

Such Is Life

written by  
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**EXT. COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT**

Thunder echoes through a stormy sky. Lightning crashes down illuminating a drab council office. At the front of the building, a weather worn sign reads 'Southport Council - It Doesn't Have to be Grim Up North'.

**INT. COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS, RILEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

RILEY, 54, stares out to the stormy Southport skyline through a giant glass window. Surrounded by taxidermy animals, she sips from a huge glass of gin and tonic. She clutches a large cigar in her other hand.

Dwarfed on the other side of a grand desk, quivers the desperately skinny BRUCE, 39, clad in cheap overalls. His petrified, Merseyside accent just about audible.

BRUCE

You wanted to see me Boss?

Riley takes a long puff on her cigar before pipping up with a fierce, received-pronunciation accent.

RILEY

Southport in Bloom will soon be upon us and our government demands platinum status for this town!

The walls are adorned with photos of stiff bureaucrats draped in medals and celebratory sashes.

BRUCE

Of course Boss. I'm working hard to get the streets cleaned up & and ready in time.

Riley turns and slams a flyer for Southport in Bloom on the desk before stubbing out her cigar directly on it.

RILEY

The festival is tomorrow and everything I hear is that Southport is still a shit-hole!

Riley lights up another cigar. Bruce sheepishly responds.

BRUCE

I'm really trying. It's just, you fired all of the other crew. I'm down to a work-force of one.

Bruce awkwardly points to himself. Riley is unimpressed.

RILEY

Bruce my boy. All I'm hearing is excuses. I thought you wanted to make something of yourself?

Riley's demeanor softens as she leans towards Bruce.

RILEY

We're here to level up the North but can you really expect this to happen if the Northerners don't want to pull themselves up by their bootstraps?

She leans in closer.

RILEY

I want what's best for you, I really do. I want you to make it to a fully paid position on the council, with your own desk and access to the office latrine.

She leans in even closer

RILEY

No more squatting behind bushes for you my lad. But in order for me to scratch your back, you're going to have to pull your finger out and scratch mine.

With cigar still in mouth, she is now uncomfortably close and grabs his overalls by the scruff.

RILEY

Because if you balls this up for me in front of the Council Review Committee, I'll have your guts for garters an' boil up ya buttocks for breakfast.

Riley gulps her gin, cigar still in mouth.

RILEY

I'm relegated to this god-forsaken dump until I make something of Southport, the cul-de-sac of the North-West.

She releases her grip on Bruce who quickly attempts to scurry away, that is until he is unable to open Riley's office door. Riley doesn't miss a beat as she storms over and heaves it off the hinges.

Door in hand, she looks to Bruce with a disgruntled grin.

RILEY

You are allowed one intern.  
Unpaid, with the minimum expenses  
that the law legally obligates us  
to provide.

A brief look of 'what the hell are you still doing here?' from Riley before Bruce darts off into the open-plan office.

**INT. COUNCIL HEADQUARTERS, OPEN PLAN OFFICE - NIGHT**

Bruce looks around. He is in what appears to be a swanky wine & cheese party. Councillors all looking like Monopoly men are being catered for by waiters.

A wide-eyed waitress, Toni, 29 presents a silver tray of vol-au-vents to Bruce.

TONI

Would sir care for a tax payer  
funded hors d'oeuvre?

Bruce pats himself down, knowing he has no money. Toni mutters.

TONI

They're free.

Bruce lights up and shoves five in his gob, filling himself with confidence.

BRUCE

Now, where would I find an intern  
around here?

Toni's eyes widen even further.

TONI

Are you an employer?!

Bruce seizes on his moment on power.

BRUCE

If by that you mean head road  
sweep of Southport, then yes I am.  
I'm looking for a hardworking  
intern to join me. We're going to  
clean up this town and I'm going  
to get the respect I deserve.

Bruce stands stands proudly, before beginning to choke on one of the vol-au-vents. Nearby waiter/interns get wind of their conversation and peer over with desperation.

TONI

I can be you intern! I'm hard-working, diligent, loyal! Please just take me with you!

Bruce continues to choke. Around him, there's a rush as the others begin clambering across tables and chairs, desperate to get to the potential employer in a scene reminiscent of a Romero Zombie flick.

