

WALKING THE DOG

EPISODE 1

PLAIN OLD DOGGING

Written by

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INT. LONDON - BUSY TUBE CARRIAGE - DAY.

MAX, a plain, thirty something white male, sits, rucksack on lap, eyes shut, mouth open, manspreading in the priority seat of a full to bursting tube carriage.

A tattooed faced BEEFCAKE stood in front of him kicks Max mid dog nod. Max wakes with a fright to see a bag laden OLD LADY and a PREGNANT WOMAN, both in obvious discomfort glaring down from the armpits of the snarling Beefcake.

MAX
(Scottish accent)
Sorry, sorry, here take my seat?

Max stands to awkward shuffling and staring. Both ladies thank the Beefcake before jostling for the seat.

OLD LADY
I think he meant me, fatty!

PREGNANT WOMAN
I don't think so.

The Pregnant woman moves in front of the Old lady who in turn wriggles her bum back in front until they're jammed. The Pregnant woman glares at Max.

PREGNANT WOMAN (CONT'D)
You better tell her.

All the passengers including Beefcake growl at the helpless Max. The tube brakes suddenly.

OLD LADY
Ooh me hip!

The Old lady gets squashed into the seat, the Pregnant woman flailing about on top of her. The doors open and the passengers go to their aid. Max legs it!

CUT TO:

EXT. WIMBLEDON VILLAGE - DAY.

An out of breath Max passes cafes and bars, saddened by the couples enjoying each others company. His phone rings, screen reads, *JOSH CALLING*. He kills the call. His screensaver, a selfie of Max and his border terrier GUCCI, cheers him up.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. WIMBLEDON/POSH END - MAX'S HOUSE - DAY.

Max arrives at a set of large gates which open up to a manicured driveway leading to a large, swanky, detached house. Another sigh before entering. Max sighs a lot.

Inside Gucci and Max make a huge fuss of each other in the neatly furnished entrance hall.

MAX

Hey Goochy goo... I got you a wee treat.

Max sits to take off his shoes and leans closer to Gucci.

MAX (CONT'D)

The hag in?

Gucci looks up the stairs. Max thanks Gucci for the intel with a wink and a chew from his bag.

MAX (CONT'D)

Honey, I'm home.

Max waits for a beat. Silence.

MAX (CONT'D)

(mimicking wife)

Hello darling you must be exhausted, you relax and I'll make you a nice wee cup of tea.

MAX (CONT'D)

Oh thank you.

MAX (CONT'D)

(mimicking wife)

Your dinner's cooking but first I've run you a nice hot bath, then how about a cheeky wee blowjob to help you relax. How does that sound?

MAX (CONT'D)

That sounds wonderful, thank you very much. It has a been a particularly hard day working for your... idiot father.

SHELLEY, an attractive half Nigerian, half pompous toff, clad in Chanel's finest enters the hallway. She ignores the startled Max and adjusts her make up. Max glares at Gucci, who bolts off with her chew.

SHELLEY
(posh London accent)
Talking to yourself again Max?

She flashes a contemptuous look from mirror to Max.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)
And about blowjobs... It really
isn't my fault you're not around
when I'm... handing them out, is it
now? Who knows, maybe my idiot
father will give you one?
My brother's been trying to contact
you... remind him never to phone
here again.

Shelley exits and Max slumps back into the chair. His phone
rings, it's Josh, this time he answers.

MAX
Your sister's a bitch.

JOSH
(Similar levels of posh to
Shelley)
Now hang on just one minute there
Maxi boy.

A beat.

MAX
Sorry, I shouldn't..

JOSH (O.S.)
Just jesting! Bitch does not even
touch the sides bro.

MAX
What is it Josh?

JOSH (O.S.)
Ah yes well, luckily for you Max, I
know exactly how to put a smile
back on that miserable face of
yours... her name's Julie.

MAX
Goodbye Josh.

JOSH (O.S.)
Wai..

Max ends the call and slumps into his chair. Gucci brings her lead.

MAX
Really, after the crap intel... oh
come on then.

CUT TO:

EXT. WIMBLEDON COMMON - DAY.

