

"SEX, VOWS AND JELLYBEANS"

by

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SEX, VOWS AND JELLYBEANS

FADE IN:

INT. TENT - NIGHT

GAVIN, early 40's, sits cross-legged in a tent. His face illuminated by the glow of a lantern.

Next to the lantern, a glass jar, filled with jellybeans.

GAVIN

All the Prince had to do to make
the Magic Jellybean Jar work was
put a jellybean in every time he...
(he struggles to find
appropriate words)
...played grown-up games with the
Princess....

Reveal two young boys in sleeping bags, YOUNG ANDY, 9, and
YOUNG MAX, 5.

YOUNG MAX

You mean like hide and seek?

YOUNG ANDY

No, dummy.

GAVIN

Andy will explain when you're
older. So... a jellybean goes in
the jar every time he--
(he makes a whistling
noise indicating sex)
-- until he gets married. Then
after he's married, he takes one
out every time he--
(whistles)
And hey presto! A life time's
supply of jellybeans!

Gavin sits back, chortling.

YOUNG ANDY

That story's stupid.

YOUNG MAX

I don't get it.

GAVIN

You will. One day. Least, I hope
so... Right! We got everything?

YOUNG MAX

Why do we have to stay in the tent?

GAVIN
It's an adventure!

YOUNG ANDY
(glares)
We have a lot of adventures when
it's your turn to look after us.

GAVIN
Bet your mum doesn't let you have
this many adventures.

A woman's voice calls out from outside the tent.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Gavin! You gonna be long?

GAVIN
(calls out)
Coming, sweetie!

Outside, thunder rumbles.

YOUNG MAX
It's starting to rain...

GAVIN
An even better adventure! I should
go so your adventure can start
straight away.

He rummages amongst camping detritus. Comes up with some
nappies, nappy wipes, etc.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
Now Andy, you changed Johnny before
he got into the tent, right? So I
guess he'll be okay til morning.

Reveal BABY JOHNNY, barely a year old, lying in a corner of
the tent, happily playing with a rattle.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
But just in case...

He thrusts nappy stuff at Young Andy who takes it, weary.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
Don't eat all the jellybeans, 'kay?
(he's about to head out of
the tent, turns back)
Or if you do, don't tell you
mother.

And he's gone. The boys gaze at the jellybeans. Max takes the
lid off, helps himself to a handful.

YOUNG MAX
Don't look very magic to me.

Young Andy stares at the jar, glum.

YOUNG ANDY
They're not...

INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: TWENTY YEARS LATER

A comfortable suburban bedroom.

ANDY lies in bed. Stares at the ceiling. Proud to have hit his early 30's and avoided love handles. Less happy about the occasional grey hair popping up "down there".

A bulge under the bed sheets. He glances down. Peeks under the sheets, as if he needs confirmation of its source. Sighs.

Turns to the woman beside him: BETH, 32. Sound asleep, radiating a cool beauty. In great shape despite pushing two kids out the old-fashioned way. Only with drugs.

Andy rolls over for a snuggle. Beth snuffles, rolls away. Undeterred, Andy slides across the bed towards her. Slips a hand under the sheets.

BETH
Nnnno...

She sleepily pushes him away. He tries again.

BETH (CONT'D)
Tired.

ANDY
Go on...

He persists. Beth emits a little moan. Andy grins, hope not the only thing rising.

BETH
Oo... Mmmm...

LAURA (O.S.)
Time to get up!

Andy springs off his wife. Spins round to see the cherubic face of LAURA, 3, standing at the foot of the bed. A finger up her nose, an arm wrapped round a Winnie the Pooh bear.

ANDY
Not yet. Go back to bed.

LAURA
I'm not tired.

ANDY
Just try, okay? Ten minutes.

LAURA
O-kaaay...

She slopes off.

BETH
Ten minutes?

ANDY
(he resumes cuddling)
It'll be worth it...

ERIC (O.S.)
Family cuddle!!

ERIC, 4, sprints in and leaps on the bed. Frustrated in a couple of ways, Andy rolls off Beth just in time for Eric's knees to land hard on his abdomen.

He gasps for breath. Amy gleefully joins the fray. Beth throws off the bedsheets, straightens her nightie.

BETH
(to Andy)
Another time, stud.

Andy sighs, resigned.

INT. ANDY'S DINING ROOM - DAY

Breakfast preparations are underway.

In pride of place on the wall, two photos: A wedding portrait of Andy and Beth, and a photo of Andy and two men we'll soon learn are his brothers.

ANDY
I can't believe the Happy Clappers
are making you work on a Sunday.
What happened to a day of rest?

BETH
They're not making me do anything.
If I don't nail this, the job goes
to Dave. Would you want that?
You've met him.

ANDY
If it meant you spent less time
with zealots. They're a bad
influence.

BETH
Even Christians are entitled to
good marketing. Especially if they
have deep pockets.

ANDY
It's a slippery slope...

BETH
Says Mr. Corporate Sell-out.

ANDY
Hey, I've got a convention this
avo. I'm on a panel.

BETH
The kids will be at your mum's all
morning. You could do some writing.

ANDY
(mumbles)
I'll see how I go.

Beth rolls her eyes, knowing. She grabs some toast and exits.
Andy watches her go, a tad wistful. He turns to the kids.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Who wants waffles?

Shrieks of delight from the kids.

INT. AEROBICS ROOM - GYM - DAY

The closed eyes of MAX, now 28, gym bunny.

MAX
In... and out... nice and slow...

Max is on stage, stretching his perma-tanned body. Body fat
so low it'd put a skinless turkey to shame.

Before him are two dozen babes, 20's to 30's, in the latest
fitness gear. Max strikes another pose. Muscles bulge.

MAX (CONT'D)
You've done well ladies. You
deserve a nice weekend treat.

He opens an eye, glances at an extra hot GYM BABE in the
front row. She opens her eyes, sees him looking.

MAX (CONT'D)
(to Gym Babe)
In and out... That's it...

GYM BABE (V.O.)
 (screams)
 That's it! That's it!!

Which takes us to...

INT. JOHNNY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

A tangle of spandex.

GYM BABE
 That's it! Omigod!!

Gym Babe smashes down on Max. Max's face says it all: loving that she's loving it. She rolls off, satiated.

GYM BABE (CONT'D)
 God... that was...

MAX
 Yeah.

GYM BABE
 Did you... (cum)?

Max traces a finger along her tricep, admires its definition.

MAX
 You in a rush?

Gym Babe grins, reaches for some post-coital gum. Proffers it to Max who declines. She pops a stick in her mouth. Props up on an elbow. Notices the surroundings for the first time.

GYM BABE
 Nice place.

MAX
 My brother's.

GYM BABE
 You live with him?

MAX
 I... borrow it sometimes.

GYM BABE
 That's nice of him.

MAX
 Would be if he knew...

She grins, removes her gum, sticks it to the base of a lamp, locks lips with Max.

A key turns in the door. Their heads spin toward the sound.

MAX (CONT'D)

Shit.

TRACY (O.S.)

...Mum wants to book tickets,
that's all.

Max gestures for Gym Babe to grab her stuff.

JOHNNY (O.S.)

It's months away.

They snatch up scattered clothes, gym bags.

Max indicates a large sofa. They scurry behind it, piles of clothing in their arms. They fail to notice they've left a shrivelled snake of latex, coiled ominously on the floor.

JOHNNY and TRACY, 25, wander in with groceries.

Johnny's a younger version of Max, with a generous dollop of Andy's decency. Tracy's attractive, articulate, a hint of shyness. They pack away groceries.

TRACY

Whatever... It's not important.

Tracy heads towards the couch with a magazine. Places it on a coffee table. Spots the condom.

Takes a moment to register. Puzzlement turns to anxiety. She uses a pen from the coffee table to pick up the condom.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Johnny?

JOHNNY

Mm?

(he looks over)
Where'd you get that?

TRACY

It was on the floor.

With Max and Gym Babe: Max mouths "shit!"

Back with Johnny and Tracy:

JOHNNY

It's not mine.

Johnny wanders over. Peers at it. The couch moves. Everything falls into place. He addresses the couch.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Max.

(another couch bump)
You wanna come out?

MAX (O.S.)
Not 'specially.

TRACY
(rolls her eyes)
Unbelievable.

MAX (O.S.)
Tracy! Didn't hear you come in.

She catapults the condom off the pen. It hits a curtain and slides down behind the couch.

MAX (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Thanks.

Tracy glares at Johnny. Stalks off, depositing the pen in a pedal bin en route.

JOHNNY
She's gone.

Max's head rises cautiously from behind the couch.

MAX
You're back from the store.

JOHNNY
Your friend not gonna say hello?

MAX
She's a bit shy. And a bit...
(his face contorts)
busy...

Johnny backs away.

JOHNNY
When you're done, come find me.
We're going for a drive.

Max manages to nod, a stupid look on his face.

INT. ANDY'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Images of a younger Andy and Beth: Fancy dress photos. Beth's dressed as a sexy cop: night stick, handcuffs. She strikes a provocative pose.

Andy's at his desk in a basement home office. He scrolls through images on his laptop. The next shot has them both in frame. He's dressed as a burglar, with a balaclava.

The shots get progressively raunchier. Images from a carefree time: parties, booze, the promise of sex. Andy smiles in happy remembrance.

INT. CHURCH OF THE ALMIGHTY OFFICES - DAY

A modern, well-appointed office. It could belong to any medium-sized business, except for the posters of Jesus, and the large neon crucifix propped-up in the corner.

Beth's in animated discussion with DAVE, 40. Intense, passionate, well-groomed, supremely confident. They're on opposite sides of a table covered with advertising art work. Next to Beth is her mousy P.A., FIONA, 21.

BETH

They wanted a fresh perspective, Dave. They've never done a rally this big before.

DAVE

Salvation Drive. 'Rally' makes people think of Nuremberg. And we're not selling cat food here.

BETH

The Church is selling a product like everyone else. And Salvation's a pretty impressive Unique Selling Proposition.

DAVE

Beth, have you taken Christ as your personal saviour?

BETH

This a trick question, right?

Beth's phone rings: Andy calling. She doesn't notice Fiona smiling at Dave, coy. Fingering the cross around her neck.

BETH (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Andy. What's up?

INT. ANDY'S HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Andy's at his desk. On his computer is a raunchy shot of Beth, naked from the waist up, in a cop's hat, dangling handcuffs, seductive.

ANDY

(into phone)

You gonna be long?

INTERCUT:

BETH

Probably. Why?

ANDY
 (gazes at the photo)
 Kids are at mum's. The convention
 doesn't start for a while...

Beth moves away from Dave for privacy.

BETH
 Thought you were writing.

Beth glances over to see Dave deep in intimate conversation
 with her PA. She looks pissed-off.

ANDY
 Remember that fancy dress party at
 Johnny's? Afterwards, we--

BETH
 Hey!! I'll see you tonight.

He hangs up, sighs. Closes the photos. Opens a folder with
 comic art in it. A buxom blonde, noir-style private
 detective: Trixie Marlowe: Hot Dick. He scrolls through some
 half-finished images. He looks around, distracted.

INT/EXT. JOHNNY'S CAR/ANDY'S HOUSE - STREET - DAY

Johnny pulls up outside a suburban house. Max is in the
 passenger seat.

JOHNNY
 I gave you that key so you could
 feed Ajax when we're away.

MAX
 Why'd you name a beagle after a
 battleship, anyway?

JOHNNY
 Ajax is named after a programming
 tool for interactive... it doesn't
 matter. Just try and avoid us
 walking in on you, okay?

MAX
 I was in the moment.

They jump out of the car and head for the front door.

JOHNNY
 There's more to life.

MAX
 Not if you got my life.

INT. ANDY'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Andy's visible from the chest up as he sits at a desk in front of a computer. On one side of his keyboard, a bottle of hand cream. On the other, tissues. His upper body jiggles.

MAX (O.S.)
Andy? Where are ya?

Andy's eyes flick open.

ANDY
Shit.

He leaps up. Catches his knee painfully on the desk. Attempts to pull up his jeans with one hand. With the other, he grabs a handful of tissues. He spins his office chair round just as Max and Johnny amble in.

MAX
What are you--

He pulls up short. Andy's doing his best to look nonchalant. And failing miserably. Johnny pivots away, appalled.

JOHNNY
Jesus! Twice in one morning?

ANDY
I was... gluing.

MAX
Never heard it called that before.

ANDY
My... mouse pad was slipping, so I--

MAX
And the tissues?

ANDY
(thinks hard)
Hay fever.

MAX
You sad, sad bastard.

ANDY
What??

JOHNNY
(to Max)
Least it was in the privacy of his own home.

MAX
Let it go, bro'.

JOHNNY
(to Andy)
We'll be upstairs. I need to talk
to both of you.

Johnny exits. Max chortles and follows. Andy sighs.

INT. ANDY'S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Andy's zipped-up and looking less out-of-sorts. Max sits in front of the TV, a History Channel documentary shows Nazis invading France. Max talks over his shoulder.

MAX
What are you, fifteen?

ANDY
You telling me you never...

MAX
Slap box the one-eyed champ? Not
since intermediate.

ANDY
Bullshit.

MAX
Don't have to.

He gets off the couch to mime rear entry sex. While Max gets into his role-playing, Andy just shakes his head.

JOHNNY
Tracy wants to get married.

Max's mime comes to a halt mid-thrust. He flicks off the TV.

MAX
Come again?

JOHNNY
Church, guests. Big white dress.

ANDY
She said this?

JOHNNY
The hints are impossible to ignore.

Max looks genuinely alarmed.

MAX
I keep telling ya - you gotta nip
it in the bud. Before she has both
your balls in a vice.

ANDY
 (to Johnny)
 Ignore him. Tracy's the best thing
 that ever happened to you--

MAX
 Shag her sister. That'd do it.

JOHNNY
 She only has a brother.

MAX
 (weighs it up)
 It'd be drastic... (but)

ANDY
 (ignores Max)
 You're practically living together
 now. You don't have to run to the
 registry office tomorrow. Get
 engaged, get used to the idea.
 Trust your gut.

JOHNNY
 My gut's all over the place. Why do
 you think I'm talking to you?

MAX
 I've told you what to do.

JOHNNY
 I don't wanna lose her.

MAX
 The minute she mentions rings,
 that's exactly what you do.

ANDY
 You love her, right?

JOHNNY
 Sure.

ANDY
 So, what's the problem?

MAX
 What's--? You're a walking, wanking
 advertisement for what's sucky
 about marriage.

ANDY
 Beth and I are going through a slow
 patch--

MAX
 That's what people say when they
 ain't getting any.
 (MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)
(turns to Johnny)
You've heard Dad talk about
jellybean fucking, right?

ANDY
Suddenly Dad's a role model?
(to Johnny)
Things slow down a bit after
marriage. Kids, careers, a
mortgage. But it's different. The
sex is better--

MAX
The sex you never get.