INTERN 1

Please. You must save us!

INTERN 2

All we do is serve bureaucrats.

A heavily bearded intern, Humphrey (53) drags himself across a table.

HUMPHREY

I haven't taken a break in 17 years.

A council officer spots the commotion and clicks his fingers.

COUNCIL OFFICIER

Interns. You have 10 seconds to fetch my foie gras smoothie and 3D print me a bacon stetson or it's back to the gravy mines with you!

Toni throws Bruce a look of desperation.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Bruce & Toni are stood on the street, both in full road sweep gear and holding brooms.

TONI

And that's how you saved me from a life of civil misery whilst leaving the other souls to suffer in a hell of red tape and bureaucracy.

Toni stands grinning from ear to ear.

BRUCE

Wait, I was telling that story!

TONI

And a fine job you were doing too!

Bruce hands Toni a badge clearly labelling her as an intern.

BRUCE  
You're still an intern.

TONI  
And extremely excited about this  
opportunity I am too!

An elderly couple slowly hobble by, COLIN, 94 and VERA, 87.  
They spot the road sweeps and quickly turn to each other.

VERA  
Bloody hell. It's those road  
sweeps. Keep your head down and  
keep those legs moving Colin.

Colin and Vera slowly pass. Bruce lifts his demeanor with a  
forced smile.

BRUCE  
Lovely day for it. Getting the  
morning air into your gills.

VERA  
Oh yes, splendid...

Collin rolls his eyes as Vera whispers.

VERA  
Keep smiling, keep smiling...

COLIN (UNDER HIS BREATH)  
I wish I was dead.

Bruce clearly mis-hears Colin's comment.

BRUCE  
Toni can get you some bread! Toni.  
Bread!

Toni is oblivious.

TONI  
No thanks I had a parsnip this  
morning.

Colin and Vera hobble away. As soon as they're out of sight  
Bruce's posture slumps & his familiar frown reappears.

BRUCE  
Southport in Bloom will be upon us  
this afternoon and when the  
Council Review Committee arrives,  
they need to see just how much of  
a success I've made of it.

Toni stares at Bruce with a dumbfounded, wide-eyed grin.

BRUCE

Fine. How much we've made of it.

TONI

I won't let you down boss. I'll do anything to show you how much this means to me!

In the background Colin & Vera arrive at their house to find a sign reading 'foreclosed by the council'. They both burst into tears. Bruce & Toni spot them crying. The old couple immediately put on a forced & faked projection of happiness.

A content Bruce gets back to Toni. Out of view of the pair, Colin & Vera weep mercilessly.

BRUCE

First things first. Have you washed all the windows on the penny arcade and waxed the floors of the world-famous, globally renowned Southport pier?

The pair look over to one side and we get a quick glimpse of the pier, looking somewhat worse for wear, with a gang of teenagers throwing bricks at each other.

We return to Bruce and Toni.

TONI

Yes.

BRUCE

Have you brushed the fish from the costal road? Re-painted the marvelous buildings along the promenade?

The pair look in the other direction and we get another glimpse of the town with a serious of burnt out cars littering a street where more teenagers throw more bricks at each other.

We again return to our heroes. Toni nods. Bruce continues.

BRUCE

Hidden the empty shops from preying eyes with great bouquets of extravagantly colourful flowers? Polished the snails? Scrapped the rat vomit from the train station entrance?

(MORE)

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Scared the albatross from the indoor market? Removed that poor persons smell from Marble Arch shopping centre?

TONI

Yes, yes and absolutely yes. I think Southport in Bloom is going to be an enamored success.

BRUCE

Just one outstanding issue.

The camera slowly pans to reveal house number 12 - the local Southport dilapidated squat. Many broken windows reveal revelrous inside, dancing to 80s electro-pop music.

BRUCE

House number 12. They think they can change the world with their advocacy of nonviolence and openness to feelings of love and tolerance.

Toni shudders in a way that suggests she feel like she should, rather than having any idea why she actually is.

BRUCE

Not on my watch. Restrictions and regimentation. Everything above board and by-the-book. A stiff upper lip and an absolute refusal to complain. That's the way I'll get Riley on my side and I'll get my own recognition, respect and my very own team.

