

Little Britain

The Complete Scripts and Stuff: Series Two

Matt Lucas & David Walliams

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ANTHONY '*tony head*' HEAD

Dear Reader,

It is a great honour for me to be asked to write the foreword to this book.

I first became involved in 'Little Britain' when I appeared in the pilot episode in 2002. At that time I was playing one of the lead characters in 'Buffy The Vampire Slayer', a hugely successful, long-running primetime American TV series. My initial response was of course to say 'no', but Lucas and Walliams informed me that they were in possession of a photograph of me with my finger in an otter – an episode of my life which I deeply regret – and I was obliged to say 'yes'. From there, the weekly humiliation began.

They would put me in a suit, tell me I was the Prime Minister, and then David Walliams would come in and gay me up for the amusement of a crowd. To this day, Walliams maintains he is heterosexual but trust me, he gives a bloody good impression of being otherwise. 'Oh yes, Tony. We've just written a sketch where I rub myself up against you and, at the end, kiss you passionately.' Ha bloody ha. Apparently they've written a bit in the next series where he actually enters me, while Lucas watches.

What is this obsession that Lucas and Walliams have with bumbanditry? Every character in this God-forsaken show is either a woman, a gay, or both. I digress. This show has brought shame upon me and my family. I can no longer get work and people spit at me in the street.

I can do other things. I'm actually a really good actor. I was in 'Fat Slags – The Movie' and 'Woof!'. And 'Woof 2 – Woof Again: Why Me?' which was about a boy who turns into a dog and is much better than it sounds. Oh yeah, and I was in 'Howard's Way', the thing about boats so... you know, please give me a chance.

I beg you.

Yours,

Anthony Head

ANTHONY HEAD

PS. I didn't even write this. Lucas and Walliams did.

EMILY AND FLORENCE – CAFE

EXT. PIER. EMILY AND FLORENCE ARE ON A TANDEM, GREETING PASSERSBY AS THEY CYCLE ALONG THE SEAFRONT.

EMILY: Morning!

FLORENCE: Afternoon!

EMILY: Morning!

TOM V/O: These men are transvestites and prefer to dress as ladies. I myself am happy in both male and female clothing, as I was born without genitals.

WE SEE EMILY AND FLORENCE CYCLING TOWARDS A TEA SHOP.

EMILY: Morning!

FLORENCE: Afternoon!

EMILY: Two ladies on a bicyclette, that is all.

FLORENCE: Pay no heed.

EMILY AND FLORENCE STOP OUTSIDE THE TEA SHOP TO DISCUSS TACTICS BEFORE GOING IN.

EMILY: Now. Florence, my dear, remember we are two ladies taking afternoon tea.

FLORENCE: Yes, Emily.

EMILY: I know this is all very new to you but the trick is not to draw attention to yourself.

INT: TEA SHOP. EMILY AND FLORENCE BURST IN.

EMILY: (LOUDLY) Two ladies for tea, please.

WAITER: Yes of course, this way.

EMILY: Ladies first.

FLORENCE: I am also a lady.

EMILY: Oh yes.

THE WAITER SHOWS EMILY AND FLORENCE TO A TABLE.

WAITER: Here we are.

EMILY: Florence, do take a seat.

FLORENCE: No, after you, Emily.

**I know this is all
very new to you
but the trick is
not to draw
attention to
yourself.**

EPISODE
one



EMILY: Florence, I insist.

FLORENCE: No Emily, please.

EMILY: We're both ladies, who sits first?

WITH THE WAITER WATCHING, EMILY AND FLORENCE BOB UP AND DOWN REPEATEDLY.

EMILY: (IN AN ORDINARY BLOKE'S VOICE, EXASPERATED BY THE DEADLOCK) Sit down.

THE WAITER HANDS MENUS TO EMILY AND FLORENCE.

EMILY: Merci.

FLORENCE: Thank you.

THEY LOOK AROUND AND RAISE THEIR VOICES TO MAKE SURE THAT THE OTHER CUSTOMERS CAN HEAR HOW LADYLIKE THEIR CONVERSATION IS.

EMILY: Oh Florence, regardez le menu, so many delicious foods and drinks that a lady might enjoy.

FLORENCE: Yes it all looks so nice doesn't it, my lady friend, I don't know what to have. Will you be having cake?

EMILY: If they have a lady's cake then yes, but only if, we are ladies, aren't we?

