

LOVE BUGS

By

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EPISODE 4:

'WHO WILL BUY THIS WONDERFUL MORNING?'

SCENE 1

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

TIM IS ASLEEP ON HIS DESK. WITH A JUMP HE WAKES UP, PAPER, PINS AND STAPLES STUCK TO HIS FACE. HE IS DAZED. SUDDENLY THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN AND 3 GIANT OWLS STORM IN, HOLDING SPEARS.

CHIEF OWL

Timothy Baggins? We have been sent here on a mission by The Most Righteous Gwyneth from the planet of High Wickham. We have but one question to ask you and it must be answered NOW. Were you born on the Fourth of July?!?

TIM

What?

CHIEF OWL

WERE YOU BORN ON THE FOURTH OF JULY?!?

TIM

What do you mean?!?

SECOND OWL

For God's sakes man, the question is simple enough. WERE YOU BORN ON THE FOURTH OF JULY, THE SON OF A BASTARD PLAYWRITE?!?

TIM

Oh My God!!! How did you know? HOW DID YOU FIND OUT?!?

THE OWLS POINT DOWN TO HIS CHAIR. TIM LOOKS DOWN. HE HAS NO LEGS AND IS HOLDING A BLANK REAM OF PAPER. TIM SCREAMS.

FADE DOWN

SCENE 2

FADE UP

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

TIM IS ASLEEP ON HIS DESK. HE WAKES UP WITH A START. PAPER, PINS AND STAPLES HANG FROM HIS FACE. HE LOOKS PETRIFIED. SUDDENLY THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN...

TIM (ON HIS KNEES, BEGGING TO THE DOOR)

GIVE THEM BACK! YOU DONT NEED MY LEGS!!!

GYWENNETH – I REPENT! I REPENT!!!

IT IS SARAH. SHE STOPS IN HER TRACKS AND STARES AT TIM.

SARAH

OK. So where is it?

TIM

Oh...no...I'm, er, just reciting lines from new a script
I'm developing.

SARAH

Rubbish. Where is it?

TIM (INNOCENTLY)

Hmm?

SARAH

Now come on. Don't treat me like a fool. How much
have you had to drink?

TIM

Oh, just the one...bottle.

SARAH

I'm amazed they still sell this to you. Who helps you
with the cap?

**SHE PICKS UP A BOTTLE OF CHILDS COUGH
MEDICINE**

TIM

I know the girl in the chemists. Sort of. Her mum was
the matron at my school and she once washed my
hair for nits. Nice hands. The mum. Not the nits. I
made that joke to the girl...

SARAH

You are a very sad man, Tim Baggins. God only
knows why I'm even talking to you.

TIM

Because we're in the same boat stranded in the sea of loneliness with barely an oar between us and half a tin of Luncheon Meat to keep the hunger at bay. That cruel mistress, the Ocean, her demonic children we call waves, crashing around us...

TIM REALISES THAT SARAH ISN'T LISTENING

It needs a bit of working on. That last line may be a bit...(HE STRUGGLES FOR THE WORD)...over zealous. But it's for a new project. No idea what it's about, but it sounds good, wouldn't you agree?

SARAH IS BUSY GETTING FOOD OUT OF HER BAG AND WATCHING THE CAMERAS

SARAH

I'm becoming so paranoid with these cameras that she's got in. I heard that she wants to get us fitted with personal mics so that she can hear our every move.

TIM

Well I guarantee that she won't want to hear my every move after I've been out on a heavy session with the lads.

SARAH

I didn't think they let drinks into the PlayPen.

TIM

My word we are razor sharp this morning. But I want to help. You see, the owls...er...the new lines of the script...have forced me to don my Therapists' Cap, so why don't you tell Unky Tim all about the bad, bad mood that my lil lambykins is in today. I'm here for you.

SARAH JUST STARES AT HIM

TIM

What's wrong.

SARAH

I HATE THIS JOB, I HATE THIS LIFE AND I HATE THIS WORLD AROUND ME!

TIM

Is that it? Shit, and I thought it was something serious.

SARAH IS ABOUT TO CRY. TIM WALKS OVER TO HER AND STARTS RUBBING HER SHOULDERS.

TIM

Hey come on now. Ssshhh. Things'll be OK. OK?

SHE NODS

TIM

Would you like to do some of my Therapy Exercises?

SARAH SHAKES HER HEAD

TIM

Not even the Foetus Game?

SARAH SHAKES HER HEAD VEHEMENTLY

TIM

Look, I think I know what you're going through. It's nothing to be ashamed of.

SARAH

It isn't?

TIM

Sure. I mean, it's quite obvious. You display all the signs.

SARAH

I do?

TIM

Uh-huh.

SHE TURNS TO LOOK AT HIM EXPECTANTLY

TIM

Us professionals call it 'Penis Envy'.

SARAH HITS HIM ACROSS THE CHEST

SARAH

You've got nothing for me to be envious of!

TIM

It was only a joke. Sssshhh. (RUBBING HER SHOULDERS) That's it. Let me get rid of that tension for you. There you go. So tell me what the real problem is. I'm serious now.

SARAH

No.

TIM

Please?

SARAH TURNS ROUND AND LOOKS TIM IN THE EYES

SARAH

Tim, I am totally empty. Lost. Down and out. Loveless, lifeless and sexless. And I'll never find them if I keep working here.

TIM LOOKS MILDLY HURT

I need to live, Tim. The bottom line is - I hate not being in the warm bosom of the Nation's favourite institution...

TOGETHER

University.

HEAVY SILENCE. THEN TIM STARTS MOVING ROUND THE OFFICE:

TIM

And it's Baggins...skilfully taking the ball...through midfield...past one defender...past another...it's all down to him...he shoots...HE SCORES!

SARAH

What are you doing?

TIM (CHANTING)

One – Nil! One – Nil!!!

