

Pub Sontan

The weather was normal British weather: atrocious. A-bloody-trocious!

The skies peed all over London Town as the streets boasted frown after frown.

Buses splashed roadside loiterers and the smell of matured body odour mangled with engine fumes caressed the airwaves. And nostrils.

Then -

Wow;

Amongst all of this terrific commotion - in he wandered: Mr Alan Bino. AKA/ Al. Mr Al Bino.

AB: It's bloody freezing out there.

LANDLORD: A bit chilly, is it?

AB: A bit chilly? It's frozen my willy!

LANDLORD: Stiff, is it?

AB: Well, it's not standing to attention, like that pint is. (Al Bino points to the thickest head EVER witnessed. And that includes the 650+ in the House of Commons!)

LANDLORD: Pint of Rocket Fuel, Al?

AB: Please, Derek. I'm more than ready to enter orbit!

LANDLORD: Do you ever return? You were flying last night. A *blasted* nuisance, actually.

AB: Weren't my fault.

LANDLORD: *Someone* forced you to stand on the table with your trousers down - did they?

AB: Sort of...

LANDLORD: £4.60

(Al Bino removes his jacket).

LANDLORD: No stripping today, Al.

AB: It's bleedin' hot in 'ere. Feel like I'm in a Turkish bath!

LANDLORD: Just had the heating serviced. Nice and toasty, ain't it!

AB: I'll look like toast soon enough. Burnt Hovis!

LANDLORD: Well, whatever you do, that belt stays fastened... Unless you're in the bogs - peeing! Alright?

AB: (sipping beer) Did you hear 'bout ole Olly?

LANDLORD: Olly Otter?

AB: Yeah.

LANDLORD: What about him?

AB: Think I'm "otter" than 'im, now! HA HA HA!!

LANDLORD: You got me there, Al. By the way, joking aside, a *tan* would do you good. You're like a walking advert for Daz Ultra. Whiter than white! (Snort laughs).

AB: I was born as white as snow

And white as snow I too shall go!

It's bleedin' 'ot in 'ere though. Can't you turn the thermostat down?

LANDLORD: It's fixed.

AB: Fixed?!

LANDLORD: Yeah, fixed.

AB: Sounds like the Premier League!

LANDLORD: No comment!

AB: Quiet today.

LANDLORD: It is only 3...

AB: Yeah... Looking forward to my holiday.

LANDLORD: Going anywhere nice?

AB: Bognor.

LANDLORD: Ahhh... Well, hope the weather down there will be...

AB: Boggy. Probably...

LANDLORD: Don't forget to visit the History of Toilet Pans Museum when you're down there.

AB: In Bognor? ... I thought it was in *Luton*: the home of toilets...

LANDLORD: Oh...

AB: Fill her up. (Hands near-empty glass to landlord.)

LANDLORD: I'd love to fill *her* up! (Glances at pretty woman in corner).

AB: What, like a car?

LANDLORD: If you like. Her engine could operate my gear stick all night long, if you know what I mean... (Winks).

AB: Diiiiirty talk! Wash your mouth out with soap.

LANDLORD: Tried that once. The ex mother-in-law ordered the punishment. Little sticker on my tongue afterwards caused great amusement.

AB: Imperial Leather?

LANDLORD: What?! You mean, for that bondage lark?

AB: Soap!!!

LANDLORD: Not again! Taste was 'orrible...

New Scene

Leaning against the bar top, Al Bino burps - aggressively.

LANDLORD: Charming!

AB: You're welcome!

LANDLORD: You look flushed, Al.

AB: (checks wallet) Well, I'm not feeling it, financially.

LANDLORD: Red!

AB: A book?

LANDLORD: Your boat race!

AB: Never heard of that one. Who's it by?

LANDLORD: Red as a radish your face is!

AB: (burps) Rad-eees-shhhsss ain't red.

LANDLORD: A tomato then.

AB: Fill her up.

LANDLORD: She's gone! (Glancing in disappointment).

AB: HA HA! (Buuuuuuurp).

LANDLORD: You'll be off to the Moon again at this rate. This'll be your sixth Rocket Fuel.

AB: An' what about it?

LANDLORD: £4.60.

