

STAN THE SECURITY MAN

'PET SHOP BOY'

By Allan Plenderleith

EXT. PARK - DAY

A normal, peaceful park where people are busy walking their dogs, eating sandwiches and shouting at their children. Suddenly the sounds of wheels can be heard. It's a roller-blader!

He comes into view moving like a rocket and darts in and out of the crowd causing people to jump in fright, drop their bags, and fall into bushes. A squirrel runs for its life; a kid drops his ice cream; a granny hides in her huge handbag for cover.

ON THE ROLLER BLADER: His cheeks wobbling with the speed.

ON THE PARK EXIT: Zooming towards us. The roller-blader is almost there.

CUT TO: Pavement ahead of roller blader. Suddenly one of the slabs lifts up revealing STAN THE SECURITY MAN!

The roller blader, unable to swerve in time, hits the pavement like a ramp and flies into the air.

CUT TO: Rollerblader, completely bewildered, flying through the air. He moves out of shot.

SFX: THUD!

CUT TO: The rollerblader has smacked straight into a huge poster which reads 'SPEED KILLS!' His legs are dangling as though they are hanging out of the nose of the man in the poster!

CUT TO: Stan, back in the park bowing to a grateful, clapping crowd, cheering 'Stan the Man!'.

SFX: Beep Beep Beep Beep!

STAN
Quiet people, I have a message coming through.

The crowd hushes over as Stan whips out his walkie talkie.

STAN (cont'd)
Yes, captain?

CAPTAIN

Ah, Stan. Got another little job for you, old boy. It's a beauty! Seems some animal rights nutter is sending threatening notes to Johnson's Pet Shop. He wants them to release all their pets or he'll do something ...bad.

STAN
But that's terrible! They'll be cats and dogs on every corner of every street!

CUT TO WIDE SHOT: Stan from above - there are cats and dogs all over the park.

CUT TO: STAN

CAPTAIN
Can you handle it?

STAN
I'm on my way sir!

CAPTAIN
Good lad. Oh, and Stan?

STAN
Yes sir?

CAPTAIN
Never underestimate a hamster.

STAN
Yes siiirrrr! Over and out!

Stan spins his walkie talkie around like a cowboy would a gun and slots it on his belt.

STAN (cont'd)
(C.U. shot)
Here comes security!

OPENING TITLES AND MUSIC

'STAN THE SECURITY MAN'

'Episode One - PET SHOP BOY!'

EXT. JOHNSON'S PET SHOP - DAY

To establish. Stan's leg steps into view.

INT. JOHNSON'S PET SHOP - SAME TIME

The owner, Mr. Johnson, is a worried-looking middle aged man. He sits at his counter shaking nervously. A parrot beside him starts to speak.

PARROT
Wawk! We're all gonna die! We're all
gonna die! Wawk!

OWNER
Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!

PARROT
Touchy! Touchy!

SFX: DOOR CHIMES.

The owner looks up.

CUT TO: Stan standing in doorway.

STAN
Don't panic - security's here.

OWNER
Oh thank goodness. Come in. Come in.
Would you like some tea?

STAN
No, I don't drink. I believe you have
some letters to show me.

OWNER
Uh, yes.

CUT TO:

C.U. OF LETTER - The letter made up of cut out newspaper letters of course, reads:

'Relees the animls or else!'

CUT TO WIDE SHOT:

Stan and the owner are now in the BACK ROOM. Stan is studying the piece of paper carefully with a magnifying glass.

STAN
Hmm, unusual handwriting. At least he
can spell.

OWNER
It's a he?

STAN

(chuckles arrogantly)
Of course dear boy.

OWNER
How can you tell?

STAN
(passionately)
I can feel it.

The owner looks to camera, unimpressed.

STAN
Aha!

The owner jumps.

OWNER
What?

STAN
I've found, what we call in the security
business, ...

Stan uses his tweezers to lift a small hair from under one
of the cut-out letters.

STAN
...evidence!

