

BACON SANDWICH

by
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CAST

GREG, mid twenties

BEN, mid twenties

WENDY, mid twenties

EMMA, mid twenties

LOCATIONS

A West Country Town

INT. POLICE CELL. DAY.

INT. RAILWAY CARRIAGE. DAY.

INT. STATION BUFFET. DAY.

FADE IN

INT. POLICE CELL. DAY.

BEN and GREG are asleep.

BEN sprawls on the floor. GREG is lying on the bench. He is wearing a dress and has a piece of hedge in his hair.

GREG's heavy snoring wakes BEN. He prods GREG to stop the noise.

GREG
(Groggy)
What time is it?

BEN
Early. Go back to sleep.

GREG
You woke me up.

BEN
You were snoring.

GREG
I don't snore. Where are we?

He tries to sit up.

GREG (cont'd)
Shit - my head.

BEN
Good night last night. Go back to sleep.

GREG
This bed's hard

BEN
Not as hard as the floor.

GREG
Eh?

BEN
You got the bench. I got the floor

GREG
It's not very comfortable.

BEN
I've got a crick in the neck.

GREG
I feel terrible.

BEN
You always were a hypochondriac.

INT. RAILWAY CARRIAGE. DAY.

EMMA and WENDY are asleep in the carriage of an empty commuter train parked in a siding.

The women are slumped together on a seat. WENDY has a ball and chain padlocked to one ankle, an L-plate on her back and is wearing a gold tinsel wig.

WENDY stirs and takes in her surroundings blearily.

INT. POLICE CELL. DAY.

GREG
Where are we?

BEN
The Bridewell. Go back to sleep.

GREG tries to sleep.

INT. RAILWAY CARRIAGE. DAY.

WENDY realises where she is and shakes EMMA.

WENDY
Em! Emma! Wake up!

EMMA
Uh?

WENDY
Train. We're on a train.
OhmyGodwe'reonatrain!

She stands up, falls over the ball and chain and starts to hyperventilate.

EMMA
All right. Don't panic.

WENDY
(Gasping)

Train!

EMMA
Deep breaths.

WENDY
Tr...

EMMA
Inhaler.

WENDY flaps at the pockets of her jacket, finds nothing, panics.

WENDY
Can't...

She collapses back onto the seat, panting.

EMMA
You had it last night. You were
moaning about the smoke.

WENDY
Yuh...

EMMA
Sure it's not in your pocket?

WENDY shrugs, turning blue.

EMMA (cont'd)
Let me see.

She feels in Wendy's pockets.

EMMA (cont'd)
Nope.

WENDY
(Very high-pitched whine)

EMMA
What about your bag?

WENDY
Buh... Yuh...

EMMA
Where is it?

WENDY can only shrug.

EMMA (cont'd)

God.

She stands up and winces, clutching her head.

EMMA (cont'd)

Ouch!

She looks around for the bag and finds it under the seat. She tips out some of the contents - make-up, tissues, sanitary products.

EMMA (cont'd)

What do you have to carry so much round with you for?

WENDY thumps the seat in desperation.

EMMA (cont'd)

Okay, okay...

She rummages some more and pulls out an asthma inhaler.

EMMA (cont'd)

Thank God.

WENDY snatches the inhaler and sucks on it gratefully, EMMA slumps back onto the seat beside her.

INT. PRISON CELL. DAY.

GREG sits abruptly upright on the bench.

GREG

Shit!

He is struck by a tidal wave of giddiness and nausea. He gags. BEN grabs a metal bucket.

BEN

Easy, mate. Got to take these things slowly.

He puts the bucket into Greg's lap. GREG gags into it several times but cannot vomit.

GREG

Why can't I be sick?

BEN

You threw it all up last night.

GREG
What's the time?

BEN
Just gone five.

GREG
I'm getting married.

BEN
Ding-dong.

GREG
Where are we?

BEN
The Bridewell - told you.

GREG
Police station?

BEN
Yeah.

GREG
Wedding. Two o'clock.

BEN
Plenty of time.

GREG
Lots to do.

He tries to stand, reels, and retches into the bucket.

BEN
You've really got to take it easy.

GREG
Wendy's gonna kill me.

INT. RAILWAY CARRIAGE. DAY.

WENDY
(Still breathless)
Greg's gonna kill me.

EMMA
He hasn't got it in him.

WENDY
He might if I'm not in church on time.

EMMA
You'll make it.

WENDY
Where are we?

She stands and stumbles over the ball and chain.

WENDY (cont'd)
Shit!

EMMA
Ouch!

WENDY
Get this thing off me!

EMMA
Don't shout - my head.

WENDY
Unlock it.

EMMA
I haven't got the key.

WENDY
Who has?

EMMA
I dunno. Rach? - it was her idea.

WENDY
Oh God...

She breathes heavily.

EMMA
Inhaler.

WENDY takes a couple of blasts.

WENDY
Bloody Rachel!

EMMA
You didn't want to leave her last
night. You cried.

WENDY
That was last night. Why didn't you
get the key off her?

EMMA
Didn't think.

WENDY
Durrr...

EMMA
You made me drink all that Hooch.

WENDY
Better than sinking pints of lager.

EMMA
I *like* lager.

WENDY
So unladylike.

EMMA
Who are you? My mother?

WENDY
Where are we?

EMMA
Peeing down wherever it is. Siding
somewhere.

WENDY
I can see that. *Where?*

EMMA
Could be anywhere. The Outer Hebrides.

WENDY
(Breathless)
OhGodohGodohGod.

EMMA
All right.

WENDY
Outer Hebrides!

She uses her inhaler.

EMMA
Wendy - this is a commuter train...

WENDY

Flowers are coming at nine.

EMMA

...one people catch to work...

WENDY

Got to get them into the fridge.

EMMA

The Outer Hebrides aren't actually on its route.

WENDY

Then the hairdresser.

EMMA

The furthest we can be is the end of the line. Which is - What? Burnham Stoke?

WENDY

That's miles out.

EMMA

Yeah - but it isn't the Outer Hebrides.

WENDY

Might as well be.

EMMA

Don't be defeatist.

WENDY

Hello! It's my wedding day. I'm stuck in a siding. In a ball and chain. It's raining. Get me out of here and I'll stop being defeatist.

She takes another puff on her inhaler.

EMMA

I'll see what I can do.

WENDY

Thank you.

EMMA goes. WENDY rubs at the shackle on her ankle.

INT. POLICE CELL. DAY.

GREG surfaces from the bucket, looks dizzy, stares into the bucket again.

GREG
I haven't felt this bad since... I
haven't felt this bad.

BEN
Stag night, mate.

GREG
That was two weeks ago.

BEN
What? That night in the Taj Mahal with
your mates from work?

GREG
That's right.

BEN
I'd've been failing in my duties as
best man if I'd let that go as your
stag. You didn't even have a stripper.

GREG
I didn't want a stripper.

BEN
You're not married without one.

GREG
Did I have a stripper last night?

BEN
Sorry - let you down badly. Put Fat
Kev on stripper duty. You know him -
can't be trusted to find a virgin in a
nunnery.

GREG
The room's spinning.

BEN
Put your head between your knees. It
helps.

GREG puts his head between his legs and notices what he is wearing.

GREG
Why am I wearing a dress?

BEN
Part of the ceremony.

GREG
It was meant to be a quiet drink.
Quiet drinks don't end in custody.

BEN
Stag night.

GREG
I should've asked Bill to be best man.

BEN
That boring bastard?

GREG
I wouldn't've got arrested with him.

BEN
He's got a moustache. You know what
they say about blokes with
moustaches...

GREG
He's got three kids.

BEN
Facial topiary is a big mistake. He
would've ruined your wedding album.

GREG
Whereas a heavy hangover is a classic
look?

BEN
You got it.

GREG
I only had four pints. That's an
average Friday night.

BEN
Four pints. Twelve vodkas.

GREG
I don't drink vodka.

BEN
You did last night. Extended happy
hour.

GREG
The limo's coming at one.

BEN
We'll be there for it.

GREG
I've got a ten o'clock with Queer Ted.

BEN
Could do with a trim myself.

GREG
I'll never drink again.

BEN
Black coffee. Bacon sandwich. You'll
be fine.

GREG gags into the bucket.

INT. RAILWAY CARRIAGE. DAY.

EMMA returns.

WENDY
Well?

EMMA
The doors are all locked. They're
electric and the power's off.

WENDY
There must be an emergency exit.

EMMA
Yeah, but there's no platform. It's
four, five feet to the track.

WENDY
Climb down.

EMMA
I don't think so. I want to end up
carrying your train. Not under one of
Richard Branson's.

WENDY

We can't stop here. I have to call the caterers.

EMMA

Have you got anything for a headache?

WENDY

Might have.

She goes through her bag.

WENDY (cont'd)

I've got my mobile.

EMMA

Too big to swallow.

WENDY

Thought I'd left it at the flat. Who shall we call?

