

1 EXT/INT. TERRACED HOUSE & GARDEN. DAY. 1

The end of the hot summer of 1967. The CAMERA CRANES DOWN on the garden side of a small semi-detached Token-Tudor house in the Midlands, picking up on a BRIDEGROOM pissing with some MATES in an upstairs lavatory. He staggers to the door and opens it, revealing a panting QUEUE on the stairs outside.

We follow him downstairs as he walks through the kitchen where several aunty-type WOMEN are buttering rolls. He is already well-soaked and sweating beneath his hired tuxedo. He slaps one of the WOMEN on the arse, kisses another, then staggers out of the back door in the yard.

The BRIDEGROOM walks across the yard to the open end of a small Marquee tent, pitched on a handkerchief-sized lawn.

2 INT. MARQUEE TENT. WEDDING. DAY. 2

A small-time BAND, JACK DANIELS & THE D.T's (JACK DANIELS, Vocals; BARRY, Lead/Rhythm Guitar; PAUL, Bass Guitar; REG on drums) play a motley selection of request numbers for the dubious benefit of the WEDDING GUESTS. The young BRIDE stands with a cluster of nattering GIRL-FRIENDS. BARRY saddles up behind her lifting the back of her skirt with his foot, to reveal the top of her bulging thighs.

The BRIDEGROOM sinks back his 14th pint as someone nudges him, pointing out BARRY's private enterprise. He gazes stupidly, his curdled brain trying to fathom the situation. Suddenly he lunges forward at BARRY, his fists thrashing in drunken bravado. BARRY steps neatly to one side, and the BRIDEGROOM falls head-first into the drum-kit, knocking REG backwards into the tent amid the shattered equipment.

The RECEPTION rapidly degenerates into a drunken brawl as bottles fly through the air in all directions. The BRIDE's MOTHER narrowly misses the wedding cake while her sobbing DAUGHTER struggles in vain to extract the BRIDEGROOM from the surrounding debris.

MAIN TITLES AND CREDITS ROLL as a pounding, drum-like rhythm LAPS OVER:

3 INT. DROP-FORGE FACTORY. DAY. 3

A massive block of cast-iron plunges up and down, spewing forth miscellaneous shapes of white-hot metal. The primitive operation is supervised by a man in his early twenties, CHARLIE, at present masked behind an asbestos