SARAH

What?

TIM

Didn't I tell you when you started here that independence would soon become the biggest bane of your life?!? And you said 'No....I'll love it. I can make food when I want, watch Tele when I want, even wee with the bathroom door open.' And now the reality has hit you like one of Thor's Thunderbolts between the eyes. One - Nil.

SARAH WALKS UP TO HIM, SULTRILY, LOOKS HIM IN THE EYES, AND SQUEEZES HIS BALLS

SARAH

And now the pain has hit you like Medusa's Snakeheads between the thighs! One all. I did Classical Drama as well, you know.

TIM

OK, OK! Just let go! I'm sorry.

SARAH

And what would your 'professional' therapeutic opinion be now, Dr Baggins?

TIM

Well Miss Melly...

SHE SQUEEZES HARDER

SARAH

Literally Two – Nil now...

TIM

I sense anger. Maybe a touch of frustration. The desire to 'get things out'. Now please, with no genital warfare, tell me what's wrong, while I still have the blood left in my body to listen.

SARAH FINALLY LETS GO AND WALKS INTO THE KITCHEN. TIM FOLLOWS.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

SARAH

Last night I went for an audition, for a part in a new piece of Contemporary Theatre. Anyway, I got knocked back. But I don't mind - it was no biggey. I don't let it bother me. (BEAT) Ignorant Fascists. Don't they realise who they were auditioning?!? A University trained actress like myself...?

TIM

But it was no 'biggey', right?

SARAH GLARES

TIM

OK. I'm sorry.

TIM LOOKS AT SARAH'S CUPBOARD. IT IS PADLOCKED UP WITH 'KEEP OUT' SIGNS PLASTERED ALL OVER IT.

What *have* you got in there?

SARAH

Never you mind.

TIM

Look, you're going to have to post me those love letters sometime.

SARAH

Sure. When aliens take over.

TIM

Which is what they're doing now. (POINTING OUT OF THE WINDOW) Look!

SARAH

Yeah, yeah.

TIM (POINTING OUT OF THE WINDOW)

No, I mean it. Look!

SARAH

Oh come on...

TIM

Sarah, for God's sake, look outside!

SARAH UNWILLINGLY LOOKS OUT. TIM DOES A MELODRAMATIC EVIL LAUGH AND STARTS YANKING AT THE CUPBOARD DOOR. SARAH TURNS ROUND AND JUMPS ON HIS BACK, PULLING HIM TO THE GROUND. SHE GETS HIM IN A NECKLOCK.

SARAH

TRY THAT AGAIN AND YOU DIE!

TIM

Jesus, Sarah! OK!

HE SHAKES HIMSELF DOWN

Not one peek?

SARAH GIVES HIM AN EVIL STARE

OK! Where were we? Oh yeah – acting – life - success...

SARAH

Look, I said it wasn't important so let's drop it.

TIM

Fine, fine. I mean, I can understand them knocking you back, a third-rate actress like yourself. A few Uni plays here and there and suddenly you're Catherine Zeta-Jones! No...wait...that's a really bad example...

SARAH IMITATES HISSING SNAKES PROTRUDING FROM HER HEAD AS A WARNING TO TIM. SHE WALKS BACK INTO THE OFFICE. TIM FOLLOWS AGAIN.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE

TIM

Sarah, I know what situation you're in. You try your hardest and you get knocked back. I've been there, I've done it, I've even had the T-shirt but it faded in the Washing Machine of Life. And do you know what I wanted all along?

HE POINTS TO HIS EAR

One of these. Someone to hear me, to tell me things would be alright, to set me back on the path that was rightfully mine – that path sign-posted 'Academic Humanitarian'. And now my ear is here for you. So trust me.

SARAH

If you must know...I was auditioning for the part of...Mr Bumble. From Oliver Twist.

TIM BURSTS OUT LAUGHING. THE DOOR OPENS AND TRISH WALKS IN, VACCUMING.

SARAH (SHOUTING OVER THE NOISE)

IT'S A NEW INTERPRETATION.

GENDER-REVERSAL. FAGIN IS REALLY A FRUSTRATED WOMAN TRAPPED IN A MAN'S BODY! AND AS FOR BILL SYKES' RELATIONSHIP WITH BULLSEYE, WELL, IT BEGGARS BELIEF!

TIM IS ALMOST CRYING WITH LAUGHTER.

HEATHEN!

SARAH STOMPS TO THE KITCHEN, PICKING UP HER BAG OF GOODIES ON HER WAY OUT. TRISH SWITCHES THE CLEANER OFF.

TRISH

What's so funny?

TIM

Oh it's just Sarah. Sarah and her 'dramatic' aspirations. Incredible.

TRISH

Oh, and you've been creative *how* in the past 3 months, Mr Shakespeare?

TIM

Alright, alright. Carry on with your destiny, cleaner.

TRISH SWITCHES THE MACHINE BACK ON AND CARRIES ON. TIM WALKS AWAY. STOPS. TURNS ROUND AND TAPS TRISH ON THE SHOULDER AND SIGNALS FOR HER TO SWITCH OFF THE MACHINE. SHE PUSHES HIM AWAY, IGNORING HIM. IT'S GETTING NOISIER. TIM SHOUTS BUT STILL SHE IGNORES HIM. SHOUTING OBSCENITIES, HE YANKS THE PLUG OUT OF THE WALL.

TIM (STILL SHOUTING)

...SINCE THE TITANIC WENT DOWN AND THE MONKEES REACHED NUMBER ONE!

SILENCE

TRISH

Been on the Tixylix again?

TIM

No, that stuff's for kids. (PROUDLY) Only Benylin for me, with a few Karvol capsules at the weekend – when I wanna 'trip the night fantastic'.

TRISH

'Light'.

TIM

Huh?

TRISH

'Light'!