CUT TO:

EXT. JOHNSON'S PET SHOP - A SHORT WHILE LATER

JOHNSON (V/O)
Are you sure about this?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JOHNSON'S PET SHOP - DAY

STAN
Do I look as though I'm kidding?

Stan is standing behind the counter dressed in the owner's
uniform.

STAN
You go on home now, I need to prepare my
plan. Don't you worry about a thing.
(grandly)
THIS STORE IS SECURE!

OWNER
(gulps)
Okay.

STAN
Oh, Mr. Johnson?

JOHNSON
Yes?

STAN
Are you insured?

JOHNSON
(looking very worried)
Yes?

STAN
Good man, now off you go!

Mr. Johnson exits with a less than confident expression on his face.

STAN
Now, if my theory is correct the perpetrator will enter these premises sooner or later and I'll be able to spot him using the wealth of evidence. Let's recap.

The animals in the cages and fish tanks around the store look fascinated as Stan continues to talk to himself.

Stan has pulled out a huge blackboard and scribbles all over it.

CUT TO: The animals heads all move in time with Stan's drawing.

CUT BACK TO: Stan stepping back to reveal a very complicated scribble, completely unfathomable to us.

CUT TO: A little puppy's head cocks to one side, confused by the drawing. A kitten in the next cage holds its nose and gives Stan's drawing the thumbs down.

STAN
We have the hair. The unusual handwriting. And the excellent spelling. This should be a piece of cake.

SFX: DOOR CHIMES

A MOTHER and her SON walk into the store.

MOTHER
Hello.

Stan quickly hides his blackboard and smiles awkwardly.

STAN
Uh, yes, hello there, Madam. How can I help?

MOTHER
(jolly)
My son is thinking about getting a puppy for his birthday.

SON
I'm not thinking about it. I'm getting it.

STAN
(smiling falsely)
Charming. Well we have a very large selection. Come and take a look.

They walk over to the cages. Stan looks closely at the hair on the back of their heads as he walks behind them.

STAN
Here we are! Aren't they adorable, the little blighters?

SON
Those are rabbits, idiot face.

STAN
Oh, sorry. Yes, I ... just moved them. Here they are.

We see a selection of very small, very cute puppies in a cage.

MOTHER
Awh, the little darlings. Which breed is that one?

Stan looks at the little beige puppy and hasn't a clue.

STAN
That'suh, a siamese.

MOTHER
Isn't that a cat?

STAN
Does it look like a cat to you?

The mother looks to the camera puzzled.

SON
I want that one - OWWW!!!!!!!

MOTHER
What's the matter darling?!

SON
He just pulled a hair out of my head.
Owww....

The boy rubs his head.

MOTHER
What?!

STAN
(unconvincingly)
No I didn't! What would I do that for?

MOTHER
(looking at Stan's bald head)
Well you do need a few.

Stan wobbles uncomfortably.

STAN
Anyway! Which one did you say you
wanted, little child?

SON
That black one. Black like your heart.

DISSOLVE TO:

Stan at the counter, moments later. The mother hands Stan
the money.

STAN
Thank you Madam. Oh and, er...

Stan leans over to the mother and whispers to her furtively.

STAN
...how's your boy's spelling? Hmm?

MOTHER
I don't know. Son, how do you spell
'weirdo'?

SON
W..E..I..R..D..O!

The mother turns back to Stan.

MOTHER
Pretty good seemingly!

The mother, pleased with her insult, turns on her heel and
leaves with the puppy and her son.

As soon as the door closes Stan zips under the counter and
compares the hair from the letter with the little boy's
hair. It's a mismatch.

STAN
Pah! A mismatch. Bad luck, Stan.
This is no good. There has to be a
quicker way to collect hair samples.

CUT TO: A cage full of hares turn to camera with a worried
expression.

CUT BACK TO STAN:

STAN
(LOUDLY)
THAT'S IT !

CUT TO: All the animals in their cages, even the fish,
jump with fright.

CUT BACK TO: The counter. Stan is gone.

