

Love's a Fuel.
by
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EXT. UK HIGHSTREET. EARLY MORNING

The morning throng is underway. A small high street has people going about their business on their way to work. BARRY LUCKY (39) makes his way amongst them, a face in the crowd.

Barry pauses to buy a paper before continuing on along the high street. Eventually he stops at a colorfully 'one stop' copy and stationery shop, SUPACOPY. In front is a pay phone whose interior is colorfully peppered with 'questionable' sexy, business cards, some lay littering the pavement.

Ladies cards, offering good times for cash at the other end of a phone call. He casts an eye over the postings on the phone booth before heading over to the door of the shop. Barry unlocks the door and enters the world of 'SupaCopy'.

INT. SUPACOPY. DAY

Turning the shop sign on the door to 'open', Barry takes off his coat. He straightens the various displays and stands of greeting cards, pens, writing supplies, inks and pads, shelves of coloured card. The shop is amply stocked with stationary and art supplies for every need. He turns on a copy machine that hums into life. Eventually placing himself behind a glass topped counter, ready for the day. Barry straightens a small lapel badge with the word manager on it.

He looks to the clock on the wall. 9.06 am.

BARRY (V.O.)
(sighs loudly)
Seven hours and fifty four minutes.

The door opens and LIONEL (22) a scruffy 'youth' steps into the colorful pens and stationary world of SupaCopy.

LIONEL
Morning.

Lionel removes one of his ear buds, and the sound of a god-awful rap beat reverberates tinily.

BARRY
That bloody rap rubbish 'aderling'
your brain.
Afternoon more like, couldn't get
up then?

LIONEL
Oh I was up alright.
(smirks)
(MORE)

LIONEL (CONT'D)

I had to say goodbye to a dream.
 Couldn't just kick her out could I?

Barry watches Lionel head through to the back room. Then looks back to the clock, shakes his head and rolls his eyes.

BARRY (V.O.)

Seven hours fifty three minutes.

MONTAGE OF SHOTS.

A disgruntled 'snobby' WOMAN(45) in a matching pastel twin set stands in front of Barry. He stands behind the glass counter. They are both looking at some boxes of wedding invites. Barry holds one of the invites up to the light.

BARRY

Are you sure?

WOMAN.

(Sternly)

I want a 'P'.

She casts a card down on the counter in disgust and shakes her head.

WOMAN. (CONT'D)

He's called Peter. Not 'Deter'.
 Sally is not marrying a Deter,
 she's marrying a Peter. We'll need
 them all done again!

Another customer (60) in moth eaten patched tweeds, surveys his freshly printed flyer's announcing a garden 'Fate'. He also holds open in his hand a small concise dictionary.

MAN

(reading slowly)

'Fate', destiny, a prophetic
 declaration. F--A--T--E.

He eyes Barry over.

MAN (CONT'D)

A fate worse than death.

He shows the definition to Barry, before flicking through a few more pages.

MAN (CONT'D)

WE, are having a fete.

(Reading again)

(MORE)

MAN (CONT'D)

A country festival or entertainment
in the open air. A 'rural'
festival. That would be a Fete. F--
E--T--E.

He holds the small dictionary up close to Barry's face.

MAN (CONT'D)

I'll need em all redone.

Another crusty customer stands fixed in front of Barry. He's
not happy.

CUSTOMER

I specifically specified, embossed.
I wanted Roman. You have given me,
(he holds up a card)
Gothic. I said centered, and you
have it justified. These are simply
not the cards I ordered. I thought
this was super copy, not super
sloppy? Do do you intend to make
amends?

A hard looking YOUTH (18) with a pit bull type dog stands at
the counter, his dog flips out and attacks a display of flat
mailing boxes.

YOUTH

(a beat)

Can I use your bathroom?

A very OLD LADY places an old ball point pen on the counter.

OLD LADY

You don't expect them to last
forever. But really; I've hardly
used it. Practically new. I'm a
pensioner I've not got money to
throw away on faulty pens.

Barry moves closer to the pen on the counter.

BARRY

Bit chewed for practically new?

OLD LADY

That's the other thing, it's been
chewed.

Barry sighs and fetches another pen. Places it on the
counter.

BARRY

No charge. One un-chewed, new replacement.

OLD LADY

Just the one?

EXT. A STREET OF PEBBLE DASHED SEMI'S. DAY

Barry pulls up in front of one of the houses. After some problem with an obviously sticking door he extricates himself from his dented car. He opens the gate to 17 Meadow Croft. The garden looks like it might be in need of a makeover. He side steps a pile of feathers that are beginning to blow around the uncut lawn.

INT. HOUSE. DAY

Barry places his briefcase on the kitchen table. Loosens his tie, and opens the fridge door. Between the milk and cheese a large frog stares back at Barry from within the confines of a clear pickle jar. He pulls the jar from the fridge and holds it close to his face.

BARRY

I'm having the same sort of day.
I know just how you feel.

He unscrews the jar lid, opens the kitchen window and gives the little animal it's freedom.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Hop, hop, for all you're worth! To the freedom of the open pond! Find a princess, steal a kiss.

EXT. REAR GARDEN.

The little animal does actually make it back to freedom for a few feet. From out of a bush a small dog flies from the undergrowth and despatches the frog in a frantic, bone crunching shake of the head. Leaving a small, bloody, chewed heap in the middle of the path.

BARRY

(a beat)
Custer... bad... dog...!

INT. KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS

The front door rattles startling Barry who spins round, quickly closing the window and replacing the empty jar back in the fridge.

BETH LUCKY (37) and RON (7) and JEREMY (9) bustle through the front door.

Beth has several bags of shopping, Jeremy has an annoyed expression. Ron is hiding something in his coat as he races through the kitchen and carries on, straight upstairs.

RON

Hi dad.

JEREMY

Did you see what he did to that pigeon outside? He didn't find it like that.

Beth deposits her merchandise on the table and floor.

BETH

Shut up Jeremy with your tittle tattle. I need eight arms, you're back early?

BARRY

I left a bit early. It was bit of a quiet one. Lionel needs to make up time so I left him to close up.

BETH

I hope Murdoch didn't come by. We get no bonus for leaving early. Heaven knows you don't want to upset him.

BARRY

(exasperated)

Yes heaven knows we don't want that.

Dissolve to the refrains of a hymn singing congregation..

EXT. CHURCH OF THE SAINTS - SUNNY DAY.

A church on a suburban tree lined avenue. The cars of the congregation fill the car park. The church notice board announces the theme of this weeks sermon. '

Alternative Energy? Love is the fuel of choice'. One car sticks out, it's a particularly crappy, old model. It's Barry's car.

INT. CHURCH. DAY

Amongst the Sunday congregation sit Barry and his family. The VICAR (60) reads the sermon from the pulpit, a very animated, bespectacled, character with an intense smile.

VICAR

It gives me great pleasure, as it always does to see so many of you here today.

He smiles and scans his audience.

VICAR (CONT'D)

... but have you asked your selves... that question? Why are we here? Why are YOU really here?

Barry yawns. A cell phone rings and is quickly stifled as a baby starts to whimper. A hand slowly rises from the second row. EMILY (90) smiles at the vicar. He tries to ignore her, as she keeps her hand aloft.

VICAR (CONT'D)

(exasperated)

No Emily, there is no need to answer. It's a rhetorical question. It's part of my sermon. I ask you questions. I just want you to think about the answers, put your hand down love.

The old woman nods her head but keeps her hand high.

VICAR (CONT'D)

Arthur, Arthur could you just lower Emily's hand for her.

Emily is obviously way past her sell by date, but after some encouragement from an equally geriatric partner, ARTHUR (92). Emily lowers her arm.

BARRY (V.O.)

Why am I here? You might well ask.

VICAR

Are we happy with our lot?

BARRY (V.O.)

No we are not.

VICAR

If we are unhappy, maybe we are deficient of something as simple as love. Some people say love is a fool but I say, Love is a fuel!

Like a magician proud of his last trick, he pauses for effect.

VICAR (CONT'D)

And if we stop getting that fuel, we shut down. Likewise if we stop giving that love, that fuel, others shut down. A car for example, could be working perfectly but if the fuel runs out it stops. We need to gas up our lives. Love and affection are our fuels of choice.

Barry stares at the Vicar. He's looking, but not listening.

BARRY (V.O.)

What a load of bollock's this is. My life is boring. I'm thirty nine years old. I hate my job. I've lost my looks, my ambition, my hair, my potential.

Barry casts his bored eyes around the congregation.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I've never even had a threesome.

John the old bloke with Emily starts to cough, and cough. The Vicar pauses and waits for the interruption to cease, it does not. John wheezes, then coughs some more.

VICAR

(exasperated)

Emily? Emily. Emily have you got John's inhaler? His inhaler love, have you got it?

Emily looks confused. She puts her hand to her ear.

EMILY

I can't hear you, John's having a bit of a do. He needs his inhaler.

Barry winces as he looks on.

BARRY (V.O.)

That could be me and Beth in a few short years. What's it all for? My life's a mess. My gardens a mess, my car's crap, my jobs even crapper. My potential is gone
(he sighs)

And I've never had a threesome, the prospects don't look good either.

Barry stares distractedly across the aisle at an attractive red head, CYNTHIA LOVIT (40). Her make-up is a little too heavy, her heels a little too high and her skirt a little too short.

BARRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Look at Cynthia Lovit, bloody gorgeous. Bet shes's not bored? I wonder if she's ever had a three some? I wonder if she'd want one with me? I bet she'd know another raver who would join us.

He smirks to himself then notices the commemorative memorial stones to the local deceased that dot the wall. Died 1923, Died 1947, Died 1935. He sighs at his mortality, then back to Cynthia.

BARRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I could get really depressed coming here, except for Cynthia. She's one of the few perks. Bloody gorgeous.

The Vicar stares sternly at Barry's now smirking face. Barry straightens in his pew, like a school boy caught not paying attention at the back of the classroom.

VICAR

(frowning)

We keep our hearts, and our minds pure. We think decent thoughts. Thoughts we would have others think about us. The very fabric on which we build our lives should be one based on decency and up-righteousness.

BARRY (V.O.)

Is he a mind reader or something? Bollock's, how much fun do you get by being decent?

(MORE)

BARRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The only fun fabrics I can think of right now would be fishnet and lace probably contoured around Cynthia Lovit's bloody gorgeous bum. That would cause some uprightness alright.

Barry casts another glance over to the object of his distraction.

BARRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Cynthia Lovit, bloody gorgeous.

He glances at Beth then blows a sigh hard and loud and unaware.

BARRY (CONT'D)

So this is my lot? Nobody said it would be like this. Nobody let this little cat out of the bag alright.

He looks to a large dead bluebottle on the arm of the pew. He flicks the dead fly hard off the pew arm.

As Beth leans over to quell a building fracas between the two children. Barry glances at her rear.

BARRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And her bums gone big, she always used to have such a great bum. Can't blame her I suppose, I'm not exactly James Bond at the mo, not even Q. I wonder if Q ever had a threesome.

Somewhere in the congregation the baby starts to cry. Beth glances around. Her eyes rest on Barry.

BETH (V.O.)

Oh there he goes, I thought we'd done well. Amanda Potter's baby. Babies crying, kids rowing. I need an escape. I'm trapped. My life's a box I can't get out of. When did it go so wrong? God I was a girl once me. I had a few dreams. I'm only thirty seven, I feel like fifty. Now I'm just a referee and dishwasher. Cleaner and unpaid skivvy... and him. What happened to him? He used to have such lovely hair.

She glares at Barry and his thinning scalp.

BETH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He was so handsome, with his lovely hair and thin! I wouldn't look at him now. He never looks at me now, except for his meals, or the odd three minute fumble between the sheets. I'm so trapped, and I'm so bored. I don't deserve this, I mean what's it all been for? I've got the kids, or they've got me.

She catches Jeremy pinching the skin on the back of his brothers hand. He stops as his mother gives him a laser like stare. The baby cries louder. She glances back at Barry just as he flicks another fly.

BETH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Such lovely hair... 'Mrs Lucky' that's a joke. I need a holiday, on my own, where I can be my self. I've forgotten who I am. And if he flicks another sodding fly I'll scream.

EXT. CHURCH CARPARK - DAY

The Lucky's pile out of the church towards their 'beat up' old car. Ron fights with Jeremy.

RON

No I didn't...

JEREMY

Yes you did I heard you. You said a bad word. Mum he said that word again. And he said he doesn't care if I tell you.

BETH

I do, so don't! D'you hear?

The sound of a boxing match fight bell. DING DING.

BETH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I want a fair fight, no holding, brawling, gauging or butting. My decision will be final.

JEREMY

(smiling at Ron)

See! And he's got a dead bird in his pocket.

BETH

Oh bloody hell Ron, I've told you
no more dead stuff alright. If you
have, get rid.

INT. CAR CHURCH CARPARK.

Barry struggles with the sticking car door, eventually it
opens and he settles himself behind the wheel. The family
pile in.

BARRY

I'll just let the rush die down.

Barry watches Cynthia's skirt ride up her thigh as she gets
into her car. He smirks to himself. Unaware that Beth is
glaring at him as they both wait for the kids to settle down.

BARRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Bloody gorgeous...

(FLASHBACK) SUPER: TEN YEARS EARLIER.

INT. CAR PARKED - LOVERS LANE - NIGHT TIME.

A younger thinner, more hirsute Barry and Beth are making out
in the reclined front seats of a newish car.

BETH

That was fantastic, and so quick.
You don't believe in taking your
time do you?

BARRY

It's you, I can't stop myself. I
think you're bloody gorgeous.

BETH

(fawning)
Do you really Barry?

BARRY

I do.

BETH

Will you always think that way?

BARRY

I will.

BETH

And will you only have eyes for me
Barry Lucky? No one else; ever.

BARRY

No one, just you, always.

BETH

And you are not one to say things
just to get what you want?

BARRY

What are you talking about? We have
been together for three months.

BETH

Tell me again.

Barry looks around, as if checking for unseen ears.

BARRY

I love you, I really do. Do I have
to say it every time?

