

1999 – Episode 1 ‘Moving In, Going Out’ (1 hour double episode)

SC1. INT. DANNY’S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

[DANNY HAS BROUGHT HOME A WOMAN HE’S JUST MET. HE HAS BEGUN TO SOBER UP AND IS STARTING TO REGRET IT. SHE BUNDLES HIM ONTO THE BED, CAUSING HIM TO KNOCK SOME THINGS OFF HIS DESK WITH HIS FEET]

DANNY (*annoyed*): Watch it then!

[HE FREES HIS ARM AND REACHES ACROSS THE DESK AND SWITCHES ON A LAMP. JODIE LOOKS AT THE THINGS NOW ON THE FLOOR AND SPIES A ‘FRIENDS’ VIDEO]

JODIE: Oh babe, we *so* have to watch that.

DANNY: Eh?

[DANNY LOOKS DOWN AT THE VIDEO]

DANNY: Oh God, it’s not mine. My ex left it here ages ago.

[HE WRIGGLES FREE FROM JODIE’S GRASP AND PICKS EVERYTHING UP]

DANNY: It’s all hers. She’s meant to come and get it this weekend.

JODIE: Babe, keep ‘Friends’. We can watch it together next time.

[SHE WINKS SUGGESTIVELY AT DANNY AND TAKES HOLD OF HIM AGAIN]

DANNY (*lying*): Um, we can’t, my VHS is knackered.

JODIE: I’m *so* going to have to get you a new one.

[SHE PUSHES HIM BACK DOWN ONTO THE BED]

DANNY (*annoyed*): Do you have to talk in that annoying American way? Every other word you say is ‘*so*’. We’re not *actually* in an episode of “Friends”. You do know that?

[JODIE IS UNHURT BY HIS REMARK AND CONTINUES TO SEDUCE HIM. SHE LEANS FORWARD, HER FINGER TO HIS LIPS]

JODIE: Shhhh... Just watch...

[JODIE SLIPS HER DRESS STRAPS OFF HER SHOULDERS. IT FALLS TO THE FLOOR. STOOD IN JUST UNDERWEAR. SHE PUTS HER HANDS ON HER HIPS AND LOOKS MENACINGLY AT DANNY]

JODIE: Babe, put some music on for me. Something real *smooth* and *sexy* that I can *slowly* strip to.

[DANNY LEANS ACROSS HIS BED AND TURNS ON HIS HI-FI UNIT. HE PRESSES PLAY ON THE CD PLAYER. THERE IS AN AWKWARD SILENCE BEFORE THE CD PLAYER WHIRRS INTO ACTION. THE MUSIC STARTS. IT IS THE FAST AND JAUNTY TECHNO-POP SONG "I WANNA BE A HIPPY". JODIE GLARES AT DANNY]

DANNY (*stifling a laugh*): Um...

JODIE: Babe, that's *so* not sexy.

DANNY: Well I haven't got any '*slow jamz*' or whatever you call that shit.

[HE STOPS THE CD. JODIE SIGHS THEN TAKES A STEP CLOSER TO HIM]

JODIE: Never mind babe... I can do it without music... Just watch me... You're *so* gonna get off on this.

[SHE BEGINS WHAT SHE CONSIDERS TO BE AN EROTIC DANCE, CLOSING HER EYES AND MOVING HER HANDS OVER HER BODY. DANNY IS NOT TURNED ON, BUT TERRIFIED. HE HAS NO IDEA WHERE TO LOOK. JODIE LOOKS AT HIM, LUSTFULLY]

JODIE: I'm *so* turning you on aren't I.

[SHE CLOSES HER EYES AGAIN, GYRATES HER HIPS AND RUBS HER HANDS ALL OVER HER BODY. DANNY IS FEELING EXTREMELY UNCOMFORTABLE AND LOOKS EVERYWHERE BUT AT HER]

JODIE: This is what you've wanted *all* night...

[JODIE BEGINS TO UNCLASP THE FASTENING ON THE FRONT OF HER BRA]

CUT TO:

SC2. INT. JAMIE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

[TASH IS SAT IN JAMIE'S DARKENDED ROOM. SHE IS READING TEXT MESSAGES ON HER PHONE. SHE HEARS JAMIE APPROACHING AND HURRIEDLY PUTS HER PHONE DOWN. JAMIE ENTERS AND SWITCHES ON THE LIGHT. HE IS CARRYING A GLASS AND A MR. MEN MUG]

JAMIE: Bit of water for you. Stop you being too hung over. Possibly.

[HE HANDS HER THE MUG]

JAMIE: Sorry about the mug.

TASH: That's OK. Mr. Bump was always my favourite anyway.

[SHE DRINKS]

JAMIE: It's probably a bit warm.

[TASH WINCES AT THE TASTE]

JAMIE: And it's from the tap too.

[SHE DRINKS AND PUTS THE MUG DOWN]

TASH: Don't worry, I've drunk worse.

[JAMIE TAKES A SIP FROM HIS GLASS, THEN SITS BY TASH ON THE BED]

JAMIE: I was trying to swipe some of Mel's Volvic, but she wouldn't bugar off out of the kitchen.

TASH: Why didn't you just ask her?

JAMIE: She doesn't seem in a very good mood so I just thought it best not to say anything to her.

TASH: OK.

(PAUSE)

JAMIE: Well, I didn't expect to have you back here this soon! Must be a record for me!

[TASH IS A LITTLE TAKEN ABACK]

TASH: Huh?

[JAMIE REALISES WHAT HE SAID]

JAMIE (*flushing*): Sorry, that sounded quite bad didn't it. Shall I shut up?

[TASH SMILES AND THEY LAY BACK ON THE BED. TASH SQUINTS AND PUTS HER HAND ACROSS HER EYES]

TASH: That light's a bit bright, you not got dimmers?

JAMIE: No... Sorry.

TASH: Can you just turn it off or something then?

[JAMIE TRIES TO THINK OF A SOLUTION]

JAMIE: Ooh, actually...

TASH: What?

[HE SPRINGS UP FROM THE BED]

JAMIE: Wait there.

[HE DASHES OUT AND DOWN THE STAIRS. TASH'S PHONE RINGS, STARTLING HER]

TASH (*panicking*): Oh shit!

[SHE GRABS HER PHONE AND TURNS IT OFF. JAMIE RETURNS]

JAMIE: Ta-da! This'll do the trick. Should strike a nice balance between the main light and the total darkness!

[HE HAS AN UPLIGHTER LAMP FROM THE LOUNGE. HE PLUGS IT IN, THEN TURNS OFF THE ROOM LIGHT, LEAVING IT IN DARK]

(PAUSE)

JAMIE: Here we go then, bit of nice, sensual, mood lighting.

[THERE IS MUCH SHUFFLING ABOUT IN THE DARK BEFORE JAMIE FINALLY SWITCHES THE UPLIGHTER ON. IT IS MUCH BRIGHTER THAN THE MAIN ROOM LIGHT]

TASH: Oh great!

[JAMIE IS ANNOYED BUT SLIGHTLY AMUSED TOO]

JAMIE: Ah piss... Well that's handy then!

[HE SWITCHES OFF THE UPLIGHTER,
LEAVING THE ROOM IN DARKNESS, THEN
LAYS BACK DOWN ON THE BED]

TASH: The dark's more fun anyway.

JAMIE: Is it?

TASH: Ooh yes!

[THEY BEGIN TO KISS]

CUT TO:

SC3. INT. MEL'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

[MEL TRUDGES INTO HER ROOM, TURNS ON THE LIGHT AND FLOPS ONTO HER BED. SHE SIGHS. HEARING THE NOISES COMING FROM DANNY'S ROOM, SHE WINCES]

MEL: *(to herself)* Oh god. This is what it's going to be like is it?

[SHE TURNS ON HER STEREO TO BLOCK IT OUT. SHE LIES BACK AND VISIBLY UPSET, LOOKS UP AT THE CEILING]

(PAUSE)

[SHE LOOKS RIGHT AT HER TEDDY BEAR WHICH IS SAT ON THE EDGE OF HER PILLOW. SHE SMILES AT IT, BEFORE STARING BACK AT THE CEILING. SHE THEN TURNS TO THE BEDSIDE CABINET ON HER LEFT, BEFORE OPENING THE TOP DRAW. SHE TAKES OUT A VIBRATOR AND HOLDS IT ABOVE HER HEAD. SHE STARES AT IT BEFORE PUTTING IT BACK DOWN ON THE CABINET, LEAVING THE DRAWER OPEN. SHE SIGHS AND UNABLE TO DECIDE WHAT TO DO, CLOSES HER EYES]

(PAUSE)

[OPENING HER EYES SHE LOOKS BACK AT HER TEDDY, THEN LOOKS BACK TO THE VIBRATOR. STILL UNABLE TO DECIDE, SHE SIGHS AND CLOSES HER EYES]

CUT TO:

SC4. INT. DANNY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

[DIMLY LIT ROOM. THE SILHOUETTE OF DANNY AND JODIE HAVING SEX CAN BE MADE OUT. JODIE IS ON TOP AND IS ENJOYING IT. DANNY IS NOT]

JODIE: Oh yes... babe kiss me.

[DANNY DOESN'T MOVE, SO JODIE LEANS DOWN TO KISS HIS LIPS. DANNY TRIES TO TURN AWAY FROM HER MOUTH BUT SHE SUCCEEDS IN PLANTING HER LIPS ON HIS. HE MANAGES TO STRUGGLE FREE, WHICH JODIE SEEMS OBLIVIOUS TO. SHE THEN SITS BACK UP AND CONTINUES TO MOAN WITH PLEASURE]

JODIE: Faster... come on babe.

[JODIE SPEEDS UP HER PACE AND BOUNCES UP AND DOWN WITH MORE VIGOUR. DANNY IS UNABLE TO KEEP UP HIS RESISTANCE ANY LONGER. HE SITS UP, BREATHEES DEEPLY, CLENCHES HIS TEETH AND BURIES HIS FACE BETWEEN JODIE'S BREASTS, MUCH TO JODIE'S APPROVAL]

JODIE: Oh babe... yes... yes... we *so* do good sex.

[DANNY MUTTERS "STOP SAYING 'SO' ALL THE TIME" IN ANNOYANCE AT JODIE'S LANGUAGE, BUT IT IS MUFFLED DUE TO THE LOCATION OF HIS FACE]

CUT TO:

SC5. INT. JAMIE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

[THE DIM ROOM IS LIT BY MOONLIGHT.
SOME KIND OF SEXUAL ACTIVITY IS GOING
ON. TASH IS MOANING HEAVILY]

TASH: Oh Jamie... Oh Jamie.

[HER MOANS BECOME LOUDER]

(PAUSE)

JAMIE: Tash... Do you...

[SHE STOPS MOANING]

TASH: Huh?

JAMIE: Do you... Do you want to?

TASH: What?

JAMIE: Well... All the way.

(PAUSE)

[JAMIE MOVES CLOSER TO TASH.
REALISING WHAT IS HAPPENING, SHE
PANICS]

TASH: No! Stop! I can't!

JAMIE: What?

[JAMIE TURNS THE LIGHT ON]

TASH: I can't, I just can't.