Bruce pauses for a minute, lost in his own thoughts.

BRUCE

It's always been a dream of mine to have my very own team. Imagine that, having a real dream come true!

Bruce looks for acknowledgment from Toni but gets none and instead finds herself merrily sweeping the pavement.

TONI

Well bugger me backwards with the curly end of a raja's slipper. This new brush goes forwards and backwards! Can this day get any better?

Bruce rolls his eyes before turning and marching to the front door. He aggressively knocks. There is no answer. Knocking harder and harder, his desperation eventually leads to him hammering with both fists.

BRUCE  
Right, that's it.

Toni cheers him on. Bruce swings his arm wildly, preparing to hammer on the door. As he throws his fist to the door, it swings open and Bruce accidentally punches LANCE, a drain-piped, lanky and tattooed 26 year old, square in the face.

Lance quickly shakes his head from side to side.

LANCE  
That's sobered me right up. Cheers pal.

BRUCE  
Can I speak to the owner please?

LANCE  
No one owns this place. How very capitalist of you.

Toni pipes up.

TONI  
Can anyone actually own anything?

Bruce throws her a glance.

BRUCE  
Toni!

Bruce turns back to Lance.

BRUCE  
Can I speak to your... erm?

TONI  
Leader!

A clearly frustrated Bruce turns back to Toni.

BRUCE  
Leader?

Turning back to Lance, Bruce is shocked to no longer see the lanky tattooed student, instead being confronted by Wendy, 36, an absolute ray of sunshine, with a grin somehow wider than her beaming face.

WENDY

Don't follow leaders, watch your parking meters. Cats not cops and tax-evading, corrupt government bureaucrats can go fuck themselves, destined to die alone in a decadently shameful cesspit of lies.

Bruce rubs the bridge of his nose with finger and thumb, in a futile attempt to calm himself.

BRUCE

Fine, fine. Just make sure you spread this to the rest of your bottom feeder friends. I need you lot to lay low, at least until Southport in Bloom is over. All of the countries finest dignitaries will be coming to inspect our work and I don't want any of you messing this up for me. I've got a cushy little office job lined up once this all works out.

TONI

Oh, that reminds me Wendy. I really enjoyed that seminar you gave last week about the relationships between paranoia, bullying and negative behavior in the workplace.

Bruce turns, looking at Toni in utter contempt.

BRUCE

Go and clean the phone box.

TONI

Which one?

BRUCE

The only one in town!

Toni awkwardly curtsies and rushes off. Bruce turns back to Wendy, to now be facing Lance and a whole gaggle of eco-activists instead.

LANCE

So, let us get this straight. Southport in Bloom starts today?

BRUCE

Yes it does!

LANCE

And the society destroying tax-avoiding elite will all be attending?

BRUCE

I wouldn't describe them in that manner but yes, they will be!

LANCE

And it takes place, right here, in the centre of Southport?

Bruce very proudly steps up, feeling very confident knowing all the details of such a prestigious event.

BRUCE

Well it actually takes place in Southport's ornate Hesketh Park.

Bruce is very pleased with himself but his confidence is immediately deflated by a loud horn. He turns to find Wendy, at the helm of an eco-activist wagon, with mega horn attachment.

WENDY (shouting)

Come on everybody! Thanks to Bruce's insider info, we can take this event and the bourgeoisie bastards down!

Lance and forty-five activists flood out of the house, piling up in the wagon, each one patting and thanking Bruce as they pass.

BRUCE

Oh sh...

CUT TO:

**EXT. STREET, PHONE BOX - DAY**

Toni is scrubbing away at a disgusting old phone box. The phone was clearly smashed a long time ago and the box is covered in all kinds of seedy posters. Flies buzz around the box with Toni attempting to bat them away.

TONI

Shoo!

As Toni continues her futile attempt at cleaning up the vile space, she spots a dirty old flyer with the tagline "make all your dreams come true".

Tony pauses for a moment of wonder and recollects Bruce's dream announcement, in cliché dream-like fashion.

BRUCE (O.S.)  
 It's always been a dream of mine  
 to have my very own team. Imagine  
 that, having a real dream come  
 true!