EMMA

The caterers?

WENDY

Don't think they'll be there yet.

EMMA

Call Greg, then.

WENDY

I can't do that. It's bad luck.

EMMA

I'm not superstitious.

WENDY

I'm not calling him.

EMMA

Isn't your mum helping you get ready?

WENDY

I'm not calling my mum.

EMMA

Why not?

WENDY

She'd go mental. She isn't calm like me.

EMMA
Who, then?

WENDY
What about Mike?

EMMA
No way.

WENDY
Why not?

EMMA
I don't want him rescuing me.

WENDY
We've got to call *someone*. This is my big day.

EMMA
Call Rach. She can bring the key for the ball and chain.

WENDY
Yeah - got her number programmed in.

She finds the number on her mobile and dials.

INT. POLICE CELL. DAY.

GREG takes his head out of the bucket.

GREG
So how come we were arrested?

BEN
Drunk and disorderly - why do you think?

GREG
I need details. We have to get our story straight. They might try and fit us up.

BEN
Oh yeah - I can see it now - 'Free the Turnpike Two'.

GREG

I was nicked in the Turnpike? In a dress? I won't be able to go in there again.

BEN

You will. You're meant to look a prat on your stag.

GREG

It wasn't my stag.

INT. RAILWAY CARRIAGE. DAY.

WENDY is on the phone.

WENDY

It's ringing. Oh God - ansaphone.

EMMA

Leave a message, then.

WENDY

You do it - I always panic.

EMMA takes the phone.

EMMA

Rachel - Emma. Listen - we're stuck on a train. Burnham Stoke we think. Wendy's still in that ball and chain. Bring the key. Soon as you can. Wendy's future happiness depends on it. Call us back - Wendy's mobile.

She hangs up and hands the phone back to Wendy.

EMMA (cont'd)

Aspirin?

WENDY

Oh yeah.

She delves in her bag.

INT. POLICE CELL. DAY.

GREG

So we were nicked in the 'Pike'?

BEN

No. On the way back. Fat Kev's road.
You fell through a hedge. There's a
bit of it in your hair.

GREG picks the piece of privet from his hair.

GREG

Oh yeah.

INT. RAILWAY CARRIAGE. DAY.

WENDY

Bloody Rachel! I knew she was jealous.
I'll kill her if she wrecks my
wedding.

EMMA

Hurry up with the aspirin.

WENDY

I'm looking. You're no better. Letting
her put me in this.
(The Ball and chain.)
Some chief bridesmaid!

EMMA

Why didn't you ask Rachel, then?

WENDY

She'd look minging in pink.

EMMA

She's really upset.

WENDY

She isn't.

EMMA

I had to talk her out of getting you a
chastity belt.

WENDY

Eh?

EMMA
It was an option.

WENDY
Bloody Rachel. Where'd she get this
thing anyway?

EMMA
Her boyfriend's in the Sealed Knot.

WENDY
Oh yeah - silly soldier games.

INT. POLICE CELL. DAY.

GREG
I'm surprised you *can* be arrested for
falling through a hedge.

BEN
You weren't.

GREG
You said...

BEN
Yeah, but the hedge is only part of
it. Not the whole story.

INT. RAILWAY CARRIAGE. DAY.

WENDY finds some aspirin.

WENDY
Here.

EMMA
Great.

INT. POLICE CELL. DAY.

GREG
It gets worse?

BEN
Much.

GREG
Give me a minute.

INT. RAILWAY CARRIAGE. DAY.

EMMA
Got anything to swallow them with?

WENDY
What?

EMMA
Spring water?

WENDY
Why would I have that?

EMMA
You've got most things in that bag.

WENDY
Sorry - no Evian.

EMMA
I'll see if I can get some water in
the toilet, then.

She goes. WENDY fiddles with her shackle, then goes through her bag.

INT. POLICE CELL. DAY.

GREG
Go on, then - I fell through a
hedge...

BEN
That's right - you fell through the
hedge and started warming up the
goldfish. Nice way for a vegetarian to
act.

GREG
I'm not following you.

BEN
Ornamental pond. Gnome. Fountain.
Which you pissed in.

GREG
I pissed in a pond?

BEN
In Fat Kev's road.

GREG
Why didn't you stop me?

BEN
I was laughing. Totally creased.

GREG
Oh cheers.

BEN
I'd had a few myself - we gave you a good send-off. But it was the gnome that did it. One of those fishing gnomes. The owner of that pond must be a sadistic bastard. The fish have to look at that all the time. Mental torture.

GREG
Will you get to the point?

BEN
Thought you were an animal lover.

GREG
It's not the pressing issue.

BEN
All right - the gnome. He's standing there holding his rod. And you're standing there holding *yours*. And it's like... Snap! I cracked.

BEN laughs hard. GREG watches him disdainfully.

INT. RAILWAY CARRIAGE. DAY.

WENDY finds a can of Red Bull in her bag and puts it aside. She takes out a powder compact, looks in the mirror, rearranges her wig, then applies make-up carefully.

INT. POLICE CELL. DAY.

BEN wipes away tears of mirth.

BEN
You had to be there.

GREG
I was. Is that when we were arrested?

BEN
Yeah - plod felt your collar while you
were pissing in the pond.

GREG buries his head in his hands.

INT. RAILWAY CARRIAGE. DAY.

EMMA returns.

EMMA
There's no toilet on this train.

WENDY is still repairing her make-up.

WENDY
No?

EMMA
Don't want to be caught in a crisis
without your face on?

WENDY
I've got standards. Professional
pride.

EMMA
I don't know how you square being
vegetarian with slapping half a whale
on your face.

WENDY
'None of our cosmetics are tested on
animals or contain animal products -
guaranteed.' Told you before. Found
this in my bag.
(The Red Bull.)
Got it at a promotion in the mall.
Forgot.

EMMA

Thanks.

She reads the can.

EMMA (cont'd)

It's full of sugar.

WENDY

Do to wash the tablets down, won't it?
I mean - sorry I don't carry a range.

EMMA

All right.

She swallows the pills with the drink, then rattles the bottle at WENDY.

EMMA (cont'd)

Haven't you got a headache?

WENDY

I don't get hangovers.

EMMA

Lucky cow.

WENDY

This thing's rubbing my ankle. It's
gonna be red raw. I'm allergic to non-
precious metals.

EMMA

Don't mess with it, then. You'll make
it worse.

WENDY

I thought we could have a go at
getting it off with this.

EMMA

A hair clip?

WENDY

Yeah - pick the lock. Seen it on the
telly.

EMMA

That's telly, Wendy.

WENDY

It's worth a try. My foot's gone to sleep. It's cutting off the circulation.

EMMA

We're better waiting for Rachel.

WENDY

How long's that gonna be? My leg's gonna be a total mess by then.

EMMA

Leave it.

WENDY

It's my big day.

EMMA

Oh, give it here.

She takes the hair clip and pokes at the padlock with it.

INT. POLICE CELL. DAY.

GREG

Anything else on the charge sheet?

BEN

Drunk and disorderly should do it. You were drunk. I was disorderly.

GREG

Didn't resist arrest or anything, did you?

BEN

Couldn't if I'd've wanted to. I was wetting myself. It was like being back at school - trying not to laugh in front of the teacher.

GREG

He was the law.

BEN

I've always had a problem with authority figures.

GREG

State to get yourself into.

BEN

At least *I* remember what happened.

GREG

Yeah - can't understand it. I remember thinking, 'Four pints - that's your lot. Don't wanna overdo it.' Next thing I know I'm waking up with the mother of all hangovers. Can't remember a thing.

BEN

You've blanked it all out.

GREG

When was I sick? You said I chucked everything up?

BEN

The full biryani. Better out than in, I thought. The arresting officer didn't see it that way, though.

GREG

I didn't..?

BEN

Right into his talking brooch. Roger - over and out. He got two collars and a trip to Sketchley's.

GREG groans and lies on the bench in a foetal position.

INT. RAILWAY CARRIAGE. DAY.

WENDY

Any luck?

EMMA

I don't really know what I'm meant to be doing. Still got pins and needles?

WENDY

Yeah - it's getting worse.

EMMA

Don't think this is gonna help.

WENDY

Bloody railway! What sort of service is this? - leaving us trapped on a train.

EMMA

Not their fault, is it?

WENDY

Course it is.

EMMA

We're the ones who dropped off.

WENDY

They should've come round and woken us up.

EMMA

It was the last train, Friday night.

WENDY

So what?

EMMA

So - end of a busy week - they're off home for supper and a video. They're not gonna hang around to see if a couple of dozy mares have dozed off, are they?

WENDY

Well, they should've done. I'm not allowed to leave the store until all the customers have all gone. They should be the same. I'll be complaining when we get back from Corfu.

INT. POLICE CELL. DAY.

GREG

How bad was it? Me puking?

BEN

Ever seen *The Exorcist*?

GREG

You're joking.

