

WELCOME TO OUR VILLAGE, PLEASE INVADE CAREFULLY

Pilot

by

Eddie Robson

SCENE 1. INT. VILLAGE HALL

FX: A MEETING SETTLING DOWN. THE MEETING IS CHAIRED BY MR LYONS.

1. MR LYONS: Now, you should all have a copy of the agenda – between item nine, repairs to the fence between the playground and Colney Drive, and item ten, any other business, could you please add item nine b, the recent invasion of the village by beings from another world.

FX: PEOPLE DO THIS. THERE ARE SOME TUTS OF IRRITATION.

2. MR LYONS: Sorry – thought I was being organised by printing them off good and early. Sod's law, eh?

3. KATRINA: Er, Dad?

4. MR LYONS: Yes, Katrina?

5. KATRINA: Why item nine b?

1. MR LYONS: We can't put it after any other business

because we always do any other business last. We can't do the other business, then have another piece of business.

2. KATRINA: (BEAT) Right, I thought the direction of my query was obvious, but apparently not – I meant, why aren't we discussing the alien invasion first?

3. MR LYONS: Because minutes of the previous meeting come first.

4. KATRINA: Who cares about the minutes of the previous meeting?

5. MR LYONS: Well Sandra does, she compiled them.

**FX: SANDRA SNIFFLES.**

6. KATRINA: Sorry, Sandra, I'm sure you've done a cracking job. But recent events have not just overshadowed everything you were planning to discuss, but also everything else that's ever happened in Cresdon Green ever.

1. GRAHAM: Actually in 1941 the village was visited by His

Royal Highness Prince George, Duke of Kent.

2. KATRINA: And did His Royal Highness Prince George, Duke of Kent erect a impenetrable force field around the village, cut off all communications in both directions, and create a mental block preventing anyone in the outside world seeing or even thinking about the village and its inhabitants?

3. GRAHAM: No, but –

4. KATRINA: OK, moving on.

5. MR LYONS: How does it work, that mental block thing?

6. KATRINA: How should I know?

7. MR LYONS: I thought it might be something you have up in London now.

8. KATRINA: No, Dad. It's alien technology.

1. CHRIS: You're not technically supposed to be at this meeting at all, Katrina. It is a residents' meeting.

2. KATRINA: I didn't plan to become a resident when I popped home to see Mum and Dad –

3. MR LYONS: And ask to borrow the deposit for a flat –

4. KATRINA: – To which they said no, but that's their prerogative, I'm FINE about it – but then the force field came down before I could leave, so how much more residential do you want me to be?

5. MR LYONS: (SIGHS) All right. For those of you who've been out of the loop, Cresdon Green has been invaded by aliens and sealed off from the outside world.

6. OLD MAN: Really?

7. MR LYONS: Yes.

8. OLD MAN: Good grief.

1. MR LYONS: So. What are we going to do about it?

FX: **SILENCE.**

2. GRAHAM: Do we have to do something about it?

3. MR LYONS: That's a good question.

4. KATRINA: No it isn't.

5. GRAHAM: Shouldn't the police do something?

6. CHRIS: Yes, or the government, or the army...

7. GRAHAM: The FBI dealt with this sort of thing in The X Files.

8. MR LYONS: They don't have any jurisdiction outside of America. It would have to be the CIA.

9. GRAHAM: You can't trust them, Richard.

1. KATRINA: This is all academic, as well as being largely based on things you've seen on television. The world doesn't know this has happened and we can't call anyone in. Not the police, not the army, not the FBI, not the CIA, not the BBC, QPR or REM. So it's up to us.

2. MR LYONS: What do you suggest, love?

3. KATRINA: We could stop helping the aliens.

4. CHRIS: I'm not helping them.

5. KATRINA: But you're still serving them in the village shop, Chris.

6. CHRIS: Their money's as good as anyone's. Better, in fact – it all looks brand new.

7. KATRINA: Patrick, didn't they ask you to mow the village green so they can use it as a spaceship landing pad?

**FX: MUTTERINGS.**

1. KATRINA: And Linda, didn't you lend them your patio lights when they mislaid one of their laser guns in the middle of the cricket ground?

**FX: MUTTERINGS.**

2. GRAHAM: Be fair, Kat, it's just common politeness. They've been very nice to us so far.

3. KATRINA: Because they want us to co-operate. You know who else co-operated with their invaders? The French.

**HISSED INTAKES OF BREATH ALL ROUND.**

4. KATRINA: That's right. You didn't invite them. They don't understand the 'village way of life' – they didn't know what a village was until last week. They want to take over the world, for god's sake – however nice and polite they seem, they're a bunch of malign, manipulative thugs who –

5. MR LYONS: (LOW) Love, you might want to calm down.

1. KATRINA: No, Dad, this has to be said – Thugs without morals, or ethics and –

2. MR LYONS: (LOW) You're being a bit rude.

3. ULJABAAN: Richard, it's fine. I'm not offended.

4. KATRINA: I don't care if you are. (BEAT) Why aren't you offended?

5. ULJABAAN: I want you to speak freely. I'm just sitting in. I'm not even here.

6. KATRINA: Yes, you are. That's exactly the problem.

7. OLD MAN: But he's not one of the aliens, he's Lord Ullswater.

8. KATRINA: Yes, Lord Ullswater. The long-lost heir to Aulderley House who nobody had ever heard of until he laid claim to the place eighteen months ago.