TIM

Trish, you know I don't smoke. And stop distracting me. All I want to know is why you're cleaning and Wendy isn't?

TRISH

So you noticed something besides your own reflection for once? Sorry, I'm just annoyed.

TIM (INDICATING TO THE KITCHEN)

You're not the only one.

TRISH

Really?

TIM

Yeah, but it's theatre related so I won't waste my breath.

TRISH

Oh I'm sorry. If I could just continue talking about the Real World? Now get this. Mrs Th...

TRISH REMEMBERS THE CAMERAS AND PERFORMS THE ACTIONS OF A SCARY MONSTER

...has told Wendy that I need training in 'Carpet Management'. This is in case Wendy falls ill, has a baby or gets a life. And if that ever happens (God forbid), I have to take over. I mean, she's already sent me a booklet on 'Polishing and dusting – how we can take it into the New Millennium'. It's ridiculous.

TIM

It certainly is. I mean, when I was at University, I was never given the true credit that I deserved, the status of 'Genius' that was rightfully mine.

TRISH HAS MANAGED TO GET THE PLUG BACK IN DURING THIS AND GOES TO SWITCH THE CLEANER ON, BUT TIM YANKS THE PLUG OUT OF THE WALL AGAIN

TIM

I mean, my dissertation on 'The Theatre – House of the Gods and the Language of Man' got me a first. The same can't be said of everyone. I mean, you didn't go so I can't ask you for your experiences, but you should hear some of Sarah's. (CALLING OUT TO THE KITCHEN) Sarah, didn't you do your dissertation on 'Pingu and Paddington – Icons or Omens?'

A DOUGHNUT IS FLUNG FROM THE KITCHEN AND HITS TIM ON THE HEAD, JAM RUNNING DOWN HIS FACE

TRISH

Guess she got a 2:2

TRISH SMILES PROUDLY

FADE DOWN

SCENE 3

FADE IN

INT. OFFICE - LUNCHTIME

TIM IS ON THE PHONE AND SARAH IS WORKING ON THE COMPUTER.

TIM

...but I just can't get over how sexy your voice is! Go on – say that thing for me again. Now don't play the innocent with me, young lady, you know what I mean. The thing about...(PUTS HAND OVER RECEIVER AND MUMBLES INTO THE PHONE). Oh Dear Lord! You know that makes me tremble....

SARAH

Not another client again.

TIM

No, it's your Mother.

SARAH

What?

SARAH DIVERTS THE CALL TO HER PHONE

Hi Mum. Fine. No I am. You know how much I love working here, and my colleagues are so great.

SHE STARES AT TIM

No I didn't get the part. (BEAT) Why? Just have a guess. (BEAT) My surname? I hardly think people take notice of that in a play. (BEAT) My surname?!? I can't believe you said that Mother! No, this is much worse. This group of feminists, this band of revolutionaries, has decided not to give me the part because...because I'm not fat enough.

TIM CHOKES ON A GLASS OF WATER. SARAH STARTS MUNCHING ON A DOUGHNUT

I mean it's outrageous, a trained actress like me! (BEAT) Well I would say I'm trained. Graduates are trained in whatever they do – and that's a fact.

SHE STARTS ON A BAR OF CHOCOLATE

What am I going to do about it? What can I do. I've complained, argued my case, even told them that in Victorian times people would have been thin, but they wouldn't have it. And when I told them that I had studied Dickens at GCSE they just laughed at me!

SHE IS ON THE VERGE OF TEARS AGAIN. TIM IS PLAYING AN IMAGINARY VIOLIN.

Mum, I'm gonna have to go. (BEAT) No, I'm not eating! Well yes, I am, but for the right reasons. How vain do you think I am? That I would gorge myself just to get this part? Mother, how could you.

SHE BURPS

Look, I must go. Love you. Bye.

SHE PUTS THE PHONE DOWN AND CARRIES ON WORKING. TIM WATCHES HER.

TIM

So, de Niro, (SINGING) 'Food glorious food'.

SARAH IGNORES HIM

'Hot Sausage and mustard'.

SARAH

Ha ha.

TIM

Fat chance if you ask me, Robert...

SARAH

Oh, good one.

TIM

A load of Raging Bull...

SARAH

Yes, yes, laugh and joke, cut me to the ground, but I want this part and I want it bad. Ambition is just thwarted in this Country, and (SINGING) 'while we're in the mood', you should know better than to be a thwarter. Besides, I haven't acted since we did a piece of Modern Dance at Uni.

TIM

Oh yeah. What was it about?

SARAH

A famous celebrity.

TIM

Who?

SARAH

Richard Whitely.

TIM (LAUGHING)

Richard Whitely? And what part were you? The Clock?!?

SARAH GLARES AT HIM, EATING A DOUGHNUT

TIM

My God, you were as well. How demoralising.

SARAH IS WELLING UP AGAIN

TIM

Well, I've only got one thing to say.

**SARAH LOOKS TO HIM FOR SYMPATHY. TIM
MAKES THE CLOCK SOUND FROM THE LAST 5
SECONDS OF THE 'COUNTDOWN' GAME**

SARAH

You sod.

TIM

That's me! 'Dirt with grass'. But I'll tell you what though, you have inspired me. Do you know that? I'm gonna start writing again – seriously though. I want to change society, the way we view our brethren. I want a world where thin people can get fat parts in plays, a world where talented scriptwriters like myself can recite his own material without getting laughed at. Is that too much to ask? I JUST WANT TO BE FAMOUS AND REMEMBERED FOREVER!

HE STANDS AT HIS DESK, TRIUMPHANTLY

But before all that, it's time to check Email.

SARAH

Good idea! You were going on a bit there. Bet you haven't got as many as me.

TIM (LOOKING UP)

Oh Lord, give us a fast connection and some quality humour. Amen. Now, let's have a look.

