

THE HIGH LIFE

"Revelations"

by
Lee A. Chrimes

TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

1

LEE and IAN sit across from each other. A cold, deadly staring match is in session, neither side so much as blinking.

The sound of CRUNCHING can be heard - PULL BACK to find WAYLON sitting between the two of them, a family-sized bag of Doritos in his lap.

He's grinning to himself, enjoying the contest before him enormously as he munches through the chips.

The door opens as CLAIRE enters, SLAMMING it behind her. Waylon looks round - Lee and Ian don't budge.

WAYLON

Bad door!
(off Claire's look)
It won't do that again.

CLAIRE

What?

WAYLON

Whatever it was that made you slam the poor, defenceless door like that.

CLAIRE

(irritated)
Not now, Waylon...

She stomps round to the sofa and flops down - noticing Lee and Ian's stare-out death match at last.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

What are they -

WAYLON

Ssh! This is the good part.

Bemused, Claire watches for a few moments. Nothing happens.

CLAIRE

Waylon, what's -

IAN

Damn it, woman, *silencio!* Lee and I are locked in a battle of wills.

CLAIRE

Won't be much of a battle, then...

(CONTINUED)

WAYLON
(chuckles)
Zing!

LEE
Claire, forgive us for being rude,
but this really doesn't concern
you.

CLAIRE
I can honestly say I don't want to
know.

WAYLON
Ian pimped Lee out to some cougar
named Lucy.

CLAIRE
(weary)
I'm sure I just said -

WAYLON
She grabbed his balls and tried to
get him to screw her in a bar's
restroom.
(still chuckling)
Awesome.

Claire looks from one guy to the next.

LEE
And thus, I am teaching Ian a
lesson in respect by proving to him
that I am not intimidated by any of
his childish pranks.

IAN
While I'm just trying to see how
long I can get Lee to keep doing
this.

Claire shakes her head, rising to her feet.

CLAIRE
Brian and I just broke up.

Waylon pauses, handful of chips halfway to his mouth. Lee
grimaces.

LEE
Ian, I propose we postpone our epic
face-off while we comfort Claire
about her news.

IAN
Agreed.

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

A beat - then both men blink and look away. Their eyes are watering, so they rub them, wincing painfully.

LEE
 Son of a bitch!
 (to Claire)
 Not you.

IAN
 Is it possible to go blind by
 staring?

WAYLON
 Nah, that's jerking off.

CLAIRE
 Waylon!

WAYLON
 What? It is!

Claire despairs, putting her head in her hands.

LEE
 Alright. Tell the stupid boys all
 about it.

CLAIRE
 Where's Emma? I think I need to
 talk to somebody of my own gender
 first.

WAYLON
 She's in your room.

IAN
 Come to think of it... has anybody
 seen Chris?

The guys exchange curious looks as Claire rises, heading for the Girls' Room:

2 INT. APARTMENT - GIRLS' ROOM - NEXT

2

But as she opens the door, she's shocked to behold:

CHRIS and EMMA - curled up in Emma's bed together! Clothes are strewn around the room, the bed covers bunched up around them both as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 INT. APARTMENT - GIRLS' ROOM - NIGHT 3

Chris and Emma are fast asleep, Chris' arm draped cosily across Emma. She stirs, turning on her side.

Claire quickly shuts the door before the boys outside can see anything, closing it as quietly as possible.

Claire turns back to the bed, mind racing - how did this happen? What should she do?

Chris starts to wake up, his arm lazily falling from Emma as he rolls onto his back.

Claire's eyes bulge, frantically scanning the room for somewhere to hide.

With Chris drifting ever closer to consciousness, she races for the wardrobe, throwing it open:

But it's crammed to bursting with CLOTHES. Claire tries to heave them aside so she can hide, but it's no use.

Thinking fast, she darts over to her bed and crouches, trying to hide underneath:

UNDER THE BED, there are SUITCASES and BOXES piled up - no room for Claire!

She stands, starting to panic now as Chris' eyes blearily flicker open.

She streaks over to the window, trying to force it up as quickly and quietly as she can:

4 EXT. APARTMENT - OUTSIDE - NEXT 4

But as she leans out, she realizes they're still several floors up, and there's nowhere she can go!

5 INT. APARTMENT - GIRLS' ROOM - NIGHT 5

Claire leans back inside, and decides to make a run for the door. She's halfway there when:

CHRIS (O.S.)
Emma? Is that you?

Claire freezes, aching close to the door.

CLAIRE
Um...

(CONTINUED)

She turns - Chris is still in bed with his eyes closed, but he's as good as awake by now.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
 (very poor Emma
 impression)
 Yeah... Yeah. It's me. I needed...
 A thing. From another room.

CHRIS
 M'kay. Cool. Get me a donut if
 there's any left, will you? I hid
 them inside Claire's box of that
 health food cereal crap. Waylon'd
 never check there.

CLAIRE
 Sure thing...
 (winces)
 ... sweetie?

CHRIS
 Thanks.

Chris turns on his side, nestling back up against Emma. Claire exhales, starting to creep towards the door Scooby Doo style.

ON CHRIS as he frowns, realizing something - if that's Emma next to him in bed, then who was he talking to?

Claire's hands close round the door handle as Chris finally opens his eyes, sees Emma and quickly sits up:

CHRIS (cont'd)
 Oh... shit!

Claire slumps, defeated. She turns to Chris - then quickly puts her hand up to block him out.

CLAIRE
 Chris! Covers!

He looks down, realizes he's somewhat exposed and rearranges the bed covers.

CHRIS
 Clear, clear.

Claire lowers her hands. A painfully long moment of silence passes between them, until:

CHRIS (cont'd)
 I swear this isn't what it
 looks like.

CLAIRE
 Is this what it looks like?

Beat.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Um... we were up late working on...
that thing we've been working...
on, and so it got late, and, uh...
we thought, you know, it'd be best
if we just... slept.

(quickly)

Not together!

(beat; concedes)

Well, obviously 'together' as in
we're in the same bed, just not
'together' as in, you know...

He makes a clumsy gesture, interlocking his fingers.

CHRIS (cont'd)

And anyway, we're all, like,
friends who would never do anything
untoward with one another, so...
this isn't what it looks like.

Claire quirks an eyebrow. Glances down at the floor. Chris follows her gaze:

And spies an open packet of CONDOMS, contents spilling out across the floor.