Gucci runs wild, ignoring Max's calls.

MAX
GUCCI!

A smartly dressed, Indian pensioner, twiddling away on his impressive moustache approaches. This is the MAJOR. He pauses and looks from Gucci back to Max.

MAJOR
You know what you need there
laddie... discipline.

MAX
Tell me about it.

MAJOR
Animal's fine! It's you who needs
the discipline laddie.

Max can't help but agree.

MAJOR (CONT'D)
I do recall a rather stuck up bit
of totty walking this beast.

MAX
That would have been my wife.

MAJOR
Not to worry old bean.

MAX
We're actually separated, well
still living together... it's a
long story. I'm Max by the..

MAJOR
(butts in)
The clitoris!

MAX
(shocked)
..way... what was tha..

MAJOR
The clitoris! That's the problem
with women these days... see they
never had them in my day... won't
be happy till they've grown a penis
you know... and they will.

The Major looks over at Gucci helping herself to a strangers
picnic, then gives Max the once over.

MAJOR (CONT'D)
Ok, you're on.

MAX
Sorry?

MAJOR
Tomorrow morning, eight hundred
hours sharp. We'll get you and the
mutt ship shape in no time.
Come on Colonel keep up.

A baffled Max watches the Major and his dog stroll off.
Screams from the picnickers bring him back round.

MAX
Shit! GUCCI!

CUT TO:

INT. MAX'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIR'S TOILET - DAY.

Max is sat hunched on the toilet staring at the framed pre
nuptial hanging proudly above the toilet roll. He sighs at
the highlighted lines in capitals.

HIGHLIGHTED LINE
GUCCI TO REMAIN AT THE FAMILY HOME
WITH NO CONTACT ALLOWED. UNTIL
DEATH, HOWEVER SOON THAT MAY COME.

He smiles sadly down at Gucci, looking up doe eyed from Max's
pant's gusset.

MAX
What we gonna do Gooch? We can't go
on like this.

CUT TO:

INT. MAX'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY.

Max enters the kitchen. He's unfazed by the hot naked man, searching the fridge. This is RUPERT.

MAX

Next to the orange juice.

Rupert turns showing Max more of him than he wanted to see. Max leans into the fridge and hands him the cranberry juice.

SHELLEY (O.S.)

(from upstairs)

Next to the orange juice sweetie.

After sharing awkward nods, Rupert leaves. Max looks at the sausages.

MAX

Think I'll have porridge this morning.

Max and Gucci are eating their breakfasts. Max smiles when he hears voices in the hallway.

SHELLEY (O.S.)

You don't have to rush off
Rupert... it's only my husband.

RUPERT (O.S.)

I'll err... I'll call you.

The front door slams and Shelley storms into the kitchen.

SHELLEY

Scaring my friends away again Max.

They swap a sarcastic smile.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

By the way, my parents are coming
over this morning, so be a good boy
and make sure you're here.

Max's smile disappears.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

Thought that would take that stupid
look off your face. Mummy wants to
know why we haven't popped any
snotters out.

Max looks at his phone, it's 7.45a.m.

MAX

Oh that's a shame... we've got
puppy training. Come on Gucci.

Max rushes out the kitchen, Gucci following.

SHELLEY

She's at least 5?

CUT TO:

EXT. WIMBLEDON COMMON - CAR PARK - DAY.

A shiny black transit van, skids into the carpark, knocking the dog poo bin over. PARKWIFE is sign written above images of joggers being chased by a baseball bat wielding woman.

EDDIE, a hard faced, thirty something woman, wearing a hi-vis and channeling angry scaffolder gets out the passenger side. She shakes her head at the horizontal bin's spewed up contents.

Eddie's partner, MIFFY, a similar aged woman with a seemingly softer disposition exits the drivers side, she's dressed in pink sports co ords with PARKWIFE blazoned across them.

Eddie opens the back door revealing a caged, pink fluffy collared dachshund, WILMA. Miffy pushes in front of Eddie.

MIFFY

Ok baby, Mummy's here... are you
ready for your play date?

Eddie rolls her eyes.

EDDIE

Babe, she's going for a walk.