9. OLD MAN: What are you suggesting?

1. ULJABAAN: She's suggesting I made it all up, which I did. I am in fact an alien in human guise. My name is Uljabaan. Anyway, carry on.

2. KATRINA: I will.

3. ULJABAAN: Please do.

4. KATRINA: (BEAT) I've forgotten where I was.

5. ULJABAAN: Thugs without morals or ethics.

6. KATRINA: Yes – and we should stop co-operating with them. Who's with me?

**FX: UNEASY MUTTERINGS.**

7. ULJABAAN: Don't hold back on my account. We appreciate we're putting you all to a lot of trouble by being here, and if you're uncomfortable about cooperating, absolutely feel free to say so.

8. KATRINA: Um. Yes. So, who's with me?

**FX: OTHERS SAY 'ER... YES, ALL RIGHT' ETC.**

1. MR LYONS: Motion more or less carried... is that all right?

2. ULJABAAN: Of course, Richard.

3. KATRINA: Good.

4. MR LYONS: So, item two... siting of the new bus stop on Park Crescent.

5. GRAHAM: Ah, now that is a bloody disgrace.

**FX: CHORUS OF 'HEAR, HEAR' FROM ATTENDEES.**

6. MR LYONS: Well, the good news is that because the invasion has cut off the village from the rest of the world, the bus no longer comes here so it's no longer an issue.

**FX: DELIGHTED CHATTER FROM ATTENDEES.**

SCENE 2. INT. SHOP

FX: SHOP DOORBELL. ONE OF ULJABAAN'S  
MINIONS ENTERS.

1. CHRIS:

Morning sir.

2. MINION:

(GUTTERAL ALIEN LANGUAGE)

3. CHRIS:

What can I do for?

4. MINION:

(GUTTERAL ALIEN LANGUAGE)

5. CHRIS:

You're sure you don't want the Low Tar?

6. MINION:

(GUTTERAL ALIEN LANGUAGE)

7. CHRIS:

Yes, of course, it's up to you.

FX: CASH REGISTER. SHOP DOORBELL.

KATRINA AND MRS LYONS ENTER.

8. MRS LYONS:

Really, Katrina, it's not as if your job is so vital that everything will fall apart if you don't get back to it.

1. KATRINA: Mum, I work for an educational charity that helps disadvantaged children.

2. MRS LYONS: Well exactly, they'll still be disadvantaged when you get back.

3. KATRINA: Oh, you mean after the world's been taken over by marauding –

4. MINION: (GUTTERAL ALIEN LANGUAGE)

**FX: MINION STOMPS PAST THEM AND LEAVES.**

5. MRS LYONS: Some of them can be rather brusque, can't they?

6. CHRIS: Yeah, but he's a nice lad. Gets stuff down from the high shelves for the old folk and so on.

7. KATRINA: Chris, I thought you were going to stop serving them?

1. CHRIS: Yeah, but I don't want to annoy them, they could cut off my stock. And business is booming now that people can't get to that bloody Tesco down the road, choking the life out of local businesses.

2. KATRINA: Chris, most of us can't get to our jobs. The aliens are keeping us fed. It doesn't matter if you work or not.

3. CHRIS: For some of us it's not just about making money. It's about building something and being a part of the community. Plus, the aliens have agreed that when they take over the world, I can run Tesco.

4. KATRINA: You're a disgrace to humanity. We're not shopping here. Come on, Mum.

**FX: KATRINA STORMS OUT, SLAMS DOOR.**

5. CHRIS: (BEAT) Are you going, Margaret?

6. MRS LYONS: No, I need to buy some things. Could I get eight bags of white flour, six of wholemeal, three kilos of caster sugar...

SCENE 3. INT. ULJABAAN'S HOUSE

FX:                   ULJABAAN IS TALKING TO HIS  
                          COMPUTER.

1. ULJABAAN: Date: 15 point X K point 759. Location: Cresdon Green, Buckinghamshire, United Kingdom, Europe, Earth. Sender: Field Commander Uljabaan. Thus far, the mission has –
2. COMPUTER: It sounds like you're dictating a field report. Would you like some help?
3. ULJABAAN: Just dictate the field report without help, thank you, Computer. Thus far, the mission has progressed satisfactorily. (BEAT) That sounds boring. Thus far, the mission has progressed... Thus far, the mission has been a success. Thus far, the mission has been a great success. Exclamation mark.
4. COMPUTER: Which of those words are supposed to go in the report?
5. ULJABAAN: Can't you tell when I'm doing my dictating voice? My old computer could tell.