CHRIS (cont'd)

(exhales)

Okay, it is what it looks like.

CLAIRE

How could you!

(lowers voice)

How could you!

CHRIS

I don't know! It just -

CLAIRE

Don't you dare say 'it just
happened,' Christopher.

CHRIS

Oh, man, now I know I'm in
trouble...

CLAIRE

We both know full well how much
planning and mental effort goes
into doing... that, so implying
that at no point did you stop to
think about what you were doing
until now is just, well...

(CONTINUED)

EMMA

Chris?

Now Emma's starting to wake up. Chris bites his lip as Claire runs her hands back through her hair, exasperated.

EMMA (cont'd)

Who are you talking...

(sees Claire)

Oh.

CLAIRE

Yes, 'oh'! Seems to me you'll have been saying that an awful lot over the last few hours!

Emma tries to hide under the covers, so Claire grabs one end of the quilt and PULLS, dragging them away.

Emma YELPS and quickly scrabbles for some more clothes, pulling on an oversized t-shirt.

CHRIS

Wait a second - is that my Argonauts shirt?

EMMA

(pulling it on)

Chris! Not the time!

CHRIS

You said you didn't have it!

EMMA

I lied! I liked the smell!

CHRIS

(beat; smiles)

Really?

EMMA

(coy)

Well, you know, it smelt like your deodorant, and I -

Claire CLAPS her hands like a schoolteacher calling for silence. Which, after all, she kind of is.

CLAIRE

Both of you, quiet! Do you want the bloody Ant Hill Mob out there to hear you and come in?

Scolded, Emma and Chris shut the heck up, heads bowed.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
Alright, then. Now. Clearly we have
a situation on our hands here. The
question is, what do we do about
it?

CHRIS
Emigrate?

EMMA
Lie our arses off?

CLAIRE
How did... I mean, is this a one-
off, drunken thing, or do you two
actually, you know...

Emma and Chris share a long, lingering look, as if this is
the first time they've actually admitted it to each other.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
(sighs)
Great.

EMMA
We didn't mean to!

CHRIS
I did.

Emma SMACKS his arm.

CHRIS (cont'd)
Ow! What? I did!

CLAIRE
Emma! The violence can wait.

EMMA
(to Chris)
Lucky escape, Kelly.

CLAIRE
How long has this been going on?

EMMA
Just tonight. Honest.

CHRIS
I may have insinuated earlier that
the reason Waylon and I got Josh to
break up with Emma -

CLAIRE
That was you?

CHRIS

... was because I was jealous. I wanted Emma all to myself.

EMMA

Which is kind of sweet, when you think about it.

Claire shoots her a withering look.

EMMA (cont'd)

Or not...

CLAIRE

You'd both better get dressed, quick, before one of those three blunders in here and -

WAYLON (O.S.)

Hey, Claire, have you got that first aid kit Lee made us buy in there? Ian's eyes won't stop watering and I think we're gonna have to -

The door STARTS TO OPEN - Claire JUMPS for the handle and manages to grab it, but Waylon pushes it open despite her efforts.

Chris and Emma freeze as Waylon steps inside, still clutching his Doritos.

WAYLON (cont'd)

His one eye looks like it's gonna pop right out, so I'm thinking we might have to squeeze it back in with a -

And he finally notices. The bag falls from his hand. Claire quickly shuts the door again.

WAYLON (cont'd)

Holy shit!

CHRIS

Dude! This... we can explain.

WAYLON

Y'all are fucking now?

EMMA

Waylon! That's not what we did!

CHRIS

We kind of -

EMMA

Do not make me punish you. I was just starting to like you!

WAYLON

But... you... and the... when we...

CLAIRE

Waylon, please, try to keep it down! We don't want the others to...

(frowns)

Are you... are you crying?

Waylon SNIFFS, wiping a tear from his eye.

WAYLON

How could you do this to me?

EMMA

It's not -

WAYLON

Not you, him!

Chris hangs his head. Emma raises a curious eyebrow.

WAYLON (cont'd)

(emotional)

I thought what we had... it went beyond just being roomies! We had a bond! A connection! An unspoken brotherhood that nothing could stand in the way of!

CHRIS

We still do, man! Nothing's changed!

WAYLON

Tell that to her!

He stabs an accusing finger at Emma. She folds her arms, gearing up for a return salvo.

EMMA

Who's 'her'? The cat's bloody mother?

(off looks)

It's British expression. Look it up.

WAYLON

(to Emma; venomous)

You... I always knew you'd come between us!

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE

Waylon, please, calm down, this is just a case of -

WAYLON

Treachery! That's what it's a case of! It's a god damn hundred-bottle crate of lies!

EMMA

Nobody lied about anything! This literally just happened!

WAYLON

(gasps)

You mean... while we were in the same apartment? In the next room? You disgusting wench!

Waylon LUNGES for her, forcing Claire to BARGE into him and try to hold him back!

EMMA

Aah! Chris, do something!

She SHOVES him between herself and Waylon.

CHRIS

Me do something? You're the one we're all scared of around here!

WAYLON

You filthy harlot! Man-stealing jezebel! I'll end you!

CLAIRE

Ssh! Quiet! They'll hear you!

WAYLON

I don't care! I want the whole damn world to know of her evil!

EMMA

I am not 'evil'! Chris, tell him!

CHRIS

Oh, so now all of a sudden we get together and I have to fight for your honour?

EMMA

That's how this works!

Claire struggles against the still-fighting Waylon.

CLAIRE

Can somebody please help me with him?

Waylon's arms flail, trying to grab Emma even as Chris does his best to slap his hands away.

WAYLON

I'll rip out your optics!

EMMA

I'm not a sodding Transformer!

IAN (O.S.)

Waylon, it won't go back in!

The door starts to open again - Claire shoots Chris a desperate look, as she's still stuck restraining Waylon.

Chris tries to rise but Emma grabs him, hauling him protectively in front of her.

And the door opens as Ian stumbles in, one hand pressed over his left eye.

IAN (cont'd)

Seriously, I think it might be infected by whatever Lee was staring at me...

CLAIRE

Not now, Ian!

WAYLON

Lemme at her! I'll show her what it means to mess with this country's best bromance!

CHRIS

Waylon, dude! Chill the fuck out already!

