



Scripts.com

Guest House Paradiso

By Adrian Edmondson

(Snoring)

You bastards...

(Alarm bleeps)

(Grunts and groans)

(Alarm stops)

(Alarm rings)

(Teasmaid whistles)

Aaaarrggghh! Aaaarrrgghhh!

(Scream echoes)

Eddie!

Eddie! Another bloody day. |Time to get up.

(Eddie's voice) 'Righty-dokey, skip.'

(Bones creak)

(Tyres screech)

Ow! (Squeals)

Oh!

Eddie!

Eddie?!

Come along. It's the early bird |that catches worms.

(Eddie) 'Running all the way.'

(Record scratches)

(Whispers) Damn.

(Door opens)

(Woman) Well, really.

Good morning, room four. |This is your personal alarm call.

Yes, I know. I'm just giving |you time to wake up

before your proper alarm call in... |two and a half hours.

That's right. Exactly |when you booked it. Good morning!

Oh! Mr Johnson and MS Harding.

The common-law couple. |I trust you slept well?

Rather a rough night, actually.

Oh...well, the perils of adultery.

And you're not too tired to make |your way downstairs for breakfast(!)

I trust you both washed?

Actually, the water was cold.

That's no reason not to wash. |We are British, you know?

We invented cold showers |to stop people masturbating.

Oh! Oh! Perhaps that's why you're |so upset about the lack of hot water!

(Horn honks)

(Hacking cough)

Nearly home.

(Dings bell)

Ah, there you are, Eddie.

Here are some bills. You handle them. |I don't want to get my dabs on them.

Righty-dokey, skip.

Have you cleaned your teeth|this morning?

- Could I have a word?|- Take your hand off me.

I haven't got my hand on you.

I've got security cameras,|so it's on film.

- I've got the evidence.|- I brushed your arm.

- You're a liar, Mr Jones.|- Look, Mr Twat...

It's pronounced "Thwaite".

Well, it's spelled Twat.|T-W-A-T. TWAT!

Keep your voice down, please.|We have normal guests as well.

Now, if you'll allow me|to finish what I was doing
before you so rudely interrupted...

Ahem.

There. Now, what is all|this silly fuss about?

I'm trying to get some breakfast|and there's no waiter.

Shirt and tie,|wandering around with food.

Hard to spot, I know. Have you been|to a restaurant before?

Yes, but he's not there.

Pascal!

Pascal!

See what I mean?

Pascal!

Chef, you seen Pascal?

Pascal!

(Board creaks and gas hisses)

Chef, I said fix this.

- It's a fire hazard.|- You fucking bastard!

Very good, Chef, carry on.|Is breakfast well under way?

Look, may we order straightaway?!

Yes, yes, yes!|The waiter will be here directly.

Oh!

Ahh, morning, Mrs Foxfur.

Morning, Twat.

Eddie! What are you doing?

I'm just...filing the bills.

Oh. Have you seen Pascal?

Uh, no.

You'llI have to help|serving breakfast.

I'll phone the psychiatric hospital|to see if he's there again.

Righty-dokey, skip. I'm your man.

(TV) '..still searching|for Gina Carbonara,

'the ltalian filmstar who disappeared|before her wedding yesterday,

'much to the dismay|of her intended husband,

'the ltalian playboy and ex-racing|driver Gino Guiseppe...'

'You English fuckers!'

'..who is currently fighting|extradition back to Italy
'to face drug smuggling charges.
'Ms Carbonara shot to fame|portraying a prostitute
'with a heart of gold in the film|"The Last Butterfly Of Summer".
'The film,|with its controversial sex scenes,
'took \$160 million worldwide and|won her an Oscar for Best Actress.'

(Zip)

'Her car was discovered|near Beachy Head...'

(Chef) Why you no pay me?!

(Sobs)

It's three months since you bring me|here and still you don't pay me!
And why you sack Pascal?!

Get back in there or I'll tell|Immigration about your visa!
Yes - visa!

And I didn't sack Pascal. I was about|to phone the hospital about him.
Remember your condition, darling.|Use your breathing technique,
Wine?