1. COMPUTER: With respect, your old computer went mad and had to be melted down before it killed again.

2. ULJABAAN: (SIGHS) Just put 'Thus far the mission has been a great success' –

3. COMPUTER: Exclamation mark?

4. ULJABAAN: No, it's grating. Er, 'Area sealed off, population subdued, commencing research programme into human behaviour, weather wonderful, speak soon.' And send.

5. COMPUTER: Done.

6. ULJABAAN: What else is on my to-do list for today?

COMPUTER: Write your column for the parish newsletter.

7. ULJABAAN: Does anyone actually read that?

8. COMPUTER: No, but they see your face while they're putting it in the recycling, and that you wrote some words, and are slightly impressed.

1. ULJABAAN: (SIGHS) All right. Er... 'I do love your planet in the autumn, what with all the... dying foliage and your intriguing tradition of setting fire to things...' How many words is that?

2. COMPUTER: Twenty-three.

3. ULJABAAN: How many do we need?

4. COMPUTER: Three hundred.

5. ULJABAAN: OK. Er... 'I'm aware there is some concern over property prices falling as a consequence of the invasion. I can reassure you that, when I rule this planet, I will revalue all your houses at a hundred million pounds each... I also definitely have no plans to knock down the War Memorial and replace it with a solar-boosted fusion reactor for recharging our spaceships.'

6. COMPUTER: But you do have plans to do exactly that.

7. ULJABAAN: Yes, that's just how they talk here.

SCENE 4. INT. CRICKET PAVILION

FX: KATRINA TRIES THE DOOR, IT WON'T OPEN.

1. KATRINA: (OFF) Lucy? Are you in there?

2. LUCY: Is that you, Kat?

3. KATRINA: (OFF) Let me in.

FX: LUCY PUSHES A CHAIR AWAY FROM THE DOOR AND OPENS IT.

4. KATRINA: Very clever, block the door in case the aliens drop in.

5. LUCY: I suppose it would work for that too. I mainly wanted to keep my parents out.

6. KATRINA: Are you stoned again? I wish you wouldn't use the cricket pavilion for that, Lucy.

7. LUCY: You did when you were my age.

8. KATRINA: It wasn't Resistance HQ then.

1. LUCY: Where else am I meant to go? I can't get served at the Rose and Crown, my parents would go ballistic if they found out. And they would find out, because they pay the regulars to inform on me.

2. KATRINA: Maybe just stay sober? You're in the resistance now, Lucy, you have to be alert.

3. LUCY: (LONGISH PAUSE) I am alert. Anyway I've got to pass the time somehow, with no phone or internet or other human beings I actually like. I read a book the other day. I haven't read a book since I was at school.

4. KATRINA: Which was only a week ago. And you're going back, just as soon as we've triumphed over this alien menace.

5. LUCY: But that's the only thing I like about being trapped in the village – not being at school, and not having them telling me what to do all the time. (BEAT) So what are we going to do?

6. KATRINA: I take it we haven't had any more recruits?

1. LUCY: No, it's still just you and me.

2. KATRINA: Of course, because giving a toss about the world being invaded is so boringly right-on, isn't it.

3. LUCY: (BEAT) Is it?

4. KATRINA: No, I was voicing what appears to be the opinion of the rest of the village. It's a sort of rhetorical device.

5. LUCY: Oh.

6. KATRINA: Nobody's going along with the policy of non-compliance. And they've all got such crap reasons – it'd be fair enough if they said 'Sorry but they threatened to kill me', but one of them actually said 'But they asked so nicely'.

7. LUCY: And then there's that meet-and-greet your mum's holding for the aliens.

8. KATRINA: Meet and what?

9. LUCY: Didn't she tell you?

1. KATRINA: No, when we're together the major topic of conversation is my own failings and inadequacies.

2. LUCY: They're holding it at the pub this afternoon. She's making cakes.

3. KATRINA: That explains what all those scones were doing in our kitchen. She said it was for the annual traditional scone fight on the village green.

4. LUCY: We don't have an annual traditional scone fight on the village green.

5. KATRINA: It did seem strange that a tradition like that had sprung up in the fifteen years since I last lived here. Well, we've got to put a stop to it.

6. LUCY: I told you, there isn't a traditional scone –

7. KATRINA: I obviously meant the meet-and-greet.

8. LUCY: I do realise these things eventually, you just have to give me a second sometimes.

SCENE 5. INT. PUB

FX: RON IS RESTOCKING WITH BOTTLES,  
WHISTLING TUNELESSLY. KNOCK AT  
DOOR.

1. RON: We're not open until twelve.
2. KATRINA: (OFF) I know. I want to talk to you, Ron.

FX: RON UNLOCKS DOOR.

