

NB Lines in **Bold** are in Arabic

SCENE 1. EXT. STREET

1. **FX:** BUS STOP, ROADSIDE - COMPLETE CHAOS IN A  
THIRD-WORLD TYPE WAY, INCLUDING CHICKENS,  
GOATS, DOGS AND LOTS OF PEOPLE. A COUPLE  
OF BUSES ARE COUGHING AND SPLUTTERING  
UNDERNEATH.

2. **GILES:** (WORKING HIS WAY THROUGH A CROWD OF  
PEOPLE) Well, I've arrived. Oh sorry, er,  
tape one, day one, Giles Wemmbley Hogg,  
two m's, two g's, I'm outside Khartoum  
International Airport, in the Sudan,  
sorry, excuse me, I'm trying to find my  
bus. Sorry. Thank you. Right, Giles  
Wemmbley Hogg, that's me, er tape one, oh  
I said that, 'scuse me, I'm trying to, ow,  
work my way through about a million  
people, sorry, and there should be a bus,  
but there isn't ... This is mad; it's  
like the start of the Budleigh Salterton  
Fun Run except no-one's come dressed as a  
Wendy House or a rhino.

3. **TAXI MAN:** (SUDANESE) Taxi? Taxi Mister?

1. GILES: No thank you - oh no I'm wrong, I have just spotted somebody dressed as a Wendy House. Probably a local Sudanese medicine man or Estate Agent or something ....
2. TAXI MAN: Taxi! Taxi!
3. GILES: No, (INTO MIC) Bus? I'm looking for a bus. Bussy? Hang on a minute you've only got one arm. (INTO MIC) He's only got one arm. How do you drive a taxi with one arm?
4. TAXI MAN: (HEARS THE WORD "TAXI") Yes, taxi taxi!
5. GILES: No bus bus. God this is a bit like Piccadilly Circus except they're not Italian. (PAUSE)
6. TAXI MAN: Taxi, taxi.
7. GILES: Alright alright, you take me to the bus station. Here's money (TO MIC) I'm just giving him a bundle of notes, coz I don't have a handle on the old currency yet.

1. TAXI MAN: Yes, yes, thankyou mister, taxi over there. (RUNS OFF)
2. GILES: Hey wait! Oh, he's gone, no-one's helping me. Hey! Help!
3. FX: WHISTLE
4. POLICEMAN: (ARABIC) **You can't park here!**
5. GILES: Er what, (TO MIC) A policeman's asking me something now.
6. POLICEMAN: (ENGLISH) Not parking here.
7. GILES: Well it's not my taxi.
8. POLICEMAN: Yes your taxi mister, you buy!
9. GILES: I bought it? Oh. Apparently I've bought the taxi.

TAPE STOP

1. GRAMS: INTRO MUSIC (UNDER)

2. GILES: So why am I, Giles Wemmbley Hogg, here in Africa? Well, it's an incredible country ... or continent even. It is said that all life began in Africa and um, you know, it probably did. I'll have to ask. The Sudan itself has an amazing history of armed struggle, famine, deprivation, neglect and civil unrest ... (PAUSE) but I've come for the fishing. Which is supposed to be excellent. This is my story

FADE UP -

3. ATMOS: BUS STATION

4. FX: A BUS ENGINE FADES IN

5. GILES: Aah-ha! A bus (MIC) there's a bus. (SLOWLY AND LOUDLY, IN ENGLISH) Is this the bus for Umm Fazugli? Hello, I'm Giles Wemmbley Hogg, Wemmbley Hogg, 2m's 2g's, I've got a ticket. Seat 12c, air conditioned with partial recline and trolley service?

6. DRIVER: (IN ARABIC) **Give me your bags**

7. GILES: I've got a ticket

1. DRIVER: (ENGLISH) Give me your bags
2. GILES: I've got a ticket.
3. DRIVER: Give me your bags!
4. GILES: Okay. (INTO MIC) I'm giving the man my bags. (OUT AGAIN) Err thank you. Um they've got a real system going. He's just hurled my rucksack onto the roof. There's another fellow up there using some sort of strap. Err yeah it's definitely a strap. Oh no, you can't take that bag ...
5. DRIVER: Bags on the roof
6. GILES: No I'm sorry, this one is hand baggage, Carry-on ...?
7. DRIVER: Bags belong on the roof - roof of bus. Or roof of bus station. You choose ...

ANOTHER MAN ON THE ROOF JOINS IN THE HOOHAH IN ARABIC

8. DRIVER/ROOFMAN: **Get on with it, you pillock. You're holding up the whole bus etc etc**

1. GILES: No please, can you give that back. No don't put that up there. That's hand luggage. Please listen to me (SLIGHTLY EMOTIONAL) that is a 14ft carbon fibre Castolight fishing rod and it belongs to my father, Peter Wemmbley Hogg? (PAUSE) Budleigh Salterton Chalk-stream Angler of the Year 87 through 93? Apart from 89? Look - (PETULANT CHILD) Give me my fishing rod!