It's a bit early, isn't it?
What about an aperitif, then?|Gin, scotch, poteen?
What? No, thank you. What we'd|really like is some breakfast.
Oh.
If he does show up, give him|some quick electric shock treatment
and send him back!
I eat your bacon!
I eat your trifle!
I drink your sherry!
And what I can't eat...|I put in the waste disposal!
You big, fat bastard make me sad!
(Grinding and smashing)
I can particularly recommend|this one.
- Which one?|- This page with all the wines.
It's a bit early for us.
What are you doing up, then?
Too early for wine, Eddie.|Go and help Chef.
Help Chef? But you know|Chef and I don't get on.
This is an emergency -|I'll do Pascal's job out here,
you do Pascal's job in there, OK?
OK.
Now, what would you like?
(Banging and shouting)
(Banging and crashing stops)
Now, then. What would you like?
Chef's hurt himself.

How badly?

Indescribably badly. He hit his head|on a frying pan 17 times.

(Eddie screams)

- You cook.|- I can't.

- Nor could Chef.|- Right.

- Now, then...|- (Banging)

(Sighs) How can I help you?

Where are your eggs from?

Hen's vaginas.

Ah...

We'd like two|full English breakfasts,
freshly squeezed orange juice,
coffee for one - ground not instant -
tea for one,|lightly toasted wholemeal bread,
and don't overcook the kidneys.

Boiled egg as usual, Mrs Foxfur?

Oh, yes, please.

Thought so.

Excuse me, I'll deal|with important guests first.

Oh, for Christ's sake!

Ahem.

Pheeb! One boiled egg.

Pheeb! Hello?

'Pheeb! Hello?'

Yes, hello. One boiled egg.

'Pheeb! Hello?'

Yes, hello!

'Pheeb! Who is it?'

Pheeb! It's Mr Thwaite.

'Pheeb! He's not here.|Can I take a message?'

Look, it's me! Stop embarrassing me|and just take the order!

(Eddie yelps)

One boiled... Damn!

Pheeb! One boiled... Oh,|forget pheeb. One boiled egg!

Pheeb! Hang on, I'll write it down.

No, no, don't write it down,|just remember it.

'OK. How do you spell "egg?"'

No! Just remember it!

Hang on, I've broken me pencil. I'll|just find another. Oh, sorry. Pheeb!

Eddie! Oh... Pheeb! Eddie!

- Yeah?!|- Look, here's a pencil.

(Squidge and blood-curdling scream)

Aaaarrgh! Aaah! Aaah! Aaah!

Here's the order.|Copy it out and cook it.

But it'll taste all papery.

Just do it or I'll pop these, OK?

OK.

Aaaaaarrrrgh!

Ahh! Ahh! I thought you said "or"!

Freedom of speech. | What we fought Hitler for.

Now, let's just get on with it, | shall we?

Won't be long now.

Could you possibly take our order?

Oh, Edward and Mrs Simpson.

I'd forgotten about you two.

You must be ravenous?

Can I take your order?

Umm...

Oh, all right. Why not? | It'll kill some time, won't it?

If you've finally managed | to make up your minds.

(Johnson) We'd like | two full English breakfasts.

- Do you have Lapsang Souchong? | - No.

I just put on my underpants | the wrong way this morning.

- Could I get some tea? | - Of course!

(Twat) What a wise choice.

Right...

And if I may say so, | that is a smashing blouse.

- Ooh! Ooh! Ooh! | - Aah! Aah! Aah!

My God!

Excuse me a moment.

(Squelching)

- (Squelch) | - Ow...

Heh heh!

No! No!

- (Squelch) | - Ah! You've snapped my pencil!

(Straining)

(Screaming, banging and crashing)

(Eddie) No, no! Not the fridge!

No!

Stop!

Eddie!

I'm sorry!

How long for the egg?

Three minutes, please.

Excuse me one moment.

Ahh!

Uhhhh...urrrgh!

Aaaaaarrrrrgggh!

- Ah!|- Urgh!
Urgh! Urgh! Urgh!
Ah! Ah! Ah!
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Aaaaarrrgh!
Aaaaaaarrrrgh!
Is there any danger of getting food?
- Breakfast's off.|- Off?
Yes. There is no breakfast. |You're both too fat, anyway.
Really! That's too much! |I've never...
Oh, do shut your gob, lard-arse!
This is preposterous.
You can shut yours, too.
- That's it.|- Darling, don't!
Do you want some, eh? Do you want...
- some?|- He's a black belt in karate!
More like a pink belt in hanging |about gentlemen's lavatories!
Richie...
Hello, bird!
Oh, Richie! It's Richie!
Oh, it's Richie!
Hello...other bird!
It's Richie! Richie!
Come saucy wood-nymphs, gather |from your groves - it is Richie!
Hello!
Hello! Hello! Hello!
Hello, birds!
Come, love-nymphs. |Out of respect for Richie,
let us take out our great knockers |and wobble them about.
Oh, yes, let's!
No, love-nymphs, |let us open our fairy briefcases
and shower him with unmarked tenners!
Erotically...
(All) Hurrah! Yes! |What a smashing idea!
But first, proud, firm young maidens |who are definitely on for it,
let us anoint him with pints |of super-strength illegal cider!
(All) Oh, yes! Let's!
(Giggling)
Settle, birds...
(Eddie) Ha ha ha ha!
Ha ha ha ha ha ha!
A-ha ha ha ha ha!
(Eddie's laughter echoes)
Oh, stop it! Stop it!
(Eddie) Richie, |you've been out for eight hours!

