

MILLENNIUM COWBOYS circa 1999.

INT. COMPUTER HELPLINE OFFICE -- DAY

A busy modern office. Rows of computer screens, young men and women on telephone lines. Could be a dealing room from the noise and tension- but as we close in on one particular young man GARY (20s) we realise this is the customer service scene- and Gary's customer is obviously not happy.

Gary takes off his headset, holds the earpiece away from his ear and waves his hand furiously at another bloke. The other bloke passes over a large tome, which Gary flicks through frantically all the time he is talking. His speech is rapid, but punctuated by the "caller" taking on board his instructions.

GARY

Could you go into file manager *again* for me please... yes that's the one that...

He cups his hand over the mouthpiece of his headset and talks to the guy sitting next to him who is alternately pulling strings of chewing gum from his mouth and laughing at Gary's predicament.

GARY

This *has got* to be the winner of the customer from hell award for September.

His pal laughs. Gary returns to his customer.

GARY

And could you now type in editsys for me please. Yes. Just like it sounds e-d- yes. No, don't worry, you can't wipe off anything if you just do as I say.

He flicks through the manual, shrugging his shoulders. He finds a page and runs his finger along the line as he speaks.

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GARY

Have you got some
sectors... square
brackets, that's
right... sorry, no, you
shouldn't... wait...

He covers the handset again, gesticulates
desperately to his pal.

GARY

He's in a panic. Says
he's got scrolling
numbers... and now,
it's...

He returns to the customer.

GARY

It's done *what?* No, we
can't have wiped off all
your data. Because it's
not possible.

Gary is now swinging wildly in his chair, his
voice getting louder and his face paler...

GARY

No sir, you can't sue *me*
personally... because...
hey... calm down.

There is a long pause.

GARY

You bastard!

Across the room a guy in a sharp suit looks up.
Gary lowers his voice.

GARY

Dave. You bastard.
You'll get me the sack
ya wee tube.

The suit is crossing the floor. Gary stands up.

GARY

It's okay Fraser, just a
pal having a joke.

MILLENNIUM COWBOYS circa 1999.

FRASER

I've told you before
about giving out your
work number for personal
calls.

GARY

I'm sorry.

He makes placatory gestures to Fraser, who still looms over him.

GARY

Okay.

Gary sits down again. Fraser backs off slightly. The rest of the row of operators giggle behind their hands. Fraser is not amused. He leans down over Gary's shoulder.

FRASER

I'll not tell you again.

Gary is back to another call. A voice shouts out from down the line of operators.

OPERATOR

Smile when you dial
Gary.

Fraser moves off in pursuit of the "voice". Gary allows himself the slightest of smiles as he exchanges glances with the guy sitting next to him.

GARY

Technical helpline, Gary
speaking. How can I help
you?

He swings round in his chair. Watches Fraser berating someone else. It's going to be a long shift.

INT. PUB -- EVENING

Gary and another young man stand at a crowded bar. Gary drains his pint. Pushes the empty glass at DAVE (20s) small, dark and with a cheeky grin.

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GARY

...At least another two
after today's
performance.

Dave laughs, motions the barman to set up
another two pints.

DAVE

C'mon. Think of it as on
the job training.

Gary takes a large sip from his new pint. Dave
is draining his pint at an alarming rate.

GARY

And what would you know
about it?

Dave comes up for air, pint nearly empty. He
wipes the froth from his lips.

DAVE

'Bout what?

GARY

Jobs. Or training. I'm
going for a slash.

Dave watches him go. He raises his pint,
finishes it in one. He winks at the barman.

DAVE

See, that's the problem
with Gary. Takes life
too seriously.

After checking Gary is not on his way back
through the crowded pub, Dave drinks Gary's
pint.

Gary returns to find two empty pint glasses.
Dave smiles at him.

DAVE

Your round I think pal?

Gary looks at the empty pints suspiciously. Then
reaches into his pocket for his wallet.

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INT. FLAT -- MORNING

The sound of computer gaming - Dave is trying to beat the high score. He is unshaven, looks like he hasn't slept for a week, but is in a state of high nervous energy.

Gary crawls into the room, dog-tired, shirt hanging out of his trousers and a tie half undone. He rubs his eyes, runs his hands through his hair and brushes his teeth with a finger.

GARY

Christ. I'm gonnae be late.

Dave doesn't look up from his game.

DAVE

And you *have* to wear a tie to answer the telephone because...?

Gary picks up an alarm clock sitting beside Dave. Hits it. No response.