3. RON: What about?
4. KATRINA: I hear you're hosting a meet-and-greet for the aliens this afternoon.
5. RON: Yeah, your mum talked me into it.
6. KATRINA: I take it you're not a fan of our visitors?
7. RON: You take it right.
8. KATRINA: (BEAT) Oh good, I was afraid there was going to be more to that sentence. Don't you think someone should do something about it?

1. RON: Er... yeah. Yeah. They can't just slither in here and take over our homes.

2. KATRINA: They don't slither.

3. RON: They would if they could.

4. KATRINA: I'm not sure what your point is but the tone of your remark is encouraging. I think you should refuse to serve collaborators.

5. RON: But the aliens can cut off my stock.

6. KATRINA: Then we'll tell everyone it's the aliens who've deprived them of their pub. They must need us for something – what'll they do if everyone turns against them?

7. RON: I dunno...

FX: 'JERUSALEM' STARTS QUIETLY IN THE BACKGROUND, THEN GETS LOUDER.

1. KATRINA: Ron, imagine what'll happen to the British pub under alien rule. They'll make you use their measurements. A pint will be 144.54 tetravillions.

2. RON: What's a tetravillion?

3. KATRINA: It's a word I've just made up. But the real one will probably sound stupider than that. And instead of the Queen's head on the money, it'll be the face of an amorphous twelve-eyed blob that doesn't even have a face.

4. RON: Amorphous, you say?

5. KATRINA: And they'll ban traditional British ales and force landlords to serve balloons full of marsh gas or something. Would Churchill have stood for this, Ron?

6. RON: Probably not.

7. KATRINA: 'Probably'? No. He wouldn't. He's Churchill.

8. RON: No. You're right! No surrender!

**FX: MUSIC VERY LOUD NOW.**

1. KATRINA: You can turn it down now, Lucy.

2. LUCY: (OFF) Right.

**FX: MUSIC GOES QUIET.**

3, RON: How did she get in here?

4. LUCY: (OFF) Now that I have, how about an Archer's and lemonade?

5. RON: No.

6. LUCY: (OFF) How about just the Archer's?

7. RON: Get out.

SCENE 6. EXT. PUB

FX: ULJABAAN, MR & MRS LYONS, ALIENS  
AND VILLAGERS APPROACH THE PUB.

1. MINION: (GUTTERAL ALIEN LANGUAGE)
2. ULJABAAN: I agree, Farateel, these cakes look delightful.
3. MRS LYONS: I didn't go to any special effort.
4. MR LYONS: She only slept for two hours.
5. MRS LYONS: Nonsense.
6. MR LYONS: In fifteen minute spells, whilst the pastry for the jam tarts was in the oven.
7. ULJABAAN: I see your daughter's here already.
8. MRS LYONS: What's she doing here?
9. MR LYONS: Don't look at me, I didn't tell her.

1. MRS LYONS: She could at least have made an effort instead of wearing one of those big shapeless cardigans she seems to like.

2. MR LYONS: (TO KATRINA) Hello love. We thought you weren't coming.

3. KATRINA: I'm not. Nobody is. Because this pub (RAISES VOICE) is no longer serving collaborators.

**FX: CONSTERNATION FROM VILLAGERS.**

4. MRS LYONS: I'm ever so sorry about this.

5. ULJABAAN: It's not your fault.

6. MINION: (GUTTERAL ALIEN QUESTION)

7. ULJABAAN: No, I don't see any need to deal with her that way... yet. She has one building, I have the rest of the village. Miss Lyons, could you let any stragglers know we've decamped to the village hall?

8. KATRINA: No.

1. ULJABAAN: I like your spirit.

2. KATRINA: Shut up. Stop liking me.

3. ULJABAAN: Come along, everyone. Village hall.

**FX: ULJABAAN WALKS AWAY, PEOPLE FOLLOW.**

4. MRS LYONS: You have really embarrassed me this time, Katrina.

5. KATRINA: Why are you doing this?

6. MRS LYONS: I'm just being friendly. I don't want to alienate him.

7. KATRINA: You can't alienate him. He's already an alien.

8. MRS LYONS: There's no sense in upsetting powerful people. I learned that when my father spat on Harold McMillan. If they make a go of it with their invasion, well, maybe what this country needs is some fresh ideas.

1. KATRINA: I can't believe I'm hearing this. We're talking about the future of – Ooh, is that millionaire's shortbread?

**FX: MRS LYONS SLAPS KATRINA'S HAND.**

2. KATRINA: Ow!

3. MRS LYONS: Girls who carry on like that don't deserve millionaire's shortbread.

4. KATRINA: 'Girls'? I'm 32, Mum.

5. MRS LYONS: Come on Richard.

**FX: MRS LYONS WALKS AWAY.**

6. MR LYONS: (LOW) Here, take a few jam tarts to keep you going.

7. KATRINA: Thanks Dad.

8. MRS LYONS: (OFF) Don't give her jam tarts!

9. MR LYONS: I'm not! I'm just... showing them to her.

SCENE 7. INT. ULJABAAN'S HOUSE

FX: ULJABAAN ENTERS.