EMMA

Chris, I swear, if he gets those nacho-stained hands anywhere near me, the gates will be closed to you for ever! Do you understand me?

Ian looks up, surveying the room - Claire grappling Waylon, Chris trying to push him away as Emma cowers behind him.

He blinks - then lowers the hand covering his other eye.

IAN

Does this look infected?

The others turn - and Ian's left eye is red and bloodshot, popping nearly halfway out of its socket!

CHRIS

Gah!

CLAIRE

Oh, God!

She recoils in horror, releasing Waylon - who barrels towards Emma at full speed!

EMMA

Chris!

She **SHOVES** him into Waylon's path, the two of them **CRASHING** together and collapsing to the floor.

Waylon continues to fight, the near-naked Chris doing his best to hold him down.

CLAIRE

Ian, what did you do?

IAN

Why are Chris and Emma naked?

EMMA

I'm not naked, you freak!

IAN

(blinks)

Sorry, I'm a little out of focus...

He starts to **RUB** the bulging eye, causing Emma and Claire to retch in disgust.

CLAIRE

Ian, don't do that!

IAN

What?

EMMA

It looks like it's going to burst!

IAN

Really? Cool.

WAYLON

Get off me, man! She needs to be taught a lesson!

CHRIS

(muffled)

Stop fighting back!

(CONTINUED)

WAYLON

What?

CHRIS

(muffled)

I can't breathe! You're suffocating me!

WAYLON

Oh, sorry.

Instantly forgetting the fight, Waylon pulls himself up, helping Chris to his feet as he GASPS for breath.

EMMA

Ian, please don't tell Lee...

IAN

Tell him what?

Emma and Claire swap a quick glance.

CLAIRE

About... the fact that Waylon and Chris were fighting.

EMMA

You know how he'll worry. His vein'll pop out.

IAN

Oh, that one on the side of his head?

CLAIRE

That's the one. Nobody needs to see that.

Waylon and Chris are now upright, taking a moment to catch their breath:

Before Waylon DIVES for Emma again! She SHRIEKS in alarm, Chris only just managing to TACKLE Waylon in time.

WAYLON

She has to be stopped! Every time you two sleep together, she'll turn you more and more into her slave!

IAN

'Sleep together'?

CLAIRE

(quickly)

No! That's not what he said, he said, um...

IAN

(snaps fingers)

Now I get it! They had sex, didn't they?

EMMA

Ian, you don't -

IAN

(to Claire)

You owe me twenty dollars, then.

Claire blanches, mortified.

EMMA

(stunned)

You made a bet?

CLAIRE

Yes, but... well... I didn't think it'd ever actually happen, did I?

EMMA

You traitorous bitch!

Emma scrambles across the bed towards Claire, sidestepping the still-fighting Waylon and Chris on the floor.

WAYLON

No... no! Don't let her touch you!
The evil spreads by skin contact!

Claire quickly darts behind Ian for cover, **SHOVING** him at the incoming Emma. She reels at the sight of his swollen, distended eyeball.

CLAIRE

Don't make me use this thing!

IAN

Oi! That's my bloody eye you're on about!

EMMA

Ian, step aside before I punch through you to get to Claire.

IAN

(to Claire)

I don't want to be punched through!

He tries to squirm out of her grasp, but she keeps a firm hold - making sure he's between herself and Emma at all times.

EMMA

I can't believe you'd put a bet on me sleeping with Chris!

CHRIS

(mid-struggle)

It wasn't that unlikely!

EMMA

Silence! Gates - closed. Remember?

LEE (O.S.)

What in the name of almighty buggery...

They turn. Lee stands in the open doorway, hands on his hips. Chris and Waylon stop fighting. Emma, Ian and Claire pause their dance of doom.

Lee sweeps his gaze across the room - taking in Chris and Emma's state of undress, the pack of condoms, everything.

LEE (cont'd)

So... who wants to start first?

He raises an eyebrow, waiting for his explanation. The others exchange sheepish glances before:

CLAIRE

So, anyway, as I was saying earlier... I just got dumped.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

6 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

6

The gang sit around, Chris and Emma now hastily but fully dressed. Nobody speaks. Lee paces up and down. Ian has a wad of gauze over his eye.

LEE

Just so we've all got this straight.

(beat)

Chris sabotaged Emma's last boyfriend, perfectly decent chap though he seemed to be to everyone else on the planet...

CHRIS

I had my reasons. Plus, he had Douche Potential.

IAN

What?

WAYLON

The intrinsic potential for any man, no matter how 'decent,' to turn into an unconscionable ass at the drop of a hat. Usually directly after scoring the ass of some fine young piece of womankind.

CLAIRE

You know, it's so heartening to hear you talk about us like that. When we're in the same room.

WAYLON

(shrugs)

I call it like I see it.

LEE

(loud)

Anyway!

(normal)

So Chris got that Josh guy to dump Emma.

EMMA

Correct.

LEE

Emma strongarmed Waylon to get the truth out of him...

(CONTINUED)

WAYLON

I'd prefer the record to state I was 'persuaded.'

EMMA

(scoffs)

Please. I was ten seconds away from having you weeping like some prison bitch after his first shower.

WAYLON

Says you. I, on the other hand, maintain that any perceived intimidation was a cunningly constructed ruse to make you leave me the hell alone and go bother Chris instead.

LEE

... and when Emma confronted Chris about why he'd done that, he informed her that it was because he'd realized he had feelings for her...

Chris smiles at Emma. Despite herself, she smiles back.

LEE (cont'd)

... and he wanted to act on them at last. So you two got good and drunk, came back to the flat while the rest of us were out, and...

IAN

Shagged like bunnies.

EMMA

Ian!

IAN

Sorry. 'Made love' like bunnies.

LEE

Is that everything?

Chris and Emma shuffle, a little awkward under the glares of their roomies.

CHRIS

That's everything.

EMMA

(to Waylon)

How come you didn't hear us come back? You were here, weren't you?

(CONTINUED)

WAYLON

I was probably asleep.

(off looks)

Twelve hours a night, five hours a day. It's how I keep my looks.

LEE

This can't be good.

EMMA

I dunno, I thought it was alright...

(realizes)

And you weren't referring to what me and Chris were doing in the bedroom. Sorry. Shutting up.