GARY

I *said* get me up when it rang.

Dave looks round for a moment.

DAVE

It never rang.

He flicks Gary's tie.

DAVE

Oo-oo-ff, bad choice.

Gary shakes the alarm clock. Then turns it and looks at the back of it.

GARY

You turned it off!

Dave shrugs his shoulders, still playing furiously.

DAVE

I need peace to work in.

MILLENNIUM COWBOYS circa 1999.

End game noises and he jumps from his seat.

DAVE

Ye-es! Finally broken
out of the batcave.

Gary looks at the computer screen half-
heartedly.

GARY

You've been up playing
that all night?

Dave grins.

DAVE

It's a hard job, but
somebody has to...

GARY

Job. Shit. I've gotta
go.

Dave flops down on the sofa as he watches Gary
struggle into his shoes which have been tossed
carelessly aside in different corners of the
room.

DAVE

Coffee?

Gary shakes his head, pulls on his jacket.

GARY

No time.

Dave lies back, hands behind head.

DAVE

I meant make us one on
the way out...

Gary crosses to Dave, puts his face really close
to Dave's, pulls away - stale breath. But keeps
the tension up.

GARY

And *don't* phone me
today. I'm in enough
trouble...

Dave sits up, pushes Gary away. He flexes his
fingers, and smiles.

MILLENNIUM COWBOYS circa 1999.

DAVE

Think I've got time to
waste on prank calls.
Really.

Gary leaves the room. Dave calls out after him
in a falsetto voice.

DAVE

Technical helpline. Gary
speaking. How may I help
you?

He laughs. Yawns as he hears the door slam.
Looks at the alarm clock. Chucks it on the sofa,
gets up and heads for the door.

DAVE

Time for bed said
Zebedee.

The door closes behind him.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Dave walks along the street with a paper under
his arm, sipping thoughtfully on a can of Irn
Bru and chewing on a Mars Bar. He turns into the
tenement.

INT. FLAT -- DAY

Dave sits at the kitchen table, paper open in
front of him, chewing on a plate of cornflakes.
The kitchen looks like a bomb's hit it. He turns
the cornflakes packet upside down. It's empty.
He chucks it in the general direction of the
bin. It misses. He flicks idly through the
paper. Suddenly something catches his attention
- he folds the paper back on itself and leaves
the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. FLAT -- MOMENTS LATER

Dave picks up the phone.

DAVE

What d'you know about
bugs?

MILLENNIUM COWBOYS circa 1999.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTER HELPLINE OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Gary is answering the phone. A puzzled look on his face.

GARY

Dave? Is that...? I *told*
you... What...?

CUT TO:

INT. FLAT -- CONTINUOUS

Dave is waving the paper around his head as he climbs over the back of the sofa.

DAVE

It's mega man. Get back
here. I've got the...

He looks at the phone - it's gone dead. He follows the lead to see if he's pulled it from the wall. He can't see a fault.

DAVE

Shit.

He begins to redial.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTER HELPLINE OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Fraser stands over Gary.

FRASER

Problem?

Gary shakes his head - replaces the headset connection.

GARY

No. Just got a loud
screeching noise in ma
phones. It's okay now.

Fraser looks at him mistrustfully, then moves on down the line. Gary smiles at the guy next to him.

MILLENNIUM COWBOYS circa 1999.

INT. PUB -- EVENING

Dave is propping up the bar. It's quieter than the last time they were in there, the after work crowd have not yet entered. Dave is talking to the barman.

DAVE

Aye. Gary and me have been pals since primary. Since I first stuck ma sharpened pencil in the back of his chubby wee hand. Some first impression, huh?

The barman nods. He is only passingly amused. Dave is obviously just one of this bar's "characters".

DAVE

Aye. Hard to forget.

Gary enters. Dave waves at the barman to set up another two drinks.

GARY

What the hell were you...?

Dave takes Gary by the shoulders, looks into his eyes, pulling down an eyelid, as if checking for anaemia.

DAVE

You look like garbage.

GARY

Don't change the...

DAVE

Make his a Guinness. He needs building up.

The barman switches the pint glass from under the lager pump - hits the Guinness tap.

GARY

I don't like Guinness.

Dave slaps him on the shoulder.

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DAVE

But things are gonnae
change now pal. Get used
to the high life.

GARY

What are you going on
about?

Dave pats his nose with a finger, in a secretive
manner.

DAVE

Bugs.

He takes Gary by the arm and leads him to a
quiet booth.

