

## **Opening Scene:**

*Bernard is smoking heavily with a cup of coffee in his hand. He is sitting at the reception desk barely staying awake. He looks to be in a bad grumpy mood like usual. He is alone with no one around at 7am.*

**Bernard:** Looks like my peace has come to an end...

*Bob bursts through the doors with an arrested man.*

**Bob:** This man was caught punching a man in the face a couple of miles away.

**Bernard:** ...What do you want me to do? Give you a small sticker or a silver medal and a pat on the head?

**Bob:** Well... You could try filling out the paperwork.

**Bernard:** But I just finished the damn paper work for your other arrest last night.

**Bob:** I'm not filling it out, I need to lock this man up and get back on the beat.

**Bernard:** I'm not filling it out, I've been working all night on paper work...Screw it, I'll leave it for Fran.

*Bob leaves reception area with the criminal. Soon later, Bernard tries to have another drink of coffee only to realise he's run out of coffee.*

**Bernard:** COFFEE!

*You can hear a sigh in the background and the locking of a cell. Bob walks into the reception area, fills the kettle up and then turns it on.*

**Bob:** You really have to do it yourself. That's why we had to get a swivel chair for you instead of those wooden chairs.

**Bernard:** I thought it was because your ass was hurting after the long amount of time on the wooden chair.

**Bob:** ...That too.

*Bob then collects Bernard's cup and walks back to the kettle. He pours the hot water in, and then he pours a large amount of coffee grains into the mug. He grabs the sugar pot and put in at least five tea spoons of it. Then he pours a small amount of milk in which put it to the near top. Bob carries it carefully over to Bernard and puts it down next to him.*

**Bob:** If you're not going to do anything, then can you at least take a look at this menu and sort out the lunch for us?

*Bob grabs a small leaflet from the desk and puts it in front of Bernard. Bob then leaves the station.*

*Bernard takes a small drink of coffee and then smokes a little of his cigarette. He picks up the leaflet. He looks it for a second and throws it over his shoulder.*

**Bernard:** Blah. They can starve. Do them good.

*Bernard takes one last smoke of his cigarette and then stubs it out.*

*Bernard turns on the radio as the radio presenter is talking. After a while, he finishes talking, the song "Breaking The Law" by Judas Priest comes on. Bernard turns the volume up, gets up from his chair and starts singing along while doing air guitar. He goes half way through the chorus "Breakin' the law, breakin' the law" when Fran walks in.*

*Bernard quickly turns off the radio and goes back to his chair. Fran smiles innocently as she walks behind the counter. Bernard goes back to smoking and drinking coffee.*

**Fran:** Hello Bernard, doing much?

**Bernard:** Uh...No! Nope, definitely not...Also, you have to fill out a form for Bob, he's arrested another person.

*Bernard hands her a copy of the form while Fran checks her pockets.*

**Fran:** Shoot...Do you have a pen I can borrow?

**Bernard:** Do I look like a stationary set?!

*Bernard sloppily looks through his desk sending one or two pieces of paper to the floor, he then grabs a random pen he finds on his desk and throws it at Fran.*

**Fran:** Ow...That hurt...

**Bernard:** Well it serves you right for not bringing a pen in.

*Fran picks the pen off the floor. After a short amount of time, the phone begins to ring. Bernard picks it up.*

**Bernard:** Yes? Sorry, we're busy. Can you hang on?

*Bernard puts the phone on hold.*

**Fran:** Who is that?

**Bernard:** God knows, I think he was talking about him being attacked in his own home by gangs. You know...minor stuff.

*Bob walks in with another person he has arrested.*

**Bob:** Can you fill the forms Fran, looks like Bernard is way too busy.

*Bernard suddenly gets his head off the desk startled.*

**Bernard:** What?! Someone said my name?

*Bob walks off to lock the person up while Fran starts filling in the paper work. Bob is just about to walk out the door when Bernard shouts while holding the phone so the receiver is pointing towards Bob at arms length.*

**Bernard:** BOB! PHONE!

*Bob walks over and answers it.*

**Bob:** Hello?

*Bob waits for a short while and then puts down the phone.*

**Bob:** That's odd...All I can hear is faint breathing down the phone.

**Bernard:** Probably another prank call.

*Bob then walks out the door.*

*Screen fades to black and then fades back to the scene. (To demonstrate time has passed).*

*Bob walks into the police station.*

**Bob:** Have the sandwiches arrived?

**Bernard:** No...Useless delivery...All they have to do is drive down a road and drop off some sandwiches.

**Bob:** ...Did you even order anything?

**Bernard:** ...No....No I didn't...

**Bob:** *(slightly annoyed)* Now what are we meant to eat?!

*Bernard stands up and walks over to the fridge, crouches and looks in for a while, he then gets up and close the door. He turns around with a jar with brown liquid. It has a few round white things and long dark green things in it.*

**Bernard:** We have pickled gherkins and pickled eggs.

*Bob sighs.*

**Bob:** You know I'm allergic to vinegar.

**Bernard:** I'm sure if you ask Fran nicely she'll let you use her hair dryer to dry the eggs. Come on, I know you like eggs.

**Bob:** I like poached eggs, not boiled eggs.

*Bernard walks back over to the fridge.*

**Bernard:** I guess you're stuffed.

*He opens the fridge and puts the jar back in.*

*Bob sighs.*

**Bob:** Fine...I'll go out and get my own lunch.

*Bob turns to Fran.*

**Bob:** Do you want anything.

*Fran looks up and then smiles.*

**Fran:** Can you get me a cheese and tomato sandwich please?

**Bob:** Sure.

*Bob walks out of the station.*

*Bernard sits back down.*

**Fran:** How long have those pickled gherkins and eggs been in that fridge?

**Bernard:** Probably several weeks.

*A small silence while Fran looks at Bernard*

**Bernard:** Ok! About two months.

**Fran:** Shouldn't you throw them out?

**Bernard:** No way! Do you know how much they cost?! Besides, the sell by date doesn't matter because it's in a fridge and not on the shelf where it is meant to be.

*Bernard starts to drink his coffee when he spits it back out onto the floor.*

**Bernard:** Is Bob trying to kill me?! This coffee is stone cold!

**Fran:** That isn't really much of a surprise, you've had it since I've arrived which was at 10.

**Bernard:** What time is it now?

*Fran pushes up her sleeve and looks at her watch.*

**Fran:** About one o'clock.

**Bernard:** Well...Someone needs to clean up the mess.

*Fran sighs.*

**Fran:** Fine...I will...

*Fran gets up and grabs a couple of paper towels. She then presses it over the coffee that is spilt on the floor.*

**Bernard:** COFFEE!

*Fran then grabs Bernard's cup and pours the rest of the coffee away. She then makes coffee for Bernard like Bob did earlier, gives it to Bernard and then sits back down to carry on with her paper work.*