**THEY BOTH CLICK ON THEIR SCREENS AND
WAIT FOR THEIR EMAIL TO POP UP**

TIM

Well, one from a mortgage company – delete! One from a Tattoo company offering me a free piercing – will look at later. And some name I don't recognise. Let's look at that first.

SARAH

Well, I've got one from my mum telling me everything she's already told me, and that's about it. How boring. About as boring as you, really.

SHE PICKS UP A DRAWING PIN FROM HER DESK

Do want this for a free Prince Albert? Or is it too big?

TIM DOESN'T REPLY

Tim?

TIM IS STARING AT HIS SCREEN, SHOCKED.

I've just offended you.

NOTHING

What is it, Tim?

TIM IS SPEECHLESS. SARAH GETS UP AND LOOKS OVER HIS SHOULDER.

Oh my God! Is that legal?

TIM

I really don't know.

HE TILTS HIS HEAD SIDEWAYS TO GET A BETTER LOOK

I'm amazed she's managed to get the whole thing up there....

SARAH

Hush!

TIM

But it looks scared!

SARAH COVERS HER EYES WITH HER HANDS

SARAH

I don't want to know. Just get rid of it. We've got interviews in 5 minutes.

TIM STILL STARES

SARAH (SHOUTING)

TIM!

TIM SNAPS OUT OF IT, HAS ONE LAST LOOK, WHISTLES, THEN GOES TO CLOSE DOWN THE IMAGE

TIM (SINGING)

Bye Bye Love/Bye Bye Happiness/Bye Bye
loneliness/I think...I'm...gonna...cr-y...

HE TRAILS OFF AS HE REALISES HIS COMPUTER'S CRASHED. HE MOVES THE MOUSE BUT GETS NO REACTION. HE MOVES THE MOUSE MORE FRANTICALLY BUT STILL NOTHING. HE PRESSES ALT-CTRL-DEL TO RESET IT BUT STILL IT WON'T CLOSE.

TIM

Do you love me?

SARAH

No.

TIM

That's all right then. Cos I've crashed.

SARAH

What?!?

TIM

I've crashed!

SARAH

Well what do we do?

TIM

Don't panic!

SARAH

Oh my god. This is not good. Is the picture still there?

TIM

Lamentably, yes. Her hot body must have burnt some wires out...

TIM STARTS LAUGHING

SARAH

Pervert, this isn't funny! Any minute now, two new clients are gonna be walking through that door, one of whom is the Director of 'Oliver Twisted'.

SHE STARTS ON A PACKET OF CRISPS

TIM

Oh god...

SARAH

She was telling me that she's sad and lonely and needs help, so I suggested that she came here. Now I need this to work, Baggins, and they expect the best. Our clients come here looking for love and happiness, presented to them in a friendly and modern fashion. And how do we explain to them that we can't put their details into the computer because your pornography has crashed the damn thing!

TIM

It's not my pornography! It's some sickos out there who mailed it to me!

SARAH

Ah, notice – to you, not me.

TIM

Anyway, I would have thought that 'Ms Whojimaflip' would appreciate it.

SARAH

Behave yourself, Tim...

TIM

Look, you're interviewing her and I don't care, so I'm just gonna switch the hunk of junk off at the wall.

SARAH

NO YOU'RE NOT!

TIM

What?

SARAH

You touch that switch and I'll break your legs. I mean it. I was watching Kilroy last week. Some Business Manager switched his computer off? Lost all the files on the system and electrocuted himself in the process.

TIM

Oh I saw that one. I remember specifically because it was on April the 1st!

TIM LUNGES FOR THE SWITCH BUT AS QUICK AS A FLASH, SARAH IS ON HIS BACK, BITING HIS OUTSTRETCHED FINGERS. THE DOOR OPENS AND TRISH AND WENDY WALK IN.

WENDY

Oh I just knew that I would see this day! The Good Lord has answered my prayers! See Trish? Didn't I say they'd make a wonderful couple?

TRISH

Wendy, they're fighting.

WENDY

I know. And a wonderful couple they make too. (TO TIM AND SARAH) May you be very happy. It's been thirty-five years now since me and my John got together...

TIM

Here we go...

WENDY

Thirty-five years of pain and torture and misery...

SILENCE. SHE BLOWS HER NOSE ON THE DUSTER THAT AN EMBARRASSED TRISH IS HOLDING

TIM

Now, ladies...

WENDY

I've often thought of killing him, you know...

TIM (SHOUTING)

WENDY! Are you here for a reason?

WENDY

Oh yes. Side-tracking again. Or should that be streamlining? These new modern words for the new modern workplace! I feel proud to be involved. Now Trish, we've already covered the hall and the toilets, so we now move on to the nerve centre of this whole operation, of Mrs Thorn's dream. Her baby.

SHE IS SAYING THIS KNOWING THAT THE CAMERAS ARE ON HER

And what are we going to work on in here? Why, it's the maintenance of the dust areas around the computer terminals.

TRISH

But this is like teaching a monkey how to swing! Look!

SHE CLEANS HALF-HEARTEDLY

Voila.

WENDY

Heavens Above, girl! What are you doing? Do you want the sack?

POINTING TO THE CAMERAS

This needs to be done properly. Remember my 3-point plan: Stop, look and listen.

TIM

I think you're a bit confused there, Wendy...

WENDY

I KNOW MY MIND AND I'LL SPEAK MY MIND! PEAS ON THE PLATE AND HORLICKS BY TEN!

TRISH

Look, Wendy, I really appreciate this, but I just wanna go home. I don't care about the work. I'd clean the place with my tongue just to get out of here.

SARAH

Why? Want to go home and brush up your Data Entry skills?

TRISH HOLDS HER HANDS UP TO SHOW A PLASTER ON EACH FINGERTIP

TRISH

Hardly. Oh, it's nothing really.