2. ALL: THE GENERAL HUBBUB CEASES.

BEAT

3. ALL: (EVERYONE IN MOCK DERISION MAKES THE PISSY SOUND) Oooooohhh!

FADE OUT

4. ATMOS: BUS INTERIOR. GILES IS PUSHING PAST EVERYONE UNDER NEXT SPEECH AS BUS STARTS. GENERAL ARABIC CHITCHAT

5. GILES: (INTO MIC) Right I'm on the bus, with all my gear as they now won't take any of it on the roof, and we're off. I'm looking for 12c, there doesn't seem to be any numbers, sorry, scuse me, can you mind the

rod please. Ah well I've found 12c, but  
it's taken. (OUT) Excuse me, err I think  
your chicken is in my seat. Look, sorry  
can you let go of, scuse me, yes hello,  
can you let go of the rod please, yes LET  
GO.

1. FX: SOUND OF 14FT CARBON FIBRE CASTOLIGHT  
FISHING ROD WHIPPING AND IMPACTING HARD ON  
A CHICKEN. CLUCKING AND FLAPPING ETC.

2. ALL: GENERAL UPROAR

3. GILES: Oh bugger, sorry about that, I'm sure  
he'll be fine. The rod's hit a chicken,  
well impaled it really. Sorry.

FADE OUT

FADE UP

4. ATMOS: BUS INTERIOR. MOVING

5. ALL: GENERAL CHAT (ARABIC)

6. GILES: It has to be said, the mood on the bus is  
a bit grim. Still hopefully we are on our  
way to (PRONOUNCED CAREFULLY) Umm Fazugli,  
but I'm not sure. I'd say she's about a  
thirty seater and I would guess there are  
- ooh - 140 people on board. I can see  
four goats, two dogs and there's a badly  
injured chicken on the roof.

1. GILES: There's some kind of Shaman or witch-vet blowing smoke up its beak. The chicken's owner is pretty cheesed off, and a couple of guys have had to sit on his head. But apparently it's bad luck here to kill a man who's carrying a long stick - so hats off to Dad's Castolight. Welcome to the Sudan.

2. MAN: (OFF) Clear!

3. FX: FTUMM OF DEFIBRILLATOR!

4. CHICKEN: Cluck ... (DYING)

REPEAT

FADE OUT

FADE IN

5. ATMOS: BUS INTERIOR. MOVING

6. GILES: (INTIMATE) Well the chicken put up a brave show, but I'm sorry to say, the little fellow didn't make it. (HAPPIER AGAIN) I'm just reading up on the Foreign Office bump here -

1. FX: PAPERS BEING RUFFLED

2. GILES: (MUTTERS) Arabic ... Dinars ... Dry season, err here we are (BEAT). The Sudan is simply not a very safe country.

BEAT

3. GILES: Brilliant! Absolutely bloody brilliant! Here I am God knows how many miles from Budleigh Salterton, utterly alone and even the welcome pack says this place is completely pants.

Looking out of the window, there's just miles and miles of arid sandy ... sand. It looks like a sort of sandy desert ... which it probably is - I'll have to ask. At the moment we seem to be heading er (SHOUTING) Er, stop the bus, stop the bus!

4. FX: ALMIGHTY SCREECH OF BRAKES. PEOPLE, BASKETS AND ANIMALS BEING HURLED FORWARD.

5. ALL: SCREAM AND REACT (ARABIC)

1. GILES: Look! A bird, there's two of them. (INTO MIC) I'm looking at two birds ... I'm not sure what they are, The one on the left looks like a sort of big rook, only not as large. I assume they're wild. Must be. Wow! Now, this is why I am in the Sudan, you'd never see that in Budleigh Salterton. Two birds. Wow! OK, drive on!

2. FX: BUS STARTS TO PULL OFF

3. ALL: CHAT RESUMES

4. GILES: Wow. The adventure begins! Should have brought a camera! (LOUD) Did anyone else see that? Two birds ...

FADE OUT

FADE UP

EXT NIGHT - UMM FAZUGLI

1.   ATMOS:                    QUIET NIGHT TIME. CRICKETS

2.   FX:                        BUS PULLING AWAY

3.   GILES:                   (PAUSE) Apparently I've arrived. It's darker than I'd expected (PAUSE) but it is the middle of the night. I'm now in Umm Fazugli, a remote, isolated village in the middle of nowhere. I'm supposed to be meeting a man called Ibrahim, whose family I'm staying with ... There's no sign of him ... according to the bump he's ... (LEAFING THROUGH BUMPH) black ... brilliant. I'll just have to wait for him (PAUSE) on my own ... in the dark ... in Africa. I hope he comes soon because I'm dying for a wee. There's no public toilet. There doesn't appear to be any sign of the village people.

BEAT

4.   GILES:                   (MUMBLING/HUMMING TO THE TUNE OF THE VILLAGE PEOPLE'S "YMCA") ... Young man, there's no need to feel down, I said young man, you're in Africa now ....