She excitedly peels off the flyer and scurries away.

**EXT. HESKETH PARK - DAY**

Bruce arrives at Hesketh Park to find a beautifully picturesque scene of well-to-do, middle-age villager types, setting up and tending to flower beds. Bruce lets out a huge sigh of relief.

As he takes in the scene, he spots the Bearded Intern, Humphrey from the office. Bruce struts his stuff over.

BRUCE  
 How's this for a cleaned up  
 Southport?!

Humphrey panics and fumbles with an iPad.

HUMPHREY  
 I'm not on a break! Please don't  
 tell them..

BRUCE  
 What?

Still fumbling, Humphrey holds the iPad up over his own face. On the screen, we see Riley who cackles like a supervillain before suddenly silencing and locking eyes on Bruce.

RILEY  
 I have to hand it to you Bruce my  
 boy.

Humphrey goes to hand the iPad to Bruce, before Riley snaps.

RILEY  
 No you moron! Hand it to you in a  
 metaphorical sense.

HUMPHREY  
 Oh sorry.

Humphrey pauses, completely bewildered, starring back and forth between the iPad and Bruce.

HUMPHREY

I'm sorry. I really don't how to hand this to you metaphorically.

Bruce shrugs.

RILEY

Hold it up and do not move you absolute jack-off o' lantern.

Humphrey holds the iPad back over his face.

RILEY

With only 40 minutes before the dignitaries arrive, it looks like you might not have ballsed this up after all.

Bruce regains his composure and begins to feel pleased with his environment.

RILEY

Maybe I've underestimated you.

Bruce suddenly spots a commotion in the distance as Riley continues her chain of thought.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Maybe there is a spot for you here.

Bruce realizes who is approaching and knows he needs to get off the call immediately.

BRUCE

Oh right. Well I better get back to it...

RILEY

Once the dignitaries see Southport in Bloom, in Bloom...

BRUCE

I should really...

As Bruce attempts to end the call, the park begins filling with students, riding all kinds of bicycles, carts, wagons. Riley remains unaware.

RILEY

...that'll be my ticket out of this dump and...

BRUCE

Well right you are...

Humphrey starts to take notice as the students commence protesting the peaceful scene with disruptive chants and graffiti.

RILEY  
I'll finally get back to Londo...

Riley pauses, as the disruption becomes more intense. She remains menacingly calm.

RILEY  
Bruce my boy.

Bruce is terrified to answer.

BRUCE  
Yes boss.

RILEY  
Do you know these people?

BRUCE  
I erh, no.. of course not.

Wendy and Lance appear and hug Bruce. Wendy begins rallying the crowds with a megaphone.

WENDY  
With Bruce's help here, we're going to take it to the man!

The middle-class gardeners are appalled by the ruckus. Riley quizzically eyes Bruce up and down.

BRUCE  
I can assure you I wouldn't hang around with the bottom of the bucket sludge such as the...

The ECO-ACTIVISTS begin to chant.

ECO-ACTIVISTS  
Get it up, get it up, get it up!

Riley and Bruce both slowly look at one another in a confused state. The Eco-activists erect a giant poster reminiscent of Che Guevara but featuring Bruce's face.

RILEY  
If the Committee see this shit-show, it'll be all over and I'll pop you like the wart you really are!

Bruce panics and before he can think, he slaps the iPad out of Humphrey's hand, smashing it to a thousand pieces as it hits the ground.

Humphrey is almost as shocked as Bruce.

HUMPHREY

That was my very own personal iPad...

Before Bruce can respond, Wendy and Lance dive in and start jumping on the pieces.

WENDY

That's what you get for messing with our boy!

LANCE

We would never have gone this together without your help Bruce.

Tears are swelling in the eyes of Humphrey, who scurries away, fighting every instinct to let it all out. Bruce watches him go before turning back to face the mess of his predicament, shocked to find Toni, now jumping on the iPad pieces instead of the others, attempting to join in with the anti-establishment rhetoric.

TONI

Tax-avoiding, carrot government brewery cats can go fudge themselves. Take it to the van!

BRUCE

Where the hell have you been?!

TONI

Only finding a solution to all our problems!

Giddy with excitement, Toni is clutching the phonebook flyer behind her back.