Max has hit a nerve. Andy struggles to stay calm.

ANDY
It's quality, not quant--

MAX
How much better?

ANDY
What?

MAX
This sex you get on your birthday
or in a leap year - how much better
is it than what I get every day?
Ten per cent? A hundred per cent?

ANDY
I can't quantify it!

MAX
Johnny needs the hard facts.

ANDY
Johnny needs our support.

MAX
Put your money where your mouth is.
(Andy looks baffled)
You and me: A jellybean jar sex
contest. Whoever has more sex wins.

Andy's conflicted. Then his nerve lets him down.

ANDY
I got grown-up stuff to do.

He exits to a triumphant look from Max. Johnny despairs.

INT. CONVENTION HALL - DAY

Crowds of teens/early 20's pop culture nerds, mostly male, decked-out in pop-culture attire: Star Trek, Xena, miscellaneous superheroes.

Andy sits at a trestle table on stage, a screen behind him displays the words: "Comics Creators and Their Inspirations." Also at the table are characters in fantasy-themed costumes.

An intense-looking COMICS AUTHOR, 30, sits down next to him.

COMICS AUTHOR
Andy Brothers, right? Hot Dick?
(Andy nods)
Awesome. Big fan.

ANDY
Cheers.

COMICS AUTHOR
Watcha working on now? Heard we
lost you to the corporate world.

ANDY
Mortgage waits for no man.

COMICS AUTHOR
Still... shame.

ANDY
Comics will survive without me.

A woman, 28, appears at the side of the stage: SOPHIA. Andy smiles. He clearly knows her and it's not hard to see why he's happy to see her. Taut body, stunning smile, dressed kind of like Princess Leia as Jabba the Hutt's concubine. A whisper goes through the crowd as she takes the stage.

COMICS AUTHOR
Thought about getting back on the
horse?

Andy's distracted.

COMICS CONVENTION GUY
(into microphone)
Ladies and gentlemen, please give
it up for the original Hot Dick,
Sophia Lamont!

Whoops and cheers from the appreciative crowd.

COMICS AUTHOR
Well?

ANDY
(watches Sophia)
We'll see.

INT. CONVENTION CENTER GREEN ROOM - DAY

Andy goes to get a coffee but finds only an empty jug.

SOPHIA (O.S.)
Looks like a job for Trixie
Marlowe.

Andy spins around. A fourteen year old with a crush.

She finds fresh coffee in a cupboard.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
So Hot Dick's back for the Twenty-
first Century?

ANDY
My publisher's keen for me to re-
work it. We'll see...

SOPHIA
Hot Dick deserves a second coming.

ANDY
So to speak.

They share a smile. He gestures to her costume.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Your latest incarnation?

SOPHIA
Princess Persia.

ANDY
I think it's on during bath-time.

SOPHIA
You got two, right?
(Andy nods)
Gonna have any more?

ANDY
No. No, no, no, no, no, no. I mean,
they're great...

SOPHIA
Sure.

ANDY
But... no. Boy, you look... regal.

An awkward silence.

SOPHIA
You wanna grab a real coffee?

ANDY
(torn)
I gotta fetch the kids. They're at
their nana's. If I don't--

SOPHIA
That's cool.

ANDY
But we should... catch up.

SOPHIA
That'd be good.

She smiles and Andy melts.

INT. ANDY'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Andy beavers away at his computer, colouring Hot Dick panels.

O.S. a door opens and a stampede of kids' feet is heard.

BETH (O.S.)
(calls out)
Andy!

ANDY
Down here.

Beth enters with takeaways.

BETH
Hey. You working on Trixie?

ANDY
Yeah.

BETH
Convention got you fired-up?

ANDY
(a little guilty)
Yeah...

BETH
Cool. Wanna help serve up? The kids
have got stuff to show you.

ANDY
Can you send 'em down after they've
eaten? I'm on a bit of a roll.

BETH
Sure.

Beth kisses the top of his head and heads out.

INT. ANDY'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

The next morning. Andy's on the phone. Unshaven, in crumpled clothes from last night. He's beaming.

ANDY
 (into phone)
 I just sent you the upload link.
 Let me know what you think.
 (listens)
 Okay. Talk soon.

He disconnects, flops down in his chair, exhausted but euphoric. He pulls his phone from his pocket. Contemplates for a second. Then types a text message.

INT. CHURCH OF THE ALMIGHTY OFFICES - DAY

Beth dashes through the office, folders and art work under her arm. Fiona struggles to keep up. Beth thrusts her mobile at her.

BETH
 Take messages unless it's urgent.
 (straightens her skirt)
 Wish me luck.

FIONA
 I'll be praying for you.

Beth darts into a glass-walled conference room where Dave is already shaking hands with a couple of men in suits. Fiona settles in at a desk. Flicks through a Christian magazine. Beth's cellphone buzzes - incoming message.

Fiona sees the message: "I'm so fucking hot & horny 4 u"
 Fiona pales.

She glances through the glass wall - Beth is ensconced with the clients. The phone buzzes again.

After some angst-ridden hesitation, Fiona reads the message: "R u there?" She reaches a decision, types: "Busy. Call bk."

She sets the phone down. It sits on the desk. The tension unbearable... It buzzes. Fiona nearly jumps out of her skin. She hardly dares read it. When she does she sees: "i wanna get busy btw yr legs".

Fiona squeals in dismay. Drops the phone as if stung by it.

INT. ANDY'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Beth glares at a contrite Andy.

ANDY

How I was I s'posed to know your
P.A. reads your private texts?

BETH

She could sue for sexual
harassment.

ANDY

I was trying to sexually harass my
wife! I thought it'd be a turn-on.

BETH

Fiona's taken the rest of the week
off. Mental health days.

ANDY

Seducing your wife's a health and
safety issue now.

BETH

There's a time and place!

ANDY

What time? What place?

BETH

I know we've been busy lately--

ANDY

Since Eric was born. Four years.

BETH

That's not true.

ANDY

When was the last time?

BETH

I can't tell you off--

ANDY

My birthday.

(Beth looks skeptical)

We went to dinner, came home, had
sex. Before that, Valentines.
Before that, New Year's Eve.

BETH

Do you keep a diary?

ANDY

Tell me I'm wrong.

Beth slumps, exhausted. Andy goes to her. Puts his hands on her shoulders.

ANDY (CONT'D)
I just wanna make sure that in
between everything else, there's
time for us. Is that such a crime?

Beth shakes her head. Smiles. He kneads her shoulders. She closes her eyes, enjoying herself.

INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Andy and Beth lie in bed in a post-coital glow.

BETH
That was fun.

ANDY
We should do it more often.

Beth snuggles up to him. Andy's eyes close.

BETH
You're right.
(Gives him a kiss.)
You worked all last night. Where do
you get the energy?

ANDY
Dunno. But it's gone now.
(beat)
By the way: Whoever had the most
orgasms gets up for the kids.

BETH
(playful)
No fair!

ANDY
(smirks)
'Night.

Beth ponders for a moment. Then slips beneath the covers.

ANDY (CONT'D)
You're optimistic.

BETH (O.S.)
(under the covers)
I want a lie-in. Stop talking.

ANDY
(blissful)
Whatever you say...

INT. CHICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A mobile phone rings. A hand picks up.

MAX
 (into phone)
 Yeah? Andy. Past your bedtime,
 isn't it?

INT. ANDY'S EN SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Andy whispers on his mobile.

ANDY
 (into phone)
 Johnny needs to know he can have
 love, marriage and great sex. He
 doesn't have to turn into an ego-
 centric, narcissist who only lives
 for his next root.

INTERCUT WITH:

MAX
 If I knew what those words meant
 I'd be offended. You're on.

He hangs up. Reveal a BABE handcuffed to the bed in lingerie.

BABE
 Who was that?

MAX
 No one. Where was I...?

EXT. ANDY'S BACK YARD - DAY

The brothers stand round a gas barbecue, still in its box. Andy peers at some assembly instructions; Max reaches into the box and hauls bits out. Sneers at Andy.

MAX
 Pussy.

Beth exits with the kids, surprised to see Johnny and Max.

BETH
 Hey guys.
 (to Andy)
 Thought you were working on the
 comic?

ANDY
 This won't take long.

MAX
Now we're here.

BETH
Sure.
(to the brothers)
Don't distract him. He's on a roll.

MAX
(lewd)
That right?

BETH
I made muffins if anyone wants one.

Johnny smirks at Andy.

ANDY
Thanks.

BETH
See ya.

JOHNNY
(to Andy)
So the drought finally broke?

Max looks puzzled. Andy grins.

ANDY
Pass us a spanner.

EXT. ANDY'S BACK YARD - DAY

The barbecue's assembled. The guys give it a work-out. Andy has tongs and pokes sausages and steaks.

MAX
Thursday's the first. Day One?

ANDY
Works for me.

MAX
When I have sex, a jelly bean goes in the jar. When you have sex, one comes out.

JOHNNY
What about what Andy said? Sex is better with a committed partner?

MAX
(shrugs)
He can take out two for every one I put in.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)
 (points at a steak)
 You need to turn that.

Andy studiously ignores his advice.

ANDY
 I don't normally accept charity,
 but since we've got kids and a
 mortgage, and your commitments
 consist of keeping a cactus alive,
 I think some sort of handicap is
 reasonable. How will I know if
 you're being honest?

MAX
 My word of honour as a gentleman?

Johnny and Andy look at him like he's mad.

ANDY
 We need a verification process.

The boys watch the flames in silence for a moment.

MAX
 Video.

ANDY
 What?

MAX
 We record the act, Johnny validates
 the footage.

JOHNNY
 I don't wanna watch you two bump
 nasties! And don't you think the
 women might get a bit suspicious?

MAX
 We're not gonna put up lights and
 call "action!" Hidden cameras.
 You're the IT guy. Get the footage
 sent to your computer.
 (to Andy)
 Your sausage is gonna burst.

Andy grudgingly moves some saussies to the side.

JOHNNY
 Still not helping the ick factor.

ANDY
 What if it wasn't footage? What if
 it was just... audio. We record the
 woman saying something like "That
 was awesome, you huge stud."

MAX
Or in your case: "Is that it?"
Here...

Max reaches for the tongs. Andy whips them out of reach.

JOHNNY
What if something goes wrong?

MAX
We're having sex, not launching
Apollo Thirteen.

Johnny looks skeptical. Andy ponders for a moment. Then his conscience gets the better of him.

ANDY
We need another way to verify. I'm
not recording Beth.

Andy takes the meat from the barbecue, turns off the flame.

JOHNNY
Verification's not so much of an
issue with Beth...

ANDY
There is that.

MAX
What the hell are you on about?

JOHNNY
You wanna tell him or shall I?

INT. ANDY'S KITCHEN - DAY

The boys are in front of an open freezer, looking at baking-filled Tupperware. Each has a date label. Andy points at various boxes.

ANDY
The day after: My birthday,
Valentines Day, New Year's Eve,
Beth's Christmas party. And then...

He indicates freshly baked muffins sitting on the counter.

MAX
What a freak.

ANDY
No muffins for you.

He grabs a muffin and takes a big bite. Max chuckles and shakes his head.

MAX

Okay. So Johnny confirms each new batch of post-coital cookies, and we clock that up as a score.

ANDY

What about you?

MAX

DVD, Blu-Ray or MP4?

INT. ANDY'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Andy sits in front of his laptop on a three-way video call with Johnny and Max.

JOHNNY

(on screen)

Fifty days starts at twelve noon.

That's in...

(checks his watch)

Thirty seconds.

MAX

(on screen)

You got the jar?

Johnny holds up a small jar.

MAX (CONT'D)

What if someone eats them?

JOHNNY

(on screen)

I won't and Tracy's a diabetic.

MAX

(on screen)

She doesn't look fat enough.

JOHNNY

(on screen)

It's Type One. Anyone can get it.

MAX

(on screen)

Maybe she's secretly fat. Put her on a bus to Dumpsville.

ANDY

You're secretly an idiot. Can we get on with this?

MAX

(on screen)

Sticks and stones won't break my bone, big brother.

JOHNNY
You sure you wanna do this?

MAX/ANDY
Yes!

JOHNNY
(on screen)
All right. In three... two... one.
(sighs)
And the Jelly Bean Contest begins.

MAX
(on screen)
Later, losers!

His screen flicks off.

JOHNNY
(on screen)
Good luck.

Andy gives him a thumbs-up and disconnects. Heads upstairs.

INT. MAX'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Max saunters in.

MAX
Sorry 'bout that.

Reveal a HOT BABE is draped across the bed. The seduction, clearly underway, resumes.

They start shedding clothes. Max reaches behind the headboard where a tiny remote control is taped. A light comes on on his laptop next to a web camera.

INT. ANDY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

A robe-clad Andy sashays around the kitchen, lighting candles and humming happily to Barry White. The phone rings. Andy mutes the music with a remote. Answers.

ANDY
(into phone)
Yo.

INT. BETH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Beth speaks on a hands-free as she drives.

BETH
I'm five minutes away.

ANDY (V.O.)
 (over phone)
 No problem.

BETH
 Sorry. I wanted to be home before
 the kids went to bed. You eaten?

INT. ANDY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

ANDY
 Thought I'd wait for you.

He arranges oysters on a plate.

BETH (V.O.)
 You're an angel. See you soon.

ANDY
 (hangs up, to himself)
 Angel Andy ain't home right now.
 Tonight it's Devil Andy!

Andy re-starts the seduction music. Takes grapes and strawberries from the fridge. Retrieves a can of whipped cream, seductively shakes, then squirts dollops artfully round the fruit.

From the stove top, he gets a pot of melted chocolate, pours it into a gravy boat. He hears footsteps outside the kitchen.

ANDY (CONT'D)
 That was quick. Must've sensed what
 was lying in wait...

He unties his robe, which falls to the floor. Takes the chocolatey spatula, licks it seductively. The door opens: Eric in his pyjamas. (Eric can only see Andy from the waist up due to the kitchen counter.)

The spatula flies from Andy's mouth, lands with a clatter in the sink.

ANDY (CONT'D)
 What are you doing up?

ERIC
 I'm thirsty.

Andy scrambles on the floor for his robe. Awkwardly pulls it on as Eric makes his way into the kitchen.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 What are you wearing?

ANDY
 I spilled food on my clothes.
 (sloshes water into a
 Barney cup)
 Drink it in your room.

He starts to hustle Eric out of the kitchen.

ERIC
 Mummy says I should have my water
 in the kitchen.

ANDY
 It's a special treat.

ERIC
 Why are there candles?

ANDY
 I'm saving power. Ever heard of
 global warming?

ERIC
 But candles are hot...

ANDY
 Go to bed and stay there. Or I'll
 tell Santa you've been bad.

ERIC
 (alarmed)
 No!

ANDY
 Okay. But no more getting up.

Eric races off. Andy grimaces, ashamed. Shakes it off, struggles to get back in the groove. Goes back to arranging the seduction. Hears the door open.