CUT TO: Stan exiting the shop. He flips the sign in the
window over to CLOSED and leaves, locking the door behind
him.

CUT TO: The pets are all still for a moment and then -
PARTY! They all go crazy, whooping and cheering, dancing
and laughing. Suddenly a voice breaks through the rabble.

VOICE
Ok ok, calm down we don't have long.

CUT TO: A tiny TERRAPIN standing on a rock in one of the
tanks.

TERRAPIN
Ok, the plan is going perfectly. They
still think a human is sending the
letters but I don't think this new guy's
got a clue. I want you all to be ready
for tonight...

GOLDFISH
(he speaks and bubbles come
out of his mouth which burst
when they reach the surface
and we hear the words)
What's tonight?

TERRAPIN
Tonight ... we escape!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

Stan runs along the high street. Stops - scans the street
and spots what he's looking for.

CUT TO:

EXT. 'A CUT ABOVE' HAIRDRESSERS - SAME TIME

Stan runs inside.

CUT TO:

INT. 'A CUT ABOVE' - SAME TIME

Stan stands impressively in the doorway and flashes his security badge.

STAN
Don't panic people. My name's Stan -
I'm a security man.

CUT TO: The hairdressers and customers look up indifferently for a beat and then continue their activities.

Stan goes up to one of the female hairdressers.

HAIRDRESSER
Oh, am I under arrest?!

STAN
Er, no. I need some hair.

HAIRDRESSER
(looking at Stan's baldness)
So I can see luv, ha ha ha ha ha.

STAN
Where do you keep your off-cuts.

HAIRDRESSER
Ugh, in the bin, luv. Just look in the back.

STAN
Thank you, my man.

HAIRDRESSER
Ewh, some people!

CUT TO:

EXT. REAR OF 'A CUT ABOVE' HAIRDRESSERS - ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Stan lifts the lid of one of the bins to reveal - a DOWN AND OUT.

DOWN AND OUT
Morning!

Stan closes the lid and opens the next bin to reveal it is full of hair.

STAN
Excellent! There must be a sample of
hair from just about everyone in the
town here!

He lifts the bag out of the bin and runs off.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHNSON'S PET SHOP - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The pets in cages are all sewing and stitching pieces of
cloth together. A little hamster whose cage is in the
window speaks up.

HAMSTER
Here he comes!

TERRAPIN
Resume pet behaviour!

All the animals hide their sewing projects and look
brainless.

Stan enters with the huge bag of hair. He pauses to look
around the shop. The animals look up at him innocently.
Satisfied, he opens up the bag.

STAN
Time for analysis.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE SEQUENCE

Shot after shot of Stan lifting an individual hair from the
huge pile and comparing it to the suspect hair under his
magnifying glass. Each time the match is unsuccessful and
Stan shakes his head. The pile very gradually gets lower and
lower as Stan becomes more and more worn out. The animals
watch intently.

END OF MONTAGE SEQUENCE

DISSOLVE TO:

Stan is now completely shattered. Bags under his eyes,
slouched over. He shakes as he continues to examine the
hairs, sweat dripping off him.

SFX: Chewing

CUT TO: A hamster gnawing on a piece of wood.

SFX: Rustling

CUT TO: A rabbit arranging his straw.

SFX: Squeak, squeak, squeak...

CUT TO: A hamster on it's squeaky wheel.

The noises begin to build up on top of one another. Bubbles in the fish tank, dogs scratching, cats purring, mice snoring.....Stan is beginning to lose it and starts to shake violently....we see close ups of sweat dripping down his forehead and into his eyes...his vision through the magnifying glass blurs.....and as the noise climaxes....

 STAN
 (shouting)
 SHHHUUUTTTTTT UUUUUPPPPP!!!!!!

We see FAST CUTS of animals quickly hiding under blankets, burrowing into straw, darting behind rocks and so on.

 A VOICE
 Oooooooooooooooooo!

Stan jumps to his feet, mad-eyed.

 STAN
 WHO SAID THAT?!

