TRAIN WOES

FADE IN:

INT. RAILWAY STATION PLATFORM - DAY

ANNOUNCEMENT V.O

*Due to an overhead cable issue
the 3.45 to Stansted now leaves
from platform one.*

(short pause)

*This is a security announcement.
If you see something that doesn't
look right, speak to staff, or
text British Transport Police on
60116. We'll sort it. See it. Say
it. Sorted.*

SIGNALMAN'S WHISTLE.

THE HUM OF THE ENGINE STARTS UP.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - LIT

CHUNK SPUNT dons a black-eye under his broken spectacles as he takes his seat on the train. He opens a newspaper and begins to read.

Moments later a casually dressed middle-aged WOMAN with baggage enters the carriage slightly discombobulated.

WOMAN

(to Chuck Spunt)

Excuse me, d' you know if this is
the right train for Cambridge
North? I missed that last
announcement. I couldn't hear
properly with all the noise going
on.

He looks over the rim of his spectacles at her.

CHUCK SPUNT

No. You're on the wrong train.
This is the train for Stansted.

WOMAN

Oh. Are you sure? Because I
thought this was the Cambridge
North train.

CHUCK SPUNT

That's because they changed the platform number. I clearly heard the announcement before I boarded.

WOMAN

No, I don't think it was this one.

CHUCK SPUNT

No? What was it then, the one you're not sure about? Or the one you're still not sure about?

WOMAN

No, no. What I think you're talking about was the train to Stansted, yes?

CHUCK SPUNT

Yes.

WOMAN

They changed the platform number for that one, due to an overhead cable. I heard that one. It was the one after I couldn't hear.

Short silence as he looks up at her questionably, then quickly gets to his feet.

CHUCK SPUNT

(irked)

You mean, this isn't the train for Stansted?

TRAIN WHEELS RUMBLE.

SNAP FLASHBACK:

GORILLAS sit around and scoff veggie burgers.

END FLASHBACK.

WOMAN

I think you might be on the wrong train.

A GUARD enters the carriage. The Woman blocks his path.

WOMAN

Excuse me, is this the train for
Cambridge North, or Stansted?

GUARD

Mmmmm.

GUARDS WHISTLE!

CHUCK SPUNT

(to Guard)

I thought this was the Stansted
train.

GUARD

Mmmmm, ummmm.

Guard stomps off down the carriage.

WOMAN

(to Chuck Spunt)

There you go. See? You're on the
wrong train. This is the
Cambridge North train. I was
right all along.

ANNOUNCEMENT V.O

*This service is for Cambridge
North. Stopping at Tottenham
Hale. Harlow Town. Bishops
Stortford and Cambridge North.*

CHUCK SPUNT

(aghast)

Shit!

Highly panicked Chuck Spunt attempts to open the door as the
train begins to move away from the platform.

His POV: The Guard chews a bamboo shoot and grins.

Chuck Spunt faints as the train moves off at speed.

END

OPTICAL INTRUSIONS

FADE IN:

INT. OPTICIANS - DAY

With his cracked spectacles CHUCK SPUNT enters and approaches the counter.

Pretty ASSISTANT steps forward.

ASSISTANT

Can I help you?

CHUCK SPUNT

Yes, I've come to collect my prescription glasses.

ASSISTANT

What's your name?

CHUCK SPUNT

Chuck Spunt.

ASSISTANT

(aback)

Chuck Spunk?

CUSTOMERS and STAFF turn their heads in unison and gasp.

CHUCK SPUNT

(irritated)

No! Chuck Spunt.

ASSISTANT

(chuckles)

Oh, sorry, my mistake. I didn't mean to be rude.

He furrows a brow and shakes his head.

CHUCK SPUNT

It's fine.

ASSISTANT

I won't be a moment.

She walks off.

A protracted silence as he waits for her to return.

CHUCK SPUNT
(under breath)
Ha! What is wrong with these
people?

She returns clutching a specs case.

ASSISTANT
Follow me then, please.

CHUCK SPUNT
Rightyo.

ASSISTANT -
Mr Chuck Spunt.

CHUCK SPUNT
That's right.

He follows her towards a small desk.

ASSISTANT
I do apologize.

CHUCK SPUNT
I've already said, it's fine.

ASSISTANT
There's nothing wrong with it, is
there?

CHUCK SPUNT
What do you mean?

ASSISTANT
Well, it just means you're a
spunky guy.

CHUCK SPUNT
I beg your pardon!

ASSISTANT
Sit down please.

He sits down. She produces a pair of spectacles.

ASSISTANT /
In America to define somebody
with lots of spunk means...

CHUCK SPUNT

I know what it means. I'm not a
child.

She hands him the glasses as a middle-aged petite WOMAN
enters the shop and approaches the counter.

ASSISTANT /

If you just try these on for me
and let me know if everything is
all right, I'll be right back.

She approaches the counter. His eyes follow her as he puts on
his new black rimmed specs and checks himself in the mirror.

ASSISTANT /

Can I help you, madam?

WOMAN

I have appointment with optician.

ASSISTANT

And your name is?

WOMAN

Miss Wang.

Chuck Spunt looks over and flies out of his seat.

ASSISTANT

(chuckles)

Miss Wan-

CHUCK SPUNT

(interjects)

Don't you dare!

Assistant turns around in horror.