BETH

You do, because I think I want to
get married. Yes, that what I want.
Let's get married.

Barry is a bit shocked.

BARRY

Bit sudden isn't it? Bit quick?

BETH

Sometimes you just know when you've
met the one.

BARRY

Me?

BETH

You are my one.

BARRY

D'you mean it, for real?

BETH

You can get a better job with your
looks. They are looking for a
manager at the new copy shop on the
highstreet. We'll take holidays
abroad.

(MORE)

BETH (CONT'D)

We'll have no kids until we are ready and much older. We can enjoy ourselves in our lovely house with lovely furniture. We'll do all our shopping at Sainsbury's, and I tell you what.

BARRY

What?

BETH

(Vampish)

You can do unspeakable things to me every night!

BARRY

Ooh Beth...

Barry makes a move towards the pouting Beth. In his hasty amorous advance his elbow hits the horn.

BETH

(laughing)

And we'll have a great car, so as you won't be borrowing your dads. A Mercedes or a Beemer.

BARRY

Fuck that, we'll have a Rolls Royce!

They get back to heavy petting. Real heavy.

BETH

Ooorr Barry.....

BARRY

Oooorr I love you Beth, I really do...

INT. SMALL HOTEL ROOM- DAY. 10 YEARS EARLIER.

SUPER: THE HONEYMOON. DAY

Beth dashes from the bathroom of a small Bed and Breakfast hotel, she hugs Barry wildly flinging her arms around him holding a small, pink tipped, pregnancy test stick.

BETH

I'm pregnant! I'm pregnant. Oh you are going to be a dad! We'll call her Melody.

BARRY
Oh, that was a bit quick wasn't it?

SUPER: 10 MONTHS LATER.

INT. PARKED CAR. LOVERS LANE: DAY- NINE YEARS EARLIER.

Barry and Beth sit in the front seats both upright.

BARRY
Are you sure? Bit quick isn't it?

BETH
I've done the test. We can handle a bigger family sooner rather than later. It's not as if you are not used to being a Dad. Little Jeremy will love a sister. We'll call her Melody.

Barry smiles nervously. A small baby wails from the car seat in the back. Barry starts the car, it doesn't start easily.

BACK TO

BACK TO THE PRESENT.

INT. THE LUCKY'S CAR. OLDISH VOLVO. DAY.

The noise of a starter motor. Barry turns the ignition as Beth watches Barry watch Cynthia. The car turns over but doesn't start. He tries again with no success. Beth is just about to put a stop to Barry's ogling.

BARRY
I-love-you. I really do.

BETH
What?

BARRY
This car is not getting enough affection. It's shut down. I was listening to the vicars sermon. I thought some of it was... very true. Yes true. Love and affection are a fuel. He's a perceptive man, God.

BETH

Don't talk so bloody stupid. Least you were paying attention this week. Instead of staring at Cynthia Lovit.

BARRY

Who?

BETH

Why don't you take a photograph? What does she look like? You would think she's was out looking for business. Dressing for church like that. It's not decent, it's not right, it's tartish.

BARRY

Tartish?

Barry tries the ignition again with no success.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I think she looks nice.

Beth is taken aback.

BETH

Oh?

(incredulous)

Prostitutes look attractive to you now do they?

BARRY

Where did we make the leap to prostitutes? She's not a prostitute.

BETH

It's what she looks like!

BARRY

A prostitute? Well I guess they do have to look reasonably nice or they wouldn't do any business would they?

BETH

WHAT! I can't believe my ears. Cover your ears Ron, and you Jeremy.

BARRY

You bought it up. I was just humoring you. Going along with your conversation.

BETH

What would you think if I turned myself out in heels and makeup and a tiny skin tight dress with all my parts on display?

BARRY

I think you would look nice.

BETH

Like a prostitute?

BARRY

(sighs)
A nice prostitute.

BETH

STOP THIS CAR! Stop it right now.

BARRY

I haven't started the car. It won't start. Like other things in this family it's probably not getting enough love and affection.

Beth's getting mad.

BETH

You're so clever! Do you think I'm stupid? Start this car! Take us home right now.

BARRY

That's where we are going. We are on our way home. Once I start the car, we will go home. You, me and the kids.

Now it's Barry turn to get annoyed. Cynthia passes in her car, smiling at Beth and Barry, both now staring in her direction. She waves a friendly wave, and Beth does the same smiling back weakly.

BARRY (CONT'D)

If she dressed like you. She would look nice. If you dressed like her you would look nice.

(MORE)

BARRY (CONT'D)

I'm trying to say whatever you wear, you look nice in. I would think you looked nice, whatever you wore.

BETH

You would think I looked like a 'tart'.

JEREMY

What sort of tart mum?

BETH

Never mind! Keep your ears covered. Did I say take your hands off your ears?

JEREMY

No mum.

BETH

I'm a mother and a housewife. I am not a plaything.

BARRY

I know.

BETH

(dismayed)

What's that supposed to mean?

BARRY

Just meant I know, that's all.

Beth now fixes her glare straight ahead. The car very nearly starts.

BETH

I don't know how many times I've dropped hints about those Bridge club evenings she hosts. It's like a secret society. Have I had an invite? No. It's bloody rude and it's unneighborly. I wouldn't go now if she paid me.

BARRY

Then why are you going on about it then? You don't even know how to play bridge.

He tries the car again. It almost starts.

BETH

She doesn't know that, that's all I'm saying. I deserve a place as much as any of the women she invites.

BARRY

Never mind.

BETH

Never mind? You'd mind if I started dressing like a bloody prostitute. Although maybe she'd invite me and you'd pay me a little more attention.

BARRY

I do pay you attention.

Barry manages to finally start the car.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Thank God!

BETH

Mind your language while we're in his carpark would you?!

Barry sighs, slips into gear and they slowly drive off.

INT. THE LUCKY HOUSEHOLD- EVENING.

Barry looks over the computer screen in his 'home office'. He is enthralled. The screen shimmers with the smiles of lots of naked, large breasted, women.

BETH (O.S.)

Barry! Barry! What are you doing on that computer.

BARRY

(smiling)

I'm just looking at the soccer results. United are doing well, I might see if I can't get tickets.

BETH (O.S.)

Would you help me to put the children to bed? If it's not too much to ask. There's more to life than sport. You have a family.

BARRY
Don't I know it.

BETH (O.S.)
Ron's nature collection is
beginning to smell again. Can you
tell him I want it out.

BARRY
(sighs)
Will do.

INT. KIDS BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Barry tucks Ron and Jeremy into their bunk bed. Ron quickly stashes what looks like a dead bird in a shoe box under his bed he looks around guiltily.

JEREMY
Dad... what's a prostitute?

BARRY
Oh, that's a good question from a
little boy. Sometimes we adults go
using words we shouldn't, not in
front of you kids, never mind what
it is or isn't, it's time for bed.

Jeremy is not for letting go.

JEREMY
Can anyone be a prostitute?

BARRY
No, I mean it's a secret what they
do. Even I don't know for sure.

JEREMY
Like a spy?

RON
Or a Ninja?

Barry uses diversionary tactics. Picking up an action figure that has been left on the bedroom floor. It looks to have a real bird skull glued on it's shoulders. He sniffs it with obvious displeasure.

BARRY
Who left this little chap out?

He hands the little plastic turtle figure to Jeremy.

JEREMY

Like a teenage, ninja, mutant,
prostitute?

BARRY

Any how, it's time for bed. We'll
talk about secret spy's and ninjas
in the morning.

RON

And prostitutes?

BARRY

We may touch on them.

INT. LUCKY HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Beth is reading a well thumbed paperback novel in bed. Barry
dons his pyjamas, cleans his teeth and joins her. She doesn't
look up from her book.

BETH

What were you talking to the kids
about?

BARRY

Oh, spies and things. They are very
inquisitive things our children.

BETH

Aren't they just?

BARRY

Work tomorrow. Another eight hours
of Lionel.

BETH

It's another week, and you haven't
seen that bonus yet. When will we
see that bonus? It's Jeremy's party
you know.

BARRY

Next time Murdoch comes in to the
shop I'll bring it up.

BETH

The extra cash is already spoken
for, so don't go thinking it isn't.

BARRY

I won't, the bonus is on it's way.
Talking of bonus...
(smiling at Beth)

Beth returns to her book instantly engrossed in it's pages.
Barry switches on the TV and searches for a late night match.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Are you tired or shall we?

BETH

I'm tired.

BARRY

...watch some TV.

Beth doesn't look up, it's a good book. Barry watches TV.

EXT. HIGHSTREET. DAY.

Traffic trundles past the window of SupaCopy. Barry is just about to open the door to the shop when something catches his eye. One of the more risque cards lies on the pavement out side the phone box. Barry stops and picks it up. The card has a raunchy basque clad female with a riding crop. Sexy Samantha-Dominatrix.

BARRY (V.O.)

110 pound stock, gloss coated card,
raised metallic text, gorgeous bum.
Naturally pert breasts. No limits
with this one. Bloody gorgeous.

A LADY (40) stops and addresses Barry as he holds the card.

LADY

It's people like you that encourage
this sort of thing. You ought to be
ashamed of yourself. You probably
have a perfectly good wife and kids
at home, but oh no. I bet that's
not good enough for you is it?

BARRY

No. I mean I was just...

LADY

Disgusting. My husband used to see these women, spending all our money, telling me lies, doing unspeakable things—that only animals do, with girls old enough to be his daughter. What do you think happened to him?

BARRY

I'd like to know.

LADY

I divorced him.

BARRY

So there is a happy ending then?

LADY

You animal! You'll get yours you'll see.

BARRY

I can only dream can't I?

LADY

Animal!

She marches on brushing Barry a side. Barry gives up and puts the card in his pocket. He peers over the colourful cards in the phone booth a moment. The phone rings inside the booth.

INT. COPY SHOP. DAY - CONTINUOUS

Lionel stands at the controls of a large copy machine further back in the shop. He places a fresh ream of paper in the tray and closes the doors.

LIONEL

Captain Murdoch. Mars probe to base. Detonation sequence initiated. T minus 10 seconds and counting... four, three, two, one...

He theatrically presses the start button then makes a 'blast off' rocket noise.

LIONEL (CONT'D)

PPPPKKKKkrrrrr....!

The copier springs into life and begins to print. Lionel quickly jams some earphones in his ears and starts to dance to some inaudible tune. As it prints he stacks the pages neatly. Quick as it started, it stops; jammed. He stops dancing and stacking, pulling out one of the ear phones.

He holds his hand to his mouth as if talking into a walkie talkie.

LIONEL (CONT'D)

Oh, bugger. Captain we have a problem.

EXT. FRONT OF SUPACOPY. THE PHONE BOOTH.- CONTINUOUS

Barry is about to head into the shop, the pay phone continues to ring, Barry stops looks around then opens the door and steps inside the booth, he picks up the phone...

BARRY

Hello?

BETH (O.S.)

Barry, I'm out of pads. You couldn't do me a favour and pick up some on the way home.

BARRY

Pads? Beth?

BETH (O.S.)

Panty liners, you know. I'm alright till you get home but I'll need some.

BARRY

(very puzzled)

How did you get this number?

BETH

It's your number, what are you talking about? Or are you too busy to do that for me I suppose?

BARRY

No it's just that...
I never feel comfortable buying them things for you.

BETH (O.S.)

Well I feel comfortable wearing them so just do it for me will you?

(MORE)

BETH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 We'll talk about your sensitivity
 later. I want the large ones with
 the wings, so don't forget.

BARRY
 With the wings, large ones.

BETH
 Thankyou!

Barry stares at the faces on the 'escort' cards, one by one, each of the girls winks at him. He takes a step back in shock.

INT. SUPACOPY. DAY- CONTINUOUS

Lionel seems to be acting out an old Star-trek episode.

LIONEL
 Alien force field interference
 encountered. Proceeding with
 caution. I'm going in.

Lionel gingerly opens the copier door and pulls at the toner tray. It's stuck. He releases the clasps and pulls again, harder. This time the toner cartridge frees easily; too easily. It flies out at speed sending copious amounts of fine black toner powder over him and the surrounding area.

LIONEL (CONT'D)
 Arhh... Atomic dust contamination.
 Get out of there number seven!
 She's gonna blow. Murdoch you fat
 wanker it's a trap...

He spins around and runs for the rear of the shop, screaming like a school girl---Out of the door to the back of the shop.

The same old lady customer who we saw return the pen, leans from behind some greetings cards and stares in bewilderment at Lionel's dramatic performance and exit. Without batting an eyelid she hoists her skirt to her waist and takes the opportunity to grab handfuls of greeting cards, pens and tape, pushing them into her thick support panty hose. She's cool as a cucumber.

INT. SHOP. CONTINUOUS

Barry opens the shop door and walks to the counter. He looks at the mess around the copier and frowns. The old lady walks past him. He clocks the old lady.

BARRY
Pen working OK?

OLD LADY
That boy that works here is not
right in the head. Could upset
people a youth like that.

BARRY
And we wouldn't want that would we?

Barry is still distracted by his last phone call. The old lady makes her way awkwardly out of the door. Taking off his raincoat he walks to the rear of the shop, he disappears in the back, emerging moments later in his 'SupaCopy' badged blue smock. He stares at the mess again. Then looks to phone booth in the street, back to the mess.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Lionel! What have you been up to?
Lionel! Have you been foolin'
around again? You have haven't you?
You bloody fool. I can't... won't
put up with these antics much more.

He kneels at the copier, and sighs. He blows hard at the dust in an effort to clear it, only to have it blow back on his face, he closes his eyes as the fine powder settles. He sighs.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Ah bollock's.

BARRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
There must be a little more to it
all than this... caged each day
with the missing link. Just give me
a sign.

The shop door bell 'chimes' as the door opens for a customer.

Barry is knelt on the floor and his POV is through the glass counter at a pair of shapely legs in black tights-----
A rather voluptuous woman wearing an eye catching outfit complete with her matching shoulder bag leans over the counter. A sizable cleavage rests above Barry's head. She smiles at Barry and places a manila envelope on the counter top. She is BRENDA BADD 40. Cheeky smile, cheeky grin, tight skirt, nice legs.