Convinced he's got it right this time, he sheds his robe. Grabs some grapes, proceeds to bite one from the bunch.

BETH (O.S.)
 God, you wouldn't believe the day--

She opens the door and is pulled-up by the sight of Andy, starkers, feasting on grapes to the tune of "It's Only Love Doing Its Thing." He does some sexy bumps and grinds.

INT. ANDY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

The lights are on, the candles out. Andy's back in his robe. An unimpressed Beth slathers peanut butter on toast.

BETH
I've had a shit day at work. I come home and find you farting about naked--

ANDY
I wasn't naked!

He pulls his robe aside, points to his O.S. genitals.

BETH
A cock ring isn't clothing.
(he covers up, dejected)
I dunno what's got into you lately.

ANDY
I know what hasn't got into you.

Beth gives him a withering look. He moves towards her.

ANDY (CONT'D)
I just want us to spend some time together--

BETH
Uh-uh! I'm taking this peanut butter sandwich and half the oysters and going to the bedroom. And in case it isn't patently clear: that is not an invitation.

She stomps out. Andy's cock ring plops off its hidden "perch" and lands at his feet. He stares at it, despondent.

INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Beth's curled up in bed when Andy eases himself in quietly. He settles in for sleep.

BETH
Sorry.

ANDY
I wasn't thinking.

Beth rolls over to face him. She smiles, tired.

BETH
Not with your head, anyway. Still, it was quite an effort.

ANDY
I was gonna have oysters, grapes and whipped cream anyway...

BETH
If you wanted to... I mean, I can't
promise I'll be very animated...

ANDY
Um, okay... I guess I can work with
inanimate...

They fumble under the covers, removing the bottom halves of
nightwear. Andy lifts the sheet, ready to head "downstairs."
Beth pulls him up.

BETH
That's okay.

ANDY
Really?

BETH
It's late...

Andy accepts this, clumsily climbs on top. Starts thrusting.
A strange squeaking starts up in time to his rhythm. It
starts to bother him. He pauses, looks the question.

BETH (CONT'D)
Laura's. She lost it behind the
headboard. Don't worry about it.

ANDY
(still thrusting)
It's kind of off-putting.

BETH
Try to ignore it.

He concentrates, shutting out the squeaking that's getting
louder and faster. It's an effort, but he perseveres.

Reveal a soft toy monkey, being rhythmically squeezed between
the headboard and the wall as Andy's grunts continue O.S.
After an urgent grunt, the squeaking slows and finally stops.

Back with Andy and Beth:

Andy dismounts. Beth straightens her night clothes, rolls
away from Andy.

BETH (CONT'D)
Night.
(beat)
You're getting up for the kids.

ANDY
Sure.

Andy looks a little deflated.

INT. JOHNNY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Johnny reads an IT magazine. Andy bursts through the door, brandishing a freshly-baked tray of scones.

ANDY
We are on, my friend!

He thrusts a slip of paper from his pocket at Johnny.

JOHNNY
(reads)
"You owe me 2 jelly beans."
Laminated, huh?

ANDY
Too much? I did a few...

JOHNNY
Check the jar.

Andy strolls over to the pantry, opens it and sees three jellybeans - red, white and blue. Mocking him with their sugary patriotism. He's aghast.

ANDY
It's been thirty-six hours...

JOHNNY
Thirty-eight.

ANDY
He didn't have any gym classes. I checked his roster.

JOHNNY
You think he's only in there when he's working?

Andy puts the scones on the table and slumps, dejected.

ANDY
Maybe I should start working out again...

JOHNNY
You're only one behind. Take your beans and get back to the trenches.

ANDY
You're right.
(he downs two jelly beans)
Journey of a thousand miles starts with a single root, right?

JOHNNY
Whatever you say, Confucius.

Andy exits. Johnny takes a big bite of a scone, screws up his face. Dumps the half eaten scone back on the table.

INT. MAX'S BEDROOM - DAY

A foxy gym chick, RACHEL, wearing only Max's t-shirt, happily potters around his bedroom.

She casually peers into his wardrobe and catches a glimpse of a military uniform. Puzzled, she starts to pull it out just as Max enters wearing a towel.

MAX
(panicked)
What are you doing!?

Startled, she drops the uniform back into the wardrobe.

RACHEL
Jesus! I nearly pissed myself. What is that?

MAX
(cagey)
Family heirloom.

She misses Max's anxious look. Continues exploring. Max surreptitiously hits the remote's off button.

RACHEL
I've never been to your place before. You're usually so private.

MAX
Wanted a change of scenery.

RACHEL
I'm loving the scenery...

She sidles up for a kiss. Max slips from her reach.

MAX
I've got a class.

RACHEL
What time are you off? We could catch a movie later.

She perches herself on the bed.

MAX
Maybe another time.

A tiny flash of resentment. She covers with a shrug and a toothy smile, peels off his t-shirt, heads to the en suite.

A flicker of concern crosses Max's face, and then is gone.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Andy sits at a desk with a pen and paper. He reads a book he holds on his lap - the graphic novel, 'The Watchmen.' He appears deeply engrossed. Some school girls file past. Andy nervously closes his book until they've passed.

Once they're gone he goes back to his reading. Reveal he's hiding a book 'Sex in Marriage: Keeping it Hot' behind the comic. He takes notes.

INT. GYM, WEIGHTS AREA - DAY

Max assists a PRETTY GYM GIRL with her programme. He works with her at a weights machine, getting "up close and personal" as he shows her proper technique.

Andy pumps iron. The scene of seduction unfolding before him makes him heave the weights with even greater vigour.

Rachel also watches on from the b.g., jealous as hell.

INT. MAX'S BEDROOM - DAY

Max has wild sex with the Pretty Gym Girl.

The open laptop sits on a desk across from the bed, the webcam recording all.

INT. JOHNNY'S APARTMENT - JELLY BEAN JAR - DAY

Johnny hits pause, recoils from his laptop. A frozen image of the ecstatic, contorted faces of Max and a random woman fill the laptop's screen. He diligently takes a jellybean from a bag and drops it into the jar. Shakes his head, appalled.

INT. LAURA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Andy sits on the edge of Laura's bed. Laura, in pyjamas, lies under the sheets. She looks distressed.

ANDY

But just after Flicka had saved the orphans, a huge truck came whizzing round the corner. And remember how I said the road was really wet?

(Laura nods, wide-eyed)

Well, it skidded. The truck hit the trailer and... Flicka went to Horse Heaven. And that's the reason we didn't get a pony.

Laura nods, absorbing this.

LAURA

Is it nice in Horse Heaven?

ANDY

It's the best. Horses can jump and play all day long. Now, can I have it back, please?

With great reluctance Laura pulls out a riding crop from under her bed sheets. Hands it to Andy.

ANDY (CONT'D)

And the other thing?

Laura hands over some fluffy hand-cuffs.

LAURA

Tell me how you caught the robber, again.

ANDY

Another night. And no more sneaking into Daddy's things, okay?

Laura nods, chastened.

INT. MAX'S BEDROOM - DAY

Max tumbles off a HOT CHICK, breathing hard.

INT. ANDY'S STUDY - NIGHT

Andy's at his laptop. Googles: "Latex."

After a beat, he adds "kinky" to the search. Hits enter.

INT/EXT. ANDY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Andy finishes doing up the zips on a full body latex gimp suit. He reclines "sexily" on the bed. Decides it's not the right look.

He peers out of the closet as if ready to jump out. Again, shakes his head.

He's on all fours, growling like a dog.

Still in the gimp suit, Andy tries to handcuff himself to the bed but struggles with the final handcuff attachment, despite using his teeth. He's distracted by the sound of a car pulling up O.S.

Outside, Beth's assistant, Fiona, gets out of the passenger side door.

In the bedroom, Andy's eyes widen with alarm.

FIONA (O.S.)
I can't believe I was such a ditz.

BETH (O.S.)
I remember when Andy locked himself
out for a whole day!

Andy fumbles madly as he tries to get out of the handcuffs.
He drops the key and scrambles on the floor for it.

O.S. the front door opens. Andy wrestles with his gimp mask.

BETH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Andy?

ANDY
Be right there!

He tugs at his latex trousers before collapsing to the floor.

INT. ANDY'S DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Downstairs, Beth and Fiona hear thumps, bangs and crashes
from upstairs. Fiona looks a little antsy. Beth smiles, goes
to say something, comes up blank. Pops the kettle on.

Feet scamper down the stairs. A flushed Andy appears wearing
shorts and a tank-top.

ANDY
Fiona, right?

Fiona nods, wary.

BETH
Fiona locked herself out. I said
she could stay here til her
flatmate gets off work.

ANDY
Sure.
(catching his breath)
I was trying out one of those home
exercise machines.

Beth raises a skeptical eyebrow.

BETH
How was it?

ANDY
It chafed.

INT. JOHNNY'S APARTMENT - JELLY BEAN JAR - NIGHT

Two more jellybeans clinks into the jar, joining several already there.

INT. ANDY'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Fiona exits with her female FLATMATE.

BETH
See you tomorrow.

Fiona forces a smile to Beth. Andy gives a cheery wave. Fiona glances at him askance, then hurries out. Once they're gone -

BETH (CONT'D)
A home exercise machine?

ANDY
(at a loss)
I... wasn't expecting company.

BETH
In the middle of the day?

Andy looks sheepish.

INT. GYM, WEIGHTS AREA - NIGHT

Max is behind the desk in his gym uniform perusing a roster when a RECEPTIONIST approaches with a woman.

RECEPTIONIST
Max, this is Christine. She's thinking about a membership. You free to show her round?

Max is instantly smitten by CHRISTINE, 29. Sharply-dressed in a suit and designer glasses, she still exudes a very feminine aura. The promise of brains and sensuality.

MAX
Sure.
(extends a hand)
Good to meet you.

CHRISTINE
Your colleague tells me there's no women's only area.

MAX
We're more like one big, happy--

CHRISTINE
So if I want a work-out without being ogled, what do you recommend?

MAX

Putting on twenty kg usually does the trick. But in your case I doubt anything would work.

Christine is inscrutable. She nods towards the weights room.

CHRISTINE

Let's see what you've got.

They head off together.

Watching them go is Rachel - staring daggers after them.

INT. SEX SHOP - DAY

Andy peruses an upmarket sex shop: brightly-lit, trendy and welcoming. Andy looks a bit overwhelmed.

He picks up a particularly impressive vibrator. Turns it over to see the price: \$399.00 He whistles.

INT. GYM, RECEPTION - DAY

Max sits with Christine at the gym cafe sipping healthy drinks. Max goes through the last of his sales pitch.

MAX

We can take that out of your account weekly, or you can pay it fully frontal if you'd prefer.

CHRISTINE

You should re-work that second studio.

(Max looks the question)

There's only a couple of group fitness classes a day there, right? The other hours it could double as a women's gym. Pull in a few free weights, couple of treadmills. Make better use of the space.

Max contemplates this. He's genuinely impressed.

MAX

I'll mention it to the brass. So, shall we join you up?

CHRISTINE

I'll let you know.

MAX

(surprised)

Oh. Okay.

CHRISTINE

You got a card?

Max reaches for his business card. Grabs his pen, writes a number on the back.

MAX

Here's my mobile...

CHRISTINE

You give that to all prospective clients?

MAX

No.

Christine smirks and leaves the table. Max is left stunned. He shakes it off. Heads back to the...

INT. GYM, WEIGHTS AREA - CONTINUOUS

Max puts on his A Game face, strides over to a GYM STUNNER working out on a weights machine. He plonks himself down, straddling a bench.

MAX

Need any help with that?

Gym Stunner looks at him with disgust.

GYM STUNNER

Not from you.

She turns on her heel. Max looks bewildered.

Rachel pushes past him. A 10kg dumbbell "accidentally" slips from her grasp. It lands on Max's foot.

MAX

Fuck!

RACHEL

(unrepentant)

Oops.

Max glares. Limpes off. A couple of nearby GYM INSTRUCTORS share a chuckle.

INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Andy puts a shopping bag on the bed. Takes from it an orbital sander.

He finds a power point and plugs it in. Squeezes the trigger a couple of times. It whirs loudly. Andy notes its impressive vibrating movement and smiles, satisfied.

He really lets rip, giving a long squeeze. Mimes using it on someone on the bed.

There's a bang. Andy's plunged into blackness. From the dark -

ERIC (O.S.)
The lights!

LAURA (O.S.)
Daddy, I'm scared!

ANDY
Bugger.

INT. LINGERIE SHOP - DAY

Andy examines some skimpy negligée and talks on his mobile.

ANDY
(into phone)
The kids will be at Dad's.
(listens)
Thought it'd be nice to have a
night with just us, that's all.

As he listens he shoves fingers through the crotchless section of some crotchless knickers. Thinks better of it. Picks up an outfit that's saucier but less "overt."

ANDY (CONT'D)
Just quality you and me time... All
sorted.... 'kay. See you then.

He slinks to the counter with the lingerie. At the last minute he grabs a satin men's g-string. Sheepish, he puts both items in front of the pretty young SHOP ASSISTANT.

SHOP ASSISTANT
That the lot?

Andy glances about. Sees a sexy nurse's uniform on a rack. Snatches it up impulsively.

SHOP ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
Nice. Anything else?

His eyes scan the racks of adult dress-up. Out on indecision.

INT. GYM, WEIGHTS AREA - DAY

Andy pounds away on a treadmill in the b.g. Max swaggers over to FOXY GYM CHICK. He opens his mouth.

FOXY GYM CHICK
Fuck off.

She turns on her heel. Max is bewildered. He sees the two Gym Instructors from earlier, sniggering. Marches up to them.

MAX
Something you'd like to share?

GYM INSTRUCTOR 1
Unfortunate turn of phrase.
(Max looks blank)
Tell me, does it itch? Or is more
of an... ooze?

MAX
Is what an itch or an ooze?

GYM TRAINER 2
The gift that keeps on giving.

MAX
How the fuck should I know?

GYM TRAINER 2
Word on the street...

Max spots Andy. Shakes his head as it's all falling into place. He heads over, smug.

MAX
That's a low blow, bro'. But it
won't do you any good.

ANDY
What, I can't work out now?

MAX
Try that bullshit again I'll frag
your sorry arse.

ANDY
You'll what...?

He heads off, leaving a bewildered Andy in his wake.

In the b.g. Rachel glares.

INT. ANDY'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Andy and Beth enjoy a candle-lit dinner - white tablecloth, champagne. Beth smiles.

BETH
Nice Thai.

ANDY
Your favourite.

BETH
You even hid the foil containers.

ANDY
Good of you to notice.

BETH
So, come on, what's the occasion?

ANDY
How about celebrating the biggest
marketing contract of your career.
Salvation Drive! It's so Jerry
Falwell.

BETH
They could still give it to Dave.

Andy snorts, derisive. Shakes his head.