END

IDENTITY CRISIS

FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Bespectacled CHUCK SPUNT kisses his wife MARGERY 50s goodbye before he places his luggage inside the boot of a waiting TAXI.

MARGERY

Now, you haven't forgotten anything, have you? You are wearing the right glasses this time, aren't you?

CHUCK SPUNT

Yes dear. I've got everything.

MARGERY

What about your boarding pass and passport?

CHUCK SPUNT

All good, dear. Ciao.

MARGERY

Call me when you get there.

CHUCK SPUNT

I will.

INT. AIRPORT CHECK-IN DESK - DAY

Chuck Spunt stands in the queue and waits.

He approaches the counter. The young female REP looks up at him and smiles.

REP

Can I have your passport please, sir?

CHUCK SPUNT

Of course. One moment.

He searches his pockets and then his luggage. Eventually he finds the passport tucked away inside his hand luggage.

PASSENGERS in the queue behind huff and puff their annoyance.

CHUCK SPUNT /

Here we are.

He hands her the PASSPORT. She studies it. He turns and grins with satisfaction at the Passengers waiting in the queue.

CHUCK SPUNT /

Phew! I nearly had a minor panic attack there. Still you've gotta be careful, haven't you? I don't want to lose that.

She looks up at him questionably and shakes her head.

CHUCK SPUNT /

What is it?

REP

I'm afraid this passport belongs to your spouse, sir.

CHUCK SPUNT

What?!

She hands it back.

He stares at it in silence as his jaw drops, his eyes roll and he shakes his head in wonder.

POV: The passport shows a photograph of Margery.

CHUCK SPUNT /

Ha! Yes, that's right. I recently decided to identify as my wife. What's the problem?

REP

I'm sorry, sir. But I cannot accept your spouse's passport.

CHUCK SPUNT

Why not? Other people do it!

REP

Not here.

CHUCK SPUNT

(whispers)

But everyone is doing it these days.

REP

That might be the case, sir. But I can't let you through until I see your own passport.

CHUCK SPUNT

What is wrong with you?

POV: Two GUARDS spot the commotion and approach the counter.

GUARD#1

(to Rep)

Is there problem?

She hands him the passport. He looks at it and then at Chuck Spunt.

REP

He's brought his spouse's passport instead of his own.

GUARD#1

(to Chuck Spunt)

Can I see your passport, sir?

CHUCK SPUNT

I'm Margery Spunt. My wife is called Chuck and he is at home playing tiddlywinks with the granddaughter. Call him and ask him.

GUARD#2

Come with us please, sir.

CHUCK SPUNT

What is the problem?

GUARD#2

Just come quietly. We don't want to cause a scene, do we?

CHUCK SPUNT

Right! That's it! I've changed my mind. I identify as a gorilla.

GUARD#1

Just calm down please, sir.

CHUCK SPUNT

Mmmmmmm, Ummmm.

They lead him away as he remonstrates.

END

KARMA

FADE IN:

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

CHUCK SPUNT and his wife MARGERY walk down the candy aisle. They stop and browse the array of sweets and chocolates.

MARGERY

Are we still visiting mum tomorrow?

CHUCK SPUNT

I think we'd better, or we'll never hear the last of it.

MARGERY

She probably won't recognise us, it's been so long.

CHUCK SPUNT

She didn't recognise us last time.

MARGERY

Well, what sweets shall we get her this time?

CHUCK SPUNT

Nothing too hard, or chewy. She's hardly got any teeth as it is.

POV: A large packet of MARSHMALLOWS.

MARGERY

What about these?

CHUCK SPUNT

Get her those. At least she won't be able choke on them.

She picks up the marshmallows and drops them into her basket.

POV: A large packet of JELLY BABIES.

MARGERY

What about some nice jelly babies?

CHUCK SPUNT

Aww, yes.

He picks up the bag of jelly babies and drops them into her basket.

POV: A packet of CHOCOLATE RAISINS.

MARGERY

Chocolates?

CHUCK SPUNT

Hmm. Lovely.

He picks up the bag of chocolate raisins and drops them into her basket.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

He sits in the armchair. His phone rings. He answers.

CHUCK SPUNT /

(on phone)

Grace- Oh no. Where is she now-?
Do you know how long they're
going to keep her in-?

Margery enters the room with two glasses of red wine. She hands one to him.

MARGERY

What's happened?

CHUCK SPUNT

(to Margery)

It's mum. She's fallen out of
bed.

MARGERY

Oh no, not again.

CHUCK SPUNT

(on phone)

We were going to visit her
tomorrow- I'll do that before we
decide what to do- Oh, we're
fine. And you-? Oh, that's good-
Alright- Well thanks for letting
us know. I hope to see you soon-
Yes, give our love to everybody
at the zoo.

He ends the call.

CHUCK SPUNT /
She's in hospital.

MARGERY
Are they keeping her in?

CHUCK SPUNT
Apparently.

MARGERY
Should we visit her at the
hospital instead?

CHUCK SPUNT
Best to wait till she's back in
the care home. It's pointless if
she's laid out.

MARGERY
What if she doesn't pull through?
She is in her eighties.

CHUCK SPUNT
I know, but remember we got a
parking ticket last time we
visited her in a hospital?

MARGERY
I do.
(pauses)
Bastards for telling us it was
free when it wasn't.

