

SC1 EXT. FOOTPATH

MAN walking down the street. He is being followed by FOLLOW MAN. Whenever MAN looks behind, FOLLOW MAN ducks out of sight. (Badly) This happens several times. Until MAN Says

MAN

Ok seriously, why do you keep doing that?

FOLLOW MAN

Doing What?

MAN

Ducking out of the way, whenever I look.

FOLLOW MAN

Oh, right. You seen that huh?

(Pause)

I get a bit nervous round famous people.

MAN

What?

FOLLOW MAN

I never know what to say. I get a bit worried they might think I'm weird or something.

MAN

Yeah. I'm getting that, but I'm not famous. So you know, if you could...

FOLLOW MAN

Come on. I get the need for secrecy and all, but come on. It's you. The Host With the Most.

MAN

It's really not.

FOLLOW MAN

Tobias, I watch your show every night. Wait I can call you Tobias right?

MAN

Nope. Not my name.

FOLLOW MAN

Brilliant I knew you wouldn't mind.

MAN

Ok. Great to meet you, but I'm going to walk this way now.

FOLLOW

Oh right yeah, of course. Was really nice to meet you. Tobias.

MAN walks off muttering weirdo to himself. In the background FOLLOW MAN can be seen pulling a large suitcase out of a hedge. FOLLOW MAN opens the suitcase and takes out a baseball bat. FOLLOW MAN takes a practice swing and seems pleased with the result. FOLLOW MAN runs towards MAN and hits MAN across the head with the bat. MAN is knocked out and falls to the ground. FOLLOW MAN throws the baseball bat away triumphantly. It dawns on FOLLOW MAN what he has just done.

FOLLOW MAN

What have I just done? That bat is going to be absolutely covered in evidence.

FOLLOW MAN retrieves the bat and drags MAN towards the suitcase. FOLLOW MAN awkwardly shoves MAN into the suitcase. Next we see FOLLOW MAN walk along the footpath, bat over his shoulder and the suitcase (which has wheels) being dragged along beside him.

CUT TO:

SC2 INT. LIVING ROOM

MAN is tied to a chair behind a kitchen table. Behind the table a sheet covers the wall. SPORTSCAST WITH TOBIAS FLYNN has been crudely written across it, an arrow from the Words TOBIAS FLYNN has been painted also. It points to where MAN is sitting. MAN is now wearing a suit. MAN begins to wake up as FOLLOW MAN enters the Living Room; FOLLOW MAN is now wearing a woman's dress.

FOLLOW MAN

Brilliant you're awake. I was getting worried you'd miss tonight's show, but nope here you are just in time. Tobias Flynn, the constant professional.

MAN

(Still groggy)
Huh? Wait. What?

FOLLOW MAN

Don't worry about that Tobias. Just focus on getting ready for the show.

MAN is still trying to raise his head as FOLLOW MAN is sitting down beside him. FOLLOW MAN misconstrues this as MAN looking at his breasts.

FOLLOW MAN

Hey, eyes up here mister. I need you concentrating on the show, not the milk shooters.

MAN

Show? What the fuck are you talking about?

(Looks down and sees that he is wearing different clothes)

Did you change my clothes?

FOLLOW MAN

Well you got blood all over your other ones. Plus you always wear a suit for the show.

MAN

What? Why do you keep talking about a show?

FOLLOW MAN

Oh, Shush. We're about to go live. Just read your queue cards and look at camera three.

(FOLLOW MAN points at nothing in front of them)

MAN

What cameras?

(Squirming)

Let me the fuck go.

FOLLOW MAN

Five. Four.

(Counts Three, Two, One
on his fingers)

Good evening, it's Saturday the
8th of May I'm Christina Aguilera
and this is the man with the most,
the man who likes to boast, my Co-
host Tobias Flynn.

(Pause... FOLLOW MAN nudges MAN)

Tobias it's your line.

MAN

Please just let me go.

FOLLOW MAN

Ha ha ha, what an odd thing to
say.

(Whispering)

Just read from the queue cards.

MAN

Why are you doing this?

FOLLOW MAN looks embarrassed and flustered.

FOLLOW MAN

What a funny joke you made there
Tobias. HA HA HA. Why don't we
cross over to Gerry at Dundee
United for todays match
highlights. Ok we're off the air.
Jesus Tobias what the fuck was
that? Get your shit together.

MAN

I was supposed to be meeting my
girlfriend.

FOLLOW MAN

Do you even care how
unprofessional that looked?

MAN

I'm not Tobias Flynn, I don't have a sports show. Please just let me go.

FOLLOW MAN

You're being really weird today. Have you bumped your head of something?

MAN

(Starts crying)
Help. Help, please, somebody.

FOLLOW MAN

(Looking of camera at some someone who isn't there)
Listen Craig, I don't know what's gotten in to him but I can't work under these conditions.

MAN

You're absolutely mental.

WOMAN enters the living room. She is holding shopping bags. She sees what is going on and looks surprised. She drops the shopping bags.

WOMAN

Tobias?

MAN

My name's not Tobias.

WOMAN

Well of course it's not. Tobias what the hell is going on in here?

FOLLOW MAN

I was lied to and very much deceived, by this man here. He has somehow managed to convince me that I am not me, and that he is in fact me.

MAN

I haven't. I swear I haven't.

WOMAN

I know you haven't sweetie, he does this sort of stuff all the time.

FOLLOW MAN

(to MAN)

Once, maybe twice a year. Max.

MAN

Can I please just go now?

WOMAN

(Laughing)

Oh God no. See if people knew that Tobias got up to this kind of weird shit, his career would be over. I mean can you imagine, his show would be cancelled like

(Clicks fingers)

And god, I dread to think of the legal ramifications.

FOLLOW MAN

I'll go get the shovel.

MAN

Shovel, what? No you don't need a shovel. I'm not going to tell anyone.

FOLLOW MAN

Dude, come on. You got knocked out by a celebrity. Which by the way how did you not recognize me? I'm sort of a big deal. There are literally billboards all over the city with my face on them. You know what it doesn't matter. Anyway you got knocked out by a really famous person, with a totally recognizable face, may or may not have had your junk fondled while unconscious, got tied to a chair and made participate in a fake TV show. Which to be honest you were kind of sucky at. Of course you're going to tell someone.

WOMAN

Just go get the damn shovel; I
want to get this mess cleared up
before dinner.

FOLLOW MAN grumbles and leaves the room. MAN begins
desperately trying to escape from the chair, while shouting
repeatedly.

MAN

Help.

WOMAN picks up the baseball bat and walks over to MAN.

WOMAN

Sorry about this.

CUT TO:

SC3 EXT. FOREST CARPARK NIGHT.

FOLLOW MAN is dragging a suitcase from the back seat of a
car. He looks like something has just dawned on him.

FOLLOW MAN

Forgot to get an autograph.

CUT TO:

SC4 EXT. FOREST NIGHT

WOMAN is carrying the shovel. FOLLOW MAN is pulling the
suitcase.

WOMAN

You should have changed that dress
before you came out. You're going
to ruin it.

FOLLOW MAN

It's my dress; I'll wear it where
I like.

WOMAN

Ok, but I'm not washing it.

THE END.