MIFFY

She's going to see her friends,
isn't she! She's going to be
playing isn't she!

EDDIE

Yes Babe, whatever you say.

Miffy smothers Wilma in kisses as she lifts her out. She hands the lead to Eddie then grabs a pink baseball bat.

MIFFY

I'm gonna go... hate goodbyes.

Eddie waits till she's gone before swapping Wilma's collar for a leather studded one.

EDDIE

Here we go Kilmer, forget all that pink fluffy shit. Remember what you are, a killing machine... RAAAA!

Wilma tilts her head.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Fuck me, I've had discharge harder than you... come on.

The sweetest of old ladies with the sweetest of old dogs approaches Eddie, this is IRENE.

IRENE

Morning Edwina.

EDDIE

Shit sake, Irene... how many times? My name's Eddie!

IRENE

Oh no not again, sorry, Eddie... you kids don't understand how hard it is to be... appropriate... all of the time.

EDDIE

That's because you're all gay hating racists.

Eddie strides off towards the waiting Major. The Major's stood with a thirty something man in serious need of a haircut, a good wash and a gym membership, this is CARL.

CARL

Eddie.

Eddie nods at them both. A sullen Irene catches up to them.

IRENE

Morning everyone. Oh Carl, you've got your breakfast all down ya.

Irene brushes sugar puffs from Carl's top.

CARL

Get off me woman!

Carl picks them up from the floor.

CARL (CONT'D)
What if I was saving them? They're
ruined now!

Max spots the motley crew and awkwardly approaches. Eddie
notices Max closing on them and leans towards Carl.

EDDIE
Who the fuck is this moron?

Eddie strides out towards Max.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Unless you got a death wish, you
better move along, before my dog
separates you.

Max looks down at Wilma cutely tilting her head up at him.

The Major expertly spins his walking stick round and hits
Eddie on the ankle with it. Eddie hops out of the way.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Shit's sake! Really Major!

MAJOR
Glad you could make it private,
we'll have your mutt shitting on a
sixpence in no time.

Gucci sits with the other dogs, all impeccably behaved.

MAJOR (CONT'D)
See, part of the pack already.

Max is surprised and impressed by Gucci's behaviour.

MAJOR (CONT'D)
Right everyone, this is our newest
recruit Max.

MAX
Hi everyone.

Irene gives an exaggerated smile.

IRENE
Hello Max, I'm Irene... you seem
lovely.

MAX
Hi Irene, nice to..

Carl barges Irene out of the way, grabs Max's hand and shakes it violently. A disgruntled Eddie ignores Max.

CARL

I'm Carl. Nice to meet you Max,
nice to see new faces, nothing
wrong with the old faces of course,
they're lovely old faces but it's
always nice to meet new ones...
you've a lovely face.

IRENE

So Max... are you married? single?

Eddie and Carl raise their eyes.

MAX

Erm... wee bit complicated really.

CARL

Oh... one of your lot Eddie...

MAX

(innocently)
Erm, no I'm not..

EDDIE

Something wrong with being gay eh
Max? You gotta problem with gays do
you Max?

MAX

No, not at all, I wasn't..

EDDIE

What about the lesbian then? I
suppose you hate the lesbian then
don't you Max? What about bi..

MAX

No! I don't hate any... type of
person.

IRENE

(to the MAJOR)
It's really not as straight forward
as it used to be, is it Major?

EDDIE

Fucking queer basher.

MAX

Look, I can get this kind of abuse
at home.

EDDIE
Best you fuck off home then.

MAX
Yeah, it probably is... come on
Gucci.

Max looks for Gucci, whose playing happily with the other dogs. Frustrated he looks back to the gang and the open mouthed Carl fixated on the approaching, attractive, female jogger. this is JENNY (30ish).

JENNY
Hi Grandad.

Jenny stops by the Major. Eddie, Carl and Max are entranced. She turns to the daydreaming threesome who quickly look away.

JENNY (CONT'D)
Morning everyone. New gang member?

Jenny looks at the clearly smitten Max.

MAJOR
On trial actually.

JENNY
Grandad!

CARL
You never know, he could be a
loony.