CUT TO:

INT. PUB -- LATER

The pub is fuller, lights are dimmer, Dave and
Gary's table littered with empty pint glasses.
They are slumped down in their chairs.

GARY

But I can't actually fix
computers. I just work
on the helpline.

DAVE

Why d'you keep coming
back to that. Focus.
This is *crime*.

GARY

You're saying we don't
actually *fix* anything.

Dave sinks the last of his pint. Nods his head.

DAVE

Exactly.

Gary shakes his head.

GARY

We'll get caught.

DAVE

We can't get caught.

MILLENNIUM COWBOYS circa 1999.

GARY

I *always* get caught.

DAVE

And I *never* get caught.

He stands up. Pulls Gary with him. They put on their jackets. Dave waves at the barman and they exit the pub.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

Dave and Gary walk along the street.

GARY

Run me through it again.

DAVE

It's simple. The perfect crime.

INT. FLAT -- NIGHT

Gary lies down on the sofa. Dave is still animatedly explaining.

DAVE

Stickers.

GARY

Stickers?

DAVE

We take the computers.
Charge say a hundred.
Hundred and fifty. And
put a sticker on them.

GARY

And what does the
sticker say exactly?
You've been gubbed?

DAVE

Millennium compliant.

GARY

But it isn't?

DAVE

But *they* don't know
that.

MILLENNIUM COWBOYS circa 1999.

Gary shakes his head.

GARY

We'll get caught.

DAVE

We *can't* get caught. No one will find out till January first, two thousand. By which time...

He mimes an aeroplane taking off.

INT. FLAT -- MORNING

Gary is shovelling Shreddies into his mouth, washing them down with coffee. Dave is still on at him.

DAVE

You just have to get the database.

Gary shakes his head.

DAVE

Look. D'you no want to get out of that poxy job?

GARY

Not straight into a poxy prison cell no. My luck I'd be stuck in it with you.

DAVE

Don't be daft. It's a great idea. See - your database is of folk who know nothing about computers eh?

Gary nods.

Dave waves his arms triumphantly.

DAVE

See.

Gary drains his coffee.

MILLENNIUM COWBOYS circa 1999.

GARY

How much money...?

Dave looks at his watch. It reads eight twenty. He picks up Gary's jacket, helps Gary from his chair, pushes him towards the door.

DAVE

You don't want to be late for work now - not when you're about to be handing in your notice.

Gary waves a piece of toast at Dave as he stands in the door.

GARY

Millionaires?

Dave nods.

DAVE

Millennium millionaires.

Gary crunches on his toast. He shakes his head.

GARY

Millennium cowboys!

He closes the door behind him.

Dave jumps for joy.

DAVE

Yeehah!

He crosses to the radio - switches it on and "THINGS CAN ONLY GET BETTER" blasts out.

DAVE

The soundtrack to our lives!

He dances round the kitchen, looking frighteningly like he's going to tidy it up.

INT. FLAT -- EVENING

Gary enters the flat. It is unrecognisable. He walks through the tidy hall, looks into the tidy living room.

GARY

MILLENNIUM COWBOYS circa 1999.

Dave?

As he gets no response he opens the door to Dave's bedroom. It is still messy. But no Dave. He walks into the kitchen - where he is hit by the smell of cooking and the sight of Dave in a butcher's apron, waving a spatula around.

GARY

Dave? What...?

Dave turns round. Adopts his falsetto voice.

DAVE

Good day at the office
honey?

Gary laughs. Dave waves Gary to a seat at the table, which is laid properly - not quite a tablecloth and candles, but a clean space, and a bottle of wine on the centre. Gary picks up the bottle of wine, looks at it, puts it down again.

GARY

You weren't joking then?

DAVE

Gary. With your brains
and my good looks...

GARY

I know. We'll end up in
real trouble.

Dave pulls back the chair for Gary to sit down and brings over their dinner - a passable spaghetti bolognese. He sits down himself and pours the wine.

DAVE

I mean it Gary. This is
our big break. It'll
work man. I know it.

He clinks their glasses together, then waves Gary on to get stuck into the meal.

INT. ENTERPRISE OFFICE -- DAY

Dave and Gary sit in the waiting room of the ENTERPRISE offices. Gary is in a suit and tie. Dave is more "casual". Dave smiles at a secretary, SHELLY (19) who is sitting fiddling

MILLENNIUM COWBOYS circa 1999.

with her hair across the room. Gary nervously looks through a pile of magazines - as if he's at the dentist.