LEE

I mean for the group, it can't be good. We're working on a project to break us into the big time in Hollywoodland.

(before Ian can speak)

I can call it that if I want.

(to others)

If we're going to form relationships outside of the six of us, that's fine.

CLAIRE

(dry)

Oh, I'm so glad you approve.

LEE

We're getting to your... situation, Claire, I promise.

(back to group)

But if we're going to start coupling off, well...

EMMA

I don't see what the problem is.

CHRIS

We're both consenting adults.

CLAIRE

Consenting, anyway.

LEE

The problem is that what if you two have a stupid fight about something?

EMMA

Then I'd kick his arse, and then we wouldn't have a problem any more.

CLAIRE

Lee's got a point. Couples argue about silly things every day. That's fine - they're a couple. But we're also professional partners.

IAN

Partners, anyway.
(off looks)
Sorry.

LEE

As long as you two are together and things are going swimmingly, then we're all sour apple Jolly Ranchers. But if anything personal kicks off, then the group as a whole will suffer.

WAYLON

Not if we kick them out.

CHRIS

Et tu, Waylon?

WAYLON

I'm serious! How are they supposed to operate as an actual hand-holding, baby-talking couple sharing an apartment with the four of us?

EMMA

We'll be discreet.

WAYLON

Pfft. As if! We'll all have to listen to you two humping like sweaty warthogs rolling around in your own filth all day and night, and there ain't nothing we can do about it.

CHRIS

We do not 'hump'!

WAYLON

That's not what she said.

EMMA

I never -
 (off Chris' look)
 I haven't said a thing!

Waylon narrows his eyes, glaring coldly at Emma.

LEE

Case in point - Claire.

CLAIRE

Oh, we're back to me at last, are we?

LEE

Don't be like that, Claire. Run with me on this one.

She folds her arms, HUFFING impetuously.

LEE (cont'd)

What if Brian was part of the group? Claire just broke up with him. Would he still have to live here with us? How would the rest of us be able to treat him after they'd fallen out? Would we have to ignore him? Kick him out of the group? The apartment?

EMMA

If you were loyal, yes.

LEE

But that's just it - who should we be loyal to?

Emma starts to reply - then catches up with Lee's point at last and shuts up.

LEE (cont'd)

And therein lies the issue. I mean, look at Ian.

Nobody does. The gauze over his infected eye is starting to STAIN as fluid behind seeps through.

LEE (cont'd)

Or... not.

CHRIS

I'm with you. He set you up to get groped by some cougar in a bar, and yet for the good of the project you're going to forgive him.

LEE
Something like that.

IAN
I don't get it.

EMMA
He means that -

IAN
Not about the forgiving thing, just
why I'd need to be forgiven for
doing something so obviously
hilarious.

LEE
(beat)
Claire?

CLAIRE
Is it my turn? I don't need to be
holding the Talking Stick or
something?
(exhales)
I went out to see Brian...

DISSOLVE TO:

Claire enters as BRIAN takes her coat. He heads back into the
spacious, well-presented room as she hangs back near the
door, uncertain.

BRIAN
Can I fix you a drink of anything
before we head out? I'm just
finishing some stuff up.

CLAIRE
No, no, I'm fine. I had a couple of
drinks Reich before I came out.
(quickly)
Right before.

Brian shoots her an odd look for a beat, but it's soon
forgotten as he steps into another room.

She turns - there's the SWASTIKA FLAG hanging on the back of
the door.

BRIAN (O.S.)
You got anywhere particular in mind
for where we could go? I've got
plenty of suggestions if not.

(CONTINUED)

CLAIRE
Somewhere Nazi.
(cringes)
Nice. Anywhere nice is just fine.

He emerges, pulling on a jacket.

BRIAN
Okay, then. If you're willing, I
know this great place down on -

CLAIRE
(blurts)
Are you a Nazi?

He stops. Blinks.

BRIAN
Am I... what?

Claire marches up to the flag, GRABBING it from the door and shaking it angrily towards him.

CLAIRE
What the hell is this?

BRIAN
It's a flag.

CLAIRE
It's a Nazi flag, Brian!

BRIAN
And?

CLAIRE
'And'? And it's a bloody Nazi flag!
What the hell are you doing with
one?

BRIAN
It's a prop.

CLAIRE
It's a... what?

He steps up to her, calmly taking the flag from her hands.

BRIAN
Have you ever seen 'Indiana Jones
and the Last Crusade'? It's, like,
my all-time favorite movie.

CLAIRE
I... may have.

He turns the flag over, pointing to a label stitched into one corner - marking it as the property of the Lucasfilm Props Department.

BRIAN

I had a friend working on catering, and she snuck in and grabbed a few souvenirs after production stopped.

CLAIRE

But... but...

He walks past her, straightening the flag out to hang it back on the door.

BRIAN

And yeah, I suppose it's a little morbid, but it's actually proven to be quite a conversation starter, because ninety-nine percent of the people who see it know I wouldn't actually be a Nazi, let alone hang one of their flags on my apartment door.

Claire squeezes her eyes shut, groaning inwardly.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Except you, I mean.

CLAIRE

Brian, I'm sorry, I -

BRIAN

It's always going to be something, isn't it? You're always going to have one side of your brain on the permanent lookout for some tiny excuse to want to break up with me. I don't know whether there's some past trauma associated with a shitty boyfriend to blame, or some more deep-seated psychological need to push away anybody who starts to look like they might actually want to give a crap about you, but...

(sighs)

I think you should go.

CLAIRE

(beat)

Please don't kick me out.

BRIAN

Can you blame me? Claire, you've accused me of being gay, then a Nazi all in the space of a few weeks. If you were trying to put me off you, then congratulations.

He opens the door.

BRIAN (cont'd)

You've finally succeeded.

Claire pauses, mouth flapping as she tries to think of a reply - but she finally concedes defeat, bowing her head and slouching towards the open door.

She pauses in the doorway, turning to Brian.

CLAIRE

I'm honestly sorry, Brian.

BRIAN

Me too.

CLAIRE

This won't - I mean, at work, will we -

BRIAN

Remain courteous and professional? Yes, I think we can manage that.

He leans in and gives her a quick KISS on the cheek.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Goodbye, Claire.

Without another word, she turns and trudges out of the apartment. Brian closes the door after her, letting out a deep, saddened SIGH as we DISSOLVE TO:

Claire now has a box of tissues in her lap, several dozen already crumpled on the floor around her as she dabs her eyes.