BEN

Don't worry about it. He probably gets puked on all the time. Part of the job.

GREG

You're not helping.

BEN

Maybe you were doing yourself a favour.

GREG

What?

BEN

Don't *really* want to marry Wheezy Wendy, do you?

GREG

Don't call her that.

BEN

You know what I reckon? I reckon your puking on plod was an unconscious expression of a deep-seated desire to get out of this wedding.

GREG

Bollocks.

BEN

Is it? Why would you want to marry her? She's bossy. Uptight. Demanding.

GREG

Only around you.

BEN

She's got you right under her thumb. You've changed. Take this vegetarian kick. That's down to her.

GREG

We share convictions.

BEN

I reckon you're a closet carnivore.

GREG

You've never given her a chance. Right from the first time I introduced you.

(MORE)

GREG(cont'd)

There's me hoping my new girlfriend
and my best mate would get on. And
what do you do?

BEN

She was asking for it.

GREG

No she wasn't.

BEN

Oh, come on - it's a pub. Where people
are known to puff the occasional
cigarette. And all she does is whinge
on about the smoke.

GREG

She's asthmatic.

BEN

She knew it was a pub.

GREG

You didn't have to spark-up yourself.

BEN

Oh, I did.

GREG

You don't even smoke.

BEN

Few drags on a Marlboro Lite shut her
right up.

GREG

She couldn't breathe.

BEN

Didn't think she needed to. She
doesn't draw breath when she's on at
you.

GREG

Shut up - you're making my head hurt.

INT. RAILWAY CARRIAGE. DAY.

WENDY

Cassandra didn't say anything about
this.

EMMA

Oh, don't come it with Cassandra. I've had it up to here with all that hocus-pocus.

WENDY

Everything she said would happen *has* happened.

EMMA

Yeah, yeah.

WENDY

She said I'd find a permanent job.

EMMA

You've got qualifications. Experience.

WENDY

She said I'd marry Greg.

EMMA

You've been going out for years.

WENDY

But she didn't say anything about this.

EMMA

Well, pretty bloody specific, isn't it? - 'On the morning of your wedding you and your chief bridesmaid will be trapped on a train. And what's this I see? You'll be locked in a ball and chain.' She'd need bloody good reception on her crystal ball to get all that.

WENDY

She read my palm.

EMMA

Whatever.

WENDY

She did say that before I was married I'd have to forgive and be forgiven.

EMMA

Chuh!

WENDY

I forgive you, Emma.

EMMA

What?

WENDY

I forgive you for landing us in this mess.

EMMA

And I forgive you for being a gullible cow.

WENDY

Well, if you're just gonna be...

Her mobile phone rings.

EMMA

Spooky.

WENDY looks at her mobile phone.

EMMA

What is it?

WENDY

Alarm clock. It's five-thirty. I wanted to make sure we were up on time.

EMMA

Well, we're up.

INT. POLICE CELL. DAY.

GREG

You'd better behave at the wedding.

BEN

Thought I was making your head hurt.

GREG

You are. I'm just saying - don't want you winding Wendy up.

BEN

What am I gonna do? Spark-up at the altar?

GREG

Just behave. It's Wendy's big day.

BEN

Don't worry about me. Couple of veggie
vol-au-vents and a bridesmaid - I'll
be fine.

GREG

I don't want you bothering the
bridesmaids either. Or *bridesmaid*.
(Indicating diminutive
bridesmaids.)
I assume you're not interested in
Poppy or Amber?

BEN

I'd be arrested - again.

INT. RAILWAY CARRIAGE. DAY.

WENDY

I've got confidence in Cassandra.

EMMA

You put too much faith in her.

WENDY

She really helped.

EMMA

At a price.

WENDY

Well - can't live on fresh air, can
she?

EMMA

It's bullshit, Wendy. A crutch. You
don't need all that supernatural stuff
to feel good about your... Ah!

WENDY

What?

EMMA

Think I'm getting somewhere.

WENDY

Yeah? Told you it was...

EMMA

Shush! I'm concentrating.

INT. POLICE CELL. DAY.

BEN

I have to escort Miss Hudson out of church. We rehearsed it - etiquette.

GREG

Yeah - escort her out of church. That's it. No pestering her.

BEN

You ought to have more faith in me. Best mate, best man and that.

GREG

I know what you're like around Emma.

BEN

What?

GREG

Telling her she's spoilt you for other women...

BEN

Oh that.

GREG

I mean - I don't blush. And I blushed.

BEN

I'd had a few.

GREG

Haven't you always?

BEN

Not always.

GREG

Well, keep off it today. And Emma. Stick to the vol-au-vents.

INT. RAILWAY CARRIAGE. DAY.

WENDY

Is it working?

EMMA

Well, *something* happened.

She tests the lock.

EMMA (cont'd)

Hasn't opened it, though.

She pulls out the hair clip, looks at it.

EMMA (cont'd)

Oh.

WENDY

What?

EMMA

It's snapped off in the lock.

WENDY

It hasn't?

EMMA

It has.

WENDY

Oh God.

She bursts into tears.

WENDY (cont'd)

Everything is going wrong.

EMMA

It's all right.

WENDY

No it's not. Greg's gonna be waiting at the altar.

EMMA

In about seven hours.

WENDY

How can I get married in this?

EMMA

We'll get it off somehow. If not we'll just make a feature out of it. You could carry it in a basket. Few blooms on top. I could have one to match. Baby ones for Poppy and Amber.

WENDY
Bloody Rachel!

EMMA
Think she'd've let you off with the wig and L-plate if you'd asked her to be bridesmaid.

WENDY
Cow!

EMMA
She *is* your best mate. How would you feel?

WENDY
I'd realise that ginger and rose blush don't go.

EMMA
You could've chosen different dresses.

WENDY
I'll be the laughing stock of cosmetics if my wedding isn't straight out of *Hello!*

EMMA
Well, I don't look that great.

WENDY
Yes you do. You look really pretty.

EMMA
I just hope nobody from work sees me.

WENDY
Why not? Don't you want to look pretty?

EMMA
No - I'll have 'secretary' stamped all over me.

WENDY
You're a PA.

EMMA
Oh, big difference. Huge.

WENDY
It's a good job.

EMMA

I want to write for the magazines. Not
type for them.

WENDY

You don't know when you're well off.

EMMA

Yes, mother.

WENDY

My foot's really gone to sleep. I
can't feel it.

EMMA

Walk about a bit.

WENDY

In this thing?

EMMA

I'll help you.

WENDY

All right, then.

EMMA

You walk. I'll carry the ball.

WENDY

Okay.

EMMA picks up the ball.

EMMA

Bloody hell! It weighs a tonne.

WENDY

I know. The others helped us get it on
the train - remember?

EMMA

It's all a blur - I remember laughing
a lot.

WENDY

It's not funny now.

EMMA

You're telling me. Ready?

WENDY

Yeah.

They stagger up and down the train together.

INT. POLICE CELL. DAY.

BEN

It's true, though. Bit cheesy, but true - she *has* spoilt me for other women. I don't *do* other women. I'm totally committed to her. I went out with that Alexis - from work?

GREG

Mm...

BEN

We went to see *A Clockwork Orange*.

GREG

Not exactly a chick flick.

BEN

It came up while we were restocking 'Mind, Body and Spirit'. She hadn't seen it. I hadn't seen it. So - date.

GREG

Disaster?

BEN

She turns up in *sandals*. And we're not talking fashion footwear. Bog standard brown leather - as seen on Galilee.

GREG

How could she be so cruel?

BEN

And she's in this long, grey dress. Cardigan. I'm smart-casual. She's bag lady.

GREG

What does she wear at work?

BEN

Jeans, T-shirt - same as everyone else. No clues about the grunge fest that greeted me at the multiplex. And she reminds me of someone - can't think who.

(MORE)

BEN(cont'd)

Anyway, after the film she says she thinks that Kubrick's ambiguous ending lacks the life-affirming closure of Burgess's original text - what do I think? I think I need a drink. But then there's the issue of *where* to take her. People *know* me in pubs. I can't be seen out with this jumble sale refugee. Still can't think who she reminds me of... Anyway, she suggests we go back to her place - for camomile tea.

GREG

New one on me.

BEN

And me. So we're back at her bedsit. On with the lava lamp. Off with the cardigan. Some sounds on the stereo - whales.

GREG

Wales?

BEN

Yeah - big fishy bastards? Live in the ocean?

GREG

Oh, *whales*.

BEN

Then it clicks who she reminds me of - Olive Oyl.

GREG

Who?

BEN

Popeye's girlfriend. You know - big feet, hair bun, no tits.

GREG

She reminded you of a cartoon?

BEN

That's right. And I've never fancied Olive Oyl. Don't know what Popeye sees in her. If I was him I'd tell Bluto he could have her - sod all that spinach. Mind you - Popeye's got a squint and a speech impediment.

