

MEN BEHAVING BADLY

Simon Nye

SERIES VI

Episode one:

" Stag Night "

(2nd draft: 7.5.97)

[PRE-TITLES:]

1 INT. GARY'S BEDROOM DAY

LATE EVENING. GARY AND DOROTHY ARE SITTING UP IN BED. DOROTHY IS READING A BOOK. GARY IS WATCHING TV.

WE SWITCH THE ANGLE TO REVEAL THAT IT IS IN FACT A TINY (4-INCH) PORTABLE TV. GARY CHUCKLES. HE SQUINTS AT THE SCREEN, THEN CHUCKLES AGAIN.

DOROTHY: What's on?

GARY: I can't tell, the screen's too small.

DOROTHY: We always said if we becam362.8799 saHY A

other. And to be fair, you've done quite a bit of stuffing yourself.

DOROTHY: Gary, let's not do any more stuffing with other people.

GARY: Well, it's out of system. You could put me in a room full of women wearing only tiny little pants and I'd probably just want to chat.

DOROTHY: Maybe we should get married.

GARY SCOFFS, ASSUMING SHE IS JOKING.

DOROTHY: No, I mean it-

GARY: (JOINING IN) Yes, why not. Yes. (A BEAT)

IN A SIMILAR POSITION ON THE SOFA WATCHING
THE TV, LAGER PROBABLY IN HAND. GARY IS IDLY
LEAFING THROUGH A COPY OF

GARY: No, it's great, marriage. No more messing around. As the saying goes: You don't go out for a steak when you've got hamburger at home.

THEY THINK ABOUT THIS.

TONY:

3 INT. DEBORAH'S FLAT DAY

DOROTHY AND DEBORAH ARE SITTING ON THEIR SOFA, PENSIVE, AN ECHO OF THE PREVIOUS SCENE. DOROTHY OBVIOUSLY LIVES HERE TOO.

DEBORAH: So, are you looking forward to it?

DOROTHY:

TONY: Hello Dorothy. Or should I say: hello Gary's

TONY: (SMILES) What? Groovy?

DEBORAH: No-

TONY: Snazzy?

DEBORAH: No, a bit pathetic. (WITH SYMPATHY) Do you think you're keeping your mind active enough these days?

TONY: Yeah, I work two nights a week at the Crown. That keeps my mind as sharp as a... (LONG PAUSE) stick.

DEBORAH: What do you do during the days?

TONY: Well, in the mornings I tend to sit and... Just sit. Then I make lunch - a cheese sandwich on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, a baked-bean sandwich on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Then I... sit down again, until the Children's Programmes come on, when I have a cup of tea and a biscuit, except on Friday, when I have a small cake.

EVERYONE TAKES THIS IN.

DOROTHY: So it's a full life then.

TONY: Yeah, brilliant.

DEBORAH: Why don't you try to get a regular job?

TONY: Well, routines, you see, I'm no good at routines.

DOROTHY: There's a job advertised on the noticeboard at the hospital, in Obstetrics. They need agents for birthing pools. You work from home.

TONY: What's a birthing pool?

DOROTHY: For women who have their babies at home and want them to be born in water.

TONY: That's a bit weird isn't it?

DOROTHY: Never mind.

TONY: No, I'm interested.

TONY LOOKS AT DOROTHY WITH A SELF-CONSCIOUSLY 'INTERESTED' EXPRESSION.

DEBORAH: Knickers, Tony.

TONY AUTOMATICALLY PUTS SOME OF DEBORAH'S KNICKERS BACK IN THE BASKET AND GOES BACK TO HIS 'INTERESTED' EXPRESSION.

6 INT. OFFICE DAY

GEORGE IS SITTING AT HIS DESK, ANTHEA IS FILING.
GARY IS FINISHING AN IRATE PHONE CALL.

GARY: (INTO PHONE) Yeah, you too mate, sit and swivel.

HE HANGS UP.

GARY:

GARY: Oh, I don't think it's something George would enjoy.

ANTHEA: Why, what will you be doing?

GARY: Oh, you know.

ANTHEA'S EXPRESSION.