BETH (CONT'D)
He's been their go-to guy for
years. And the God types like him
'cos he's all "saved" and
everything.

ANDY
Better the Devil you don't know.

BETH
Plus he's single so it's not like
he's got anything to distract him.

ANDY
I'd hate to be a distraction...

BETH
You know what I mean.

ANDY
Let's not ruin a perfectly nice
evening talking about Dave.

BETH
Good call.

ANDY
After dessert, I've another treat.

He waggles his eyebrows. Beth smiles.

INT. ANDY'S EN SUITE - NIGHT

Beth luxuriates in a bubble bath, champagne flute in hand.
Andy stands in the bathroom doorway in a robe.

BETH
I should pick up a major contract
more often.

ANDY
Let's not get carried away.
(gestures to a robe)
That's yours. I've got a couple of
things to arrange. I'll be back.

BETH
God, there's more?

Andy smiles, playful.

INT. ANDY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Andy's laid-out a nurse's outfit and negligée on the sofa. He pauses. Reaches into a shopping bag and sets out a sexy cop's uniform. Next comes a latex outfit. Then a maid's uniform...

INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Beth reclines on the bed in a robe. She sips champagne and reads a marketing magazine.

INT. ANDY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Andy's stripped down to his satin g-string. Candles are lit. Added to the outfits on the couch are now a school girl's uniform, a "bunny" outfit, and two more sets of lingerie. Andy nods, satisfied.

INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Andy saunters into the bedroom.

ANDY
I think we're finally...

He stops in his tracks. Beth is sprawled on the bed, dead to the world.

ANDY (CONT'D)
...good to go.

He sighs. Heads over, pulls the duvet from under her. She hardly stirs. He tucks her in and tenderly kisses her forehead. Then switches out the lights.

INT. ANDY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Morning. A key turns in the lock. Eric and Laura bound in. They're followed by Gavin, Andy's Dad, now 65. With him is JASMINE, his 20-something girlfriend.

ERIC
Daddy!

Eric stops in his tracks. Laura, too.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Cool...

Eric and Laura feast their eyes on the outfits laid-out the night before. Laura squeals, delighted.

LAURA
Dress ups!!

She and Eric start rummaging through the outfits.

ERIC
I'm gonna be a policeman!

LAURA
I'm going to school!

She picks up the school girl's uniform. Jasmine looks at Gavin, amused.

JASMINE
Didn't you teach Andy he needs to tidy up after play time?

GAVIN
Apparently not...

INT. ANDY'S DINING ROOM - DAY

A mortified Andy sits in his bath robe with a chuckling Beth, Gavin and Jasmine. Reveal Laura and Eric in an assortment of "adult play" outfits, happily eating cornflakes.

Eric wears a loose-fitting gimp mask. He picks up a spoonful of cereal, unzips his mouth, shoves the spoon in, zips up again, and munches away happily.

INT. ANDY'S DINING ROOM - DAY

Andy sits with Johnny. In front of them, the jellybean jar. Brimming with jellybeans. Andy looks defeated.

ANDY
These are all verified?

JOHNNY
 (shudders)
 Don't. I'm getting flashbacks.

ANDY
 I thought if I just made an effort,
 we'd get back to how it used to be.
 Beth might look mild-mannered, but
 I tell ya, she can--

JOHNNY
 (over)
 Whoa! I feel dirty seeing snippets
 of strangers. The last thing I need
 is an image of my sister-in-law...

ANDY
 Fair enough.

JOHNNY
 I appreciate you doing this, but
 it's really not necessary.

ANDY
 I've got to show you you can be
 married and still have a great sex--

JOHNNY
 I proposed.
 (Andy stops in his tracks)
 Last weekend.

ANDY
 You proposed.
 (Johnny nods)
 Marriage?

Johnny nods again, smiling.

ANDY (CONT'D)
 What about the contest? You were
 gonna see who--

JOHNNY
 The contest never had anything to
 do with me. You had something to
 prove. To Max, to yourself. Maybe
 even to Beth.

ANDY
 I did it to show you...

He trails off. Johnny gives him a "come clean" look.

ANDY (CONT'D)
 Guess I wanted to prove I could
 have it all.

JOHNNY
I'm not sure it works that way.

ANDY
I have to know I'm not a failure at
this, Johnny.

JOHNNY
Jesus, Andy. You're not Dad, okay?

ANDY
I need to know I can make this
work.

JOHNNY
And what does Beth need?

Andy looks like the question hadn't occurred to him.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Gonna tell Max the contest's off?

Andy's reverie is broken. He grins.

ANDY
Why spoil his fun?

SERIES OF SHOTS - ANDY THE DOMESTIC GOD

- A) Andy vacuums like a demon.
- B) Andy washes the family car.
- C) Beth walks into the kitchen in time to see Andy cutting up lasange and putting it into meal-sized Tupperware dishes. She's clearly impressed. She peeks his cheek.
- D) Andy reads a note scrawled by the phone: "Your publisher called: Where are new pages?" Andy screws it up.
- E) Beth comes home, exhausted, to see the kids eating happily, Andy in an apron and a warm dinner being put in her empty place at the dinner table. He kisses her and she collapses into her chair, grateful.
- F) Beth watches from a hidden vantage point as Andy plays happily with Eric and Laura. Andy's clearly fully committed to the game they're playing. Beth smiles.

EXT. ANDY'S FRONT YARD - DAY

It's a hot day. A shirtless Andy is by the front gate with a tool belt on. He's hunched over a new letterbox which he's hammering into place.

Beth approaches from behind, cold beer in hand. She playfully presses it against his glistening back. He spins around.

ANDY

Hey!

BETH

(she gives him the beer)
Thought you could use this.

ANDY

How's the campaign?

BETH

It's looking okay.

ANDY

You'll knock 'em dead.

He smiles, starts hammering. She runs a finger over his back.

BETH

What time are the kids back from
their play date...?

Andy picks the hint, stops hammering. They kiss passionately.

ANDY

I'm pretty sweaty.

BETH

You need a shower...

She hooks a finger into his tool belt, pulls him towards the house.

INT/EXT. MAX'S CAR - NIGHT

Hot and heavy snogging inside a sports coupe. The faces peel apart revealing a breathless Max and Christine.

CHRISTINE

Let's do it.

She smiles. Max smiles back, starts to climb out of the car.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

No. I mean I'll join your gym.

MAX

Oh, okay. And how 'bout coming in
for a coffee?

CHRISTINE

Do you mean "How 'bout coming in
for sex?"

MAX
I wouldn't say--

CHRISTINE
I'd like to have sex with you, Max.

Max grins, again prepares to get out of the car.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
But I'm not going to. Yet.
(she whispers in his ear)
'Cos I'm worth the wait...

She playfully bites his earlobe. She gets out of the car, heads to where hers is parked.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
Call me.

MAX
I don't have your number.

CHRISTINE
Guess I'll call you.

Max is left speechless.

SERIES OF SHOTS - DOMESTIC GOD ROUTINE PAYS OFF FOR ANDY

- A) Andy and Beth have hot sex in the shower.
- B) Andy approaches Max at the reception desk of the gym. Andy pulls from his gym bag a container of scones with a fresh date sticker on it and hands it to Max who looks glum. He checks his mobile.
- C) Beth, on all fours, scrubs the bath clean. Reveal Andy having sex with her from behind.
- D) Out come two jellybeans from the jar.
- E) Andy's under the car in overalls, changing the oil. From O.S. Beth's panting is heard. Reveal her straddling Andy's crotch which protrudes from under the car.
- F) Max sits behind the gym reception desk. His phone rings - "Unknown Caller". He answers eagerly. His face falls and he quickly hangs up. A Hot Chick approaches, looking seductive. She asks a question but Max calls over a passing instructor, fobbing her off onto him.
- H) Beth, covered with flour, kneads dough to make bread. She wears an apron but has nothing on underneath.
- I) Another two jellybeans come out. Johnny raises his eyebrows, mock scolding. Andy picks up on it. Shoots back an innocent look. Johnny grins, shakes his head.

INT. GYM, WEIGHTS AREA - DAY

A despondent Max sits astride a weights machine. A Gym Instructor wanders past.

GYM TRAINER 1
Cheer up, mate. I hear there's all sorts of advances in medica--

MAX
I don't have herpes, you twat.

Gym Trainer shrugs and wanders off. Max's phone rings.

MAX (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Yeah.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)
(on phone)
Hey Max. It's Christine.

Max immediately perks up. He tries to play it cool.

MAX
Oh. Hey.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)
Sorry I haven't called. I've been trying to get some stuff sorted.

MAX
Were you gonna call?

CHRISTINE (V.O.)
Can we get a coffee?

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Max and Christine sit opposite each other at an outdoor cafe.

MAX
For how long?

CHRISTINE
A month. If it goes well, I could end up relocating.

MAX
Perth's kinda... isolated.

CHRISTINE
(smirks)
Anyone would think you cared.
(Max shrugs)
I can't make any promises, Max.

MAX
Me neither.

CHRISTINE
Well, there it is.

They sit in silence for a moment. She goes into her handbag. Comes out with a business card.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
My number. In case you wanna call.

She hands him the card. He takes it, a little downcast. She gives him a kiss on the cheek. Starts to head off.

MAX
When did you say you were back?

INT. JOHNNY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Max checks the jellybean jar. It contains a dozen jellybeans. He's weighing something up. Johnny is with him.

JOHNNY
You want to bring a partner to the engagement party?

MAX
I think so...

JOHNNY
Thought you always flew solo at events of a nuptial nature.

MAX
Felt like a change.

Johnny raises his eyebrows, intrigued.

INT. JOHNNY'S APARTMENT, PANTRY - DAY

The inside of a pantry. Eric stands on a chair and rummages amongst various items. Laura is by his feet.

ERIC
Got it!

Eric grabs a bag of sugar.

TRACY (O.S.)
Great! Let's have it.

But Eric's found something else: A jar containing twelve jellybeans. His eyes light up.

ERIC
Hey, Laura...

INT. JOHNNY'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY

Eric and Laura emerge from the pantry, cheeks bulging. Eric carries the sugar.

Tracy and Beth stand at the kitchen bench.

TRACY
You took your time. Thought I'd lost my helpers.

Eric tries to answer but his mouth's too full. Beth looks stern. Tracy can't help but smirk.

BETH
Last time you guys get to help Aunt Tracy. No cake for you!

The kids groan through jellybean-stuffed mouths.

INT. JOHNNY'S APARTMENT - DAY

The jar sits with only four jellybeans left in it. All black. Johnny looks at it, his phone tucked under his chin.

ANDY (V.O.)
(over phone)
I just didn't realise I'd closed the gap this far...

JOHNNY
(into phone)
With two days to go. Not that you care. 'Cos you ditched the contest.

ANDY (V.O.)
Exactly. Don't mean a thing.

JOHNNY
Why don't I believe you?

ANDY (V.O.)
Hey, I'm having a ball. The sex has been off the--

JOHNNY
Hanging up now. Good luck.

He flips his phone shut.

INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Andy rolls off Beth, smiling broadly and breathing hard.

BETH
You're a bad influence.

ANDY
Incorrigible.

BETH
I've got a big day tomorrow.

ANDY
It won't happen again. Tonight.

Beth flicks the lights off.

BETH
Oh, your publisher called again.

ANDY
What did you tell him?

BETH
You'd call back. What's going on?

ANDY
I'll get to it.

BETH
Listen, I appreciate everything
you've been doing round here. But
the comic's important, too.

ANDY
I'll get to it. Promise.

Andy rolls over. Smiling broadly.

INT. CHURCH OF THE ALMIGHTY OFFICES - NIGHT

Beth beavers away at the church office, the only one there. Most lights are off. Only her desk is illuminated. Her mobile buzzes - incoming message from Andy. She reads it: "U nd a break." She smiles, types back:

BETH
"Nearly done. Be home soon."

She goes back to work. The phone buzzes again. She reads:

BETH (CONT'D)
"Check your briefcase."

She has a rummage. Pulls out a vibrator, giggles. Looks round, like she's worried someone will see. Shakes her head, puts it away. The desk phone rings, startling her.

BETH (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Hello?

ANDY (V.O.)
 (over phone)
 Can you buzz me in? I'm outside.

INT. CHURCH OF THE ALMIGHTY OFFICES - NIGHT

Andy and Beth finish fish-and-chips at her desk. They each have a glass of wine. Beth wipes her mouth with a napkin.

BETH
 I needed this.

ANDY
 I'm very responsive to your needs.

She gives him a mock scolding look.

BETH
 Yeah, about that...

He leans in for a kiss. She kisses him back. When she goes to pull away, he pulls her back. She responds, then pulls away.

BETH (CONT'D)
 Come on, here??

ANDY
 The place is deserted...

INT. CHURCH OF THE ALMIGHTY OFFICES, ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Lift doors open. Feet exit. A hand's about to switch on a light...

BETH (O.S.)
 How long have you been planning this?

ANDY (O.S.)
 It was a spur of the moment thing.

The hand pauses by the light. O.S. giggles, kissing sounds.

The hand belongs to Dave. He peers towards the source of the noise. A light glows around the corner.

INT. CHURCH OF THE ALMIGHTY OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Andy and Beth kiss. Andy senses Beth weakening.

ANDY

Haven't you ever fantasised about
doing it in a church?

BETH

No.

(long beat)

But in my boss's office...

They share a wicked grin.

INT. CHURCH OF THE ALMIGHTY OFFICES, PASTOR'S DESK - NIGHT

The pastor's office has large glass windows.

The walls are covered with photos of the pastor delivering
sermons in front of huge crowds; shaking hands with
conservative celebrities. And a few prints of Jesus.

Andy and Beth have athletic sex on a large mahogany desk.

Dave watches from the shadows.

INT. ANDY'S GARAGE - DAY

Andy, Max and Johnny stand around an open chest freezer.
Nearby, an empty jellybean jar.

Post-it notes adorn baking-filled Tupperware containers. They
have dates and descriptions written on them: "In bedroom
after dinner", "in garage", "doggy-style in bathroom", etc.

ANDY

I knew you'd dispute the result.
That's why I did those. I also
prepared a spreadsheet

Max waves his laptop.

MAX

And I've got this.

He sets it down on a bench and pushes play.

JOHNNY

Can we just let this go? You both
had fun. I ignored you both--

MAX

Here we go.

The laptop kicks into life. Snippets of girls having sex flash up. Johnny turns away.

JOHNNY
Just what I need - an encore.

ANDY
(points at the screen)
That's the same girl twice!

MAX
It's her twin, see? This one has a
tatt' on her ar--

BETH (O.S.)
What's going on?

The boys spin around to see a stunned Beth staring at the laptop screen.

Max hits stop. Beth notices the Post-it notes. She peers closer. Andy tries to shut the freezer, but she stops him.

BETH (CONT'D)
Is that...?

ANDY
Not what it looks like.

BETH
You've been recording when we had
sex. Why would you do that?
(Andy has no answer)
And why are you telling your
brothers!?

