

## THE CHAVMAN CHRONICLES

By DB Morgan

'Beavis & Butthead' meets 'The Young Offenders' in this six-part audiobook series, following the dubious misadventures of twenty-something, Tommy Bunce and his loyal sidekick, Mullins. In their pursuit of sex, drugs and notoriety on the local DJ scene, every adventure pits them against their own stupidity, leading to a trail of destruction and ultimate peril.

### EPISODE ONE: 'THE FREEDOM SWITCH'

Tasked with finding a workaround for his new electronic tag in order to attend an out of town house party, Tommy enlists the help of Mullins, copious amounts of drugs and a shady taxi driver to achieve his mission. With multiple objectives of meeting his DJ idol, Bobby G, playing his own set and getting his fingers wet with Zeta Entwistle, the pressure mounts. When finding a mysterious old tape deck in the basement things take a turn for the worse! As sampled text from 'the Necronomicon' flows from the DJ booth, the dead are reawakened and hell is unleashed.

We meet Ash from 'The Evil Dead', and special guest appearances from Jimmy Saville and Steve Irwin.

[www.faith-movie.co.uk/CHAVMAN](http://www.faith-movie.co.uk/CHAVMAN)

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## NARRATOR

From outer space, glowing in the pitch void a speck of light begins to flicker within the South East of merry England. Tommy Bunce, AKA Chavman. A wiry fellow of dubious breeding. Clad in traditional chav attire. Fake Armani jeans, Ben Sherman shirt and the obligatory baseball cap. He sits, screaming, as he saws off his foot. He intermittently checks his phone as blood sprays over the Burberry wallpaper and his foot bungees precariously towards the floor. It bounces... Up, down, up and down as Chavman spies a gnarly pair of scissors. And then, snip! Tendons severed, he screams like an elderly rape victim as his foot tumbles to the floor. He slips an electronic tag from his leg stump and carefully places it onto a jewellery manikin on the bedside table. A gold chain finished with cannabis leaf pendant and fake Rolex watch complete the attire. A squirt or two of Ted Baker cologne. His snakeskin wallet abrim with condoms, slides into his a jean pocket and, still wailing, he jumps into the leather office chair... sliding himself excruciatingly towards the window. His thumb lowers onto a large red button, hovering momentarily. Tentatively. And then, Chavman presses the freedom switch. His body is forced into the chair. His head thrown violently backwards as the chair projects him through the window and into the air like a missile.

## CHAVMAN

(Screams of pain)  
Oy stop. Town please driver.  
(crying)  
Right here's the SP or some fucked up diluted version of it! Anyway Mullins bells me up about eight thirty.

NARRATOR

Chavman sits crossed legged on a floor cushion in the corner of his room, shamefully bashing away over an Asian BABES magazine. A flush contented expression is broken by his ringing mobile.

MULLINS

Princess. How goes?

NARRATOR

A blackened abyss. A neon illuminated lair, wall to wall with reptile cages and stunning UV graffiti. Say hello to Mullins, a gaunt alien faced weirdo, hanging upside down on a chin up bar. Tattooed from ear to bollock, he doesn't wear a shirt. He never does.

MULLINS

Don't you go no show, flo jo!

CHAVMAN

(Distraught) I can't come!

NARRATOR

Chavman tosses his dirty little magazine across the room. A solitary tear hangs from the lower lid of his eye, before rolling nonchalantly down his cheek and splattering onto the floor.

CHAVMAN

Oh don't be like that, I just can't. It's.....it's complicated.

NARRATOR

Chavman sinks to the bed and rolls up his trouser leg, revealing a shiny new electronic tag. Of the sufferings Tommy fails to tolerate, of which, believe you me, there are many ... freedom tops the pile.

CHAVMAN

Look I can't come, that's that and I'm not even bothered about it. (long pause/stifled sigh) So (BEAT) Zeta Entwistle's.....

MULLINS

Praise be.

CHAVMAN

...Having a party. And I don't give a monkey's bollock she's been broadcasting she wants to ride me like a circus pony!

MULLINS

Are you tripping me; we've been planning (beat) WE'VE BEEN PLANNING DUDE. Don't eek me out man.

CHAVMAN

(Emotional) Judge Dredd put a tag on me. Yeah (pauses to hear the reaction) but I spose that's what you get for emptying 8 cans of Stellar over a community street warden....(mock French) via la penis.

NARRATOR

Like a post match football interview, Chavman sits well dressed against a 'Chavman missions' backdrop.

CHAVMAN

Look, I'm not a bad boy; I'm not. I just dont like it when people ride me, specially when i'm wasted. Granted I've got a rap sheet as long as a racehorses bellend, but I'm just another good little Limerick lad, trying to make my mark on the south side of the world. But yet again, regrettably, it's turned out more like a soggy little piss stain, but I am trying, I AM (pause) anyway if your just gonna sit there and judge me, you might as well hit the idiot switch. (in a whisper) You can see Rachel Riley's nipples on countdown.... Channel 4. Well go on (beat) do one you fucking Muppet. (Talking to himself) A beach party (beat) a fucking beach party; out back of her parents million pound beach house. Couple of tasty DJ'S.... I might be able to get a set. Yeah, my own set.

(MORE)

## CHAVMAN (CONT'D)

Wall to wall Geisha and more disco biscuits than inside a nonce's pocket. (pause) and... and a fair crack at (beat) a fait crack... if the collar matches the cuffs.

## NARRATOR

Chavman stands in his family garage surveying a rack of saws. The family car is a giant guinea pig, in brown and black. He grabs the most harmless implement amidst a wall of tools.

## CHAVMAN

And I'm going (pause) and NOTHING'S gonna stop me!

PAUSE.

## CHAVMAN (CONT'D)

You know it sometime takes a crisis to fully understand the kind of man you are, the kind of person you are....the stomach you have for the fight. Some people are driven into action for the love of a family, the battle for unrequited love, or the, or the, the, fight to save your motherland. (pause) And that's all very well and noble, truly. But to be honest, and I mean brutally.... I'll do just about anything to get my leg over.

TAPE REWIND TO EARIER.

## NARRATOR

Chavman hits the freedom switch and smashes through the window. Free from the confines of a court appointed grounding, our young hero hobbles along the street, cast in shadow, as a steady stream of punters ooze from pubs, clubs and lap dancing joints. He weaves through fist fights, streams of vomit, flying debris and all manner of gross shit, as several stray cats and dogs attempt to take chunks out of his bloody stump.