CHUCK SPUNT
Hmm.

He passes her a knowing gaze.

CHUCK SPUNT
Get the marshmallows.

MARGERY
No! They're for your mum.

CHUCK SPUNT
Well she's not going to eat them
now, is she? She's laid out.

MARGERY

No! I'm putting them away for when we visit her.

CHUCK SPUNT

We'll get her some more next time.

MARGERY

Oh, Chuck. I suppose you want the jelly babies... and the raisins?

CHUCK SPUNT

You can't have one without the other.

She exits, then reenters with the marshmallows, jelly babies and chocolate raisins.

He scoffs the lot, until all the packets are empty.

She stares at him with concern as he rubs his chest and grimaces.

MARGERY

Are you alright, Chuck?

CHUCK SPUNT

I think I've eaten too many marshmallows.

MARGERY

Well you didn't need to everything in sight, did you?

(tuts)

You could've saved some for me.

CHUCK SPUNT

(grimaces)

Oh, Marge, I feel sick.

MARGERY

You do look a bit pale.

He gets to his feet.

CHUCK SPUNT

Shit!

He collapses in a heap.

MARGERY

Oh no!

She kneels down beside him and pumps his chest.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

BLUE LIGHTS flash as PARAMEDICS lift him onto the back of a
AMBULANCE.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - NIGHT

He lies on a bed across from his MOTHER (88)

She sits up and looks across the room, then climbs up and
waddles over to his bed.

MOTHER

(confused)

Chuck, is that you?

He opens his eyes and looks up at her in horror.

MOTHER /

Chuck, what are you doing here?

THE END

THE SURVEYOR

FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

A timid looking SURVEYOR 50s has a nervous conscious laugh.
He clutches a telescopic ladder, duffel bag and spirit level.

He rings the doorbell and whistles a tune while he waits.

The door opens and bespectacled CHUCK SPUNT stands in a cardigan and gazes at him.

SURVEYOR

(titters)

Morning. Brian & Brian? I'm here to carry out the buildings survey as discussed on the phone.

CHUCK SPUNT

Oh yes. Come through.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Surveyor titters as he enters. Chuck Spunt raises a brow in wonder.

KITCHEN

SURVEYOR

May I sit down for a minute?

CHUCK SPUNT

Yes, of course.

(reflects)

Would you like a cup of tea, coffee, a sandwich of your choice while we're at it?

Surveyor shows his dismay but titters anyway.

SURVEYOR

No thank you. I'm good.

CHUCK SPUNT

Right then.

SURVEYOR

Before I get started, I just need to ask you a couple of questions.

CHUCK SPUNT

Rightyo.

Surveyor titters as he pulls a chair out and sits down at the table.

CHUCK SPUNT

(aback)

Look, are you alright?

He titters as he opens his bag and takes out a note book and some folders.

SURVEYOR

All good actually, all good.

CHUCK SPUNT

Oh. Because I thought there was something wrong with you.

SURVEYOR

No, no. All good, all good.

(titters)

Lived here long?

CHUCK SPUNT

Since 1972, actually.

SURVEYOR

(chuckles)

That long? Time flies, doesn't it?

CHUCK SPUNT

Yes, it does. It would've been before then if they hadn't continously misspelt my name on the contracts.

SURVEYOR

(titters)

Spunk, was it?

CHUCK SPUNT

(frown)

What? That's right. How'd you know?

SURVEYOR

(titters)

We had a bit of laugh about that back at the office when the job came through.

CHUCK SPUNT

(aghast)

You what?!

SURVEYOR

(titters)

Just me and girls. Nothing to be concerned about.

CHUCK SPUNT

Just you and the girls?!

SURVEYOR

That's right. The job came through as Chuck's Spunk.

(titters)

I must admit it caused hysterics in the office. It had us falling about. We had to call an ambulance for my partner. He suffered a minor coronary. Still, it's good now.

CHUCK SPUNT

Well, I don't know what to say. I feel quite insulted... you and your people rolling around in hysterics at my expense.

SURVEYOR

Oh no, it's all good, it's good. We found out after it was just a typo error. We corrected it once we discovered your name is Chuck Spunt.

Chuck Spunt stands in reverie.

SNAP FLASHBACK:

GORILLAS sit in a circle and roll around in hysterics.

END FLASHBACK

SURVEYOR /

Shall we crack on?

Chuck Spunt stands agape.

END

SANGRIA EL TORO

FADE IN:

EXT. PUERTO BANUS STRIP - NIGHT

A FULL MOON illuminates a COLONY OF BATS as they fly above the Marina furnished with expensive boats.

EXT. OPEN COFFIN - NIGHT

FABRICE lies supine with his arms crossed. His slick black hair combed into a centre parting. His eyes closed and his gaunt, pallid face still.

He wears a white dinner shirt, a black tuxedo and black trousers.

His penetrating suffused eyes open wide. He sits up then quickly steps out.

INT. ROOFTOP GARDEN - NIGHT

Fabrice sits at a candlelit dining table, opposite blonde haired, blue eyed, Swedish holidaymaker INGRID 21. He grins at her knowingly as she sips a glass of sangria el toro.

Beat.

He climbs to his feet then takes her by the hand and leads her towards the bedroom.

CU: His suffused eyes and fangs.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - DAY

DING.