JAMIE (*confused*): What do you mean?

TASH: Nothing.

[TASH BEGINS TO CRY]

JAMIE: Hey, hey, I'm sorry. There's no need to cry. I'm being too pushy. I'm sorry Tash...

[JAMIE PULLS HER CLOSE AND HE KISSES
HER GENTLY ON THE TOP OF HER HEAD]

JAMIE: I'm sorry, I didn't mean to ... I just thought you wanted to.

TASH: It's not I don't want to... It's...

JAMIE: It's what?

[TASH SOBS, HER SPEECH IS BROKEN.
JAMIE MAKES OUT THE WORD 'KENNY']

JAMIE: Kenny?

TASH: (*sobbing*) Mmm.

[JAMIE MAKES A LAME ATTEMPT AT
LIGHTENING THE MOOD]

JAMIE: Kenny Dalglish?

[TASH LOOKS UP AT JAMIE, CONFUSED]

TASH: No... Kenny my...

[SHE STOPS]

JAMIE: What?

TASH: My...

[TASH SOBS HEAVILY. JAMIE IS BEGINNING
TO GET WORRIED]

JAMIE: What are you saying?

TASH: I need to go home.

[SHE STANDS UP AND LOOKS AROUND FOR
HER CLOTHES]

JAMIE: Hang on hang on hang on!

[JAMIE STANDS UP TO BLOCK HER WAY. HE
IS BECOMING INCREASINGLY AGITATED]

JAMIE: You've got a bloke haven't you.

[TASH DOESN'T REPLY, STARING DOWN AT
HER FEET INSTEAD. JAMIE IS UPSET]

JAMIE: You can't say it, can you?

TASH: Say what?

JAMIE: You're with someone aren't you.

[SHE LOOKS AT JAMIE, REMORSEFULLY]

TASH: I'm sorry.

JAMIE: For what?

TASH: I never meant to hurt you.

JAMIE: By doing what? Coming here when you've got a bloke?

TASH: It's not that simple.

JAMIE: For fuck's sake, are you with someone or not?

(PAUSE)

TASH: Yes.

[JAMIE LOSES HIS TEMPER]

JAMIE: Well what the *fuck* are you doing here then?

TASH: I like you; I like you a lot.

[SHE ATTEMPTS TO MOVE TOWARDS
JAMIE, BUT HE PUSHES HER AWAY]

JAMIE: Fuck off do you...

[TASH SITS DOWN AND PUTS HER HEAD IN
HER HANDS, APOLOGISING AMIDST SOBS]

TASH: I'm sorry.

JAMIE: No you're not, stop saying it.

TASH: But I am.

[JAMIE WALKS OVER TO THE WINDOW AND
GAZES OUT. TASH IS STILL SOBBING]

JAMIE: You girls just can't help yourself can you. You all want to have your cake and eat it, just this time you've suddenly had a guilt trip.

TASH: I don't, it's just... I don't know.

(PAUSE)

JAMIE: Why are you here?

TASH: Because I want to be. But I can't cheat on him.

[JAMIE TURNS TO FACE HER]

JAMIE: But you just have!

TASH: Well no... I haven't *slept* with you.

[JAMIE'S TEMPER BOILS OVER AGAIN]

JAMIE: You what? So let's get this straight, you shagging me *is* cheating on your bloke, but getting me to lick your fanny for the last five minutes isn't?

TASH: No! It's not like that.

JAMIE: Yes it is! Cheating's cheating! So you're telling me he'd be happy to know where my tongue has just been? He wouldn't think you were being unfaithful?

TASH: I just don't...

[JAMIE INTERRUPTS HER]

JAMIE: Right, well you can go home then.

[HE TURNS AWAY FROM HER AND GAZES
OUT INTO THE STREET AGAIN]

TASH: OK.

[TASH BEGINS TO GET DRESSED. JAMIE
THEN APPEARS TO HAVE A CHANGE OF
HEART]

JAMIE (*softly*): You can't go home on your own this late... Stay here.

TASH: Where?

[JAMIE TURNS AND WALKS TOWARDS HER]

JAMIE: You can have my bed. I'll go and sleep on the sofa.

TASH: But I...

JAMIE: Just get in before I change my mind.

[JAMIE LEAVES. TASH TURNS OUT THE
LIGHT AND SETTLES DOWN TO SLEEP]

CUT TO:

SC6. INT. MEL'S ROOM. NIGHT.

[CLOSE-UP VIEW]

[MEL IS FAST ASLEEP ON HER BED, FULLY CLOTHED. THE LIGHT IS STILL ON AND HER MUSIC IS STILL PLAYING. HER MAKE UP IS SMEARED. SHE HAS BEEN CRYING]

FADE TO:

SC7. EXT. FOOTBALL GROUND. DAY.

ON-SCREEN CAPTION:

‘EARLIER THAT DAY’

[DANNY IS SAT IN HIS SEAT. JAMIE
DESCENDS THE STEPS BEHIND TO RETAKE
HIS. HE IS CARRYING A PLASTIC CUP OF
BOVRIL]

[DANNY IS TYPING A TEXT MESSAGE ON
HIS MOBILE PHONE. JAMIE SITS DOWN]

JAMIE (*buoyantly*): Hey! Guess what?

[DANNY IS ENGROSSED IN HIS TYPING]

JAMIE: Oi!

DANNY (*to himself*): Ah sod it.

JAMIE: What’s up?

[DANNY DOESN’T LOOK UP]

DANNY: Predictive text doesn’t recognise the word ‘guff’.

[JAMIE IS SLIGHTLY BEMUSED]

JAMIE: Yeah, funny that!

[DANNY FINALLY LOOKS UP AT JAMIE AND
PUTS HIS PHONE AWAY IN HIS POCKET]

DANNY: Sorry mate, what were you saying?

JAMIE: Oh yeah! I won that bet!

DANNY: What bet?

[JAMIE TAKES TWO TEN POUND NOTES
FROM HIS POCKET AND WAVES THEM]

JAMIE: Twenty whole notes there!

DANNY: I don’t know what you’re on about. But well done anyway.

JAMIE: Yeah, you do! That bet I had with Andy last Friday! I was
right and he was wrong! So twenty quid to me!!

DANNY: Right about what?

JAMIE: That Lou Carpenter out of 'Neighbours' is in 'ABBA - The Movie'.

[DANNY SMILES, THEN CHECKS HIS PHONE AGAIN]

JAMIE: He insisted he wasn't! But hey, Jamie's right again!

[DANNY IS STILL ENGROSSED WITH HIS PHONE. JAMIE PICKS UP HIS BOVRIL]

JAMIE: I tell you; I don't know where they get their staff from here, but they certainly don't understand fine English cuisine.

DANNY: What makes you say that?

JAMIE: She asked me if I wanted sugar in my Bovril.

DANNY: You should've got her to stick a good few spoonfuls in. Might've made it taste at least halfway drinkable.

JAMIE: Oi, don't knock the Bovril.

DANNY: Sorry, but hot drinks should be sweet. It's the law.

JAMIE: I have to drink it. I'm a mechanic. It's in my job description.

DANNY: Knowing your place it probably is.

[DANNY LOOKS BACK AT HIS PHONE]

JAMIE: Why do you keep checking your phone? You on a promise?

[DANNY PUTS THE PHONE]

DANNY (*sighing*): Nothing important. Just Lee being Lee. I sent him a text message over an hour ago now and as ever, I've not had a reply.

JAMIE: Ha. Sounds about right. Then when you think you're not going to get a reply, you suddenly get one. Only it's not an answer to what you asked him, just some stupid random quote from something he was watching on TV the night before.

DANNY: Exactly! He moaned on and on about him being the only one with a phone that doesn't do text messaging and now he's finally got one he just pisses about with it.

[DANNY PUTS HIS PHONE IN HIS POCKET]

JAMIE: Out of interest, what did you ask him anyway?

DANNY: The same thing I asked you just over an hour ago!

JAMIE (*puzzled*): Err, which was?

DANNY (*annoyed*): Oh for God's sake.

JAMIE: Soz mate, my mind's still thinking about Lou Carpenter out of 'Neighbours' being in 'ABBA - The Movie'!

DANNY: Right. I asked Lee if he's coming out tonight.

JAMIE: Oh yeah, you did ask me that. I remember now.

DANNY: Well done!

JAMIE (*sarcastically*): Come on though mate, it's hard to concentrate with such an exciting match going on!

DANNY: Well this is true.

JAMIE: I take it it's still 1-0?

DANNY: Yep yep.

(PAUSE)

JAMIE: You have to admit, it's not every day that Lou Carpenter out of 'Neighbours' helps you win a bet is it!

DANNY: God, you're obsessed!

[JAMIE GRINS. DANNY'S PHONE BEEPS]

JAMIE: Ah, there you go! That'll be Lee.

[DANNY RETRIEVES HIS PHONE FROM HIS POCKET AND READS HIS TEXT MESSAGE]

DANNY: Err, no it's from Mel. Just to say that the bloke's almost finished putting in the new cooker. Oh and she asks when we'll be home.

JAMIE: Aw, bless her.

[DANNY SMILES]

JAMIE: This is going to be ace having a girl living with us!

[DANNY IS LESS ENTHUSIASTIC]

DANNY: Mmm, I'm *really* looking forward to being woken up late at night every weekend by stones hitting my window and a voice screeching "I've lost my keeeey"!

JAMIE: Well quite! But it was *your* idea she moved in.

DANNY: Come on, how could I not? She needed to get away from that asshole. Dread to think what would've happened if my sis' hadn't come round that night and mentioned her situation.

JAMIE: I know. Doesn't bear thinking about does it.

DANNY: Well, without wanting to sound too pompous, we may well have saved her life, literally.

(PAUSE)

JAMIE: Still, I wonder if she's got some fit mates.

[DANNY LOOKS AT HIM, DISAPPROVINGLY]

JAMIE (*innocently*): What?

CUT TO:

SC8. INT. DANNY'S KITCHEN. DAY

[MEL IS ON THE PHONE TO HER MUM. A
TRADESMAN IS TIDYING UP HIS TOOLS]

MEL: She's had it. Didn't anyone tell you?

[THE MAN SIGNALS HE'S LEAVING. MEL
IGNORES HIM. SIGHING, HE LEAVES]

MEL: Tuesday... She went into labour during The Big Breakfast...
One Lump or Two... Um, 7lb 14oz, I think... A little boy... Glenn...
That's what I said... We'll have to go and see her... Aw... Bless her.

[MEL OPENS THE FRIDGE AND BOTTLE OF
COLA FALLS OUT, MAKING HER JUMP]

MEL (*startled*): Oh my God!

[SHE RETURNS THE COLA AND REMOVES
SOME WINE, WHICH SHE OPENS]

MEL: No... not heard from *him* at all... Don't care what he does now,
he can do what he likes... What? Oh, something fell out of the fridge.

[SHE POURS SOME WINE AND TAKES A SIP]

MEL: I'm moving on now... Yeah... In fact I've moved on... I've
already done it... Yeah.

[SHE GAZES ABOUT THE KITCHEN AND IS
DISTRACTED BY SOME ODD BOOKS]

MEL (*to herself*): Big Daddy's joke book? Sid Little - Little Goes a
Long Way? What the...?