ANDY
Johnny said he wanted to propose...

Johnny makes frantic gestures "Don't drag me into this!"

ANDY (CONT'D)
Max said the only way to have...
romance in your life was to be
single. I had to show him you can--

BETH
This is your idea of romance?
Watching porn with your brothers??

ANDY
We weren't...

She races out, devastated. Johnny and Max look at each other, awkward. Andy dashes after her.

INT. ANDY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Beth shoves Andy's clothes in a suitcase. Andy bursts in.

BETH
Get out.

ANDY
I'm sorry.

She spins around.

BETH
I got a call from the church. They said there was a security issue in the pastor's office last night.

ANDY
What?

BETH
The security cameras should've recorded the intruder. But the tape has mysteriously vanished!

ANDY
Shit...

BETH
You think they're gonna put me in charge of the most important event they've ever staged if they get a whiff of what went on last night?

ANDY
Maybe they'll see the funny side...

BETH
Or maybe it'll end up on the internet and I'll never work again!

Andy lapses into shamed silence.

BETH (CONT'D)
And now I find out that far from being some spontaneous expression of your love, it was some tacky contest with Max.

ANDY
I wouldn't call it a contest.

BETH
No? More like a bet? Maybe a dare??

Andy has no answer. Beth holds back tears of rage.

BETH (CONT'D)
 This is why you've been so nice
 lately. So I'd fuck you.

Again, he's got nothing. She shoves the suitcase at him.

BETH (CONT'D)
 I actually thought we were getting
 closer. Thought we could take that
 honeymoon we never had.

ANDY
 We were getting clos--

BETH
 Just go.

Tail between his legs, Andy exits.

INT. JOHNNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Andy has a sleeping bag. He stands, forlorn, in front of
 Johnny and Tracy.

ANDY
 I really appreciate it.

JOHNNY
 It'll blow over.

Andy nods. Unsure.

ANDY
 Well, good night.

JOHNNY
 'Night.

Tracy gives him a sympathetic wave and Andy exits. As soon as
 he's gone she eyeballs Johnny.

TRACY
 What the hell's going on?

Johnny takes a deep breath and opens his mouth to explain.

INT. JOHNNY'S APARTMENT, SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Andy's settled onto a pull-out couch in a sleeping bag when
 the door opens. Johnny's there, also with a sleeping bag.

Without a word, Andy shuffles over and Johnny lays out his
 sleeping bag next to him.

INT. CAR/CHURCH OF THE ALMIGHTY OFFICES, CAR PARK - DAY

Beth's car pulls into the church car park.

Dave sees her, smirks. In his hand a burned DVD in a case.

He swaggers over to the passenger window. He's about to knock when he glances in. Beth's in tears.

His expression instantly changes. He discreetly tucks the DVD into his jacket pocket. He taps on the window, genuinely concerned. Beth sees him and wipes away tears.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Dave and Beth sit at an outside table with giant milk shakes. In the b.g, is a large, modern building with 'Church of the Almighty' written in large letters.

Beth's eyes are red and puffy.

BETH

It was a stupid, adolescent...

DAVE

Those CCTV cams are notoriously unreliable. The footage has probably vanished.

BETH

What if it hasn't? I really thought things were...

She struggles to hold back the tears.

BETH (CONT'D)

You must be a tiny bit happy.

DAVE

That's a bit harsh.

BETH

Give you a clear run at the Salvation Drive.

DAVE

Not this way.

Beth glances up, trying to figure out if he's sincere. She smiles, grateful. Dave smiles back. He tries to make light.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Is Andy always this spontaneous? You don't usually expect such crazy capers from married couples.

He trails off as Beth tears up again.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Sorry, did I...?

BETH
Andy's moved out. He.. It's complicated.

DAVE
I'm sorry.

BETH
Don't be.

They sit in silence. Then Dave appears to reach a decision.

DAVE
I have a confession to make.
(Beth looks the question)
I had to make some changes to the pastor's shopping page last night. And my laptop's getting repaired...

BETH
Oh God...

DAVE
I didn't want to say anything 'cos I knew it'd embarrass you.

BETH
(mortified)
So you were... there? While...?

DAVE
It's not like I was watching--

BETH
Oh my God.

DAVE
Come on, we all do crazy stuff. Even Christians. I know I wouldn't want to be judged by the worst of them. So I wiped the tape.

For the first time, Beth sees a glimmer of hope. She hardly dares believe what she just heard.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Let he who's without sin, right?

Between sobs, a laugh escapes Beth's lips. She still can't believe it. Dave nods "yes", smiles. Beth wraps him in a hug.

BETH
Thank you, thank you, thank you!
And here was me saying you'd steal my job.

DAVE
Nah. Besides, you'll do a great job.

BETH
Thanks. That means a lot.

Beth looks at him, re-assessing. Dave smiles warmly.

INT. JOHNNY'S APARTMENT, SPARE BEDROOM - DAY

Andy's a mess. He sits unshaven on the sofa bed. His mobile rings. He snatches it up.

ANDY
(into phone)
Beth?

DAVE (V.O.)
(on phone)
Ah... Actually, it's Dave.

ANDY
(irritated)
What do you want?

DAVE (V.O.)
I heard about you and Beth.

ANDY
What?

DAVE (V.O.)
I know it's none of my business--

ANDY
No, it's not.

DAVE (V.O.)
We should talk.

ANDY
Look, I really can't imagine--

DAVE (V.O.)
If you care at all about Beth you'll come. It's important.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Dave feeds pigeons on a park bench. Andy warily joins him. They wear trench coats, a whiff of Deep Throat. Or Hot Dick.

DAVE
Thanks for coming.

ANDY

Well?

DAVE

I know what you and Beth were up to at work the other night.

ANDY

I beg your pardon?

DAVE

I was there.

ANDY

It just gets better and better...

DAVE

The pastor thinks the security camera malfunctioned...

Dave pulls a burned DVD from his pocket. Andy's eyes narrow.

ANDY

But you've got the footage.

Dave raises his eyebrows in confirmation.

DAVE

I don't need to tell you how damaging that'd be if it fell into the wrong hands. The pastor, the Association of Marketing Professionals. Plus I understand there's quite a market on the internet for "candid" video...

ANDY

You piece of shit.

DAVE

I'm just saying.

ANDY

What do you want? For her to give you this bloody Salvation project? This is how you have to compete with her?

DAVE

She deserves to head that project. Came up with a helluva pitch.

ANDY

So, what then? Money?

DAVE

I want you out the way.

ANDY

You what?

DAVE

You've moved out, right? Staying at your brother's?

Andy's uncomfortable that Dave knows this. He doesn't deny.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Stay away from Beth and this never sees the light of day.

ANDY

You have got to be shitting me.

Dave shakes his head. Andy can't help but laugh.

ANDY (CONT'D)

You've got the hots for my wife.

DAVE

She deserves someone who appreciates her.

ANDY

You're blackmailing her! That's your idea of showing appreciation? She doesn't even fuckin' like you!

DAVE

You sure about that?

Andy's about to answer, but hesitates. Dave sees it.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Beth deserves to be happy.

Andy pulls back his fist as if to belt him. Dave flinches. Andy snatches a slice of bread from Dave's hands and mashes it into his face. Dave claws it away. Leaps up, angry.

DAVE (CONT'D)

You know, I used to admire you. Comics artist, creator of Hot Dick. But you're pathetic.

Andy jumps to his feet, about to let loose. Dave beats a hasty retreat, tossing the DVD on the bench as he leaves.

DAVE (CONT'D)

If Beth hears anything, it'll be on the 'net in an hour.

Dave disappears. Andy stares at the DVD. Then snatches it up and hurls it angrily. O.S. a pigeon squawks. Andy grimaces.

INT. COMICS STORE - NIGHT

Andy morosely wanders through racks of super heroes and crime fighters, as if looking for answers.

In the "Classics" section he finds an issue of Hot Dick. He flicks through it, puts it down, fights back tears.

In the b.g. a woman comes in wearing sunglasses. She's accompanied by a GUY in a baseball cap. The woman spies Andy.

SOPHIA

Andy?

Andy turns, sees it's Sophia. He wipes away tears and hurriedly puts Hot Dick back.

ANDY

Hey Soph'. Watcha up to?

SOPHIA

Got a signing here next week.
Thought we'd do a little recce.

GUY

Find a back exit, case we need a
quick get-away.

SOPHIA

Some of the fans can be a bit...
intense.

(Andy smiles, sympathetic)
So my agent's asking about Hot Dick
two-point-oh. How's it coming?

ANDY

Yeah, nah... it's... I haven't
really done much lately.

SOPHIA

You okay?

ANDY

Yeah... Nah...
(takes a deep breath)
Beth kicked me out. I haven't seen
my kids in days. I killed a pigeon.

Sophia and her minder exchange look puzzled.

GUY

Is that a euphemism?

Andy unceremoniously pulls a dead pigeon from his coat pocket. Awkward glances.

GUY (CONT'D)

I... should go talk to the manager.

He scampers off.

SOPHIA
What happened?

ANDY
It was a DVD case. This guy was
feeding pigeons and--

SOPHIA
I meant with Beth.

EXT. BAR - DAY

They drink beer at a table in a bar courtyard. Sophia absorbs what Andy's told her. The dead pigeon lies next to Andy's beer. He prods it with a discarded straw, absent-minded.

SOPHIA
What are you gonna do?

Andy shrugs and keeps poking the bird. Sophia's bothered by this, but bites her tongue.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Have you really not done anything
on the Hot Dick comic?

ANDY
I can't face writing right now.

SOPHIA
Look, Andy - you're a talented guy.
You know you've been idling for
years. Maybe this is a chance to
get back into it. You were
complaining the other day about all
the distractions...

Andy looks like he's about to burst into tears.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Sorry, I didn't mean Beth's...

ANDY
I know.

He keeps poking the pigeon corpse. Sophia snatches it away.

SOPHIA
Would you quit it!?
(she chucks it in a bush)
Maybe writing will take your mind
off things. Keep you from getting
all... morbid.

ANDY
I should bury that properly...

SOPHIA
And maybe Beth would respond if she saw that old spark again, you know?

ANDY
Maybe...

SOPHIA
Always did it for me.

She gives him a coy smile. Andy's taken aback.

INT. JOHNNY'S APARTMENT, SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Andy beavers away at his computer. He still looks like shit, but now he's fired up. A little manic even. Johnny enters.

JOHNNY
Hey.

ANDY
(without looking up)
I buried the pigeon, Johnny.

JOHNNY
(baffled)
That's good, I guess...

ANDY
My publisher's been hassling me about Hot Dick. I'd put it on the back-burner, but I thought--

JOHNNY
Tracy talked to Beth. She's gutted, mate.

Andy stops, looks up, pissed-off.

ANDY
Hey, she kicked me out...

JOHNNY
Three weeks ago. And you're not exactly gagging to get back. What the hell's up with you??

ANDY
What's up with me?

JOHNNY

Beth was upset about the contest.
But she didn't lose her job, and
now she's wondering why you're not
even fighting for the marriage.

ANDY

It's not as simple as that.

JOHNNY

Bullshit. You grovel, buy her some
flowers, maybe take her out--

ANDY

(interrupts)
I'm being blackmailed!

JOHNNY

You what?

ANDY

That shit she works with.

JOHNNY

Who, Dave?

Andy's clearly surprised Johnny knows this.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

The guy ensconced in your living
room when Tracy went round.

Andy's clearly dismayed to hear this.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

So he found your subscription to
goatporn.com? What?

ANDY

Not exactly.

Max sweeps in, brandishing his iPhone.

MAX

(to Johnny)
Is it true that magnets fuck up
hard drives?

Johnny looks at Max, earnest.

JOHNNY

Andy's buried the pigeon.

MAX

(impressed/to Andy)
Way to go!

ANDY
It's not a euphemism!

EXT. DRIVING RANGE - NIGHT

The boys take turns swinging a golf club, firing the balls into the inky black sky.

ANDY
You think I want to just roll over?
What am I meant to do?

MAX
We could start by kicking his butt.

ANDY
And when the footage ends up all
over the net? Our kids will see it
for Christ's sake.

MAX
Johnny's the IT geek. We can take
this guy on.

ANDY
Since when do you go in to bat for
a marriage? Mr. Noncommittal.

MAX
(holds up his iPhone)
I've ditching my Little Black Book.

ANDY
Are you dying?

MAX
I wish. I think I'm in love...

Andy and Johnny look at each other, astonished.

It's Max's turn. Rather than use a club he simply hurls the ball as far as he can. Max shrugs.

MAX (CONT'D)
No one's more surprised than me.

ANDY
Isn't this one of the seven signs
of the Apocalypse?

Andy mobile phone chirps - incoming message. He looks at it. It's from Sophia.

ANDY (CONT'D)
I gotta go.

MAX

What are we gonna do about Dave?

ANDY

If Beth thinks he's a better option, then c'est la vie. I'm not gonna destroy our future in order to save it.

He heads off. Max toys with his iPhone.

MAX

Peter Arnett's a Kiwi, you know. He made that quote famous during Vietnam. Ben Tre was--

JOHNNY

(off the iPhone)

You don't need a magnet to wipe that. You need a BFH.

Max looks the question.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Big Fucking Hammer.

INT. SOPHIA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sophia and Andy sit on a couch with glasses of wine.

Sophia peruses pencil drawings of new pages Andy's drawn, clearly impressed.

SOPHIA

A new direction for Hot Dick that doesn't betray her roots...

ANDY

But it's not there yet.

SOPHIA

What does your publisher think?

ANDY

Haven't sent him the new stuff.

SOPHIA

You should.

ANDY

The Original Hot Dick Seal of Approval.

They share a smile. Andy downs his drink. Sophia reaches for the bottle, offers a refill.

ANDY (CONT'D)
It's getting late...

SOPHIA
Not like you gotta get up for pre-schoolers.
(an awkward moment)
Sorry.

ANDY
It's okay.

He gathers up his things.

ANDY (CONT'D)
I'll see you soon.

He gets to the front door. Leans in to peck her on the cheek. Instead, she kisses him full on the lips.

Andy's caught off-guard. For the briefest moment he goes with it, then stops himself. Pulls away.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Sorry, I...

SOPHIA
No, I'm sorry. I shouldn't...

ANDY
I so could. But I just--

SOPHIA
You don't have to explain.

ANDY
I'll... see you later.

INT/EXT. ANDY'S CAR, OUTSIDE SOPHIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Andy slumps into the driver's seat. He flops forward, his head hits the steering wheel, setting off the horn. He jumps back. Glances about the dark streets.

He sighs heavily, starts the car.

INT. ANDY'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Dave sits at the family dining table with a glass of wine. Beth clears away plates as Eric and Laura glare at him. In the b.g. flip charts and whiteboards with diagrams.

DAVE
Delicious.

BETH
Very kind. Dishonest, but kind.

DAVE
(to the kids)
Doesn't Mummy make yummy dinners?