(MORE)

BEN(cont'd)

Can't exactly be beating 'em off with a shitty stick now, can he?

GREG groans in disbelief.

BEN

So I'm sitting there, sipping my herbal tea. The whales are... *wailing* away. And she's banging on about this aromatherapy course she's doing. So I'm, 'Lavender - yeah. Lemon balm - right. Massage - fine.' Next thing I know she's telling me to get my shirt off and get across the futon. Oiling-up her hands. 'It'll be *really* soothing,' she says. I've never been so tense. Well, obviously I'm not about to get intimate with Olive and her oil, so I make my excuses and leave. Get out in time for last orders. Swift pint of Guinness with a double JD chaser. Now *that's* soothing. You can keep your hippy shit. But isn't that just like life? The women I fancy won't give me the time of day, while the ones I *don't* fancy can't wait to rub essential oils into me. I mean, what's that about?

INT. RAILWAY CARRIAGE. DAY.

EMMA and WENDY stumble down the aisle of the train.

EMMA

We're gonna have to stop this. It's doing my back in.

WENDY

What about my foot?

EMMA

Can you feel it?

WENDY

Almost.

EMMA

That's good enough for me.

They stagger back to their seat. WENDY rubs her ankle.

WENDY

If I can't get this thing off, the wedding's off. Rachel's paying.

EMMA

Mike'll be disappointed. He's been really looking forward to it.

WENDY

Has he? Nice bloke.

EMMA

Said he couldn't wait to show me off.

WENDY

Oh, that *is* nice.

EMMA

I'm not some bit of jewellery.

WENDY

I'm sure he didn't mean...

EMMA

Yes he did. He wants to dangle me on his arm like, 'Ooh! Look what I've got!'

WENDY

You won't be asking him to move in, then?

EMMA

Much too soon.

WENDY

Well, if he's Mr Right...

EMMA

He isn't. Far from it. I mean, I *can* forgive him the 'show you off' bit - it *is* sort of flattering as well as patronising...

WENDY

Make your mind up.

EMMA

But he's too keen as well. Puts you off, you know?

WENDY

Wouldn't put me off.

EMMA

It does, though. It's like Ben
Fletcher...

WENDY

Him? He's just horrible.

EMMA

Oh, he's not bad looking. Good sense
of humour - when he's sober.

WENDY

Which is never.

EMMA

He was okay at the rehearsal

WENDY

Greg was under strict instructions.

EMMA

I'd be more interested if he backed
off a bit, you know? Like that time he
told me I'd spoilt him for other
women..?

WENDY

I was scarlet.

EMMA

Probably the drink talking, but I was
flattered. It didn't make me fancy
him, though. It put me off even more.
Too keen, you see?

WENDY

Eyebrow tweezers!

EMMA

Eh?

WENDY

To get that bit of hair clip out of
the padlock. I've got my manicure set.

She rummages in her bag.

INT. POLICE CELL. DAY.

GREG

Tell me something honestly.

BEN

What?

GREG

When did you last have sex?

BEN

Why do you want to know?

GREG

Just wondered. You never seem to get any, but then you go round passing up golden opportunities... So when was the last time you..?

BEN

Recently.

GREG

When?

BEN

Fat Kev's party.

GREG

Fat Kev hasn't had a party.

BEN

Yes he did.

GREG

Well, I wasn't invited.

BEN

You were. You were there.

GREG

When was this?

BEN

His eighteenth.

GREG

His *eighteenth!* That was eight years ago.

BEN

I can count.

GREG

It wasn't even *this century*.

BEN

All right.

GREG

Fat Kev wasn't even Fat Kev. He was just... Kev.

BEN

It was before he ate all the pies - yeah.

GREG

Your balls must be the size of watermelons.

BEN

Don't be silly.

GREG

And you walked out on a definite shag just 'cause of this girl's *dress sense*?

BEN

It wasn't *just* the clothes - although they were bad enough. I had a sneaking suspicion that *underneath* there would be a lot of *hair* - legs, armpits, nipples.

GREG

You're too picky. For all you know Emma might be really... *hirsute*.

BEN

Check out the big brain on Greg! 'Hirsute', eh? *And* with a heavy hangover.

GREG

It's a word.

BEN

Listen - one thing you've got to get straight in your head.

GREG

What?

BEN

There is no hair on Miss Hudson. I mean apart from the golden locks tumbling onto her shoulders.

(MORE)

BEN(cont'd)

And - I like to think - some neatly
coiffured intimate curls. Apart from
that - nada!

GREG

You're obsessed.

INT. RAILWAY CARRIAGE. DAY.

WENDY finds her manicure set and takes out some tweezers.

WENDY

See if you can get it out with these.

EMMA

All right. Put your let up.

WENDY does and EMMA tries to pull the broken piece of hair clip
from the padlock with the tweezers.

WENDY

I sometimes wish Greg was a bit
keener, you know? It often feels like
it's me who's making all the running.

EMMA

Well, you're...

WENDY

I mean, it's like when we go out
shopping together - yeah? It's
something we can do together. *Being*
together, you know? It should be fun.

EMMA

I hate shopping.

WENDY

Yeah - but you're not a normal sort of
girl, are you?

EMMA

Thanks a lot.

WENDY

No - I mean you've got ... *ideas*.

EMMA

'Ideas'?

WENDY

You know... Anyway, Greg ought to be interested in how I look - I *am* his fiancée. So I go into the changing room to try something on, leaving him outside with a face like a slapped lemon. And when I come out in a new top or skirt or something, ask him what he thinks, he just goes, 'S'all right.' That's all - 'S'all right.'

EMMA

Well, what do you expect him to say?

WENDY

Something *helpful*. Like, 'Cerise really suits you.' Or, 'That skirt makes your bum look big.' Something like that.

EMMA

Two things, Wendy. First of all, no man will ever tell you that cerise really suits you.

WENDY

It's my colour! The swatches said so.

EMMA

Doesn't matter. 'Cerise', 'ruby', 'scarlet' mean nothing to a man. It's all 'red' to them. Catch a bloke using words like 'apricot' or 'avocado' or 'aubergine' - he's probably gay. Or a painter and decorator. Or both. And the other thing is - if Greg ever tells you *anything* makes your bum look big - you'll divorce him.

WENDY

I will not.

EMMA

Trust me - you will.

WENDY

Why would I? If we were in a shop and you told me something made my bum look big, I'd be grateful. Pleased you stopped me making a mistake.

EMMA

That's different. I'm a woman. I know what it's like to have hips. To worry about the size of my bum.

WENDY

You've got a nice bum.

EMMA

Thanks. But a bloke - what does he know? It's like you saying to him, 'Your knob looks tiny in those trousers.' What do you know?

WENDY

I know a tiny knob when I see one.

EMMA

And blokes know a big bum. But drawing attention to either isn't gonna do any relationship any favours.

INT. POLICE CELL. DAY.

BEN

Maybe if I was older. BMW. Fat wallet.

GREG

Mate, she wouldn't fancy you if you were an octogenarian roll-over jackpot winner with a Roller. Face it. She's got a boyfriend, anyway.

BEN

You never said.

GREG

You never asked.

BEN

Didn't know I needed to. What's he like?

GREG

How should I know?

BEN

Haven't you met him?

GREG

No. He's coming to the wedding. I'll meet him there.

BEN

Well, that's just bloody typical, isn't it?

GREG

What?

BEN

First time since forever I get to see Miss Hudson socially and she's got a bloke in tow.

GREG

That's how it goes.

BEN

It was the same when we were at university. She was always with a different bloke. I used to lie awake and think of her with them. It was like being back at junior school and knowing there's gonna be a party with jelly and ice cream and chocolate fingers. But you're the only kid in the class without a big blue envelope. Except Michael Bingley.

GREG

Who'd invite him?

BEN

Well, exactly.

GREG

I'm standing up.

BEN

No rush.

GREG

I've got to walk down the isle.

BEN

Work up to it gradually.

GREG

That's what I am doing.

He eases himself to his feet and takes a tentative step. The cell swims around him and he flops back onto the bench, retching into the bucket.

BEN
Definite progress.

INT. RAILWAY CARRIAGE. DAY.

WENDY
You can get a cat now.

EMMA
A cat?

WENDY
Yeah. With me moving out you can get one. Shame I'm allergic or we could've got one before. Split the Whiskas.

EMMA
Why would I want one?

WENDY
Company. Someone to come home to.

EMMA
It wouldn't be *someone*. It would be a cat.

WENDY
They've all got their own little personalities.

EMMA
How would you know? You can't go near one without breathing apparatus.

WENDY
I know enough.

EMMA
Keep your foot still. I don't stand a chance with these tweezers.

WENDY
I just thought - if you're not gonna ask Mike to move in...

EMMA

What? I should fiddle about with kitty litter as a substitute for a live-in lover?

WENDY

No. It's horrible coming home to an empty flat, that's all.

