

Stock footage of London nightlife

FRANCINE:

This is a story set in London's boom-time in the 1990s; an era of fat cats, business lunches, celebrity chefs, ultra-chic wine bars, when the streets seemed to flow with over-priced champagne. However, for two young London Boys, Terry Morris and Dick York all this seemed a world away.

Here they are now in a bog-standard Pizza restaurant on Streatham High Road having just consumed two 12 inch Meat Feasts with extra cheese, 18 bottles of lager and two after-dinner mints. They have very full bellies and very empty pockets. But they're not at all worried because they have discovered with a little bit of planning and much Dutch courage there is such a thing as a free lunch, and a free dinner.

Cut to shot of Dick and Terry making a break for it.

FRENCH WAITER:

And this is what they've been doing ever since. Only their tastes have become more refined. Now they're not content with lager beer anymore, they want wine and fine wine at that. Wines like these.

Cut to Usual Suspects wine line up.

FRENCH WAITER:

That's the wine they stole from The Ivy! They think a shit-hole like this isn't worth knocking off anymore. I wouldn't mind but they don't even appreciate the food, they're just after the wine - a 1968 bottle of Bon-Hon (sic) Mon Dieur!

Cut to Dick and Terry going into a posh hotel restaurant. A surly doorman gives them the eye.

DOORMAN:

Not only that, the bookish fella, crap with women, Dick I think he is, works in the local off license even though he's got a degree in 17th Century European Philosophy - no BECAUSE he's got a degree in 17th Century European Philosophy - he's the brains ain't he, he's started inventing gadgets that assist the pair in their nefarious escapades.

Cut to shots of Kerr Plunk - smoke filled garage etc.

DOORMAN:

Terry's more my type of fella, he's the action man, to have as much bottle as he's got I reckon his BLEEP are the size of BLEEP BLEEP!

Cut to shot of a fruit bowl with two large mangos.

DOORMAN:

The ladies love Terry, or LL Cool Tel, as I've heard him call himself.

FRANCINE: (in her office)

Not all women fall for Terry's barrow-boy charm. Personally I prefer Dick's mysterious, introspective, intellectual allure.

Cut to wine shop with camera on Francine as if still in her office, it pulls out to reveal her at the counter and Dick is serving her.

FRANCINE:

He has hidden depths.

The belt / PDQ gag routine.

Cut to shot of Dick and Terry in split screen in their respective work uniforms.

FRANCINE:

By day they may be low paid, unskilled, shop staff in silly uniforms but at night Terry Morris and Dick York transform into the scourge of London high-life - Monsieur Blanc and Monsieur Rouge!

Cut to musical title sequence.