ERIC
That's Dad's seat.

DAVE
Oh...

BETH
Time to brush teeth!

Still glaring, the kids slope off. Eric points two fingers at his own eyes, and then at Dave in the time-honoured "I'm watching you" gesture. They disappear upstairs.

Dave's unfazed. He heads into the lounge where the marketing materials are.

BETH (CONT'D)
Sorry about that.

DAVE
(gives a dismissive wave)
Must be confusing. One minute Dad's here, the next I am.

Beth's troubled by the implication. Dave doesn't notice.

DAVE (CONT'D)
We're making great progress.

Beth's further taken aback by this comment. He realises, points at the whiteboard by way of explanation.

BETH
Oh, right. Yeah, it's going well.

DAVE
I owe you for bringing me on board.

BETH
You've got some great ideas. Then there's the other thing...

DAVE
Hey - I don't want you throwing me a bone. I wiped that tape 'cos it was the right thing to do. If you feel like I haven't earned--

BETH
You've earned it. I'm just saying - I'm grateful.

DAVE

Well, it was my pleasure.

He gives her a squeeze of the shoulder.

In the darkness out the lounge window, a figure looks in.

EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Andy sits in a flower bed, sadly gazing through the window at Beth and Dave. The sprinkler starts up. Andy just sits there, water squirting him in the face.

EXT. GAVIN'S HOUSE - DAY

The back yard of Gavin's house. Andy and his Dad play petanque and drink beer.

GAVIN

It can be rough, no question. I remember how I felt after your mother left.

ANDY

You were shagging the realtor.

GAVIN

Then she buggered off. There were a few dark nights of the soul after that. But you know what I realised?

ANDY

Adultery is wrong?

GAVIN

They ain't worth it.

ANDY

Should I feel more offended for Mum or Beth for that comment?

GAVIN

Look, Beth's lovely...

ANDY

But...?

GAVIN

The world's full of lovelies.

On cue, Jasmine exits the house.

JASMINE

I'm off.

GAVIN
Any idea when you'll be home?

JASMINE
Slipknot isn't on til ten.

GAVIN
I won't wait up.

The guys wave to Jasmine and she heads off.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
(to Andy)
She's going to Slipknot.

Andy nods. Gavin takes his shot.

ANDY
You've got no idea what Slipknot
is, do you?

GAVIN
Not a clue. Where was I?

ANDY
In a world full of lovelies.

GAVIN
Right. Like your mother. I did love
her, you know.

ANDY
That's reassuring.

GAVIN
I remember the day she found out
about Cheryl. Saw the look in her
eyes. The hurt. The betrayal. That
day I decided never again did I
want to put another woman through
that. That's why I never remarried.

ANDY
That's inspiring stuff, Dad.

GAVIN
Long as you got all your teeth,
most of your hair. When you look
down you can see your toes. You do
that, there'll always be Jasmines.

Andy absorbs this. Takes a long swig of beer.

ANDY
I don't want a Jasmine...

GAVIN
Good! 'Cos ya can't have her!

Gavin chortles to himself. Misses the look of resolve in Andy's eyes.

EXT. MAX'S APARTMENT - DAY

Andy and Johnny march up to Max's place.

JOHNNY

I agree the guy's got passion. But don't you think he's a bit of a rocket without a stick?

ANDY

He lacks a certain subtlety, no question. But he must have big muscley gym buddies we can use as... muscle.

They ring the bell. No answer. Andy dials his mobile.

JOHNNY

At work?

ANDY

I didn't think he was on today...
Straight to voice mail.

He disconnects. They turn to leave just as Max pulls up. He's wearing a military uniform.

He desperately tries to reverse away as his brothers give him a "WTF?" look. But his get-away is thwarted by another car pulling into the car park behind him.

Andy and Johnny approach the car, smirking. Max looks humiliated.

ANDY (CONT'D)

You getting out, Private Ryan?

INT. MAX'S APARTMENT - DAY

Max sits in his uniform, replica rifle across his lap, in front of his grinning brothers.

JOHNNY

When I think of the shit you gave me for being an IT nerd...

MAX

It's not the same.

ANDY

No. Johnny makes a money outta being a nerd.

MAX

I'm gonna toss it in anyway.

JOHNNY

Hey, you wanna play Band of Brothers, don't let us put you off.

MAX

It's not... ah, forget it.

ANDY

Go on. I could use a laugh.

MAX

Don't you have any sense of pride?
Of family history?

(the brothers look blank)

Our Great Grandfather fought in
this uniform. He was nearly killed
at the Battle of Koch...

The boys snort with laughter.

ANDY

I heard the Poles got screwed at
the Battle of Cock.

Max looks daggers at Andy. Johnny jumps in.

JOHNNY

So why pack it in?

MAX

'Cos the idiots at the Historical
Re-enactment Society don't want
anything to do with Koch. It's
always Monte Cassino, El Alamein,
Gallipoli.

ANDY

What does Christine make of it?

MAX

You think I'd tell her?

ANDY

That you're obsessed with Koch? No,
probably a good call.

MAX

I'm not obsessed with Koch. I just
think it deserves to be honoured--

JOHNNY

As much as any other body part.

MAX
(gets up to leave)
Screw you.

ANDY
Look, we came here for your help.

MAX
Well, you can get fucked.

ANDY
I'm gonna take on Dave. I can't do
it on my own.

Max considers for a moment. Sees they're serious. He grins,
snaps to attention and whips off a stiff salute.

MAX
Yes. Sir.

ANDY
(cringes)
Change into civvies and we'll talk.

EXT. MAX'S APARTMENT - DAY

Andy, Johnny and Max take turns kicking a soccer ball against
an exterior wall.

ANDY
Johnny's right - we can't be sure
we'll get all the copies of the
tape in one hit.

JOHNNY
We can't ever be sure we'll get 'em
all. He could have them anywhere,
including on a server.
(Max looks blank)
On the internet.

ANDY
We need something over him.
Something so potent it guarantees
that footage never sees daylight.

MAX
What about a mole? Hidden mic. Or
we plant a bug?

ANDY
We just need access to his
apartment. His computer files...

JOHNNY
Beth's got the most access to Dave.

ANDY
(shakes his head)
Once it's fixed I'll tell her.

JOHNNY
She could be a useful ally...

ANDY
I fucked this up. I'll sort it. We
just need to get into his place.

JOHNNY
When we know he's out.

A light bulb goes on for Andy.

ANDY
Maybe Beth can help us...

EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Johnny and Andy sneak around the back of Andy's house,
looking furtive. Andy carries a satchel.

ANDY
She made me give up my key.

JOHNNY
And you're sure she's out?

ANDY
Some meeting with Dave. That's why
I've got the kids.

He calls back over his shoulder.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Eric! Laura! Come!

Two small heads poke around the corner: Eric, in the over-
sized gimp suit, and Laura, in the too-big cop outfit and
dark glasses. They scurry around the corner, excited.

Johnny shakes his head, amused.

EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Beth's PA, Fiona, approaches the front door with a pile of
files. She rummages amongst some keys. Tries one, it doesn't
work. Rummages some more, finds one which works, and lets
herself in.

EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Andy, Johnny and the kids stand by a rusty drain pipe. Andy clears dead leaves from the gutter under it.

ANDY
We left a spare in here. I think
it's got shoved way up inside...

He finishes clearing leaves, beckons to Eric. Starts to fish something out of his satchel.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Okay, Eric. Come over--

ERIC
Mr. Amazing Man!

ANDY
Sorry, Mr. Amazing Man - come here.
We need your superpowers.

Eric crouches near the drain pipe.

INT. ANDY'S DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fiona sets the files down on the dining table, collects a mobile phone attached to a charger.

She's about to head out when she hears voices outside.

ANDY (O.S.)
It'll be okay. We just need a bit
of lubricant...

She scuttles over to a window, being careful not to be seen.

EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Andy smears Vaseline up Eric's latex-covered arm.

ERIC
Will it hurt?

INT. ANDY'S DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ANDY (O.S.)
The Vaseline will stop it from
hurting. If it gets stuck, just
pull it out, okay?

Fiona's eyes go wide with alarm. She peeks out. From her vantage point she can only make out a few sprawled limbs and the back of Johnny.

ERIC (O.S.)
I don't really like this game.

ANDY (O.S.)
Remember, you don't get McDonald's
if you don't play.

ERIC (O.S.)
(whiny)
O-kaaay...

Andy comes into view. Fiona yelps, appalled. She dashes to the front door, pulling out her mobile as she goes.

FIONA
(into phone)
Yes, I need the police...

She opens the front door and furtively darts out.

EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Eric's got his arm shoved up the drain pipe, straining. Laura keeps a look-out, trying to twirl her cop's night stick.

ANDY
Got it?

Eric pulls his arm out. It's covered with drain muck, but in his hand he clutches a slimy key. He smiles, triumphant.

Andy and Johnny share a smile.

INT. ANDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Andy and Johnny huddle over a desktop computer. Eric and Laura chase each other in the b.g.

JOHNNY
Got an address?

Andy nods, writes on a pad. Clicks on a diary program.

ANDY
Right... let's see... Okay - "Venue
recce with Dave." Tomorrow, ten am.
How long you reckon we'll need?

JOHNNY
Depends how much dirt's there. And
how well it's hidden.

ANDY
She's only got an hour scheduled...

JOHNNY
 Could be cutting it fine...

Eric bounds up with a drawing.

ERIC
 I drew this yesterday.

He thrusts a drawing at Andy: a man with his head cut off, blood pouring out. A child waves a sword. Andy grins at Eric.

ANDY
 Who's that, sweetie?

ERIC
 (with huge distaste)
 That's "Uncle David." I killed him.
 Now he's dead.

ANDY
 Nice work, son. Very graphic.

Eric beams and races off.

ANDY (CONT'D)
 Good kid.

JOHNNY
 Loyal. Psychotic, but loyal.

They're interrupted by a knock at the door. Andy and Johnny exchange nervous glances.

POLICE OFFICER 1 (O.S.)
 Open up, please. It's the police.

Now they're shitting themselves. The kids look delighted.

ERIC
 Daddy, it's the police!

LAURA
 The police, the police! I'm a
 police!

ANDY
 (to Johnny)
 Nip out the back. I'll handle it.

Johnny nods, and scampers off.

ANDY (CONT'D)
 (calls out)
 Coming.

He heads for the front door as Johnny makes his escape.

EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Andy opens the door to two uniformed police officers and an ashen Fiona. She sees him and shrieks, pointing -

FIONA
That's him! That's the one!!

Andy's baffled. Eric and Laura appear on either side of him, still in their dress-ups.

INT. ANDY'S DINING ROOM - DAY

Andy sits on the couch, hands cuffed behind his back, equal parts humiliated and pissed-off.

Beth and Dave are there now, too. They huddle in hushed conversation with Fiona and the two cops.

A SOCIAL WORKER enters from another room. Eric bounds in behind her, beaming. He bounces up to Andy.

ERIC
This game is... so... cool. Thanks
Dad! You're the best!

ANDY
No worries.

Eric points at the social worker who's now joined the conversation with the others in the b.g.

ERIC
I didn't like that lady.
(whispers to Andy)
She asked me if you touch my
bottom.

Eric giggles. Andy hangs his head in despair.

ANDY
What did you say?

ERIC
Only when I do poos.

ANDY
Thanks, buddy.

The conference winds up and the police officer wanders over.

POLICE OFFICER 1
Well, Mr. Brothers, your wife's
confirmed your story that the...
outfit.. your son's wearing is for
a school play.

ERIC
I'm Mr. Amazing Man!

Fiona ushers Eric out of the room. Andy and Beth exchange a glance. The cop starts to uncuff Andy.

POLICE OFFICER 1
I'm gonna clock this up to an
unfortunate misunderstanding.

ANDY
Yeah.

Addresses Andy and Beth.

POLICE OFFICER 1
Whatever's going on with you two,
how about you sort it out? I don't
want to be back here.

BETH
You won't be. Thanks for your help.

The cop gestures to his partner. With the social worker, they traipse out. Andy, Beth and Dave are left alone. Beth glares.

BETH (CONT'D)
I'm changing the locks.

ANDY
Jesus, I've already been accused of
being a child molester today, how
'bout cutting me some--

BETH
How dare you involve Eric and Laura
in this!

ANDY
They're involved whether you like
it or not.

BETH
What did you need that was so
important?

Andy's eyes dart about, he thinks fast. He spies the photos on the wall. He marches over, takes down the wedding portrait. Looks at Beth with genuine sadness.

ANDY
This.

Beth feels a pang of sadness, too. Then the shutters go back up. Andy heads for the front door.

ANDY (CONT'D)
Say goodbye to the kids for me.

He exits the front door. Dave goes after him...

EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

...catches up to Andy just outside. Grabs his shoulder.

DAVE

(hisses)

I dunno what you're playing at, but
you're pushing your luck. Remember
our dea--

ANDY

Fuck you. I'm leaving, okay?

Dave appears to accept this. He watches him go, wary.

INT. MAX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A dozen tough-looking SKINHEADS in full WWII Nazi regalia.
One of them, KURT, 25, looks especially fierce. Max holds
court, discussing tactics and battle formations in the b.g.

Johnny and Andy sit to the side. Johnny asides to Andy.

JOHNNY

When you said we could use Max for
muscle, I didn't realise you meant
Wehrmacht muscle.

ANDY

(shrugs)

These are the guys he's tight with.

JOHNNY

What about other gym trainers?

ANDY

Shagged too many girlfriends.

Back with the soldiers, Kurt interjects.

KURT

We won this one, right?

MAX

The Germans successfully put down
the Warsaw Uprising, yes.

KURT

'Cos I'm sick of always doing re-
enactments of Normandy and
Stalingrad. You know, the ones
where we get caned.

A couple of the other "Nazis" exchange uncomfortable glances. One of them is PETER, 30.

MAX
Against largely unarmed civilians,
you were heroic in victory.

PETER
And how come we have to fight each
other?

MAX
We don't have enough Polish
uniforms to re-enact any of the
more famous Polish battles. The
Warsaw Uprising was a guerilla
confrontation. The Poles used a lot
of captured German weapons and
clothing. Some of you'll wear black
armbands to denote--

KURT
We'll still get to wear our
uniforms, though?

MAX
You'll still get to wear your
uniforms. Is everyone clear when
they need to be in place?

INT/EXT. TRACY'S CAR, OUTSIDE DAVE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Tracy sits in a car outside an apartment building. She wears sunglasses and a baseball cap. She's on a cellphone.

TRACY
(into phone)
I still feel weird doing this
without Beth knowing.

INT/EXT. JOHNNY'S CAR, STREET - CONTINUOUS

Johnny and Andy sit in a car wearing tradesmen's overalls.

Intercut:

JOHNNY
(into phone)
Andy doesn't want Beth distracted
before--

Back with Tracy, Dave exits. Beth squeals, excited.