EMMA

Wendy, when I come home from a hard day being shared by *DIY Now*, *Cross Stitch Today* and *PDQ Magazine*, all I want is to collapse in front of the telly with a frozen pizza.

WENDY

Sad.

EMMA

Millions of people do the same every day.

WENDY

Yeah - but most of them have someone to do it *with*.

EMMA

So I don't seek self-fulfilment in a significant other.

WENDY

I don't understand all that university stuff.

EMMA

I don't need a man - or cat - to feel good about myself.

WENDY

Course you don't.

EMMA

I don't. Men are like Wonderbras. Sooner or later they let you down.

WENDY

Greg won't let me down.

EMMA

Keep your foot still.

WENDY

What about when you were at university, then?

EMMA

What about it?

WENDY

You said you had a lot of boyfriends.

EMMA

It was just sex. I wasn't kissing frogs to find a prince.

WENDY

'Kissing'?

EMMA

Whatever. I was letting off steam. You didn't see me at school. Glasses. Spots. Mouthful of metal - I was always at the orthodontist. Then I'm eighteen. Away from home for the first time. Straight teeth. Clear complexion. Contact lenses. Crop top. I never have to buy my own drinks. But I was lonely. I didn't have any close girlfriends - there was always a lot of bitching over blokes. And the blokes - they were only interested in...

WENDY

Same as you by the sound of it...

EMMA

So I threw myself into Jane Austen. Weekends I'd be out getting picked up.

WENDY

How many was it? Overall?

EMMA

The whole three years..? Fifteen. Fifteen and a half.

WENDY

A half?

EMMA

Yeah - there was this one guy I... It was while I was in halls. Third year.

(MORE)

EMMA(cont'd)

Boring weekend working on my dissertation. Totally sick of it by Sunday night, so I went down to the uni bar - see what was going on. Met this bloke. Mature student. Bit baggy, but he bought me enough Bicaridi to drink him good-looking.

WENDY

Eugh!

EMMA

Anyway, he's in halls too. So we go back to my room. We're just starting to get cosy when he says he's got to run and fetch something. So I'm thinking maybe it's a bottle he's been saving - special occasion. So I find a couple of glasses. Change my knickers. But he comes back with this black attaché case, opens it up and it's full of chains and handcuffs and clamps and stuff.

WENDY

God.

EMMA

So I'm freaking - this is *so* not me. And I'm about to set all the alarms off. Scream the place down. But he's saying that it would really help if I could chain him up. He looked so sweet and pathetic. Big puppy eyes. So I thought, 'Poor lad'.

WENDY

'Poor lad'?

EMMA

Yeah - if that's what he's into, then who am I..?

WENDY

You didn't..?

EMMA

Trussed him up like Christmas. And he wants me to walk all over him in stilettos. But I haven't got any - they hurt my back. So I improvise with Doc Martens. But, like I said, I'm not into the rough stuff. And by now I just want to go to bed - to sleep.

(MORE)

EMMA(cont'd)

So I unzip the mouth of his rubber mask...

WENDY

Eh?

EMMA

Didn't I mention that? - yeah. He told me he got all the gear on-line.

WENDY

Pervert.

EMMA

There are worse things. Well, he begs me to let him stay. Just leave him chained up on the floor. So I brush my teeth, go to bed. It's tricky nodding off with him handcuffed to the radiator, but next thing I know it's eight in the morning and he's hissing the code word at me. You have to have a code word when you're doing S and M 'cause screaming, 'No, no - please don't!' is all part of the fun.

WENDY

'Fun'?

EMMA

I don't think so, either. Anyway, the magic word's 'ink' - he told me it was easy to spit out if he was in trouble. Also it's not something you're likely to come out with when you're on the job - 'Ink me, baby, ink me!' So I whip the mask off him thinking he's having a heart attack or something.

WENDY

Was he?

EMMA

No - turns out he's got a nine o'clock lecture. Doesn't want to miss it. So it's, 'Thank you for a lovely evening', and he's off to Ethics - leaving my room looking like something out of Tussaud's. So I'm having a coffee. Thanking God the cleaners don't come in on a Monday. Back on the dissertation again. And there's a knock on the door.

(MORE)

EMMA(cont'd)

So I open up - thinking it's him back for his stuff - and I'm looking at twenty sixth formers. All being shown around uni on an open day. 'And this is one of our study bedrooms...'

WENDY

Gah! What did you do?

EMMA

Said, 'Don't ask. Just don't ask.' And shut the door. So the score's fifteen and a half. Including that one.

WENDY

I'm surprised you ever got any work done.

EMMA

I got a first.

WENDY

Think I'll put some moisturiser on my ankle. Stop me getting a rash.

She finds a tub in her bag and rubs the lotion in under her shackle.

WENDY (cont'd)

I don't think I've met fifteen and a half blokes I'd want to go to bed with.

EMMA

You've led a sheltered life.

WENDY

You're not the only one with a past.

EMMA

Go on, then - shock me.

WENDY

I'm not proud of it.

EMMA

No?

WENDY

No. I just don't want you to go thinking...

EMMA

Come on, then, 'fess up. I told you mine.

WENDY

Well, it was while I was still at school. In the sixth form. At a party. I'd had too many rum and blacks. It was in the garden shed.

EMMA

Wendy! Was he good-looking?

WENDY

It was dark.

EMMA

You horny toad.

WENDY

Rachel set it up.

EMMA

Figures.

WENDY

Think that's enough moisturiser now. Have another go with those tweezers.

EMMA

All right.

She picks at the padlock again.

EMMA (cont'd)

Must say I'm gobsmacked. I thought it had only ever been you and Greg.

WENDY

Well, it hasn't. So less of the 'sheltered life', thank you.

EMMA

I'll keep it in mind.

INT. POLICE CELL. DAY.

GREG

Four into twelve goes three.

BEN
Hardly Einstein, is it?

GREG
Just doing the maths. I never drink vodka. And four into twelve goes three. As in four triples into four pints. Happy hour.

BEN
It was the only way to get you into that dress.

GREG
You bastard.

BEN
It would've been a waste of a dress.

GREG
I don't give a shit.

BEN
You should - we bought it in the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals.

GREG looks set to stand up.

BEN (cont'd)
Not gonna try walking again?

GREG
This is important to me

BEN
Plenty of time before the wedding.

GREG
This isn't about the wedding.

BEN
No?

GREG
No. I'm gonna smash your face in. You know how I feel about spiking drinks.

He manages to stand unsteadily. BEN pushes him back onto the bench.

BEN
Come on, mate. We don't fight.

GREG
You asked for it.

BEN
I just wanted your last night of
freedom to be one to remember.

GREG
I can't remember a thing.

BEN
That's not the point.

GREG
I won't forget this, though.

INT. RAILWAY CARRIAGE. DAY.

WENDY
Why doesn't bloody Rachel bloody
phone?

EMMA
She's probably still in bed.

WENDY
But it's my wedding.

EMMA
Yeah...

WENDY
She'll have to get ready.

EMMA
Yes. But maybe she doesn't feel she
has to get up before six in the
morning to be ready for a wedding at
two in the afternoon - just a guess.

WENDY
And she wonders why she didn't make
chief bridesmaid!

EMMA
It wasn't *just* the 'minging in pink'
thing, then?

WENDY
No - I wanted someone sensible.

EMMA
And I'm sensible, am I?

WENDY
Course - you're a PA.

EMMA
Oh, *right*.

WENDY
She'd better not be late, that's all.

INT. POLICE CELL. DAY.

GREG
Where are my clothes?

BEN
Fat Kev's got them.

GREG
My keys are in my pocket.

BEN
We'll pick them up when we get out of here.

GREG
When's that gonna be?

BEN
Not gonna keep us long, are they?
That's the point of the drunk tank -
chuck 'em in, sober 'em up, chuck 'em
out. They'll need the cell for the
real criminals.

GREG
Maybe we are the real criminals. Can't
see them letting me get away with
puking on a police officer.

BEN
It was your first offence.

GREG
Yeah - and I'm gonna make perfectly
clear whose fault it was - you cider-
spiking bastard.

BEN
Nobody likes a grass.

GREG
I can live with that.

INT. RAILWAY CARRIAGE. DAY.

WENDY
Give her another call. See if she answers.

EMMA
All right - mobile?

WENDY
Here - number's programmed.

EMMA looks through the numbers on the phone.

EMMA
Who's 'Piglet'?

WENDY
Who do you think?

EMMA
'Piglet'?

WENDY
Just call Rachel, will you?

EMMA
All right.

She dials.

EMMA (cont'd)
It's ringing.

INT. POLICE CELL. DAY.

GREG
Think I can stand up now if you give me a hand.

BEN
You'll only end up shouting into that bucket.

GREG
No, I think if I can get used to being
on my feet...

INT. RAILWAY CARRIAGE. DAY.

EMMA
Machine again... Rachel - Emma again.
Are you there..? Pick up. We're still
on the train - where are you? Get out
of bed and get us. Wendy's going
spare.

