

DREAMER MARINA

By SARA-LEE MCCALL

EPISODE 1 - THE PARTY

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1 DREAMER MARINA . EPISODE 1. 1

1 EXT. RIVERBANK - NIGHT 1

Five ramshackle houseboats are moored to a muddy riverbank by a "Disco-deck" raised on plastic barrels. A mirror ball swings from pergola above a group of louche middle-age drinkers on a sofa and cushions around a fire pit. They are:

Dave, (50-ish, faded jeans ,tie-dye shirt, long hair) a kitchen fitter (Oak Isle boat); Dave's 'friend', Jenny, (mid-50s, floaty clothes, tattoos) a Brummy youth worker; Daryl a (60s, black 'slacks', arty t-shirt) a gap toothed jewellery-trader (on Paint my Wagon); Angelina, (early 60s, pretty, in denim/black) a chain-smoking French-Creole poet and 'lifestyle writer'; her partner, Ralph, (late 60s, a silver-fox-in-linen), ex-lecturer and artist (both on Sub-Exotica); and, Cameron, (late 40s, tanned, toned, neat, a part-time fire-fighter/personal trainer and ex butler-in-the-buff (on Fika Lassie). There's also Flasher, a 3 legged rescue greyhound. They are discussing their Community Café project. Angelina has her laptop open and speaks with a French accent.

ANGELINA

Now, have I missed anything? We must send this tonight and in six weeks, maybe we will have the money for Dreamer Marina!

DAVE

Except it's not actually a Marina is it? It's a café.

The others roll their eyes. Daryl speaks in a strange mixed cockney, Irish, Brummy, Cornish accent depending on his mood.

DARYL

Shut up, Dave, ya bloody idiot.

DAVE

Just saying, mate. I'm right behind it. Want to sell my home brew.

No one speaks.

RALPH

Let's get the funding first eh?

ANGELINA

Yes. But can we please...

JENNY

Perhaps I could put on some live theatre. And you could sell your pictures, Ralph?

Dave rolls his eyes.

RALPH

Yes, I could. Now, let's...

DAVE

Except you're not involved, Jenny, because you don't live here.

Jenny looks downcast.

JENNY

And your beer tastes like a dirty protest (beat). Might taste.

Daryl sniggers . Dave smiles sarcastically.

DARYL

Actually ,you's pretty close, it's like that laxative, syrup of figs!

CAMERON

Hey,I could have a, sort of, LA-style outdoor gym?

DARYL

(Smiling kindly) That's a fine idea, Cameron. Ya could indeed.

RALPH

Okay, guys! Back to the lottery form. Are we all happy with it?

The others nod and murmur yes.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Excellent. Angelina ballerina, press submit!

ANGELINA

Et... voila!

Everyone cheers. The odd raindrop plops around them.

DARYL

Well done, Ange. A toast is in order, I think : to Dreamer Marina!

ALL  
To Dreamer Marina!

DARYL  
And as it's such a nice evening, I  
tink we need... (beat)a ...

Others groan .

DARYL (CONT'D)  
Swim!

Half laughing, half moaning, they strip off and run, slide or tumble into the muddy water. Angelina paddles, still smoking, Cameron and Dave jump in and Daryl flops in, his drink held aloft. They splash and shriek under fairy lights strung between the boats. Thunder rumbles and a downpour begins.

The title comes up -

DREAMER MARINA

2 EXT. DISCODECK - NEXT MORNING

2

Cameron lifts weights in the mist, all gleaming muscles. Daryl watches dreamily from his boat. Cameron's phone rings and we see Mary Pierce, lifestyle and fitness guru, (60s, in a dark silk kimono) in her chic ranch, Casa Capelli, at the top of the field. She strokes her Pharaoh-Hound Nosferata.

MARY  
Cameron. Happy Birthday, sweetie.

CAMERON  
Thanks, Mary (wiping sweat away).

MARY  
And are you free later?

CAMERON  
Yes, later on this afternoon. Why?

MARY  
Well, Nosferata needs her walk and you, YOU, need your birthday treat!

Cameron smiles, blushes a little.

CAMERON  
Is 6 too late?