The gang spin round to watch the irony fly over Carl's head.

EDDIE
Don't matter, the loony's just
leaving.

MAJOR
Already Max?

MAX
Erm no, no I wasn't.

A disgruntled Eddie mumbles swear words too herself.

IRENE
(to JENNY)
He seems lovely.

MAX
I'm not a loony... Hi, I'm err Max.

Max offers a hand to Jenny. Eddie darts in between them.

EDDIE
Just in case.

Their hands reach to opposite sides of Eddie missing each time. Jenny smiles when they eventually make contact.

JENNY
Eddie! Sorry, I'm Jenny.

Eddie moves her head, trying to scupper any eye contact, then glares at Max until he let's go of Jenny's hand.

JENNY (CONT'D)
Hi Max, you're from Scotland? Love
your accent.

MAX
(very Scottish, very
awkward)
Oh Aye, erm... I err... love yours
too.

They have a moment.

JENNY
I erm, better get going. Nice
meeting you Max.

MAX
You too.

JENNY
I'll meet you at the car Grandad.

The Major salutes Jenny who jogs off after a quick glance back at the smiling Max.

CARL
(whispers to MAX)
See the way she looks at me?

Eddie pushes in front of Carl and places a firm hand on Max's shoulder.

EDDIE
(aggressive whisper)
She's double gay.

Eddie backs away pointing two fingers from her eyes to Max.

MAX
(to CARL)
Is she here erm... every day?

Carl confirms with a pervy smile.

JOSH (O.S.)
Maxi!.. Maxi!

Max's brother in law and Shelley's twin JOSH, dressed more for a catwalk than dog walk, skips towards them. A bumptious switcher of pronouns, who gloriously couldn't care less what anyone thinks.

MAX
Oh no.

The gang slow as Max attempts to ignore Josh.

MAJOR
Whose this then laddie?

MAX
Oh, it's my brother in law. He's trying to set me up with a girl.

MAJOR
(Directed at Eddie)
Excellent work! Not many of us left on the right side of the street these days old bean.

EDDIE
Shitting hell! You know Carl's fashion sense is more current than you.

Carl thinks that's a compliment.

IRENE
(concerned)
Oh no... where's his dog?

MAX
He hasn't got a dog.

The group raise their eyes at each other.

IRENE
Oh dear.

MAJOR
(shouts)
Tention!

Everyone stops in there tracks as Josh catches them up.

MAJOR (CONT'D)
No dog I see.

A puzzled Josh looks down his nose at the Major.

JOSH
What is that growing on your face!?

The Major spins his stick round and whacks Josh on the ankle.
Josh hops around in pain.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Ouch!.. What the fuck did you do
that for?

MAJOR
Right, time for a vote!

Josh and Max look bewildered at each other.

IRENE
Ooo great, I love a vote.

EDDIE
(butts in)
I vote no.

MAJOR
Hold it!.. Right today's vote will
be whether Max's brother in law..

JOSH
Vote! You nearly took my leg off,
you fucking lunatic.

The Major clips Josh around the back of the head.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Ouch! Ok ok enough.

The Major lifts his eyes at Max encouraging for more info.

MAX
Oh sorry, erm, it's Josh.

MAJOR
If Max's brother in law Josh can
join us for a maximum of... shall
we say five minutes?

The rest of the gang nod in varying levels of agreement.

MAJOR (CONT'D)
Or till we reach that large oak,
depending on which comes first.

EDDIE
(butts in)
I vote no!

MAJOR
Ladies first! Can't have your cock
and eat it Eddie!.. Ok, Irene?

Eddie turns away unsure what that even means. Irene looks
Josh up and down. Josh gives her a flirty wink, mid hop.

IRENE
I vote yes. He seems lovely.

MAJOR
That's one yes. Ok whose next?

Eddie spits in front of Josh who looks down disgusted at the
flem on his shoes.

JOSH
Urgh, dyke spit.

MAJOR
Pretty sure that's a no from Eddie.

EDDIE
Yeah! A fucking big green one!

MAJOR
I take it you're a yes Max?

Max eventually resigns with a nod.