[SHE TURNS AWAY FROM THE SHELVES
AND SITS UP ON A WORKTOP]

MEL: Sorry mum! Just looking at the rubbish they've got on the
shelves in here... Oh not much... Pretty quiet I expect... Probably just
stay in and cook the boys something... Get to grips with the new
cooker... Yeah... Yes Mum...

[THE COOKER ALARM SUDDENLY SOUNDS]

MEL (*startled*): What the hell? ... I'll have to go, cooker's going nuts!
Yeah, I will... Bye, love you.

[SHE PUTS THE PHONE DOWN AND BEGINS
PRESSING ALL THE BUTTONS ON THE
COOKER, RANDOMLY]

MEL: Oh, what do you do? I don't know... Where's the manual?

[MEL SCANS THE WORKTOPS]

MEL (*frantically*): Oh fucking hell! Boys! Where are you?

CUT TO:

SC9. EXT. FOOTBALL MATCH. DAY.

[DANNY AND JAMIE ARE ANNOYED WITH
THE WAY THE MATCH IS GOING]

DANNY: Why does he always leave it so late to make changes? *One* change with a minute to go!

JAMIE: Beats me mate. We need a goal and then the one sub' he does bring on is a pissing defender!

[THEIR ATTENTION IS DRAWN TO A FAN A
FEW ROWS DOWN WHO IS YELLING ABUSE]

DANNY: Oh he can shut up too. That's really going to help isn't it.

JAMIE: He's such a prick. I saw him at Bury, behind the goal, giving it 'all that' to their 'keeper. Stewards chucked him out though!

DANNY: Our stewards would never do that, they're too wet.

[STILL SHOUTING ABUSE, HE THROWS A
COIN ONTO THE PITCH. IT MISSES
EVERYONE. JAMIE THOUGH IS INCENSED]

JAMIE (*yelling*): Oi! Fuck off throwing coins you stupid twat!

[THE MAN GLARES AT JAMIE, THEN BEGINS
TO ASCEND THE STEPS TOWARDS HIM]

DANNY (*under his breath*): Oops.

[JAMIE IS WORRIED BUT STANDS UP TO
FACE HIM. HE REACHES JAMIE AND
SHOVES HIM IN THE CHEST. HE THEN
BERATES HIM WHILST JABBING HIM WITH
HIS FINGER. HE IS QUITE DRUNK]

NATHAN: Got summat to say, 'ave ya? 'ey? 'ey? Wanna say it to me now? Do ya? Come on, say it now.

JAMIE (*nervously*): Well, why are you chucking coins? Take someone's eye out doing that.

NATHAN: Think I care? That lot? Do 'em fucking good that would.

DANNY (*sarcastically*): Oh yeah, *clearly*. Twat.

NATHAN: You want some 'n' all do ya?

[DANNY REMAINS ICE COOL]

DANNY: Want some *what* exactly?

NATHAN: Some of this.

[HE SHAKES BOTH FISTS AT DANNY WHO IS ANNOYED AND STANDS UP]

DANNY: Oh for God's sake.

NATHAN: Come on then, I'll have ya both.

[DANNY IS UNMOVED]

DANNY: Ooh, scared.

[NATHAN LUNGES FOR DANNY, WHO PUSHES HIM AWAY. HE STUMBLES AND AS HE GETS UP, LUNGES AT JAMIE, MANAGING TO PUNCH HIM SQUARE IN THE FACE]

NATHAN: You fucking start on me, that's what you get.

[ANOTHER YOB HAS APPEARS. HE REMAINS SILENT AND DRAGS NATHAN BACK TO HIS SEAT, WHO CONTINUES TO YELL ABUSE]

NATHAN: I know you now, I'll have you next time!

DANNY: So? I know you now too.

[THE YOBs SIT DOWN, AS DO DANNY AND JAMIE. JAMIE TOUCHES HIS NOSE]

DANNY: You alright mate?

JAMIE: Yeah, I think so. Punch was pretty lame anyway.

DANNY: Not surprised, he's well plastered. We don't need fans like that. Total arsehole.

JAMIE: Bet he's got a fit girlfriend though.

DANNY: Oh of course. Goes without saying. The more obnoxious and moronic you are, the more attractive your girlfriend.

JAMIE: I don't understand it though. What do women see in that? I mean, he's a thug, a moron and he's not even that good looking, is he?

DANNY: I don't know. You'd have to ask Mel. Her ex sounds like that Maybe women think being a thug means you're confident and powerful, as opposed to being nice. *That* probably says to them that you're a wuss and wouldn't be able to protect them, or some crap like that.

JAMIE: Sounds pretty feasible I suppose. So that's where we're going wrong then is it? We're too nice?

DANNY: Probably. So many times I've heard a woman say "Oh, he's *too* nice". They never say that about Dairy Milk though do they and they always want plenty of that inside them.

JAMIE: Ah but to them, chocolate's bad and naughty. So going out with a bastard is like that isn't it, you know, that's bad and naughty too.

DANNY: Yeah, it is if you think about it. It's bad for them, but they can't get enough of it. We'll have to write a book mate. We know how women's minds work.

JAMIE: Well, sort of. Doesn't get us anywhere though does it!

[DANNY GRINS]

DANNY: Well, there is that!

[THE WHISTLE BLOWS, SIGNALLING THE
END OF THE GAME. THE PEOPLE AROUND
THEM STAND UP AND BEGIN TO LEAVE]

DANNY (*annoyed*): Utter crap.

JAMIE (*sighing*): Again.

[DANNY'S PHONE BEEPS]

JAMIE: Ooh, you've got a message!

[DANNY TAKES HIS PHONE OUT AND
READS THE MESSAGE TO HIMSELF]

JAMIE: Well?

(PAUSE)

JAMIE: Is it from Lee?

(PAUSE)

DANNY: Yep.

JAMIE: What's he say?

[DANNY SHAKES HIS HEAD IN
BEMUSEMENT]

DANNY: Well, it's a classic 'Lee' text message. Hasn't answered what I asked him. Just some random quote.

JAMIE: Let's see.

[DANNY HANDS JAMIE THE PHONE. JAMIE
READS THE MESSAGE ALOUD]

JAMIE: DLT quits Radio 1.

[JAMIE SHAKES HIS HEAD AT DANNY]

DANNY: Told you!

JAMIE: Why does he bother?

DANNY: Dunno. I suppose he just thinks he's being funny.

JAMIE: Well he's not. He's being a twat.

[THEY STAND UP AND HEAD FOR THE EXIT]

CUT TO:

SC10. INT. DANNY'S HALLWAY. DAY

[MEL IS SAT ON THE STAIRS WITH A LARGE GLASS OF WINE. SHE IS ON THE PHONE TO HER FRIEND SHAZ. THE COOKER ALARM IS BLARING FROM BEHIND THE DOOR]

MEL: Tonight I am, yeah... The boys are taking me out, it's my first Saturday night living here, well, I was here last Saturday but I was busy unpacking... Oh yeah, I've started on the wine already... I just told my mum I was having a quiet night in! I feel terrible, lying to her like that... I know... but I can hardly say "Yeah Mum, I'm going out tonight to get totally rat-arsed" can I!

[SHE TAKES A SIP FROM HER OF WINE]

MEL: Oh God yeah, I still haven't met him have I! You'll have to come out later so I can meet him... I know, it's been what, three months? Oh I know... He sounds well lush Shaz.

[SHE TAKES ANOTHER SIP OF WINE]

MEL: Well the boys drink in the Banyan Tree but I wanna go somewhere classier than that... We could *start* there I suppose, then go to the Red Lion, then the Wagon Wheel, then the Angel and I've *got* to go to Matt Bianco's ... Yeah, get the eighties on! ... They like that War in Heaven place, but that's a bit ravey and all that isn't it? ... Well if they want to go there I'll have to try and persuade them to go to Boodles or Requiem instead... Uh-huh... I've not been out on the lash in *so* long. Nath' didn't like me going out much.

[SHE DRINKS THE LAST OF HER WINE]

MEL: So you're *definitely* out later then? OK... I can meet your man and you can meet my two... They are... They're lovely to live with, well, so far... Quite soon... Hope they're not too long, can't bear this alarm for much longer... Jamie said they'd come straight home after the match...

JUMP CUT TO:

SC11. INT. THE BANYAN TREE PUBLIC HOUSE. DAY.

[JAMIE IS SAT AT A TABLE TALKING TO A WAITRESS WHO IS EMPTYING THEIR ASHTRAY. SHE HAS NO IDEA WHAT JAMIE IS ON ABOUT, BUT APPEARS INTERESTED]

JAMIE: And guess what was on the tele' Wednesday night?

[THE GIRL, TASH, CLEARLY HAS NO IDEA BUT STILL HAZARDS A GUESS]

TASH: Um, football?

JAMIE: 'ABBA - The Movie'!

TASH (*bemused*): Oh right!

JAMIE: So I phoned Andy and told him to stick it on and take a look at who's playing the part of ABBA's minder!

[TASH SMILES AT HIM. DANNY APPEARS AND SITS DOWN. EMBARRASSED, JAMIE STOPS TALKING. TASH MOVES OFF]

DANNY: God, it doesn't take you long does it.

JAMIE: What? Just checking out the new girl.

DANNY: Yeah but you're so predictable. Do you ever fancy anyone that isn't some sort of service provider?

JAMIE (*confused*): Eh?

DANNY: Well, every girl I've ever known you fancy, either works in a shop or behind a bar.

JAMIE: Well, actually, up yours, because she doesn't work behind the bar, she collects glasses and that.

DANNY (*laughing*): You know what that means then!

JAMIE (*confused*): No?

DANNY: She's under eighteen! Not old enough to serve alcohol!

JAMIE: Well, she's still going to be 'of age' isn't she?

DANNY: I've no idea mate, I'm staying well out of it!

[DANNY TAKES A SWIG FROM HIS PINT]

DANNY: So, what's she called then?

JAMIE: Who?

DANNY: That girl, anus! Who do you think?

JAMIE: You're not interested. "Staying well out of it" you said.

DANNY: Well, yeah, I was. But then I decided it'd be more fun to take the piss out of you.

JAMIE: What's to take the piss out of? She's fit.

DANNY: Yeah she's fine mate.

(BEAT)

DANNY: Providing you don't mind sleeping with a girl who looks like Limahl from Kajagoogoo, but isn't old enough to know who he is!

JAMIE (*laughing*): Nooo! Don't say that!

DANNY: She does!

JAMIE: I hate it when you say things like that!

DANNY: That haircut of hers doesn't help things clearly!

[JAMIE LOOKS ACROSS AT TASH. SHE IS TALKING TO THE RESIDENT DJ, WHO IS SETTING UP HIS DISCO. SHE SMILES AT JAMIE. HE SMILES BACK, MEEKLY]

JAMIE (*wincing*): Bollocks, she really does, doesn't she?

DANNY: It's like Liza Tarbuck. Say you had the chance with her, it'd be great of course, but because she looks a bit like her dad, you wouldn't be able to get his chirpy face out of your mind while you're doing it. That'll happen with this one. Right at the point of no return you'll look down and there's Limahl, singing "Too Shy" up at you.