MARY

No. 6 is perfect. See you then.

CAMERON

Cool. Bye for now.

Mary rings off, then unlocks and enters a small room. Inside, she circles an architect's model of her stilted Eco-Spa development which runs down to the riverbank.

3

EXT. DAVE'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS

3

Dave drinks tea inside. In the fore-cabin, a hungover Jenny stares at messy smeared sheets.

JENNY

Dave!(beat) Dave!

He goes in and sees the marks and scoffs.

DAVE

Jesus Jenny - what's wrong?

Jenny sits, inconsolable, on the bed.

JENNY

Oh my god, look!

DAVE

Calm down. It's just mud.

JENNY

Mud? Why's there mud? Shit. I thought... God, I hate wine.

DAVE

Well that's not true is it? You insisted on a bit of 'Al-fresco'.

DAVE (CONT'D)

'Come on, Dave - let's do it alfresco! Pleeese...'

Dave looks smug face whilst Jenny shakes her head, slowly.

JENNY

Oh my god, I can't remember .

DAVE

It's fine. But, um, now, Jenny, I do need to get to work. Sorry. I did say.

JENNY

What right this minute ? But...

DAVE

Yeah. I'm really sorry. I did say.

JENNY

Fine. I need to go and write.

DAVE

But you're not really a writer are you?

JENNY

What?

DAVE

Well - you make up plays for teenage losers. Occasionally.

JENNY

And you're not an 'artisan woodworker', you're a bloody kitchen fitter. Fuck's sake. Where's my knickers?

DAVE

I'll ignore that, Jenny.

Jenny glares at him, and Dave stares back, condescendingly.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Scuse me, please. I need the toilet.

She grabs her bag and storms out, pushing him against the wall accidentally on purpose. Then turns back briefly.

JENNY

Prick! Remember not to flush (makes a vomit face).

She climbs off Oak Isle and finds her knickers in the field. Amused, Daryl watches from his boat.

4 EXT. DAVE'S BOAT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

4

Dave emerges on deck with his tea, sits, sighs happily and strokes his cat, who slinks off at his touch.

DAVE

Morning to you too, Tanks.

Next door, on board the colourful Paint-My-Wagon, he sees Clem emerge onto deck, open an energy drink and lie down. She's arty, black bob, mid 20s, wearing huge sunglasses and a swimsuit. Dave stares at her, captivated.

5 EXT. DARYL'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS

5

Daryl comes out with coffee. His paunch rests on the tatty belt of his black 'sheeny' slacks.

DARYL

Coffee, love?

Clem signals yes her thumb up. Daryl sees Dave wave and turns away. Dave goes over anyway, with tea, still staring at Clem.

DAVE

Nice morning.

DARYL

Sure is. You alright?

Clem sits up and dangles her feet in the water. Dave stares at her again.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Yous still not getting much then,  
Dave?

DAVE

What? Speak clearly can't you?

DARYL

Wazzat yous sayin' mate? Speak up!

DAVE

Shut up, Daryl, you deaf gypsy.

DARYL

I could you get arrested for that.  
It's a hate crime.

DAVE

(tuts) Yeah, right, whatever.

Daryl smirks.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Actually, Jenny just left so I am  
'getting it'. Actually.

DARYL  
Stop staring at my daughter then.

DAVE  
I'm not! Bugger off, Daryl!

Clem smiles momentarily, looking at the water. Daryl laughs.

DARYL  
Ya thick git. Anyway, how is the  
lovely Jenny? Looked good this  
morning, I thought.

DAVE  
She's fine. But, it's pretty much  
over. Time for me to move on.

DARYL  
From Jenny. Why? Can't be anyone  
else fancies you, surely not?

DAVE  
Haha.(beat) There is actually. But  
you know me,I'm a free spirit, fam.

DARYL  
Fam? Fam? What is wrong with you?  
I reckon she's tired of you.

DAVE  
Unlikely. Told me she loves me, so  
no, wrong again. Fam.

DARYL  
Really. Right , well, I got things  
to do. I is a busy man.

Clem slips into the water and swims off,smiling, still in  
her dark glasses. Dave watches her, then gets up.

