

PASTA AND CHIPS

Written by

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INT. PALMERI'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Two waiters are mid conversation with a beautiful customer. The WOMAN giggles... Her voice has a European accent. Feeling eyes on them, they then all turn and stare in amazement, at:

A CLOWN. Dressed in the full works. Make-up, bowler hat, oversized jacket and trousers. He proceeds to sit down.

CLOWN

You can't help yourself can you?

WOMAN

Please Barry! They're Italian Waiters, for god's sake!

Her accent suddenly drops. Now more East End, than Eastern Block.

CLOWN/BARRY

So?

WOMAN

This was *your* idea, remember?

BARRY

No, Teen. It was yours.

WOMAN/TINA

Yeah? And what the hell did you come as? James Bond you said!

BARRY

It is... Just... When he went undercover. Least that's what the bloke in the shop said...

TINA

Really?!

BARRY

This is all bullshit anyway... Like we can just pretend and paper over the cracks as if its make believe...

TINA

You mean like the past ten years of our marriage?

TINA stands up and gathers her things.

TINA (CONT'D)

I knew this was a mistake. Look. I tried. Okay? I can't do this. Not again...

BARRY

No... Wait... Look... Let's go away? Like you said. We need a break. A chance to start over?

TINA looks unsure.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Paris? Milan? Bognor? You choose...

TINA

Bognor!? What? Where we had our first date at that crappy Butlins?

A moment. They stare at each other and smile, remembering. TINA then puts her finger on his lips.

TINA (CONT'D)

(Adopting the Russian Accent)

Ok. I wait. 11.30 At station. If you want? If you don't, I understand. I leave. Alone. No strings.

As BARRY's watches TINA disappear out of the restaurant, he notices a HUGE MAN stood on the stairs. The HUGE MAN pulls back his suit jacket to reveal a holstered gun! BARRY gulps.

FADE TO:

INT. PALMERIS RESTAURANT (UPSTAIRS) - NIGHT

A little boy screams in anticipation. MR. PISTONI is sat with his family and the HUGE MAN. Everyone looks expectantly at BARRY.

BARRY

But, you've got it wrong. This is fancy dress... I'm not...

BARRY eyes well up. Desperate now. He can't hold it together. The little boy suddenly kisses BARRY on the cheek. Everyone laughs at the sweet gesture. The wall clock reads: 11.48.

LITTLE BOY

Aw... Poor sad clown...

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION - CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT

TINA's face sullen as she picks up her luggage and walks through the barriers to the Eurostar...

FADE TO BLACK.