She hangs up.

WENDY
Bloody Rachel!

EMMA
Don't shout - my head!

INT. POLICE CELL. DAY.

GREG
Give me a hand up?

BEN
All right.

He helps GREG to his feet. GREG leans on him for a moment.

INT. RAILWAY CARRIAGE. DAY.

WENDY
We're never gonna get out of here at
this rate.

EMMA
Right - that's it.

She presses buttons on the phone.

WENDY
What you doing?

EMMA
Calling Piglet.

WENDY

No.

WENDY makes a grab for the mobile, EMMA dodges her. With the ball and chain holding WENDY back, EMMA makes the call.

WENDY (cont'd)

It's unlucky!

EMMA

What's *more* unlucky? Seeing him before the wedding or not seeing him *at* the wedding?

INT. POLICE CELL. DAY.

GREG grabs BEN in a headlock.

BEN

Ow! What you doing?

GREG

Smashing your face in. I should've got a better best man.

GREG punches BEN in the face.

INT. RAILWAY CARRIAGE. DAY.

WENDY strains at the ball and chain.

WENDY

It's unlucky...

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. RAILWAY STATION BUFFET. DAY.

GREG is sitting at a table resting his head. His hair and dress are wet from the rain.

BEN arrives at the table with two polystyrene cups and sandwich boxes. He is rain-wet and has a black eye. He kicks GREG's chair.

BEN

Peace offering.

GREG
What have you got?

BEN
Black coffee. BLT - without the LT.

GREG
I don't eat bacon.

BEN
Make you feel better.

GREG
Just give me the coffee.

BEN
Suit yourself.

GREG
I will.

BEN sits at the table and starts eating his sandwich. GREG sips his coffee.

GREG (cont'd)
Tastes like sump oil.

BEN
It's a railway station.

GREG
I'm soaked.

BEN
It's raining.

GREG
We should've gone straight to Fat Kev's. Got my clothes.

BEN
Made more sense to get in out of the rain. And it's too early.

GREG
The bastard can bloody well climb out of his stinking pit. Helping you put me in this dress. It's the least he deserves.

BEN
I'm not worried about waking Fat Kev. It's his mum.

(MORE)

BEN(cont'd)

She's the hardest person I know.
There's no way I'm disturbing her
beauty sleep - she needs it.

GREG

There is that.

BEN

Think the earliest we can risk is nine
o'clock - Saturday morning and that.

GREG

I've got a ten o'clock with Queer Ted.

BEN

Queer Ted will keep. Have some
sandwich. It's good.

GREG

I. Don't. Eat. Bacon.

BEN

Come on, mate - condemned man's last
breakfast. Enjoy yourself. Wendy's not
here and I won't tell.

GREG

It's the principle.

BEN

What principle? - She says 'frog', you
jump?

GREG

Drop it.

BEN

Everything's come out in the wash.

GREG

No thanks to you.

BEN

Hate to say it, mate, but you were
embarrassing. "Yes, officer. No,
officer. I'm more than happy to pay
for any damage, officer."

GREG

Thought he was gonna throw the book.

BEN

You had your tongue so far up his arse
you were tickling his tonsils.

GREG
My wedding was at stake.

BEN
Still want to go through with it,
then?

GREG
Course.

BEN
I wouldn't think any less of you if
you backed out.

GREG
You know what? I don't really value
your opinion right now.

BEN
Did you ever? This sandwich is good.

GREG
I used to like bacon.

BEN
It's still the same

GREG
Didn't they have a vegetarian option?

BEN
Mars bar.

GREG
Not this time of the morning.

He opens his sandwich box, looks in, closes it again.

GREG (cont'd)
Couldn't live with myself.

BEN
Get you something else if you want.
It's all pretty meaty, though.

GREG
I'm all right.

BEN
Still on for Friday nights, then? When
you're back from Corfu? Out with the
lads?

GREG

Dunno.

BEN

You've gotta have some time to yourself. Do you good - break from wedded bliss.

GREG

Now's not a good time.

BEN

Only time there is. Two o'clock - it's all over for you.

GREG

It's not my funeral.

BEN

Same difference. Best get Fridays sorted.

GREG

Well, maybe me and Wendy will do stuff Friday nights. Quality time.

BEN

Chuh!

GREG

She'll probably want to go shopping Saturdays and we always end up rowing. Can never work out why and she won't tell. She's always, "Well, if you don't know..." And Fridays are gonna be difficult when we have kids.

BEN

Stop it - you're scaring me.

GREG opens the sandwich box again.

GREG

Got to admit, I'm tempted.

BEN

Spoil yourself.

GREG

Tell Wendy and I'll black your other eye.

BEN
I won't breathe a word.

GREG bites into the sandwich hungrily.

BEN (cont'd)
Vegetarians - I shit 'em.

GREG
(Between mouthfuls)
That's *really* good. Almost worth the
guilt.

They eat in silence.

WENDY and EMMA stumble in. They are both wet from the rain.

EMMA is carrying the ball and chain with WENDY leaning on her.

EMMA
Got to sit down.

WENDY
I'll call a taxi. We've still got
plenty of time if we...

GREG
Wendy?

WENDY
Wha..?

GREG shuts the lid of his sandwich box quickly.

GREG
What's going on?

WENDY
Don't look at me!

GREG
What?

WENDY
Don't look at me! Unlucky! Wedding!

GREG
Oh, right.

He turns his back on her and she turns her back on him.

EMMA
He's seen you now.

WENDY
We have to go.

EMMA
I'm not lugging this thing any
further.

WENDY
They'll have to go, then.

EMMA
Oh, grow up.

She drags WENDY by the chain towards GREG and BEN.

WENDY
Stop it! It's tempting fate.

EMMA
All right - you can stay out in the
rain if you want. I'm stopping here.

She dumps the ball on the floor and sits with GREG and BEN.
WENDY stays a little way off, keeping her back to them.

EMMA
Hello, boys.

BEN
Miss Hudson.

GREG
All right, Em?

EMMA
Nice frock, Greg.

WENDY
(Breathless)
This. Is. So. Unlucky.

She takes a heavy dose from her inhaler.

BEN
So what's with the leg iron?

EMMA
Rachel got it.

BEN
That's pretty good.

WENDY

Trust you...

GREG

Where have you two been?

WENDY

Is he looking at me?

EMMA

Yeah - he's got eyes in the back of his head.

GREG

I won't look. Where have you been?

EMMA

Stuck on a train out at Burnham Stoke. We fell asleep on the way back last night.

WENDY

Disaster...

BEN

Whew! You girls know how to party, or what?

EMMA

Well, if you two were having a quiet night in, you were doing it all wrong. What happened to your eye?

BEN

I walked into a fist.

GREG

Brought it on yourself.

BEN

We were just having breakfast. Can I get you anything?

EMMA

I'm a coffee.

GREG

Coffee's like sump oil.

EMMA

It's a railway station.

BEN
Okay. Wendy? Tea? Coffee? Iron lung?

WENDY
You're not funny.

BEN
Something to eat, then?

WENDY
No, thank you.

BEN
Suit yourself.

WENDY
I will.

BEN goes to the counter.

WENDY
I hope he's gonna be nice. It's my big day.

GREG
I've told him.

EMMA
You just gonna stand there?

WENDY
I'll sit with you as long as he doesn't look.

GREG
I won't look.

WENDY
No peeping - it's unlucky.

GREG
All right.

WENDY
Give us a hand with this thing, Em.

EMMA
Okay.

With EMMA grappling the ball and chain, WENDY backs toward the table. She and GREG finish sitting back to back on either side of it.

EMMA

So what happened to you? Looks like you've been dragged through a hedge backwards.

GREG

It was meant to be a quiet drink.

EMMA

Quiet drinks don't end in a dress.

GREG

Tell me about it.

WENDY

What's this?

EMMA

Your fiance's in drag.

WENDY

What?

GREG

Fat Kev and Ben put me in a dress. From the PDSA.

WENDY

I thought you were gonna have an early night. You promised me...

GREG

What about you, then? Thought you were doing the whole cocoa-then-bed bit as well.

WENDY

Rachel came round. We went to Diamond Geezer's.

GREG

That meat market!

EMMA

We made sure she behaved.

WENDY

They put me in this ball and chain. I'm getting a terrible rash.

GREG

Why don't you take it off?

WENDY

It's locked. Rachel's got the key.

EMMA

And there's a bit of hair clip in the padlock.

WENDY

Emma tried to pick the lock.

EMMA

You told me to.

WENDY

I didn't tell you to snap it off in there.

EMMA

It wasn't like I *planned* it.

GREG

What is it? Ordinary padlock?

EMMA

Pretty heavy-duty one.

GREG

That's gonna have to be cut off. I'll borrow some tools.

WENDY

We shouldn't be together. Not before the wedding.

BEN comes back with EMMA's coffee.

BEN

Yeah - it's bad enough that you have to be together afterwards.