[DANNY TAKES A BIG SWIG FROM HIS PINT]

DANNY: So, bear that in mind.

JAMIE: Well, at least Limahl's better looking than Jimmy Tarbuck.

DANNY (*laughing*): Do you know, I reckon that's the first time that sentence has ever been said in the history of mankind!

(PAUSE)

JAMIE (*catching on*): Oh, yeah, probably.

DANNY: And hopefully the last!

JAMIE: Well you know what I mean. Limahl's more feminine.

DANNY: I wouldn't know. Never looked at him as closely as you clearly have.

[THEY BOTH DRINK]

DANNY: Anyway, don't be too long asking her out, I told Mel we'd go straight home after the game.

JAMIE: What? Asking who out?

DANNY: Little Limahl over there.

JAMIE: Shut up, I'm not asking her out now!

DANNY: Why not?

JAMIE: I'm just not.

DANNY: If you don't, I'll tell her what I found you doing with Mel's Ladyshave the other day!

JAMIE (*embarrassed*): Oh fuck off. You loved that didn't you.

DANNY: I most certainly did not!

JAMIE: I *mean*, you love it that you've got something on me.

DANNY: I didn't think you had *anything* on you from what I saw!

JAMIE (*agitated*): Piss off. I'm not asking her out. End of.

[DANNY CONTINUES TO WIND HIM UP]

DANNY: Yeah, you're probably right not to ask her out come to think of it. You don't want to make a fool of yourself, what with you being too old for her. Or should I say (*singing*) - too, old old!

JAMIE: Shut up am I! I'm only 22, that's nothing!

DANNY: No problem then! Ask her out. Here we go...

[HE FINISHES HIS PINT, THEN DROPS THE GLASS. IT SMASHES]

DANNY (*sarcastically*): Oh dear, look at that. I've dropped it.

[TASH DASHES OVER TO THE TABLE]

TASH: Hold on, I'll clear that up.

[SHE GOES TO GET A DUSTPAN]

DANNY: Here we go then, chance on a plate for you!

JAMIE: Piss off Danny, I'm not doing it.

DANNY: Go on! You know you want to! You're not going all
(*singing*) shy shy are you?

JAMIE: Don't, alright? Just don't.

DANNY (*singing*): Never-ending stor-eeeeeeee!

[TASH RETURNS AND CLEANS UP]

DANNY: Thanks for that... err... sorry, I don't know your name?

TASH: Tash.

DANNY: Tash? What's that short for? Moustache?

[JAMIE KICKS DANNY UNDER THE TABLE]

DANNY: What was that for?

JAMIE (*to Tash*): Sorry about that, he's just trying to be funny. Must be Natasha, yeah?

TASH (*smiling*): Yeah it is.

JAMIE: I'm Jamie. Short for James!

[HE LAUGHS COYLY]

DANNY: How's Jamie short for James? They've both got 5 letters?

JAMIE (*annoyed*): Can't you go and have another piss or something?

DANNY: As well, Jamie's got two syllables and James has only got one, so it's hardly shorter.

JAMES (*clenching his teeth*): Danny! Sod off!

[DANNY GETS UP, GRINNING BROADLY]

DANNY: I'm going to partake in some private urination then!

[HE DISAPPEARS TOWARDS THE TOILETS]

MATCH CUT TO:

SC12. INT. BANYAN TREE PUBLIC HOUSE. DAY

[DANNY HEADS TOWARDS THE TOILETS.
ON HIS WAY HE NOTICES A TALL,
ATTRACTIVE GIRL IN FRONT OF HIM.
DANNY IS TRANSFIXED BY HER. HE STOPS
DEAD IN HIS TRACKS AND GAZES
LONGINGLY AT HER AS SHE GLIDES
ACROSS HIS PATH TO JOIN A GROUP OF
GIRLS. AFTER A MOMENT OR TWO, HE
SHAKES HIMSELF AND CONTINUES TO THE
TOILETS]

CUT TO:

SC13. INT. BANYAN TREE PUBLIC HOUSE. DAY.

[BACK AT THE FRONT OF THE PUB, JAMIE IS SPEAKING TO LEE ON DANNY'S MOBILE]

JAMIE: To be fair he paid up straight away... gave me the twenty quid just like that... Yeah...OK mate we'll be back in here about eight, just in time for the shit disco... Quite... Yeah... See ya later.

[JAMIE ENDS THE CALL AND STANDS UP AS A 'SPACED-OUT' DANNY RETURNS]

JAMIE: That was Lee ringing you. He *is* coming out tonight.

DANNY: Right.

[JAMIE DRINKS THE LAST OF HIS BEER]

JAMIE: Come on then, let's rock 'n' roll.

[THEY PICK UP THEIR COATS]

JAMIE: You alright mate?

DANNY: Yeah, course I am. Sorry.

JAMIE: You don't seem like it. There wasn't blood in your piss again was there?

DANNY: Sorry, no. I just saw this girl. She was, just, *wow*.

JAMIE: And what was she doing in the gents?

DANNY: No, on my way down there. She just drifted across the front of me like some really beautiful ghost.

JAMIE (*frowning*): Don't be weird.

DANNY: Oh never mind. Let's go.

[DANNY GRABS THE HANDLE OF THE DOOR, THEN STOPS. HE TURNS TO JAMIE]

DANNY: Oh, yeah. Did you ask out moustache then?

JAMIE (*grinning*): You'll have to see!

[JAMIE FLICKS HIS MIDDLE FINGER AT DANNY AND PUSHES PAST HIM AND THROUGH THE DOOR. DANNY SHAKES HIS HEAD AND FOLLOWS HIM OUT]

CUT TO:

SC14. INT. DANNY'S LOUNGE. DAY.

[MEL IS IRONING. SHE STILL HAS WINE ON THE GO AND MUSIC ON. DANNY AND JAMIE SNEAK IN AND DANCE BEHIND HER. DANNY MAKES MEL JUMP]

DANNY (*singing*): I always have! I always will!

MEL (*startled*): Oh my god! Where the hell did you come from?

[MEL BECOMES SELF-CONSCIOUS AND HURRIEDLY PUTS A SKIRT ON]

MEL: Don't do that again!

DANNY: We can't, you know we're here now.

MEL: I don't mean now, I mean *ever*.

DANNY: Ah.

[JAMIE SLUMPS ONTO THE SOFA AND LOOKS AT A NEWSPAPER. DANNY PICKS UP A CD]

DANNY: You can have it loud if you want. It's a good tune that.

MEL: Oh, it doesn't matter. I'm going upstairs in a minute anyway.

[MEL PACKS AWAY THE IRONING BOARD]

MEL: So how was it?

DANNY: What, the match?

MEL: Yeah.

DANNY: I thought you didn't like football?

MEL: I don't. Football is crap. Had to put up with Nathan going on about football all the time.

DANNY: Ha ha, good lad.

[SHE DRINKS HER WINE IN ONE GO]

DANNY: Bloody hell. "Suds down a sink" as my nan used to say.

MEL: Yuck. That was warm. Anyway. I was just being polite.

DANNY: About what?

MEL: Asking you how the football was!

DANNY: Oh! It was shite. We lost 1-0.

MEL: Oh dear.

JAMIE (*cheerfully*): I won twenty quid!

DANNY: Shut up Jamie.

JAMIE: Fine.

[HE STANDS UP]

MEL: You two going to get changed and ready then?

DANNY: Oh yeah, we're going out aren't we.

MEL: Yes we are. Somewhere other than the Banyan Tree as well.

JAMIE: Noooo! We have to go there! At least let's start there!

MEL: Why?

JAMIE: We're meeting Lee in there.

MEL: We can meet him somewhere else can't we?

JAMIE: Well, yeah, but...

DANNY: Hang on, hang on. You sure you're not meeting anyone else in the Banyan? A young girl by chance?

MEL: A girl? You're meeting a girl in there?

JAMIE (*flushing*): Might be. Don't sound so surprised either, thank you very much.

[JAMIE WANDERS OFF UPSTAIRS]

DANNY: So he *did* ask her out. Cunning bastard wouldn't tell me!

MEL: Ask who out?

DANNY: Oh this new girl who works in there.

MEL: Aw, bless.

DANNY: All the way back here I was trying to get it out of him.

MEL: Well, he probably knew you'd take the piss out of him, like you lads do.

DANNY: Well of course, it's part of our culture.

MEL: Whatever you say Danny. Now go and get changed will you.

DANNY: Yes boss. I'm having something to eat first though.

MEL (*anxiously*): Oh god, don't take ages. I wanna get out.

DANNY: Alright! Sheesh, I'm only going to have a Pot Noodle.

[HE STARTS TO LEAVE, BUT STOPS]

DANNY: Oh, I nearly forgot. I take it they fitted the cooker alright?

MEL: Yeah. I haven't actually used it yet though. I had trouble turning the alarm off! I managed to in the end - don't know how!

DANNY: Alarm?

MEL: You know? On a cooker. When you cook something? You set the timer?

DANNY (*frowning*): Sorry, you lost me at "cook something".

MEL: You don't cook? Ever?

DANNY: A bit... I made some rock cakes once.

MEL (*bemused*): Anyway, the invoice is out there on the side anyway.

DANNY: Righto.

[HE DISAPPEARS INTO THE KITCHEN]

(PAUSE)

[THE COOKER ALARM SOUNDS]

MEL: Oh for fu.....

CUT TO:

SC15. EXT. THE BANYAN TREE. NIGHT.

[DANNY, JAMIE, MEL, AND LEE ARE SAT AT A TABLE. MEL IS UNHAPPY]

MEL: It's not a going out kind of place though, is it. It's too far from the town centre for starters.

DANNY (*sarcastically*): Tsk. I don't know. You bring a woman out and they just moan.

MEL: I'm not moaning, I'm just... you know?

JAMIE (*grinning*): Yeah, we know. Moaning!

MEL: Yeah but you're *always* here! You were here, what, two hours ago? You could've come somewhere else.

[DANNY AND JAMIE LOOK AT HER]

LEE: Sorry Mel, it's my fault. I suggested meeting here.

DANNY: Oh aye, here we go, the Lee's got the smarm on!

LEE (*confused*): What?

[JAMIE AND DANNY GRIN AT EACH OTHER]

DANNY: Don't worry about it.

MEL: So, where's this girl then Jamie?

JAMIE: Give her a chance, she only finished her shift, um... Hang on.

[JAMIE TRIES TO GET HIS WATCH TO LIGHT UP. EVERYONE WATCHES, AMUSED]

JAMIE: Err... Oh bugger it... ah, here we go. Four minutes ago.

DANNY: There's a clock directly behind you! Why didn't you just look at that?

JAMIE: Oh yeah! Oops!

[TASH APPEARS. SHE PASSES A BAG TO SOMEONE BEHIND THE BAR THEN APPROACHES]

JAMIE: Tash! Come and sit down!

[JAMIE STANDS UP AND OFFERS HIS SEAT TO TASH. SHE IS SLIGHTLY NERVY BUT SMILES AND SITS DOWN. HE BEGINS TO INTRODUCE TASH TO THE GROUP]

JAMIE: This is Mel, she's not long moved in with me and Danny.