An awkward silence descends across the whole pet shop.

 STAN
 (talking like a school
 teacher)
 Come on! Who's the clever man, hmm?
 Who thinks he's better than everyone
 else?

Another pause.

 STAN
 Well if the lawless wretch won't own
 up....you'll ALL suffer!
 (then)
 No food for anyone!

 ALL PETS
 ('Awwwww', 'No fair', 'I'm hungry'
 etc.)

 STAN
 Hmm, not so popular now, are you, Mr
 Clever clogs? Would the offender please
 step forward now!

There is a short pause and then a little puppy in its cage steps forward, looking terrified.

 STAN

Ah, a puppy, I might have known. Well I have a job for you.

CUT TO:

The puppy is now behind the shop counter comparing the hairs with the magnifying glass looking really miserable.

Beside the puppy, Stan yawns and curls up in his chair.

STAN

Wake me up when you're finished.

He closes his eyes and he falls asleep instantly - snoring loudly, drool dripping from his open mouth.

CUT TO:

The TERRAPIN - he whistles and all the animals in their cages stand to attention.

TERRAPIN

Alright, friends. Bring out your decoys.

We see various cuts of animals pulling out crudely stitched figures of themselves. Even the fish, who's decoy falls apart pathetically in the water.

TERRAPIN

Excellent, good work friends.
(to Puppy)
Muffin! Muffin!

The little puppy who's examining the hairs intently looks up.

MUFFIN

Shh, I'm busy.

TERRAPIN

Forget that. You have to help us now.
We need the keys for the cages.

Muffin, who's a bit dim, looks blankly at the terrapin.

TERRAPIN

They're over there! On his belt.

ZIP PAN TO: The keys dangling from Stan's belt.

CUT TO: Muffin taking a deep breath. He jumps onto the table and tiptoes carefully toward Stan. He tries to reach the keys but they're too far away. He looks around and sees a wooden ruler. He rests one end on the table and the other on Stan's belt. Carefully he takes the first step. The ruler bends slightly under his weight.

CUT TO: The animals look on nervously.

CUT TO: Muffin loses his balance.

CUT TO: All the animals GASP in unison.

CUT TO: Muffin steadies himself.

CUT TO: All the animals PHEW in unison.

CUT TO: Muffin reaches the end of the ruler. The keys are now just within arms reach! He bends over carefully, slightly wobbling on the ruler. And reaches out to the keys.

CUT TO: The other end of the ruler is gradually sliding off the table!

CUT TO: Muffin almost has the keys in his hand. There is quite a long drop below him (long for a puppy)

CUT TO: The animals in their cages are all nervous wrecks.

CUT TO: The ruler suddenly slips off the table! Muffin falls!

CUT TO: The animals all close their eyes in agony. The ruler hits the floor. They look up.

CUT TO: Muffin swinging on the keys with one paw, looking very relieved! He presses the release on the key ring and drops gracefully to the floor! The animals cheer quietly as Muffin takes a congratulatory bow!

TERRAPIN

Excellent work Muffin! Now set us free!

DISSOLVE TO:

THE FRONT DOOR , MINUTES LATER.

All the animals are now free (including the fish who has a little fish tank over his head!) and walk up to the front door. Stan is still sound asleep.

The terrapin turns to his comrades.

TERRAPIN

Now, my friends, we have one more task and then we're free!

You know what to do.

He claps his hands quickly and one by one the animals begin forming a tower, jumping on top of each other's heads, until they reach the door handle.

TERRAPIN
Excellent, now the keys!

A hamster holding the keys jumps on the back of a turtle like a trampoline until he's high enough to land onto the top of the tower. He puts the key in the hole.

CUT TO: At the bottom of the animal tower a puppy's tail is wagging in the face of a rabbit. The rabbit begins to twitch its nose.

CUT BACK TO: The hamster is just about to turn the key when...

CUT TO: The rabbit sneezes!

WIDE SHOT: The whole tower begins to crumble.