GREG

Shut up.

BEN

Your coffee, Miss Hudson.

EMMA

Thank you, Mister Fletcher.

WENDY

I'm on the verge of cancelling.

GREG

You're not?

EMMA

Things aren't so bad.

WENDY

Hello! It's my wedding day. It's raining. I'm stuck in a ball and chain. My fiancé's in a dress. I've almost *seen* him. Things couldn't be worse.

GREG

Still time to get it all sorted. We don't have to be in church until two.

BEN

Right Fat Kev's. Your place. Queer Ted's. Moss Bros. Stretch limo. Ding-dong. No problem.

Silence

GREG

That's right.

WENDY

It is?

GREG

Yeah - everything's organised. It's early. What are we worried about?

BEN

We sit here. Chill. Eat breakfast. Set ourselves up.

He eats some more sandwich. WENDY takes her spray.

WENDY

I've got a bad feeling...

EMMA

You're a born worrier, Wendy. An hour ago you were totally uptight 'cause you thought we were never gonna get off that train - now look at us.

WENDY

I thought he was gonna have us arrested.

BEN
What's this?

WENDY
We were on the train. Emma was just gonna phone you, darling. I told her not to.

EMMA
It wasn't as if there was a lot of choice.

GREG
I was out.

WENDY
Anyway, this bloke turns up - ticket inspector or something - and he goes off on one about it being completely against company policy for passengers to spend the night on rolling stock.

EMMA
He was a real jobsworth.

WENDY
I was upset.

EMMA
(To BEN)
Can I have a bit of your sandwich?

BEN
I'll get you one.

EMMA
I only want a bit.

BEN
Help yourself.

EMMA takes some sandwich.

EMMA
Mm - Bacon.

WENDY
Eugh. Yuck! Were you having breakfast, Greg?

GREG
Um...

BEN
He was having a sandwich.

WENDY
Share some?

GREG
Er...

BEN
You hungry?

WENDY
Feeling a bit peckish - yeah. Didn't
think I was but I am.

BEN pushes GREG's sandwich carton towards her.

GREG
Don't think there's a lot left.

WENDY
I'm not that hungry.

BEN
Right behind you.

WENDY feels for the box.

WENDY
What is it?

BEN
Vegetable substitute.

WENDY
Oh.

She takes the sandwich out of its container.

During the following BEN watches in fascination and GREG steals horrified glances as WENDY talks, moving the sandwich to and from her mouth, but not biting into it.

WENDY
Anyway - the train man - he's, "I'm
gonna have the law on you. You can't
get away with this." So I start
crying...

EMMA
This is really moreish.

She helps herself to BEN's sandwich.

BEN
I'll get you one.

EMMA
It's okay.

WENDY
"It's my wedding day. Everything's going wrong. The flowers are coming at nine," I was going.

GREG
Are you sure you want that sandwich?
It's cold.

WENDY
Are you looking at me?

GREG
I'm not looking. I'm asking. Don't want you eating cold food.

WENDY
I don't mind.

She looks set to bite the sandwich.

GREG
So what did he do? The train man.

WENDY
Well, he just...

EMMA
Shuffling and mumbling. "Never mind, love." Gave us a ride back and everything. Typical bloke - can't deal with emotion.

BEN
Oh, very touchy feely.

EMMA
It's true - you're all repressed.

BEN
I'd be a lot more in touch with my inner child if you hadn't eaten my sandwich.

EMMA
Sorry - hungrier than I thought.

WENDY
Me too.

She takes a bite of the sandwich. Chews. Chokes. Spits it back into the carton.

WENDY
Eugh! Yuck! It's bacon!

BEN
Yeah.

WENDY
You said it was vegetable substitute.

BEN
It is. It's meat.

WENDY drinks some of EMMA's coffee then sucks on her inhaler.

WENDY
Greg doesn't eat meat.

GREG
No.

WENDY
So what were you doing eating *this*?

GREG
Ben made me.

BEN
Oh cheers.

GREG
You did.

WENDY
What did he do? Force it down your throat?

GREG
He told me it would make me feel better.

WENDY
How can filling yourself full of dead animal make you feel better?

BEN
Seems odd when you put it like that.

WENDY
I thought we were agreed that meat is murder?

GREG
We were. Are.

WENDY
So what are you doing eating a bacon sandwich?

GREG
The pig was dead, anyway.

WENDY
I feel sick.

GREG
They've only got Mars bars. I don't want chocolate for breakfast.

BEN
Mr Muesli.

WENDY
How can I trust you if you go stuffing bacon sandwiches behind my back?

GREG
It was only this once.

WENDY
That's not the point.

BEN
Yeah - I mean, it's a slippery slope. Next thing you know you've got a pork scratching habit. Then you're doing joints - lamb, beef, everything. Finally you end up at a support group going, "My name's Greg and I'm a carnivore."

WENDY
I thought we were gonna be honest with each other?

GREG

I had two, three bites, that's all.
I'll go to the gents and sick it up if
you like? I've been puking all night -
once more makes no odds.

WENDY

Is he looking at me? I bet he is. I
bet he's looking at me.

GREG

I'm not looking at you.

EMMA

He isn't.

WENDY

Maybe it's fate. I could never marry a
meat-eater.

GREG

So what do you want to do? Cancel the
wedding 'cause of what I had for
breakfast?

WENDY

I don't feel I know you any more.

BEN

Wendy - Greg. Greg - Wendy.

WENDY

We've been living a lie.

GREG

It's just a bacon sandwich.

WENDY

It isn't *just* a bacon sandwich. It's a
threat to our relationship.

GREG

Now you're being silly.

BEN

Yeah - what's a bacon sandwich between
friends?

EMMA

She's got a point.

WENDY

Thank you.

EMMA

I mean - they're about to spend the rest of their lives together. It'll be, "You didn't take the rubbish out." "Well, you didn't get the milk in." "Well, you didn't do the washing-up." Happily ever after. Next to that a bacon sandwich looks pretty significant.

BEN

You think they should call it all off, then?

EMMA

No. I'm just saying that people break up over less.

BEN

I've never heard of a bacon sandwich being cited as co-respondent.

EMMA

It's the little things that blow marriages apart. The day-to-day stuff. Adultery can be forgiven. Leaving the loo seat up can't.

WENDY

What makes you such an expert?

EMMA

I've shared a flat.

WENDY

I never left the loo seat up. Why would I?

EMMA

You're always leaving your tights drying over the bath, though. I have to move miles of nylon before I can get in.

WENDY

Well, you're always putting stuff on my shelf in the fridge.

EMMA

It's *my* fridge!

WENDY

Well, you can stuff your stupid
fridge.

GREG

Is this really important right now?

EMMA

It's exactly my point. - marriage is
just a flat-share with sex. Sooner or
later you drive each other mental.

WENDY

Oh, get her - going on like she knows
it all. Just 'cause she slept with
fifteen and a half blokes.

BEN

Fifteen? And a *half*?

EMMA

Don't even go there.

WENDY

And that was just at university.

EMMA

Thanks a lot, Wendy.

WENDY

Bit of a yo-yo knickers, our Emma.

BEN

That's crap.

WENDY

It isn't. She told me.

EMMA

In confidence.

BEN

So what are you? Jealous?

WENDY

Course not. I've got too much respect.
All I'm saying is - if she's so clever
and know-it-all, why isn't she with
somebody, then?

BEN

I thought...

EMMA
I've got a boyfriend.

BEN
Oh.

WENDY
No ring on your finger, though.

EMMA
That's not important to me.

WENDY
Course it's not.

EMMA
It isn't.

GREG
You're not acting like it's very important to you.

WENDY
Well, what am I meant to do when I find my fiance eating meat?

GREG
Pass the ketchup.

WENDY stands up.

WENDY
That's it - I'm leaving. We've obviously got no future. Come on, Emma.

EMMA
We're going nowhere.

WENDY
It's my big day.

EMMA
Not if the wedding's off, it isn't. If the wedding's off it's just half a wet weekend.

WENDY
I want to go.

EMMA
Sit down.

WENDY sits sulkily. She takes some asthma spray.

EMMA

How many guests have you got coming today?

WENDY

Hundred and seventy-five.

EMMA

You want to let them all down 'cause of a spat over a bacon sandwich?

WENDY

But you said...

EMMA

I know what I said. It's not gonna be easy, but that's no reason to call the whole thing off. Where would we be if everybody did that?

BEN

Single.

WENDY

It's his fault.

EMMA

"Forgive and be forgiven" - remember? All that crap.

WENDY

It's not crap.

EMMA

Well, then. You can't let everyone down. What about your mum? Little Poppy and Amber? They'd be gutted. We're all here for you. You owe us. I'm even letting Mike show me off.

WENDY

But what if...

BEN

Mike? - that your boyfriend?

EMMA

Yeah.

WENDY

What if we're not compatible?

GREG

We've been compatible for eight years.