MEL: Hi Tash. Nice to meet you!

[TASH SMILES AT MEL]

JAMIE: This is Danny, who you met earlier when he was being a cock.

[DANNY POKES HIS TONGUE OUT]

DANNY: Alright moustache?

[JAMIE SCOWLS AT DANNY]

DANNY: Sorry, alright Tash?

TASH: Hello again.

JAMIE: And this is...

[BEFORE HE CAN FINISH HIS SENTENCE, LEE LUNGES ACROSS THE TABLE. HE GRABS TASH'S LEFT HAND AND KISSES IT]

LEE: Lovely to meet you Tash. I'm Lee.

[THERE IS A SENSE OF EMBARRASSMENT, OF WHICH LEE IS UNAWARE]

JAMIE: Yeah... that's err, Lee.

[JAMIE REALISES TASH HAS TAKEN HIS CHAIR, SO HE TAKES ONE FROM A NEARBY TABLE. DANNY GLANCES AT THE DJ]

DANNY: Christ, here we go. Bruno Brookes in the house.

MEL: Huh?

JAMIE: DJ smug twat in the corner.

MEL (*looking over*): Ah. I've not had the pleasure. Is he any good?

[DANNY AND JAMIE LAUGH]

JAMIE: I give it 5 minutes before you feel nauseous.

MEL (*sarcastically*): Oh great. This place gets worse.

[DJ BEGINS PLAYING THE MUSIC AT HIGH VOLUME. DANNY TRIES TO POINT THIS OUT TO HIM OVER THE NOISE, WITH OVER-EMPHASISED GESTURES]

DANNY (*shouting*): It's too fucking loud!

[THE DJ STARES AT HIM SMUGLY THEN SAYS SOMETHING INCOMPREHENSIBLE]

JAMIE (*sarcastically*): Well, I'm sure we all caught that!

DANNY: Tosser. Off you go then Jamie. Go and see what he *won't* play for us this week!

JAMIE: What shall I ask for?

DANNY: According to his shitty little poster it's *meant* to be eighties and nineties. But he's playing seventies, so...

JAMIE: What do you fancy Mel?

MEL: Um, something good.

JAMIE: That's by Utah Saints!

MEL (*sarcastically*): *Ha ha*. Oh I dunno, anything.

DANNY: And that's by Culture Beat!

[MEL ROLLS HER EYES AT DANNY]

JAMIE: Tash?

DANNY: Kajagoogoo?

JAMIE: Don't start. Tash? Anything you want me to ask him for?

TASH: Um, just Swing and that.

[DANNY AND LEE GLARE AT TASH]

JAMIE (*wincing*): Err, Utah Saints and Culture Beat it is then.

[AS JAMIE GETS UP, DANNY SPOTS THE GIRL HE SAW EARLIER APPROACHING THE DJ AND GRABS HOLD OF JAMIE'S JEANS]

JAMIE: What? Get off then!

DANNY (*excited*): That's her! My 'wow' girl! From earlier!

JAMIE: Where?

DANNY: Just going up there now, in the white skirt and black top!

JAMIE: Hmmm. She's alright. Nothing to get excited about though.

[JAMIE GOES TO SPEAK TO THE DJ. DANNY
HAS BECOME VERY AGITATED]

LEE: So who's she? Your latest one to chase after?

DANNY (*sheepishly*): Well, I dunno. She's just...

[DANNY TURNS AND GAZES AT HER. MEL
LOOKS RATHER PUT OUT AND ENVIOUS]

MEL: Well? Just what?

DANNY: Just, y'know. She just does something to me. And no I don't mean *that*, before you say it either Lee.

LEE (*grinning*): I've no idea what you mean!

[MEL TRIES TO HIDE THE FACT THAT SHE'S
BOTHERED BY HIS INTEREST IN THIS GIRL]

MEL: Aw, bless. What have I moved in with! *Two* lovesick lads now from the look of it, hey Tash?

[TASH LAUGHS POLITELY]

MEL: So who is she then Danny?

DANNY: I don't know.

MEL: You know her Tash?

TASH: Nah, dunno who she is.

LEE: Ask Deborah Mullins. I bet she knows who she is.

DANNY: Yeah, but not without seeing her, surely.

LEE: Trust me, she'd know. Even from a text message.

DANNY: She might not have a phone that does text messaging. In any case, I haven't got her number.

[LEE WAVES HIS PHONE AT DANNY]

DANNY: Hmm, maybe. Got to find out about her somehow.

MEL (*curtly*): You could just go and speak to her.

[HE FROWNS, THEN SIPS HIS BEER]

MEL: Fine. Suit yourself.

[SHE TURNS TO TASH]

MEL: Not drinking tonight then?

TASH (*uncomfortably*): Um, well yeah, but I can't in here, 'cause they know how old I am.

MEL: How old are you then?

DANNY: I thought you're never meant to ask a girl that?

MEL: No, just you men. Women can!

[DANNY FLICKS MEL THE FINGER]

(PAUSE)

[THEY ALL LOOK AT TASH]

TASH: Oh, sorry. I'm seventeen in November.

DANNY: That's not what we asked.

TASH: Huh?

DANNY: You're sixteen then.

TASH: Yeah, but I'm *nearly* seventeen.

DANNY: Yes. But you're not. You're sixteen.

MEL: OK Danny, we get the message.

[LEE IS CONCERNED ABOUT TASH'S AGE]

LEE: How can you work in a pub then?

TASH: Well, 'cause I only collect glasses and that.

LEE: Isn't this going to make problems for us tonight?

[TASH IS WORRIED]

MEL: Why?

LEE: I just don't think it's a good idea to take out an underage drinker with us.

DANNY: Oh shut up.

[DANNY LEANS ACROSS TO TASH AND
GESTURES TOWARDS LEE]

DANNY: Don't listen to Tosh Lines here. You'll be fine with us.

[LEE IS RATHER PUT OUT BY DANNY'S
REMARKS. TASH LAUGHS]

TASH: OK, thanks.

MEL (*grinning*): Don't worry Lee, we won't get arrested or anything!

LEE: It's just a bit of a risk, that's all.

[DANNY NOTICES JAMIE WAVING AT HIM.
HE IS STOOD IN A LINE OF FOUR PEOPLE
AND IS TRYING TO MAKE DANNY AWARE
OF AN OVERWEIGHT MAN, WHO IS WELL
KNOWN LOCALLY AS 'FAT MICK'. DANNY
REALISES THIS AND CHUCKLES]

MATCH CUT TO:

SC16. INT. BANYAN TREE PUBLIC HOUSE. NIGHT.

[JAMIE IS IN THE FAR CORNER OF THE PUB, WAITING TO SPEAK TO THE DJ. 'FAT MICK' SPEAKS TO THE DJ]

FAT MICK: You got 'Love on the Northern Line' by Northern Line?

DJ: Fuck off.

[MICK TRUDGES OFF. DANNY'S 'WOW' GIRL IS NEXT. JAMIE WATCHES AND LISTENS CLOSELY]

DJ (*smarmily*): Hey sexy. What can I do for you?

HAZEL: Can you play a song for me?

DJ: Sure thing. What would you like?

HAZEL: Tina Cousins? Killin' Time '99?

[HE HAS CLEARLY NEVER HEARD OF IT]

DJ (*bluffing*): Um, yeah sure. What's your name?

HAZEL: It's Hazel.

DJ: Nice to meet you Hazel.

HAZEL: Will you play it now? Just that we're going soon.

DJ: Sure, sure, after this next one.

[HE MOVES AWAY FROM HER AND CHANGES TO ANOTHER RECORD, BADLY. HAZEL TURNS TO GO AND WINCES AT JAMIE]

JAMIE: Painful, wasn't it!

HAZEL: Yeah.

[SHE LEAVES. THE DJ LOOKS AT JAMIE AS THOUGH HE WANTS HIM TO SPEAK]

JAMIE: Have you got...

[JAMIE REALISES HE ISN'T LISTENING AND STOPS TALKING. THE DJ PUTS ON HIS HEADPHONES AND FIDDLES WITH HIS MIXER. HE HOLDS HIS HAND UP AS IF TO SAY 'WITH YOU IN A MOMENT']

JAMIE: Jesus Christ.

(PAUSE)

[HE FINALLY REMOVES HIS HEADPHONES]

DJ: Yes mate?

JAMIE: Eighties and nineties is it tonight?

DJ: Sure is.

[JAMIE POINTS INTO THE AIR]

JAMIE: Well this isn't, nor was the last one.

DJ: And?

JAMIE: Well... Anyway, have you got Utah...

[THE DJ RETURNS TO HIS MIXER AND PUTS HIS HEADPHONES BACK ON. JAMIE MIMES USING A PEN TO THE DJ]

JAMIE: Shall I just write them down?

[HE REMOVES HIS HEADPHONES AGAIN]

DJ: You what mate?

JAMIE: Shall I write them down?

DJ: No, go on.

JAMIE: OK. Have you got, Utah Saints 'Something Good'?

DJ: Nope.

JAMIE: Culture Beat 'Anything'?

DJ: Nope.

[JAMIE IS BECOMING INCREASINGLY ANNOYED WITH THE DJ, WHO APPEARS TO BE ENJOYING JAMIE'S FRUSTRATION]

JAMIE: You don't even know what you've got do you.

DJ: Listen mate, I don't have to listen to you.

[HE STARTS TO TURN AWAY FROM JAMIE]

JAMIE: Alright, "Three Lions '98" then. You *must* have that?

DJ: Yeah, course.

JAMIE: Will you play it for us then?

DJ: Nope.

JAMIE: Arsehole.

[HE SNEERS, THEN TURNS TO CHANGE THE
RECORD AGAIN, CREATING THE SOUND OF
CLASHING BEATS. JAMIE CALLS TO HIM]

JAMIE: And that's not what that girl just asked for either, is it.

[HE LOOKS AT JAMIE BLANKLY, SHRUGS,
THEN TURNS AWAY. JAMIE SHAKES HIS
HEAD GOES BACK TO THE TABLE]

MATCH CUT TO:

SC17. INT. BANYAN TREE PUBLIC HOUSE. NIGHT.

[JAMIE RETAKES HIS SEAT]

JAMIE: Smug twat.

DANNY: Did you expect anything less?

JAMIE: Well, no, he's always a twat to me. But he was all over your woman, reckoned he'd play her song next, then puts this on instead!

DANNY: Sounds about right. Did you speak to her?

JAMIE: I did actually!

[DANNY BECOMES EXCITED]

DANNY: Really? Saying what?

JAMIE: We just spoke briefly about how shit his mixing was.

[DANNY'S EXCITEMENT DIES]

DANNY: Oh.

JAMIE (*grinning*): I found out her name though!

[DANNY PERKS UP AT THIS NEWS]

DANNY: What is it?

JAMIE: Guess!

MEL: Jamie, don't be a knob, just tell him.

JAMIE: Oh, alright. It's Hazel.

DANNY: Hazel?

JAMIE: Yes mate, Hazel.

DANNY: Hazel?

JAMIE: Yes! Hazel!

DANNY: Hmmm... Hazel.

MEL: Oh for God's sake, it's Hazel! How many more times?

JAMIE: Alright, calm down.