GARY: No, you don't, do you. (DIALLING ANOTHER NUMBER) Well, certain traditions have grown up whereby the groom is allowed to drink alcohol till he bleeds and indulge in, um...

GEORGE AND ANTHEA ARE ALL EARS. GARY IS GRATEFUL FOR THE INTERRUPTION.

GARY: (INTO PHONE) Hello, Simon Watkins! It's Gary Strang, how are you, we met at the Barnet Sales Forum in 1989- Oh, when did he leave? How about you, do you want to come to my stag night? Okay, fine.

HE PUTS THE PHONE DOWN, DEFLATED. GEORGE IS LOOKING EXPECTANT.

GARY: Okay you can come.

ANTHEA: Oh thanks.

GARY: Not you.

7 INT. KITCHEN DAY

TONY HAS PUSHED BACK THE KITCHEN TABLE AND SPREAD OUT WHAT LOOKS LIKE A PADDLING POOL AND VARIOUS ACCESSORIES.

HE HAS THE TELEPHONE CRADLED UNDER HIS CHIN AS HE STUDIES AN INSTRUCTION BOOKLET, AND IS MEANWHILE USING A FOOT PUMP TO INFLATE THE POOL. IN HIS OTHER HAND HE HAS A LEAFLET ADVERTISING A SLEAZY NIGHTCLUB.

TONY: (INTO PHONE) Hi, is that ? Can you tell me if your club would it be suitable for a small group of men on an outing? Great. So do the girls, like, (VOICE BREAKING) take everything off? Brilliant. And then... They... (JOINING IN) put them back on again, right. No, fair do's. One of the gentlemen isn't as young as he was so could he be excused individual lap-dancing? He'll be the one in the cardigan. Okay, bye. See you tomorrow.

TONY HANGS UP BUT IS STILL PUMPING. HE LOOKS AT VARIOUS ACCESSORIES: A LARGE METAL STRAINER, PLASTIC TUBING, SURGICAL RUBBER GLOVES... THE PUMPING APPEARS TO BE MAKING NO DIFFERENCE. HE GIVES UP AND FINDS AN ELECTRIC PUMP. HE TRIES TO GET A HAND IN THE RUBBER GLOVES BUT CAN'T. UNABLE TO RESIST, TONY ATTACHES THE GLOVE TO THE ELECTRIC PUMP. THE GLOVE BALLOONS TO A HUGE SIZE AND EXPLODES.

IMPRESSED, TONY LOOKS AROUND FOR SOMETHING

TONY:

GARY WATCHES AS THE MAN - YOUNG AND
LOOKING, MORE HUNK THAN BRAIN SURGE
TURNS BACK AND LOOKS UP AT THE UPSTAIR
WINDOW. ALL BEDROOM-EYED, HE SMILES,
GOODBYE AND WALKS AWAY.

GARY LOOKS EXTREMELY SUSPICIOUS.

11 INT. LIVING ROOM CONT. ACTION

GARY TURNS BACK, SLIGHTLY DAZED.

TONY: What's the matter mate?

GARY: It was a man.

TONY: (TUTS) Honestly, you pay good money
get a bloody trans-sexual!

GARY STARES AT TONY. PATIENTLY:

GARY: No. It looks like Deborah or Dorothy
a bloke last night.

TONY: I hope it was Dorothy.

GARY LOOKS FURIOUS.

TONY: Sorry mate.

12 INT. DEBORAH'S LIVING ROOM DAY

DOROTHY: Oh, you know - pub, restaurant, club, the usual.
What about you?

GARY: Oh, you know - circus, launderette, bat cave, the usual.

SLIGHTLY TENSE LAUGHTER FROM THEM BOTH.

GARY: Where's Deborah?

DOROTHY: She spent the night with her friend Claire.

DOROTHY SEES FROM GARY'S EXPRESSION THAT HE KNOWS WHAT HAS HAPPENED.

DOROTHY: Gary, I've got a confession to make.

GARY: Really.

DOROTHY: I had a... thing last night. I'm sorry. It was completely meaningless.

GARY WONDERS HOW TO R

TONY TAKES FULL CONTROL OF THE SITUATION.

TONY: What is?