WENDY

Now come along, dear. I wasn't made aware of this. Confide in us.

TIM

Oh please do, or I will wee my wittle panties if I don't find out soon.

TIM GETS A NUDGE IN THE RIBS FROM SARAH

TRISH (EXCITEDLY)

My boyfriend has his MCing debut today and I said I'd go and watch and he'll be gutted if I don't turn up and I really need to see him and it would mean so much to him and I'll do all the overtime there is and...

SARAH

Overtime?! Ha!

TIM

MC? Really? What music?

TRISH

Hip-Hop, Drum and Bass, that kind of stuff.

WENDY

Hop and Bass? This hippie music is beyond me.

SARAH

Oh now Wendy, you're not that old. You would have heard of MCing. It's 'rapping', y'know, people speaking over music, really fast, and it rhymes.

WENDY

OH YES! I know, it was on the charts last week. On the radio! Oh-oh-Listen! Something like, "My name is Wendy and I clean your walls/I'm not very bendy and I'm not very small-s/

SHE THINKS FOR A SECOND

I love to eat butter and spread it on my toast/And with Marmalade I feel like a Ghost"

THEY ALL APPLAUD HER. TRISH IS HIGHLY EMBARRASSED THOUGH.

WENDY

"When Patrick Swayze's here I feel like a rock..."

TIM

Thank you, Hammer!

WENDY

'I'd love to see him naked and tickle his...'

TIM (POINTING TO THE CEILING)

COBWEBS!

WENDY RUSHES ACROSS THE ROOM

SARAH (EATING ANOTHER DOUGHNUT)

So where is he debuting then?

TRISH

Oh I can't reveal that. Top Secret. They've got security and everything.

TIM

Oh well let us know. (TO SARAH) Maybe we could go and see him sometime?

SARAH

Sure. When Insects rule the world.

TIM (LOOKING AT HIS WATCH)

Christ. You two, were there people waiting for us out there?

WENDY

Out there? Sure. Didn't I tell you? That's why we came in here in the first place.

TIM

Lord! Both of you clear out and send the first one in.
And Sarah, stop stuffing your face for Christ's sake or
there'll be no air left in the room.

TRISH

Tim, let's have a quick game of Mine Sweeper. I'm so
bored of polishing...

**SHE IS STOPPED IN HER TRACKS WHEN SHE
SEES THE IMAGE.**

TIM

Erm...It's an Office tool...helps calm you down when
stressed.

WENDY

Oh let's have a look...

ALL TOGETHER

NO!!!

TIM STANDS UP TO BLOCK HER VIEW

TIM

It's...uh...full of flashing lights...might...hurt your head.
Wouldn't want that.

PUSHING THEM BOTH OUT OF THE DOOR

TIM

Just send the first client in. And let's get this day over
with.

**TRISH WALKS TO THE DOOR. STOPS AND
TURNS BACK ROUND.**

TRISH

Can't you just turn the computer off?

TIM SCREAMS AND DIVES TO THE GROUND

SARAH

NO!!!

SHE THROWS ANOTHER DOUGHNUT. TRISH DUCKS AND IT HITS THE CLIENT AS HE OPENS THE DOOR, RIGHT ON THE FOREHEAD. TIM LOOKS NERVOUSLY OVER THE DESK AS THE FIRST CLIENT STANDS THERE, JAM DRIPPING DOWN HIS FACE. TIM STANDS UP.

TIM (TO THE CLIENT)

Welcome to Love Bugs.

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE 4

FADE UP

INT. OFFICE - 15 MINS LATER

SARAH IS INTERVIEWING THE CLIENT, MR MAYHEW. HE IS FORTY, SHORT AND WEARING A BASEBALL CAP. TIM IS PRETENDING TO WORK ON THE COMPUTER.

SARAH

Mr Mayhew, please understand, as much as we want to help you, we just can't accommodate for your specialist area.

HE IS SILENT

In this day and age, people feel the need to communicate. There are few that purposefully *don't* want to talk. And this being the major feature that you look for in a woman, I'm afraid to say 'Love Bugs' can't help you.

MR MAYHEW LOOKS AT SARAH, TAKES HIS CAP OFF, STANDS UP AND LEANS ON THE DESK, POINTING AT HER

SARAH

But I can talk!!!

HE GRUNTS AND MOVES OVER TO TIM'S DESK. AS SOON AS HE SEES THIS, TIM STANDS UP.

TIM

'To be or not to be, that is the question. Whether it is nobler in...the blood to suffer outrageous mishaps...Sarah, I think he's leaving...

MR MAYHEW LAUGHS TO HIMSELF, SHRUGS AND WALKS OUT. AS HE DOES SO HE PASSES THE DIRECTOR OF 'OLIVER TWISTED'.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

CLIENT (SIGNALLING TO INSIDE THE OFFICE)

Weirdoes.

SANDY

Ah, splendid. The diversity of life! I must be in the right place.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE

SANDY WALKS INTO THE OFFICE TO SEE TIM PRACTICING THE SPEECH FROM 'HAMLET', DIRECTED AT A VERY DISINTERESTED SARAH. SANDY IS FORTY-THREE, VERY CONFIDENT AND FULL OF ENERGY.

No no, dear boy. You are missing the whole ethos of this tormented man's mind.

SANDY PSYCHES HERSELF UP FOR HER DELIVERY

To be or not to be, *that* is the question.

PROFOUND SILENCE

Not that I'm an actress, mind you. No, too much glory, too much fame. I would just die.

TIM (UNDER HIS BREATH)

Pity.

SARAH

Ms Mateson! So glad you could make it. May I introduce Tim, my colleague. He's a big, big fan of your work.

SANDY

Really?

TIM

Oh yes. I've always admired the sterling efforts and the powerful messages conveyed through Performance Theatre by the purveyors of Sexual Justice and The Feminist Cause. Like yourself.