A phone rings. Gary jumps. The secretary picks it up. Holds her hand over the mouthpiece as she addresses Dave and Gary with a smile.

SHELLY

He'll see you now.

Dave and Gary look at each other. Stand up. Cross the room.

CUT TO:

INT. INNER OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

A middle aged man in a suit shows Dave and Gary to their seats. Gary sits nervously. Dave smiles, confident. The man addresses Gary.

MR.JEFFRIES

Would you like to tell me a little bit about your business idea?

DAVE

It's simple - but very lucrative.

He pulls out a business plan.

DAVE

Here are our first year projections.

He passes them over to Mr.Jeffries who opens the document. Gary looks at Dave, amazed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. INNER OFFICE -- LATER

Mr Jeffries sits back relaxed in his chair. Dave has obviously won him over. Even Gary is looking slightly less sick. There are empty cups of coffee in front of them.

MR.JEFFRIES

So. If you have a start up loan of say five thousand - to get the

MILLENNIUM COWBOYS circa 1999.

van and capital
equipment.

Dave nods.

MR.JEFFRIES

Can you just run me
through it one more
time.

Dave smiles.

DAVE

We collect computers
from small businesses -
and individuals - and,
using Gary's computer
expertise, offer a
service wherby we make
them safe from the
millennium bug.

Mr Jeffries nods. Looks at his own computer.

MR.JEFFRIES

Ah yes.

He taps the top of his computer.

MR.JEFFRIES

Could you do this one?

Dave nods. It's as if he's about to rip it out
then and there. Gary stops him.

GARY

I think we should wait
till we've got all our
systems set up first.

Mr Jeffries nods again.

MR.JEFFRIES

Of course. Well...

DAVE

We recognise the
importance of starting
within our capacities -
don't want to upset
customers by jumping the
gun. We want to offer a

MILLENNIUM COWBOYS circa 1999.

fast, but most of all,
an efficient service.

He looks at them both. They both smile back.

MR. JEFFRIES

I can see no problem.
We'll get you a start up
loan to be paid back
over say...

DAVE

Six months. Six months
will be fine.

Mr Jeffries rubs his chin. Nods. Dave and Gary
stand up. The man stands up and stretches out
his hand.

MR. JEFFRIES

Good to see such
enthusiasm. Youth making
a difference. Getting up
and self-starting.

Dave smiles.

DAVE

Well. You've got to give
it a go, eh?

Gary pushes Dave towards the door.

GARY

Thanks.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Dave and Gary walk past the secretary who smiles
broadly at them both as they leave.

Mr Jeffries puts his head out into the office
and looks quizzically at the secretary who
breaks from filing her nails.

MR. JEFFRIES

How's your computer?

The secretary looks at it - screensaver
constantly churning. She nods.

MILLENNIUM COWBOYS circa 1999.

SHELLY

Very pretty.

(pause)

Nice.

Mr Jeffries shakes his head and closes himself into his office once more.

EXT. STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

Dave and Gary stand outside the Enterprise office. Dave waves his arms around expansively.

DAVE

See this?

GARY

What?

DAVE

All this.

Gary nods.

DAVE

This my son is all ours.

Gary starts walking off down the street. Dave catches him up, pulls his tie off. Takes out a lighter and sets fire to it. Gary watches him in astonishment. Then begins to laugh.

GARY

Fast and efficient
service - what was *that*
all about?

DAVE

Got us the gig eh no?

They are passing a pub door. Dave pulls Gary towards it.

DAVE

Calls for a celebration
I think.

They enter the pub.

INT. BAR -- EVENING A WEEK LATER.

Gary's leaving do is in full swing. We recognise girls and boys from the telephone helpline

MILLENNIUM COWBOYS circa 1999.

office getting drunk and disorderly, generally letting their hair down.

Dave and Gary are propping up the bar. Dave has his arm round Gary's shoulder, more as physical than emotional support.

DAVE

So what you gonna miss most?

Gary downs another drink and looks blearily at Dave.

GARY

Not you ringing me up every ten minutes. Oh, no. Christ I don't believe it...

Gary has turned away from Dave and finds himself watching the entrance of Fraser. Dave, still hanging onto Gary asks

DAVE

What...? Who...?

Gary points out Fraser, who is looming towards them.

GARY

It's Fraser. The supervisor from hell.

DAVE

Oh, I thought it was a girl you'd...

He snickers.

DAVE

As if any girl would...