**EXT. WOODLAND - DAY**

Toni & Bruce trudge through the woods. Through the trees a weird high pitched beeping tune can be heard. The pair follow the sound which eerily sounds like a demo track from a Casio keyboard.

TONI

We're here!

Bruce is not impressed. They clamber deeper into the woods and find themselves facing a hobo's den. Sleeping bag, suitcase, and a vast array of oddities litter the space.

In the centre we spot a keyboard behind which The MYSTICAL BEING (47) gyrates in a manor that could be loosely described as dancing. Toni nods her head in time with the music. Bruce confused and angry, scowls toward the hobo.

Bruce marches up and switches the music off.

MYSTICAL BEING

Oh thank you kindly. I've been stuck throwing shapes for three weeks.

Bruce is unimpressed. Toni is excited!

TONI

Is it true?! Can you really grant wishes? I'd like to wish for a pancake sleeping bag!

MYSTICAL BEING

I'm no genie. I'm more of a Mystical Being!

TONI

Right so how about a sack of cinnamon buns then? Sorry, I'm getting ahead of myself! Bruce what was it you wanted again?!

MYSTICAL BEING

I really can't help you with wishes, unless your wish is to get down with the sexiest most happening party this side of Woodstock!

Toni stares expectantly to Bruce.

TONI

What? Like a team?

The Mystical Being winks.

MYSTICAL BEING

In a way.

TONI

Is that what it is?!

Bruce stares back, taking a beat to absorb the reality of the situation before exploding in a tirade

BRUCE

Oh I get it. Lure us into your little den & make us do a little dance. Well I see your game pal & I'm not playing. I'm running out of time to sort out a real mess. Toni - come on let's go!

Bruce marches away. The Mystical Being shrugs and gets back to dancing. Toni is clearly torn but listens to her boss.

**EXT. WOODLAND PATHWAY - DAY**

Toni struggles to keep up with Bruce and he determinedly marches on.

TONI

Bruce?

BRUCE

Yes Toni.

TONI

If you knew you had to do something because you knew it was the right something but the one person who needed the right something didn't know it was the right something, would you do something that you knew you needed to do?

BRUCE

Toni, I have no idea what you're talking about. I have twenty minutes to sort everything out and as far as I'm concerned, I'm the only one who's going to actually do anything.

TONI

Right! So I have your consent to pursue the thing I know I need to do?

Bruce lets out a frustrated sigh.

BRUCE

Toni, you go do what ever it is you want to do.

Toni returns with a huge grin.

TONI

Thanks boss! I won't let you down!

Toni scurries off, back into the direction of darkest part of the woods. Bruce sighs again.

BRUCE

On your own again Bruce.

**EXT. HESKETH PARK - DAY**

Bruce arrives back to the park alone. Things have got much worse. The quiet middle-class gardeners are now fighting with the activists. Bruce climbs on top of a rickety old metal bin.

BRUCE

People, people! You have to stop!  
We're all in this together.

WENDY

And together you mean, violently  
apart from those middle-class  
toffs?

One of the Gardners, Eileen (62) responds, almost hurt.

EILEEN

Who are you calling a toff?!

Bruce quickly interjects.

BRUCE

Look, we can get more done, if we  
work together.

LANCE

He's talking all crazy and the  
like, those toffs have got to his  
brain thinking.

EILEEN

We're not toffs!

BRUCE

You have to listen to me.

The Gardners all look to him.

EILEEN

I don't even know who you are.

Bruce steps down from the bin.

BRUCE

I'm just someone who wants to bring this town together and show the elites who we can really be as a community.

There is a brief pause of reflection on this moment, before Wendy pipes up.

WENDY

Wait a minute. He's one of the elites trying to control us too!

Eileen also pipes up.

GARDNER

Wait a minute. He's a politician trying to stamp on our independence!

BRUCE

What? No, I'm not any of those things.

The Gardners and the activists turn to look at each other, before turning back to Bruce and in unison, all let out a yelping war cry.

ALL

Get him!

Bruce has no choice but to make a break for it!

**EXT. WOODLAND - DAY**

Toni returns to the woods but can't find the Mystical-Being anywhere.