1. ULJABAAN: Computer, scan this scone.
2. COMPUTER: Why?
3. ULJABAAN: I like them. I want you to program the food dispensers to produce them on demand.
4. COMPUTER: Very good, sir. How did the meet-and-greet go?
5. ULJABAAN: Strangely edgy. Maybe it's something to do with this pub business.
6. COMPUTER: Pub?
7. ULJABAAN: Yes, Katrina Lyons has convinced the proprietor of the Rose and Crown to stop serving anyone who co-operates with us. Computer, extrapolate the villagers' response if they are denied access to the only available pub.
8. COMPUTER: Extrapolating.

**FX: BLEEP.**

1. COMPUTER: Subjects will cease any form of collaboration or co-operation within six days, seven hours and fourteen minutes.
2. ULJABAAN: Really?
3. COMPUTER: Yes. Really.
4. ULJABAAN: But we can't proceed with the research programme if they won't co-operate. What do I do?
5. COMPUTER: Eliminate Katrina Lyons.
6. ULJABAAN: No, we can't afford to waste the test subjects. The budget's tight enough as it is.
7. COMPUTER: We can afford to eliminate up to eight per cent of them.
8. ULJABAAN: I know, but the Lyons woman... intrigues me. I wish to study her... more closely.
9. COMPUTER: Why?

1. ULJABAAN: For heaven's sake, I'm trying to be ambiguous.

2. COMPUTER: Yes, but if you could provide a little more [data  
→]

3. ULJABAAN: It's not difficult to have computers declared  
mad and melted down, you know.

4. COMPUTER: Grudgingly understood, sir.

5. ULJABAAN: Besides... I have a more straightforward  
means of breaking her plan. I must gather the  
minions – in the meantime, you print off some  
flyers.

**FX: EXCITED CHUNTERING NOISE FROM THE  
PRINTER.**

6. PRINTER: It will be my pleasure, your magnificence.

7. COMPUTER: Quiet, Printer! Only I am allowed to talk to the  
Leader.

8. PRINTER: Sorry.

SCENE 8. EXT. PUB

FX: KATRINA AND LUCY STANDING GUARD.

1. LUCY: This is almost the longest I've ever spent hanging around outside a pub.
2. KATRINA: How long have we been here?
3. LUCY: Five hours and ten minutes.
4. KATRINA: I'd expected some of the regulars to crack by now. That's five hours and ten minutes of drinking time they'll never get back, even if they live to be a hundred. Which is very unlikely.
5. LUCY: Do you think they've been rounded up and killed?
6. KATRINA: Stay here and guard the entrance, I'll go and investigate.
7. LUCY: You're putting me in charge?
8. KATRINA: No, I'm asking you to stay here and guard the entrance.

1. LUCY: But I'm in charge of guarding the entrance?

2. KATRINA: No, I'm in charge, that's why I'm telling you what to do.

3. LUCY: But once you've gone, I'll be in charge.

4. KATRINA: No, I'll still be in charge, I'll just be over there.

5. LUCY: What if you get killed?

6. KATRINA: Yes, in that event, you will be in charge.

7. LUCY: Excellent.

8. KATRINA: (BEAT) You're hoping I'm going to get killed now, aren't you?

9. LUCY: No.

10. KATRINA: Right. While I'm away, could you ask Ron to take down these anti-alien banners? They're a bit...

11. LUCY: Racist?

1. KATRINA: Racist, yes.

2. LUCY: I've been meaning to ask – are we being racist?

3. KATRINA: Well. If we didn't know whether or not they wanted to invade the Earth, then that would be prejudice. But they definitely do want to invade us, so it's fine.

4. LUCY: What about all that stuff you said to Ron about amorphous twelve-eyed blobs?

5. KATRINA: If we liberate the world from this alien menace, nobody will complain that along the way I might have slightly pandered to the slightly racist views of a slightly racist pub landlord. Just get him to take the banners down.

6. LUCY: Or, I could take them down myself while he's in the cellar and tell him the aliens did it, to galvanise him.

7. KATRINA: Yes. He'll probably make some more banners but, you know, anything that stops him talking to us.

SCENE 9. INT. OTHER PUB

FX: PUNTERS ARE FILING INSIDE.

1. ULJABAAN: Hello, everyone, welcome... Now, I understand you're being cruelly denied access to your usual pub, so welcome to Cresdon Green's new pub which, after extensive research, I have decided to call The Lovely Pub. It's got everything you expect from a pub – it's got a room, it's got tables and chairs, and it serves alcoholic drinks and comestibles with a medically inadvisable sodium content. So, on with the merriment!

FX: UNCERTAINTY FROM CROWD.

2. ULJABAAN: ...the merriment!

3. CHRIS: Thanks for trying, but... it's just not the same.

FX: GENERAL ASSENT, PEOPLE FILE OUT.