DAVE  
Me too. See you on the dance floor!

DARYL  
Yeah, course, Cam's party. See you  
later.



6

EXT. FIELD - A BIT LATER

6

Dave walks past Angelina and Ralph, sitting with coffee and I-Pads on their willow-enclosed roof of their converted submarine. They all wave. He passes Cameron sitting at the disco-deck with a protein shake and a towel round his neck.

CAMERON

Morning, Dave.

DAVE

Hey, Cam! Happy Birthday!

CAMERON

Thanks, mate. Coming tonight?

DAVE

Defo. Can't wait. Beer's brewed.

CAMERON

I think we've got enough drink, but  
yeah, thank you, bring it in case.

Dave starts dancing.

DAVE

(sings) 'It's your birthday, it's  
your birthday!'

Cameron smiles kindly.

CAMERON

I'll see you later then.

DAVE

Kay fam, gotta bounce!

Cameron smiles, watching Dave 'bounce' away with his toolkit.

7

INT. CASA CAPELLI - AFTERNOON

7

Mary checks her emails. Her sleek silver-blond hair is tied back. She knows about the 'less is more' fillers rule. Her phone flashes 'Council'. She answers to 'Access Officer' Tomasso Denaro, 45, sitting in a cloud of vape in a wheelchair in an office. He leans back, tucks a violet tie into his pinstripe trousers and strokes a bronze race-horse on his desk. Mary is bright and business like.

MARY

Hello. Mary Pierce.

TOMASSO

Good afternoon, Ms Pierce. Tomasso Denaro here. Planning Department.

MARY

Tom-asso De-naro. What an exotic name. How can I help you, Tomasso?

TOMASSO

Well, Ms Pierce. I am the accessibility officer for commercial projects .

MARY

Ahh, interesting. Do call me Mary.

TOMASSO

So, Mary, it's about your'Eco-Spa'.

MARY

Oh, good. How can I help?

TOMASSO

Before we consider the plans, we need to check the construction details of the walkways linking the treatment rooms.

MARY

Of course. Easy access between the 'pods' is vital for our rehab clients with wheelchairs and um,(grimaces) mobility scooters.

TOMASSO

As is safety vital, you'll agree. So, we need a sample of the walkway - say two metres - to show details of the edging, joins, wood etc.

MARY

(hesitant)Okay. Shouldn't be a problem.

TOMASSO

And we need a non-slip analysis report too, please.

MARY

And when do you need all this by?

TOMASSO

The meeting is in two weeks and I think it would be better for you if we see the sample before.

Mary rolls her eyes. Tomasso refills his vape with CBD oil.

MARY

I'd better get on with it then.

TOMASSO

Yes please. Give me a call when it's ready and I'll pop over.

MARY

Certainly. I look forward to seeing you soon.

TOMASSO

Oh, Mary, just one more thing. What is happening to the river residents? We've had no feedback from the planning notices.

MARY

That's odd. But anyway, they said they're all happy to move, with an excellent financial settlement, of course, so it's all fine.

TOMASSO

I see. Well we can speak to them when we visit. Goodbye.

MARY

Yes, speak soon. Bye, Tomasso.

She hangs up, sighs dramatically then dials Cameron.

MARY (CONT'D)

Cammy. Birthday boy! Now, don't suppose you give me the number for that carpenter chap please?(pause) Yes, festively-type.(Pause) Dave, that's it. Thank you, sweetie. I'll see you later.

8

EXT. DISCODECK - EARLY EVENING

8

Angelina is setting out drinks, Ralph is playing Ibiza- style chill music and plumping cushions on bucket chairs. Dave arrives in a small pink T-shirt and striped ankle-grazer jeans. He plonks 2 plastic beer barrels on the bar.

DAVE

Here we go - the finishing touch.

ANGELINA

Great. Is that all there is?

DAVE

Yeah , sorry. But there's more brewing.

ANGELINA

No, no, these are fine. Thank you.

Dave wanders over to Ralph.

RALPH

Hey, man. Nice T-shirt.

DAVE

Cheers! Nice chairs. Cheaper than wood I expect. Mass production eh!