14 INT. OFFICE DAY

GARY IS AT HIS DESK, SMOKING, IN A BAD MOOD, BANGING DRAWERS OPEN AND SHUT. GEORGE IS SITTING AT HIS DESK, STILL SHELL-SHOCKED FROM THE STAG NIGHT.

GARY: Oh snap out of it George, that's what happens on stag nights. It was a nightclub with a few nice topless ladies,

GARY: It is, but... maybe I'm moving away from all that. I mean, look at George, he's got his picture of his wife on his desk, he's got a packed lunch with the special cold sausage he and Marjorie like, he's got a model village set out in his loft. I want that.

ANTHEA: Maybe he'll let you borrow it.

GARY: No, not the model village, the lifestyle, the togetherness.

ANTHEA: I'm sure you and Dorothy can patch it up.

GARY: No we can't. It's all spoilt. It would be like

TONY: It's a girl!

16 INT. DEBORAH'S LIVING ROOM DAY

THE NEXT DAY. TONY IS WITH DEBORAH.

DEBORAH: What are they going to call him?

TONY: They're thinking about Tony.

DEBORAH: Oh, how nice.

TONY: Or Bilbo.

THEY BOTH DO NOT-SURE-ABOUT-THAT GRIMACES.

DEBORAH: God, you must be so proud.

TONY: Well, you know.

DEBORAH: You did everything right. I'm really proud of you Tony.

TONY: (BASHFUL) Oh, stop it.

DEBORAH: No, really.

TONY: Stop it.

DEBORAH LOOKS AT HIM WITH AFFECTION. THEY ARE SITTING CLOSE TOGETHER.

TONY: Actually, don't stop.

DEBORAH: No, I'm bored now.

TO THEIR MUTUAL SURPRISE, THEY KISS.

DEBORAH: Anyway...

TONY: Anyway...

THEY PART, SLIGHTLY DAZED.

DEBORAH: So how are we going to get them back together again?

TONY: Who?

DEBORAH: Dorothy and Gary.

THEY KISS AGAIN, THEN DEBORAH PULLS AWAY.

DEBORAH: I can't concentrate un

THEY KISS SOME MORE AND ARE EDGING TOWARDS LOVE-MAKING WHEN DEBORAH STOPS THEM AND SITS UP.

DEBORAH: We can't do this. Our best friends' lives are being decided in the next room.

DEBORAH GETS UP. TONY WHIMPERS WITH FRUSTRATION. SHE LEAVES THE ROOM.

19 INT. KITCHEN / LIVING ROOM CONT. ACTION

TONY JOINS DEBORAH. THEY LISTEN OUT. SILENCE. THEY WALK QUIETLY ACROSS TO THE LIVING ROOM.

DOROTHY AND GARY ARE SEMI-NAKED ON THE SOFA, IN A FLAGRANTLY SEXUAL POSITION.

TONY: So, how's it going-

DOROTHY: }

GARY: } Get out!

FADE TO:

20 INT. LIVING ROOM NIGHT

TONY: So Debs and I have agreed that we shouldn't rush into it.

GARY: Well, it's only been five years, hasn't it. You're not warmed up.

TONY: It's like you and marriage, isn't it. You've taken a cool, calm look at marriage and decided that: Yes!

GARY: Yes-

TONY: Yes-

GARY: Yes-

TONY: Yes. Marriage for you.

AS THEY STAND THERE AIR SUDDENLY BUBBLES TO THE SURFACE BEHIND THEM. NEITHER DRAWS ATTENTION TO IT.

GARY: I was reading in _____, the average wedding costs eight thousand pounds.

TONY: How much is yours going to cost?

GARY: Seventy-three quid.

TONY: After you're married is Dorothy going to take your name?

GARY: No, I think she's quite attached to Dorothy.

MORE AIR BUBBLES UP TO THE SURFACE.

TONY: I wouldn't mind changing. (MUSING) Tony Minogue.

GARY: Gary Minogue.

TONY: Tony Minogue.

GARY: Gary Binoche.

TONY: Tony Binoche.

AIR BUBBLES TO THE SURFACE, ON AND ON

CLOSING CREDITS. END.