TIM PICKS UP THE CAP FROM SARAH'S DESK AND PUTS IT IN HIS DRAWER

SANDY

Why thank you. And so eloquently put.

TIM IS BEAMING

And I can sense that you are one who has fought for the cause yourself. In your own way.

TIM

Oh well, no, not really...

SARAH

Oh Tim! You are so modest! He's going to come and see the show. With Simon. Aren't you honey?

TIM SMILES

SANDY

Really? Oh I am so glad! It's so nice to see an effort made by Gay Men in the arts. There just aren't enough of them. Bully for you!

SARAH

Yes. Bully for you, Tim!

TIM

Yes, bully for me.

HE STARTS TO MAKE A HIGH PITCHED NOISE

TIM

Ah. There's the kettle. Back in a mo.

TIM EDGES INTO THE KITCHEN

SARAH

He's still in denial.

SANDY

Aren't we all?

SARAH LETS OUT A NERVOUS GIGGLE. SHE PULLS OUT A BAR OF CHOCOLATE FROM HER DESK DRAWER.

SARAH

Now Sandy...I can call you that can't I?

SANDY

Of course you can, my dear.

SARAH

Great. So we're to find you a mate are we?

SANDY

Well, if such a thing is possible.

SARAH

OK. So tell me a bit about yourself.

SANDY

Directing is a way of life for me. The power, the status, the joy of artistic communication.

SARAH (UNDER HER BREATH)

Sounds like you and Tim should go for a drink.

SANDY

Art, for me, equals life. To take simple actors to exquisite beauty is a gift passed on to me by the Gods of the Bacchanalia.

SARAH LAUGHS NERVOUSLY

SANDY

I'm an existentialist at heart. But I never tell my friends. (SHE LAUGHS TO HERSELF) My standards of living have such a post-modern simplicity that I think most people would be put off by such aggressive anti-establishmentarianism.

SILENCE

SARAH

Do you like pets?

SANDY

Oh no. Abhorrent vermin if you ask me. They serve the same function as children – to keep the boredom at bay from adulthood. (SHE LAUGHS AGAIN)

SILENCE AGAIN

SARAH

Non-smoker?

SANDY

Listen, Sarah, I appreciate all that you are doing for me but I am not going to fit in to your system. Do you have questions like, 'Are you interested in Brecht? Did you go to RADA?' No. So we'll just take my personal details and then look through your books. Until we find the right person.

TIM ENTERS BACK INTO THE ROOM WITH A GLASS OF WATER. HE IS SWEATING.

TIM

And with any luck, we may even find that person for you today.

SARAH

Why are you sweating?

TIM (HESITANTLY)

Tap was stuck.

SARAH

Have you been trying to get in to my stuff?

TIM

No! Why would I?

SANDY (TO SARAH)

Trying to get into your drawers is he?

TIM (TAKEN ABACK)

What do you mean by that? I'm a respectable man, thank you! Sarah, tell her!

SARAH

I think she meant the cupboard.

TIM

And I'm a raging gay anyway!

SANDY

It's OK! I was only joking.

TIM

Oh. Of course. (HE LAUGHS NERVOUSLY) Play on words. Inspirational. Sorry about that, just a bit on edge, waiting for the next client.

THE INTERCOM BUZZES

WENDY (OVER INTERCOM)

Mr Baggins? (SHE GIGGLES) I can't get used to this thing. Where's Trish when you need her. OK. Are you receiving me? Over.

TIM

Yes Wendy.

WENDY

Your next client is here. Nice lady. And she's filled in a cancellation.

TIM

Oh my gosh. Why didn't you tell me? OK, thanks. (TO SARAH) Well come on! (TO SANDY) Excuse us.

TIM GOES TO A CUPBOARD AND PULLS AN OLD SHEET OUT. HE THEN POSITIONS A CHAIR AND TACKS THE BLANKET TO THE CIELING, LETTING IT HANG, DIVIDING THE TWO DESKS.

TIM (TO SANDY)

Privacy.

SANDY

Professional.

TIM

Precisely.

THERE IS A KNOCK AT THE DOOR

Must dash. Ciao.

TIM GOES ROUND TO HIS SIDE AND SITS AT HIS DESK

CUT TO:

INT. TIM'S HALF OF THE OFFICE

TIM

Come in.

NO SOONER HAS HE SAID THIS THAN HE KNOCKS THE GLASS OF WATER ONTO HIS LAP, AND BENDS DOWN TO PICK THE GLASS UP OFF THE FLOOR. DAHLIA, TIM'S EX-GIRLFRIEND, WALKS IN AND SURVEYS THE ROOM. SHE IS TALL AND SLIM, INTELLIGENT BUT WITH A HARD EDGE.

Please, please. Take a seat. Sorry about this. Just a little accident.

DAHLIA

Yes, you were weren't you.

TIM BRINGS HIS HEAD UP SHARPLY DUE TO THE SHOCK OF HER VOICE AND BANGS HIS HEAD ON THE TABLE

Surprise.

TIM

You could say that. (RUBBING HIS HEAD) Good to see you can still cause me pain.

DAHLIA

I learnt all I know from you.

TIM

What are you doing here?

DAHLIA LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM

DAHLIA

Good question. After our disastrous attempt at what modern society calls 'love', I travelled foreign lands, explored new cultures, and met new people to find a different, spiritual love. And standing at the bar on the Ferry, returning from my exhaustive crusade through Belgium, I realised that I could do all of this back at home.

TIM

Hooray.

SARAH

So I said to myself, 'What's the best way of meeting people without trying? Could it be the Internet? No. Too many freaks. And no personal contact. Could it be bars and (SHE CHOKES ON THE WORD)...pubs? Never. Too many couples, and too many barflies. 24 hour barflies now. And we all know what flies are attracted to.' Buzz buzz. And then it hit me. (BEAT) Tim.