MAJOR (CONT'D)
Well that makes it 2 to 1 so far...
Right whose left? Ah Carl.

Carl looks Josh up and down then studies his face.

CARL
I like him, I like the look of him
a lot..

Josh relishes the praise. Carl gurns at Irene.

CARL (CONT'D)
..but I'm gonna vote no.

Irene looks sadly at the smug looking Carl. While Josh is perplexed at the whole proceedings.

MAJOR

That leaves me and I'm going to
saaaayy... yes.

EDDIE

Sexist pigs.

MAJOR

Democracy has spoken. Max's friend,
slash brother in law, slash Josh
can stay for a maximum of five
minutes or until we reach the large
oak, whichever comes first.

The gang acknowledge. Max pulls Josh aside.

MAX

What's so important Josh?

JOSH

Who are these freaks Max?

MAX

Erm... my new dog walking friends?

JOSH

Really? I didn't think you were
allowed friends, but wow! I'm
usually drawn to the peculiar but
this lot are off the fucking chart.
Anyway, I've been calling you.

MAX

And I've been ignoring you. I'm
really not interested.

JOSH

Look, if you don't have some fun
soon your cock's gonna fall off and
your bum hole heal up, you do know
that right?

Max didn't know that.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Have you any idea what kind of
marriage you're in? It's not a
proper one is it! Our class
wouldn't dream of letting marriage
get in the way of a good time.

MAX

Well my bum hole's working just fine thanks... Anyway I'm not in your class am I.

JOSH

Thank God for that! You've far too many morals... can you imagine! be soooo fucking dull!

MAX

Oh sorry Josh for not wanting to hook up with one of your many conquests.

Josh fakes hurt feelings for a beat.

MAX (CONT'D)

Look you're right, I do need to have some fun, but I'm gonna find someone nice and normal myself thanks... someone just like me.

JOSH

Oh Okayy... Well just to let you know, Julie is not one of my many conquests... maybe a tad of mutual fingering in uni, nothing serious though, I promise.

The Major slows to eavesdrop followed by the others.

MAJOR

What's going on here then Max? New girlfriend?

IRENE

Ooh! She sounds lovely.

CARL

Palaayer! I knew it! I knew it! I told you Eddie.

EDDIE

No you didn't.

CARL

Well no, but palaayer! I knew it.

JOSH

Come on Max, she's perfect for you.

MAX

I don't know Josh, I'm not
interested with just a hook up.

JOSH

Maxi Maxi Maxi, how many more years
are you gonna spend stewing away in
your own self pitying scrotum. Not
interested! You didn't hear... Mel
Gibson say that at... Culloden did
you?

MAX

You mean William Wallace... and it
was Stirling not Culloden.

JOSH

Exactly!.. well don't be like your
forefathers and just roll over for
a belly rub and a sporran tickle.

MAX

We actually kicked your arses at
Stirling.

JOSH

Of course you did Max. Look I
didn't want to say this but if your
parents weren't so... dead, they'd
be disgusted with you about now.
Now's your chance to make them
and... Mel proud.

MAX

I'm not interested in hook ups...
Because I wan't out Josh.

JOSH

Wo wo wo there Maxi, don't you dare
say the d word out loud.

Josh looks around, pulls Max away from the earwiggling gang.

JOSH (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Do you know how many husbands and
wives have died trying to take a
settlement out of this family.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Besides, you'll lose your job, your
house, your car and..

Josh looks down at Gucci.

JOSH (CONT'D)
She'll be stuffed quicker than
Shelley on a "work trip".

A beat. Max knows he could never leave Gucci.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Ok chin up, droopy, forget all
that. You just need to stand up for
yourself! You can't just sit at
home whilst she's getting pounded
night after night by much younger
and defo much much hotter men than
you.

MAX
Ok ok, I'll meet her... for a wee
drink, that's all.

JOSH
That's the spirit champ.

Josh excitedly pulls out his phone.

MAX
Wait... just don't hype me up too
much.

Josh quizzically looks Max up and down.

JOSH
We all need a bit of hype Max...
some maybe a smidgey poos more than
others.

The gang agree a little too much. Josh makes the call.