BRENDA
Been on holiday have we?
Oow...

(MORE)

BRENDA (CONT'D)
I do like my men dark and handsome,
but you look as if you may be
overdoing it, a bit.

BARRY
Is that supposed to be funny?

BRENDA
Yes!

BARRY
(deflated)
Well I don't appreciate it.

He turns to an open door at the end of the shop and shouts.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Lionel we have a customer! Lionel!
Lionel!

After a few moments it's apparent no one is coming. Lionel is not around. A beat. Barry looks back to his vivacious customer.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Can I help you miss?

BRENDA
Got out of the bed on the wrong
side did we? Bad day for you?
Something against women?

BARRY
Women? My wife's a woman and if you
are anything like she is at the
moment, we are not going to get on.

BRENDA
Ooow touchy, may be you married the
wrong one? It happens a lot.

Barry smiles awkwardly.

BARRY
(warming)
Sorry luv, what can I do for you?

BRENDA
Business cards?

BARRY
Yes.

BRENDA

I'd like some new business cards printed up. Nice ones.

BARRY

No problem. We stopped doing the crap ones, they just weren't selling.

BRENDA

Sorry?

BARRY

My little joke. We don't do crap ones, I was being funny.

BRENDA

Oh... funny?

BARRY

(clears his throat)

Do you have artwork or will we be doing them from scratch. We have many styles and eye catching designs available.

He pulls out a large ring binder from beneath the counter and begins to brush himself down.

BRENDA

These would be promotional as well. So I do need them to be eye catching. I have a photo, I'd like on them.

She opens the envelope and places a picture of herself TOPLESS on the counter. Barry's face reddens beneath its toner-powder coating.

BARRY

Wow--- I see. It's one of 'those' business cards.

BRENDA

I'd like you to cover my points up with a little black stripe. You know across here. Like they do. And that's where I want my name, on the stripe, with this number.

BARRY

Your points?

BRENDA

My finer points. Brenda Badd.
That's the name I'd like on this
lot. On the stripe. I am very good
actually, but 'Badd' sounds better.
It's more memorable and intriguing
don't you think?

Barry looks a bit confused.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

I was Katy Crumpet on the last lot.
But I think that's a bit common
don't you? So it's Brenda Badd.
It's mysterious, it makes you
think... How bad is she eh?

She extends her hand and Barry gingerly shakes it with an
embarrassed smile.

BARRY

Barry... Well if you were Brenda
Good, it might have people
thinking, how good is she?

BRENDA

I hadn't thought of that.

BARRY

Oh. There you go see.

BRENDA

But in my line of work people want
you to be bad, not good. That's the
conundrum. Brenda Badd, yes.

BARRY

Badd it is then.

BRENDA

With two 'D's.

BARRY

(looking at the photo)
Double D's.

BRENDA

(smiling)
That's right.

BARRY

I used to have a Sunday school teacher called Mrs Ladd. She was a double D.

He studies the photograph of Brenda's charms.

BRENDA

Large bosoms?

BARRY

They are.

BRENDA

I meant your old teacher.

BARRY

Tiny... I meant that's how she spelt her name. Not that I ever...

Barry gets back to business, clearing his throat and straightening his collar.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I'm not sure these are wholly appropriate.

BRENDA

Oh. How prudish. You're not still at Sunday school now are you?

BARRY

(embarrassed)

No... I was just saying.

BRENDA

I get a lot of comments on just how appropriate, these are.

She adjust herself.

BARRY

No, but this is...

(he quickly looks around)

Illegal? This is er, well it's prostitution isn't it? Isn't that what the internet is for?

BRENDA

(sternly)

It's escorting. Offering company is not illegal.

(MORE)

BRENDA (CONT'D)

Any money that may change hands is strictly for my time. Yes I do have a web site and I would like it's address on the cards. This is how I make my money. How does your wife make hers?

BARRY

She has the kids, the house.

BRENDA

Do you give her money?

BARRY

Well yes we share the money.

BRENDA

She does things and you pay her?

BARRY

That's different.

Brenda smirks and places her hands on her hips.

BRENDA

I offer company with extras. Lonely men, men who don't GET ON with their wives. Frustrated married men, like you.

BARRY

I'm not.

BRENDA

Oh really? Decent, honest hardworking men whose wives don't understand them, can come to me and be as filthy as they want to.
N-S-A.

BARRY

N-S-A?

BRENDA

No strings attached. Short term friendships where anything goes. I'm good at what I do, I've been doing it a long time. And I take Master card and visa.

Barry glances around the shop for Lionel.

BARRY
(sniffs nervously)
American Express?

BRENDA
Commission's too high. Do you have
one?

BARRY
No but, just making conversation,
thought I'd ask.

BRENDA
Most people prefer cash. Are you
collecting air miles?

BARRY
(he glances round)
No, I'm just chatting, would I
Need an appointment?

BRENDA
Are you just chatting now?

BARRY
No.

BRENDA
I could fit you in.

BARRY
Next week?

BRENDA
Fine.

Barry nods.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
Next week it is then. Let me know a
day.

BARRY
I think we can do business.

BRENDA
Good. You seem like a very sincere
gentlemen, I think something
special might occur. It usually
does.

Barry closes his mouth and gets back to business.

BARRY

What typeface? Miss Badd.

BRENDA

What would you say? I've been told exotic with a cheeky smile.

BARRY

No. I mean what typeface for the cards?

BRENDA

Oh, I don't care as long as they show off me tits.

Barry closes the sample book without looking at it.

BARRY

Next week then.

BRENDA

There's no rush. You have my number. Maybe we can come to an agreement. The same as for the last lot you did. You did my 'Katy Krumpets'.

BARRY

Last lot? I did? We did?

BRENDA

If you feel you need to drop them off sooner. Or you need to discuss anything. Anything 'special' at all.

She winks as she leaves the shop leaving Barry alone at the counter. He stares at the photograph. He watches through the shop window as she crosses the road.

BARRY (V.O.)

Bloody gorgeous... what have I done? Barry what have you done? I can ring her and cancel it.

He looks at the photo in his hand. Then turns around.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Lionel! Get your arse in here!

Lionel appears at the door. Cleaned up and smiling.

LIONEL

You rang?

BARRY

Yes I fuckin rang. Where were you?
What's that mess, and who the fuck
is this...

(holding Brenda's photo)

LIONEL

Oh Brenda.

INT. PUB. NEXT DOOR TO COPY SHOP. EARLY EVENING. LOUNGE BAR.

Barry is eating his cheese sandwich. An article in his paper catches his eye. 'The Male Menopause fact or fiction?' Lionel sits next to him, flicking through a copy of Auto Trader.

LIONEL

What do you reckon on a Boxter, or
a 911?

BARRY

Dream on. You in a Porche?

LIONEL

Pulls the birds mate!

BARRY

The insurance would kill you, the
payments would eat you alive, and
it would last ten minutes with you
behind the wheel.

LIONEL

(smirking)

What is it you drive again?

BARRY

Volvo, yes alright. I have been
looking at those new hybrids, very
economical to run.

LIONEL

Fuckin ell Barry, boring!

BARRY

Listen at you, you'll be boring one
day, and you won't see it coming.
One moment you couldn't give a toss
about anything except yourself.
Then two little words...

FLASHBACK. INT. CHURCH. THE WEDDING.- TEN YEARS EARLIER

A younger Barry and Beth stand before the vicar.

BETH

I do!..

BACK TO:

INT. PUB - EVENING. PRESENT DAY

Barry has the look of one imparting great knowledge.

BARRY

'I do' changes everything. Closely followed by two more little words.

FLASHBACK. INT. B&B. THE HONEYMOON.-TEN YEARS EARLIER

Beth tells Barry the good news.

BETH

I'm pregnant!

BACK TO:

INT. PUB.EVENING. PRESENT DAY

Barry holds one of Brenda's cards. A 'Katy Krumpet' card.

BARRY

Why didn't you say you had been doing these mucky cards?

LIONEL

You never asked. I just put them down as regular business cards. What's the difference?

BARRY

What's the difference? They are all over the high street. I didn't know we were responsible. I was even thinking of complaining. I had a funny turn in that phone booth today.

LIONEL

If a customer comes in and asks for a business card I print them.

BARRY

Regular business cards do not have what we've been printing on them. Tits the size of melons. This is very irregular business.

LIONEL

There's no difference, business is business. The escort business.

BARRY

I'm not sure you aren't daft in the head. There is a difference and No they are not the same. If Beth knew we were printing up calling cards for, questionable ladies, she would go mad.

LIONEL

Your wife? What's your wife got to do with it? All you do is moan about her. My wife this, my wife that. How is she going to find out? Or do you tell her everything?

BARRY

Course I don't.

LIONEL

Then relax, you're too uptight you are. You want to take it easy, fantasize a bit. You're too serious. You should think about an appointment with Brenda. She's seems very nice. Probably straighten you out. She works with a lot of bored married men.

BARRY

Well I am married, and I take it seriously, I don't need straightening out.

There is more than a hint of self doubt in Barry's voice.

BARRY (CONT'D)

As if I would, I go to church I do. I've got two young nippers.

(MORE)

BARRY (CONT'D)

Wait a minute how do you know so much about her?

LIONEL

(Smirking)

I just do.

BARRY

I'm happily married. Unlike some.

LIONEL

And you're bored shit-less. When was the last time you did something that really scared you?

BARRY

For one thing...

Barry pauses and puts down his glass, raises his finger.

BARRY (CONT'D)

(defeated)

You're... right. I am bored. I don't do anything that scares me anymore. How scary is that?

LIONEL

That's precisely why you do need straightening out. You have this bloody big sign above your head. 'All women keep away. I'm married and I'm bored to death, but I daren't do anything about it'. Well rest in peace, I'm going to the bog. We can both wait for your funeral.

BARRY

You don't know what you are talking about. You are still young and stupid, I've matured. You might be surprised. Women still find me attractive... It's like riding a bike. You don't forget. You just become more...

LIONEL

Boring...

BARRY

Restrained.

LIONEL

Ball and chained more like, when was the last time you got saddle sore then?

BARRY

OK what would you say if I said, I was going to see her.

LIONEL

Brenda?

(Surprised)

I would say good on you. I'm going for a pee.

Lionel leaves Barry for the bathroom. Barry looks at his reflection across the bar. As he checks himself out he doesn't notice the attractive young blonde girl SANDY(25) that wanders up and leans next to him. Barry is studying the two business cards in his hands, Brenda's explicit sultry smile, comparing it to Samantha the Dominatrix's gorgeous bum.

SANDY

What do you do then?

The cards quickly find a home back in his pocket. He turns to see who is speaking to him.

BARRY

Me?... me?

(Looking around)

SANDY

Yeah you.

BARRY

I (a beat)... manage in a copy shop. If it's any of your business. I'm a manager. Why what do you do?

GIRL

I'm a stripper, but we say exotic dancer. I'm Sandy.

She holds out her many ringed fingered hand and Barry shakes it obligingly.

BARRY

Oh. That's, that's...

SANDY

Like Starbucks?

BARRY

Eh?

SANDY

Very popular now isn't it.

BARRY

What?

SANDY

Along with tea.

BARRY

No... I said 'copy', you misheard.

Seeing as she is on her own and seemingly interested in him. He reassess the situation and looks coolly round the bar.

BARRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Alright Barry boy lets see if you've still got the 'stuff.'

He spots a few hard biker boys at the Astro Blaster video game then changes his story.

BARRY (CONT'D)

No, not coffee or copy. I race cars professionally, but I don't like to talk about it. Powerful ones. I'm a road racer... bit of a speed freak, danger boy.

SANDY

Danger boy?

BARRY

Yeah, you might say that.

SANDY

You said it. Do you like motorbikes as well?

Barry decides to go for it, full throttle.

BARRY

I race them as well.

SANDY

Wow! You are a bit of a danger boy. What sort of bike do you race?

BARRY
(confused)
What sort?

SANDY
Yeah what sort?

BARRY
Motorbikes.

SANDY
I know. What make? Kwaka? Yamy?

BARRY
Oh er... That's the one. A
'KWAKAYAMY'. Very fast.

He decides to change up a gear, fantasize.

BARRY (CONT'D)
I use the bike riding to keep
me in shape. As I am very into
extreme sports as well. Kick
boxing, bare knuckle, that sort of
thing.

SANDY
You don't look like a kick boxer.
Don't take this the wrong way but
aren't you, a bit well, heavy?
Aren't they really thin guys? And
you're not thin. You're not fat,
but you're not thin either are you?

BARRY
It's this top, it's baggy. Makes me
look bigger than I really am.

SANDY
Oh... It's quite tight for a baggy
top though isn't it?

BARRY
It's shrunk and it's tactical.

She smiles.

SANDY
Shrunk your tackle?

BARRY
No, it's tactical. A little weight
around the middle.

(MORE)

BARRY (CONT'D)

When I get hit in the stomach,
which I rarely do, it doesn't hurt
as much.

SANDY

Baggy clothes stop you from getting
hurt do they? I should tell my
boyfriend that, he's always getting
hurt.

BARRY

(sniffs nervously)
Boyfriend?

SANDY

Sometimes I think HE likes getting
hurt.

BARRY

He does?

A big leather clad unshaven rough looking biker sort, JON
(30) emerges from the gents toilet.

SANDY

Hey Jon you won't believe this, but
you and Barry here, have a lot in
common. Jon rides bikes. Don't you
Jon? Not professionally like you.
And he fights a lot, bare knuckle.
Not professionally like you. He
usually just picks on someone in
the pub, that he doesn't like the
look of.

BARRY

Oh... he does?

Jon stares hard at Barry, then moves closer, much closer.

JON

You know what?

BARRY

What?

JON

What's your name?

BARRY

Barry...

JON
I don't like the look of you,
Harry.

He places his crash helmet down on Barry's sandwich.

BARRY
That's Barry. You don't?