TONI

Oh strange and wondrous Mystical-Being, where are you?!

She hears and uncomfortable groaning. Following the sound, she clambers through some shrubbery to find The Mystical Being outstretched over a log reminiscent of the 'paint me like one of your French girls' scene from Titanic.

MYSTICAL BEING

I've been here all along.

MYSTICAL BEING

Help yourself to some pudding if you like.

TONI

I'm fine for pudding thank you.

MYSTICAL BEING

Very well, as it was then again it shall be.

TONI

Great, just great, I really do enjoy your company, but may I just say.

MYSTICAL BEING

No, no you may not, but you may dance the dance of our elders.

TONI

I'd much prefer to ask you a bit of a question if it's all the same to you?

MYSTICAL BEING

Very well, speak to me.

TONI

Bruce needs our help, his dream if he wants to admit it or not is to have a team, you must help us out otherwise Bruce is out of a job and I'll be stuck starching Riley's knickers again.

The Mystical being sits up with a smirk.

MYSTICAL BEING

Who is this Bruce you speak of?

TONI

That tall fellow, looks like a cross between a giraffe and a llama.

MYSTICAL BEING

Doesn't ring any bells.

TONI

The annoying git who doesn't have any time for anyone.

MYSTICAL BEING

Oh yes, Bruce, what of him?

TONI

We need a bit of your help.

MYSTICAL BEING

Well, I was planning a late night  
orgy with the forest creatures...

Toni pleads with a wide-eyed expression of hope but gets  
nothing in return.

TONI

Looks like I'll go it alone then.

MYSTICAL BEING

Not unless I help.

TONI

You just said you were busy.

MYSTICAL BEING

Did I though, did I?

TONI

Yes.

MYSTICAL BEING

No time to argue over who said  
what, mainly because I've not been  
listening to a thing anyone has  
said since 1983, come now Toni, to  
the bat-mobile.

**INT. TRANSIT VAN**

Bats flying maniacally around in a van.

Toni and the Mystical Being scream hysterically, while waving  
their arms around frantically.

**EXT. HESKETH PARK - DAY**

Bruce runs hell for leather from the rioting Eco-activists and  
middle-class Gardners. He quickly scrambled up a tree. Everyone  
starts throwing rocks, buckets and whatever else they can get  
their hands on at him.

BRUCE

Stop it!

LANCE

Not until you stop lying to the  
people!

BRUCE

I'm not lying. Please you have to  
listen to me!

The crowd calms.

BRUCE

Wendy, what is it you want?

WENDY

An end to corporate structures and  
an ability to live an ecologically  
sustainable existence.

BRUCE

And you lot.

Bruce gestures to the Gardners.

BRUCE

What do you want?

EILEEN

Peace and quiet and just a lovely  
place to grown some daffodils  
without conjecture.

The activists and the Gardners look towards each other. Bruce  
seizes the moment of calm to clamber down from the tree.

BRUCE

Don't you see? Your goals all  
align and there is no reason you  
can't live alongside each other in  
harmony.

Bruce marches to the centre of the crowd, assuming the mantle  
of messiah.

BRUCE

We have a fantastic opportunity  
here to shown the world how  
Southport can be the greatest  
place on Earth. A land where all  
types, no matter your background,  
no matter your concerns, be your  
activist or toff..

EILEEN

I'm not a toff!

BRUCE

Can live together in perfect  
harmony. What do you say? Do we  
come together? Do we use our  
collective know-how to show those  
elite how great Southport really  
is?

The crowd pauses, taking in the moment until one by one, each member of the crowd begins a slow clap.

The clap builds into a full on explosion of joy and celebration.

LANCE

He really is the guy...

Bruce revels in the celebration and shouts to the crowd.

BRUCE

Now let's get this place cleaned up and ready for the party!

The crowd cheer and the celebration hits it's peak, before suddenly grinding to a sudden halt.

RILEY (O.S.)

Bruce!

Riley is stood there, surrounded by fancy bureaucrats, with Humphrey lurking awkwardly off to one side.