TIM SMILES

Tim and his shitty little job. 'Love Bugs'? You bet. So I thought I'd pay you a visit. Give me something to laugh about on my way home. And maybe you could find me some sex.

TIM

Well we don't really deal with...

DAHLIA

Oh come on! Why do these people join? To find a partner? A 'soul mate'?

TIM

Yes!

DAHLIA

Oh please. And that's why you work here is it? So you can unite lost souls? Heal the world? Like always? Play your sodding Foetus Games? Or is it because you're no good at what you think you're good at. You have to 'make do', you have to 'survive'.

TIM

Now hang on a minute...

DAHLIA

Or maybe it's because most of your clientele will be 40+ divorcees hoping to cop a feel?

TIM (STANDING)

Now Dahlia, look here. You waltz in here displaying some ritualistic dance of death, tormenting me, goading me and pushing me to the brink...

TIM PULLS THE SHEET TO REVEAL SARAH AND SANDY LISTENING INTENTLY. HE DROPS THE CURTAIN BACK.

...gossiping loud enough for others to hear and disrespecting this fine trade that I work for.

TIM LOOKS UP TO THE CAMERA THEN BACK AT DAHLIA

WELL I WILL NOT STAND FOR IT ANY MORE!

DAHLIA (POINTING AT HIS WET CROTCH)

I see Mr Dinky's bladder problem has returned.

SARAH AND SANDY START LAUGHING BEHIND THE CURTAIN

TIM (CONFRONTING DAHLIA)

Right, missy, I've had enough. I'm now your worst nightmare, your arch nemesis, caught in the peak of his Tixilyx phase.

DAHLIA

Oh god...

TIM

AND I had that dream about the owls again.

DAHLIA

And how is Gwyneth?

TIM

Very well...I don't know! Now look, I want to be reasonable. You've come here because you need some help, a little nudge, so allow me to give it to you. Now let's carry on with the proceedings and fill out the questionnaire. I have other clients here and I wouldn't want them to view 'Love Bugs' in a bad light.

DAHLIA (UNDER HER BREATH)

How could they.

TIM

Let me just load up the data programme on the computer. Here-we-go.

TIM IS DESPERATELY TRYING TO CONCEAL HIS FEAR

Lovely. Let me just type the password in...Now, let's take some personal details, find out all about you.

DAHLIA

Fire away.

CUT TO:

INT. SARAH'S SIDE OF THE OFFICE

SANDY

And he's always been like this you say?

SARAH

Mr Dinky? Oh yes.

SANDY

And Simon?

SARAH

Hmm?

SANDY

Simon. His boyfriend.

SARAH

Oh yes. Oh, they are so much in love it's sickening.

They want to have a gay wedding.

SANDY

Really? Oh how marvellous!

SARAH

Isn't it just.

SANDY

So who is she?

SARAH

I can only imagine that's his ex. I mean, wouldn't you turn gay after that?

SANDY

I don't know. Would you?

SARAH GIGGLES NERVOUSLY AGAIN

SARAH

Well, Sandy, I've got all your details now. And all we have to do is match you up with a suitable man.

SANDY

Uh, Sarah, I have something to tell you.

SARAH STARTS TO HOLD HER STOMACH

SARAH

Processing your details now. Won't be much longer.

SANDY

I don't care about that. I need you to listen to me.

SARAH

30 seconds till we find a match!

SARAH, VERY NERVOUS NOW, CLUTCHES HER STOMACH AND STARTS TO RETCH

SANDY

Listen, there's something you don't understand.

SARAH

I don't feel well.

SANDY

Something I need to get off my chest.

SARAH

Mum!

SANDY

I didn't give you the part because...

SARAH

Oh God!

SANDY

...because I want you! And I know you want me too!!!

TIM (OOV)

YOU'RE A LESBIAN?!?

SARAH

OH GOD I'M GONNA BE SICK!!!

SARAH IS ON THE FLOOR AS TIM PULLS BACK THE CURTAIN

TIM

Oh God, I'm gonna be sick.

SARAH RUSHES THROUGH THE SHEET, PULLING IT DOWN AND STUMBLES TO TIM'S DESK WHERE SHE IS SICK ALL OVER THE KEYBOARD. DAHLIA AND SANDY RUSH TO HELP HER.

SARAH (INADVERTENTLY POINTING TO THE SCREEN AS SHE SLIDES TO THE FLOOR)

Sick...sick...sick...

TIM LAUGHS NERVOUSLY AND STARTS TO MAKE THE HIGH-PITCHED NOISE AS BEFORE

FADE DOWN

SCENE 5

FADE UP

INT. KITCHEN - 10 MINUTES LATER

SARAH, VERY PALE, IS LOOKING INTO HER CUPBOARD.

SARAH

You're beautiful. Just to look at you makes me happy.
Such a gorgeous smile. (SINGING) You are my
sunshine/My only sunshine/You make me happy...

TIM

(SINGING) Cos Tim is Gay.

TIM WALKS IN. SARAH SLAMS THE CUPBOARD DOOR SHUT.

TIM

You all right?

SARAH

Fine. A bit better thank you.

TIM

That's good. You spewed an absolute treat.

SARAH

Really? God I was so stupid, trying to impress Sandy
like that. And it all backfired.

TIM

Yep. (BEAT) Backfired right down the nose. (HE
MIMES THE ACTION) Whoosh!

SARAH

All right!

TIM

Just getting revenge for that glorious stunt you pulled on me. Simon, indeed.

SARAH

Well I apologise. Just getting my revenge for your taunting me. As always. Who was *she* anyway?

TIM

Dahlia? My wonderful ex. She came here to find a man, so I told her about the men we have. Came to hear about the diverse range of people that we have to offer, heard me try and match her up with ex-drama students, writers, the 'Tims' of the world. Came here to tell me that she's a lesbian.