Tall, thin, bespectacled CHUCK SPUNT 50s and his glamorous wife MARGERY 50s exit the lift. He wipes his sweaty brow with a handkerchief.

The bald PORTER hurriedly leads them to their room.

PORTER

(accented)

Follow me, follow me.

CHUCK SPUNT

Yes, alright, alright. We're not running the hundred meters.

Margery gives him an awkward nudge and tuts her disapproval.

MARGERY

Chuck, stop it!

They reach door 60. Porter swipes the lock and steps back as they enter with their suitcases.

The Porter stands and waits for a gratuity.

CHUCK SPUNT

(obdurately)

Goodbye.

He shows him a wry look and shuts the door in his face.

INT. ROOM 60

CHUCK SPUNT /
No chance. We're not in the
United States of America now you
know.

He lifts his suitcase onto one of the two single beds, then stretches his arms out wide, before he turns away in horror as the odour from his armpits hits him in the face.

CHUCK SPUNT /
Crikey, I smell like a ramblers
flip flop.

She ignores him, instead opens the door and peers down the corridor.

He hangs his jacket on a hanger inside the wardrobe.

Her POV: The Porter stands and waits for the lift.

MARGERY
Porter! Porter!

He looks back at her glumfully.

She waves him over. He trudges back towards her.

PORTER
Yes, madam?

MARGERY
We were promised a jug of sangria
upon our arrival.

PORTER
You can collect it from the bar,
madam.

MARGERY
I see.

She hands him some loose change. He looks at it and raises an ungrateful smirk.

PORTER
I will drop it in the charity
box.

MARGERY -
(quietly)
How rude.

She closes the door. He walks off.

CHUCK SPUNT
Free jug of sangria, dear? Ha!
You'll be lucky. Where'd you
think we are - The Waldorf?

MARGERY
We were promised a free jug of
sangria upon arrival, Chuck.

CHUCK SPUNT
Well give them chance, dear. We
have only just arrived.

MARGERY
I'm going down to the bar. I'm
gasping.

CHUCK SPUNT
Fine. I'll unpack.

MARGERY
I'll leave the keycard here on
the table, so listen out.

CHUCK SPUNT
Rightyo, dear. Don't forget the
all inclusive card, will you?
Otherwise they'll probably charge
you for it, knowing these
shysters.

MARGERY
Yes, I know that, Chuck. I
haven't got the word idiot
stamped across my forehead, have
I?

CHUCK SPUNT -
(quietly)
Well. it's hard to tell with all
the Botox going on up there.

MARGERY
(irked)
I heard that!

She exits.

He pulls back the curtain and slides open the balcony door, then takes a long stretch.

His POV: Holiday makers queue up at the pool bar while holiday music blasts.

BACK TO SCENE

He steps back from the balcony and pushes the two single beds together, then undresses down to his boxers.

He unpacks then slides his case under one of the beds.

LIGHT TAP ON THE DOOR.

He looks up in fearful anticipation, then creeps over and puts an ear to the door.

CHUCK SPUNT

(quietly)

Marge, is that you?

FEMALE *

(sweet accent)

Room service.

He opens the door to Ingrid. She wears a blue bikini that bursts through her ample breasts.

She forces her way inside and sits redundantly upon the bed. She sniffles to show she is upset.

He stands in silence with the door wide open and gawks at her.

CHUCK SPUNT

(panicked)

Who are you? What are you doing here?

INGRID

Shut door, please.

CHUCK SPUNT

But this is not your room, is it?

INGRID

No, I know. My boyfriend, he is looking for me all over hotel. Please, I beg you, close door.

He sighs and closes the door shut.

CHUCK SPUNT

But you can't stay here. My wife'll have kittens if she sees you sitting on the bed half naked. God knows what she'll think.

INGRID

Oh, please. Just for one hour and I will leave.

CHUCK SPUNT

What has he done to you?

INGRID

He sinks I do not love him. He sinks I am using him for... how you say - just good time?

CHUCK SPUNT

Is he mad?

INGRID

(perplexed)

You sink I am mad?

CHUCK SPUNT

No, no, no. I was talking about him.

INGRID

I am scared he will do somesing terrible when he finds me.

CHUCK SPUNT

Can'tcha pacify him?

INGRID

You do not know him. He is very jealous of other men when they stare at me.

CHUCK SPUNT

What is he, psychotic?

INGRID

Look what he did to me.

She climbs on the bed and bends over.

CU: Teeth marks on her buttocks.

CHUCK SPUNT

Crikey! What is he, the big bad wolf?

INGRID

He is animal.

CHUCK SPUNT

A sabre toothed one by the looks of things.

INGRID

Yes. He is very nasty man.

CHUCK SPUNT

Look, I feel for you, I really do. But my wife'll be back any minute now. You really can't stay here. You'll just have to find somebody else's room to squat in.

She looks up at him with great sadness.

INGRID

So what can I do?

CHUCK SPUNT

I'm afraid you can't stay here. My wife'll...

She pulls him close. He rocks back and forth in her clutches.

INGRID

Oh, please do not throw me out, I beg you. I'll do anysing if you let me stay for just one hour.

He rolls his eyes and sighs.

CHUCK SPUNT

One hour?

INGRID

Just one hour, then he gone away.

He stares at the door in anticipation of his wife's return.