AB: (struggling to fish for change in his pockets) It's bloody 'ot in 'ere. Need the liquids to keep me hyrate... hyrday... hyraid... alive!

Other patrons grumble: unbuttoned shirts; fan with their hands).

LANDLORD: Maybe it's 'cos I'm used to it. The heat. You know...

AB: How d'ya mean?

LANDLORD: The extra heat.

AB: You're from Lambeth.

LANDLORD: So?

AB: Hardly Caribbean temperatures over there.

LANDLORD: Chilli!

AB: You're not South American. Don't lie!

LANDLORD: Chilli peppers!

AB: Great band. Fly away on my Zephyr... (Burp)!

LANDLORD: Look... The heat. The Scoville Scale. Those ghost peppers, Carolina reapers, Scotch bonnets - lovely. Can do them all night long.

AB: With that bird?

LANDLORD: Even had chilli sarnies before. Sweet as with grated Cheddar.

AB: (BUUUUUURP!)

LANDLORD: Your forehead's like the Niagara Falls!

AB: Be-have!

LANDLORD: Okay. A drippy tap then. Need a washer!

AB: (sniffs armpits) I showered yesterday morning. Smart arse.

LANDLORD: Do you want the bar towel?

AB: I told ya - I've had a shower. Got dried after. Need no towel now, me.

LANDLORD: Look - this script needs to get back on track.

AB: Love trains, I do.

LANDLORD: (to camera/audience/listeners) New scene. New scene. NEW SCENE.
PLEEEEEEEEEEEASE!

New Scene

Al Bino is slouched over the bar - sweltering. His face: a huge melting ice cube and his t-shirt as wet as fish skin.

Nobody else - bar the landlord (pun intended) - has remained.

AB: Fill her...

LANDLORD: (joyful; shirt unbuttoned and a glow to go face) Blast-off time must be approaching!

AB: (panting) Need more lubrication!

Clock on the wall above bar reads 4:35 (p.m.)

Pub door creaks - a man and woman enter. They immediately leave again, puffing due to the extreme heat.

AB: (supping/sarcastically) You should change the name of this boozier, to: The Suntanned Man. Much better than The Green Man. And more accurate.

LANDLORD: (in thought) Hmm... Not a bad idea, actually... Yes... Could draw in a whole new clientele.

AB: (BUUUUUURP) Happy to help.

LANDLORD: I could flog ice lollies - boozy ones: gin, vodka, whiskey...

AB: Beer! (Burp)

LANDLORD: Love it!

AB: An' hire out deckchairs...

LANDLORD: Yes! Yes! No! No! No! Stupid idea...

AB: Why?

LANDLORD: Drinkers are hardly gonna come here in shirts and... bikinis... are they... (grins in thought)

AB: Suntan lotion.

LANDLORD: (still in thought) What?

AB: To run in.

LANDLORD: (sarcastically) Yeah. I could stick buckets and spades and rubber rings too...

AB: Need some sand first. And water. Salty stuff.

LANDLORD: (sarcastic) I never thought of that.

AB: Turn it (burp) into one of those theme pubs. Could be a winner...

LANDLORD: Yeah; winner winner...

AB: Chicken...

LANDLORD: (louder over top) POT NOODLE dinner.

AB: Bombay Bad Boy?

LANDLORD: Ridiculous idea. It'd never work. It couldn't work. Never known anything like it before...
Never been anything like it here, has there... Barmy ! Nonsense talk! Crazy!

AB: (Buuuurp!)

New Scene

Some time later...

The landlord and Al Bino are topless in The pub, sweltering. Their trousers are rolled up and their feet dipped into small inflatable paddling pools! Al is polishing off a cocktail.

LANDLORD: This is the life, ain't it, Al!

AB: Beautiful. (Burp).

LANDLORD: Who needs the Costa Brava or Del Sol?!

AB: Costa suits me fine. Love their lattes.

New customers enter the pub - a man and woman, both middle-aged.

LANDLORD: No rest for the - For the - The - Suntanned! (HA-HA)

AB: (Burp) Same again, boss.

LANDLORD: Another Super Duper Soothe-the-Mind and You-may-Find cocktail coming up! Nine quid.