MEL: Well, I'm getting bored here, can we go now?

JAMIE: Um, yeah? Everyone? Yeah?

[EVERYONE NODS, FINISHES THEIR DRINKS
AND GATHER THEIR THINGS TO LEAVE]

LEE: If you know her name now, ask Deborah!

[DANNY IS STILL UNSURE]

DANNY: Hmm, I don't know.

LEE: I've got her number in my phone, what have you got to lose?

DANNY: I don't really know her though.

LEE: No problem, I'll ask her for you.

[DANNY BEGINS TO WARM TO THE IDEA]

DANNY: OK, cheers Lee.

[THEY STAND, LEE, IS STILL TEXTING]

JAMIE: Go on then Mel, where do you want to go now then?

MEL: Up town.

JAMIE: Yeah, but where?

MEL: Matt Bianco's.

DANNY: Do we have to?

MEL: I came here with you, so I deserve to choose where we go next.

DANNY: Oh alright then. Let's go.

JAMIE: Least they know how to get the eighties on properly in there.

DANNY: True.

[THEY WALK OFF. LEE PUTS HIS PHONE
AWAY THEN CATCHES THEM UP. HE PULLS
JAMIE, WHILST THE OTHERS EXIT]

LEE: Just a word of caution Jamie. It's not a good idea to get involved with a girl so young. Playing with fire there.

JAMIE: Shut up Lee, you're just jealous.

[HE LEAVES. LEE SIGHS, BEFORE LEAVING]

CUT TO:

SC18. INT. MATT BIANCO'S BAR. NIGHT.

[THEY HAVE A TABLE NEAR THE EDGE OF THE DANCEFLOOR. JAMIE IS DANCING MANICALLY. MEL AND TASH ARE ON HIGH STOOLS. MEL IS BEMUSED, TASH AMUSED. DANNY AND LEE ARRIVE WITH DRINKS]

DANNY: Right, what have we got then?

[A TIPSY JAMIE SEES LEE HAS DIET COKE]

JAMIE: Lee. Who've you pulled then, hey? Where is she?

LEE: What?

JAMIE: Who've you bought that for?

LEE: It's mine. It's for me.

JAMIE: What? You lightweight!

LEE (*flustered*): I'm playing for the Sunday side tomorrow so I'm taking it easy.

JAMIE: Oh big deal. It's not the night before the world cup final and you're playing is it. It's stupid crappy meaningless Sunday league shit.

[LEE IS CRUSHED. NO ONE SPEAKS]

TASH: My brother plays football on Sundays.

LEE (*cheering up*): Oh right, who does he play for?

[BEFORE TASH CAN ANSWER, JAMIE GRABS TASH BY HER HAND TO DANCE]

JAMIE: Come on! We've *got* to dance to this!

[TASH IS A LITTLE UNNERVED]

TASH: What is it?

[HE PULLS HER OFF HER STOOL AND LEADS HER OFF TOWARDS THE DANCEFLOOR]

JAMIE: Modern Romance!

TASH: Who are Modern Romance?

JAMIE: I'll pretend I didn't hear that!

[THE OTHERS WATCH THEM DISAPPEAR]

LEE: Jamie's a bit drunk then!

DANNY: Well yeah, but to be fair, he'd still probably have said that to you if he was stone cold sober...

[DANNY NOTICES MEL ACTING STRANGE.
SHE IS SITTING LOWER ON HER STOOL,
HIDING BEHIND THE COCKTAIL MENU]

DANNY: Er, Mel?

MEL: Mmm?

DANNY: What the bloody hell are you doing?

MEL: I've just spotted someone I don't want to see.

DANNY (*looking about*): Who?

MEL: Over there, by the fag machine. Long red hair, little black dress on that she really hasn't got the figure for.

LEE: I see who you mean. Who is she anyway?

MEL: This is it, I don't know! I'm sure my sister knows her or something, I certainly don't, but every time I come out I always seem to bump into her. She goes on like she really knows me.

DANNY: Perhaps she fancies you!

MEL (*horrified*): Oh don't say that! If I was ever going to have a woman, it sure as hell wouldn't be her!

LEE: You'd best get behind that menu again. She's coming this way!

MEL: Oh shit!

[MEL HOLDS THE MENU UP TO HER FACE.
MEL'S 'FRIEND' STOPS AT THE TABLE. SHE
LOOKS BRIEFLY AT LEE AND DANNY
BEFORE TURNING TO MEL]

JODIE: Hey!

[DANNY AND LEE LOOK EVERYWHERE,
BUT AT JODIE. SHE PRISES THE MENU
AWAY FROM MEL'S FACE, REVEALING A
RATHER SHEEPISH LOOKING MEL]

JODIE: Babe, what are you having? My shout.

MEL (*awkwardly*): Um, I'm alright thanks.

JODIE: Come on, whatever you want babe. I'll get them.

[SHE TURNS TO DANNY AND LEE]

JODIE: Hey guys, you too.

[THEY BOTH LOOK AT HER BLANKLY]

(PAUSE)

LEE: Err, I'm going to make a move anyway, so don't worry about me.

[JODIE IS TAKEN ABACK SLIGHTLY]

JODIE: Oh babe, you *so* can't leave now.

MEL: He's got to play football tomorrow, haven't you Lee.

LEE (*hurriedly*): Yeah, I'll see you soon Mel. See ya Monday Danny.

DANNY: Yes mate.

[LEE RISES TO HIS FEET AND SHAKES
DANNY'S HAND. JODIE LOOKS A TOUCH
DISMAYED AS LEE WALKS AWAY]

JODIE: Oh, later then.

[JAMIE APPROACHES. HE DOESN'T STOP,
BUT SPEAKS AS HE PASSES THE TABLE]

JAMIE: Makes me wanna dance? Makes me wanna piss more like!

[DANNY GRINS. JODIE LOOKS DISGUSTED]

JODIE: He *so* needs to grow up.

[MEL RISES SUDDENLY FROM HER STOOL]

MEL: Sorry, it's no good, that's made me want to go too.

[SHE DASHES OFF]

DANNY (*unimpressed*): Oh cheers then!

[JODIE PRODUCES A CIGARETTE PACKET
FROM HER BAG AND OFFERS THE OPEN
PACKET TO DANNY]

JODIE: Hey, take one.

DANNY (*contemptuously*): No thanks, I've got more sense.

[SHE APPEARS OBLIVIOUS TO HIS REMARK AND LIGHTS A CIGARETTE FOR HERSELF, BEFORE LEANING SEDUCTIVELY TOWARDS DANNY]

JODIE: Looks like it's just you and I then babe. What's it gonna be?

[SHE BLOWS SMOKE IN DANNY'S FACE. HE RECOILS AND COUGHS, BUT FINDS HIMSELF DRAWN TO HER. SHE HOLDS THIS POSITION, THEN PULLS AWAY. SHE STANDS AND PUTS OUT HER CIGARETTE IN AN EMPTY GLASS]

JODIE: Right, I'm going to get us the biggest and best cocktails they've got. Don't go leaving me now babe!

[SHE WINKS AT DANNY AND HEADS FOR THE BAR. HE LOOKS ABOUT, SELF-CONSCIOUSLY, BEFORE WATCHING HER DISAPPEAR FROM VIEW]

CUT TO:

SC19. INT. MATT BIANCO'S BAR. NIGHT.

[TASH IS WAITING FOR JAMIE. LEE
APPROACHES]

LEE: Hello there!

[TASH IS A LITTLE APPREHENSIVE]

TASH: I thought you'd gone?

LEE: Something made me wait.

TASH (*nervously*): Jamie's just gone to the toilet. He shouldn't be
long

[HE LEANS IN CLOSER]

LEE: So, you're a football family at home are you?

TASH: Well, my brother mainly, no one...

[LEE TALKS OVER HER]

LEE: You know Jamie doesn't even like football, don't you?

TASH: Oh. I thought he did?

[HE BEGINS TO FLOUNDER SLIGHTLY]

LEE: Well, err, yeah, he goes to games with Danny, but he's not a *real*
football person. He doesn't actually *play*.

TASH: Oh, right.

LEE: As I was saying earlier, I play, I train hard, look after myself.

[TASH IS UNRESPONSIVE AND IS NOW
LOOKING PAST LEE]

LEE: Yeah, you'll have to come along and watch sometime. *Proper*
football, *real* men, grassroots stuff...

[REALISING TASH IS NO LONGER
LISTENING. HE SHRUGS, THEN LEAVES.
TASH LOOKS AT HER WATCH AND SIGHS,
BEFORE WALKING OFF TO FIND THE
OTHERS]

CUT TO:

SC20. INT. MATT BIANCO'S BAR. NIGHT.

[DANNY AND MEL ARE SAT AT THE TABLE]

MEL: I think we should just get out of here, before *she* comes back.

DANNY: It was *you* that wanted to come here!

MEL: Well I'm meant to be meeting Shaz and her bloke in here.

DANNY: Let's stay then.

MEL: I'll page Shaz, tell her we'll meet them somewhere else. Let's just leave that munter here and just go... Like *now*?

DANNY: She's OK... Jamie, she's not *that* bad is she?

[JAMIE APPEARS AND IS SOBERING UP]

JAMIE: Dunno. I only saw the back of her head on my way to the bog.

DANNY: Oh yeah.

MEL: Trust me Jamie, you don't want to.

JAMIE: Really? OK. Shall we go then?

DANNY: Hang on. You can't say that. You've not seen her.

JAMIE: She alright then?

DANNY: Well, there are two things in particular I reckon you'd like!

JAMIE: Trust you. I'd best have a look. Just to check.

[MEL TUTS. JAMIE TAKES A SEAT NEXT TO
DANNY AND RUBS HIS HANDS TOGETHER.
TASH REJOINS THE GROUP, UNNOTICED]

JAMIE: So, where is she then?

DANNY: Just at the bar, getting me a drink. You'll know who she is straight away!

JAMIE: Great stuff!

MEL (*horrified*): Please tell me you're joking?

DANNY: What?

MEL: Danny, she's a slut! God, you've only got to look at what she's wearing, it's way too small for her, she hasn't got the figure for it and how old is she? Eurgh...

[MEL HOLDS HER HANDS UP IN DISGUST,
AS IF SHE'S JUST PUT THEM IN SOMETHING
NASTY]

DANNY: Would you like a saucer of milk Mel?

JAMIE: Did Mummy not leave enough Go-Cat out for you? Aww..

MEL (*confused*): What? Oh I see. Fuck off you two.

JAMIE: Catty catty catty...

DANNY: Mew!

[MEL BREATHES IN DEEPLY]

MEL: Can we *please* just go? It's meant to be *my* night.

DANNY: Is it? Since when?

[MEL IS ABOUT TO SPEAK BUT JODIE
APPEARS WITH TWO LARGE COCKTAILS]

JODIE: There you go babe. Drink up.

DANNY: Oh, ta.

[DANNY TAKES A LONG SIP. MEL SCOWLS
AT JODIE. SHE IS OBLIVIOUS TO THIS]

JODIE: So, where are we off to next then?

JAMIE: War in Heaven! Gotta be!

JODIE: You *are* joking?

JAMIE: No.