CHUCK SPUNT

You don't know my wife. She's a black belt in jujitsu for Christ sake.

INGRID

Oh sank you so much.

He winces.

CHUCK SPUNT -

How on earth did I let this happen? She'll kill us... both of us.

He stands paralysed in her tight grasp around his waistline.

INGRID

I am from Sveden.

CHUCK SPUNT

You don't say.

INGRID

You are English, yes?

CHUCK SPUNT

For my sins, I am.

She screams as he loses his balance and falls on top of her.

A continues loud knock at the door. She slides out from underneath him and stares at the door in horror.

INGRID

It's Fabrice. He will kill us if he finds me here.

CHUCK SPUNT

No, no, it'll be my wife with a jug of sangria.

(panicked)

Hide on the balcony. Go.

She hurries on to the balcony. He draws the curtain, then steadies himself before he opens the door.

Margery holds a half litre jug of sangria.

MARGERY

(angrily)

What kept you? And what are you doing in your underwear?

CHUCK SPUNT

I was about to take a shower.

She puts the jug of sangria down on the table.

MARGERY

Never mind that. Get a drop of this down you. It's delicious. They gave me a free glass at the bar while I was waiting for them to make it. They're really friendly here.

CHUCK SPUNT

(knowingly)

That makes a change. They usually look at us with contempt.

MARGERY

The queues are a joke though. I think we might regret doing an All Inclusive this time round.

CHUCK SPUNT

Oh really?

She pours two glasses of sangria and hands one to him.

MARGERY

Drink this, Chuck. It's gorgeous.

CHUCK SPUNT

Rightyo.

They knock the sangria back within a microsecond of putting the glass to their lips. She pours two more and hands him another.

CHUCK SPUNT /

Ah.

She notices an abstinence within him.

MARGERY

You look like you've swallowed a wasp, or something. What's wrong?

He turns to her pitifully.

CHUCK SPUNT

Look, sit down, Marge. There's something I need to explain before you go all Bruce Lee on me.

She pours another glass of sangria for herself, then sits upon the bed and stares at him with concern.

MARGERY

Is there a problem with the room?

CHUCK SPUNT

No, it's not that.

MARGERY

Well, what is it, then?

CHUCK SPUNT

Now please don't get mad, will you?

MARGERY

Just tell me what it is before I knife you to death.

He steps over and opens the curtain. Ingrid timidly steps back inside.

He turns away in horror as Margery jumps to her feet and growls like an angry tiger.

MARGERY

Who the hell is this?!
(to Ingrid)
And more to the point what have you been doing with my husband while I've been gone?

INGRID

I am sorry. I am Ingrid. And it is all my fault. Please, do not put blame on husband. I am to blame for everyting.

CHUCK SPUNT

(under breath)
I agree.

MARGERY

What are you are doing here?

CHUCK SPUNT

(interjects)

Let me explain, it'll be easier.

MARGERY

You better hope so, Chuck Spunt,
or else.

She takes up a Jujitsu position.

CHUCK SPUNT

After you popped downstairs to
the bar, there was a knock at the
door. I thought it was you. I let
her in. Her boyfriend is going to
do something bad to her. What
else could I do?

MARGERY

You're lying.

CHUCK SPUNT

He's already attacked her once.
(to Ingrid)
Show her your thingymagig.

MARGERY

Well, she doesn't look very hurt
to me.

Ingrid climbs on the bed and bends over.

CU: Teeth marks imprinted on her bottom. Chuck Spunt turns
his head away.

MARGERY /

Aww. Nasty. He must've been very
hungry.

INGRID

Yes, he was very angry. And he is
looking for me all over hotel. He
is more angry now, and when he
finds me, I am dead.

MARGERY

I said hungry, not angry, my
dear.

CHUCK SPUNT

Allegedly, he thinks she's just using him for a good time. But I think he might be a tad mistaken, don't you, dear?

MARGERY

I'd say so.

INGRID

I should go. I am sorry for causing problem for you both.

Margery puts a consoling arm around her and sits her on the bed.

MARGERY

Oh, you poor thing. Have you reported this to the manager?

INGRID

I cannot.

MARGERY

Why not?

INGRID

He is manager.

CHUCK SPUNT

(irked)

Oh, I get it now. We'll be thrown out soon as he finds out she's hiding in our room.

MARGERY

Oh, be quiet, Chuck.

INGRID

He will not look here. You are new to hotel.

CHUCK SPUNT

(flippantly)

Oh, that's all right then. We'll be fine, until then.

MARGERY

(to ingrid)

You must go to the police and show them what he did to you. Show them your buttock and they'll believe you.

CHUCK SPUNT

Are you sure about that, dear?

INGRID

I cannot go police.

MARGERY

Why not?

INGRID

They are friends of Fabrice.

CHUCK SPUNT

She can always sleep on the couch, dear.

MARGERY

No! I'm not having a fugitive staying in our room on the first night of our holiday. I'm sorry, Ingrid, but you'll just have to go and sort it out for yourself. My husband will go with you to make sure no harm comes to you.

CHUCK SPUNT

(aback)

What? Me?!

INGRID

It's fine. I will go alone.

MARGERY

In that case, I'll go with you.

(to Chuck)

Coward!

INGRID

But you do not know Fabrice. He's crazy. Please do not come. I do not want to ruin your holiday. I will find somewhere to hide. Maybe broom cupboard.