RALPH

Not really , no, but crucially, Dave, these are made from recycled plastic bottles. In England.

DAVE

Wow. Obviously I'll do wooden ones for the café. Up-cycled of course.

RALPH

Cool. Let's talk more about that.

DAVE

Yeah, really cool. Look forward to it. Right, I'm going to see what the reprobate's up to (gestures to Daryl).

RALPH

Okay. See you in a bit.

Daryl sits on the old sofa in a coloured shirt, trilby and lots of gold jewellery, drinking beer. Dave joins him .

DAVE

Alright Daryl? Looking very 'disco' tonight.

DARYL

Only the finest polyester for da special night.

DAVE

Rocking it, man! So, who's coming?

DARYL

Don't know, Clem's got some art show first- on that pretend council estate in town, so she may come later with a couple of mates.

DAVE

Yeah? Cool loco. Summerhouse Road.

DARYL

It's Summerfield road, actually.

Dave shrugs.

DAVE

Maybe. Whatever. Just so cool, all that mid 20th pre-fab and concrete.

DARYL

Right. So, did you invite Jenny?

DAVE

Yeah. She didn't fancy it.

DARYL

You's a liar! When I asked her, she said she is coming.

DAVE

Prick! How've you got her number?

DARYL

She's selling me some jewellery .

DAVE

Crook.

DARYL

Prejudiced.

DAVE

Oh grow up. We're still really good mates.

He sips his beer and checks his 'likes' on Hinge. None yet. Daryl sneaks a look and scoffs.

9

INT. CASA CAPELLI - EARLY EVENING.

9

In the bedroom, Cameron is snuggled into Mary sleepily, stroking her arm. She shifts him off as she sits up to text.

CAMERON

You're always on the phone. It is my birthday you know?

MARY

Sorry, sweetie. (Beat) Um, Cammy, don't suppose you could grab me a pen and a drink please? Should be one by the fridge?

CAMERON

(sighs) Yes, suppose so.

MARY

Large vodka Martini, thank you.

Cameron goes. Mary texts the following : *hi Rory, we need to speak. I'll FaceTime tomorrow?*

Cameron returns with two drinks . As he lifts the sheets, she pushes them closed again.

MARY (CONT'D)

Sorry darling. I need to rest now. Isn't your party about to start?

CAMERON

Uh, yes, I suppose so.

MARY

And you haven't fed Nosferata yet, so if you could do that, then go have fun!

CAMERON

Fine. And thanks for the card and present.

MARY

Oh don't be like that. You had a special present.

She tickles his chest and chin, he shies away from her.

MARY (CONT'D)

And,also, you couldn't put Nozzy out for a wee could you sweetie?

Cameron grabs his clothes and goes into kitchen. He fusses Nosferata and feeds her.

CAMERON

She doesn't really want either of us Nozzy does she?

As he shuts the fridge door, a letter falls off the counter. It's from the Council His eyes rest on the words 'Eco-Spa development - repositioning of moorings to Stamford'.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Shit.

Upset, he starts for the bedroom then stops, replaces the letter and leaves with Nosferata.

10

EXT. DISCODECK - LATER

10

The party's started . Jenny and Daryl are on the sofa laughing. Dave is drinking a lot of his home brew, staring at them. Ralph sorts the music. Angelina sits down beside Dave.

ANGELINA

Bonsoir, Dave. How is it going?

DAVE

Yeah, good thanks. Chilling.

ANGELINA

Watching Jenny?

DAVE

Yeah course, just looking out for my mate.

ANGELINA

So, no more romance then, you two?

DAVE

Not for me. She wants something serious. But I'm not ready.

ANGELINA

Hmm, I'd say 50 was probably time to get serious, wouldn't you?

Dave shrugs .

DAVE

Maybe. Not yet though.

ANGELINAS

Well, you are a 'free spirit', so probably for the best, cheri.

DAVE

Totally. But I worry about Daryl. I mean, she's quite vulnerable.

ANGELINA

(Laughs) Jenny's not vulnerable! And I wouldn't worry about Daryl.

DAVE

Hmm. Hey, want to try a beer?

Mas-Che-Nada song comes on.