Gary pushes Dave aside.

GARY

Wise up Davie. The only reason I can think Fraser would be here is cos he knows I've ripped off the database.

MILLENNIUM COWBOYS circa 1999.

DAVE

Ugly.

Gary nods his head.

GARY

Could be.

Dave shakes his head.

DAVE

No. I mean he's ugly.

For a strippagram.

Gary takes Dave by the shoulders.

GARY

You never...?

Dave giggles, tapping his nose with finger.

DAVE

You never know with me.

Ha. Remember the pencil.

By this time Fraser has reached the bar. He shakes hands with Gary who looks extremely uncomfortable. Dave stretches out, takes Fraser's hand and pumps it.

DAVE

You must be Fraser.

Gary's said that he'll really miss working with you.

Fraser looks Dave up and down, unsure how to take him.

GARY

I didn't think...

FRASER

It's an important part of business Gary, staff relations. You'll need to learn that...

DAVE

Sorry.

MILLENNIUM COWBOYS circa 1999.

He waves expansively at Fraser. His tone is somewhat drunkenly aggressive. It shuts Fraser up.

DAVE

Excuse me, but Gary isn't your staff any more, technically speaking.

He laughs at his own joke. Fraser seems totally unamused, Gary looks embarrassed.

GARY

Have a drink Fraser.

He motions to the barman to line up some more drinks.

DAVE

Yes. Have a drink Fraser. On me. With me... and *my* staff.

Gary takes Fraser to one side, pushing Dave out of the way with a glare.

GARY

Sorry Fraser, he's...

FRASER

Drunk?

GARY

Dave. Yeh. Drunk too.

Fraser tips glasses with Gary.

FRASER

All the best Gary. And remember. If things don't work out for you there's always a job going...

GARY

Thanks Fraser.

Gary turns round to see what Dave is up to. He spots him across the bar, trying to encourage a particularly shy looking girl to dance. That's Dave all over. No sense.

MILLENNIUM COWBOYS circa 1999.

INT. FLAT -- NEXT MORNING

The empty sitting room. Beer bottles all over the place. The remains of a takeaway. Silence. Then coughing.

Dave enters, in his robe. He is dishevelled, looking exactly as we would expect him to the day after. He makes space on the sofa and crashes out, hitting the tv remote. We hear the sound of some kiddie programme. He laughs, then calls out.

DAVE

Get us a coffee Gary!

He lies back on the sofa.

Gary enters. He is fully dressed, ready to work. He carries two coffees in one hand and in the other he has a large wad of paper - the database. He drops it heavily down on the coffee table in front of the sofa.

DAVE

You've got to be kidding.

Gary shakes his head.

GARY

The sooner we start...

Dave holds his hands up. Attempts to speak. Decides against it. Reaches for the coffee. Takes a drink. Burns his mouth. Shakes his head.

DAVE

I've got to teach you how to be your own boss, pal.

GARY

C'mon Dave...

Dave picks himself up from the sofa, responding to Gary's disapproval. He shuffles his way towards the door, turning as he reaches it.

DAVE

D'you want me to wear a tie mum?

MILLENNIUM COWBOYS circa 1999.

He exits the room. Gary begins to tidy up and reaches for the phone.

INT. FLAT -- LATER

Dave and Gary are sitting facing each other, looking remarkably business-like. The room is tidy, there are pads and pencils laid out and the database is very much in evidence.

DAVE

Outside?

Gary nods.

DAVE

You want me to go
outside. In October?

GARY

We have to work to our
strengths. I'll do the
cold calling and you
pick up the computers.

Dave waves his hands dismissively.

DAVE

You don't get it do you?
Outside is where my
parents used to make me
go and play when they
wanted to torture me big
time.

He kicks off his shoes and folds his legs up under him on the sofa.

DAVE

I'm just not an outside
kind of guy.

Gary picks up the phone and begins to dial.

GARY

I get this appointment,
you do this appointment.
Get it.

His face is stern. Dave nods, like a naughty child. He gets up from the sofa. Watching Gary as the phone rings. He goes past Gary, leaning close to his ear.

MILLENNIUM COWBOYS circa 1999.

DAVE

Smile when you...

Gary waves him away, has already adopted his telephone voice.

GARY

Mr Palmer please.

Dave picks up the coffee cups, leaves the room.

EXT. ROAD -- DAY

We are outside a block of offices. Dave struggles through double doors, carrying a computer box. He holds it while he opens the doors of the van and puts it inside. We can see a number of other computer bits and pieces inside. They all have labels, bearing the names of the companies.