Eight hours?|What have you been doing?
Trying to rouse you with this.
How has the hotel|functioned without me?
Easily, 'cause the guests have gone.
Gone! Did any of them pay?
Er...no.
Did they find the safe?
I'm afraid so.
Damn! So they got|all their stuff back?!
(Cash till rings)
Oh...!
What about advance bookings?
Um, not too good.
Oh, God!
Oh, come on, Richie.|It's not that bad.
Yes, it is. I've just trapped|my penis in the till drawer.
(Cash till rings)
(Foxfur) Oh, Mr Twat?
It's "Thwaite!"
I thought you said|all the guests have gone?
I thought she was dead.
Ah, Twat.|My eggs stilI haven't arrived.
Because you went through|the menopause years ago.
I beg your pardon?
I said I'm afraid breakfast is off.
Oh, have some sherry.
Oh! Is it my birthday?
- Oh...yes!|- What, again?
It's the third time this month.
Yes! Have another one.
(Whispers) Eddie, mark the bottle.
I was just wondering, Mrs Foxfur,|given your increasing infirmity,
whether you might like|to take the opportunity
to pay your bill in advance?
We don't want you getting|so crippled by arthritis
that you can't sign the cheque.
I gave you five years advance|last week.
Yeah! And the week before that.
Oh, yes.
Silly old me.
(Sighs)
Hmm...
Is that gold in those teeth?
You should get those checked.

My twin is a dentist!

Your twin? Is that the same twin|who's a gynaecologist?

Huh?

Er, no, no. He's the third twin.

Yes, that's who he is. I'll get him|to come round this afternoon.

No, I'll get him|to come round right now.

- Yes, but I... I think I...|- No trouble, Mrs Foxfur.

Come along. Up to your room.|Come on, come on!

COME ON!

Right, I'll be...|HE'LL be along in a moment.

Come on! Come on!

Get me a doctor's coat,|some pliers and a hammer.

And your glasses as a disguise.

How do I look?

I don't know, I can't see.

Edward, have you been taking drugs?

Well, never mind depravity.|Let's kick the old bint's teeth out.

(Horns honking)

You're sure this is the right place?

- It doesn't look nice.|- There's a nuclear power station.

Times are hard and this is|the cheapest hotel in Britain.

Let's make the best of it.

Come on, we're on holiday! Hooray.

- Oh! Oh!|- Go on! Drink it, you bitch!

Good, that should've|loosened them up.

Eddie, get the croquet mallet while|I do some preliminary bridgework.

Righty-dokey!

(Bell dings)

Quick, Eddie, put your fingerprints|all over this hammer.

Righto.

Dr Twat, is that you?

Er, yes.

Have you completed|the root canal work?

- (Bell dings)|- Er, yes.

That's looking macfine.

I'll pop back in a week and give ye a|wee check-up. Come on, let's scarper!

(Dings bell)

(Dings bell)

Good morning,|good morning, good morning!

We were beginning to think|nobody was here.

It looked like the Marie Celeste.

(Forced laughter)

How amusing! Ha ha! Oh, ha ha ha!

(Continues to laugh)

Now, what can I do for you?

Well, we were wondering...

(Laughs again)

(Straining to laugh)

I'm sorry, I was just remembering. | I must write that one down.

"Marie...Celeste."

Ha ha ha! Implying that we run | the kind of hotel where...

nobody wants to stay.

Right, well, we were wondering | if you had any rooms.

Yes, we'd like two rooms, adjoining.

With a sea view, please.

Gosh, you're quite forthright, | aren't you, in your demands?

My word, Eddie. | Important people here.

Well, first things first. | Got any valuables...

that you'd like put in the safe?

- Not really, no. | - What about that ring?

Well, I never take it off.

The watch, then? Is that expensive?

No, it's a cheap copy.