FADE DOWN

FADE UP

1. GILES: No, it's no good I'm going to have to pee  
in the bushes.

2. FX: ZIP DOWN

3. IBRAHIM: (APPROACHING) Mr Giles?

4. FX: ZIP UP RAPIDLY

5. GILES: Oh! Yes? Who are you?

6. IBRAHIM: My name is Ibrahim - you stay with me.

1. GILES: Oh! Thank God you've come.
2. IBRAHIM: I can help you carry?
3. GILES: Oh yes thank you, you can take this.
4. FX: ROD SWISH - SMACK!
5. IBRAHIM: Ow!
6. GILES: Sorry.
7. FX: WALKING
8. IBRAHIM: What is that Mr Giles?
9. GILES: That, Ibrahim, is a 14 foot carbon fibre  
Castolight fishing pole.
- IBRAHIM PISSES HIMSELF LAUGHING, GILES JOINS IN NERVOUSLY
10. GILES: Actually, Ibrahim, be a bit careful, turns  
out it's something of a lethal weapon.
11. IBRAHIM: What you kill with it, chickens?

FADE DOWN

FADE UP

EXT DAY. THE VILLAGE

1.    ATMOS:                    MORNING SKYLINE

2.    GILES:                    Day 2, it's about 10 am. and I'm outside Ibrahim's hut. I had to eat locusts for breakfast, grim, still you have to get involved don't you ... and it was either that or muesli. Ibrahim asked if I was keen to pick up the lingo while I was here, so that's what I've been doing. Trouble is, as soon as I've picked up enough to fill the lingo-bucket, the goat drops another load. (A BIT GIGGLY) Actually, I've had to come outside anyway because Ibrahim's wife Fatima is what I can only describe as breastfeeding her child, with her breast; she's actually got the whole thing out of the front of her frock and it's ... (COMPOSING HIMSELF) so I thought I'd better come out here, while she's, er, well visible, as it were. After all I only met her last night - along with their kids - Ross, Monica, Rachel, and Chandler.

FADE OUT

FADE UP

1.   ATMOS:                   HUT INTERIOR

2.   FX:                     RUBBER SQUEAKING AND CLOTHES AND BARBOUR  
                              RUSTLING, ZIPS BEING FASTENED AND POPPERS  
                              POPPED

3.   GILES:                 I'm back in the house now, and Fatima's  
                              stopped the erm milking and gone out. So  
                              I'm getting properly dressed for a day's  
                              fishing in the Sudan, don't know what the  
                              weather's going to do so I better get well  
                              toggled up.

4.   IBRAHIM:              (ENTERING) Very hot today Mr Giles.

5.   GILES:                 Aah Ibrahim (INTO MIC) It's Ibrahim - he  
                              says it's hot.

6.   IBRAHIM:              Very hot today Mr Giles

7.   FX:                     ONE FINAL DECISIVE ZIP AND GILES GETS UP

1. GILES: Yes, well I have to say I was quite apprehensive about wearing thermal-lined fishing waders and a Barbour in the Sudan, but it's not all that bad to be honest with you Ibbey
2. IBRAHIM: In here nice and cool but the sun outside is too hot for ...
3. FX: GREAT SWISHING AND RUBBER SQUEAKING OF CLOTHES AS GILES STRIDES TO THE DOOR
4. GILES: Don't worry about me - Daddy was right, got to have the right tools for the job. (HE IS NOW OUTSIDE) Wow it's hot out here, I oh, oh, I don't feel very ... (SWOONS AND GROANS)
5. FX: HE SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR - HE HAS PASSED OUT
6. ALL: A FEW SUDANESE ARE HEARD COMING TOWARDS HIM CONCERNED AND TALKING IN ARABIC.
7. IBRAHIM: Mr Giles? Mr Giles!

FADE OUT

FADE IN

1.    ATMOS:                    OUTSIDE

2.    GILES:                    Apparently, I passed out. Ibrahim pulled me back inside. Anyway I've ditched the Barbour and set off with the absolute bare essentials - waders, fly box, landing net, collapsible stool, gutting knife, thermos, broolly, hook clip, gaff, otter, spare line and a guide to the exotic game fish of Central Africa up-dated in 1926. (TAP TAP) I'm now walking away from the village trying to find the lake ... which, as yet, is either further away than I thought or is very poorly signed. I'll have to ask.

FADE OUT

4.    GILES:                    With any luck ... just behind these trees ... (PUSHING THROUGH BRANCHES) If I can get through ... there should be ... a ... socking great ... lake. (FEET CRUNCHING OVER DRIED LAKE BED THEN STOP) There should be a socking great lake, but there isn't. I'm standing on a bone dry lake bed, in the middle of Africa, in a pair of thermal waders, and a tweed hat holding

the same rod my own father used in seven successive fish-offs in the North Devon Downstream Nymph, All Fly, Net & Return Championships 1987 to 1993 barring 89, and unless my calculations are way off beam this so-called angling Mecca is shut for the season. Brilliant.

1. FX: FLUTTERING AND MUTTERING FLAMINGOS

2. GILES: No ruddy fish. Actually though, there are loads of flamingos. They look quite pink. There's a great herd of them on the lake, and Woh! I've seen this on Attenborough. The dried up lake has deposited great sort of clogs of soda crystals on their feet, and they've seen me, Wow, they're running now, to take off, running in this sort of direction, here they come, I don't know if you can hear this ...