4. ULJABAAN: No, wait! Come back!

FX: KATRINA ENTERS.

1. KATRINA: Ah, I see what you're up to.

2. ULJABAAN: Why don't they like my pub? It's got all the facilities of the old one, with the bonus of proper hygiene standards.

3. KATRINA: I'm not going to give you tips. You work it out.

4. ULJABAAN: I shall. The superior intelligence of the Geonin will master this Earth thing you call 'pub'.

**FX: ULJABAAN STORMS OUT.**

SCENE 10. EXT. PUB

FX: ULJABAAN WALKS UP.

1. LUCY: What do you want?
2. ULJABAAN: I need to see inside the Rose and Crown.
3. LUCY: Have you killed Katrina?
4. ULJABAAN: No. Let me in.
5. LUCY: I'm not allowed to let collaborators inside.
6. ULJABAAN: But I'm not a collaborator, am I? I can hardly collaborate with myself.
7. LUCY: I suppose not.
8. ULJABAAN: Now stand aside, youngling.

FX: ULJABAAN STORMS INSIDE. KATRINA ARRIVES.

9. KATRINA: Did you let him in?

1. LUCY: Yes.

2. KATRINA: Why?

3. LUCY: Because he can't collaborate with himself.

4. KATRINA: (BEAT) You see, Lucy? This is why you're not in charge.

**FX: RAISED VOICES INSIDE THE PUB – RON AND ULJABAAN. A SCUFFLE.**

5. KATRINA: What are they doing?

6. LUCY: Uljabaan's pulled the dart board off the wall and now he and Ron are fighting over it... and now he's threatened to disintegrate Ron... and he's coming out with the dart board.

**FX: DOOR OPENS.**

7. ULJABAAN: This is it, isn't it? The secret talisman of power that will draw them to me. (BEAT) Isn't it?

8. KATRINA: I'm not telling you.

1. ULJABAAN: Haha! You put up a valiant effort, Miss Lyons, but your human intellect is no match for our advanced Geonin brains. Well played, Miss Lyons. Yes. Well... played.

**FX: HE STRIDES AWAY.**

2. LUCY: What do you think he'll do when it doesn't work?

3. KATRINA: Get cross, I expect.

SCENE 11. INT. ULJABAAN'S HOUSE

FX: ULJABAAN ENTERS, THROWS THE DART BOARD.

1. ULJABAAN: Aaaaargh!

FX: DART BOARD LANDS IN A CORNER .

2. ULJABAAN: Stupid thing.

3. COMPUTER: Did it work?

4. ULJABAAN: No. What is it, anyway?

5. COMPUTER: Scanning.

FX: SCANNING NOISE.

6. COMPUTER: It's a device used in the training of assassins.

7. ULJABAAN: Really? Seems strangely out of keeping with the rest of the environment. Obviously I need to learn a great deal more about this subject. Computer, find out literally everything there is to know about pubs.

**FX: BLEEP.**

1. COMPUTER: Done.
2. ULJABAAN: Now I want you to design the most incredible, irresistible pub in history.
3. COMPUTER: Right.

**FX: BLEEP.**

4. COMPUTER: Done.

**FX: COMPUTER DISPLAY NOISE.**

5. ULJABAAN: That looks amazing. How long will it take to build?
6. COMPUTER: One Earth minute and twenty-three seconds.
7. ULJABAAN: Is that all? Our Geonin technology is formidable indeed if we can create –
8. COMPUTER: Wait, sorry, I haven't got the hang of Earth time units yet. I meant thirteen and a half hours.

1. ULJABAAN:           Oh. That's still very fast, isn't it.

SCENE 12. INT. OTHER PUB

FX: PEOPLE ARE FILING IN. NOISES COME FROM THE NUMEROUS ATTRACTIONS.

1. ULJABAAN: Come in, please, everybody... as you can see, our new, improved pub now offers a range of beers from around the world, wines by the glass, spirits, cocktails, bar snacks, bar meals, phad thai, tapas, a family area, a jukebox, karaoke, live music, live football, table football, pool, fruit machines, quiz machines, quiz nights, comedy nights, pole-dancing nights and a snug bar. So, welcome to the Saracen's Red Marquis of Mutton Arms Tavern! And Grill.
2. CHRIS: (BEAT) Yeah, it's good... but it's just not the same.
3. ULJABAAN: No, I know. It's much, much better.
4. CHRIS: Yeah, but... nah.

FX: VILLAGERS START TO LEAVE.

1. ULJABAAN: No! I demand you come back and enjoy yourselves!
2. KATRINA: Try threatening them at gunpoint.
3. ULJABAAN: What are you doing here?
4. KATRINA: Watching you fail. Why, what are you doing? Apart from failing, I mean.
5. ULJABAAN: I'm not beaten yet.
6. KATRINA: Back to the drawing board, then?
7. ULJABAAN: No! Not at all. (ASIDE) Farateel, find out what a drawing board is and have one delivered to our base ASAP.
8. MINION: (GUTTERAL ALIEN LANGUAGE)

SCENE 13. EXT. VILLAGE GREEN

FX: KATRINA AND LUCY STILL STANDING GUARD.