FLORENCE: Oh yes, we are most definitely two of them, yes.

EMILY: Ladies.

FLORENCE: Why don't you order for both of us, I'm off to powder my nose.

EMILY SEES FLORENCE ABOUT TO ENTER THE MEN'S TOILETS.

EMILY: (STAGE WHISPER) Other door.

FLORENCE: (LAUGHING GIRLISHLY) Oh yes.

EMILY: (LOUDLY) And don't forget to sit down when you piss.

EVERYBODY IN THE TEA SHOP STOPS AND LOOKS UP. FLORENCE IS LEFT STANDING, EMBARRASSED, BY THE TOILET DOOR.



Oh yes,
we are most
definitely two
of them, yes.

Call me Bubbles,

BUBBLES DEVERE – HEALTH SPA

EXT: HEALTH SPA. WE SEE A SIGN – 'HILL GRANGE HEALTH SPA'.

TOM V/O: At this health spa in Trump, the manager is keen to have a word with one of the guests.

THE MANAGER, MR HUTTON, IS FOLLOWING BUBBLES AS SHE WALKS DETERMINEDLY DOWN THE PATH TO HER NEXT TREATMENT.

MR HUTTON: Mrs DeVere. Sorry, Mrs DeVere . . .

BUBBLES: Call me Bubbles, everybody does.

MR HUTTON: Can I have a word?

BUBBLES: Do you mind if we walk and talk, darling, I have an algae wrap at three?

MR HUTTON: Yes, it's really just about this payment situation. You've been with us for over five months now and we still haven't received anything.

BUBBLES: Well that's terrible, terrible darling, it's outrageous, has my husband still not sent the cheque?

MR HUTTON: No I'm afraid not, we can't seem to track him down.

BUBBLES: Have you tried him on the Monte Carlo number, darling?

MR HUTTON: No, I don't have it.

BUBBLES: Have you got a pen, darling?

MR HUTTON: Um, yeah.

BUBBLES: The number is: one two, three four five, six seven, eight nine, ok, darling?

BUBBLES STARTS RUNNING UP THE STAIRS LEADING TO THE SPA. MR HUTTON HURRIES AFTER HER.

MR HUTTON: Mrs DeVere . . .

INT: HEALTH SPA. MR HUTTON IS FOLLOWING BUBBLES DOWN THE CORRIDOR.

MR HUTTON: Mrs DeVere!

INT: TREATMENT ROOM. A BEAUTY THERAPIST IS ABOUT TO DEAL WITH A CUSTOMER, WHO IS LYING ON A TREATMENT TABLE. BUBBLES SWEEPS INTO THE ROOM.



everybody does.

BUBBLES: Hello, Gita (PUSHES THE CUSTOMER OFF THE BED AND ONTO THE FLOOR) – my turn now, darling.

BEAUTY THERAPIST: Oh Miss Bubble, you're next door.

BUBBLES: (ADDRESSING THE CUSTOMER ON THE FLOOR, OUT OF SHOT) Sorry, darling, see you at dinner. (TURNS TO MR HUTTON) Never, never, never let this girl go. *Naughty!* What she does with grape nuts is pure poetry.

BUBBLES WALKS OUT AND INTO ANOTHER ROOM, MR HUTTON FOLLOWING HER.

MR HUTTON: We need to resolve this now.

BUBBLES: Very well Mr Hutton, then we shall resolve it.

BUBBLES PUSHES HIM INTO A CHAIR, WALKS OVER TO THE DOOR AND SHUTS IT. SHE TURNS THE LOCK.

BUBBLES: Are you a married man, Mr Hutton?

MR HUTTON: Yes, I am.

BUBBLES: And yet you allow yourself to be alone in a room with a rather beautiful woman. That's very *dangereuse*, don't you think?

MR HUTTON: I just really need the cheque.

BUBBLES: Very clever, darling.

BUBBLES PUTS ON SOME MUSIC, TURNS TO FACE MR HUTTON AND PROVOCATIVELY TAKES OFF HER TOWEL. SHE IS NOW COMPLETELY NAKED.

BUBBLES: I'm sure we can come to some sort of *arrangement*, Mr Hutton.

BUBBLES WALKS SLOWLY OVER TO MR HUTTON AND CLUTCHES HIS HEAD TO HER BREAST.

NEVER, NEVER, NEVER let this girl go.

***Naughty! What she does with grape
nuts is pure poetry.***