3. FX: FLAPPING WINGS, THUNDERING HOOVES AND FLAMINGO'S CRIES

4. GILES: Magnificent. Any second now they'll flock into the air - crikey, there's millions of them. And up they go ... in a second ... up into the ... no, they're not getting off the ground because of their soda clogs; and up, up, up, up they go ... God they're big! Oh shit!

5. FX: THUNDERING CLOGS BATTER GILES.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

1.    ATMOS:                    HUT INTERIOR

2.    GILES:                    It's day three and my nose is still quite badly swollen. I've just been woken up by Ibrahim.

3.    IBRAHIM:                  Drink this, it will help with the pain

4.    FX:                        GILES DRINKS DURING THE FOLLOWING

5.    GILES:                    OK. (INTO MIC) I'm being given some local remedy for flamingo attack, not sure what it is, but it tastes revolting. Probably some sort of herbal plant medicine. They're so ingenious out here. (DRINK) Eeeugh! Ibbby, what is it?

6.    IBRAHIM:                  Panadol

7.    GILES:                    Oh right.

8.    IBRAHIM:                  And Vimto.

9.    GILES:                    Bloody flamingos!

1. IBRAHIM: Come on Mr Giles time to go.

2. GILES: Where?

3. IBRAHIM: For a wash

(HE WALKS OUT)

4. GILES: (INTO MIC) Thank God. I'm beginning to smell like a badger. Hang on. (TO MIC) I'm just grabbing my towel and washbag. I'd better slip on my flipflops too in case it's a bit of a walk to the shower block.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

5. ATMOS: DRY EXTERIOR. WALKING

6. GILES: (INTO MIC) Well we've been walking for about half an hour, there's about 30 of us, the sun is now up and I don't know where these showers are. The women are carrying big empty pots and bundles of clothes. I, on the other hand, am naked apart from a towel which keeps slipping down. How long now Ibrahim?

1. IBRAHIM: Nearly there Mr Giles.

2. GILES: (INTO MIC) We're nearly there.

FADE OUT

FADE UP

3. ATMOS: STILL WALKING

4. GILES: It has now been nearly two hours and this is just stupid. Where are these bloody showers? My flipflops are really cutting into my toes. I think I've got a blister and I honestly don't know how much longer I can hold this towel up. Thank goodness I'm not carrying one of those big heavy pots on my head like all the women. I'm carrying my washbag on my head so I don't look out of place.

5. IBRAHIM: Nearly there Mr Giles. Oops, I pick up your washbag.

6. GILES: (BEAT). Can we stop? I've definitely got a blister. (BEAT) Right, I'm stopping.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

1.   ATMOS:                   STILL WALKING

2.   GILES:                   We've now been walking for well over three hours and I don't even want to wash now. I just want to go home but ... in a car. Ibrahim says it's just over the hill. I don't believe him but he's all I've got. The women with the heavy pots have all gone on ahead. They said I was too slow.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

3.   ATMOS:                   LAKESIDE

4.   FX:                        SPLASHING ETC

5.   ALL:                      LOTS OF HUBBUB

6.   GILES:                   Er, we have a problem, it's not a shower block it's, some sort of public lake. There are literally hundreds of people washing themselves, and their clothes. The sticking point is that beneath the towel I'm quite badly bruised and, well, bare.

1. GILES: So I'm just going to go along a bit and try and find an empty spot.

2. IBRAHIM: Mr Giles, Mr Giles!

3. GILES: (SHOUTING BEHIND HIM) No trunks Ibrahim!

BEAT

4. GILES: Now there is a bit here, a sort of tributary where they've left all the pots. So I'm ditching the towel and I'm going to make a dash for it ... Weeeeeeeeeee!

5. FX: RUNS AND JUMPS INTO THE WATER

6. GILES: HIGH PITCHED YELP!. HE CAN BE HEARD WASHING AND WHISTLING.

7. GILES: This is the first time I've felt civilized for days. Lovely. Oooooh!

SEVERAL SUDANESE RUN UP AND SHOUT IN ARABIC

8. **ALL:** **Get out of there, get out! You're in the drinking water, you're making it filthy! etc.**

1. GILES: What? I don't understand!

THE SHOUTING CONTINUES

2. ALL: **Your making the water filthy! This is where we carry it back to the village! etc.**

3. GILES: What? This, you want this? This is shampoo, er, Fructus.

SHOUTING CONTINUES

4. ALL: **Get out get out!**

5. GILES: I don't understand, here, have the Fructus ...

6. FIONA: (VERY STROPY AND PLEASED WITH LITTLE ARABIC SHE HAS PICKED UP) They're telling you to get out, that is the drinking water bit.

7. GILES: Oh hello.

8. FIONA: Get out of there!

9. GILES: I can't.

1. FIONA: Listen to me you utter goat. You've just filled their drinking water with SHAMPOO! Now get out.
2. GILES: I can't.
3. FIONA: Why not?
4. GILES: I'm bare.
5. FIONA: Oh for goodness sake. We'll look the other way. Look the other way. (IN ARABIC) **Look the other way.**
6. ALL: HUBBUB
7. GILES: Can someone pass me my towel please. It's in one of the pots.
8. FIONA: There.