SARAH

She was as well?

TIM

Why do you think they walked out together? Happy as lambs?

TIM FOLLOWS SARAH BACK IN TO THE OFFICE

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE

What is it with us, Sarah? My ex becomes a lesbian after going out with me, and your director wants...you. I mean, that's understandable, but moi? I find it hard to believe.

SARAH

Well, you have to let her get on with things. Let the past go.

TIM

Oh I have! The past is history. I just look forward...to the future. Things are going to start happening, Sarah. Fate's hand is beckoning me towards my destiny.

SARAH

Are you going to clean that sick up?

TIM

I don't think so! Where's Trish and Wendy?

SARAH

How should I know? Find out on the Intercom.

TIM (THROUGH THE INTERCOM)

Trish? Wendy? Where the hell are you?

WENDY (OVER THE INTERCOM)

I'm here, I'm here.

TIM

So where's Trish?

WENDY

Well, Mr Baggins and Miss Melly, I've let Trish go. She was becoming a hopeless burden. She started doing this 'rapping' nonsense, her eyes welling up.

SARAH

Do we know where she's gone?

WENDY

Well I'm on the phone to her at the minute, going through some cleaning guidelines for tomorrow. Let me connect her up.

TRISH (OVER THE INTERCOM)

Hello? Tim? Sarah? Can you hear me?

THERE IS A LOT OF NOISE IN THE BACKGROUND OF LOUD MUSIC AND CHILDREN SCREAMING, SHOUTING ETC

SARAH

How's it going hun?

TRISH (SHOUTING)

Just great! Wayne is just tearing up the place! Can you hear how busy it is in the background?

TIM

I can, and it sounds hectic! So you gonna tell us where you are?

TRISH

I can't really hear you!

TIM (SHOUTING)

Where are you?

TRISH

No, it's no good. Erm, I have to go now. He's going back on again...need to get to the front...security...and all that...

TIM (SUSPICIOUS)

Where are you Trish?

TRISH

Gotta go. Bye!

TRISH HANGS UP

WENDY

Well, it sounds like she's having fun.

SHE LAUGHS NERVOUSLY

TIM

Where is she Wendy?

SARAH

Oh just leave it, Tim.

TIM

No, I want to know! Now Wendy, will you please tell me?

WENDY

Well I'm not supposed to...

TIM

WENDY!

WENDY

OK. MC Wayneski is MCing at...his nieces Birthday Party.

TIM AND SARAH LAUGH HARD

He's getting paid £10 for it!

TIM AND SARAH LAUGH EVEN HARDER

TIM

Ten Pounds? The boy's hit the big time!

**HE GETS THE BASEBALL CAP FROM THE
DRAWER IN HIS DESK AND PUTS IT ON
BACKWARDS. HE STARTS RAPPING.**

MC Wayneski is in the place...

SARAH (JOINING IN)

Just see the look on Trish's face...

TIM

I'm sure his first record'll be a hit...

SARAH

And if not we know why cos his rapping is...

WENDY (SHOUTING OVER THE INTERCOM)

COBWEBS!!!

TIM AND SARAH (TOGETHER)

REWIND MY SELECTA!!!

**TIM STARTS DOING A BEATBOX AS THEY
HIGHFIVE EACH OTHER, DANCING ROUND THE
ROOM, CHANTING OTHER PHRASES.**

FADE DOWN

SCENE 6

EXT. A BEACH - AFTERNOON

**THE SCREEN FIZZLES AS WE SEE MRS THORN'S
FINAL MESSAGE COME THROUGH. ALL WE SEE
IS A TONED, MUSCLED BACK**

MRS THORN

Get out of the way! I need to talk to my puppies.

TROY SHIFTS HIS HUNKY BODY FROM IN FRONT OF THE CAMERA. ALL WE SEE ARE MRS THORN'S LEGS.

Are we on? IS IT WORKING? Lovely. Tim and Sarah, incoming message for you from Mrs Thorn, 'surfing' the seas of technology.

Well, what a day we've had! Your antics are far more interesting than most of the rubbish we get on TV over here. (TO HERSELF) Is that good or bad? Anyway, Troy and myself have been basking in this glorious sunshine, quietly sipping chilled white wine and watching you all...interacting.

Tim – I had no idea you once had a girlfriend! I *am* impressed! She's a looker too. How did you manage that? No I'm only pulling your leg. But it just goes to show how complex and mysterious nature is. Now don't panic about her being a lesbian. One must experiment, go with the heart, as I have found to my greatest pleasure. TROY – GET ME SOME MORE WINE! Thank you sweetie. And I liked your computer picture too. Good to see Dahlia is keeping herself busy.

And dearest Sarah. (SHE LAUGHS TO HERSELF) A truly gut wrenching performance! Now have we learnt our lesson? Maybe if you had waited for Sandy to have come into the office, heard what she had to say, realised her intentions, there would have been no need to have choked on chocolate. To sleep, perchance to progress. Now there's the rub.

Well, finally, you'll be glad to know that you're both going to get a bonus. Just a one off for matching Sandy and Dahlia up. Now I know that we don't normally deal in same-sex matches, but I'm feeling generous, though more than likely it's because I'm a bit pissed. I want you to go the cinema next week. Just the two of you. Get to know each other a little bit. I think you deserve each other's...company. Your 'rapping' inspired me to do this. So go there this Sunday where you'll find two reserved tickets for 'The Exorcist'. (SHE MAKES A SPOOKY GHOST NOISE) And Sarah, if you thought you had too much chocolate, wait till you see this little lady's Technicolor Yawn. (SHE MIMES THE WHOOSH ACTION) That's it. I've finished. Troy – switch it off now...SWITCH IT OFF...for God's sake boy...

FADE DOWN WITH THE SOUNDS OF MRS THORN ORDERING TROY ABOUT

END OF EPISODE