JON
You---are fat. Harry.

SANDY
Oh, he's not fat. It's just his top
is baggy. Makes him look bigger
than he really is. And it's
tactical. It doesn't hurt him if
you hit him in his stomach.

Jon sneers.

BARRY
(worried)
I didn't say that.

JON
I don't like fat people, Harry,
especially fat people that talk to
my bird.
(To Sandy)
Did he touch you?

BARRY
I wouldn't touch her!

JON
You what? Oh? My bird not good
enough for you fatty?

SANDY
I've told you not to call me that.
I'm not a budgie or something with
feathers... am I fatty? I mean
Barry? Someone should teach you a
lesson... shouldn't they Barry?

Sandy stares at Barry. Barry stares at Jon, then smiles a nervous grin. Jon sneers, then slowly makes a fist that seems to hover in Barry's vision. Jon smiles as without warning he punches hard into Barry's stomach. Barry groans and leaves the comfortable bar stool, heading for the hard beer stained floor.

SANDY (CONT'D)

(to Barry)

I thought you said it didn't hurt
you?

She seems very disappointed in Barry's inability to withstand her partner's unprovoked attack.

SANDY (CONT'D)

C'mon Jon.

She steps over Barry. Jon picks up his helmet that now has Barry's sandwich stuck to it. The two leave and a moment later a loud motorbike is heard to start out side the bar. Lionel returns to his pint to find Barry laying on the floor.

LIONEL

I don't know what I've been eating
but that took a while. What are you
doing down there?

BARRY

Fantasizing.

(Gasps)

I think it's winded me. Where the
fuck were you?

LIONEL

There is only one stall. I had to
wait for this big biker chap to
finish. He didn't look the type you
want to hurry up, bit of a hard
looking, ugly bastard. You know the
type.

BARRY

I do... now.

Lionel helps Barry to his feet.

LIONEL

If you want to make the evening of
it, you can kip round ours on the
sofa if you'd like. We can have a
few more, medicinal?

BARRY

I'd best not, Beth will be
expecting me. I'm married remember.

LIONEL

Oh ay, thought I could hear that
chain a rattling.

INT. LUCKY RESIDENCE THE BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Beth gets ready for bed as Barry watches the football on TV.

BETH

What on earth were you thinking?
Getting in a fight, at your age. I
have no idea. And what's that
bumper pack of panty liners on the
table.

BARRY

Even after getting the shit kicked
out of me a was able to remember
your request for your personal
sanatory items, with the big wings.

BETH

I've no idea what you are on about.

BARRY

Your phone call.

BETH

(defiant)

I made no phone call.

BARRY

In the phone booth, you phoned me
in the phone booth, I was going to
ask you about that actually.

BETH

You are going bloody nuts you!
You might want to get checked out
by the doctor.

BARRY

Why.

BETH

You may have been hit on the head
in that fight.

BETH (CONT'D)

Phone booths and panty pads. What
sort of fight was it?

BARRY

I told you, there were three of
them and they jumped me from
behind. It was over very quickly.

(MORE)

BARRY (CONT'D)

I gave as good as I got. I just got winded. I wouldn't like to see the state of them in the morning.

BETH

It's lucky you have a bit of a belly on you, as it could have been much worse.

BARRY

Yes. Tactical move on my part. And You said I should go on a diet.

BETH

It's funny that though, I don't think of you as a fighter.

BARRY

You might be surprised. You don't know everything about me.

BETH

(without looking up)

You don't dress up in my underwear when I'm at my mother's with the kids do you?

BARRY

No... but it's an interesting idea. Do you think I should?

BETH

I have to call in the school tomorrow and see Jeremy's new teacher. There are some anger issues to be discussed. I need you to pick up the supplies for the party? I'm not going to be able to do everything. There is a list I've made that's on the fridge door.

BARRY

No problem.

Barry switches off the TV as Beth gets into bed.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Are you tired?

Beth doesn't answer.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Beth... Are you?

BETH
I'm very, very tired. Don't lets go
there.

BARRY
Me too.

Barry sighs as he opens his eyes in the darkness. After a moment...

BARRY (CONT'D)
Do you remember the last time you
did something that scared you?
Raced your pulse. Really scared
you? I was trying to remember the
last time I did.

BETH
(annoyed)
And...

BARRY
That's just it, I can't remember.

INT. LARGE STORE. DAY.

Beth wanders between the aisles. Her eyes flick from the faces of the other customers around her. She picks up a small pack of batteries and slips it into her pocket. Moving to a different section of the store she does the same with a book, a CD, a small picture frame, slipping them unpaid for into her bag.

EXT. LUCKY HOME. REAR YARD - DAY

Beth watches the two kids from her sun lounge as they splash in a blow-up paddling pool in the small backyard. Her head is buried in a paperback copy of 'Hot Steel: Black Mamba King': The Legend.'

BETH (V.O.)
...at first she tried not to stare
as his ebony manhood glistened in
the moonlight. Beckoning her like a
magic wand, almost alive. Her
breathing became faint and rasping,
as a warmth began to spread through
her submissive femininity. Every
limb craved his deep, dark,
touch...

One of the boys splashes in the paddling pool sending a jet of water over Beth. SNAPPING her back to reality.

BETH (CONT'D)

Bloody ell! Barry... Barry! Come and control these kids. I thought you were bringing me a drink. How long does it take to get a drink? I would have got it myself if I'd known you would be this long!

INT. KITCHEN. THE LUCKY'S HOME. DAY.

Barry, stands at the fridge. He stares vacantly at the fridge contents.

BARRY

Coming my sweet.
(beneath his breath)
You just rest your fat arse.

He closes the fridge door revealing Cynthia Lovit the vivacious red head from the church. She is all heels and cleavage. Barry ponders Cynthia's appearance.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Blimey!

CYNTHIA

A tart?

BARRY

A tart?

CYNTHIA

You don't think I'm a tart do you?

BARRY

(a moments hesitation.)
No...

Cynthia leans on the fridge door and begins to rub Barry's shoulders. He enjoys the impromptu massage and sighs, closing his eyes.

BARRY (CONT'D)

No I think you look very nice. I was only saying to Beth how nice you looked.

CYNTHIA

Not tarty then?

BARRY

Not at all. Just right. You are a sight for sore eyes. There are many men that would like to find you tucked behind their fridge.

Cynthia smiles appreciatively.

BARRY (CONT'D)

If you don't mind me asking, what are you doing behind my fridge?

CYNTHIA

Oh I'm not really here. It's just the musings of a middle aged man. A fleeting fantasy. A dream if you like.

BARRY

Oh is it? A fantasy? I was just reading about this. Wish you were really here.

CYNTHIA

So do I.

He smiles and rolls a cold can of pop over his forehead.

BARRY

May as well get on, if you're not really here. Beth will be wondering where I am.

CYNTHIA

If you like.

BARRY

Will you be appearing in my kitchen again?

CYNTHIA

Oh I'll be doing more than that. That's the thing with fantasies, there are no rules, no boundaries, just your own imagination. I can appear where you want me to. When you want me to.

BARRY

I'll have to remember that.

CYNTHIA

Oh, and Barry remember you can be as filthy as you like with me. It's dreaming. Fantasy means just that.

Barry smiles a disbelieving grin, before heading off to the garden. He turns to ask a question, she's gone.

BARRY

Bloody ell...

EXT. BACK YARD. DAY

Beth doesn't look up at Barry at first, just holds her hand out for the drink. Black Mamba King has too much of a hold.

BARRY (V.O.)

Don't strain yourself girl, I'll drink it for you if you like...

Beth peels here eyes from the page.

BETH

I thought you might take us all for a nice Ice cream later. Seeing as it's so hot.

BARRY

A nice ice cream?

Barry hands Beth her pop, looking back towards the house.

BETH

Yes a nice ice cream. One of those American Diner jobbies just opened in the precinct. Milk shakes, malts the lot. Very authentic, proper American.

Barry looks back towards the house distractedly. Beth catches Barry's inattentiveness.

BETH (CONT'D)

What's the matter?

BARRY

Oh nothing... I must be tired. Really tired. It's the shop, a lot on at the moment. Do you think there is such a thing as a mid life crisis?

BETH

What?

BARRY

You know, the male menopause. I was reading about it, it's not just for women you know.

Beth lowers the paperback.

BETH

If there is, it will be painful and messy, it will cost you every penny you have. What are you saying?

BARRY

It's just a thought. The male menopause, do you think there is one?

BETH

No. In your case there isn't. Do you hear me? I've worked hard for what we have here. So keep any thoughts you may be harboring about scratching an itch, to yourself.

BARRY

What are you talking about?

BETH

I know what you're talking about?

Jeremy wanders from the paddling pool.

JEREMY

What are you talking about? Have you got an itch dad?

BETH

No he bloody well hasn't!

JEREMY

Ron's put a worm in the paddling pool, it's horrible now.

BETH

Ron take your worm out!

BARRY (V.O.)

Chance would be a fine thing to get the bugger in!

Barry watches the boys splash in the pool.

BARRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Given the chance would you do the
same again if you could just start
over again? Imagine.

EXT. LUCKY HOUSE. DAY

The family sit in the car on the driveway as Barry turns the engine over. The kids are making a ruckus in the back seat. Both Barry and Beth don't say anything. Barry keeps trying to start the engine.

RON
Ah! He hit me right in the nuts!

BETH
Jeremy stop hitting Ronnie's nuts,
he'll need them when he's older.

BARRY (V.O.)
Too right, your wife will need
something to put in a vice. May as
well give them up now lad. Why put
off the inevitable?

INT. ICE CREAM PARLOR. DAY.

It's busy. Lots of noise, families and kids. A blonde cheerleader server (19) in uniform, complete with flashing smile and azure blue eyes, pauses as she looks at Barry over the counter. Her name badge says 'KELLY' her eyes say help yourself. Her accent says Huddersfield.

KELLY
That's two double chocolate with
sprinkles and one chocolate chip
with nuts and a lemon sorbet. I've
put sprinkles on your 'nuts'.

She emphasizes the word 'nuts'. Barry smiles at her. Beth sits in a booth across from the counter controlling the kids.

BARRY (V.O.)
I'll say you have.

BETH

(Shouts)

Barry can you change me to a bubble gum and sprinkles. I'm not in a cookie dough mood.

Barry looks back to Beth and the kids. Then back at Kelly.

KELLY

No problem. Bubble gum and sprinkles. There you go, and I'll put EXTRA sprinkles on your 'nuts' for you.

(she winks)

BARRY

Thanks--- Kelly.

Barry smiles at the cheerleaders attention as he pops a pound in her tip jar.

KELLY

You have a nice day.

BARRY

And you have lovely eyes.

Kelly smiles, Barry clears his throat, slightly embarrassed at his own spontaneous compliment. He sits down with Beth and the children Jeremy immediately spills his ice cream on to Barry's lap, chocolate chip with sprinkles.

BARRY (CONT'D)

What are you doing? I've just bought you that.

BETH

Oh don't go shouting at him, he didn't mean it. Did you Jeremy?

JEREMY

It was Ron's fault. I want another. It wasn't my fault.

BETH

Get him another one Barry.

BARRY

He should learn to behave.

BETH

It wasn't his fault. It's his anger issues.

(MORE)

BETH (CONT'D)

It was an accident, accidents happen. We'll get you another one.

Barry sighs and gets up from the table.

BARRY

Let me just go and get cleaned up.

INT. ICE CREAM PARLOUR BATHROOM. DAY

Barry washes his hands, wets some paper towels. He stares at himself in the mirror. He pulls at the slight jowls of his cheeks. He starts to clean himself up.

BARRY (V.O.)

Did you see the way she looked at you? If you were young free and single again, there would be some fireworks.

Kelly the ice-cream cheerleader enters the bathroom and takes up the sink next to Barry. She runs the water and splashes it on her face and neck before unbuttoning a few buttons of her top and splashing more on her skin. Barry watches the young girl as she shakes her hair. She turns and pouts seductively as she smiles at Barry. Bloody gorgeous.

The door to the bathroom opens and Barry looks across as another male customer enters. When he looks back the girl has gone.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Did you see that?

MAN

What?

BARRY

That girl.

MAN

What girl?

BARRY

The girl.

MAN

You're seeing things mate. You alright? You're not being funny are you.

BARRY

Funny?

MAN

You should see a optician, or a doctor.

More than a little puzzled, Barry finishes up and heads back into the parlour noticing the ice-cream cheerleader still where he had seen her last... back behind the counter.

INT. BEDROOM.- NIGHT

Barry brushes his teeth. Beth reads more exploits of 'Black Mamba king'. Barry watches the football before turning the light off.

BARRY

Are you tired?

BETH

Don't even think about it. I'm not in the mood. It's late and I've got an early start.

BARRY

I just thought.

BETH

Well don't... just watch your football.

BARRY

I thought hey, I might try and score myself.

He switches the TV back on for a few moments.

BETH

Don't be so crude. I might have been up for a cuddle before you said that. You always say the wrong things. I'm at a crucial point in me book as well.

BARRY

But... right. You used to like it when I was crude. You were crude. One of the things we had in common was we were crude together, we got quite good at it as I remember.

BETH

That's when I was young and stupid.
I like to think we have matured a
bit since then.

BARRY

Well I don't. I want to stop
maturing. You know what comes after
mature... old. And you know what
comes after old... dead.

BETH

Well I'm 'dead' tired. This
conversation is old, and I don't
feel like it.

Beth pulls the sheets tight around her and turns her back on
Barry, book in hand. Barry goes back to his TV.

BETH (CONT'D)

Barry could you turn it down
please? I can't concentrate.

BARRY

Don't worry, I'm done anyway. I'll
just lay here and mature a bit
longer.

He turns off the TV. Beth finishes up. The lights go out.

5 MINUTES LATER.

JEREMY (O.S.)

Daaad... Dad can I have a glass of
water? Dad.

BARRY

I'll get it.

Beth gives every indication that she is fast asleep. Barry
gets up and wanders from the bedroom to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM.- NIGHT.