ANGELINA

Maybe later. Sorry- I have to dance! Ralph, turn it up!

She runs off and grabs Ralph to dance, just as a downcast Cameron arrives. He cheers up as they all hug him and Jenny drags him to the dance floor.

11

EXT. DISCODECK - LATER

11

It's dark and the music is lower. Everybody is drunk and lounging around, except Jenny and Angelina who mime-dance to Wuthering Heights, finishing to a smatter of applause before flopping down by the others. Dave sits by Jenny and starts to flirt. Cameron and Daryl are in a serious discussion.



DARYL

We already know about the Eco-Spa.  
She's building it near Melton.

CAMERON

No she's not. She's doing it right  
here and she's kicking us off!

DARYL

She can't be. Get a photo of that  
letter, Cam, coz if you are right,  
well, we're in the shit, my boy.

Daryl pats Cameron's knee momentarily.

CAMERON

No, Daryl. I'm sure I'm right. What  
other boats would need to move to  
Stamford?

DARYL

Hmm. Maybe. But we'd've seen  
planning notices.

Everyone is listening now.

RALPH

Unless someone took them down.

CAMERON

I'm telling you, she's building the  
spa here-and moving us out!

RALPH

She can't move us. The mooring  
rights are ours forever.

DAVE

Protected. By law in fact.

RALPH

Correct. For locals and their  
relatives.

ANGELINA

But, remember, our rights are only  
for this little strip of land and  
access. She can do what she wants  
with the rest.

DARYL

Ange - the field's a bog half the year. Impossible to build on. And, it'd look shit next to this dump(gestures around). She ain't doing it here, I'm telling ya.

CAMERON

She's thought of everything. She's putting it on stilts.

DAVE

(Nodding). Hmm, good idea. But, is this true ?

RALPH

I hope not. It's the only place left we can afford to live freely.

Angelina glares at him, thinking about the huge house they've let so she could write her 'River Liver' book.

DAVE

Maybe she thinks we'd leave for the right money though .

DARYL

You would.

DAVE

No I wouldn't . I love it here. You probably would, you money grabbing..

DARYL

What? Money grabbing what? Fucking prick! (he gets up). YOU would!

Dave also stands up, pokes him in the shoulder and shouts.

DAVE

Poozio!

DARYL

Poo-Zion? You total prick! What da fuck are you talking about?

Daryl launches himself at Dave who immediately sits down, leaving Daryl to fall flat on his belly, spill his beer everywhere then slowly try to get up.

DAVE

Whoah, fam. Sorry,man. I'm a lover  
not a fighter.

RALPH

Hey, guys ! Guys! Shut up. You're  
meant to be mates. Say sorry.

Nobody speaks. Daryl sits down and swigs his whisky .

ANGELINA

What if it is true ? What are we  
going to do about it?

DAVE

I'll suss it out. She wants to see  
me about some work tomorrow.

RALPH

Really? What work?

DAVE

Don't know yet. Didn't ask.

RALPH

Okay.Enough . We'll talk about it  
tomorrow . It's Cameron's birthday.

The others all nod and agree, smiling again.

ANGELINA

Who's next to mime-dance? Cameron?

ALL

Yeah! Come on, Cam, Cam, Cam!

JENNY

Go on, birthday boy!

Cameron gives in and gets up. Daryl whispers something to  
Ralph, who puts on 'I Believe in Miracles'. Cameron laughs,  
as the girls get up and dance either side of him.

JENNY (CONT'D)

You KNOW what you need to do now!

He makes a sexy serious face then, begins a very slow  
striptease to the music. Daryl whoops and raises his drink.

12 EXT. DISCODECK - LATER

12

Jenny and Dave sit on the grass, slurring and giggling. Dave whispers something to her.

JENNY

Hmm,okay, just one more time. I'm getting a bit bored too, actually.

DAVE

Yes, sure, then it's time to press pause, babe.

Jenny nods, bemused. The others are stumbling towards them, beers in hand, shouting and throwing off their clothes.

ALL

Swim, swim, swim!

DARYL

Get in there!

Laughing, they join the others, tumbling into the muddy water.