That'll do. | The pawnbroker's very short-sighted.

Eddie!

..means you don't need | a watch in paradise.

Time...stops here.

(Richie chuckles) So watch, please.

- I'd rather keep it... | - Watch! Please.

- I won't be able... | - Watch!

Come along!

Mmm. There, better safe than sorry.

Eddie, take their bags.

But...they'll see, won't they?

No, Eddie, take their bags | to their rooms.

And you'll keep 'em talking? Gotcha!

Whoo! Look over there!

And off we go!

Off to your rooms.

Uh-uh uh-uh uh.

- I beg your pardon? | - I'll say.

Have you stayed in a hotel before? | This is the corridor.

And this is the light switch.

I've depressed the light switch, | which is on a timer,

which has been | scientifically designed

to allow you plenty of time | to insert your key in the...

Arse.

(Boy) Insert it in your arse?

(Richie) Never mind, I'm a resourceful chap, so I find the...
Bastard! Fucking! Where is it?!

Ah, there we are.
And in we go...
Eddie! What on earth are you doing?
Uh...I...was...|just going to unpack for them.
Don't worry,|I'd like to do that myself.
Where's the sea view?
That'll be out the window.
Well, I can't see it.
Yes, you have to lean out.|Come along.
Lean out...lean out...|LEAN out of the window!
Hold on to the scaffolding
and you can just see|the sewage pipe in Dead Man's Cove.
I've had it checked by lawyers|so don't try anything funny.
And, as a backup...
I've got a picture of some sea,|so I've got you both ways.
Could I just ask,|is breakfast thrown in?
It depends who's serving.|I sometimes bring it on a tray.
Eddie, a word.
I've told you before,|never talk to the adult guests.
Ow!
- What?|- He poked me in the eye.
No, she walked into my finger.
Ha ha! Look, what time is it?
Oh! Uh, why don't you let Eddie|take these little...nippers
off to the playground?
Come on, you little rascals!
(Richie chuckles)
And you two pop down to the bar|for a complementary sherry.
- That sounds nice.|- It is.
And only 75 pence.
Each.
In advance.
Oh, right. Sorry.
There we are. Oh, yes...
Uh...have a...nice...day.
So, as we always say|at the Guest House Paradiso,
have fun, avoid the water|and don't get shit on the sheets.
Hmm.
(Rusty squeaking)
It's horrible here.
Welcome to the real world, kid.
Oh! Ha ha ha!

Oh!
I really must have some more sherry.
Eh...oh...
Here you are, kid.|Have a swig of this.
It helps keep things blurred.
(Scream)
Oh, damn.
(Key turns in lock)
(Woman) Shame about the weather.
(Man) Shame about the hotel.
(Woman) Never mind.|Happy anniversary, darling.
(Richie) Oh, no! No!
Damn! Damn! Damn!
It's Mr Twat, you're going to have|to vacate your room for a moment.
- (Woman) Hello?|- Excuse me.
(Foreign accent) Hello?
Hello?
Hello, man behind the counter.
Ah, there you are.
Mr Twat?
- No.|- Do you know where he is?
He could be anywhere. He's the only|one who does a fucking thing!
I'm suprised he hasn't had|a nervous breakdown!
Pardon?
Uh...the bar.
He is in the...bar.
Right.
But...there's no one there.
Oh, God. Oh, God!
God! Oh, God! Oh, fu...
Everything's gone completely numb.
You lucky bastard.
Good morning,|I'm looking for Mr Twat.
Er...
Have you tried reception?
Yes, but he isn't there. The strange|midget said he was in the lounge.
Well, I'm sure if we wait here|he'll turn up.
Charming part of the country.
(Board creaks, then gas hisses)
Does it rain a lot around here?
More or less continuously, yes.
Oh.
Oh, well.
(Click)

Good for the flowers, I suppose.

Still quite warm, though.

Look, something tells me|I can trust you.

You see, the thing is...

(Board creaks, then gas hisses)

The thing is...

I am Gina Carbonara.

Gina Carbonara,

the famous Italian film star|and love object.

Cor, blimey, wait till Richie|hears about this!

The truth is, I've had a little|bother lately with...

one thing and another,

and I'm looking for a hotel that's|quiet, discreet and out of the way,
where the paparazzi won't find me.

I wouldn't know where to recommend.

I was thinking of here.

Oh.

Oh!

This seems the perfect spot.|You're not in any of the guidebooks.

Nobody for miles around -|an oasis of calm.