Dave shuts the door, goes round to get into the drivers cab and before he does so, looks at a checklist of companies to pick up from. He wipes his brow. Notices a pub across the road. He begins to cross towards the pub. A ringing sound stops him. It's his mobile phone. He answers it.

DAVE

What? No. Oh, you know... Where? But that's miles... Okay.

He puts away the phone, sighs as he waves bye bye to the pub and gets into the van. He drives off.

INT. FLAT -- EVENING

The sitting room has been turned into what looks like a computer warehouse. There are computer components resting everywhere. Dave and Gary sit peeling stickers off a sheet and sticking them on the computer boxes.

DAVE

D'you not think it would be even a little bit funny?

He holds up two labels and matches them up to two computer boxes.

MILLENNIUM COWBOYS circa 1999.

Gary shakes his head. Dave shrugs. Puts the labels back on the appropriate boxes.

DAVE

Roll on Sunday.

He puts his feet up on one of the computer boxes and turns up the television.

INT. ENTERPRISE OFFICE -- DAY

Dave sits in the outer office, smiling at Shelly. She effects expertise with the computer keyboard, until the phone rings and she gets into a panic. Dave keeps smiling at her. She is flustered, but tries to smile back despite the chaos.

Mr Jeffries pokes his head round the corner. Dave gets up, winks at Shelly as he passes and enters the inner office.

INT. INNER OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Dave and Mr Jeffries sit opposite each other. Mr Jeffries is reading from a bundle of papers in front of him. He looks up and they both speak at once.

DAVE

We need help.

MR.JEFFRIES

You need help.

They smile at the coincidence of joint speech. Dave motions Mr Jeffries to carry on.

MR.JEFFRIES

It's a staggering
turnover in just three
weeks.

Dave nods.

DAVE

Tell you the truth,
we're earning it just
faster than we can spend
it.

Mr Jeffries smiles vaguely, running through the sheets again.

MILLENNIUM COWBOYS circa 1999.

DAVE

It's knackered me. I'm out all hours picking up computers... and ...

MR.JEFFRIES

Yes. You should be thinking about taking on more staff. Training them up...

Dave shakes his head.

DAVE

Nah. We want to go it alone as long as possible.

Mr Jeffries begins to jot figures down on a pad.

MR.JEFFRIES

Are these figures right?

Dave nods.

DAVE

Aye. Averaging fifteen pick ups a day, six days a week. Three weeks, it's just about...

MR.JEFFRIES

Forty thousand pounds.

His voice has a tone of utter amazement. Dave nods casually.

MR.JEFFRIES

And your partner?

DAVE

He's out spending it as we speak. Oh...

He gets out a cheque book, writes a cheque for £5,000 and hands it over to Mr Jeffries.

DAVE

No point hanging onto this.

Mr Jeffries is just stunned.

MILLENNIUM COWBOYS circa 1999.

EXT. SHOW HOME ON ESTATE -- DAY

A BMW draws up outside a show home. Gary gets out, goes round and opens the door to a young woman in a business suit. They go up the path to the house together. She opens the door with the key.

INT. SHOW HOME -- MOMENTS LATER

The woman shows Gary round the show home. It is clean, expensive, everything in place. Carpets, curtains, furniture. They begin to go upstairs.

INT. INNER OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Dave and Mr Jeffries are sipping coffee together in a matey fashion.

DAVE

He doesn't get out much
you see.

Mr Jeffries nods.

INT. SHOW HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Gary and the woman look round the bedroom.

INT. INNER OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Dave leans forward conspiratorially.

DAVE

That would be just
perfect.

Mr Jeffries presses his intercom.

MR.JEFFRIES

Shelly, would you...?

He gets no response. He shakes his head, sighs.

MR.JEFFRIES

Technology huh?

He gets up and goes to the door, calling out.

MR.JEFFRIES

Shelly, can you come in
here please.

MILLENNIUM COWBOYS circa 1999.

Dave sits back in his chair, triumphant.

INT. SHOW HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Gary and the woman are downstairs again. He looks round the place. Nods.

WOMAN

Just as it is?

He nods again.

WOMAN

With all the furniture?

He nods again.

WOMAN

I don't know...?

GARY

Cash sale?

The woman picks up her mobile.

WOMAN

I'll see what I can do.

She begins to dial as Gary crosses the room and peers out of the net curtains.