CLAIRE

So that's it... That's how it ended.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (cont'd)

Now I don't know what it's going to be like when I see him again at work on Monday, whether it'll be horrible and awkward or nasty and bitter, and I know I'm babbling now but that's because it's just hit me how upset I am about everything, and...

She pauses to blow her nose with a loud HONK.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

... and now Chris and Emma are together, and that's wonderful because they're both great and deserve somebody who'll treat them right, but I'm just -

LEE

Not feeling particularly like celebrating anybody's happy union just yet.

WAYLON

Especially when the very fabric of our group's reality is threatening to tear itself apart with every gooshy sideways glance they give each other.

Emma and Chris quickly exchange a glance.

WAYLON (cont'd)

(points)

Like that! See? See what they did?

(mutters)

Harpy.

Claire rises, disturbing an avalanche of used tissues.

CLAIRE

I'm going to bed.

Emma gives her hand a sympathetic squeeze as Claire retreats to the Girls' Room.

LEE

(to Chris and Emma)

I think you two had better find some way to keep your hands off each other for tonight. We don't want to go making Claire feel any worse, do we?

CHRIS

No, we do not.

IAN

Could somebody take me to the eye infirmary, please? The cranial pressure's starting to make me a little dizzy.

They look to Ian - the gauze over his swollen eyeball now seems to have doubled in size, straining to hide the eye beneath.

CHRIS

I'll go.

EMMA

I'll stay here with Claire.

Chris waits for Ian to rise before the duo head for the door. Chris gives Emma one last smile before he exits. She looks back round to find Waylon glaring at her.

EMMA (cont'd)

Will you stop doing that? It's not like I'm stealing him away to another country!

WAYLON

You may as well be.

LEE

Waylon, get your coat.

WAYLON

Why? Are we leaving?

LEE

You and I are going to get some much-needed perspective on today's events.

WAYLON

With beer?

LEE

I'm starting to discover there may not be another way.

WAYLON

Sweet.

He gets up, disappearing into the Boys' Room. Lee sits down opposite Emma. She frowns, suspicious.

EMMA

Are we going to have The Talk?

LEE

There's no need to use capitals. I just want to say - well, to ask, really - that whatever you and Chris get up to is your business and your business alone.

EMMA

I should hope so!

LEE

But please think about what I said. What starts off as a small argument between you two could quite literally tear this whole group apart. Are you sure this is something you both want to get into?

Emma hesitates, unsure of her answer. Lee pats her knee.

LEE (cont'd)

Then have a good long think about that. It's important, and not just for the two of you.

EMMA

I will.

Waylon exits, stuffing his wallet into his shorts pocket and pulling on a jacket.

WAYLON

Why are we still standing around here talking about feelings? Let's man up and go get our beer on, bitch!

LEE

And on that bombshell...

Lee nods to Emma before he and Waylon exit. Emma flops back across the couch, exhaling.

EMMA

Well, Platty, this is another fine mess you've gotten yourself into...

As she stares up at the ceiling, her mind racing with possibilities, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

9

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

9

Chris and Ian sit in a quiet waiting room. There are a few more late-night emergency patients hanging around - the usual dregs of an evening shift.

Ian shifts in his seat, reaching up to rub the gauze over his swollen eyeball - only for Chris to SWAT the hand away.

IAN

But -

CHRIS

Remember what the nurse said. It'll just keep getting bigger.

IAN

Maybe that could be my superpower.

CHRIS

Swollen Eyeball Man?

IAN

Who knows? If it gets big enough, perhaps I can use it to look round corners or through walls.

CHRIS

What about the gruesome sight of what having an eyeball the size of your head hanging out of the socket would do for your rep among the hero community?

IAN

It's a price I'd be willing to pay if it gives me X-ray vision.

They lapse into silence for a few moments.

IAN (cont'd)

You're avoiding the issue, aren't you.

CHRIS

What issue?

IAN

The issue about you wanting to put your pee-pee into Emma's hoo-hah.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS
 (sighs)
 Oh, yeah. That.

IAN
 What are you going to do about it?

Chris leans back in his seat, rubbing his face with his hands.

CHRIS
 I haven't decided yet.

IAN
 I think we can all work out what you'd like to do.
 (beat)
 How long ago did you realize you liked her?

CHRIS
 The first time I saw her with another guy. I got this sudden wave of... I don't know, jealousy, maybe? I didn't even know what it was myself at first.

IAN
 Like a knot in your stomach, an icy pain up your spine and a sudden urge to throttle the life out of whichever goon had his hands on your precious little snowflake with your bare working man's hands?

Chris shoots Ian a look. He shrugs.

IAN (cont'd)
 Just because I'm the irreverent one doesn't mean I've never been in love, Chris.

CHRIS
 When?

IAN
 Back in England. Obviously. Her name was Annie, we were at school together - high school, the equivalent would be - and we had enough classes together that I was able to strike up conversations during lunch and break times.

Chris turns in his seat, interested in hearing more.

IAN (cont'd)

After a few months, we got friendly to the point where I was able to subtly start moving my place in class closer to hers, until after a few weeks of surreptitious musical chair-age I ended up right next to her.

CHRIS

You crafty bastard.

IAN

I had to make a lot of deals to get that far, mind you! Schoolboys can be very territorial. Especially the ones who've got a seat out of the teacher's line of sight.

CHRIS

So you got to sit next to her in class. What then?

IAN

Then, the next few terms whizzed by in a daze of summery scents and hormonal-induced angst. We'd meet up at weekends, walk each other to the bus stops, talk on the phone, muck about in lessons - it was perfect.

CHRIS

And yet I sense a big fat hairy 'but' walking by...

Chris realizes a large, hirsute woman has just passed him. She shoots him a filthy look.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Not you.
(to Ian)
Continue, please.

IAN

Well, there was this big end of term party, right? Everybody was there. Kids from several different school years, too - which is always a recipe for disaster, because as we know -

CHRIS

Girls always like the older boys, especially girls under twenty-five.

IAN

Exactly. It was like a meat market for the lads in the top two years, while the rest of us had to scabble for whatever bare bones they tossed aside after picking them clean.

CHRIS

That's... actually quite a disturbing image there, Ian.