13 INT. CASA CAPELLI - NEXT MORNING

13

Mary is Face-timing Rory Marlin, 60s, Texan Owner of 'Special Pleasure Parks'. His large blue-slacked crotch fills the screen, which occasionally reveals his yellow/purple top, huge diver's watch and his hand-grip muscle-flexer.

RORY

Tomasso Denaro. Hmm. (Beat). I'm not worried. Get the mock-up done and, while you're at it, make it wider, for the big buggies.

MARY

And what about the boat people?

RORY

Pick 'em off one by scraggy one. Start with the carpenter boy.

MARY

Okay. Leave it to me.

RORY

We're doing good here, girl. A Rehabilitation Spa for the local community and if, Lord forbid, it fails, then Special Pleasure Parks will create safe, accessible ranches and golfing for all. Everyone's a winner, Martini Mary!

The screen goes off as Mary tries to interject.

MARY

I hope you're right. Sp...

14 INT. DAVE'S BOAT - MORNING

14

In bed, Jenny stares at the ceiling. Dave stirs, cuddles her then opens his eyes

DAVE

Oops.

JENNY

Oops alright. Don't worry, I'm going.

She gets up and starts to dress. Dave turns away.

DAVE

I think we were both a bit..

JENNY

Off our tits? Yes.

Jenny gets up and puts her dress on and leaves.

DAVE

(shouts) Sorry! Still mates? Sorry!

15 EXT. DARYL'S BOAT - LATER

15

Daryl stirs amongst a mess of old gold and silver jewellery. He rolls onto a large plastic butt plug, frowns, then sits up groggily. He pokes a silent, still duvet shape.

DARYL

Hey, wake up. I'm going out. Try and leave discreetly.

No response.

DARYL (CONT'D)  
Come on, mate. Get up!

There is a murmur of agreement. Daryl starts to dress.

16 EXT. ANGELINA'S BOAT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

16

Dave and Angelina drink tea/espresso on deck. Daryl joins them. Ralph slouches back in his straw hat, eyes shut.

DARYL  
Oy! Wake up, Ralph. This is important.

RALPH  
Sorry. I'm listening. But, as I said last night, she can't do it .

ANGELINA  
Ignore him. Dave, are you definitely going up there later, about the work?

DAVE  
Sure am. And I'll find out exactly what's on and then I'll sort it.

ANGELINA  
No, just find out if it's true.

DARYL  
And get photos of plans or letters.

DAVE  
Thanks, Daryl. I was going to.

ANGELINA  
Okay. Perfect .

DARYL  
Hey Dave! At least you got Jenny drunk enough to stay last night.

DAVE  
She wasn't drunk, she chose to indulge in the Oak of Oak Isle.

DARYL  
(stifling a laugh) She what? What the...

Ralph covers his face and shakes his head, also cracking up.

ANGELINA

Oh my god. Please stop. Here's  
Cameron.

Cameron slowly climbs aboard in Ray-bans, clutching his  
protein shake.

ANGELINA (CONT'D)

Good morning, Cam. How are you ?

CAMERON

Not well. And I'm worse because I  
can't believe Mary would lie to me.  
I thought she really liked me and  
she wanted to be my..

ANGELINA

What, Cheri... your mother?

CAMERON

No, course not, but, I don't know.

ANGELINA

She likes you because you are  
always running there like a little  
doggie when she calls.

DARYL

It's US that like you. Care about  
you, in fact. You need a more  
genuine 'friend' in your life.

Cameron shrugs. Ralph sits up, lowers his sunglasses.

RALPH

Now, we need to talk about your  
visit, Dave.

DAVE

Sure. I'm popping in after tea.

RALPH

Right. So, just before you get  
there, call me, I'll pick up and  
you just leave the phone on in  
your pocket so we can listen in  
here and text any questions.

DAVE

Ahhh, Good plan, man.

ANGELINA  
Excellent plan, cheri .

DAVE  
Leave it to me.(Beat) Hey, Flasher!

Flasher skips on board and they all fuss him.

ANGELINA  
I suppose it's my turn to walk you  
Flash. Again.

The others look down, mumbling. She grabs a lead and goes ashore with a happy Flasher.