MAX
I just don't want her expecting Tom
Hardy to turn up and I stroll in.

JOSH
Point taken. Ok sshh it's ringing.

Eddie gives Max evils while the rest of the gang huddle
around Josh.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Hi Julie, how are you?..
Goodedy good... Ok, so, are you
ready for your date with destiny?

Max shakes his head. Carl gives a nod of approval.

CARL
Girls love that kind of thing.

JOSH
Great... Oh okaay, what's he
like... right, that's a really good
question. Well, he's kind of a mix
between erm...

Josh sees Max ushering him to play him down. Unsure what to
say, Josh looks around for help when he notices Carl's
protruding pot belly.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Ahh, a erm... tellytubby?

Max isn't happy and snarls at Josh.

JOSH (CONT'D)
And Shrek!

Josh puts his hand over the phone.

JOSH (CONT'D)
(to MAX)
You said no hype, make your fucking
mind up!...
(to PHONE)
Yep yep yep yep yep that's right he
certainly has...
(to MAX)
Yes he does have a wonderful
personality.

Josh gives a deflated Max the thumbs up.

JOSH (CONT'D)
The Alexandra at eight o'clock,
great... yellow dress, sounds
divine.

Josh kills the call and smiles expectantly at Max. An excited
Carl nudges Eddie.

CARL
Yellow dress... oh she's game.

Eddie looks aggressively at Carl who backs away.

JOSH
Now that went really well.

IRENE
A mix between Shrek and who?

EDDIE
A tellytubby.

IRENE
Ooh, he sounds lovely.

MAJOR
Times up!

The Major shoes Josh away from the group with his stick.

CUT TO:

INT. MAX'S HOUSE - TOILET/HALLWAY - NIGHT.

Max skips down the stairs, Gucci following. He pops into the downstairs bathroom to check himself out. His grin fades when he spots the framed prenup has been turned around and is now a HELLO MAGAZINE front cover wedding pic of Max and Shelley.

MAX
Oh bollox.

Max hushes Gucci and tiptoes out towards the front door. The lounge door opens behind him. Max and Gucci turn back to a smirking Shelley. Max looks at his watch, it's 7:30

SHELLEY
Ah there you are darling. We've had a lovely surprise, Mummy and Daddy have popped round to see us.

MAX
Ah, that's just... pure dead brilliant.

As Max passes Shelley, she whispers in his ear.

SHELLEY
Remember how happy we are... or remember how unhappy you'll be.

Shelley's elderly Dad ROBERT noisily slurps a yoghurt at one end of the couch, his younger Nigerian wife ANGELA sits upright and pointy, dressed in colourful traditional attire inc. head scarf, at the other.

MAX
Angela, Robert, how are you both?

Max bends to kiss Angela, she turns her head away and pats her head scarf, encouraging Max to kiss it. A look from Shelley forces Max to do so. Robert lifts his spoon.

ROBERT
Great yoghurt Max!

ANGELA
Shut up Robert!

Max sits with Shelley opposite his in laws, Gucci at his side. Shelley places a hand in his as Angela watches keenly.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Who are you trying to kid? I've
been around long enough to know
when someone's up to no good.

Max gives Shelley a look of resignation which changes to bewilderment when he realises that's directed at him.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Believe me, I've had enough affairs
of my own to know the signs.

Robert only has eyes for his yoghurt.

SHELLEY
Don't be silly Mummy, Max would
never do that to me... would you?

Max glares at Shelley.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)
Max?

MAX
No, of course not.

ANGELA
He would say that wouldn't he!
Shelley say's you're going out
again tonight.

MAX
Again! Erm... yeah, I'm meeting up
with a... an old friend.

ANGELA
Well you can take Shelley with you
then. Poor thing stuck indoors on
her own, night after night, while
you're out... prowling.

Shelley looks pleadingly at Max, Max looks at the clock it's 7.50.

MAX

Erm... ok.

Shelley smiles.

SHELLEY

Oh thank you so much Max, be so nice to get out of the house for a change.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALEXANDRA PUB - NIGHT.