WENDY

Things have changed.

BEN

I see him as older. BMW. Fat wallet.
Am I right?

GREG

I ate meat before we got together -
you knew that.

EMMA

Wrong. Same age. Mondeo. Not sure
about the size of his wallet. He's got
a nice flat, though.

WENDY

I thought you'd changed.

BEN

You've been to his flat?

GREG

I have.

EMMA

Course I have.

WENDY

Yeah - it shows.

BEN

What does he do, then?

GREG

This was just a one-off.

EMMA

He's in computers.

BEN

In what kind of bizarre alternative
reality does Miss Hudson go out with a
computer geek?

EMMA

In this one.

BEN

There is no God.

GREG

That's just typical of you, isn't it?
My wedding's in jeopardy and all you
can do is think of yourself.

BEN

Well - what am I meant to do?

GREG

I wouldn't even be here if it wasn't
for you.

WENDY

What *are* you doing here?

GREG

Ask him.

WENDY

Well?

BEN

Having breakfast.

WENDY

Usually come here mornings, do you?

BEN

Course not.

WENDY

Why today, then?

BEN

It was on the way back from the
Bridewell.

WENDY

Police station?

BEN

Yeah - got arrested last night, didn't
we? Drunk and disorderly. He treated
plod to a used biryani.

WENDY

Eh?

GREG

I threw up over the arresting officer.

BEN
It's all right, though. We got off
with a caution.

WENDY
Just can't be trusted, can you?

GREG
It's his fault. He spiked my drinks.

WENDY
Oh, yeah - all his fault, isn't it?
You get arrested - it's his fault. You
start eating meat again - it's his
fault. Our wedding day's a disaster -
it's his fault. Well, it can't *all* be
his fault. You can't be trusted.

She tries to take some asthma spray but her inhaler is empty.
She tosses it into GREG'S sandwich box.

A hiatus.

BEN
Wendy?

WENDY
What?

BEN
Will you marry me?

WENDY
I'm calling a taxi.

She takes out her mobile phone.

EMMA
Don't be like this.

WENDY
My wedding day's a disaster. What am I
meant to be like?

GREG
You can start by taking a bloody good
look at yourself.

WENDY
Are you looking at me?

GREG

Yes - I'm looking at you. The wedding's off - I'm looking at you. And I don't like what I'm looking at. You don't even try to trust me. I'm sick of your total lack of faith. I eat a bit of a bacon sandwich and you won't believe its a one-off. You have to go and ask a fortune-teller if we can get married.

WENDY

Clairvoyant.

GREG

I don't give a shit! And the blood test - what was that all about? I mean - what do you think? You're gonna catch something nasty off me?

WENDY

That wasn't because...

GREG

I mean, what am I? Some kind of roving Romeo?

BEN laughs.

GREG (cont'd)

Maybe I *should* put myself about a bit. You obviously think I do anyway. Might as well be guilty of what I'm accused of.

BEN

Given half a chance.

GREG

At least *I've* had sex this century.

BEN

Ouch!

WENDY

Who with?!

GREG

You.

WENDY

Oh yes. But the blood test wasn't because of you. It was because of me.

(MORE)

WENDY(cont'd)

I thought *I* might have something. I wanted to make sure.

GREG

You? Why would you have something?

WENDY

I've got a past!

EMMA

It's over. History.

GREG

What were you doing? Screwing around your nursery?

WENDY

Course not. It was when we were in the sixth form. At a party. I went with somebody in a shed.

BEN

Garden shed?

WENDY

Yeah.

GREG

Who was it?

WENDY

I dunno. I had too many rum and blacks. I regret it now. Rachel set it up. Bloody Rachel.

BEN

You can rip up your L-plate, then.

GREG

You told me the first time we... You said it was *your* first time.

WENDY

It was.

GREG

But if you went with someone at a...

BEN

Tilt!

EMMA

This is gonna end in tears.

WENDY

We'd only been going out a while. Six, seven weeks.

BEN

What was it? The seven-week itch?

GREG

You keep out of this.

WENDY

Yeah, stop poking your nose in.

BEN

Who's poking?

EMMA

Leave it. It's over.

WENDY

It was only the once.

GREG

Oh, that's all right, then. Just the once. And there's me thinking you cheated on me.

EMMA

Well, it's not like you've never got drunk and done something you regret later, is it? I mean - look at you.

WENDY

Yeah - eating a bacon sandwich.

GREG

Hardly in the same league, is it?

BEN

It's a whole different ball game.

GREG

That's right. Think I'll have another sandwich, actually. Got a taste for 'em. Get me one, Ben.

BEN

Okay.

EMMA

Stirrer.

WENDY

Eat another bacon sandwich and I'll...
I'll...

GREG

What? Shag another stranger?

EMMA

That's not fair. It was once. Nothing.
A long time ago. A mistake. Get over
it.

WENDY

Yeah. It's not like I'm a... I'm a...

BEN

Bike?

WENDY

Who are you calling a bike?

BEN

Well, you did it in a shed...

WENDY

(To GREG)

You just gonna sit there while I'm
insulted?

A beat, then GREG shoves BEN.

GREG

Take it back.

BEN

I only said...

GREG

Take it back.

BEN

Or what?

GREG lunges at BEN. BEN dodges but then confronts him.

BEN

Come on, then. This time I'm hitting
back.

EMMA

Children...

WENDY

Go on - hit him! Smash his face in!

EMMA

Grow up.

GREG

I should've given you a bloody good hiding before.

WENDY

Did you give him that black eye?

GREG

Yeah.

WENDY

Good one.

BEN

And where did that get us?

GREG

It made me feel better. A lot.

BEN

You'd feel even better if you got yourself sorted. I'm meant to be the immature one out of us. And you're acting like a three-year-old. You and her.

WENDY

You don't have to take that from him.

EMMA

He's got a point.

WENDY

Whose side are you on?

EMMA

It's not about sides.

BEN

That's right. Will you two look at yourselves? You're meant to be getting married. That's pretty grown-up stuff. Scary. And what are you doing? Bickering about bacon sandwiches.

EMMA

Silly superstitions.

BEN

Stuff that happened at school. It's all bullshit. Baby stuff. You're the best chance either of you is gonna get. The only chance. You should grab it while it's still hot. And if you're too stupid to see that - well, I'm sorry for you. Wake up and smell the sump oil.

EMMA

That's right. Totally true.

WENDY

Come on, Greg. We're leaving. I'm not staying here to be insulted.

GREG

I...

WENDY

Help me with this thing. We'll get a taxi. Call in at Rachel's to get the key.

GREG

All right.

WENDY

Some friends you turned out to be.

BEN

Sorry we didn't match up.

EMMA

See you at the wedding?

WENDY

You'd better be there. Where are we gonna find a chief bridesmaid and best man at this short notice?

BEN

See you in church, then.

WENDY

Just don't you talk to me - understand? Don't you dare. Come on, Greg.

GREG and WENDY stagger out, GREG carrying the ball and chain.

EMMA
Well, Mr Fletcher.

BEN
Well, Miss Hudson?

EMMA
There's more to you than meets the eye.

BEN
Thanks.

EMMA
I thought we were looking at a cancellation.

BEN
Couldn't have that.

EMMA
No.

BEN
I'm best man. It would've been down to me to stand up in front of a hundred and seventy-five friends and relatives and say, "Sorry, folks - the whole thing's off." I'd rather help Greg through a messy divorce than put myself through that.

EMMA
There's less to you than I thought.

BEN
I'm deeply shallow.

EMMA
That's reassuring.

BEN
Those two should be married, anyway. They're the type.

EMMA
Is there a type?

BEN
I think so. Not me, though.

EMMA
Scared of commitment?

BEN
No, I'm not scared of commitment. I
just wouldn't want to marry anyone
who'd marry me.

EMMA
Why not?

BEN
I'd always be wishing she was...
Someone else. What about your computer
geek? What's he like?

EMMA
He's a pussycat.

BEN
Serious?

EMMA
I don't need a pussycat.

BEN
Woof, woof.

EMMA
I don't need a dog either.

BEN
Mates.

EMMA
Mates.

BEN puts out his hand. EMMA shakes it.

BEN
This could be the beginning of a
beautiful friendship. Bacon sandwich?

EMMA
Love one.

BEN goes leaving EMMA alone at the table.

FADE TO BLACK.

STILLS AND SCENES FROM THE WEDDING VIDEO FLASH ON THE SCREEN.

GREG and BEN in tails shake hands outside the church.

WENDY arrives at the church in a limousine.

A heavily meringued and made-up WENDY shows off her bouquet next to EMMA in a twee bridesmaid's dress.

WENDY and GREG signing the register.

Bridal party photo in the church doorway.

WENDY and GREG arms entwined with champagne glasses.

WENDY and GREG cutting the cake.

WENDY throws her bouquet.

WENDY shows her garter, also revealing her ankle still shackled to the ball and chain.

FADE OUT.