IAN

So! Annie was there. I was there. Plenty of alcohol had been snuck in under the radar, despite the majority of us only being fifteen or so. I had a few drinks, plucked up the courage and went looking for her, determined to spill my guts and tell her how I felt.

Ian pauses, adjusting his bandages and taking a breath.

IAN (cont'd)

When I found her, she was nestled in a corner near the kitchen with James Alexander, this goliath of a football player from the year above. Hands, lips, tongues... all locked together in one maelstrom of lust and eagerness.

CHRIS

Yikes. What did you do?

IAN

I did what any lovestruck young fool would have done when confronted by some Neanderthal groping his swarthy hands over the object of his attention.

(beat)

I finished my drink, ran outside, threw up in the pond and stumbled home weeping like an abandoned child at the fair.

Chris is lost for words.

IAN (cont'd)

So in short, yes, I know exactly how it would have felt for you to see Emma with another chap when you yourself started to want her.

Ian pats Chris amicably on the knee.

IAN (cont'd)
Difference is, you got your wish.
So make it count. Chances like that
don't come along very often.

NURSE (O.C.)
Mr. Austin?

They look up - a NURSE has appeared.

NURSE (cont'd)
Doctor Mundy will see you now.

IAN
Wish me luck!

Chris nods, thoughtful, as Ian follows the Nurse off screen.

A pair of SHOT GLASSES slam down onto the counter with a THUNK, Waylon and Lee already several beers and shots along.

LEE
Right! A cunning plan of action
needs to be proposed.

WAYLON
(belches)
Agreed.

LEE
While this Chris and Emma thing is
a matter for some debate, making
sure Claire feels better is also a
priority.

WAYLON
She just got dumped. That does tend
to piss on most people's parades.

LEE
Ah! But. Here's where the 'cunning'
part of my cunning plan comes in.

Lee drapes an arm round Waylon's shoulders, using that to aim him at several HOT GIRLS at various points round the club.

LEE (cont'd)
Observe. The hotness.

WAYLON
And it was good.

LEE

Here's what we do. We each go and chat up the fittest girls we clap our sorry little eyes on, and -

WAYLON

Take them home and screw them?

LEE

(beat)

No. We find some ludicrous reason for not bringing them home.

WAYLON

I must be misinterpreting the word 'cunning,' because what you've actually just described sounds like the stupidest plan since my parents had a few drinks one night twenty-six years ago.

LEE

Think about it. If we go home and tell Claire how we got talking to a succession of gorgeous women, but in each case there was some niggling little thing about them that made us call it off...

WAYLON

(catching up)

... then Claire doesn't feel so bad about breaking up with Brian over something equally niggling! God damn it, Lee, you are a stone cold genius sometimes.

LEE

Why thank you.

WAYLON

Only sometimes, though.

Lee shoots him a look, then reaches for his beer and drains it. He turns to Waylon, CRACKING his knuckles.

LEE

We'll need evidence where we can get it. Photos, preferably.

WAYLON

We could say we're journalists, researching a piece on the modern dating game for some bullshit men's magazine?

LEE

Spot on. I trust you won't have much difficulty coming up with outrageous reasons for breaking off conversation with someone?

WAYLON

I have a few ideas. I mean, I need to balance the fact that you, as a part-time stripper, will doubtless have more chutzpah with the ladies than I do right now.

LEE

Then let mortal combat commence.

With a quick fist bump, the two guys lumber off their bar stools and fight their way deeper into the club.

INT. APARTMENT - GIRLS' ROOM - NIGHT

Meanwhile, Emma sits with the still tearful Claire.

CLAIRE

I am such an idiot...

EMMA

Nope, pretty sure he was.

CLAIRE

How can you say that, though?

EMMA

It's a pre-programmed response.

Claire dabs her mascara-smudged eyes with a tissue. Emma quickly swipes her a fresh one.

EMMA (cont'd)

And besides, he was the one with a honking great Nazi flag on the back of his door! What does he expect people to think?

CLAIRE

I suppose the idea was that any normal, sensible person would have asked about it straight away, and he could have told them it was just a prop from his favourite film.

(sniffs)

You'll notice I'm referring here to 'normal, sensible' people, one of which I am clearly not.

She blows her nose with a HONK.

EMMA

Hey, could be worse. He could be living here in the apartment.

CLAIRE

Yes, can we shift topics to that for a moment, please?

EMMA

(dry)
Oh, let's.

CLAIRE

Come on, Emma. I need the distraction. My Mother Hen gene is running on empty at the moment.

EMMA

Fine, fine.
(sighs)
What the hell am I supposed to do?

CLAIRE

Decide if this is something you really want, no matter what the risks involved are.

EMMA

They're some pretty damn big risks!

CLAIRE

Which you were obviously willing to take, given that you two have already slept together.

EMMA

Well... alright, that's a fair point. Fifteen-love.

CLAIRE

And besides, Chris is a good guy. He may get led astray by Waylon most of the time, but he's also responsible enough to drag him out of trouble again whenever they land in it. In clubbing terms, he's the designated driver.

EMMA

I thought that was Lee?

CLAIRE

No, he's the disapproving father making a point of staying up late to catch the rebellious offspring creeping home in the dead of night.

EMMA
(amused)
Pipe, slippers and cardigan?

CLAIRE
Absolutely.

Claire manages a smile at last. Emma reaches behind the bed for something - and returns with a tub of ICE CREAM.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
Where did you -

EMMA
Had it on standby soon as I came in here, waiting for the opportune moment.

She slips two SPOONS into her hand with a flick of her wrist.

EMMA (cont'd)
Which is now upon us.

She pops the ice cream tub open and scoops out a generous helping of gloopy goodness.

EMMA (cont'd)
Now eat up. We have much to discuss on the subject of why boys are stupid and how we should throw rocks at them.

Claire chuckles, digging into the tub herself.

CLAIRE
I mean, even if things do go wrong between you and Chris, we are talking worst case scenarios.

EMMA
I know.

CLAIRE
And if he's gone to all this trouble to make things fall into place for you two, chances are he's planning on being in it for the long haul.

EMMA
Hmm.

11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

CLAIRE

After all, he wouldn't risk
breaking the group up and affecting
the project if he didn't think you
were worth it.

Emma pauses, mulling this over as Claire helps herself to
some more ice cream.