ANGELINA (CONT'D)  
See you all later!

17 INT. CASA CAPELLI - EARLY EVENING

17

Still in the same clothes as the party, a serious-looking Dave walks to Mary's . He's on the phone whilst Angelina, Ralph, Cameron and Daryl listen in on deck.

DAVE  
Almost there.

ANGELINA  
If a message pings, say it's your  
mum. And good luck!

DAVE  
Will do. Pocketing phone now. Over  
and out.

18 INT. CASA CAPELLI - CONTINUOUS

18

During the next scene we occasionally see the others snigger/react silently as they listen in. Mary's decking is set with sun loungers, candle-lanterns and a fire-pit. Dave crosses it nervously and stands at the open kitchen door. Mary, in a cream off-the-shoulder top and loose silk trousers, sips her Martini and shimmies to a Grace Jones song. The walkway plans are set out. She sees Dave, smiles and beckons him in.

MARY  
Dave! Come on in!

DAVE  
Hi Mary. Nice to see you again.



MARY

Yes. We did meet once, briefly, I think. Martini?

DAVE

No. Just tea please.

MARY

Really?

DAVE

Uh, well... go on then.

MARY

Go on tea or go on Martini?

DAVE

Umm, uhh, Martini. I think.

Whilst Mary goes to the fridge, Dave sees the diagrams, trying to take out his phone but Mary turns back, so he starts scratching himself inside his pocket.

MARY

Are you okay?

DAVE

Uh, yeah, cool, just um, an itch. I mean an allergy. (beat) Interesting plans here?

Mary gives him a drink and stands very close to a statue-still Dave, wincing slightly at his smelly T-shirt.

MARY

So, as you may know, I'm building an accessible Eco-spa near Melton.

DAVE

Ahh. I think I heard. Where exactly?

MARY

Near the golf-club, on the way to Loughborough.

DAVE

Ahh.(emphatically)on the way to Loughborough . Not at that Golf Club,by the swimming lake?

MARY  
Yes. You know it?

DAVE  
Sort of. Great spot. Very central.

MARY  
Exactly.(beat) So, these designs are walkways, designed for wheelchair users too, but before the council approved the application, we need to build a detailed mock-up - which is where you come in, Dave.

DAVE  
Ah, I see. Cool.

His phone vibrates.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Oops. Sorry .

MARY  
One of your lady friends?

DAVE  
Hah... I wish! Probably my mother.  
I'll just silence it.

He reads: *stop being so obvious*. Then turns off vibrate.

MARY  
So do you think you could do that?  
Use the diagrams to make up a couple of metres, as a sample?

DAVE  
Yes, of course . No problem.

MARY  
But, could you do it this week?

Dave runs his finger across the diagrams.

DAVE  
Hmm. Probably . Materials seem pretty standard. Take me 3 or 4 days I reckon.

MARY  
Excellent. And you charge?

DAVE  
£320 a day.

MARY  
(shocked) £320. Right. I see.

DAVE  
Yes, but I'm more of an artisan  
really. A craftsman. But, I don't  
mind helping you.

MARY  
Very kind, thank you. Now , Dave,  
could I, um, ask you a slightly  
personal question?

Dave stares down at his drink.

DAVE  
Yes. Suppose so.

MARY  
Do you have a washing machine on  
the boat?

DAVE  
I wish. No mains water .

MARY  
How annoying(touches his arm). You  
need better facilities down there.

Dave's hand goes to his pocket.

DAVE  
(Louder and clearer) Maybe, but I  
love my boat. Wouldn't change it  
for the world. Oak Isle's my  
forever home.

MARY  
Oak Isle. What a lovely name! But  
surely, you'd love it more with  
mains water.

DAVE  
Yes, course. Be great but...

MARY  
(Smiling falsely ). And, do you  
live there with a partner?

DAVE  
Just the cat. Free to go with the  
flow, me. Like a water spirit.

A strange snigger sounds from his pocket. Mary looks puzzled.

MARY  
Did you hear that noise?

DAVE  
(he squeaks weirdly) Sorry I'm a  
bit asthmatic - sometimes.