A pretty girl in a yellow dress walks past a sign reading 'FANCY DRESS! FREE DRINK FOR EVERY COSTUME', this is JULIE. She waits for a man dressed as a baby to make way and enters.

CUT TO:

INT. MAX'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT.

Shelley is laying it on thick in front of her Mum.

SHELLY

I knew you weren't cruel enough to put our marriage at risk? And everything that goes with it Max?

Shelley wipes no tears from her dry face and grabs Max's hand, sarcastically smiling as she pats Gucci. Max shakes her off. Angela stares suspiciously at him.

ANGELA

I've got my eye on you. Come on Robert we're leaving... Robert!

They stand, except Robert, who takes a few failed attempts to get up. Angela and Shelley look on in contempt. Max helps Robert, only for Robert to wipe yoghurt down Max's trousers.

ROBERT

Bloody good to see you Max, hearing great things about you from the company.

MAX

Erm... thanks Robert.

ROBERT

Please... call me Daddy. I'll speak to Rupert, see if he can find you a promotion. I do know he has a soft spot for our Michelle.

MAX

(disheartened)

Yeah, I've seen it. Thanks... erm... Daddy.

Angela leans close to Shelley.

ANGELA

You can always come home you know. I've kept your wing just as you left it sweetheart. Be just the two of us..

Angela looks to the bumbling Robert.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

..and that twat of course... hopefully not for too much longer.

SHELLEY

No, no it's fine, thank you Mummy.

Max nods at the scowling Angela as they leave.

A concerned Max looks to Shelley.

MAX

Did you erm... really want to come?

SHELLEY

Oh fuck off Max... I'm doing cocktails at Coburg.

Shelley leaves. Max breathes a sigh of relief, pats Gucci.

MAX

Don't wait up, Gooch.

CUT TO:

INT. ALEXANDRA PUB - NIGHT.

Julie's clock watching at the bar. Two party goers dressed as a TELLYTUBBY and SHREK approach. A startled Julie laughs.

JULIE

Josh! I should have known you were playing a trick on me.

The Tellytubby looks at Shrek then back to JULIE.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Ok very funny. Right... which one are you Josh?

The Tellytubby looks Julie up and down then opens his arms to hug her. He gives her bum a squeeze.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Oh! Inappropriate as ever I see Josh.

JULIE (CONT'D)

(to SHREK)

So you must be Max?

The Tellytubby kicks Shrek who holds a hand out to JULIE.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. ALEXANDRA PUB - NIGHT.

Max sprints up the road. He arrives at the pub, checks his watch, it's 8-15.

MAX

Ok, I can do this.

He takes a deep breath and enters. Inside he spots Julie in her yellow dress at the bar. Suddenly Shrek appears holding two drinks. A puzzled Max approaches.

JULIE

(to SHREK)

Cheers... So Max, I still don't actually know what you look like.

Now really confused, Max stops in his tracks, listening in.

JULIE (CONT'D)

(to SHREK)

Not that looks have ever been important to me. I've always made relationship decisions purely on chemistry alone. I've certainly never been one to throw myself at the hottest guy available.

(MORE)

JULIE (CONT'D)
I find girls that do that
incredibly shallow, let alone
doomed to live very sad and
unfulfilled lives..

Max likes what he's hearing. Shrek slowly lifts his mask.

JULIE (CONT'D)
(to SHREK)
..call me strange Max but I just
find a good personality sooo much
sexier..

Shrek reveals his model good looks.

JULIE (CONT'D)
..Fuck me you're gorgeous!

Julie grabs Shrek and snogs the life out of him. Max sighs
and leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. MAX'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT.

A deflated Max enters to a warm welcome from Gucci.

MAX
Come on Gooch, bedtime.

They head up stairs.

SHELLEY (O.S.)
Oh that's the spot... flick
quicker... flick quicker!.

Max abruptly turns back down the stairs, walks into the front
room and turns the TV on. Shrek is on.

MAX
Brilliant... come on Gooch.

CUT TO:

EXT. WIMBLEDON STREETS - NIGHT.

A sullen Max walks Gucci. He hears drunken voices up ahead.
It's Shrek and Julie, heading his way. Max panics, drags
Gucci into a front garden and hides behind a large hedge.