EMMA

You know what... I think I know
what to do.

Claire raises an eyebrow.

CLAIRE

You're sure? This is a big
decision, after all. Especially if
you and Chris don't come to the
same one.

EMMA

Trust me. When have I ever been
wrong?

Seemingly satisfied, she gets some more ice cream. Claire
doesn't look quite as convinced as we CUT TO:

12 INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

12

Chris is flicking absently through a magazine when Ian
returns with the Nurse - eye thankfully back to normal.

CHRIS

Hey! Everything alright?

IAN

(downcast)

My powers are gone, Chris.

NURSE

(grins)

The swelling was the result of
chronic eye strain, accentuated by
some particles of food stuff that
had gotten lodged in there.

CHRIS

Doritos, by any chance?

NURSE

How did you know?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Our tubby housemate eats them every day, and wipes his unwashed hands over any available surface. Elementary, my dear.

NURSE

Well, as long as your friend here keeps the eye clean for the next few days and stays on the antibiotics I gave him a prescription for, he'll be fine.

CHRIS

Shouldn't you be telling him all this?

NURSE

He kept babbling about how the eye was going to grant him special powers. I thought perhaps you were his carer?

IAN

Chris, what am I going to do now I'm just... ordinary again?

Chris nods to the Nurse, rising to lead Ian away.

CHRIS

Thank you, miss. I'll make sure he gets back to the institution.

She nods and departs, leaving Ian with Chris.

CHRIS (cont'd)

How do you feel?

IAN

Physically, much better. My spirit, however, has been dashed on the rocks of stolen dreams. I could've been somebody, Chris. The doctor said it was an infection - but what if it was just the birthing process of a wide variety of ocular superpowers?

CHRIS

Let's go. I think your short-lived career in superheroics has come to its natural end.

Ian slumps, trudging alongside Chris as they exit. REVERSE ANGLE as they head away from us.

(CONTINUED)

IAN

Did you decide what to do about
Emma?

CHRIS

I think so, yeah.

IAN

Did my sad story of childhood love
help?

CHRIS

Actually, it did.

IAN

Dear God. I'm so sorry.

(beat)

Maybe if I get Waylon to poke me in
the eye, I can try to -

CHRIS

No, Ian.

Ian SIGHS theatrically before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

13

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

13

Lee is making his way along a walkway running past the main dancefloor when he bumps into a HOT BLONDE.

LEE

Oh! I'm sorry. Are you alright?

HOT BLONDE

Yeah, yeah, I'm fine. Hey... is that a British accent?

LEE

Why yes, yes it is.

HOT BLONDE

Oh my God! That is so awesome. I love accents.

Lee flashes his winning smile as we SWITCH TO:

Waylon, who is leaning casually against a smaller bar counter talking to a HOT BRUNETTE.

WAYLON

Yeah, I mean, McG was all 'John Connor gets killed, and we make the terminator wear his skin and take his place,' but I just said 'Pfft! As if! Nobody's gonna buy that, Mc.' That's what we call him.

The Brunette nods, sipping her drink. She's engrossed in the conversation - somehow.

WAYLON (cont'd)

Let me ask you something - what's your favourite scary movie?

BRUNETTE

Oh, the third one.

WAYLON

Excuse me?

BRUNETTE

You know, the one with Charlie Sheen and Macy Gray?

She sips her drink again. Waylon stares at her for a second - then bursts out LAUGHING.

(CONTINUED)

WAYLON

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, just... just
no. No.

And he walks away, the Brunette blinking in confusion.

ON LEE as he keeps chatting to the Blonde.

HOT BLONDE

Say 'knickers.'

LEE

(laying on the accent)
Knickers.

HOT BLONDE

(squeals)
OhmiGod! That is so funny!

LEE

Tell me... how do you spell
'supposedly'?

HOT BLONDE

Huh?

LEE

It's a word game I like to throw
out there when I'm talking to
people. Tells me a lot about them,
believe it or not.

HOT BLONDE

Oh! Okay... s-u-p-p-o-s-e-b-l-y.

Lee just shakes his head and walks away. The Blonde
hesitates, then turns and yells after him:

HOT BLONDE (cont'd)

What? Did I say it wrong?

ON WAYLON, now sitting at a small table with a gorgeous
MEXICAN HOTTIE.

MEXICAN HOTTIE

So, yeah, once my law degree's all
done I figure I'll branch off into
copyright law, you know, because
there's so much call for that out
here what with all the -

WAYLON

(over her)
Uh-huh.

(MORE)

WAYLON (cont'd)

Listen, there's something I think we should get out of the way before this conversation goes much further.

MEXICAN HOTTIE

Uh, okay... what?

Waylon slides a sheet of PAPER across the table to her. He taps his finger on it, so she picks it up and skims over it.

MEXICAN HOTTIE (cont'd)

What the hell is this?

WAYLON

It's a release form, absolving me of any and all guilt, blame or responsibility for any physical injuries you may sustain during our imminent passionate love-making session.

She lowers the sheet, quirks an eyebrow - then slips off her bar stool and walks away.

WAYLON (cont'd)

(yelling after her)

It's for your own protection! You don't know how many law suits I've had over that!

He chuckles to himself - then quickly fishes out his phone and takes a PHOTO of her retreating form.

ON LEE, dancing alongside a cute, freckly REDHEAD.

LEE

(shouting over song)

So, my friend and I were discussing something before I came over, and we agreed that you're definitely a six.

REDHEAD

A what?

LEE

You know, 'six'? As in 'out of ten'?

REDHEAD

(stops dancing)

Six?

LEE

What? That's better than a lot of
the munters in here, I can tell
you!

She shoots him a filthy look and pushes through the crowd to
get away from him.

LEE (cont'd)

I said you were almost a six point
five, if that helps?

Ignoring the looks he's getting from the clubbers around him,
Lee continues to boogie.

ON WAYLON, now sitting on a squashy sofa against one wall
with a petite but pretty ASIAN GIRL.

WAYLON

So you're what, about five two?
Five three?

ASIAN GIRL

Yeah, something like that!

WAYLON

See, I prefer my women to be a few
inches taller, you know. Five six,
seven.

ASIAN GIRL

Oh. Well... sorry.

WAYLON

You couldn't, I don't know, buy
some really monster heels or
something? Maybe have one of those
leg extension operations?