CHUCK SPUNT

What about the ironing cupboard,
dear? There's one in the
bathroom.

MARGERY

Oh, be quiet, Chuck! You're not
helping her situation.

CHUCK SPUNT

Fine. I'll stay out of it from
now on. She's all your
responsibility.

MARGERY

(to Ingrid)

What floor is your room on?

INGRID

I not stay here. My hotel across
road. Hotel Sol.

MARGERY

So what are you doing here, then?

INGRID

Fabrice brought me here. We were
going to have dinner together
when he bit me.

MARGERY

I don't understand. Why did you
let him bring you here if you
knew he was going to hurt you?

INGRID

He forced me to come here. I
escaped from his room when he was
in bathroom. I saw you arrive.
Your husband has kind face.

CHUCK SPUNT

See? There! Not guilty as
charged.

MARGERY

D' you have a key to your room?

INGRID

No. Key inside room.

CHUCK SPUNT

Christ! What's it doing there?

INGRID

I left it by mistake.

MARGERY

Right then. We'll go together.
But I need to take a shower
first.

INGRID

Sank you. You are very kind
person.

Margery slips off her dress and enters the bathroom.

CHUCK SPUNT -

(wipes brow)

Phew!

INGRID

Your wife is very nice. Sank you
both for helping me.

CHUCK SPUNT

(flippantly)

Sink nothing of it.

INGRID

What?

Knock at the door. Ingrid runs to balcony and hides.

CHUCK SPUNT

Crikey! Who is it this time - Che
Guevara?

He opens the door and is dismayed to see a pale looking
WAITER 30s. He holds a tray with a litre jug of sangria and
two glasses.

WAITER

Ah, it's the matador el toros.

CHUCK SPUNT

What?

WAITER

Your complimentary jug of sangria
senor.

He steps inside and places the tray down next to the other tray.

WAITER /

Ah! I see you already have your sangria.

CHUCK SPUNT

Not quite. My wife had to queue for half an hour for that one.

WAITER

Sincere apologies senor. But the complimentary sangria is a cocktail. It has a much richer flavour than our standard sangria, let's say.

He pours him a glass to taste. He knocks it back.

CHUCK SPUNT

Hmm. Very good.

WAITER

The sangria from the bar is from the carton, where as the complimentary sangria is made with Cointreau, brandy and the blood of el toro.

CHUCK SPUNT

Not bad. Not bad. El toro, you say?

WAITER

Si senor.

CHUCK SPUNT

Who's the manager here?

WAITER

Fabrice.

CHUCK SPUNT

Romanian, by any chance?

WAITER

Ah! You know him?

CHUCK SPUNT

Not yet.

WAITER

Have good evening senior. Enjoy
your free sangria.

CHUCK SPUNT

(raises glass)

El toro.

He picks up the empty jug and takes it with him upon his
exit.

Ingrid steps back inside.

INT. FABRICE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Fabrice stands wrapped in a white bathrobe. His iPhone rings
on the table. He picks it up and answers the call.

FABRICE

(impatiently)

What about hotel-? She must be
there. Check her room again and
call me back- I do not care!
Check every room if you have to
until you find her-! Just find
her!

He angrily discards the phone.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Margery sits at a table with a plate of food, and a bottle of
red wine.

Chuck Spunt stands at the food counter and clutches an empty
plate. He selects his evening meal then joins her at the
table. They eat.

He stealthily slides excess food from his plate into a doggy
bag.

MARGERY

Now if I'm not back in half an
hour flat, call the police and
tell them where they can find me.

CHUCK SPUNT

You sure you want to do this,
dear?

MARGERY

I mean it, Chuck. That girl's in serious trouble by the sounds of what she's telling us. She needs our help.

CHUCK SPUNT

I know, I know. But I'm not sure if I would want to give up my own for hers.

MARGERY

That's just being selfish. She's got her whole life ahead of her.

CHUCK SPUNT

We're only in the autumn of ours, dear. Not to be pooh poohed at.

MARGERY

Oh, you know what I mean. Now wish me luck.

CHUCK SPUNT

Good luck, dear. Don't do anything I wouldn't do.

She gets to her feet and scowls at him before she exits.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT.

Chuck Spunt taps three times on the door before the door opens and he enters.

INT. HOTEL SOL RECEPTION - NIGHT

Margery stands at the desk and waits to be handed a key by the preoccupied RECEPTIONIST.

RECEPTIONIST

(to Margery)

Room 47, yes?

MARGERY

Yes.

Margery is handed a keycard before she steps towards the lift.

DING. The lift arrives.

Two bearded THUGS exit the lift before she steps inside.

INT. ROOM 47 - LIT

Margery immediately sets about opening drawers.

She turns to the door when she hears mumblings outside.

She quickly enters- BATHROOM.

The door opens and two tall suited DUDES enter.

Dude#1 immediately looks under the bed. Dude#2 opens the balcony doors and steps outside.

INT. BATHROOM

Behind the shower curtain, terrified Margery holds her breath as Dude#1 enters.

CU: Dude#1 stares at his dark reflection in the mirror and shows his fangs as he combs his thick black hair.

DUDE#2 *

Let's go.

DUDE#1

Coming.

She lets out a sigh of relief when she hears the front door shut behind them.