Barry fills a glass at the sink letting the water run. He
looks at his reflection in the bathroom mirror, pulls at the
skin around his eyes. Then turns to see the girl from the ice-
cream parlor up to her neck in bubbles, but still wearing her
paper hat. Bathing in the tub relaxed and smiling. She eats
an ice-cream cone, seductively.

KELLY
Hi.

BARRY
Hi.

Barry is a bit 'deer in the headlights' with this one.

KELLY
You can scrub my back if you'd like?

BARRY
I can?

KELLY
Yeah.

BARRY
Kelly isn't it?

KELLY
You remembered. I love a man with a big memory.

BARRY
Wow, this is a bit funny.

He smiles and sits down on the side of the bath next to the young girl, watching, as she starts to wash and lather in the bubbles.

BARRY (CONT'D)
I was just thinking about you.

KELLY
Oh, and what were you thinking?

BARRY
I was thinking, I wouldn't mind...

BETH
What-are-you-doing?!

Barry, jumps up from the bath to see Beth standing at the door in her robe.

BARRY
I was just...

He looks guiltily at the empty bath, almost surprised.

BETH

Are you going to let the water run
for much longer? Come to bed,
before you wake the kids. What's
the matter with you?

He looks back to the dry empty bath tub as he turns off the
running sink faucet. He checks the bath tub again.

BARRY

That's odd, that's is odd that is.

INT. DOCTORS OFFICE. DAY

Barry stands, legs spread, hands placed on the gurney,
wearing a backless smock as Doctor TAYLOR (65) stands behind
him wearing a single rubber glove and a concentrated
expression.

DOCTOR

Now just try and relax a moment.
How are the wife and kids?

The Doctor makes his move as Barry try's to relax.

BARRY

Oh they're---gnuph... ah...
(heavy breathing)
---Fine.

DOCTOR

Try and relax a little more will
you... don't fight me on this...
nearly done!

BARRY

Ooohaw.... ah.

DOCTOR

Just... nearly... nearly... still.
There, all done!

He trashes the glove and scribbles on his clipboard.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Barry my boy, I find you to be in
physically good health for a man of
your age. Slight anxiety, that's
all it is. Can be bought on my any
number of things... stress in the
work place, trouble at home.

(MORE)

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

You are not worrying about anything are you Barry? These dreams you're having... harmless fantasies. Everything alright in the bedroom at home? I can give you something if it isn't.

BARRY

No everything is fine. Beth's an animal when she sees me in my boxers. Who wouldn't be?

DOCTOR

Marvellous medicines on the market today. You wouldn't think it, but I'm a three times a day man now you know. The wife swears by it. In fact she pops in every lunchtime with my sandwiches, if you get my drift.

The speaker phone crackles into life.

NURSE (O.S.)

(on speaker phone)

Doctor Taylor your wife's in the waiting room.

Taylor's face lights up.

DOCTOR

Oh goodie, sandwiches!

He takes a small breath spray from his pocket and reveals a fine set of teeth as he sprays his gaping mouth.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Anything else?

BARRY

Not really.

DOCTOR

It's not called the mid life crisis for nothing. Just make sure you and Beth have some quality time together... at least once a week if possible. Maybe even lose those boxers.

BARRY

It's just that they seem so real, not like dreams at all.

The doctor ponders Barry's statement.

DOCTOR

You know what I would do to see if these dreams were real or not? I'd borrow some money off one of these characters, then check my pockets in the morning... I think you'll find you'll wake up as poor as when you went to sleep.

Barry smiles somewhat reassured.

BARRY

I guess you're right. They do seem real though... really real.

INT. DOCTOR'S WAITING ROOM.

Barry makes his way through the empty waiting room. Empty save for one woman. A tiny, grey haired, overly made up, smiling, grandmother who watches Barry as a snake might watch a mouse. She is clutching a brown paper sandwich bag.

INT. LUCKY'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

The doorbell rings and Jeremy races his brother to the door. After a moment they race back into view.

JEREMY

Mommy! The prostitute lady is here.

Beth pokes her head around the door. Cynthia Lovit stands smiling at the door.

CYNTHIA

How did you find out?

Beth is horror struck.

BETH

What are you saying?

(to Jeremy)

I'm so sorry Cynthia. Come in, we were just watching a programme on... Prostitutes. Not all about them of course but they pick up these words here and there. Jeremy eat your food. It was more of a nature program.

She mouths something at Jeremy out of Cynthia's sight.

BETH (CONT'D)
Monkeys that sort of thing.

CYNTHIA
Monkey prostitutes?

Beth smiles blankly.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
How many Bananas does a monkey
charge for that sort of thing?

BETH
Would you like to come in?

Cynthia steps inside the hallway.

CYNTHIA
It's food for thought. I've always
fancied a little part-time job on
the side. Maybe it's something I
should consider, along with the bed
and Breakfast. Don't worry about
him, they say anything don't they?
Kids these days eh?

Beth, hot and bothered, squirms.

BETH
Sit down, how are things with you
at the moment then Cynthia?

CYNTHIA
I won't sit down if you are having
dinner. I meant to stop by before.
I thought I might ask if you wanted
to come to one of our 'Bridge
nights' we have, the rest of the
girls would love to see you there.

BETH
Bridge? I didn't know you played
bridge, I love it. All those little
things... and stuff that you play
with. Oh that would be wonderful.

CYNTHIA
It not just cards, we have a bit of
a ladies night.
(she winks)
Y'know, mums the word.

Beth gives no indication that she knows.

BETH
Brilliant. I really look forward to
it.

Beth closes the door with a relieved smile.

BETH (CONT'D)
I'm going to need a new blouse.

She catches Jeremy a sharp whack to the back of the head.

BETH (CONT'D)
We do not use words we don't know
the meaning of, alright.

JEREMY
Ahh mum! I won't tell anyone else
she's a spy.

INT. LARGE DEPARTMENT STORE. DAY

Barry is shopping distractedly with Beth in the ladies section. He pauses by a lingerie clad manikin as Beth rummages through a rail of blouses nearby.

MANIKIN
Hi!

Barry stares at the ruby lips of the manikin that has just spoken to him.

BARRY
Oh Ay, this another dream is it?

MANIKIN
Maybe, would you like it to be?

Barry looks around and plays along.

BARRY
What's your name then love?

MANIKIN
It's Macy.

BARRY
What can I do for you Macy?

MACY

It's more a matter of what I can do for you.

The manikin casts her eyes downward over her all too real, lacy lingerie clad, bosoms. Barry looks back at Beth then back at Macy.

BARRY

You better not do that. I'm married. You're not real and I'm going nuts... are you real?

She smiles and adjusts herself.

MACY

Maybe? Would you like me to be? I can be anything you want me to be. I could do anything you want. What would you like to do, given the chance? NSA.

BARRY (V.O.)

NSA... Bloody ell...

BARRY (CONT'D)

This is stupid you're not real. A day dream? You are part of my male menopausal hallucinations. It's a funny time for a fella this.

Macy just pouts on her plinth, black polyester bra and panties, bloody gorgeous. Barry ponders.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Tell you what, I've got an idea. I know what I want. How about you lend me fifty quid?

MACY

(puzzled)

Are you sure that's all I can do for you... Barry?

BARRY

I can think of a few other things, but that will do for now.

MACY

I'd like to see you again. In a more intimate setting. Can you imagine a more intimate setting?

From nowhere she hands Barry a little lace something wrapped around a bank note.

MACY (CONT'D)
Something to remember me by.

Barry looks around the store before he takes the offered gift.

BETH
BARRY! You've been staring at that manikin long enough. Are you trying to get us thrown out? What's the matter with you? What have you got there? Come and tell me which color you like.

Barry looks at the little lace panties and the fifty quid note in them, wide eyed he thrusts them into his pocket, before approaching Beth.

BETH (CONT'D)
There are children in this store. I'm not sure that is wholly appropriate for their eyes. I suppose you'd like to see Cynthia in that get up judging by the way you were stood dribbling.

BARRY
Yeah. I mean no! I don't know what I mean. You would look good in those.

BETH
Don't talk such rubbish. Why would I wear an outfit like that? And what would I look like wearing it?

BARRY
I don't know. Sexy.

BETH
I'd look; ridiculous. I'm a middle aged woman. I've had two kids. I am not a bloody plaything anymore. This blouse, what do you think? My color? Does it make me look fat?

She holds up the blouse.

INT. STORE. DAY-DREAM

Barry's POV. Beth becomes enormously fat and over weight as she holds up the blouse, it's like a sail or tarpaulin. She bears little resemblance to herself. Her features take on a certain 'Warthog' like appearance.

BARRY

You look nice... in that color.

BETH

I thought so. Shocking pink has always suited me. It suited my mother.

Barry casts his eyes skyward as if prizing a long forgotten memory from it's resting place.

FLASHBACK.

A younger Barry is stood in the hallway of a garish house shaking hands with a vinegar faced women of pinched features wearing a shocking pink blouse. It's a horrible vision.

BARRY

It's a pleasure to finally meet you Misses Jones. Beth's told me so much about you.

BETHS MUM

Harry.

BARRY

That's Barry.

BETHS MUM

Of course.

INT. STORE

Beth has resumed her normal features and Barry watches her as she goes through the railing of brightly coloured clothes. He turns back to Macy, she is still stood selling lingerie where he left her. She turns and waves. Barry looks away quickly.

INT. LUCKY HOME. DAY

Beth is getting ready for a night out. She puts her lipstick, powder and perfume on in front of the mirror, she stops and pulls at the side of her eyes then frowns hard and sighs. She pushes her chest out and assesses her figure in the mirror.

BETH (V.O.)

I thought you two might have taken me further. I was the first to get boobs. I was the first to go all the way. The first to stop right there as well. All the way to here, bloody nowhere.

INT. PUB EARLY EVENING---LOUNGE BAR.

Barry and Lionel reprise their positions at the bar. Barry stares at his sandwich and Lionel sips at his beer with a satisfied smile.

BARRY

It's a funny thing life.

Barry's sandwich momentarily loses its fascinating hold on him. He places his sandwich back on its plate, becoming very serious.

LIONEL

Why?

BARRY

It just is.

LIONEL

I'll drink to that.

Lionel downs the beer.

BARRY

You know the funny thing about women is? You never know if they understand you. You can think you know someone and you really don't. Women are funny. Remember when you were at school you knew how a girl felt about you because she let you have a feel. Or if you were lucky you might get a look. There was none of life's complexities.

Lionel stares at Barry.

LIONEL

I hope your romantic excursions
have become a little more
sophisticated by now.
Are you talking about primary
school?

BARRY

Er yes. Primary school made it all
so simple. Although to be honest
that was the routine throughout
most of my school life. Adult come
to that. I some times long for the
simplicity of youth.

The barman comes over two his bar hugging customers.

BARMAN

Two more, lads?

BARRY

A couple of quick ones.

EXT. STREET. LATE AT NIGHT

Barry and Lionel amble along the pavement both a little worse
for wear. Barry stops at the phone booth and looks at the
cards through the glass, the many colorful 'Escort' cards.
The faces on some of the cards are recognizable as those of
Cynthia, Brenda, Kelly the ice cream girl, Macy the manikin
Sandy the stripper. They stare back at him... along with
Beth.

BARRY

Oh crap! I'm in trouble now. I was
supposed to take Beth to her card
night.

LIONEL

Are you getting things mixed up?
Shouldn't you be the one playing
cards. If I didn't know better, I
would say she wears the trousers in
that house of yours.

BARRY

I'd say she owns the wardrobe.

LIONEL

You should put your foot down let her know whose boss.

BARRY

She knows whose boss.

LIONEL

No, I mean it should be you.

BARRY

Listen when you get older you delegate, I have delegated the responsibility of being boss to her. She's in charge, but I run the show.

LIONEL

How do you work that out?

BARRY

I don't know.

EXT. SMART HOUSING ESTATE. NIGHT.

Beth gets out of a taxi, and heads up the driveway of quite a swish residence on a nice estate. There is a small bed and breakfast sign in the window.

BETH

(muttering under her breath)
I'll bloody kill him. Self, self self.

INT. CYNTHIA'S HOUSE CARD NIGHT.

Cynthia answers the door and leads Beth inside. It's a nice house, with nice nic-nacs about.

BETH

Ooow you've got a nice house Cynthia.

CYNTHIA

Call me Cyn.

BETH

You've got a nice house, Cyn.

There are several other women in attendance. VALERIE, KATHY, JOSIE, CAROL and PIPPA. All pretty hot stuff a sort of regional gathering of the Stepford wives.

A blonde, skinny, smiley, attractive Valerie approaches Beth with a glass of wine.

VALERIE

(smiling)

You might say it's the house of Sin.

Handing Beth a large glass of wine.

BETH

Your husband must do very well for you Cyn.

CYNTHIA

Husband? This is all the fruits of my labour, there is no husband to thank for all this. I have other peoples husbands to thank, but not mine! Their are a few perks to running a B&B.

Valerie sips on her wine glass. The girls laugh.

VALERIE

What does your husband do Beth?

BETH

He irritates me.

VALERIE

Don't they all?

BETH

He is the manager of a printing shop on Bedford street. You know it, "SupaCopy".

VALERIE

No.

BETH

He does his best, but he could do better. He is the Manager.

JOSIE

Nice. Boring but nice! Don't mind me I'm always rude. Just kidding.

Beth frowns at Josie's thinly veiled sarcasm.

VALERIE

What about you? Is it just the kids or do you work?

BETH

The kids are work aren't they?

VALERIE

I don't know, I haven't got any. Me and my Roger said to ourselves. Do we like holidays? Yes. Do we like going out and pleasing our selves? Yes. Do we like to just hedonistically take life by the balls and swallow every thing it's got? Yes. Then we asked our selves can we do this with kids? No. So we made the decision not to have any. That, and Rogers apparently shoots blanks.

She laughs loudly to herself.

VALERIE (CONT'D)

But it saved on the vasectomy.

There are several boxes of goods laid to display. They all contain various sexy toys and attire, Beth wanders amongst the goods.

CYNTHIA

We try and do a little fund raising for the kitty.