1. GILES: I'm Giles by the way.
2. FIONA: (IN ARABIC) **It's all right. He didn't realise what he was doing. He's just a** (IN ENGLISH) typical English moron.
3. ALL: LAUGH
4. GILES: Why are you here?
5. FIONA: (A PETULANT LIST) My name is Fiona Armitage, and I'm here with Operation Raleigh. If you must know, we're here digging a well, in an effort to find a sustainable water source for these people near to their village.
6. GILES: Thank God for that. I don't think I could do the walk again.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

1.    ATMOS:                    EXTERIOR. WALKING

2.    GILES:                    We're now walking back and we're about half way and I'm dirtier than when we started. That Fiona girl's gone on ahead, very powerful thighs. None of the villagers are talking to me. I might offer to carry one of the pots, that should get me back in their good books. (SHOUTING OUT) Ibrahim. Ibrahim, I want to carry a pot!

3.    IBRAHIM:                 Why?

4.    GILES:                    I want to help, can you ask them?

5.    IBRAHIM:                 OK. (ARABIC) **He wants to carry a pot.**

6.    WOMAN:                   (IN ARABIC) **Alright. He must be stupid though.**

7.    GILES:                    I'm going to turn this off while I get this pot on my head.

TAPE STOP & START

1. GILES: It's on my head, and my word it's heavy. They've filled them all up with water, that must be why they were taking them. I'll have to ask. Is that why they take the pots to the lake Ibrahim? To get water for the village?
2. IBRAHIM: Yes
3. GILES: Wow, good system.
5. GILES: God this is heavy, and my towel's slipping, Ibrahim, could you get my towel, the pots slipping, could someone ...
6. FX: POT FALLS ON THE FLOOR, SMASHES
7. GILES: I've dropped the pot, (LOUDLY TELLING)  
I've dropped the pot. Ibrahim, I've dropped the pot.
8. IBRAHIM: We can see
9. GILES: And my towel's wet. (BEAT) Has anyone got a dry towel? FADE OUT

FADE IN

1.   ATMOS:                   VILLAGE EXTERIOR. NIGHT. CRICKETS ETC.

2.   GILES:                   It's now day five, It's just getting dark and I'm sitting under a huge tree, looking at the most stunning view over the desert, the sunset is a sort of deep deep red like a ... (PAUSE - INTO MIC) I want to go home, when you hear this Mum and Dad I miss you, I wish I'd never come fishing in the Sudan now. I miss Slow Giles - he's my tortoise. Being on a gap year is much harder than I thought, I wish I was already at university, I've applied to Oxbridge so I should be going to either Bristol or Durham. I didn't do a diary entry yesterday because I was a bit miserable. This was supposed to be the best time of my life - the first leg of my round-the-world trip, and already it's not so much a leg as a bleeding stump badly cauterised by that complete butcher from Budleigh Cottage Hospital who did my verruca. (PAUSE)

1. GILES: Right, this is no good, come on Giles pull yourself together. Sure there's no fishing in the Sudan, but there's a lovely girl called Fiona and Operation Raleigh are digging a well for my friend Ibrahim and his family. That's it. Tomorrow morning I'm getting up at the crack of dawn and I'm joining Op Raleigh to dig a hole for Ibby! I am Giles Wemmbley Hogg and I went to Charterhouse!

FADE DOWN

FADE UP

2. ATMOS: EXTERIOR. MORNING

3. GILES: It's day six, and I'm already up and about. I thought I'd get a really early start on the first day, try and make a good impression.

1. GILES: (BEAT) Yes - I'm early, it's not even nine. I can see the Operation Raleigh team, I'm looking at a sort of bamboo scaffold over a big hole. There's about ten or so people digging, all white Europeans and three of them have got dreadlocks, I think I might try and grow some, oh there's Fiona, she looks quite sweaty. (LOUD) Hi I'm Giles Wemmbly Hogg, 2m's 2g's ... from Budleigh Salterton?
2. SVEN: Hello Giles Mumbly Hogs. I'm Sven, group co-ordinator for this dig site.
3. GILES: Excellent, I hope I'm not too early?
4. SVEN: No we started at 5.30.
5. GILES: No way, that means I am nearly 4 hours late on my first day!
6. SVEN: It's OK
7. GILES: Erm don't worry, I mean I'll make the time up - I won't lose any wages for that will I Boss?

1. SVEN: No we work for free, on a volunteer basis?  
No one gets paid.
2. GILES: Yeah that's what I meant. (INTO MIC) I bet Management get a sweetener of some sort. Well Sven give us a shovel and I'll try this bit over here.
3. SVEN: Giles at the moment we are digging over here, you see where all the equipment is ... and the people, digging ... and the big hole in the ground ...?
4. GILES: Oh! Right, better still.
5. SVEN: Yes the local knowledge tells us that this is where we will find water.
6. GILES: Oh for goodness sake don't ask the locals - I walked for nearly 4 hours to have a wash, I'm not sure the locals have got the first clue. Hi Fiona, hi, remember me?
7. FIONA: Yes I do
8. GILES: I've come to help find a sustainable water source near to the village.