TRACY

Ooo, ooo! The fox is leaving the hen house. Repeat the fox is leaving--

JOHNNY

Got it. Thanks.

TRACY

He's getting into his car. He's starting the car. He's pulling out... No wait. Car coming...

Back with Johnny and Andy. Johnny smirks.

TRACY (V.O.)

(over phone)

Another car... another... man, a lot of traffic for a Saturday. Maybe there's something-- Wait. Okay, he's gone. Should I tail him?

JOHNNY

It's fine. Oh, can you grab some milk on the way home?

TRACY (V.O.)

(over phone)

Milk. Roger. Red leader, out.

Johnny hangs up. Turns to Andy.

JOHNNY

That's a little scary.

They grab tool boxes and get out of the car.

EXT. DAVE'S APARTMENT, FRONT DOOR - DAY

Andy and Johnny stand by an intercom. Johnny appears to be talking to someone.

JOHNNY

(into intercom)

Yeah, it shouldn't take long.

VOICE (V.O.)

Okay, I'll buzz you in.

We see Johnny surreptitiously holds a small dictaphone next to the intercom. Someone exits the apartment, at the same time as a buzzer noise comes from Johnny's dictaphone.

Andy and Johnny smile at the apartment dweller, and enter through the open door as he exits.

EXT. SEATS, SALVATION DRIVE STADIUM - DAY

Max watches through binoculars as Dave pulls up at a vehicle entrance, jumps out and greets Beth. Max is dressed in Polish army uniform. Next to him, Kurt is in Nazi battle dress.

MAX

There he is.

Through the open driver's door he catches a glimpse of a laptop on the passenger seat. He smiles and passes the binoculars to Kurt, points at Dave. Kurt takes a look.

KURT

He looks like a shit, all right.
Check out the Jew nose on him...

Kurt misses the look of distaste on Max's face. Max puts on his helmet, heaves an army backpack onto his shoulders.

MAX

Okay. No one moves without my
signal.

EXT. SALVATION DRIVE STADIUM - DAY

Beth and Dave, clipboards in hand, explore the stadium with the STADIUM MANAGER. They point and take notes as they walk.

Max dashes towards Dave's car carrying a small wooden box.

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT, FRONT DOOR - DAY

Johnny and Andy are at Dave's front door. Andy rummages in his tool box. Retrieves a large wrench. He attaches it to the door handle, starts wiggling it back and forth.

ANDY

Met this repo guy once. Said if you
exert the right amount of force,
you can open a door without--

The door knob comes loose from the door frame and clatters to the floor. The boys look at each other.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I can fix that.

Johnny looks doubtful. They head inside.

EXT. SALVATION DRIVE STADIUM, DAVE'S CAR - DAY

Max creeps up to Dave's car, opens the back passenger door. Reaches into his box, pulls out a palm-sized magnet. He awkwardly reaches under the front passenger seat.

Suddenly the magnet flies from his hand and affixes itself to his helmet.

Unbeknownst to Max, Dave is ambling back towards the car, chatting to Beth.

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Johnny and Andy approach a desktop computer. Johnny switches it from standby mode. A password field comes up. Andy hands Johnny a key pad with a USB cable. Johnny waves it away.

Johnny types. "Password fail" flashes up. Tries again. Same result. A third try, and he's in. He grins at Andy who looks the question.

JOHNNY

When 1-2-3-4 doesn't work, I try 4-3-2-1.

ANDY

And failing that?

JOHNNY

Qwerty.

Andy's incredulous as Johnny pulls up a file directory.

EXT. SALVATION DRIVE STADIUM, DAVE'S CAR - DAY

With great difficulty Max hauls the magnet off his helmet. A clink of metal against metal as he places it directly under the seat with the laptop on it.

Then Dave's back at the car. Beth's with him. Max crouches low, panicked, but has nowhere to run without being spotted.

As they chat in the b.g, Max pulls out a walkie-talkie. Hisses urgently.

MAX

(into walkie-talkie)
Eagle One to Red Eagle - deploy!

KURT (V.O.)

(over walkie-talkie)
Jawohl!

DAVE

Okay. See you Saturday.

Max huddles against the side of the car. Dave guns the engine, puts the car in gear. It's just started moving when gunfire crackles around the stadium.

Dave slams on the brakes. Jumps out of the car.

BETH
What's the hell's going on!?

DAVE
Run!!

He sprints off, leaving Beth in his wake.

On the other side of the car, Max writhes in agony on the ground, his hand trapped under the car's wheel.

In the b.g. German soldiers pop up from behind cover, firing (blanks) at each other.

Beth runs to where Dave is cowering as the mayhem continues around them.

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY

Andy gazes around Dave's bedroom: a shrine to Sophia: Framed first edition Hot Dick comics, a life-sized cut-out of her in Princess Persia outfit, a signed 8x10 head shot.

Johnny wanders in.

JOHNNY
Some of the files are encrypted so
I'm copying the lot--

He pulls up short when he sees what Andy's looking at.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Hey check-out your Number One Fan.

ANDY
Sophia's number one fan me thinks.

JOHNNY
Found anything disgusting?
(Andy shakes his head)
Well, get on with it. I'll try and
fix the front door.

Andy nods, gazes at the life-size Sophia, a tad wistful.

EXT. SALVATION DRIVE STADIUM, DAVE'S CAR - DAY

The bedlam continues unabated. A soldier throw a hand grenade. Another dramatically goes down in a hail of bullets.

Max awkwardly finds a trench spade in his backpack. With his free hand he starts burrowing into the soil under his trapped hand.

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Andy pokes around Dave's bedroom, looking in drawers and cupboards. Johnny sticks his head in.

JOHNNY

Well?

ANDY

A Kenny G CD, some y-fronts that've seen better days. Nothing explosive.

JOHNNY

Check this out.

Andy follows him through to the living room. Johnny gestures to the computer. An instant message (IM) screen is open.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

IM. From someone called Jamil. In Karachi.

Andy leans closer. He reads -

ANDY

"Hey hon'. Haven't heard from you in a while..."

Andy and Johnny exchange a look.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I'm no expert, but isn't Jamil a guy's name?

An evil grin crosses Andy's face. He cracks his knuckles and jumps into the chair.

ANDY (CONT'D)

(typing)

Been... busy.

(grimaces before continuing)

Missed you...

JOHNNY

Jesus...

He hits send. Waits with bated breath. The IM message pings. Andy reads.

ANDY

"Did my stuff come through okay?"

JOHNNY

"Stuff?" What stuff? Drugs? Assault rifles? Weapons grade plutonium?

ANDY
 We wouldn't be that lucky.
 (types)
 It was... good. Thanks.

Again, they wait. The IM pings. Andy reads -

ANDY (CONT'D)
 "Hope Beth was impressed. LOL" What
 the fuck??

Andy stares at Johnny, dumbstruck. He struggles to process.

ANDY (CONT'D)
 This dickhead's got a Pakistani
 rent boy and he's buying presents
 for my wife??

JOHNNY
 Whoa, back up. We don't even know--

ANDY
 (types)
 Fuck you and the horse you rode in
 on.

JOHNNY
 Wait, don't--

Too late. Andy hits send.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
 Nice strategy. Really shrewd.

A long pause. Nothing. Johnny gives Andy a chastening look, unplugs an external hard drive from Dave's computer and packs it into a tool box.

EXT. SALVATION DRIVE STADIUM - DAY

Dave cowers behind a row of seats. Beth pokes her head up. She sees one of the "soldiers" who was "killed" get up and re-join the fray.

BETH
 I think we're probably safe.

She marches to the nearest soldier. Dave peeks out, anxious.

BETH (CONT'D)
 Oi! You with the big gun!

The soldier stops firing and calmly starts chatting to her.

In another part of the stadium, Max frees his trapped hand. He rubs it, gingerly.

MAX
Holy shit...

He peers around the car and sees Beth giving the soldier a dressing down. He pulls out a mobile with his good hand and hits a speed dial.

ANDY (V.O.)
(over phone)
Max.

MAX
I think I've bought you all the time I can.

ANDY (V.O.)
Okay. We'll bail. Thanks.

Max disconnects. Max grabs his walkie-talkie.

MAX
(into walkie-talkie)
Okay Kurt, you won. But the Red Army's advancing. Time to pack it in.

INT. JOHNNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The brothers debrief. Max's hand is bandaged. Johnny sits with an open laptop on his knee.

ANDY
(to Max)
Do you not get that when Dave finds a bloody great magnet under his car seat he's gonna, you know, suspect something?

MAX
(waving his bandaged hand)
I was a bit indisposed!

JOHNNY
Well, I got a ton of stuff off his hard drive. Including footage of yours truly...

He turns the laptop for Max to see footage of Andy and Beth. Max recoils.

MAX
Aww...

JOHNNY
Not much fun, is it?

MAX

Why didn't you erase it? I wiped his laptop.

JOHNNY

Unlike some people, I was being discreet. But I did download a nasty virus. All I need to do is activate it and everything on his hard drive gets fried. Won't help us if he's got it saved somewhere else...

ANDY

So we're basically worse off than we were before.

JOHNNY

We know about Jamil.
(hands Andy a flash drive)
There's pages of IM history on that. Could be worth a trawl.

MAX

And we know he's obsessed with Sophia.

Andy's about to respond when Beth bursts in, livid. Tracy trails behind, awkward.

TRACY

Sorry, she was very insistent...

BETH

I've just been talking to Dave.

Andy's brothers size up the situation and vanish from the room. Andy's left alone facing Beth's wrath.

ANDY

(innocent)
How is Dave?

BETH

Considering his laptop's been wiped, how do you think?

ANDY

What brand is it? 'Cos sometimes--

BETH

Don't be a smart arse. Those toy soldiers your buddies, were they? Someone you met at a convention?

ANDY

Those war re-enactment guys don't go to comics conventions, please...

He stops, realising he's dropped himself in it. Beth glares. Speaks as if to a child.

BETH
When you sabotage Dave, you
sabotage me, get it?

Andy 's conflicted. He tries to come clean.

ANDY
Look, Dave's... he's not who he
appears to be. I can't say more--

BETH
That the best you can do?

ANDY
He's got a Pakistan rent boy, okay?

Beth looks at him with scornful disbelief.

ANDY (CONT'D)
It's true! They have these cosy
little chats on an instant message
service. Look, it's all on this
flash drive.

He brandishes it in front of her.

BETH
Where did you get that?

ANDY
That's not important. What's
important is that Dave--

BETH
(interrupts)
--has a virtual assistant in
Pakistan. His name is Jamil. He
helps him with various admin tasks.
Anything else you'd like to know?
(Andy's silent)
Then I guess we're done.

She turns on her heel.

ANDY
Wait!

She turns and he clumsily hugs her. She recoils.

BETH
Get off me!

But we see he's inserted the flash drive into her pocket. He backs off, hands up in a surrendering fashion.

BETH (CONT'D)
Don't call me.

And she's gone. Andy's left bereft.

EXT. DRIVING RANGE - NIGHT

Andy stands in a driving range booth. He hurls golf balls into the blackness. Johnny and Max approach, tentative.

JOHNNY
You gotta tell her.

ANDY
(shakes his head)
I can't risk it.

JOHNNY
Yeah, but--

ANDY
I need to shut Dave down once and for all.

MAX
(nods, knowing)
You wanna put a hit on him.

Andy and Johnny look at him like he's mad. Max backtracks.

MAX (CONT'D)
That was a joke. Obviously.

ANDY
Dave doesn't love Beth. He's playing her to get something.

JOHNNY
Possibly...

ANDY
I've got something he wants more than anything he can get from her. Maybe it'll be enough to give me a fighting chance with her.

The guys look blank. Andy takes a deep breath.

ANDY (CONT'D)
I'm gonna give him Hot Dick.

INT. MAX'S APARTMENT - DAY

The next morning. Max and Johnny are in the middle of an animated discussion.

JOHNNY
It's his intellectual property,
Max. That makes it his call.

MAX
It's appeasement! 1939 all over
again! Well, this time the Poles
are going on the offensive.

JOHNNY
And how do you propose we do that?

MAX
Dave's got footage, we'll get
footage.

JOHNNY
Of what?

The doorbell rings. Max raises his eyebrows, mysterious. He
crosses to the door. Opens it to Sophia.

SOPHIA
Hey, Max. Been a while.

They exchange a chaste kiss in greeting.

MAX
Thanks for coming.

SOPHIA
Hi, John.

JOHNNY
Sorry Soph', I'm not gonna be part
of this.

He heads out with an apologetic smile. When he's gone -

SOPHIA
Part of what, exactly?

INT. ANDY'S DINING ROOM - DAY

Beth's at her computer, on the phone. Papers are everywhere.

BETH
(on phone)
I've got copies of those, too.

DAVE (V.O.)
(over phone)
Great. So, you excited?

BETH
I'm too shattered. Just be relieved
when it's all over.

DAVE (V.O.)
Enjoy it. You deserve to.

BETH
Whatever you say. See you Saturday.

She hangs up. Reaches into her pocket for a tissue. As she does, the flash drive falls from her pocket.

She picks it up. Recognises it. Looks pissed-off. She slams it down and goes back to work.

But she can't help stealing glances at it.

Eventually, her curiosity gets the better of her. She plugs it into a USB port.

MAX'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sophia stares at Max, pennies dropping.

SOPHIA
Which is why Andy wasn't fighting
for his marriage...

MAX
Pretty much.

She has a sad reverie for a moment. Max awaits a response.

MAX (CONT'D)
Well?

She snaps out of it.

SOPHIA
Andy's a great guy. There's not a
lot I wouldn't do for him. But
dressing up as Princess Persia and
doing something debauched with a
crazy fan while you secretly record
the act would be one of them.
Sorry.

She gets up to leave. Max looks crestfallen.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
But I admire your dedication. Wish
I had a brother that looked out for
me like that.

MAX
I kinda owe him.

Sophia gets to the door and stops.

SOPHIA

You said you thought Dave might be gay...

MAX

Exactly, so there'd be almost zero chance you'd actually, you know, be in danger--

SOPHIA

If you really owe Andy, then there is another option...

Max's face seems to plead with her: Anything but that! Sophia just shrugs. Gives him a wave and exits.

Max looks like a man contemplating a firing squad.

INT. ANDY'S DINING ROOM - DAY

Beth scrolls through instant messages between Dave and Jamil, intrigued, despite herself.

She comes across something that makes her sit up.

She scrolls back, re-reads, puzzled.

Checks something in a folder by her side. Checks the screen again. A dawning realisation.

INT. PETER'S HOUSE - DAY

Max stands before a floor-length mirror dressed in sexy leather with a distinct Boy-George-during-the-Third-Reich flavour. He looks miserable.

PETER (O.S.)

I'm not sure how comfortable I feel with this.

MAX

You gonna talk to me about discomfort?

Reveal Peter - one of the "Nazis" - turning a camcorder over in his hands.

MAX (CONT'D)

You sure you know how to drive that thing? I don't plan on giving you a second take.