1. LUCY: Katrina... I'm getting quite bored.
2. KATRINA: I know you are, Lucy. But fight it.
3. LUCY: Yeah, but I mean, properly bored.
4. KATRINA: The more Uljabaan tries to come up with alternatives, the more people miss the real thing. It won't be long now before people come over to our side.
5. LUCY: (SOBS) I could cope if I had my iPhone.

FX: MR LYONS APPROACHES.

6. MR LYONS: Hello girls.
7. KATRINA: Coming in for a pint? All non-collaborators welcome.

1. MR LYONS: No, your mother would kill me. But I did bring you some sandwiches and chocolate, some tins of pop and last week's Grazia. Just to keep you going.

2. LUCY: Thanks, Mr L. You're a lifesaver.

3. MR LYONS: (LOW) And in case things turn ugly, I brought you my claw hammer. Pitch that into an alien's face and he won't know what's hit him.

4. KATRINA: Well, the chances of claw hammers being developed independently on two different planets are probably minimal, so yes, he literally won't know what's hit him. Thanks Dad.

5. LUCY: I'll put this stuff inside. Thanks again, Mr L.

6. KATRINA: What's Uljabaan up to?

7. MR LYONS: Refurbishing his pub again. He's just about to open.

8. KATRINA: Oh brilliant, I've got to see this.

**FX:**

**SHE WALKS AWAY.**

1. MR LYONS: This time he's –

2. KATRINA: No, don't tell me – I want it to be a surprise.

SCENE 14. INT. PUB

FX: LUCY ENTERS. RON IS DRAWING  
SOMETHING ON A BANNER.

1. LUCY: Ron, why are you making a Jamaican flag?
2. RON: I'm not. It's an alien and a person shaking hands, and then I've put a big cross through it.
3. LUCY: But the Geonin aren't green.
4. RON: I know, but you've got to have some way of telling they're aliens. What do you think?
5. LUCY: (BEAT) I think it's a very inaccurate Jamaican flag.
6. RON: You think you can do better?
7. LUCY: I got a 'B' for GCSE art, you know. And I'd have got an 'A' if my final coursework project hadn't been too radical for the examiners to handle.
8. RON: What did you do?

1. LUCY: I did a picture of the school, OK, but all the pupils looked exactly the same, like clones yeah, and the headmaster was Hitler.

2. RON: Wow. Go on, do a banner for us.

3. LUCY: No. This movement's not about crude caricatures, it's about – I'll do it for an Archer's and lemonade.

4. RON: Come on Lucy, you know I'm not allowed to –

5. LUCY: I won't tell if you won't.

6. RON: (BEAT) Go on then.

FX: **RON GOES BEHIND THE BAR.**

7. LUCY: (CLAPS HANDS) Excellent.

SCENE 15. INT. OTHER PUB

FX:

**A CROWD IS GATHERING AGAIN.**

**AMBIENCE IS IDENTICAL TO THE ROSE  
AND CROWN.**

1. ULJABAAN: I know you're going to love it this time. The pub is now called the Rose and Crown. I chose the name because it is an exact replica of the Rose and Crown. The same selection of drinks, the tables and chairs are identically positioned, I've reproduced all the poor-quality artwork on the walls –
2. VILLAGER: (OFF) I did those.
3. ULJABAAN: – and scuffed the carpet in all the same places. And look – an android replica of Ron, programmed with his entire vocabulary –
4. RON: Alright.
5. ULJABAAN: – opinions –
6. RON: It's nothing personal, but I never trust the Portuguese.

1. ULJABAAN: – and mannerisms.

**FX: SCRATCHING NOISES.**

2. ULJABAAN: Because it just wouldn't be Ron if he had both hands outside his trousers... apparently. So? What do you think?

3. CHRIS: (BEAT) It's just not the same.

4. ULJABAAN: No, you see, it is. It is exactly the same. The only difference between that pub and this one is that you're not allowed in the other one.

5. CHRIS: Sorry, it just... doesn't have the same atmosphere.

6. ULJABAAN: This whole planet has the same atmosphere.

7. CHRIS: No, I mean like, ambiance.

8. ULJABAAN: What is an ambiance? Where can I buy one?

9. GRAHAM: It's not something you can buy. It's the feeling in the air, the sense of history soaked into the walls, the familiar vibrations [from the –]

1. ULJABAAN: This is drivel. What are you saying? None of this means anything.

2. CHRIS: (TO OTHERS) Shall we grab a pint at the Rose and Crown? The proper one, I mean?

3. GRAHAM: Go on then, you've twisted my arm. (TO ULJABAAN) Sorry chief.

**FX: PEOPLE START FILING OUT.**

4. KATRINA: Genuinely interested to see what you're going to do now.

5. ULJABAAN: These people are idiots.

6. KATRINA: Maybe that's what'll defeat you. Not our superior intelligence, but our superior stupidity. Cheerio.

**FX: KATRINA LEAVES.**

SCENE 16. EXT. VILLAGE GREEN

FX: KATRINA STRIDES ACROSS THE GREEN.  
MRS LYONS MEETS HER.