1. FIONA: Good
2. GILES: So, how's it going? We got split up on the way back from the lake. Probably cos I was helping the women carry the pots .
3. FIONA: I heard.
4. GILES: You heard about it?
5. FIONA: I heard the crash.
6. GILES: Oh! (BEAT) Who's that Sven guy, he seems a bit uptight?
7. FIONA: He's my boyfriend.
8. GILES: Oooh! Luckeeee!
9. FIONA: Well I'd love to stop and chat but I don't want to.
10. GILES: No quite right, too much work to be done.  
(TO THE TUNE FROM DISNEY'S "SNOW WHITE")  
We dig dig dig dig, dig dig dig we dig the whole day through, we dig-a-dig dig dig, dig-a-dig dig-a-dig ...

1. FIONA: Can you not do that.
  
2. GILES: Okay. (PAUSE - THEN WHISTLES "WHISTLE WHILE YOU WORK") (AFTER A COUPLE OF LINES, TO THE TUNE OF "WHISTLE WHILE YOU WORK" -) dig-a-dig dig dig, dig-a-dig dig dig ...

FADE OUT

FADE IN

3. GILES: (DESPERATELY OUT OF BREATH) Well I'm shattered, it's so hot. I need a break. I started at 8.30 and ... What's the time now?
  
4. SVEN: Twenty to nine.
  
5. GILES: Yeah! I think I might have gone at it a bit hard initially, I'm sorry Sven, I'm going to have to have a bit of a sit down. Aaaaah (INTO MIC) I think the banter with Fiona went pretty well.
  
6. FIONA: Giles you lazy twit, are you going to help or not?

1. GILES: Sorry I was a bit dizzy, (INTO MIC) she's great, so strict! (BEAT) Like matron. I'll tell you what everyone, I'm pooped so I'll do a canteen run eh, who wants what?

2. FX: STEPS OVER, FADING

3. SVEN: Yeah! I'll have the meatloaf with gravy and a chocolate shake please

4. ALL: VARIOUS FOOD ORDERS - SOUP, GATEAUX, OOH, SUSHI PLATTER FOR ME ETC.)

5. PETE: Yeah and I'll have the lobster.

6. GILES: Whereabouts is it?

7. SVEN: (OFF) On the left just beyond the Leisure Centre and wine bar!

8. ALL: (FADING) EVERYONE LAUGHS

FADE OUT

FADE IN

1.    ATMOS:                    THE DIG

2.    FX:                        GILES IS RUNNING, VERY EXCITED.

3.    GILES:                    (TO MIC - PANTING) I've just had the most incredible experience, you know, you come here to the Sudan - you don't know what to expect; apart from the unexpected obviously. I mean I can't believe it, I hardly know how to describe what I've just seen. I, Giles Wemmbley Hogg, have just seen, what I can only describe as - Sandi Toksvig.

4.    FX:                        DIGGING AND WORK NOISES UNDER AS HE  
                                  APPROACHES

5.    GILES:                    Hey guys, you are not going to believe this, seriously you guys. Everyone, hey, stop digging, this is really important ...

6.    FIONA:                    More important than finding a sustainable water source for these people?

1. GILES: Errm, yes. I was over there just now and you will never guess who I saw. Seriously try and guess, go on try, and guess, you'll never get it, go on ...
2. SVEN: Sandi Toksvig?
3. GILES: No have another ... Yes Sandi Toksvig, of all people, wait how the hell did you know that?
4. SVEN: She is from Scandinavia
5. GILES: Really, I thought I read somewhere she was Bulgarian . (LONG PAUSE WHILE EVERYONE WORKS IT OUT) Cor eh? Huh! Sandi Toksvig, who'd have thought. Hmm, turns out Sandi's short for er, some reason. I bumped into her in the canteen.
6. SVEN: What canteen?
7. GILES: Theirs. Apparently she's out here with that Red Nose Relief lot. You know - Lenny Henrys and (FUMBLING) er Baldrick. God, they do such really good work -

1. FIONA: In case you hadn't noticed WE are actually trying to find a sustainable water source for these people nearer to the village ...
2. GILES: I know, and the weird thing is SO ARE THEY! We should all team up ...
3. FX: INSTANTLY ALL DIGGING NOISE STOPS. A  
GHASTLY SILENCE
4. GILES: ... or not, team up, I'm easy like, er easy like Sunday morning, (BEAT) Oooh. (HE THEN SUDDENLY "BOM BOMS" ALONG TO THE THEME TUNE FROM "CALL MY BLUFF")
5. FIONA: (SUDDENLY SNAPPING) Can you stop doing that!

FADE UP

1. FX: NIGHT CICADAS, CRICKETS ETC

2. GILES: ... then Sandi would say - "fatumshk" must be the Mexican Cider", and Alan Cohen says, "no, BLUFF, , so he'd get ten points! Do you see? (MIC)I've just been trying to explain Call My Bluff to Ibrahim, and I'm not sure he really got it. It's not that he's stupid, god no, it's just that, well word games aren't that big here. Imagine that - life without The Bluff! Everyone else is asleep. (PAUSE) This may sound a bit stupid Ibrahim

3. IBRAHIM: (FAST) Yes

4. GILES: But why don't you move the village nearer to the lake?

1. IBRAHIM: Mr Giles, my people have lived here for many many years, this is our home, at the now time is difficult for us, no rain, many wars, a lot of fighting, but this is our home. When we are try to move there is much troubles here in Sudan - fighting, many people died last time. my brother he died - so very hard to move - very hard to leave your home Mr Giles.