PETER

I can handle a camcorder. I'm more worried about you pulling it off. No pun intended.

MAX
I'll be fine.

PETER
Have you ever seduced a man before?

MAX
Take a wild guess.

PETER
So rehearse. What will you say?

Max is appalled. But it's clear Peter won't take no for an answer. Max closes his eyes, getting in character.

His eyes snap open and he affects his best limp-wristed poofa.

MAX
Ooo, thweetie. Why don't you come over here you bad big boy...

He trails off as Peter looks at him with a raised eyebrow.

MAX (CONT'D)
Too much?

PETER
You realise that most gay people do not, in fact, have a lisp?

MAX
What about when there are only other gays around?

PETER
When we use our secret handshake?

MAX
Right! I'll need to learn that too!

Out on Peter, unsure if Max is for real.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Andy sits in front of a middle-aged man in a suit, SCHNAUER.

SCHNAUER
These aren't clauses I usually include in an IP rights contract.

ANDY
But they're legally binding?

SCHNAUER

They are. But as your lawyer I'd advise against you signing this contract. Especially at a time when there's renewed interest in the Trixie Marlowe character.

ANDY

Just show me the dotted line.

Schnauer sighs and points to the relevant pages. Andy signs.

EXT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Andy exits the building carrying a large envelope.

BETH (O.S.)

Andy!

Andy turns to see Beth standing by her car.

BETH (CONT'D)

Johnny told me you were here. What are you doing?

ANDY

Trying to make things right.

Beth sighs. She looks weary.

BETH

Let's go home.

INT. ANDY'S DINING ROOM - DAY

Andy and Beth are at the dining table. Andy's open laptop displays a frozen image of the two of them from the illicit office sex tape. Beth peruses the half-signed contract. She sets it down.

BETH

So this is you making things right?
(Andy shrugs)
Why didn't you talk to me? I thought we were a team.

ANDY

I wasn't sure what we were any more.

BETH

And you were gonna just give it all away? Trixie Marlowe. Your baby.

ANDY

If that's what it took.

Beth can see he's sincere.

BETH
You really are a screw-up, aren't you?

ANDY
A simple "thank you" would suffice.

BETH
I'm not letting you do it.

ANDY
The guy's gonna put that footage on the net! Eric and Laura will see it. You'll never work with--

BETH
That footage isn't the only thing he was lying about.

ANDY
(ironic)
I'm shocked.

BETH
Dave's friend in Karachi - he's the one who came up with all his brilliant ideas. He used me to get access to the Salvation Drive and brought Jamil's ideas to the table like they were his own.

ANDY
So how do we get him?

BETH
Honestly, I have no idea.

But a light bulb's just gone on for Andy.

ANDY
Have we maxed out our Mastercard this month?

INT. AIRPORT ARRIVALS TERMINAL - DAY

Andy and Beth fidget nervously. Arriving passengers pour through the arrivals gate. Andy holds a small scrap of paper.

BETH
So you reckon you successfully channelled Dave?

ANDY

I messaged the way a complete fuckwit would. Johnny's tech savvy did the rest.

BETH

We'll soon know if it worked.

ANDY

I'm more worried you let the cat out of the bag with Dave. You have the world's worst poker face...

Beth mock whacks him.

BETH

You'll get a poke in the eye if you don't--

ANDY

There he is.

A suave Pakistani man comes through - JAMIL, 25. He searches for a familiar face. Andy and Beth approach him.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Jamil?

Jamil turns to Andy, puzzled.

INT. AIRPORT CAFE - DAY

Jamil sits opposite Andy and Beth. In front of him are scores of printed emails. Andy and Beth watch on, anxious.

Jamil finishes reading one. He's defiant, though his certainty is wavering.

JAMIL

You fly me half way around the world on false pretences. Why should I believe anything you say?

ANDY

Because we wouldn't have done it if we weren't on the level.

BETH

We're not rich enough to fly Pakistani men to New Zealand just to play a practical joke.

ANDY

Certainly not business class.

Jamil considers this. Sees the logic.

JAMIL

So it would appear that Dave has been acting deceitfully toward all of us. Thank you for letting me know. Now, if you will excuse me...

He starts to leave.

BETH

Jamil, please. If we put our heads together, we can all get something out of this. And it'd be a shame to get back on a fifteen hour flight without seeing a little of the country.

Jamil stops. Sits down again. Andy and Beth exchange a hopeful glance. Jamil looks a bit ashamed.

JASMIL

The truth is I knew Dave was acting dishonourably towards you. I didn't know details, but...

ANDY

We're not here to point fingers.

The three sit in silence. Eventually...

JAMIL

What do you want from me?

INT. JOHNNY'S OFFICE - DAY

Jamil and Johnny sit at Johnny's impressive IT work station. Andy and Beth look on.

JAMIL

If you have his hard drive covered. And the laptop's been erased, then this server will be the only other place it's located.

ANDY

You're sure?

JAMIL

When it comes to computers, Dave is not very smart. He does what I tell him.

Johnny taps some keys.

JOHNNY

Except according to his browser history, he did go to this site...

He pulls up a secure server website. Jamil's taken aback.

JAMIL

The sly dog, learning some new tricks. Okay, we had better deal with that one, too.

BETH

And this will be all of them?

Jamil and Johnny look at each other.

JOHNNY

It's likely...

ANDY

But?

JOHNNY

He could've burned a disk, have it in a safe deposit box. You just don't know.

ANDY

So we still need something on him.

Andy glances at his watch.

ANDY (CONT'D)

How much time have we got?

INT. SALVATION DRIVE STADIUM, STUDIO - DAY

Beth sits behind a news desk in a studio, dressed to the nines in a business suit and skirt. She wears a lapel mic. In front of her a TV camera, unmanned, points at her.

BETH

Okay, Dave - check one, two.

Intercut with:

INT. SALVATION DRIVE STADIUM, CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dave sits at a control desk next to a VISION SWITCHER. He has a pile of notes in front of him which he consults. He pushes a microphone switch. Beth's on a monitor in front of him.

DAVE

Coming through loud and clear.

BETH

(on monitor)

Buddy'll be here in half an hour. We'll run through the cues with him then.

DAVE
Got it.

BETH
Phil?

VISION MIXER
(into microphone)
Yeah?

BETH
I didn't get lunch before I came.
Any chance you could grab me a
sandwich?

VISION MIXER
Sure.

BETH
Thank you!

The Vision Switcher exits.

BETH (CONT'D)
Has he gone?

DAVE
Yup. So, we'll cut to the main
stage when the pastor arrives--

BETH
(interrupts)
It's just the two of us?

Dave looks up from his notes.

DAVE
Ah... yeah. Just you and me.

A seductive look comes over Beth's face.

BETH
Good. Then I can tell you...
(whispers into lapel mic)
I'm not wearing any knickers.

Dave gulps. Shifts in his seat. Grins.

DAVE
What is it with you and cameras?

BETH
Must just be my naughty streak, I
guess. We're not recording, right?

DAVE
No.

BETH

Good...

She reaches down under the news desk. Dave gets increasingly hot and bothered as Beth appears to begin pleasuring herself.

BETH (CONT'D)

Are you still there, Dave?

DAVE

I'm here... Enjoying the show.

BETH

I want you to lock the door - I've got a swipe card - then I want you to get naked. Can you do that for me, Dave?

DAVE

Ah... sure.

BETH

Don't keep me waiting. We haven't got much time.

She gets up from behind the desk and races out of the studio.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Andy, Johnny, and Jamil stand in front of a bank of monitors. Only one of them is showing a picture: The control room where Dave is desperately shedding his clothes. From the sounds coming from the monitor, it's clear there's also audio.

Johnny pats Jamil's shoulder, sympathetic.

JAMIL

It wouldn't have worked.

ANDY

Cultural differences?

Jamil looks at him like he's an idiot.

JAMIL

Can you not see that boner?

ANDY

Sadly, I can.

JAMIL

That, my friend, is the erection of a straight man.

ANDY

I'm just glad to be the guy in charge of the camera this time.

Johnny notices something on the monitor.

JOHNNY
Wait a minute, what's this?

DAVE (V.O.)
(on monitor)
Goddammit! No, no... Not this
time...

On the monitor, Dave scrabbles around, trying to sort himself out, having "peaked too soon." Andy can't contain his glee.

ANDY
Hussein Bolt doesn't run a hundred
metres that fast.

He cracks up. Johnny and Jamil are smirking, too.

ANDY (CONT'D)
There is a God...

On the monitor, Dave races around trying to sort himself out ahead of Beth's arrival.

INT. STADIUM CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Max furtively pokes his head around a corner. Seeing the coast is clear he reveals himself in all his gay Nazi splendour.

He beckons to someone behind him, and creeps down the hall with Peter following behind.

Beth races down a hallway from the opposite direction. They arrive at a corner at the same time. Beth nearly bowls Max.

BETH
Shit!

MAX
Beth!

BETH
Max! What are--

She's pulled up short by his outrageous appearance. Despite the fraught situation she can't help grinning.

BETH (CONT'D)
Something you'd like to share?

MAX
(ignores the jibe)
I need to find Dave.

BETH
 (smirking)
 Come with me...

INT. SECURITY ROOM - DAY

Beth enters with Max and Peter. Max stares at the guys. They stare back. No one knows where to start. Beth leaps in.

BETH
 Lots of questions here, but how goes the dance of the seven veils?

ANDY
 Seems my wife's too sexy for her own good.

Beth checks out the monitor, stifles a giggle.

BETH
 Oh dear...

Jamil takes the swipe card off Beth, marches out past Max who's utterly bewildered.

ANDY
 Sorry to rain on your gay pride parade, but it seems Dave might be straight.

Max collapses into a chair. A huge weight off his shoulders.

MAX
 Thank Christ! I thought I was gonna pass out.

ANDY
 But I'm touched that you'd take a bugger for me. Thanks bro'.

He pats Max's shoulder, then heads out with Beth, leaving Johnny on the monitor.

INT. SALVATION DRIVE STADIUM, CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Dave's in a swivel chair, having "cleaned up" and composed himself. Jamil lets himself in.

Dave spins around, naked, to find himself face-to-face with Jamil. He's too shocked to even cover up.

DAVE
 Jesus! What are you-- Where's--

Andy and Beth stroll in.

BETH

Beth? Here I am. I believe you've met my husband, Andy.

Dave looks at the three of them, taking it in. As the pieces fall into place, he nods, grins. He calmly starts dressing.

DAVE

Right...

(to Andy and Beth)

You flew this guy in from Pakistan? Jesus, what'd that set you back?

ANDY

Getting rid of you is worth it.

DAVE

That right? Well, tell you what - while Beth here is running her little dog and pony show for the tub thumpers, I'm gonna get online and put your dirty little tape onto just-fucked-up-your-lives-dot-com.

JAMIL

Good luck finding it.

DAVE

What?

BETH

(pointed)

Now Dave. Don't be too hasty...

Dave looks anxious. Andy points to a tiny security camera.

ANDY

Smile!

The horror of his situation starts to sink in.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Unless you wanna be known as Rapid Fire Dave for the rest of your life...

BETH

The first person who gets the footage is Andy's good friend Sophia Brighton...

Andy slumps, defeated. Eventually -

DAVE

What do you want?

ANDY

You out of our lives. For good.

BETH
I hear Queensland's a good place
for a fresh start.

ANDY
Or Yemen.

Dave gathers up his clothes and shuffles out as Johnny, Max
and Peter who enter.

JOHNNY
Is it over?

Andy glances at Beth.

ANDY
I hope not.

Beth smiles, heads over to Andy.

BETH
Right now I've gotta help my client
save some souls...
(she pulls a key from her
jacket)
See you at home?

Andy takes the key, smiles. Beth leans in, kisses his cheek.

BETH (CONT'D)
(whispers)
When I said I wasn't wearing any
knickers, I wasn't lying...

Andy's gob-smacked. The vision mixer enters with a cling-film
wrapped sandwich. Hands it to Beth.

VISION MIXER
They only had cheese.

Beth take the sandwich, winks at Andy.

BETH
Gotcha.

She smiles and exits. Andy grins.

Jamil flashes a charming smile at Max. He backs away and
pushes Peter forward, gesturing like "this is the guy you
want to talk to."

Johnny approaches Andy.

JOHNNY
Let's get you home.

ANDY
Yeah.

INT. TROPICAL HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Andy and Beth, Johnny and Tracy, and Max and Christine recline on couches in beach attire, looking relaxed.

Max has his head buried in a graphic novel.

A hotel staff member ushers an excited Eric and Laura from the room. They have inflatable pool toys and towels.

HOTEL STAFF MEMBER
Kids Club finishes at four. I'll
have them back then.

ANDY
You guys have fun.

ERIC/LAURA
Kids Club! Kids Club!

They dash out with the hotel staffer. When they're gone -

ANDY
A whole day to ourselves. What'll
we do?

CHRISTINE
What do folks usually do on their
brother's honeymoon?

ANDY
Hey, it was their idea.

JOHNNY
We took pity on you. Five years
after your wedding and you never
got round to having your own?

BETH
We just never found the time.

TRACY
You know how pathetic that sounds,
right?

Beth shrugs - fair call.

CHRISTINE
(to Max)
That's their excuse. What's ours?

She sees he's ensconced in the graphic novel. She chucks a
throw cushion at him.

MAX
What?

CHRISTINE

You gonna spend the whole holiday reading?

MAX

Andy writes a good yarn. Setting Hot Dick in World War Two? Genius! Indiana Jones meets Mike Hammer.

ANDY

Thanks for the inspiration. And the fact-checking...

MAX

Make it fifty-fifty on the royalties and we'll call it even.

CHRISTINE

If you boys have finished playing Oprah Book Club, there's the small matter of the contest.

ANDY

What about it?

TRACY

Eric and Laura invalidated the result.

JOHNNY

It's true.

Andy turns to Beth, uncertain. She just smiles and shrugs. Max is immediately attentive.

MAX

Six more nights. We re-set the jellybean tally to twelve...

TRACY

We're in!

MAX

You're on honeymoon!

JOHNNY

(points at Andy and Beth)
So are they!

MAX

Okay. No handicaps.

JOHNNY

Verification?

MAX

I've got a camcorder--

BETH/CHRISTINE/TRACY

No!!

ANDY

How about our word as gentlemen?

The boys nod.

JOHNNY

Okay, then...

Everyone glances at each other for a moment. Then Max grabs Christine's hand, and grinning, they dash out. Johnny and Tracy are seconds behind them.

Andy and Beth are left alone. Beth wanders over to the couch where Andy sits. She perches at the opposite end. They smile at each other.

BETH

No one even discussed the prize.

ANDY

Good point.

BETH

We could just talk. Don't get a chance to do that normally.

ANDY

Ah... true. Okay, what do you want to talk--

Beth playfully launches herself at him. Locked in a passionate embrace, they tumble off the couch.

FADE OUT.