CUT TO: At the top of the tower the hamster falls SNAPPING THE KEY in two pieces in the lock!

CUT TO: Everyone landing on the floor.

TERRAPIN (cont'd)
Arrgh! The key! It snapped.

All the pets get to their feet and mumble miserably.

TERRAPIN (cont'd)
Hold on. We can't give up now even if it means breaking this door down.

The terrapin suddenly realises what he's just said.

TERRAPIN (cont'd)
Of course! We'll break it down! We're going to need something large, heavy and very thick.

All the animals heads turn to look at the same thing....

.....STAN!

DISSOLVE TO:

SHOP FLOOR, MOMENTS LATER.

Stan, still sound asleep, is now on the floor being carried by all the little pets like a human battering ram. His head points directly towards the front door.

TERRAPIN
OK my friends, after three.....charge!

TRACK FROM RIGHT TO LEFT - all the little pets straining under the weight of Stan. A little hamster is underneath Stan's rear end.

HAMSTER
(miserably)
I get all the good jobs.

The Terrapin is at the head of the battering ram.

TERRAPIN
One! Two! Three!

With some effort, Stan is heaved towards the door until THUD! his head rebounds off the wall.

CUT TO: C.U. OF STAN'S FACE - He never felt a thing and continues to sleep soundly.

The human battering ram is brought back and then forward for another strike - THUD!

Then again - THUD!

And again - THUD!

The door begins to break.

THUD! It breaks some more. THUD! And some more! Until...

SFX: CRASH!

CUT TO:

EXT. JOHNSON'S PET SHOP - NIGHT

Stan's head breaks clean through the door.

ALL ANIMALS
We're free! HOORAY!

They drop him quickly and run out of the large hole, laughing, giggling and cheering!

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP TO:

EXT. JOHNSON'S PET SHOP - MORNING

A crowd has gathered around Stan. Mr. Johnson walks up to his shop looking less than calm.

The crowd parts and we see Stan, still sound asleep, his upper half sticking out of the huge hole in the door.

JOHNSON
My door!

CUT TO:

INT. JOHNSON'S PET SHOP - SAME TIME

Mr. Johnson opens the front door - Stan slides across the floor as it opens.

The owner steps across Stan's head and into his shop. He sees the cages with the decoys and his shoulders droop. He walks over and picks one out of the cage. An incredibly badly-made stuffed puppy.

CUT TO: STAN WAKING. He yawns widely and blinks his eyes open. He sees Mr. Johnson and looks around the shop.

STAN

Ahh, Mr. Johnson, good to see everything in order, eh?
No trouble at all, really. Except that one.

(indicating the stuffed puppy
in Mr. Johnson's hand)

He was a naughty little terror. Weren't you? Bad dog!

Mr. Johnson looks at the camera full of misery.

JOHNSON

You're going to pay for this, you idiot.
Somehow, you're going to pay BIG!

Stan looks very puzzled. He turns to the crowd in the street and whispers.

STAN

Poor man. He's under a lot of stress
you know.

CUT TO:

EXT. JOHNSON'S PET SHOP - SAME TIME

The camera moves away from the pet shop and up towards the sky where we can see a LITTLE AEROPLANE heading for some exotic destination.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AEROPLANE - SAME TIME

Through the windows we can see the plane is full of the little pets from the shop, waving.

CUT TO:

INT. AEROPLANE - SAME TIME

The Terrapin sits beside Muffin the puppy who's stuffing his face into a big pile of food. The Terrapin summons an air hostess over.

TERRAPIN
Some more of this dog food for my good friend please madam.

AIR HOSTESS
That's not dog food. It's our in-flight meal.

MUFFIN
Could have fooled me.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLANE - SAME TIME

As it flies off into the sunset.

TITLES: 'THE END'

FADE TO BLACK

CUT TO:

EXT. JOHNSON'S PET SHOP - DAY

In the window of Mr. Johnson's Pet Shop sits STAN! On sale for £5.99.

People walk past uninterested as....

CREDITS AND MUSIC CONTINUE OVER