AB: Bleeding heck. They were £3.50 earlier.

LANDLORD: Happy Hour's finished.

The man and woman stroll to the bar wearing swimming costumes and both carry portable hand-fans.

LANDLORD: Welcome to Sun Fun. The pub where you can drink and eat in the scorching heat! What can I get you?

MAN: Two specialities please, as mentioned in the window.

WOMAN: On the poster!

LANDLORD: Great choice! Do you have your own bands?

MAN: Arm-bands?

LANDLORD: Alco-bands. The water is pretty deep though...

WOMAN: How deep?

LANDLORD: Deeper than his (pointing at Al Bino) pockets. Ha!

MAN: We have -

LANDLORD: You can hire a pair, of course. Each Alco-band comes fully loaded. A cocktail floating experience you will *never* forget!

The couple mumble to each other as a group of six young adults enter (three men, three women).

Gobby leader of gang: (GOBBY).

GOBBY: Six specials, gov. And make it snappy! (Laughs). (Showing off) I ain't scared, am I! Let's he our willies wet lads! Whooo!

AB: (mumbling) It's the only way yours will ever be wet, tit-head.

The landlord glares at Al.

AB: (admiring his tan) I'm lobster-esque! Not so white anymore! I'm fact, the way I'm going, (studying his arms and chest) those Love Island hunks best watch out!

A pool to the right of the bar is filled with fizzing orange liquid. (Tango/Fanta-like). The man and woman carefully climb in via the metal stairs wearing their bulgy alco-bands, as landlord serves the gobby gang.

The pool of fizzy orange is oval and large boulders surround most of the perimeter - bar the steps which enter. Garden reclining chairs sit randomly around the pool!

MAN: This is lovely!

WOMAN: I feel all bubbly! Like a bar of Aero Mint!

MAN: Apparently, this water is non-potable (pointing to a sign at the side of the pool). Pity. It looks delicious!

WOMAN: Did you just touch my lady purse? You cheeky sod!

MAN: My hands have been nowhere near; yet...

The couple giggle - hysterically. Al Bino watches on - his cocktail now delivered and his lips sucking for England.

The group of six have paid and wear their alco-bands beside the pool.

GOBBY: How deep do ya reckon it is?

GIRL FROM GROUP: Why don't ya jump in and find out. It was your idea to come here, Brandon.

GUY FROM GROUP: (piping up) It's effin' hot in here. I'm game. Need to cool down. (Pats his stomach). Rest these muscles a bit; know what I mean... (Winks and takes a run up).

All of a sudden...

Suddenly...

All of a sudden...

SPLASH!

BANG!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

The greatest scream ears have ever detected:

"AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" pierced

airwaves for 14 and three quarter miles. Even hearing aid wearers with worn out batteries in Surrey jumped off their zimmerframes.

(This script could end here - leaving imagination to run wild like an eager, overactive child - but...)

New Scene

A pair of Speedos and 2 deflated alco-bands float on the surface grimly, as Al Bino and the Landlord chat at the bat, sipping in Rocket Fuel. Atmosphere is *full of fear*.

AB: At least I got a tan. (Boasts his red-skin triumphantly amongst the fear).

LANDLORD: (pondering nervously) What's it like there?

AB: Where?

LANDLORD: Prison.

AB: It weren't your fault. (BURP).

LANDLORD: I'm the landlord!

AB: So...?

LANDLORD: (a tone more hopeful) It was *your* bloody idea!

AB: (BURP) And? It was was a *bloody good idea*. Until that twit dragged your radio behind him.

LANDLORD: I swear I thought I'd unplugged it. Well, I think I did. I'm sure I did. Did I?

AB: Was his doing. Jumping in like that. Show off.

LANDLORD: Mr Bombastic! That was it. The old tune by Shaggy! That was the song I last listened to on it.

AB: Mr BOOMBastic's more appropriate now...

LANDLORD: Will we share a cell?

AB: Hope not.

LANDLORD: Why?

AB: You fart a lot. Discreetly, I know; but I've caught yer.

LANDLORD: And you BURP for England! Europe, in fact!

AB: (BUUUUURP!) Better out than in!

LANDLORD: I'd rather be out...