Bruce stands there, frozen solid, surrounded by the crowds of activists and Gardners, in a scene reminiscent of a war zone. The flower beds are in pieces, the cute stands and shrubberies are on fire. The giant poster of Bruce is torn and flapping in the breeze. The scene is a shambles and not the picturesque garden party Riley was demanding

Riley looks back and forth between the scene and the bureaucrats. She is clearly building up to the moment where she tears Bruce a new one.

The bureaucrats take in the scene. Riley moves towards Bruce, her rage building with every step. She grabs him by the scruff of his collar. He knows that this is it.

Just as she is about to let him have hit, a huge tire--screech echoes through the garden. The crowd turn just in time to see a van burst through the giant Bruce poster. It slams to a halt, narrowly avoiding colliding with anyone.

The doors fling open and both Toni & The Mystical Being tumble out.

RILEY

What the hell is this?!

Before anyone can respond, Tony clammers to her feet and scrambles up to Bruce.

TONI

Bruce! After everything you have done for me, you deserve an opportunity for all your dreams to come true.

BRUCE

What?

MYSTICAL BEING

May I present to you, your team!

BRUCE

My team?

The back doors of the van burst open and a hareem of other hobo folk dressed as forest creatures emerges. Casio keyboard style party music fills the space and a weird 'sexy party' begins, alongside an impassioned chant:

HOBO FOLK

All Your Dreams Will Come True!  
All Your Dreams Will Come True!  
All Your Dreams Will Come True!

The Hobo Folk dance and prance around the Mystical Being as he stands in the middle of the chaos pouring custard over himself.

Bruce looks to Riley, who is horrified.

RILEY

Is this your idea of a joke?!

BRUCE

No no no... I wouldn't dare make a joke...

Riley is about to rip Bruce's head off when one of the bureaucrats steps forward.

STIFF BUREAUCRAT

Riley. May I have a word?

Riley lets Bruce go and attempts to regain her composure.

RILEY

Why yes of course sir and let me please assure you that I had absolutely no idea of the goings on and had I known...

She is desperately babbling, trying to separate herself from the situation. The bureaucrat takes a deep breath, causing her to nervously pause.

STIFF BUREAUCRAT

Riley, in all my years I have never seen anything like this.

RILEY

I know sir. I'm sorry.

STIFF BUREAUCRAT

Yes me too. I'm sorry I've been living under a rock all these years. Here I was trying to put together a garden party when now I realise that this is exactly the sort of thing that Southport needed all along. Turns out that this really floats my boat.

The bureaucrat tears off his shirt, revealing his pale, stiff torso.

STIFF BUREAUCRAT

Here have a medal you dirty bugger.

Stiff Bureaucrat awards Riley a medal before throwing himself into the party. The party spirit is all too infectious and the eco-activists and Gardners all throw themselves into it too.

Riley still has her eyes on Bruce.

RILEY

I don't know how you did it, but it seems like you live to fight another day.

Riley stares around at the scene. Shirtless old men gyrate with others dressed forest creatures as a custard covered Mystical Being continues to pour more dessert about. She is disgusted and snaps her fingers.

Several interns emerge as if from nowhere, carrying a sedan chair, headed by Humphrey. Riley takes one last disgusted look at the scene and then back at Bruce, somehow more disgusted at him. She takes her seat in the chair.

Before the interns can lift the sedan chair, Wendy appears and addresses Humphrey. She is a little sheepish.

WENDY

I felt kinda bad about earlier so I wanted to give you something.

She hands him a new iPad

HUMPHREY

What is this?

WENDY

I know I shouldn't really participate in the capitalist system but I had some Birthday vouchers from my aunt left over from Christmas and I didn't want you to go without.

Humphrey sheds a tear as he takes in the moment.

Riley clicks her fingers again. Humphrey knows what this means, and stashes the iPad away in his beard before taking head position at the sedan chair. They lift Riley into the air and all march away.

Bruce is still stood to the side, shell-shocked. Toni is proud of herself and she looks to her boss.

TONI

So, I'd say that worked out just swell, wouldn't you say so?

One of the Bureaucrats streaks by, absolutely butt-naked.

Bruce doesn't know what to say.

TONI

Yep. Looks like everything worked out just great for everyone.

The party continues as the sun begins setting on the disgusting chaos.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Colin and Vera have hobo bundles strapped to branches over their shoulders and have no option but to walk off into the sunset