MARY  
Oh dear, and living in that damp  
boat won't help that.

She moves closer and ,to Dave's petrified pleasure, puts a  
hand on his back, pulls the t shirt to her nose and frowns.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Now, Dave, why don't I pop those  
clothes on a quick wash whilst you  
have a hot shower - eh?

DAVE  
No, it's fine I don't need one.

Mary sweeps off, returning with a tie-die robe.

MARY  
Yes you do. You stink.

Dave is aghast. Back at the boat, the others nearly choke  
with laughter. Mary takes his arm and leads him to the sauna-  
style wet room, pushing the robe into his hands.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Here. Go on in. We'll talk more  
when you're fresh . No wonder  
you're single, sweetie!

Back on Sub-Exotica, Cameron looks sadder by the second.  
Meanwhile, Mary squeezes past Dave, turns on the shower and  
sets out a towels and soap.

MARY (CONT'D)  
 No naughty plastics here! Leave  
 your clothes on the floor, I'll pop  
 them on a quick wash.

She leaves. Dave shuts the door but can't find a lock. He  
 undresses. As Mary returns, he quickly covers his crotch with  
 his hands. She picks up his clothes.

MARY (CONT'D)  
 Ooh, sorry! No knickers young man?

DAVE  
 Uh, no, I'm more of a, natural kind  
 of guy .

Mary raises her eyebrows.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
 Just part of who I am, I guess.

Back on the boat, they struggle not to laugh. Except for  
 Cameron, who stares into his drink.

MARY  
 A fellow Eco-hero, I think, just  
 like me. And so much better than  
 wearing dirty ones!

He suddenly remembers his phone and tries to grab his jeans  
 off Mary.

DAVE  
 Oops, sorry - forgot my phone.

She holds them out, teasingly . He takes his hands from his  
 crotch, gets out the phone and hands them back. Mary looks  
 down, raises her eyebrows again, grins and leaves.

19 EXT . SUB-EXOTICA - CONTINUOUS

19

The others listen intently, smoking and sipping drinks.

DARYL  
 Filthy sod. He's won't pay for the  
 laundrette that's why he stinks.

ANGELINA  
 I know - she's doing us a favour.

DARYL  
God help us if he has another  
drink.

RALPH  
Give him a chance, Daryl. He's  
doing okay, considering.

20 EXT. CASA CAPELLI - A FEW MINUTES LATER

20

On the patio, Dave lies in a towel on the double sun-lounger, surrounded by candles, with a glass of champagne . Mary folds up the diagrams and stretches out beside him.

MARY  
So, it's all do-able, I think.

DAVE  
Absolutely . Be done by next week.

MARY  
And perhaps, if the Eco-Spa goes  
ahead you can oversee ALL the  
carpentry?

DAVE  
Yeah. Wow, that would be brilliant.  
I'm quite niche, but yeah, sure.

Silence. On the boat, they listen intently, glaring at each other. Back at Casa Capelli, Mary strokes Dave's thigh.

MARY  
You, my darling, are an artisan  
woodworker.

He giggles as Mary refills his glass.

MARY (CONT'D)  
One for the road?

DAVE  
Go on then.

21 EXT. ANGELINA'S BOAT - CONTINUOUS

21

The others stare at each other in despair.

RALPH  
He's in trouble now, fnarr, fnarr!

Heavy sighs come from the phone. Ralph and Daryl are wide eyed and grinning but Cameron is distraught. Angelina grabs the phone and tries to turn it down.

ANGELINA  
I think we've heard enough of this.

The others scowl.

DARYL  
Fuck off, Ange. Turn it up!

CAMERON  
Go for it. I don't care.

Ralph grabs the phone, turns it back up and they all crouch round to listen.

There is silence for a moment, then, soft moaning, then harder moaning and panting, followed by loud grunts and screams. Finally, there are sighs and a Barry White song... Cameron takes his beer and one of Daryl's roll ups then goes off to sit in the field .

Ralph mutes the phone. Daryl removes his hand from his mouth and explodes with laughter. Angelina shakes her head, laughing guiltily. We hear loud sobs from the field as the sun sets and a waterbird cries.

**END EPISODE 1**