Even the peasants in the village|denied its existence.

Oh, yes, this is the place.

A perfect little refuge|from the world.

Right, well, we'd better...|check you in, then.

So if you're not the manager,|who are you?

I'm Eddie the bellboy.

The bellboy?

That's right.

(Bell dongs)

(Giggles)

(High pitched giggle)

And...here's your key.

It's room five, first floor,|end of the corridor.

I'll bring your luggage up directly.

Mice.

Basque Separatist mice.

I was...just...cleaning the oven|in my Ralph Lauren rubber shorts
and...and...and...|never mind about that now!

I can't believe it!|Gina Carbonara staying here!

Gina Carbonara!|The Melons from Milan!

Yeah, the Nipples from Naples!

The Rump from Rome!

The Rectum from Reykjavik!

- That's not right, is it?|- I don't know. She gets around.

Eddie, assemble all the staff!

- Here I am.|- Good.

Is this it? Where's Lardy Basto?

- Chef left this morning, remember?|- Damn, so he did!

So it's just us, then.|- Very well, then.

Alone.

God, what are we gonna do?!

Calm! Down! Richie!|- It's only Gina Carbonara!

I know! I'm already straining|these rubber underpants to the limit!

We'll soon have you out.

Unh!

(Air hissing and rubber stretching)

What about dinner?

She'll be expecting top-rate,|poncey, French-style Al nosh!

I don't believe it! That Romanian|bastard! He's eaten ALL the food!

Oh!

Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God! OH, GOD!

Why do these things happen to me?

I thought this would be it,

I was gonna get a blue plaque made|saying "Gina Carbonara stayed here."

Now you'll need|a slightly bigger one,

saying "Gina Carbonara stayed here|and thought it was shit."

- Is this gonna work?|- Is the Pope Catholic?

Yes, he is.

Is he? Huh! I never knew that.

Right.

Yep, that should do it.

What's the next part|of the operation?

I puncture the pants with this kebab|skewer on the end of a broom handle.

The sudden release of pressure causes|the pants to gradually disintegrate.

- If you say so.|- Brace yourself.

And here it comes!

(Boy) It's so boring here!

(Dad) Well, what about I-Spy?|(Boy) No.

(Dad) Let's play|Charlene's favourite game.

(Charlene) Yeah!|(Boy) All right.

(Door opens)

OK, here we go,|hope you're all hiding.

One...

two...three...

four...five...

six...seven...

eight...nine...

Ten! Coming, ready or not!

- Oh, you've grown.|- What?
- Oh, I see!|- Mr Twat?
It's "Thwaite!" No, no, I'm not him,|I'm his deranged half-brother!
Hur hur hur hee!
(Strangled moans)
(Crashing and banging)
And stay there! Never enter|the public areas of the hotel!
Oh, I'm so sorry. I was talking|to my demented half-brother.
- Is he all right?|- No, he's mad.
But don't worry, it's terminal!
Now, allow me to show you around.
Oh, my, you have a pert elbow.
You must be Gina Carbonara.
Yes, and you must be Mr Thwaite.
It's "Twat." Damn...
I'm sorry, please,|forgive me, Mr Twat.
Yes.
I have a problem,|could you come into my room?
- No...|- You won't?
No, no, I WON'T have a problem.
- I'm not being too forward?|- No, I like them sticking out.
Now, what seems to be the problem?
Electrics? Plumbing? The...stench?
Although, by the way,|should you have a personal problem
I am in fact|a qualified gynaecologist.
Well, strictly speaking|I'm an amateur - but I'm bloody keen.
Keen as mustard.
- I'm having trouble with my zip.|- Your zip?
Could you undo it?
(Mumbles)
Pardon?
(Mumbles)
No, I still don't understand.
(Quivering) You want me|to undo your zip?
Oh, yes. Would you?
(Quivering) Well,|I'llI have a bloody good go.
Thank you.
You see it is just stuck here.
You don't mind|that I do not wear a brassiere?
Uh, no.
This is such a charming hotel,|unlike anywhere else I've ever been.
I feel I could stay here forever.
(Zip)
You're such a sweet man.