INT. FLAT -- EVENING

Dave and Gary sit eating expensive looking takeaway in front of a huge widescreen television. Cartons of takeaway are resting precariously on top of computer boxes - all of which sport stickers and address labels.

GARY

Whole thing. Furniture
and all. Move in
Saturday.

DAVE

What, not working
Saturdays now?

Gary laughs. Takes another mouthful.

DAVE

I've still beat that.

MILLENNIUM COWBOYS circa 1999.

Gary puts down his carton of food. Wipes his hand across his mouth.

GARY

Can't you ever just admit I've...

DAVE

Aye, no problem. When it happens. But *I've* still beat that.

Gary picks up his drink. Looks at Dave, waiting for more. Waves him into speech.

DAVE

You've bought a house. I've got the girl.

GARY

What?

DAVE

The girl. Shelly.

GARY

Who?

DAVE

You know, the cute secretary at the Enterprise office.

Gary nods.

DAVE

Well, come Monday she's going to do all our secretarial - free transfer for a month till we get fixed up.

He stands up, takes a bow. Applauds himself.

GARY

Better give her the new address.

He hands Dave a card with their new address on it. Dave looks impressed for just a second. Then he laughs.

MILLENNIUM COWBOYS circa 1999.

DAVE

So now you can come out
with me. Hold the doors
open.

He picks up a beer, breaks off the cap, toasts
Gary, who looks less than chuffed.

INT. NEW HOME -- DAY

Shelly is now installed in the show home, the
downstairs of which has become the "office".
Gary sits at her side. Dave is nowhere to be
seen. Shelly looks nervous, toys with her hair.
Gary looks at her perfect nails. The phone
rings.

GARY

Just make sure that you
get the address down
right and...

The phone keeps ringing. Gary motions Shelly to
pick it up. She gives him a winsome smile.

SHELLY

Can you just show me
once more.

Gary picks up the phone. Shelly's relief is
shortlived, as Gary hands her the phone
whispering.

GARY

The first call's always
the hardest, you just
have to dive right in.

Shelly looks unconvinced, flicks back her hair
as she puts the phone to her ear.

SHELLY

Hello. D and G computer
services, how can I help
you?

There is silence as she listens to the other end
of the phone. Gary watches her. She appears to
be becoming more relaxed, but he motions to her
to write things down as she seems to have
forgotten that. She waves him aside, giggles
nervously, then breaks out into a very

MILLENNIUM COWBOYS circa 1999.

unladylike laugh. Gary wrestles the phone from her. She mouths DAVE as he takes the phone.

GARY

What's your problem?

The phone has obviously gone dead. Gary replaces the receiver. Shelly looks at him, quizzically, wondering if she has incurred his wrath.

SHELLY

I think he just wanted
me to feel at home on my
first day.

GARY

I bet he did. Now
Shelly...

He moves closer to Shelly, as if to confide in her. The phone rings again. Shelly reaches straight for it. Gary sits back, unsure whether to be relaxed or not.

SHELLY

Good morning. D and G
computer services, how
may I help you?

She smiles at Gary and begins scribbling information down on the pad in front of her. He gives her the thumbs up.

EXT. NEW HOME -- EVENING

A very smart looking Mercedes convertible pulls up outside the house. Dave jumps out, flips his remote car-lock and swaggers up the drive. He waves at Gary, who is looking out through the net curtains.

INT. NEW HOME -- MOMENTS LATER

Dave throws the keys down on the coffee table.

DAVE

Drives like a tiger.
That's power man.

Gary looks up from his computer screen.

MILLENNIUM COWBOYS circa 1999.

GARY

Could you not get a
better colour than
yellow.

DAVE

Yellow. What's wrong wi'
yellow.

Gary shrugs. There's no point going on with this conversation. He turns back to his computer screen.

DAVE

Chick magnet. You'll
see. Where's Shelly?

GARY

You keep your hands off
Shelly.

DAVE

Oooh. Touchy.

He crosses to Gary, looks at the computer screen. It's a spreadsheet of sorts... looks boringly complex.

DAVE

Can you no do that on
the other computer. I
wantae play Escape from
the Batcave.

GARY

Grow up Dave.

DAVE

What's your problem?

GARY

Our problem.

DAVE

Funny, cos I don't have
a problem.

Gary gives him a vicious look. Dave goes over to a cupboard, opens it to reveal a mini-fridge. Takes out a beer. Breaks off the cap. Turns back to Gary.

MILLENNIUM COWBOYS circa 1999.

DAVE

Okay, what's our problem
now?

