

SCENE 1.

FX: OPENING BARS OF "GRAND DESIGNS"
THEME TUNE.

DANNY: 'Allo. I'm Danny Dwyer. I'm presenting Grand Designs this week. If you don't like it you can do one. We're in South East London with Beth and Andrew. They've bought a knackered old dairy near Nunhead. Can you believe it? A normal person would stick some flats on this plot. Stack 'em up and piss off with the profits. Not these two muppets. They want to "pursue the aesthetic of decay". Andrew, what is this bollocks?

ANDREW: Peeling paint. Rusty old taps. Wood worm eaten floorboards. All these artefacts tell a story, they are part of the fabric of the city, links to the psychic geography of an area. They should be celebrated, nurtured, not sand-blasted out of existence.

BETH: One man's rubbish is another man's treasure.

DANNY: Rubbish is rubbish, sweetheart, and believe me, you just brought a big steaming pile of it. Look at the state of it.

ANDREW: You have to look through the present dilapidated state...

DANNY: That's the problem. I'm literally looking right through it. There's almost nothing there.

BETH: We are strong adherents to the philosophy of the skip. We see a patina we like to burnish it, bring out the sheen.

DANNY: You mean polish a turd. You seen some of the films I've been in you know it can't be done.

BETH: Andrew, are you going to let him talk to me like that?

ANDREW: Entropy. Change. Decay. The Circle of Life. Those are the...

DANNY: Don't get all mystical on me. We've all seen The Lion King. Right, you've ruled out the sensible option, whacking some flats up. What's the plan?

BETH IS GETTING INCREASINGLY UPSET. ON THE VERGE OF TEARS

BETH: "Whacking flats up." That's your answer to everything isn't it. Identi-kit rabbit hutches with no life. No soul.

DANNY: Alright, love, don't get your knickers in a twist.

BETH: Andrew! For God's sake show some backbone.

ANDREW: Now listen here you...you.. Oik!

DANNY: You want to get tasty with me? Leave it out. Just answer the question. What are your plans for this heap of rubble you've bought.

BETH IS INCREASINGLY HYSTERICAL, FIGHTING BACK SOBS.

BETH: We intend to take this crumbling Victorian dairy and turn

into a "shabby chic" family home fit for modern life, whilst celebrating and breathing life into the remnants of the past embedded into the very soul of this structure.

DANNY: You mean turn a right old shit hole into slightly less of a shit hole.

BETH EXPELS AN EXASPERATED YELL OF ANGER.

ANDREW: You asked for it, you arse!

FX: SOUND OF A SCUFFLE, FOLLOWED BY LOUD THWACK.

DANNY: Arrgh. My dose. You broke my fubbin' dose.

ANDREW: There's more where that came from as well, barrow boy.

BETH: Oh, Andrew, you brute. Take me!

DANNY: You people are all nutters. McCloud you can have your job back. I'm done with this nonsense. It's back to 'Enders for me.

FX; EASTENDERS SYNTH DRUMS GOING INTO THEME TUNE.

THE END.