Love is such a fickle thing, |don't you think?
What? Oh, love.
Oh, yes, love.
Oh, lumme! Love!
H-how very well put.
How very amusing. Ha ha ha ha...
How soi-disant... Ah! Uh!
Yes, it's such...
Oh...he's gone.
Ooh, it's cold in here.
Arrrgh!
(Horn honks)
Eddie!
Aaaarrgh! AAAAARRRGH!
Bloody road protesters!
Save the B157!
Marvellous, Eddie! |Look! Fish for supper!
We're saved! Ha ha ha!
(Whistling happily)
Have you had enough time |to read the menu, Mrs Foxfur?
Well, I think I'll have the fish.
Oh, good. Wise choice.
So everyone's having fish, then. |Excellent.
I don't like this fish.
You'll eat it.
You're a minor, you have no rights |and I'll happily call the police!
For what the Lord has provided |let us be truly F-ing thankful.
And the same goes for you!
- Enjoying your meal? | - Yes.
We've got royalty coming downstairs |in a minute so fucking behave!
Who are you?
- We're Mr... | - And Mrs.
(Both, giggling) Barker.
The honeymoon couple? |Have you been in bed all day?
Well, we're newlyweds.
Good grief! What can I get you?
Vitamins? Energy tablets? Fanny pump?
- N-no, a table. | - Let's go back upstairs.
You bloody well won't! |That's enough of that sort of thing!
Just sit down and eat quietly |like normal people!
It's absolutely disgusting!
Now, what can I get you?
D'you have any fish?
Oh! I'll see what I can do.

Good evening, Miss Carbonara.

Good evening, Mr Twat.

Ha ha, it's "Cunt".

Oh, damn. Again.

Would it be too much trouble|if I ate in my room?

Oh. Of course.

Oh...

Of course.

What can I bring you?|The fish is very good tonight.

Yes, lightly grilled fish|and a salad would be perfect.

"Lightly" grilled fish?|And a "salad"?

Righty-ho.|I'llI have that up in a jiffy.

Would it offend you|if I ate it naked?

Hmm?

I would like to have it undressed.

Hmm?

I don't want to cause a fuss.

Oh, no, no! They'll be raring|to go on that one.

- Undressed, you say?|- It's good for my chakras.

I should imagine. Chakras like those|want looking after.

As we used to say|in the Boy Scouts...

(Eddie) Pheeb!

Oh, she's gone.

Right, Edward Elizabeth Ndingombaba,|this could be our lucky day!

(Knock at door)

Come in.

Good evening.

(Whispers) Good one.

Good evening.

You have a very big hat.

Well, you're a very attractive bird.

And with your salad -|salad cream or cooking oil?

Pardon?

Cream or oil?

No, I said I wanted|the salad undressed.

I know, and we're|looking forward to it.

I'll say.

No, I mean...without dressing.

Oh...

Oh. Oh, God. Back to the kitchen.

Oh, God. Quickly! Quickly! Quickly!

Oh, God! Oh, God!

Really, i-i-i-it's just too much.

I-I'm gonna...|I-I'm gonna confront him.

So you take the kids to bed.

Well, be careful, babe.

(Dings)

Hello?

(Dings) Hello?

Time for beddy-byes, is it?|Sweet dreams!

Oh, I don't feel well.

(Farts)

Hey, give her one from me!

If you're too tired|I'll come and give her one myself!

I'm not joking, actually.

(Richie) What do you|think you're doing?

I wanted you. Some underwear|has gone missing from our room.

Really? And what sort|of UNDERWEAR was it?

Uh, well...

They were crotchless|rubber panties, actually!

You're quite sure|they were crotchless?

Yes, and a rubber bra|is missing as well.

Hey, Rich, look at this bloke|in spiky underwear!

Is it...? Is it you?

- Put that back on!|- No.

It's broken.

- And there's no other machine?|- No. Afraid not.

Well, I'll just show this tape|to the police in the morning.

Hey, Rich...

What are we gonna do?

We'll just bide our time, Eddie.|We'll just bide our time.

Can you take your hand off my penis?

Hmm? Oh, sorry.

(Eddie) Whoo-oo-oo-oo!

Whoo-oo-oo-oo!

Whoo-oo-oo-oo!

Whoo-oo-oo-oo!

Whoo-oo-oo-oo!

Will you stop making|those owl noises!

- Sorry.|- Right. Now follow me.

(Crack) Aaaaaaaaarrrrghhh!

Rich! Rich!

What happened?

Candle in the eye.

Pardon?

Candle in the eye!

Righto.

Aaaaaaaaarrrrrrgghh!