GARY

Ever heard of the VAT
man?

Dave crosses to Gary at the computer. Presses a
key, then switches off the computer.

GARY

Hey!

DAVE

It's okay. I saved it.

He crosses to the sideboard on which there is an
impressive array of spirits. Pours out two large
scotches and gives Gary one.

DAVE

This grown up enough?

Gary looks suspiciously at his drink. Dave takes
a large swig - coughs, then smiles. He gives
Gary a light pat on the cheek, winks.

DAVE

Don't worry. It's
sorted.

He picks up the keys to the car. Throws them in
Gary's direction.

DAVE

Take it out for a spin.

Gary looks at the keys. At Dave. Decides against
it. Dave takes his drink over to the computer.
Switches it on. We hear the sounds of ESCAPE
FROM THE BATCAVE booting up. Gary changes his
mind. Picks up the keys. Takes a jacket from the
side of the sofa. Crosses the room. Leaves. Dave
doesn't even notice him going.

INT. NEW HOME -- DAY

Shelly sits by the phone. Gary stands over her.
There is just the hint of intimacy between them.
Then the door opens and they resume business
relationship. Dave enters. He is waving a
brochure.

MILLENNIUM COWBOYS circa 1999.

GARY

What now?

Dave does a little jig. He's finding it hard to contain his enthusiasm. He's totally oblivious to the intimacy he has just broken up.

DAVE

Holidays.

GARY

What?

DAVE

Holidays. Christmas. You know. Rest for the workers. And Caesar Augustus sent out a decree that...

GARY

...all the world should be taxed. Hardly appropriate Dave.

Shelly begins to put on her jacket, makes as if she is leaving.

SHELLY

I'd better...

Dave crosses, kisses Shelly on the cheek and hands her a ticket.

DAVE

No. Christmas Bonus.

Shelly looks at the ticket.

GARY

Are you crazy?

Dave pulls them both to the sofa, sits down in the middle of them.

DAVE

On the contrary. The best way to avoid the taxman is to leave the country. And we all need a holiday.

MILLENNIUM COWBOYS circa 1999.

GARY

What about the...?

DAVE

I told you I'd sort it.

Shelly is toying with her ticket, she hasn't dared open it yet.

SHELLY

It's like Blind Date...
it's so exciting.

Dave jumps up and down on the sofa, building her excitement.

DAVE

Open it Shelly.

He turns to Gary who looks more uncertain. Nudges him until Gary reluctantly says

GARY

Yes. Open it Shelly.

She opens the envelope.

SHELLY

A trip to Cuba!

She laughs and claps her hands. She speaks with a tone of insincere enthusiasm.

SHELLY

I've always wanted to go
to Cuba.

DAVE

It's all expenses paid
Shelly. And back in time
for Christmas with your
mum.

Shelly gives Dave a peck on the cheek. Stands up. Gary stands up with her, walks with her to the door. As she goes out she whispers.

SHELLY

Where *is* Cuba?

Dave has overheard.

MILLENNIUM COWBOYS circa 1999.

DAVE

Just turn up at the
airport Shelly, the
pilot knows the way.

Shelly waves her perfect nails at Dave as she
leaves the house.

Gary turns round to Dave, who is beaming all
over his face.

DAVE

Surprise?!

Gary looks less than amused. He sits down next
to Dave.

GARY

Cuba?

Dave nods enthusiastically.

DAVE

Cuba comrade.

GARY

We need to talk about
this.

Dave smiles. He flops out on the sofa.

DAVE

Talk away pal.

He hits the remote for the powerful stereo
system. Music blares out.

INT. TAXI, CUBA -- DAY

Gary, Shelly and Dave are driven through the
crumbling streets of Havana, in a large open top
Cadillac. The taxi pulls up at a hotel,
crumbling decadence. They get out of the taxi,
Dave tips the driver handsomely, who then
struggles with a huge suitcase up the steps.

Dave laughs. He and Gary have small rucksacks.
The case is obviously Shelly's though she also
has a flight case and a hat box.

MILLENNIUM COWBOYS circa 1999.

DAVE

Are you *sure* you needed
to bring the kitchen
sink Shelly?

Gary puts his arm round Shelly's back and ushers her to the door. He looks back at Dave as they pass into the hotel.

GARY

Give the wise-cracks the
night off eh?

Dave watches them disappear into the hotel,
looks out into the street.

DAVE

Happy holidays.

He stretches his arms above his head, and soaks
in the atmosphere.