JULIE
So Max?

Shrek doesn't realise Julie is talking to him at first.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Max!.. I just wondered... how you
like your coffee?

A smiling Shrek winks cheesily.

SHREK
In between lovemaking.

JULIE
Oh Max, come here!

Julie and Shrek snog ferociously on the other side of the hedge. Startled by the amorous moans, Gucci runs off.

MAX
(whispered)
Gucci... Gucci...

Shrek and Julie take a breather. They share a puzzled look.

SHREK
Did you hear that?

Shrek stares into the bushes, spotting Max on the other side.

SHREK (CONT'D)
Look, right there.

He points at the hedge. Julie peers through and screams.

JULIE
A PERVERT!

Max keeps calling Gucci, failing to look inconspicuous.

MAX
Gucci... Goochee..

SHREK
What's he saying?

JULIE
It sounds like... baby talk.

Max appears at the gate. Shrek moves in front of Julie.

MAX
Goochee... Goochee... Ah erm
hello, I didn't see you there. Have
you err... seen my dog?

SHREK

You haven't got a dog. You're a pervert! We saw you watching us.

MAX

I wasn't watching you. I'm walking my dog.

SHREK

In the bushes? You're a pervert.

MAX

I'm telling you, I'm not a pervert. She's around here somewhere. Goocheeee!

SHREK

I don't see a dog anywhere? Who calls their dog Goocheeee anyway?

MAX

My wife called her Gucci and she ran off ok... Goochee!

JULIE

I'm not surprised your wife ran off, you're obviously a pervert.

MAX

I'm not a pervert! My dog ran off, not my wife... Goocheeee!

SHREK

Can't see any wedding ring.

MAX

Actually we're separated... well still living together, it's compl..

JULIE

That's enough Max. Let's go.

Both men look confused. As Shrek backs away, he notices the yoghurt stain on Max's trousers.

SHREK

Oh my God, he's covered in jizz.

Julie looks disgusted at the stains.

JULIE

Mind out Max, I'll deal with this!

Julie throws an almighty punch, knocking Max clean out.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT GARDEN - NIGHT.

Gucci brings Max around with some eager face licking.

CUT TO:

INT. JOSH'S PENTHOUSE - DAY.

Josh lays in a silk dressing gown across his couch having a pedicure. His phone pings. He lifts a chocolate button from his eye, eats it and grabs his phone.

TEXT FROM JULIE

What a man! Thanks Josh!

A stunned Josh raises his eyes at the many aubergine emojis.

JOSH

Well pickle my nipples.

The PEDICURIST searches through her equipment till she finds a bottle of apple cider vinegar. She holds it up to a confused Josh. Josh shoes her away and rings Max. No answer.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Ring me you saucy sausage.

CUT TO:

EXT. WIMBLEDON COMMON - DAY.

Gucci, Max and his impressive shiner approach the waiting gang. A concerned Jenny jogs up to him.

JENNY

Max! What happened?

MAX

Oh it's nothing, I was walking Gucci last night when I was... erm... attacked.

JENNY

Oh you poor thing, let me have a look.

Jenny strokes his sore eye as Max stares into hers. Josh comes from behind Max, winking at an unimpressed Jenny.

JOSH
Apologies world! for I have created
a fuck monster!

JENNY
Erm... Max, do you know this man?

JOSH
Maximillion, you saucy scoundrel!

Max turns devastated to see Josh. Josh spots his injured eye.

JOSH (CONT'D)
(shocked)
O. M. Fuck! You really did get up
to some twisted sluttery.

Max turns back shaking his head at a suspicious looking Jenny.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Don't tell me... whips? chains? You
slap me, I'll tickle you? Yeah,
yeah? You mucky old devil Maxi...
did she pee pee on you?

Jenny jogs off in disgust. A gutted Max ignores the excitable Josh and continues on to the rest of the gang.

MAX
I vote no!

Irene takes out her teeth, joins Eddie and Carl hocking up flem before they all stride purposefully towards the now terrified Josh.

JOSH
NO NO PLEASE! they're balenciaaaga!

END OF EPISODE ONE