(Banging and crashing)
(Richie groans) Stop it!|Stop...it! Stop it!
Look...look...
Uhh! Let's get sensible, OK?!
Come on, it's this way.
Here we are. Shh!
Right, they're fast asleep.|Get your tackle out.
I beg your pardon?
Hand me your rod.
- Huh?|- The fishing rod.
Oh! Righto.
Here we go. (Laughs)
Shh!
Oh-oh-oh...!
Got it.
He's got a tight grip on it.
(Straining)
Ah! Ooh...
You're gonna have to help.
Right you are.
Cor! You got a whopper there.
Why, thank you, Eddie.|Must be all the excitement.
Oh, yeah...|Lady Diana, Princess of Wales...
Smack me up, you bitch.
(Both strain)
(Bonk)
(Richie) Ooh! Ooh!
(Bonk)
(Bonk)
Unh! Come on!
Oh!
(Doorbell rings)
Who's that?
Someone ringing the doorbell.
I think you're right.
See what they want|before they wake everyone.
And Eddie, if it's the police,|claim all responsibility.
- Righto.|- Good man.
(Ringing)
I'm coming! I'm coming!
Where's Gina Carbonara?!
GINA! GINA!
It's, uh, just along here,|room five...
OK, now, bring me|romantic supper for two

and expensive bottle of champagne,
otherwise you are|one dead motherfucker!
Watch the language. We're trying|to keep this PG, all right?
OK, excuse me, otherwise|you are one dead father-fucker!
I tried.
Gino!
(Whispers) Si.
So, why you not turn up|at the church-a yesterday?
You are too famous not to come|to your own-a wedding! Eh?!
Or is poor Gino,|from Sicily, your own-a country...
is not a-good enough for you, huh?
Is that it?
- Ah!|- (Sobs)
Gina...
You know why I didn't come.
How can I know?|You never tell me anything.
Because the night before the wedding|you sleep with all three bridesmaids.
But at the time I wasn't-a married!
I was a free Gino!
Gina... Per favure, Gina...
Gina... Gina... Amure...
Gina, per favure, amure.
Amore, bambina...
I do not want-a to spend another|moment of my life without you, huh?
Do you have-a your|wedding dress with you?
Why don't you put it on|for me, for Gino?
So we can-a marry ourself, huh?
- (Knock at door)|- Si!
(Eddie) Room service!
(Gasps)
- Gino?|- Si?!
Look.
Yes, it's-a very beautiful.|Put it on!
Do you know a nice bordello|around here?
You find-a me some pretty girls...|and put them in another room.
He's bad!
The boyfriend?|Why didn't she tell me he was coming?
Ah... Leading me on.
Brazen hussy.
She was just using me...
before she tied the knot.
Just one last little bit|of love exercise.
Which didn't come off.
Like these blasted pants.

Oh, that reminds me! Oh, God!

(Door opens)

Richie? Richie?

(Doorbell rings)

(Men) Evening, Eddie!

Oh, no. Friday night.

Yep, another shift done!

Sorry we're late. | Had a party at the plant.

A leaving party. Well, someone on | B shift died, so technically it was!

(Laughing and sickly coughing)

(Eddie) No, look, I'm sorry, but...

The weekly lock-in | at Guest House Paradiso!

All right, but it'll | I have to be | a quick one - we've got guests.

You've got guests?!

All right, what'll it be?

I feel poorly.

(Gasps)

Dad! Dad! Dad! DAD! | Dad, wake up!

(Yelps)

- What is it, Damien? | - Darling?

The nasty man! | He's in the cupboard!

- What? | - The hotel man!

You're just having a nightmare, | darling.

But he's in there!

Come into bed with us.

But he really is there...

I'm sure you think he's in there.

I've been having some nightmares | about that man myself.

I feel poorly.

Cor, I'm glad that shift's over - | they had to give me seven showers!

We had a bit of a leak yesterday,

had to burn all the dead fish | from the bay.

You probably saw the lorries.

- Shh! | - Mmm!

Mama mia...

You look-a beautiful.

(Loud whirring)

(Grinding)

(Whirring stops)

And I, Gino Guiseppe | Gianluca Bolognese,

take you, | Gina Tortellini Carbonara,

to be my lawful wedded wife, to love | and cherish me, to serve and obey me
till death do us part.

Amen.

I do.

I now pronounce us man...

and his woman!

- (Zip)|- No, Gino!

No?! What do you mean?!

You are my woman,|everything that is yours is mine!

(Roars)

You bring-a shame and dishonour|to the whole-a Bolognese family!

No sandwiches tonight, Eddie?

Uh....

(Telephone rings)

Hello...? Night...porter.

(Sobbing)

Where are the whores I ordered?

I ordered three prostitutes!