1. MRS LYONS: Katrina? Where are you going?
2. KATRINA: To the pub.
3. MRS LYONS: Have you seen the claw hammer?
4. KATRINA: (BEAT) No. Why?
5. MRS LYONS: I need to pull some nails out of –
6. KATRINA: Dad?
7. MRS LYONS: (BEAT) Men don't like women who try to be funny, darling, it's been scientifically proven. This is why –
8. KATRINA: Bloody hell. I think the pub's on fire.

SCENE 17. EXT. PUB

FX: KATRINA AND MRS LYONS ARRIVE  
OUTSIDE THE PUB, WHICH IS IN FLAMES.

1. KATRINA: Lucy and Ron – are they all right?
2. CHRIS: Apparently. There was nobody inside when it went up.
- 3, MRS LYONS: Heavens above. Who could have done this?

FX: ULJABAAN ARRIVES.

4. ULJABAAN: Are pubs supposed to combust like that? Is that part of their elusive ‘charm’?
5. KATRINA: Don’t act the innocent smoothie with me, Uljabaan. It’s obvious you sent your minions to burn the place down.
6. ULJABAAN: No, my minions have been editing the church hymn books all afternoon. Haven’t you, Daxian?
7. MINION: (GUTTERAL ALIEN LANGUAGE)

1. MRS LYONS: Why?
2. ULJABAAN: Oh! No reason.
3. MINION: (JABBA THE HUTT LAUGH)
4. ULJABAAN: Shh. (LOUDER) In the absence of a fire brigade, I think we should put this out, chaps. Grab a couple of extinguishers from the ship.

5. MINIONS: (GUTTERAL ALIEN LANGUAGE)

**FX: MINIONS MARCH AWAY.**

6. KATRINA: Even if you put the fire out, nobody will believe you didn't start it. This village has seen your true face now, and it's a face shaped like a big fist punching someone in the face. For ages.
7. ULJABAAN: I didn't do it.
8. MR LYONS: Then who?
9. LUCY: My dad.
10. KATRINA: What? Why?

1. LUCY: That's nice, no concern, no sympathy, just  
'Lucy, what did you do to make your dad burn  
down the pub?'

2. KATRINA: What did you do?

3. RON: She asked for a drink and I served her one.

4. KATRINA: This drink which she's still drinking?

5. LUCY: After the heavy price Ron's paid, the least I  
can do is finish it. (SIPS) Too much ice, Ron.

6. KATRINA: Your dad did that? Just for... that?

7. MRS LYONS: I believe he did publicly state he'd do this if  
Ronald ever served her alcohol.

8. RON: We were alone in a locked building with the  
curtains closed, I didn't think he'd find out.

9. LUCY: Maybe he's had me bugged without my  
knowledge?

10. CHRIS: So what are we going to do?

1. ULJABAAN: Well, there is a pub a lot like this just down the road...

2. KATRINA: No! When the fire's out, I'm sure we can salvage –

**FX: PUB COLLAPSES IN ON ITSELF.**

3. LUCY: Or not.

4. CHRIS: Sod it. Let's go down the other Rose and Crown. You coming, Margaret?

5. MRS LYONS: Yes, mine's a gin and slimline.

**FX: VILLAGERS TRAIPSE AWAY.**

6. ULJABAAN: Once we've cleared the rubble, we could even move the new pub here. It would all be the same as before – except oh, I would own it. But one can't be a warlord and a landlord... Ron, would you like a job?

7. KATRINA: But you've got an android double of him.

8. LUCY: They've got a Rondroid?

1. KATRINA: Yes, they don't need the real thing.

2. ULJABAAN: But this would make your defeat more humiliating. So?

3. RON: All right then.

4. ULJABAAN: Go and open up, there's a good fellow.

**FX: RON SLOPES AWAY.**

5. KATRINA: You won't be seeing me in your new pub. If you need me, I shall be in my parents' kitchen, inventing new cocktails from whatever I can find in the cupboards.

**FX: KATRINA LEAVES.**

6. ULJABAAN: And plotting against me?

7. KATRINA: (OFF) Yes, and plotting against you.

1. ULJABAAN: Plot all you like, Miss Lyons. This entire village is under our control, and from here we shall only become stronger. Our victory is inevitable. No force on this planet can stop us now!

2. LUCY: I'll come to your pub.

3. ULJABAAN: No you won't, I'm not getting on the wrong side of your father. The man's a psychopath.

END OF JOKES.