BETH

The cat?

CYNTHIA

No the pot. Do you have a little toy that needs replacing.? Or do you need some fresh ideas for that manager of yours?

BETH

It's all quite raunchy stuff isn't it?

Beth takes a second look as Valerie re-emerges from the kitchen wearing a baby doll and furry thong sporting a smile and some painfully high heels.

BETH (CONT'D)

When do we play cards?

Pippa is concentrating on Valerie's outfit, but takes a moment to answer Beth.

PIPPA

Cards? We don't play cards love.

BETH

We don't?

PIPPA

We don't, we have what is commonly called a ladies night. It's a chance for us to let go and have a bit of fun. Why did you think we did?

BETH

I did, I've been reading up on it. I thought it was like Monopoly but it is cards isn't it?

PIPPA

We usually get some entertainers round, a couple of pizzas and wine. It can get quite raunchy some nights.

BETH

Raunchy?

PIPPA

You wait and see.

BETH

(uneasily)

I think I misunderstood. I'm probably best leaving, this is not really my sort of thing.

A large colored, buff gentleman follows Valerie from the kitchen. He is dressed as an Jungle warrior chief, he is very big. His costume leaves little to the imagination. The leopard skin thong a striking adornment to his Ebony skin.

BETH (CONT'D)

(distractedly)

He's very... large isn't he?

PIPPA

He is.

BETH (V.O.)
Oh... my... God.

INT. LUCKY HOUSE. MORNING.

Barry and Beth sit silently at the breakfast table while the Boys do their best to create as much noise as possible.

INT. BACK ROOM CORNER OFFICE. SUPACOPY.

Barry is at his desk. His office is very tidy and neat with everything in its place. Brenda's photo is on his desk. There is a knock on the door. MR MURDOCH (57) gold sovereigns, salt & pepper hair, dark Crombie overcoat, slip-on suede loafers, peers around the half-open door before entering. Barry stashes the picture as quickly as humanly possible.

BARRY
Mr. Murdoch, I didn't know you would be in today.

MURDOCH
Just collecting a few quid from the gee-gees'. Nice to win, lovely sport. Sport of kings they call it. Bookies on Neville St. They shake in their boots when I pop in. Lucky, Lucky, Lucky.

BARRY
Congratulations then. I'm not a gambler myself.

BARRY (CONT'D)
You've got the name for it, just not the temperament. Scares you does it Barry? Thought I might check up on my boy.

Barry frowns at Murdoch, about to say something he stops himself.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Lionel's doing alright?

MURDOCH
Bollock's is he. Little tosser. You and I know the only reason he's here is because I'm very close to his mum.

(MORE)

MURDOCH (CONT'D)

It's a tit for tat relationship she supplies the tit, and I employ him.

Barry doesn't say anything but gives the sort of look that says he may be in agreement with Murdoch's sentiments.

MURDOCH (CONT'D)

I don't like to announce my little visits all the time. A good business man always likes to keep an element of surprise at his finger tips. Keeps everyone on their toes. I've just been to the York street shop. Sloppy, sloppy, sloppy. I had to do something I didn't want to do. I had to let Jon go.

BARRY

Jon's gone?

MURDOCH

Long, gone is Jon. I thought I might as well take this opportunity seeing as I was so close to pop in on you. See how my Bedford Street operation was fairing.

BARRY

Oh, I think we are doing alright Mr. Murdoch.

MURDOCH

Do you, Barry? Do you? Call me Arthur, no more Mr. Murdoch rubbish not today.

MIKE

Yeah. Arthur.

MURDOCH

Thank you Barry.

Murdoch eyes Barry. He picks up a pen set from the counter.

BARRY

What else can I do for you?

MURDOCH

As I said, just thought I might drop by.

He lazily replaces the pens back to the display box.

MURDOCH (CONT'D)

No, that's not all together true is it? No. The reason I employ a manager is so I don't have to manage SupaCopy. Yes? I just have to own it and pay your wages for you to manage it for me.

BARRY

Yes? That's the concept.

MURDOCH

I know we spoke about a performance based bonus scheme. Now seems as good a time as any to talk about it again if you have that moment.

BARRY

Excellent time, I could certainly use some extra funds with the kids and everything. It's Jeremy's birthday this weekend and Beth's going over board to impress the neighbors.

MURDOCH

That's the thing Barry, performance bonus would be linked to er, what would you say?

BARRY

Performance?

MURDOCH

Yes that's it, performance. You are happy here at SupaCopy?

BARRY

Oh yes.

MURDOCH

Performance. Shall we just say that yours has been a little spotty of late. You seem distracted, away with the fairies. I have to say it, not the most creatively sharp knife in the SupaCopy cutlery draw at present.

BARRY

I'm not?

MURDOCH

You are not having one of those mid
life crises's are you?

BARRY

No, why would you say that?

MURDOCH

I did when I was your age, started
fucking anything that would stand
still long enough and let me. Very
funny time for a fella. Cost me my
marriage. Lionel is my insurance
policy against a solitary old age.

BARRY

I'm sorry.

MURDOCH

Sorry? Best thing that ever
happened to me. There are wives and
there are lives, take your pick.

Barry's attention wanders slightly.

MURDOCH (CONT'D)

But back to young Lionel.

BARRY

Lionel.

MURDOCH

Take young Lionel there. He seems
to have that 'buzz' of ideas about
him at the moment. Wouldn't you
agree? He's getting quite the
creative retailer. Two for one,
free printing on certain sized
orders. He has a flair for
advertising and he's very good with
the customers. God knows why, they
must feel sorry for him or
something. That said, I've been
thinking.

He pauses and resumes messing with a pen display.

BARRY

And what are you thinking?

MURDOCH

I'm giving the managerial position
to Lionel. It's nothing personal.

(MORE)

MURDOCH (CONT'D)

I just feel that at the moment he is the right one for the job.

BARRY

You what? I've had this position ten years, ten years. Ten bloody years.

MURDOCH

Wait, I've not finished.

BARRY

Bloods thicker than water eh?

MURDOCH

Not really, he's no relation. It's time for change. If I give him opportunity, his mum gives me the opportunity to do unspeakable things to her. That's quite appealing for a man at my time of life. So at this moment it's right for Lionel, it's right for this shop. But most importantly it's right for me. I didn't get to where I am today by being wrong;no.

BARRY

No.

MURDOCH

I bet you are thinking, fucking tosser... I bet you are having bad thoughts about me? I bet you are wondering whether you should stay in my humble employ or move on to fresh fields after being treated so shabbily?

Barry says nothing.

MURDOCH (CONT'D)

No?

Barry is watching the cheerleader from the ice cream shop as she fools around with some of the displays doing a mock fan dance with some heavy card stock.

BARRY

Can you see her?

He points in the direction of his fantasy. Murdoch distracted looks in the direction that Barry is pointing.

MURDOCH

Who?

BARRY

Nothing... what were you saying?

MURDOCH

I just might be asking you to head up my York street operation. I just wanted to see how you would react. Interesting are peoples reactions. They tell you a lot about a man, how he might react.

Barry perks up.

MURDOCH (CONT'D)

But as of now I want Lionel to gain the experience of running the SupaCopy show here. I think he's the right man at the moment. I want you to show him the ropes.

BARRY

The right man.

MURDOCH

I think the York Street shop is more for you, it's bigger and better. I'm hoping you may benefit and learn a lot.

BARRY

I think I would.

MURDOCH

Good, that's my boy, smashing. Tell you what, what's your boys name?

BARRY

Jeremy.

MURDOCH

I'll pop an extra twenty in this weeks pay packet. Get little Johnny a new computer or something from me.

BARRY

Jeremy... A computer? With twenty quid?

MURDOCH
Or a bell for his bike.

INT. LUCKY HOUSE. NIGHT.

It's dark, the house is quiet, the odd light is still on.

BARRY
Beth you still up?

Barry wanders through the front door throws down his brief case and heads for the fridge, pops a beer and slumps on the couch, flicks the remote for the TV and puts his feet up.

A commercial fills the screen, surgical hair restoration for men.. He closes his eyes.

Moments later he becomes aware of a constant dull thudding noise coming from upstairs... laughter, noise. He looks around for Beth then heads upstairs to the bedroom.

Opening the bedroom door he finds Beth entertaining a bevy of college age football players all of which are naked and enjoying themselves with his wife.

BARRY (CONT'D)
BETH!

BETH
What?

He spins around to find Beth with an arm full of washed towels staring at him. He looks back to the empty bedroom and tidy bed. Beth looks tired, no make-up, lank hair, big bum.

BETH (CONT'D)
You must have had some day, You can't keep your eyes open... Have you been drinking? You stink of booze. I hope you haven't been driving like that.

BARRY
Car wouldn't start, I got a taxi back.

BETH
You shouldn't still be driving your dads car after all these years.

BARRY
 (sarcastically)
 I'll change it in the morning

BETH
 What are you shouting about anyway?
 I've put the children to bed. You
 might have phoned me to say you
 would be this late. There is
 nothing for you to eat, but I
 suppose you've already eaten better
 than I could cook for you?

BARRY
 It was a last minute thing. My new
 manager took me out for a drink.

BETH
 Manager? You are the Manager.

BARRY
 Not anymore.

BETH
 What? You've had that job ten
 years!

BARRY
 So we thought we'd celebrate
 Lionel's promotion and commiserate
 my demotion, over a pint of beer.

BETH
 You bloody liar, you have been out
 with another woman.

BARRY
 What? What are you talking about?

BETH
 Whose are these then?

She throws a black pair of lace panties at Barry. The panties
 that Barry received off Macy the manikin. Barry smiles a half
 hearted smile at Beth.

BARRY
 You wouldn't believe me if I told
 you.

BETH
 Try me.

BARRY

No you really wouldn't believe me.

BETH

What else are you telling me? You lost your job?

BARRY

Not lost, I know exactly where it is. Lionel's got it. Murdoch gave it to him. Oh, but there is a silver lining. He gave me twenty quid to spend on Jeremy. Go towards his party...

BETH

I'm up to here,
(she gestures to her neck)
with you Barry Lucky.

Beth drops the pile of washing where she stands then pushes past Barry into the bedroom and slams the door. Barry starts to pick up the washing. He almost follows Beth into the bedroom but thinks better of it and heads back downstairs.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Barry stares at the list of things to get for the party on the fridge door. Cynthia looks over it with him. He smiles.

BARRY

Hi.

They both study the list.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I'm not having a good time at the moment Cynthia. I think it's one of those mid life crisis things, very popular with men of my age.

CYNTHIA

I can make you feel better if you'd like. Me and you could have a little party. Just the two of us.

Barry casts an eye towards the ceiling then back at Cynthia who as usual is all heels, skirt and cleavage; Gorgeous.

BARRY

What about the boys? They might wake up. Beth might come down.

CYNTHIA

Don't worry about them. They are dreaming, just like you. This is a dream, you can do what you want, be as loud as you like. You, my lovable middle aged tiger are fast asleep.

BARRY

(smiling)

I am?

CYNTHIA

You are.

BARRY

If this is a dream, and I can do anything I want.

CYNTHIA

Anything.

BARRY

Let me have a hundred quid will you?

CYNTHIA

And I thought I was the prostitute.

BARRY

It's a medical test, don't worry. Doctors advice. All above board.

CYNTHIA

Is that all you want?

Cynthia produces a note from between her ample cleavage.

BARRY

This is a dream right? Make it two hundred?

Cynthia complies smiling.

CYNTHIA

(smiling)

Let's see if you are worth it.

Barry places the money down on the kitchen top. The two set about it on the kitchen table.

INT. LIVING ROOM. NEXT MORNING

Barry wakes up on the sofa. He looks around guiltily. Ron sits accusingly opposite him. Ron has a small birds wing that he stretches open and closed like a fan in front of Barry's face. Barry rubs his head.

BARRY

Morning Ron. What you got there?

RON

Sparrows wing. It was dead in the yard when I found it. I've got two.

BARRY

Course you have. Lot of stuff seems to die in our yard. Don't let your mother see it.

RON

Mum's mad at you.

Barry's face reddens.

BARRY

Oh why ?

RON

She says you lost your job.

BARRY

Oh... you had me worried there for a minute.

Beth wanders into the room with a full breakfast, orange juice, coffee, eggs bacon the works. She sets it down on the table Barry looks up surprised from the sofa. Beth eyes Barry. There is a single red rose on the tray with an envelope.

BETH

It will take more than a breakfast to get round me Barry Lucky. You know I don't eat breakfast. You may as well eat it.

Barry looks confused.

BETH (CONT'D)

The thought was there, I suppose. I never even heard you make it.

She picks up the envelope. Barry's eyes widen.

BARRY (V.O.)
Oh this is it, I'm for it now.

Barry has his eyes closed tightly with a very worried look on his face.

BETH
You can't get round me you know.

She opens the envelope and takes out some notes.

BETH (CONT'D)
What's this?

Barry opens one eye. Sees the money, stumbles for a response.

BARRY
It's... it's for you.

Jeremy emerges.

JEREMY
Mum, Ron's peed all over the seat,
and I need to go, and there is
feathers everywhere!

BETH
Tell him to wipe it or... Barry
there is four hundred pounds here.

Beth gives up in mid sentence. Barry is as shocked as Beth.

BARRY
That can go towards Jeremy's party.
It's, It's.. er.

BARRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Think Barry Boy. Think.

BARRY (CONT'D)
What Murdoch gave me as a bonus.

BETH
Why didn't you say?

BARRY
I thought we'd both best sleep on
it.

INT. PARTY WORLD. DAY.

Standing in the aisle looking at the party goods. A finger taps Barry on the shoulder as he stares vacantly at the party favours. He spins around a glimmer of recognition in his eyes. GARY TANNER (52) tanned, hirsute and in shape. A leather necklace and corral bracelet. Looking a bit like the oldest swinger in town but none the less for it.

GARY
Bazza! You dog.

Gary playfully punches Barry on the shoulder.

BARRY
Sorry...?(a beat) Gary?

GARY
Ten out of ten.