[JODIE GLARES AT JAMIE]

JODIE: Babe, I *so* don't do rave.

[DANNY WINCES AT JODIE'S STATEMENT]

JAMIE: "I *so* don't do rave?" What the fucking hell's that meant to mean?

[JODIE TURNS TO DANNY]

JODIE (*seductively*): Where are we going then babe?

DANNY: Err, War in Heaven.

[JODIE'S FACE FALLS SLIGHTLY]

MEL (*smugly*): Looks like War in Heaven then, doesn't it!

DANNY: Thought you didn't like War in Heaven?

[MEL CLEARLY DOESN'T BUT TRIES TO
CONVINCE THE GROUP THAT SHE DOES]

MEL: Err, no... It's alright... I don't mind some of the music... Shall we just go? Come on.

JAMIE: Right!

[JAMIE AND DANNY GET UP. MEL PICKS UP
HER BAG, THEN LINKS ARMS WITH THEM,
ONE ON EITHER SIDE OF HER AND STRIDES
OFF. TASH FOLLOWS BEHIND]

MEL (*jovially*): Come on then boys, let's go!

DANNY: Bloody hell, alright!

JAMIE: Wahey!

[JODIE GLARES AT HER. MEL LIFTS HER
HEAD AND FLICKS BACK HER HAIR. DANNY
TURNS BACK TO JODIE]

DANNY: Coming?

JODIE: Yes babe.

[SHE GRABS HER BAG AND FOLLOWS.
MEL'S PHONE RINGS. SHE LETS GO OF
DANNY AND JAMIE AND ANSWERS IT]

MEL: Hey... Where are you?... You're what?

[SHAZ IS STOOD BEHIND HER WITH HER
BOYFRIEND. MEL SPINS ROUND AND
EMBRACES HER]

MEL: Oh at last!

SHAZ: I know! You nearly missed us too. We're just leaving. Dave's nan's had a bad turn so we've got to go to his mum's.

MEL: Oh, sorry.

[DAVE STEPS FORWARD SLIGHTLY]

SHAZ: Here we are Mel, this, is Dave!

MEL: Hello! Lovely to meet you! Heard *all* about you and I mean *all*!

[DAVE SMILES AT MEL]

SHAZ: So you're leaving now too?

MEL: Oh yeah, sorry we are.

SHAZ: We?

MEL: Oops! How rude of me!

[MEL INTRODUCES EVERYONE BUT JODIE
TO DAVE AND SHAZ]

MEL: This is Danny... Jamie... and Tash.

[TASH AND DANNY SMILE. JAMIE WAVES]

JAMIE: Alright?

MEL: And you guys, this is Shaz and Dave.

[THE COUPLE SMILE]

DANNY (*laughing*): Ha ha ha! Shaz & Dave! You're having a laugh!

[THE PAIR LOOK RATHER BEMUSED]

DANNY: Oh please yourselves. Or should I say "there ain't no
pleasing you?"

[MEL LOOKS AT DANNY, ALSO BEMUSED]

MEL: Yes, well, let's all stop chattering and make a move then.

DANNY: Yes, let's not stand here *rabbiting*!

JAMIE: Oh yeah! Shaz and Dave! Ha ha!

DANNY: Oh keep up, will you! Jesus!

[THEY BOTH LAUGH AND STUMBLE
OUTSIDE, FOLLOWED BY TASH, JODIE, MEL,
SHAZ AND DAVE]

SHAZ (*to Mel*): Who's that old woman?

MEL (*sternly*): *Don't* ask.

[THEY DISAPPEAR THROUGH THE DOOR]

CUT TO:

SC21. INT. 'WAR IN HEAVEN' NIGHT CLUB. NIGHT.

[THE CLUB IS BUSY, BUT NOT PACKED. PUMPING MUSIC IS BLARING OUT. DANNY AND JAMIE RACE OFF TO THE DANCEFLOOR TO DANCE. JODIE SCOWLS]

JODIE: I *so* can't dance to this.

[TASH AND MEL LOOK AT HER BLANKLY, BEFORE WALKING OVER TO A TABLE, LEAVING JODIE ON HER OWN. SHE IS DECIDES TO JOIN DANNY ON THE DANCEFLOOR. SHE PUTS HER BAG ON THEIR TABLE, THEN SHE SIDLES UP TO DANNY]

JODIE (*shouting*): Hey!

DANNY (*shouting*): What?

[JODIE SMILES SEDUCTIVELY AT HIM. DANNY LOOKS WORRIED. SHE MOVES BEHIND HIM AND GRINDS HERSELF AGAINST HIS BOTTOM. HE IS STARTLED. TASH AND MEL ARE WATCHING CLOSELY. JODIE'S HANDS NOW ROAM ALL OVER HIS BODY. HE STOPS DANCING, LOOKING UNCOMFORTABLE AND EMBARRASSED. JODIE LETS HIM GO AND WALKS SLOWLY TOWARDS THE TABLE. SHE REACHES IT, TURNS, AND BECKONS DANNY TOWARDS HER. RELUCTANTLY, HE TRUDGES OVER. SHE PRODUCES A PEN FROM HER HANDBAG, GRABS DANNY'S ARM AND WRITES HER PHONE NUMBER ON HIS ARM IN LARGE DIGITS. HE LOOKS ACROSS AT MEL AND SHRUGS, SHEEPISHLY. JODIE PUTS THE AWAY, PECKS DANNY ON THE CHEEK, WHISPERS SOMETHING IN HIS EAR, THEN STRIDES OFF PURPOSEFULLY OUT OF THE CLUB. THE THREE OF THEM WATCH HER DISAPPEAR. MEL SHAKES HER HEAD]

MEL: What the fuck are you playing at with *that*, Danny?

DANNY: Not a lot. Does it matter?

MEL: She's a slut Danny... She's not coming back is she?

DANNY: Nah, she's gone to that Soul Glow place or whatever.

MEL: Yeah, that figures.

TASH: How do you mean?

MEL: Eh? Oh, don't worry about it... I'll tell you later.

DANNY: Anyway, I'm going back over there to bust a move.

MEL: Is that what you call it?

[DANNY FLICKS HER THE FINGER AS HE
LEAVES THEM. THEY BEGIN TO CHAT]

MEL: You and Jamie are getting on alright then I see.

TASH: Yeah, I think so.

MEL: You going to be staying at ours tonight then?

[TASH RECOILS SLIGHTLY]

TASH: Oh... Maybe.

MEL (*frowning*): Only maybe? What's up?

[TASH FLUSHES. HER HEAD DROPS]

TASH: Promise you won't say anything?

MEL: Of course. What is it?

[TASH LOOKS UP AT MEL, SHEEPISHLY]

MEL: You're with someone aren't you.

[TASH NODS IN AGREEMENT]

MEL: And does Jamie know this?

[TASH SHAKES HER HEAD. MEL BREATHES
IN DEEPLY]

MEL: OK... So are you going to tell him?

TASH: I can't. I don't know... I don't know what to do, he's different
to my boyfriend.

MEL: In what way?

[TASH IS BECOMING PANICKY]

TASH: I don't know... Promise you won't tell Jamie? Please?

MEL: Alright... It's not my place to say anything anyway.

[THE DJ BEGINS TO MIX INTO A SONG THE BOYS DISLIKE. JAMIE AND DANNY LOOK AT EACH OTHER, UNIMPRESSED. THEY BOTH LEAVE THE DANCEFLOOR TO JOIN THE GIRLS. DANNY RECEIVES A TEXT MESSAGE. THEY STOP. DANNY READS THE TEXT TO HIMSELF, THEN TO JAMIE]

DANNY: "Mel's ex just came to mine... I didn't tell him she's at your place... But ring me if you see a silver cow outside?" You what?

JAMIE: What's that?

DANNY (*confused*): Got a text message off my sister. God knows what she's on about.

JAMIE: Why?

[BEFORE DANNY CAN ANSWER, HE RECEIVES ANOTHER TEXT MESSAGE. HE IMMEDIATELY READS IT ALOUD]

DANNY: "Sorry, silver BMW!"

[DANNY CHUCKLES AND PUTS HIS PHONE AWAY. JAMIE IS CONFUSED]

JAMIE: You've lost me mate.

DANNY: Don't worry about it, she just clearly hasn't got to grips with the concept of predictive text yet!

JAMIE: OK. Did she have anything interesting to say?

DANNY: She says Mel's ex has just been round hers looking for Mel and to let her know if he turns up at ours.

JAMIE: God, we've had one run in with a twat today already, don't need another. Does he know where we live?

DANNY: Don't think so. He doesn't know she's living with us anyway. Least I don't think he does.

JAMIE: Ah, don't worry about it then.

DANNY: He'll have to get past that heap of shit you've got parked in the drive first before he can get to Mel anyway!

JAMIE: Oi, don't knock the 2CV. That's a special project I'm working on for someone.

DANNY: Knock it? I daren't *touch* it! Piece of crap would fall to bits if I did!

[THEY RESUME THEIR WALK FROM THE DANCE FLOOR TO THE TABLE. MEL GLARES AT THE PHONE NUMBER WRITTEN ON DANNY'S ARM]

DANNY: What?

MEL (*moodily*): Nothing.

DANNY: Fine... Come on Jamie, let's get back to it. I can hear something else mixing in already. Clearly realised it's shit too!

[DANNY RETURNS TO THE DANCEFLOOR. JAMIE KISSES TASH ON THE CHEEK, THEN DANCES OFF. TASH TURNS TO MEL]

TASH: Are they always this mad?

[MEL DOESN'T REACT. SHE IS BUSY READING A TEXT MESSAGE THAT SHE'S JUST RECEIVED]

(PAUSE)

MEL (*annoyed*): Oh great. It just gets better and better.

[SHE PUTS HER PHONE AWAY]

MEL: Just had a text message from Linda.

TASH: Linda?

[MEL REALISES SHE DOESN'T KNOW HER]

MEL: Sorry Tash, yeah Linda, she's Danny's sister and my best mate.

TASH: Oh OK. Was it bad then?

MEL: My wanker of an ex-boyfriend just turned up at her house wanting to know where I've moved to.

TASH: Oh right. Is he that bad then?

MEL: Well, he's a wannabe hooligan, but the only person he ever hit was me.

[TASH IS SHOCKED]

TASH: Shit. I'm sorry.

MEL (*upbeat*): That's OK. Moving on now.

TASH: Well yeah, you need to. Good for you.

(PAUSE)

TASH: She didn't tell him where you are then I take it?

MEL: God no, she wouldn't.

TASH: That's OK then. You don't want him turning up at your new bloke's house.

[IT IS MEL'S TURN TO BE SHOCKED]

MEL: What? My new bloke? It's Danny's house! Danny's not my...

[HER VOICE TRAILS OFF. SUDDENLY DISHEARTENED, SHE STARES DOWN AT HER DRINK AND STIRS IT WITH A STRAW]

(PAUSE)

[TASH PULLS AN 'OOPS' KIND OF FACE TO HERSELF. THERE IS AN AWKWARD SILENCE BETWEEN THE TWO OF THEM BEFORE TASH FINALLY SPEAKS]

TASH: Sorry. I just thought you had something going on... You were arguing about him flirting with that woman... And I can tell you like him.