She pulls the curtain back and immediately pulls up her dress then drops her knickers and sits down on the toilet basin.

INT. FABRICE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Fabrice drinks a Toro Sangria as the Waiter sits on the bed and casually files his fangs.

FABRICE

What makes you think she could be
in room 60?

WAITER

Her perfume.

FABRICE

How did the guest react to you
when you entered the room?

WAITER

Like an idiot. But I sensed
something was not right.

FABRICE

Why do you say this?

WAITER

Because the idiot asked me if you
were Romainian.

FABRICE

Why would he ask such a thing?

(pauses)

Unless...

WAITER

Also I could hear water running
in the bathroom, and the air-con
was switched off.

FABRICE

So what? Many of our guest do not
like the air-con switched on.

WAITER

Yes but the balcony door was
closed. It was super hot inside
the room.

FABRICE

Fetch Heidi and Nisha
immediately.

Waiter exits.

INT. ROOM 60 - NIGHT

Ingrid sits at the table and eats the food from the doggy
bag. She wears a yellow sarong and a white T-shirt from
Margery's wardrobe.

Chuck Spunt sits at the bottom of the bed with a glass of
toro sangria. His eyes roll around his head, his speech
slurred.

CHUCK SPUNT

Hahahaha. I absolutely love it
when that happens?

INGRID

(dismayed)

Love what. Mr Skunk?

CHUCK SPUNT

This. It's bloody amazing. You
wouldn't be able to buy this
stuff in England for love or
money.

INGRID

You mean bulls blood?

CHUCK SPUNT

Hahaha... Yes. Toro the bull.
Hahahaha...

INGRID

Are you drunk. Mr Skunk?

CHUCK SPUNT

Spot on. I'm as drunk as a skunk.

INGRID

But I need you not to be. So
please, no more toro sangria.

CHUCK SPUNT

Did Marge tell you about the time
we were on holiday in the
Canaries? We went to in a
Moroccan bar in Tenerife. We were
having a lovely time, but when
asked the waiter to fetch our
bill... d' you know what he said
to us?

INGRID

No. What did he say?

CHUCK SPUNT

He said, he said, there is no charge for you and your señorita. Well, this just prompted me to see who'd taken care of our bill. Then it suddenly dawned on me that everyone in the bar was dressed as a matador, except me and Marge, of course.

INGRID

(aback)

Matadors?

CHUCK SPUNT

Yes, matadors. Would you believe it? We were in a bar full of matadors. It turned out they'd mistaken me for a matador de toros from Seville.

(reflects)

Imagine- me a matador. Hahahahaha... a matador, me. We couldn't get out of there quick enough. Matador de toros!

A light tap at the door. They look at one another like cats caught in the headlights.

He climbs off the bed and unsteadily creeps over towards the door.

INGRID

Wait. Don't open it yet.

CHUCK SPUNT

It'll be Marge.

INGRID

But it might not. It might be Fabrice.

CHUCK SPUNT

Well, shall I open it, or not?

(panicked)

What d' you want me to do?

INGRID

I hide in cupboard, then open door.

She quickly climbs inside the wardrobe.

He opens the door to two glamorous brunettes: HEIDI 20, and NISHA 21. They are dressed to thrill in strapless, low cut dresses and stiletto heels.

NISHA

(grins)

Matador de toros. We are looking for our friend Ingrid? She has blonde hair and blue eyes. Have you seen her?

He shakes his head.

Heidi shows him a photograph of Ingrid wearing her bikini.

HEIDI

Are you sure? She is wearing the same bikini like photograph.

NISHA

We really must find her. She is in danger. Someone is after her. We must help her to get away.

HEIDI

Understand, baby?

CHUCK SPUNT

Just a minute.

He closes the door on them, then opens the wardrobe.

CHUCK SPUNT /

(whispers)

There are desirable women at the door. They say they are friends of yours. What shall I do?

INGRID

Send them away! Fabrice sent them. Tell them you have not seen me. Go!

CHUCK SPUNT

Rightyo.

He goes back to the door and opens it wide.

CHUCK SPUNT /
 Sorry about that little
 confusion. But I just asked my
 wife and she says she hasn't seen
 anyone of that description. Sorry
 we can't help any further.

NISHA
 (disbelievingly)
 Really?

He stumbles as they push him aside and enter the room.

CHUCK SPUNT
 What are you doing?! Get out or
 I'll call security!

HEIDI
 Shut up, you old fool.

NISHA
 Ha! We are security, Mister Chuck
 Spunk.

CHUCK SPUNT
 My name is Spunt!

HEIDI
 (grins)
 You know, you are very handsome
 for an English matador. We are
 going to drink you.

CHUCK SPUNT
 (aback)
 What?! I'm not a matador!

HEIDI
 Ya!

NISHA
 Ya!

He retreats and falls back on the bed.

Nisha climbs on top of him. Heidi crouches down on his face.

CHUCK SPUNT
 (muffled)
 Get off me! I can't breathe! I
 can't breathe! Just get off me! I
 can't breath...

Ingrid spies through a gap inside the wardrobe door ajar: Her
 POV: Chuck Spunt top and tailed as they simulate sex on him.

NISHA

Tell us where she is?

CHUCK SPUNT

Mmm... Mmm... Mmm...

HEIDI

(to Nisha)

Pull down his pants and bite his
genitals.