BARRY
(a glimmer of recognition)
Is it you? Fuck me, it is.

GARY
Is it me? Course it's me. In the flesh. Talking of which, it looks like you have put a bit more flesh on since I last saw you. Not that you don't suit it. You always were a bit on the scrawny side. Not any more.

Barry ignores the remark.

BARRY
If someone had said I would be meeting you today...

GARY
Me too Bazza. I'm your past, come back to haunt you. Despite your podgyfiedness you look good!

BARRY
Yes married life has put a bit of meat on my bones. Have you given up eating these last few years? You seem the same. What is it five maybe? Seven?

GARY

And the rest. I just look after my self. Down the gym watching the girlies. How's Beth?

BARRY

She's good, thanks for asking.

GARY

I still remember when that day she got arrested, what a rebel, what a woman. An exhibitionist to the core. I was so jealous of you and her jugs. You'll never tame that crazy, spirit eh?

Barry slightly taken aback at Gary's familiarity.

BARRY

As wild as ever, but we go to church now and have the boys, so less of the freak you remember. And more of the church going mother of two small boys, sort of crazy lady.

GARY

Oh well, never mind, happens to the best of them.

BARRY

And you, how's Kathleen?

GARY

Me and Kathleen are no longer an item. Must be the same... five years or more. She got fat and I got divorced, free man. She found a young Doctor... more reliable, into fat chicks. I found **not** being married to Kathleen a lot more enjoyable, along with thin chicks.

BARRY

Oh, I'm... sorry.

GARY

Sorry? It's the best thing that ever happened to me. I see more tail in a week now than I saw in a year married to Kathleen. Life to the full, foot to the floor, nothing like it. I tell you, it's not like it was.

(MORE)

GARY (CONT'D)

What line of work are you in now? I remember when you were in that shitty little stationary store years ago.

BARRY

I manage...

(He corrects himself
frowning)

Managed, that shitty little stationary store until recently. It's quite a thriving business on the high street. 'SupaCopy'. A copy shop. Mainly Canons rather than Xerox's now.

GARY

Oh, Nice. Boring, but nice.

BARRY

What about you?

GARY

Entertainment.

He casts an eye around to see if any ones listening.

GARY (CONT'D)

Have you heard of these adult parties? Talk about a licence to print money... and the benefits.

BARRY

Oh...?

GARY

And when I say entertainment I mean, enter-fuckin-tainment!

A young woman colorfully dressed, playfully wearing a party mask approaches the two guys. She wears a tight black dress with heels and looks to have a killer body. Barry can't help but stare. She stops ABRUPTLY at the two and makes a cats meow noise, before draping herself on Gary's shoulder.

GIRL

Who's your friend?

GARY

Barry meet Gina. Gina meet Barry.

The girl takes off her mask. She is knockout, hair, teeth and smile.

BARRY

Hi Gina. Nice to meet you again.
Last time I saw you, you were this
big.

He gestures to his waist.

GINA

I was? I must have been bending
down.

GARY

I think, you are thinking of Julie
my daughter... this is Gina. She's
my... special friend. We are
hanging out together.

BARRY

Oh.

GINA

Sometimes I pretend I'm his
daughter. Or do you pretend you're
my Daddy? One or the other. Nice to
meet you Uncle Barry. Maybe you'll
turn up at one of Gary's parties.
See ya. Got to get some costumes.

She winks at Barry as she wanders off towards the costumes.

BARRY

Is she alright?

GARY

Alright? Alright? She's more than
alright. She's fuckin gorgeous. Is
she hot or what?

Barry gorks.

BARRY (V.O.)

Fuckin Gorgeous.

Gary smirks like he is a proud father... Barry catches him.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Bit young isn't she?

GARY

That's like saying her tits are too
big, which they are actually. But
you can't have everything can you?

They both now stare as Gina ambles out of view.

BARRY

You'll give yourself a heart attack. Is that legal?

GARY

Shouldn't be, but it is. Costs me a fortune in medication that one, but she's worth it. I tell you something else. Flexible, very flexible these young lasses. Yoga.

Barry stumbles for something to say.

BARRY

Yoga. She seems very nice, and very flexible.

Barry watches after Gina.

BARRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...and busty and young and flexible.

GARY

We should get a beer, smoke a splif. Catch up on old times. Fill me in as to what you are up.

BARRY

I don't do the smoking thing anymore. I'm not up to that much either. It's a full time job being a dad.

GARY

So I've heard. Oh, well, here's my card. I may be able to use some printing, put some business your way. Gotta dash, getting ready for a party. You and Beth should come over one time. Get a baby sitter... pack of condoms, whole new world.
(He winks)

BARRY (V.O.)

Is he taking the piss... condoms
Yoga?

He passes his business card over to Barry who rummages in his wallet before retrieving a business card of his own to hand to Gary. It's one of Katy Krumpets.

GARY

Katy Krumpet is that what you are going by these days?

Barry looks down to see he has given Gary the wrong card.

BARRY

Nice one Katy, you got a keep moving else you'll grow old, good for you.

Barry slips it in his pocket and gives Gary one that actually has his name on it.

GARY

Bazza call me. Be nice to see you again, have a few drinks. Bring Katy.

BARRY

Yeah, it would. I think.

INT. LUCKY'S HOME. DAY

Barry arrives back with a bag of party goodies from Beth's list. He sits down at the kitchen table. The house is empty.

The note on the fridge reads 'The top made me look fat, taking it back, Beth.'

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE. DAY

Beth slips the three pack of panties into her bag and heart pounding heads for the door avoiding the checkout.

BETH (V.O.)

Something that scares me. Something that scares me. Something that scares me.

She smiles to herself as the sunny day replaces the confines of the stores lingerie department.

EXT. STORE CARPARK - DAY

Beth makes her way quickly across the car park. She doesn't see the man following close behind her. The STORE DETECTIVE
(35)

BETH (V.O.)
Yes! Yes, yes, yes.

STORE DETECTIVE
Excuse me madam but would you mind
accompanying me back inside the
store?

BETH (V.O.)
No! no, no, no, no.

Beth stands breathless unable to move. The man talking to her
is tall handsome and black.

BETH (CONT'D)
(turning to speak)
Why?

STORE DETECTIVE
I'm a store detective. I was
watching you, and I think you may
have taken items that you forgot to
pay for. This won't take a moment
to clear up.

Beth claws at the air for a response.

BETH
Wait, you can't do this.

STORE DETECTIVE
It's my job I'm afraid, it may just
be a simple mistake. But we can
sort it out better inside.

BETH
Please, you can do anything you
want. Please, I'll do anything for
you if you don't do this.

STORE DETECTIVE
What?

BETH
Anything.
(She blurts out)
My husbands a cripple.

STORE DETECTIVE
It would probably be best for both
of us if we went back into the
store.

BETH
Anything, absolutely anything you
want.

STORE DETECTIVE
I get a lot of offers like that
Miss. You'd be surprised.

BETH
No you would be surprised, if you
let me go. I will come to your home
I will do anything you want. I
would treat you so special.

Beth touches the Detectives arm, griping the fabric of his
jacket.

BETH (CONT'D)
I have a dream. I've never told any
one... I have never been with a
black man before.

STORE DETECTIVE
I'm sorry?

BETH
A black man. I've never been with
one. In the sense of... y'know.

STORE DETECTIVE
(annoyed)
What? And you thought you might
take me for a test spin?

BETH
Yes. I'm not unattractive I have
large breasts as well, though you
can't tell with this top on.

She pushes her chest out.

BETH (CONT'D)
Look see.

The store detective casts a glance for just an instant.

STORE DETECTIVE
Well I am so sorry to disappoint
you. I'm happily married and the
father of two lovely little girls.
This is my job.
(MORE)

STORE DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
 Do you think I would jeopardize any
 of those things for a quickie in
 the back of a minivan with some
 undersexed shoplifter?

He glances at Beth's chest.

STORE DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
 With large breasts?

CUT TO:

INT. MINI VAN. DAY

The store detective grips Beth's shoulders and pounds away at her rear quarters within the confines of the tinted windowed mini-van. Beneath the shade of a secluded tree in the further most reaches of department store car park. It rocks gently on it's worn suspension, to a disco track of yesteryear.

INT. LUCKY HOUSE. BOYS ROOM. NIGHT

Barry comes to tuck the boys into bed. Ron is huddled beneath the sheets, sniffing.

JEREMY
 He's all upset because my goldfish
 died.

Barry peels back the sheets to reveal a teary eyed young Ron. Barry settles down on the edge of the bed.

BARRY
 Hey you, what's up big fella? We'll
 get Jeremy another fish, don't
 worry.

JEREMY
 He's not crying because mine died.
 He's crying because his didn't.

Barry looks a little confused.

BARRY
 Eh how's that?

JEREMY
 He wanted the goldfishes skeleton,
 and his didn't die. Mine did so I'm
 going to bury it and get it's
 skeleton.

BARRY

(turning to Ron)

Don't worry Ron your gold fish will die soon, they can't last forever.

Ron perks up a little.

RON

It isn't fair that Jeremy gets a fish skeleton and I don't. Maybe we could stop feeding it?

BARRY

It is Jeremy's birthday soon so he has to have a little bit of birthday good luck. When it's your birthday maybe yours will die.

RON

I suppose so. Are you and Mummy going to get a divorce?

BARRY

No. Why would we do that? Where do you get such ideas?

RON

Because that's what grown-ups do.

BARRY

I love your mum.

Ron frowns at his dad.

RON

Just mum, do you only love mum?

BARRY

Yes I think so, those are the rules.

RON

Do you always stick to the rules dad?

BARRY

Yes, else things get sticky and come undone.

RON

How can things get sticky and come undone? That doesn't make any sense.

BARRY

Sometimes even grown-ups don't make any sense. You ask a lot of questions don't you.

RON

That's what kids do dad.

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT

Barry sits at the table. He has two empty beer bottles in front of him and sips from another in his hand. Beth opens the door and switches on the light surprised to find Barry drinking alone in the dark.

BETH

How come you are still up?

BARRY

How come you are so late?

BETH

Better late than never. I was taking a leaf out of your book. I've been doing things that scared me. It's not just about you.

BARRY

(exasperated)

I never said it was.

Barry's phone rings. He answers it.

BARRY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Oh---it's gone ten, why would you be there now? What's so important as that. I see hmm, hmm.

Barry picks up his coat and lifts some keys from the rack on the wall.

BETH

You have been drinking, you are going nowhere. Don't you dare.

BARRY

Dare? You've just been out doing scary stuff, it's my turn now. I do dare.

BETH

Oh yeah, I bet you got him to make that call. Don't bother coming back on my account.

Barry passes Beth on the way out and slams the door. Beth watches at the window as battles with the starter motor of his car.

EXT. SUPACOPY. NIGHT

Lionel looks very sorry for him self as his head pops up from between the copiers. Barry heads towards him puzzled at first.

BARRY

What have you been up to? What's the matter? Why are you doing down there? The lights are all on, the doors open. What are you doing down there?

Lionel sheepishly stands up he's wearing only his underpants and is handcuffed to one of the copy machines.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Bloody ell! You probably have a real good reason for why you are handcuffed to that color Canon. But right now I cant be arsed to hear it.

INT. LIONEL'S FLAT. NIGHT- LATER.

It looks quite swish, there is only a hint of a fast food existence. Quite the bachelor pad. He has a large screen TV and several plants dotted around. Barry smiles at Lionel over a mug of tea.

BARRY

Tell me again this is one for the record books this is.

Lionel places a card on the table, Sonia.

LIONEL

I told you. Funny things women. I gave Sonia a call. She seemed very nice. Met me at the store, said it was easier than following my directions.

(MORE)

LIONEL (CONT'D)

One thing led to another and then she handcuffed me to the color Canon and robbed me.

BARRY

Of just your dignity right?

LIONEL

No, we've been robbed. She took the float moneys from the tills and the petty cash. We are short.

BARRY

We? We? You are the manager remember.

LIONEL

I know, we are two hundred and twenty seven quid down. I can't go to the police. Murdoch will kill me.

Barry smiles only half listening.

BARRY

(looking around the room)
This is a nice pad.

LIONEL

It was my Grans, she left it to me. What am I going to do? I don't have that kind of money kicking about.

Barry is distracted, the most obvious item that stands on the carpet fresh out of it's box is the Maxtor Moon View IV Telescope, standing at the open window pointing out across the carpark.

BARRY

I didn't know you were into astronomy Lionel.

LIONEL

Astronomy? Fuck astronomy. Are you nuts? I can get into anyone's bedroom with this baby. It's a shame it's not got sound, practically count the pubic hairs on a Barbie-doll five miles away.

BARRY

A Barbie-doll?

LIONEL

Over the way there... every morning
after she showers she wanders
around in the buff.

BARRY

You sad bastard.

LIONEL

Certainly am.

BARRY

So anyone expecting the privacy
that living in a flat, with a city
view , several floors up would
bring, would be wrong. Who would
expect some little weasel a quarter
of a mile a way is counting their
pubic hairs through an open
curtain?

LIONEL

Nobody.

BARRY

This is a good hobby is it Lionel?

LIONEL

Keeps me entertained and off the
streets.

Lionel wanders over to the Maxtor and stares through the eye
piece, scanning the neighborhood.

LIONEL (CONT'D)

Ay Ay.

He carefully adjusts one of the Maxtor's focusing knobs.

LIONEL (CONT'D)

Bingo. Want a look?

BARRY

No. Yes.

Barry hops of the sofa and squints in the direction of some
buildings across the way only to be confronted with the...

BARRY (CONT'D)

Blimey, there's a turn up for the
books. I know her, she was in the
pub a few nights ago.

(MORE)

BARRY (CONT'D)

She must be allergic to clothes... she's a stripper. She has the big boyfriend, the one that doesn't like fat people called Harry.

LIONEL

The slapping chappy?

BARRY

Yeah, that's his girl. She's dangerous.

LIONEL

I'll say.

BARRY

You know what? It's too late to go home. Can I kip on the sofa? Me and Beth aren't seeing eye too eye at present. Temporary thing of course. Miner glitch.