(PAUSE)

[MEL SIPS SOME OF HER DRINK]

MEL: Is it really obvious then?

TASH: Yeah, for sure.

MEL (*dejectedly*): Well it clearly isn't to him is it.

TASH: I shouldn't worry about that old woman, he doesn't seem that bothered about her.

MEL (*sternly*): Tash, I'm not being up myself, but I'm *so* not worried about her.

TASH: Yeah, she's too old,

MEL: *And* too much of a slut.

(PAUSE)

TASH: Actually, wasn't there some other girl in the pub earlier too?

[MEL HAD CLEARLY FORGOTTEN ABOUT
HAZEL AND HER FACE DROPS AS SHE
REMEMBERS]

MEL: What? I don't know, didn't notice.

TASH: Yeah, you got annoyed with Danny when Jamie told him her name.

[MEL IS FLUSTERED SLIGHTLY]

MEL: I don't remember.

[TASH REALISES HER QUESTIONING IS
GOING NOWHERE AND BACKS DOWN]

TASH: OK...

(PAUSE)

[MEL BREATHEES DEEPLY AND SITS UP
STRAIGHT, WITH RENEWED VIGOUR]

MEL: Anyway, I don't need to go rushing in like *that* desperate old slut. I'm one step ahead of her, or any girl. I live with him. I can see exactly what he's up to and who with.

TASH: True.

MEL: I'll be in the same house as him every day. I'll gradually get under his skin without him even realising.

[TASH SITS BACK AND LETS MEL SPEAK]

MEL: If he has a girl back, so what? I can '*out wow*' any girl on my.

(PAUSE)

MEL: He can even bring *her* back tonight and I won't care. I'll have him properly, one day, for good.

[TASH IS LOOKING A LITTLE UNSURE]

TASH: You won't care if he brings her home tonight?

MEL: Nope. He needs to see her for what she is.

[TASH IS UNCONVINCED, BUT AGREES]

TASH: OK then.

(PAUSE)

MEL: He'll see I'm the one. Stick around, you'll see.

TASH: Well, I might not be sticking...

[MEL INTERRUPTS TASH, LEANS FORWARD
AND TOUCHES HER HAND]

MEL: Sorry, you might not... I know.

[TASH NODS]

TASH: Mmm.

MEL: I won't say a thing to anyone. Promise.

[THE ATMOSPHERE HAS BECOME
SLIGHTLY AWKWARD BETWEEN THEM.
THEY BOTH TAKE SIPS FROM THEIR
DRINKS, BEFORE TURNING TO WATCH
DANNY AND JAMIE DANCING. JAMIE
POINTS AT THE NUMBER WRITTEN ON
DANNY'S ARM]

JAMIE: Going to use that then?

DANNY: She wants me to ring her when we leave here and come back to our place!

JAMIE: Really? You going to?

[DANNY SHRUGS AND GRINS, SLYLY]

DANNY: I don't know. I'll be sure to let you know though if I (*using his fingers as speech marks*) 'make that call'.

JAMIE: You wanna be careful though. I heard her telling Tash earlier she's going to Barcelona next week and is going to take you!

[DANNY STOPS DANCING IMMEDIATELY]

DANNY: What? Bollocks! She's only known me a few hours!

JAMIE: I dunno, that's what she said though. She's one of those power women who think they're *it* and men will just fall at their feet.

DANNY: Oh right. Up herself then.

(BEAT)

DANNY: Although, unless there's something good on the tele' I probably will have a go on her!

JAMIE: Unlikely. 'Time we get home it'll be 'Quizcall' or repeats of 'Tenko'.

[DANNY RESUMES DANCING, THEN STOPS]

DANNY: Barcelona?

[DANNY SHAKES HIS HEAD. JAMIE SHRUGS AT HIM BEFORE THEY BOTH GRIN AND GET BACK INTO THE SWING OF THEIR DANCING]

FADE TO:

SC22. INT. JAMIE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

[TASH IS FAST ASLEEP IN JAMIE'S BED. SHE IS CLUTCHING HER MOBILE PHONE WHICH IS DISPLAYING A HALF TYPED, UNSENT TEXT MESSAGE]

CUT TO:

SC23. INT. THE HOUSE KITCHEN. NIGHT.

[CLAD IN A DRESSING GOWN AND CARRYING A PINT GLASS OF ORANGE JUICE, DANNY IS ABOUT TO SWITCH OFF THE LIGHT AND LEAVE THE KITCHEN, WHEN JAMIE ENTERS. HE POINTS AT DANNY'S DRINK]

JAMIE: Do I take it from the fact you've only got the one glass that you didn't (*using his fingers as speech marks*) 'make that call' then?

DANNY: Oh no, I did, she's upstairs. I just don't like her very much.

[JAMIE LAUGHS]

JAMIE: Ha, fair enough. It is Tropicana juice after all.

DANNY: Precisely.

[DANNY HEADS TOWARDS TO THE DOOR]

JAMIE: Got to tell you about Tash tomorrow, when she's gone home.

[DANNY STOPS AND TURNS TO JAMIE]

DANNY: She's here? Bugger tomorrow, tell me now! I thought you were taking her home when you buggered off down that alley when we left the club?

JAMIE: Nope. Came back here.

DANNY: Oh, right. Get in!

JAMIE: Get *out* more like. Fucking bitch.

DANNY: What?

(PAUSE)

JAMES: She's got a bloke?

DANNY: You're joking?

[JAMIE SHAKES HIS HEAD]

DANNY: What the bloody hell's she doing here then?

JAMES: Fuck knows. You tell me mate.

(PAUSE)

DANNY: So have you done the deed then?

JAMIE: No, she won't. We've done everything else, but she just won't have actual sex. That's *cheating* apparently.

DANNY: Oh right, but getting all the equipment ready for it isn't then? Jesus...

JAMIE: Yeah.

(PAUSE)

[DANNY TRIES TO LIGHTEN THE MOOD]

DANNY: Oh well, as I always say to you, NEXT! It's written on your pants so you can't forget!

JAMIE: Well no, I'm not giving up on her.

[DANNY IS TAKEN ABACK SLIGHTLY]

DANNY: Oh shut up.

JAMIE: I'm convinced she likes me, a bit at least, else she wouldn't of come back here.

DANNY: Wouldn't *have*.

JAMIE: What?

DANNY: You said... oh forget it. Doesn't matter.

JAMIE: I just need to get *him* out of the way somehow.

DANNY (*sighing*): Here we go again.

JAMIE: Oh piss off.! What do you mean 'here we go again'?

DANNY: Well you learn when you're being taken for a ride.

JAMIE: I'm not... She's not... She likes me. It's just him that's stopping her. I will have her. Just watch.

DANNY: Watch you *have* her? No thanks.

JAMIE: No, you know what I mean.

DANNY: Well, it's your call. Do what you want. I've got my own troubles to worry about haven't I. I saw an absolute goddess today, yet I've ended up with *that* annoying hound in my bed.

[JAMIE CHUCKLES]

DANNY: I need to catch this Hazel. Got to. She's a dream.

[DANNY STOPS FOR SECOND AND LOOKS UP TO THE CEILING. JAMIE LOOKS AT DANNY, PERPLEXED]

DANNY: Anyway, I can hardly start asking Hazel round if *she's* going to be hanging about.

JAMIE: You can't ask Hazel round if you're in Barcelona either!

DANNY: You're pissed. She didn't say that. Who'd go halfway around the world with someone they barely know?

(PAUSE)

JAMIE: Didn't some bloke do that with a fridge? Or was that just round Ireland?

DANNY: You what?

[JAMIE SHRUGS BEFORE DANNY RESUMES HIS ARGUMENT]

DANNY: You're talking bollocks anyway.

JAMIE: It's not! I heard her say it! Ask Tash.

[DANNY PRETENDS TO LEAVE]

DANNY: Ooh can I? Now?

JAMIE: Don't be a knob. It's a figure of speech.

DANNY (*sarcastically*): Yes, I *do* know.

(PAUSE)

JAMIE: Yeah, so you can't talk.

DANNY: What? I'm hardly in the same position as you am I? As from tomorrow morning, *I'm* going to have to try and get rid of someone I don't like, who likes me. *You're* going to have to try to *attract* someone you *do* like who *doesn't* like you! How's that the same?

JAMIE (*annoyed*): Oh cheers mate. Rub it in. We can't all have every woman fancy us like you do.

DANNY: I just don't think she does, sorry mate. Anyway, why does it matter what I think? I thought you were *convinced* she likes you?

[JAMIE RUBS HIS EYES]

JAMIE: Oh I'm too tired and pissed for all this.

DANNY: Well I'll leave you to collect your thoughts then.

JAMIE: Yep.

[DANNY TURNS TO LEAVE, THEN STOPS]

DANNY: Actually... Do you fancy a bet? First one to succeed in their mission gets twenty notes off the other.

[JAMIE DOESN'T APPEAR TO BE LISTENING TO DANNY ANYMORE. HE SLOUCHES AGAINST THE WORK TOP, HEAD IN HIS HANDS]

JAMIE: What?

DANNY: If you pull Tash, before I get rid of ... of...

[HE REALISES HE DOESN'T KNOW JODIE'S NAME]

DANNY: What the fuck's her name?

JAMIE: Who?

DANNY: Her upstairs! In my bed! What's her name?

JAMIE: I dunno. I'm tired.

DANNY: I can't believe I don't know her name! She must of said?

[JAMIE DOESN'T RESPOND]

DANNY: Fine... Night then.

[AGAIN, JAMIE DOESN'T RESPOND]

DANNY: Sod ya then.

JAMIE: Must *have* said.

DANNY: You shithead! I thought you were *tired*?

[JAMIE GRINS AND REMOVES ONE HAND FROM HIS FACE, WITH WHICH HE MAKES A GESTURE AT DANNY]

JAMIE: Sit on it.

[DANNY FINALLY LEAVES. JAMIE RUBS HIS EYES AND OPENS FRIDGE. A BOTTLE OF COLA FALLS OUT, MAKING HIM JUMP]

JAMIE: Oh piss flaps.

[HE PLACES THE BOTTLE BACK AND TAKES
OUT A CARTON OF ORANGE JUICE. ON
NOTICING THAT IT'S EMPTY, HE CURSES]

JAMIE: Why'd you put it back if it's empty? Lazy bastard.

[WITHOUT REALISING WHAT HE'S DOING,
JAMIE THEN PLACES THE EMPTY CARTON
BACK IN THE FRIDGE HIMSELF. HE SIGHS,
BEFORE SWITCHING OFF THE LIGHT AND
LEAVING THE KITCHEN]

CUT TO:

SC24. INT. MEL'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

[MEL IS AWAKE, TEARS IN HER EYES. THE SEX NOISES HAVE CEASED. SHE LAYS MOTIONLESS. CAMERA PANS OUT/UP TO REVEAL THE VIBRATOR IS STILL ON THE BEDSIDE CABINET, DRAWER STILL OPEN. CAMERA PANS OUT MORE AND WE SEE SHE IS CLUTCHING HER TEDDY TO HER CHEST]

[CLOSING MUSIC AND END CREDITS ROLL AS MEL STARES UP AT THE CEILING]

[THE END]