Send them to my room now.

Huh? OK.

Excuse me, gentlemen.

(Telephone rings)

Hello, night porter?

(Richie) Eddie, it's me.

I'm stuck inside|the bedside cabinet in room six.

OK. Won't be a minute, gents.

I'll go and get us the sandwiches.

All I want|is what is rightfully mine!

Gino! This was my mother's dress!|And my grandmother's before that.

That's OK, bring them.|I'll fuck them too!

I am one fucky guy!

What are you doing?

Sorry, hotel maintenance. I have|to remove this bedside cabinet.

- What?|- Yes, it's...got woodworm.

But it's|the middle of the night.

It's...a fire risk.

No, it's not.

Yes, it is.

See what I mean?|You can't be too careful.

Look, there it is, there!

(Geiger counter crackles)

(Geiger counter crackles madly)

Thank you so much.|Enjoy the rest of your evening.

(Coughing and choking)

Eddie! What have you been up to?!

I've told you before|to never - ever - ever -

service the rooms -|till the guests - are fully - awake!

(Eddie) Aaaaaarrrrgh!
I'm so sorry.
You toddle off to bed,
while I make sure|that Eddie doesn't trouble you again!
No, no! That won't be necessary.
Just don't disturb us again, please.
We're checking out tomorrow.
(Belches)
Oh, dear... (Farts)
And here it is!
Hur...rah.
Eddie, all our troubles are over!
- I'm not so sure, Richie!|- What?
That fish,|where did you get it from?
No one ate any, did they?
Er...no.
Good, because it's highly dangerous.
They must've come|from next to the meltdown!
- Shut it!|- What is going on?
I don't know where you got that fish,
but this hotel|is now highly contaminated!
Thank God no one ate any|or you'd be up for murder!
You wanna clear this hotel|because this is not the end of this!
This is big trouble if they find out!
Why did you|shoot your mouth off like that?!
We better get Z-Squad!
How many guests had fish?
All of them.
Very well, let's pack our bags|and SKEDADDLE!
(Belching and liquid rumblings)
(Farting)
What's that noise?
(Door opens)
Oh! Oh, Mr Twat!
What is it?
I feel rather...AUGH!
(Belches)
Oh, Mr Twat, help m...
Get back in your room!
(Crying) Where's my mummy?|I want my mummy!
AUGH!
(Whispers) Come on.
(Floor creaking)
Oh, damn.

(Groaning)
(Farts) Oh, God...
Please, my wife's very sick.
- Timothy...|- I'm coming, darling. I'm...
(Gasps) What have...
Get me a doc...
For God's sake, get me a...
(Groans) I can't...
Get me a fucking...
(Mumbles) My wife is sick too...
Oh, God...
(Enormous fart)
Oh, my God...
(Liquid rumblings)
(Charlene) It's coming again...
This...is the time.
BWEURRK!
AUGH! BWEURK! BLEURGH!
BLEURK! GLEURGH! AUGHH!
No!
Oh! I don't have anything to wear!
(Loud whirring)
Oh! That's where it went! Uh!
Come on, Richie,|this is no time for dancing!
Let's go!
I...w-w-w-whoo! Oh!
No!
(Dress tears)
(Liquid rumblings)
(Heaving)
(Door creaks)
Help! Help!|You've got to get me out of here!
(Gino gags)
Hey... Stop!
(Liquid rumblings)
Arrrrrgh...
(Liquid rumblings)
Mmmnnnn!
- Ahhh!|- Go! Go!
(All) Ahhh!
(Gino) All I wanted was a shaaaaaaaag!
(Buzzing and crackling)
(Helicopter engines)
(Geiger counters crackle)

(Tyres screech and sirens wail)

You give me that suitcase|and I'll give you this one.

What's in it?

10 million.

OK.

This case contains new identities|and passports for you.

And first class plane tickets|to the Caribbean.

OK...

Sign here to say|you've never lived in England

or heard the words "radioactive"|and "leak" then you can go.

Shall we shake?

I'd rather not.

You have a very big hat.

Well, you're a very attractive bird.

Calm - down - Richie!

He's got a tight grip on it.

Candle in the eye!

Righto.

Aaaaaarrrrggghh!

(All laugh)

Thank you for killing|my awful boyfriend

by radioactive fish poisoning.

How lucky he was the only fatality.

Yes.

Otherwise there'd be a moral|question mark over our escape.

I will never be able to repay you.

Oh, I don't know.|It's my turn, isn't it?

Yes, of course it is.