Nisha rips his pants down, then looks up with her eyes
SUFFUSED and her sabre tooth FANGS at the ready to bite it
off.

CHUCK SPUNT

Mmmm...

Heidi tickles his nose with her long black painted
FINGERNAIL.

The door opens and Margery burst in pulling a suitcase.

MARGERY

(outraged)

What the frigging hell! Get off
him you pair of sluts!

She takes up a jujitsu position as they exit in the blink of
an eye.

He looks up at her in abject horror.

MARGERY /

What the hell is going on in
here?!

CHUCK SPUNT

Margery.

(winces)

They just pounced on me when I
opened the door. I thought it was
you.

MARGERY

Likely story. And why is it that
every time I go out the flipping
door I come back to see you at it
with some big busted slut?!

CHUCK SPUNT

No, no, no... you don't understand. They forced their way in here and overpowered me. I had no chance with two of them, Marge.

Margery sits on the bed and begins to sob.

MARGERY

You should be ashamed of yourself, Chuck Spunt. How could you do this to me after all these years I've given to you?

Ingrid pokes her head out of the wardrobe. Margery spots her and gasps.

INGRID

I'm sorry, Missus Spunk, but it is not Chuckle's fault. It is all my fault. I want to apologise for what just happened to him.

MARGERY

It's Missus Spunt, not Spunk! And somebody better tell me what's going on before I pack my bags and take the next flight home.

INGRID

Those women belong to Fabrice. He sent them here to find me.

MARGERY

So that's why you were hiding in the wardrobe, then?

INGRID

Yes. He wants to kill me.

MARGERY

Well I don't know what it is you do in your country, but we're civilised where we come from, Chuck and I.

CHUCK SPUNT

Debatable, dear.

INGRID

Those two women forced your
husband on bed.

MARGERY

(to Ingrid)

Well, your stuff is in the
suitcase. Your personal
belongings and clothes. You can
take a taxi to the airport.
There's nothing else to keep you
here. I'll follow you down.

INGRID

Oh, sank you for doing this. I do
not know how I can sank you.

CHUCK SPUNT

(to Margery)

Ha! You don't know how happy I
was when you opened that door. Oh
my word... was I glad to see you,
Marge? Cor blimey, I thought she
was going to suffocate me.

Margery stares at him suspiciously.

MARGERY

You were loving every minute of
it.

CHUCK SPUNT

I couldn't breathe!

MARGERY

Is that what you call it?
(pauses)

And for your information, I nearly lost my life getting
Ingrid her stuff back from her apartment.

INGRID

I am sorry. I should have come to
hotel myself.

CHUCK SPUNT

(concerned)

What happened, my dear?

MARGERY

Men came into her room looking for her. I had to hide behind the shower curtain. If they'd found me I wouldn't be here. I'd probably be lying in a ditch somewhere.

CHUCK SPUNT

(exhales)

Right! I've had quite enough of this Agatha Christie drama. It's time I sorted this out once and for all.

The door opens and Fabrice casually enters with a huge grin and a BOUQUET of flowers.

Ingrid gasps and quickly retreats. Margery stands agape as Chuck Spunt looks at him in dismay.

CHUCK SPUNT /

Who the hell are you? And how did you get in here without a swipe card?

FABRICE

I am the manager of this hotel, Mr Skunk. Screams were reported coming from inside this room, so I thought I should check it out for myself.

MARGERY

So you are the big bad wolf, then?

FABRICE

Ha! And you must be Mr and Mrs Skunk, yes?

MARGERY

Spunt!

CHUCK SPUNT

Spunt!

FABRICE

Apologies. A typo, I imagine.

MARGERY

(interjects)

And the flowers?

FABRICE

(smiles)

For Ingrid.

INGRID

(aghast)

For me! But why?

FABRICE

You do not like them, Ingrid?

Chuck Spunt blocks his path as he steps forward to hand her the bouquet.

CHUCK SPUNT

If you do one more thing to her,
I'll... I'll...

Fabrice grins as he throws her the flowers. She catches them and smiles at him.

INGRID

Oh Fabrice. But I do not know
what to say.

MARGERY

(flippantly)

Sank you would be a start, my
dear.

FABRICE

I apologise for being vexed with
you, Ingrid. I was just having a
bad day, that's all. I never
meant to upset your feelings. I
want you to come with me.

INGRID

I'm sorry too.

FABRICE

Will you forgive me?

INGRID

You do not bite anymore?

He looks at his watch.Action

FABRICE

No. I promise, I will not bite.

INGRID

And men can look at me wissout
you getting angry?

FABRICE

Why not? You are beautiful. I
should expect other men to look
at you.

She bears a huge grin.

CHUCK SPUNT

Well, that clears that up.

MARGERY

That's better. Now we can get on
with our holiday.

FABRICE

Thank you for looking after her.
You can have as much sangria toro
as you like, on the house, of
course.

CHUCK SPUNT

Well, you should be more careful
where you stick your teeth in
future. She has the bite...

FABRICE

(grins)

DA!

CU: Fabrice's suffused eyes light up as he bears his fangs.

Chuck and Margery Spunt collapse on to the bed.

FABRICE /

(to Ingrid)

Now come with me, you. It's
almost feeding time.

He bites her neck, then carries her from the room with a
bloodthirsty expression upon his pale face.

FADE OUT:

THE END