PAUSE

2. GILES: I suppose it is Ibbby (BEAT) I know in my Upper Sixth year at Charterhouse I got moved to a different house when I was made a prefect and wow, yeah, I really know what you mean. My new House Master Mr Snatbill was a real tyrant - gave us a really hard time ...

3. IBRAHIM: Did he kill your brother?

4. GILES: No, but he took our tuck and mufti privileges for two weeks at the end of the Michaelmass Term (PAUSE) Yeah pretty tough times I can tell you - it's amazing how similar our lives are really Ibbby.

PAUSE

1. IBRAHIM: Good night Mr Giles.
2. GILES: Lot of digging tomorrow Ibbby, final push ... Huh Mr bloody Snatbill, like to see him go fishing in the Sudan ...
3. IBRAHIM: Sleep now little man Shhh.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

4. FX: NEXT MORNING. EXTERIOR, BUT A BIT ECHOEY
5. GILES: (WHISPERING) I've got up unbelievably early, Fiona was really really cross with me yesterday so I am going to try and get back in her good books by nicking back the two shovels that were stolen, by Julie Walters. I've got a great vantage point, I think I can see the shovels. They'll never see me I'm hidden in a sort of a trench ...
6. SANDI: Hello Giles, what are you doing in the latrine?

1. GILES: Oh hi Sandi.
  2. SANDI: What are you doing?
  3. GILES: Er, trying to find a sustainable water source?
  4. SANDI: Why, what's wrong with your well?
  5. GILES: Nothing at all. In fact today is the big final push, we think we've found water.
- PAUSE
6. SANDI: Really, we've had no luck at all. Which is terrible because I've got to film a piece for the BBC in London at four this afternoon, and they want me next to a well, with water in it.
  7. GILES: Oh! Why don't you come over to ours and film there!
  8. SANDI: Oh! Could I, do you think your Operation Raleigh lot would mind?

1. GILES: Oh yes, Fiona will be absolutely livid, she's really strict, and she hates you
2. SANDI: Oh.
3. GILES: But I expect you types are used to that. Listen, just leave it to me -
4. VOICE OFF: Sandi!
5. SANDI: That's my call. They want me in make-up.
6. GILES: Oh right. Is that just the red nose or the whole face Sandi?
7. SANDI: OK boys we're in. (MOVEMENT AND CONGRATS)  
Camp Raleigh's just over there.
8. ALL: WHOOPS AND CHEERS

FADE OUT

FADE IN

1.   ATMOS:                   EXTERIOR, ON THE WAY TO THE WELL

2.   GILES:                   (PUFFING) Good work today, the well is now  
30 foot deep, and I think we've found  
water. Fiona and Sven have gone down to  
test for moisture, so I've rushed back to  
get Ibbby, Fatima and the kids. I can't  
believe it, this is it Ibbby!

3.   IBRAHIM:                Yes

4.   FATIMA:                 Yes very exiting.

5.   GILES:                   This may well be the most significant day  
in your village history. They will look  
back and say wow, yes that was the day we  
met Sandi Toksvig!

6.   IBRAHIM:                And found water.

1. GILES: Oh yes that too. (BEAT) Well it looks like the whole village are here to watch! Some of them are praying. It's great actually, they have their own special religion here. Passed down from generation to generation. I've been learning all about it from Ibbi and Fatima - it's absolutely fascinating, in fact, I think it may be unique to this community. What's your faith called again Ibbi?
2. IBRAHIM: Islam
3. GILES: Yeah, Islam, brilliant, must make a note of that - I'm always so fascinated by ... Ooh there's Sandi! (SHOUTING) Sandi, Sandi hi!!
4. SANDI: Hello Giles.
5. DIRECTOR: Ok Sandi love, we're going to have to go for one before the light goes, OK?
6. SANDI: Yup
7. DIRECTOR: Are the people in the hole ready?
8. VOICE: YES!

- CAMERA: Turnover ... speed ...
1. DIRECTOR: OK, in 3,2,1.. action
2. SANDI: Life in this part of the Sudan can be pretty tough. These people have to walk a six hour round trip just for a drink. I saw Alan Coren do that once but only coz he got lost on the way to the pub.
3. GILES: (VERY LOUD) Hah ha ha ha ha ha ha! Ooh Sorry.
4. DIRECTOR: OK, hold it, keep rolling, and we'll go again - quiet on set please. Action Sandi!
5. SANDI: Life in this part of the Sudan can be pretty tough. If these people want a drink they have to walk for six hours. I saw Alan Coren do that once but only coz he got lost on the way to the pub.
6. GILES: Wasn't so funny that time. (SILENCE) I'll go, shall I? (SILENCE) yeah I'll go over here.

1. DIRECTOR: OK Sandi love, sorry. Again in 3,2,1 action -
2. GILES: (SHOUTING) I'll stay over here out of the way, OK?
3. DIRECTOR: Action!
4. SANDI: Life here in this part of the Sudan can be pretty tough. I saw Alan Coren drink for six hours there and back. ETC SANDI'S PIECE CONTINUES UNDER -
5. GILES: I'm standing by the well head. No sign of Fiona and Sven. They've been down there for ages. They've got this Hygrometric Hydrometer thing. It's a sort of water measurer that goes from moist to really soaking. Oh it's so exciting - I can't wait to hear what they've discovered. Fiona -Sven? It's Giles, are you moist yet?
6. FIONA: (FROM INSIDE WELL) Oh yes, yes God yes!
7. GILES: Can you actually feel it down there?
8. SVEN/FIONA: EEAARGHUUGH, I can feel it!

1. GILES: Sounds promising! , how's it going down there?
2. FIONA: Aaaaagh! Oh my god! SVEN SVEN Oh!
3. GILES: Oh my goodness, they must have hit water!
4. FIONA/SVEN: Ugh Ugh.
5. GILES: Oh no, they're drowning, we've hit water, quick, pull them up!
6. FX : PULLEYS AND HEAVING.
7. SVEN/FIONA: Ooooooh!
8. GILES: Quick, quick they're drowning, pull. Up, up, up!
9. SVEN/FIONA: EAARRGHUGH!
10. GILES: Up up up I can see them! Keep pulling!
11. SVEN AND FIONA: Aaaeeeeuurgh ah ah ah aeuuuurhg!!!
12. GILES: Oh! Er Oh No down, down, down, lower them down.

1. ALL: LAUGHTER AND OOOHS.
  2. SANDI: All right. Cut. Cut!
  3. DIRECTOR: It's OK, Sandi. We're not on you anyway.
  4. GILES: Oh my word - I haven't seen anything like that since, actually I don't think I've ever seen anything like that.
  5. FATIMA: Mr. Giles.
  6. GILES: Er yes Fatima?
  7. FATIMA: Which one of those two is Sandi Toksvig?
- FADE OUT

FADE UP

1.    ATMOS:                    EXTERIOR. NIGHT

2.    FX:                        NIGHT BIRD HOOTS

3.    GILES:                    Well, my Sudan trip has been a mixed success, very mixed actually. It's now my last night. I'm standing at the top of our well, which it turns out is dry. Bad luck for Ibbey and Fatty, still at least they got to meet Sandi Toksvig. (SIGH). I find myself asking, would I do it all again, and do you know, in a funny way no, I wouldn't. The villagers all came out to see me off, which was lovely. I did explain that the bus isn't due till tomorrow but they insisted, so that was nice. I don't know why but I'm going to cast the rod into the well, as a sort of farewell gesture, a pointless farewell gesture. I'm using a Whickam Fancy for bait, coz, well you never know. So here goes.

4.    FX:                        FLY-CAST.

GILES LOSES HIS FOOTING, CRUMBLING EARTH - - -THUD!

1. GILES: Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa - umph.

SOUND OF GILES FALLING DOWN THE WELL

2. GILES: Aaaaagh! Ow. I've fallen in - the well.  
Hello hello. Can anyone help me? Oh well  
have to sit it out till dawn see if anyone  
comes. (HUMS THE BLUFF) Bombombom bom bom  
ba bom ba bom -

ALTERNATIVE END -

3. CHICKEN MAN: (FROM TOP OF WELL) I see you!

4. GILES: Hang on - there's somebody at the top of  
the well.

5. CHICKEN MAN: It's you! I know you!

6. GILES: It's a familiar face. I know him. He's the  
poultry farmer with the chicken that died  
on the bus. Hi! Yes it's me - fishing rod  
man. Castolight! He's got a sort of spade  
or machete or something - by golly he's  
going to dig me out! I think.

7. FX: SHOVELLING NOISES.

1. SANDI:

Life here in this part of the Sudan can be pretty tough. I saw Alan Coren drink for six hours there and back but only coz he got lost on the way to the pub. But I'm not "Bluffing" when I tell you that with your help, we can make a difference to these people, empowering them, so that they can take control of their own lives. We believe in working with the local people, not just in terms of community projects like, for instance, this jolly old well here, but also making sure that when we all fly away back to Grouchos in our gas-guzzling jets, we leave behind a legacy of education and empowerment. And if that seems a bit grown up and high-falutin' just consider this. The Chinese have a proverb - "Give a man a fish and you feed him for a day. Give a man a fishing rod and you feed him for life". Of course, at Comic Relief, we also say "Give Angus Deayton a fish and he'll probably do a Barclaycard advert with it". But to be serious, water is life, for you, for me, for these people here, yes, even for Angus.

1. SANDI:                   And this well will soon become a focal point for the people of Umm Fazugli. It's a water-cooler moment right across the globe. And that, as Alan Coren might say - but almost never seems to these days - is "True". This is Sandi Toksvig, Umm Fazugli, about to have a nice clear drink across the world. Cheers!