LIONEL

No problem. Give her a ring let her know. My sofa is your sofa, I don't think I'll sleep much. I'll be worrying about what to tell Murdoch. Then I need to plan a new career.

BARRY

I think you'll be fine.

INT. BARRY'S HOUSE- NIGHT.

The phone rings on the night stand. No-one answers it. Barry closes his eyes and settles down on Lionel's couch. Lionel peers out of his telescope into the night holding a mug of tea.

DREAM - INT. BACK YARD. DAY

Barry polishes the badge on his shiny new car, it's a Porche. There is a sudsey, splashing of water, the spray from a hose splashes Barry's face. He looks down the side of the car and it's a familiar face. Sure enough it's Gina doing the 'Cool hand Luke' thing, as Lucile and it looks like that safety pin is gonna pop! She is soaked and soapy, covered in suds, bare foot and beautiful.

BARRY

Evening.

GINA

It's a lovely hot evening.

She wipes some suds from her straining top...

BARRY

It is.

GINA

Comfortable?

BARRY

This sofas not too bad.

GINA

Can I do anything for you?

BARRY

You couldn't lend me a couple of
quid could you?

SFX. The sound of a cash register. 'a-Ching! A safety pin
flies into the air spinning slowly against the blue sky.

INT. LIONEL'S FLAT. MORNING

Lionel munches on a bowl of cereal, while watching Sandy get
dressed a quarter of a mile a away. Barry holds a safety pin
between his finger and thumb. Gently rubbing it's pin-point
before snapping it shut.

LIONEL

Sleep alright?

BARRY

Like a baby.

INT. LUCKY HOUSE. - DAY- LATER

Barry and Beth sit silently at the breakfast table. The kids
fight happily.

INT. THE LUCKY HOUSEHOLD- EVENING.

Barry is at the computer screen in his home office. He is
enthralled. The screen shimmers with the smiles of lots of
naked, large breasted, women. A familiar face appears. It's
Brenda Badd at www.brendabaDD.com.

EXT. LUCKY HOUSE.-DAY

The car refuses to start. Barry gives up, extricates himself and heads off down the street.

EXT. BUS STOP.-DAY

Barry waits for a number seven along with several other would be passengers. He smiles at a pretty girl, she smiles back.

INT. SUPER COPY.- MORNING -DAYS LATER

Barry stacks Brenda's freshly printed cards neatly in piles of 100. Lionel arrives with a black eye.

BARRY

Oh yes. What happened to you?

LIONEL

The Barbie doll's boyfriend.

BARRY

Has he got a telescope too?

LIONEL

What he does have is a snake in the grass snitch of a mate who lives next door to me. It was a case of wrong place at the wrong time. Being mates with the wrong mate.

BARRY

Do tell.

LIONEL

I told the little bastard about Barbie, even let him have a gander. So he comes round and says he needs to borrow a tenner. I say, I ain't got it. He says right, he'll tell that bird I bin looking at. I say, no way, go on then, not thinking he would. Course he does. About an hour later there's a knock on the door and bloody big bloke walks in, wearing a crash hat and jobs me right in the chops.

BARRY

That Lionel is a very moving and heart renderingly sad tale you impart, told with passion. There must be a moral in there, but I can't think of it at the moment. Is that the end of it?

LIONEL

I hope so--I tell you, it's not much fun when the business gets done. But it's ever so nice when it stops.

BARRY

I hope it has stopped you can't go spying on people like that. It's an invasion of peoples private parts.

Lionel raises his eyebrows and feigns contrition.

INT. PUB NEXT DOOR. EARLY EVENING

Barry and Lionel sit at the bar.

BARRY

Thanks for the use of the sofa.

LIONEL

Like I said any time.

BARRY

Me and Beth are not getting on at present. I'm not really sure that we ever did. She seems distant, and the kids are enjoying a break at her mothers. Am I OK for extending my little stint at your gaff for another night or so?

LIONEL

Course. I might stay round Amanda's it's the least I can do after you bailed me out. Thought I was a gonna for sure. He takes no prisoner's Murdoch. I'll pay you back don't you worry about that. He sees my Mum.

BARRY

I know.

LIONEL

You do?

BARRY

Don't you worry about it. I'm quite flush at the moment. Just be a bit more aware that just because some one says they aren't nuts, it doesn't mean they aren't. Lucky I had those bolt croppers in the car. You have rung that number again?

LIONEL

No answer, maybe it was a going out of business thing. A one off. A bad egg. The rest of them ladies have all been very nice. They have put a bit of business through the shop lately. It's a dying opportunity, you can get anything you want now on the internet, no need to advertise in phone kiosks. A dying craft like so many before it...

BARRY

Agreed.

EXT. SMART VICTORIAN SEMI. DAY

Barry walks up the steps, about to ring the bell. The door opens before he can press the buzzer. He stands back as he holds the box of freshly printed business cards. A man comes bouncing down the steps, it's the vicar, still wearing his white dog collar. A glint in his eye and a spring in his step. He recognizes Barry.

BARRY

Afternoon Vicar. I didn't know you er...

VICAR

I do indeed. You?

BARRY

Well...

VICAR

Nothing like it. Just topping off the tank, saves me bothering the misses.

BARRY

I didn't know you were allowed this sort of thing Vicar.

VICAR

The good lord says 'love thy neighbor, and why not eh?

BARRY

And that's what he means?

VICAR

She is practically a neighbor, same town almost. Very short bus ride. As I always say, love is our fuel of choice... Brenda dispenses it by the gallon, and it's four star stuff, I'd say. Have fun.

(He winks)

See you Sunday.

BARRY

What about all that hearts and minds pure stuff?

VICAR

Oh that's a load of old bollock's that is. But jf you put your heart into it, I'm sure the good lord won't mind!

Barry seems genuinely surprised a the Vicar's candidness, like a kid whose just been told there isn't really a Santa.

BARRY

See you Sunday then.

VICAR

(smiling)

Sunday. We won't mention we met, mums the word. Wouldn't do to let the cat out of the bag. Wouldn't be good for business or either of us.

BARRY

Right.

Barry speaks into the intercom as he watches the vicar disappear into the pedestrian traffic. The buzzer buzzes and up the stairs he trots.

Brenda answers the door. She looks very respectable not a hint of her NSA business.

BRENDA

Oh hello. Do come in I've been so looking forward to our little planned get together. My cards as well, you are a good boy! I can't wait to see them.

He places the box on the kitchen top.

INT. BRENDA'S FLAT. DAY

Brenda sits opposite a slightly less confident Barry. They have both retired to the couch.

BRENDA

Right let's get on with it shall we?

BARRY

Right.

BRENDA

Well what would you like?

BARRY

Pheww... not really thought about it.

BRENDA

Haven't you?

Brenda moves closer to Barry. Barry becomes less comfortable.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

I know... would you like me to think of something?

BARRY

Would you?

BRENDA

Is there anything special you'd like me to... do?

BARRY

Special?

BRENDA

Special.

Barry thinks for moment.

BARRY

You couldn't let me have five
hundred quid could you?

ONE HOUR LATER.

Barry emerges from behind the front door of the house. He has a spring in his step and a smile on his face as he heads off down the street.

BARRY

Bloody ell...

Barry's beaming face amongst the crowd.

BARRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It's the little things that make
and keep us happy. A sense of self
and family. Because at the end of
the day why are we here? We are
here to enjoy ourselves, and if you
can't do that what can you do?
Smile and the world smiles with
you.

INT. SUPER COPY HIGH STREET. DAY

Lionel is sat reading an inappropriate magazine. Barry walks into the shop smiling.

LIONEL

Drop the cards off then did we?

BARRY

We did.

LIONEL

Well done, there is life in the old
dog yet. Oils the cogs of any rusty
relationship does a bit of NSA.

The two share a manly moment as Barry's cell phone rings.

BARRY

Beth?

BETH (O.S.)

Where have you been? I've been
trying to get hold of you. Has your
phone been off?

(MORE)

BETH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Didn't you get any of my messages.
It's Ron, he's been in an accident.

BARRY
What? How... how bad is he? Is he
alright? Where are you?

BETH (O.S.)
He was after a cat.

BARRY
A cat, we can get him a cat.

BETH (O.S.)
He wanted a dead one.

BARRY
A dead one? Of course he did. Where
was it?

BETH (O.S.)
It was on Felix Road.

BARRY
Shit.

BETH (O.S.)
I'm at the hospital, can you get
over here?

Barry cuts the call short .

BARRY
Lionel I need you to do me a favor
could you? Ron's been hurt and
Jeremy is on his own. Can you look
after him while I go to the
hospital?

LIONEL
No problem.

INT. SUPACOPY. DAY. LATER

Lionel is looking after Jeremy. He reads an inappropriate
magazine while the boy looks on.

He lowers it and stares into the eyes of the young boy
studying the cover. Lionel is doing his best to ignore the
boy. He carries on reading.

JEREMY

Have those ladies in your book got any clothes on? Are they nude?

Lionel doesn't look up from the magazine.

LIONEL

They are swimmers.

JEREMY

Where are their bathing suits then?

LIONEL

(head in his magazine)
Don't you know that some material when you get it wet becomes see thru?

JEREMY

(non too convinced)
How did you get your black eye?

LIONEL

Astronomy.

JEREMY

Astronomy is not dangerous.

LIONEL

It is if you look at the wrong planets.

JEREMY

What planets can give you a black eye?

LIONEL

Er... have you never heard of the 'Orbs of Venus'?

JEREMY

No.

LIONEL

If you stare at them too long her boyfriend comes round your house and smacks you right in the face.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL. DAY.

Barry races down the corridors of the hospital. He stops at a room and peers in through the wired glass. Beth's sits by Ron, he's bandaged up and asleep. Barry enters and walks over to the two of them.

BARRY

Beth, is he going to be alright?

BETH

He is, the doctors are letting him sleep.

BARRY

(relieved)

He was after a cat?

Beth nods, she's a bit teary.

BETH

He got clipped by one of the vans from the post office, they couldn't stop. It's not as bad as it looks but he has a concussion.

BARRY

Where is the... cat?

BETH

It's in that Tesco bag.

She points to a plastic bag on the chair in the corner.

BETH (CONT'D)

They thought it was our pet and that's why he wanted it. I didn't know what to say seeing as he'd gone through so much to get it. So I just accepted it.

BARRY

He has gone through a lot to get it.

Barry steals himself for a serious talk.

BARRY (CONT'D)

We need to talk Beth

BETH

We do.

BARRY

Beth.

BETH

Barry.

BARRY

Look at us, we have two beautiful kids, one who's about to have a birthday party the other banged up in here. Together we are a family. It's taken this... this dead cat in a bag to bring us all together.

Barry picks up the bag and holds it at arms length.

BARRY (CONT'D)

We owe a debt of gratitude to this cat. This cat is not just an animal in a bag. It's more than that, it's a sign. A sign that we all should be as we are now, if Jeremy was here too... a family, together.

Beth holds Ron's little hand. Then turns to Barry.

BETH

But I want a divorce.

BARRY

(relieved)
Then so do I.

BETH

Good! It took a while but I don't think we are as suited as we might be. My mother said I was mad to marry you. I'm sure I could have done better.

BARRY

Me too. Your arse got really big. I never saw that coming. We both deserve another bite at the cherry.

BETH

A divorce it is then.

BARRY

Great! Really... great!

MONTAGE OF SHOTS.

The marriage. The good times, the bad times. Barry as a goal scoring soccer hero. Beth in a private Yoga class being tutored by a very handsome flexible African instructor.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY

Beth and Barry seem as happy as we have seen them.

BARRY (V.O.)

I guess we just ran out of fuel. If a relationship runs out of gas, it stops. That's all there is to it. Oh we all did alright, the kids handled it well. Ron recovered from his knock on the head and hopes to become a taxidermist.

Ron comes to and smiles... at Beth and Barry.

BETH

Hello love, we've got your cat in a bag, so don't worry.

RON

Thanks mum, it's still dead isn't it?

BETH

Don't worry, it is.

Beth strokes his brow with palpable relief on her face.

BETH (CONT'D)

And I've a bit more good news for you. Your goldfish died.

Ron beams a smile and closes his eyes as he plans both animals dissection.

BARRY (V.O.)

Jeremy had his birthday, and me and my mid life crisis, we are definitely getting used to each other. Beth, she hopes to get re-married to a male entertainer called Tyrone. I don't know what happened to a lot of the women in my crisis. I see some of them now and again.

(MORE)

BARRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 It's a funny thing life, makes you wonder what it's all for. Maybe it's all one big dream and you only wake up if you do something that really, really scares you. But who would want to do that?

INT. SUPACOPY. HIGH STREET. DAY - 6 MONTHS LATER.

The shop bell rings and Gina walks through the door smiling. She winks in recognition and wanders slowly around the shop.

GINA
 Hello Uncle Barry. I remember you. I'd like some printing done. Party invites. Maybe you would like to come along to this one?

BARRY
 Maybe, Gina isn't it?

GINA
 You remembered.

BARRY
 How's Gary?

GINA
 Heart attack. He's what they call a voyeur now rather than a participant. So I'll be without a partner. It was him that told me to pop in here for the printing.

Barry beams. Pulling out his big book of samples.

BARRY
 Will we be doing them from scratch? We have many eye catching styles and designs available.

Barry confidently meets Gina's smile.

BARRY (CONT'D)
 You look nice in that top.

GINA
 Thankyou Barry, that's very sweet of you to say so. It's new. It shows off my tits don't you think? Is that your Porche outside?

Barry smiles and nods.

GINA (CONT'D)

You must do alright for money, it's
a new one isn't it?

BARRY

It is, y'know I 'DREAMED' I would
own a flash car one day, and things
would work out just fine. People
worry too much and say be careful
what you wish for, I say bollocks!

GINA

So do I!

Gina is very impressed and her smile says so.

GINA (CONT'D)

(smiling)

Bollocks!

BARRY (V.O.)

Bloody gorgeous.

FREEZE.

THE END