ASIAN GIRL

Excuse me?

WAYLON

Yeah, I saw them do one on 'Grey's
Anatomy' last week. Doesn't look
too painful, and the swelling goes
down in a coupla months, so...

Perturbed, the Asian Girl rises and scuttles off into the
depths of the club to get away.

WAYLON (cont'd)

Three months, tops!

He laughs to himself, swigging his beer as we join:

(CONTINUED)

Lee, who is putting the moves on a smoking GOTH CHICK in one corner.

LEE

Yeah, so when the music starts play, that's when the Sandman enters...

GOTH CHICK

That is so unbelievable.

LEE

What, you don't think I'd make a good stripper?

GOTH CHICK

Looking at you... have to say, no.

LEE

Maybe if you got a free sample?

GOTH CHICK

A what?

He starts unbuttoning his shirt. The horrified Goth backs away.

GOTH CHICK (cont'd)

What... what are you doing?

LEE

What I do for a living!

One hand slips into his pocket, bringing out his camera.

LEE (cont'd)

You sure you don't want to be part of the show?

The mortified Goth tries to run as Lee brings up his camera, finishing shrugging out of his shirt with a practised move from his other arm.

LEE (cont'd)

(as she flees)

Relax! Once this goes up on RedTube, you'll be a household name!

She's soon vanished into the crowds, leaving a chuckling Lee to start putting his shirt back on:

Just as a huge HAND clamps down onto his shoulder. Lee slowly looks round:

And there's a BOUNCER, not looking at all happy.

14 EXT. NIGHTCLUB - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

14

Lee and Waylon are shoved unceremoniously out of the club by two burly bouncers.

WAYLON

Help! Help! We're being repressed!

With a last PUSH, the boys are sent stumbling out onto the kerb. As they turn, the club doors shut decisively.

LEE

(straightening clothes)
That went well.

WAYLON

Sure did.

LEE

We'd best not go there ever again, though.

WAYLON

Agreed.

LEE

Get plenty of evidence?

Waylon holds his camera and waggles it.

WAYLON

Enough to light up even the darkest corners of Claire's broken, bitter little heart.

LEE

Then let's go!

They start to walk down the street.

WAYLON

Decided what you're gonna do with Chris and Emma yet?

LEE

Can I sell them into slavery?

WAYLON

Depends which country you had in mind.

LEE

Just keeping my options open.

And as the boys walk on into the night, we DISSOLVE TO:

15 INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

15

Claire sits at the counter, glumly stirring a bowl of soggy cereal as Lee and Waylon enter.

LEE
There she is!

CLAIRE
Here I am. Always and forever, it's starting to seem.

Waylon plops himself down next to her, patting her on the shoulder a little harder than necessary.

WAYLON
Claire bear, relax, because Lee and I have a set of tales that will warm the cockles of your heart.
(to Lee)
Is that right? 'Cockles'?

LEE
That's right.

WAYLON
What the hell is a 'cockle' anyway?

LEE
You'd need to be on a beach in England for me to show you.

WAYLON
England has beaches?

LEE
It's an island, you ignorant heathen!

WAYLON
(not listening)
Yeah, yeah - look, Claire, Observe and share in the joy.

He brings up his mobile phone, flicking through the photos as Claire peers at the screen.

CLAIRE
What am I looking at?

WAYLON
The delectable hiney of this Mexican lawyer I got talking to.

CLAIRE
She's beautiful. What happened?

(CONTINUED)

WAYLON

She didn't want to consider the possibility that we could end up in bed together. I'm thinking she was one of those 'prudes' I hear so much about.

Claire chuckles as Lee steps up, showing her a picture on his own phone.

CLAIRE

And this?

LEE

She pronounced it 'supposedly.'

Claire lets out a SNORT of laughter. Waylon and Lee swap a look - just what they wanted to hear.

WAYLON

Oh, hey, check this one out...

CLAIRE

What was wrong with her?

WAYLON

Two inches below my minimum height requirement.

She starts to LAUGH, Lee grinning as the images from last night have the desired effect before we CUT TO:

Ian is sound asleep in bed, while Chris stares out through the window. There's a soft KNOCK at the door, and he turns to see Emma enter.

EMMA

Hey.

CHRIS

Hey yourself.

EMMA

(off Ian)
Should we...

CHRIS

He'll sleep through anything. The antibiotics the docs gave him have the bonus side effect of extreme drowsiness. Plus, I slipped him two extra last night just to make sure.

EMMA

(smirks)

I see your crafty ways haven't slowed down despite recent discoveries.

CHRIS

Love the sinner, hate the sin, is what I say. Usually just after I've been caught.

Emma shuts the door, joining him over by the window.

EMMA

So...

CHRIS

Yep.

EMMA

This is where we should have The Talk, I think.

CHRIS

In capitals?

She nods. He exhales, scratching the back of his head.

CHRIS (cont'd)

I think we should -

EMMA

I think we should -

A beat. They both chuckle.

CHRIS (cont'd)

You first.

EMMA

Chris, don't be mad...

CHRIS

Oh, God...

EMMA

But I totally think we should get together. Properly.

CHRIS

I had a feeling you wouldn't want to - hang on, what?

She smiles, slipping her arms around him. Chris looks ready to bolt just in case this is a trick - or worse, he's dreaming the whole thing.

EMMA

I know it's a big risk, I know that if we fight it'll affect the others, I know we're going to have precious little privacy and Waylon will probably hate me, but...

She leans forward and KISSES him. He's still surprised, unsure of how to react - but soon gets into the kiss.

EMMA (cont'd)

(leaning back)

... if you can promise me you'll take care of me, then I'm all good.

CHRIS

You mean continue in the lifestyle to which you are accustomed?

EMMA

What other lifestyle is there?

He grins, pulling her close again for another KISS.

Behind them, Ian SNORTS, stirs and shifts onto his side, waking up - and seeing the embracing couple.

IAN

(mutters)

Bloody hell... I'm still seeing things.

He rolls back onto his other side, soon drifting off to sleep again.

Oblivious to this, Emma and Chris continue to kiss before pulling apart again.

CHRIS

What do we tell the others?

EMMA

That I have made my decision, and if any of them disagree then I will happily kick their arses until they see things my way.

Chris grins - and oh, look, more kissing. Let's leave them to it for now, eh?

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW