

the middle of a city -- in a house
with a blue door that my wife and I
ought together... before she left
me for a man who looked like Harrison
Ford, only even handsomer...

We arrive outside his blue-doored house just off Portobello.

WILLIAM (V.O.)

... and where I now lead a strange
half-life with a lodger called...

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - DAY

WILLIAM

Spike!

The house has far too many things in it. Definitely two-
bachelor flat.

Spike appears. An unusual looking fellow. He has unusual
hair, unusual facial hair and an unusual Welsh accent: very
white, as though his flesh has never seen the sun. He wears
only shorts.

SPIKE

Even he. Hey, you couldn't help me
with an incredibly important
decision, could you?

WILLIAM

This is important in comparison to,
let's say, whether they should
cancel third world debt?

SPIKE

That's right -- I'm at last going out
on a date with the great Janine and I
just want to be sure I've picked the
right t-shirt.

WILLIAM

at are the choices?

SPIKE

Well... wait for it...

(He pulls on a t-shirt)

First there's this one...

The t-shirt is white with a horrible looking plastic alien coming out of it, jaws open, blood everywhere. It says 'I Love Blood.'

WILLIAM

Yes -- might make it hard to strike a really romantic note.

SPIKE

Point taken.

He heads back up the stairs... talks as he changes...

SPIKE

I suspect you'll prefer the next one.

And he re-enters in a white t-shirt, with a large arrow, pointing down to his flies, saying, 'Get It Here.'

SPIKE

Cool, huh?

WILLIAM

Yes -- she might think you don't have true love on your mind.

SPIKE

Wouldn't want that...

(and back up he goes)

Okay -- just one more.

He comes down wearing it. Lots of hearts, saying, 'You're the beautiful woman in the world.'

WILLIAM

Well, yes, that's perfect. Well done.

SPIKE

Thanks. Great. Wish me luck.

WILLIAM

Good luck.

Spike turns and walks upstairs proudly. Revealing that on the back of the t-shirt, also printed in big letters, is written 'Fancy a fuck?'

EXT. PORTOBELLO ROAD - DAY

WILLIAM (V.O.)

And so it was just another hopeless Wednesday, as I set off through the market to work, little suspecting that this was the day which would change my life forever. This is work, by the way, my little travel book shop...

A small unpretentious store... named 'The Travel Book Co.'

WILLIAM (V.O.)

... which, well, sells travel books -- and, to be frank with you, doesn't always sell many of those.

William enters.

INT. THE BOOKSHOP - DAY

It is a small shop, slightly chaotic, bookshelves everywhere,