

Friends And Family

By

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A STYLIZED SERIES OF QUICK CUTS: \*

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY \*

A 25-year-old HUSKY GUY is on his hands and knees on the king sized bed. His robe is hiked up, his naked butt fully exposed and presented. He speaks shamefully to someone off screen. \*

HUSKY GUY \*  
It just feels like something's still \*  
in there. Maybe a double A battery. \*

FREEZE FRAME on his grimaced face. This is... \*

TITLE: **SMITHY** \*

EXT. RURAL ROAD, PENNSYLVANIA - DAY \*

Through an open car window, a 25-year-old male DRIVER is suddenly grabbed by the collar. He yells, defensively: \*

DRIVER \*  
I was doing it to the horse, not \*  
you! I was doing it to the horse! \*

Reveal it's an AMISH MAN who is attacking. He punches the Driver in the face. FREEZE FRAME on the impact. This is... \*

TITLE: **GAVIN** \*

INT. BATHROOM - DAY \*

A 55ish MAN is in the shower, both hands working his lathered pubic area. A 55ish WOMAN enters, and gasps. \*

WOMAN \*  
What are you doing? \*

MAN \*  
It's still sticky! It wouldn't come \*  
off, I didn't know what else to do! \*

He raises his hands, revealing a disposable razor. Woman sighs, deeply. FREEZE FRAME on the awkward beat. This is... \*

TITLE: **MICHAEL** \*

TITLE: **PAM** \*

EXT. RURAL BACKYARD - DAY \*

A 50ish MAN is desperately trying to birth a kid from a pregnant GOAT. A same-aged WOMAN watches. \*

MAN  
(gagging) \*  
I thought this would be cuter. \*

WOMAN \*  
Hurry up. We need to get to the bus. \*

He yanks, then falls back with a slime-covered kid on his chest and awful gook all over his arms and shirt. Woman hands him a small wipe. FREEZE FRAME on the chaos. This is... \*

TITLE: **BRIAN** \*

TITLE: **GWEN** \*

INT. BUS - DAY \*

A heavy and heavily tattooed BIG WOMAN stares out the window, a Doritos bag on her lap. A finger taps her on the shoulder. Without looking over, she takes a huge handful of chips, then passes the Doritos bag to a CUTE GIRL seated next to her. \*

Cute Girl immediately pukes into the bag. As she heaves, Big Woman blithely munches her chips. FREEZE FRAME. This is... \*

TITLE (Cute Girl): **STACEY** \*

TITLE (Big Woman): **NESSA** \*

A WHOOSHING CUT TO: \*

A TITLE CARD. Revealing that all of the people in these fucked up situations are not deviants, but in fact, simply: \*

**FRIENDS AND FAMILY** \*

Fade into a second card, as what brought our friends and family to these moments began: \*

**TWO DAYS EARLIER...** \*

## ACT 1

EXT. NYC - DAY \*

Skyline view. Below: glass, steel, traffic, assorted odors. \*

SMITHY (O.S.) \*  
 All I'm saying is, just remember \*  
 I'm coming along on this date as a \*  
 favor. I have a girlfriend now. \*

EXT. NYC STREET - DAY \*

Smithy, surprisingly confident for a large man, walks with \*  
 Gavin, adorably neurotic, Woody Allen DNA and cute indie rock \*  
 looks, down a leafy Upper West Side street. \*

GAVIN  
 "Girl" being the operative word.  
 Lucy's seventeen, Smithy.

SMITHY  
 Seventeen and three quarters and  
 her fake ID is *Bourne Identity*  
 quality, so whatever.

GAVIN  
 Sorry. My bad. In Thailand, your  
 thing is super mainstream.

They turn into a brownstone, going to the downstairs door.

INT. GAVIN AND SMITHY'S APT - CONTINUOUS

Gavin changes into a tee. Smithy cracks open a couple beers.

SMITHY  
 Look, you ask me to be your double  
 date wingman, you know I'll bring  
 it. I'll shower it and powder it and  
 dab it with my "Success by Donald  
 Trump" cologne. I just want to see a  
 photo of Stacey's friend first.

GAVIN  
 I told you, I'm not asking. It's  
 too late now, anyway.

SMITHY  
 Why isn't she on Facebook? It's \*  
 just suspicious, Gav. I mean, how \*  
 well do you know your girl anyway? \*

GAVIN

Pretty well, considering we've never actually met, most of our conversations have been around pharmaceutical products for work, and she lives four hours away in the middle of nowhere.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

SMITHY

I just hope you're not being Catfished. Mostly because that's the April Fool's gag I want to pull on you.

(hands him a beer)

Where are we even going tomorrow?

\*  
\*  
\*

GAVIN

The Boom Boom Room, in the Standard Hotel. It's supposed to be really hip; you think it will impress her?

SMITHY

Dude, she's from Dillsburg, Pennsylvania. She'll be impressed your mother and father aren't brother and sister.

EXT. DILLSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA - DAY

An island of industrial grit in a sea of central Pennsylvania green. The birthplace of Brett Michaels. A lot of women of a certain age here with "Every Rose Has Its Thorn" tattoos.

\*  
\*  
\*

STACEY (O.S.)

So, what does this say to you?

\*  
\*

INT. GWEN AND STACEY'S HOUSE - DILLSBURG, PA - EVENING

Simple, cozy, and a little country, just like Gwen, Stacey's mom. She and Nessa watch while Stacey tries on date outfits. She slips on a leather jacket with a black skirt.

\*  
\*

NESSA

It says I teach at Top Gun, and each year I deflower the most promising pilot.

Stacey frowns, takes it off, and looks at other choices.

GWEN

I'm glad you're going Ness. I don't love the idea of my daughter on a blind date all the way in New York.

STACEY

It's not a blind date, Mom. We Skype, we've worked together for six months. All that drug stuff we print at the press? His company writes it. Anyway, times have changed, you haven't been on a date in awhile. You'd see if you tried the eHarmony account I got you.

\*  
\*  
\*

Stacey steps into her closet for another outfit, not realizing how much this comment has stung Gwen, who reddens.

NESSA

I can ghostwrite a profile *guaranteed* to get you action, Gwen.

GWEN

No, I'm just- That has nothing to do with anything. You just don't know. Gavin could be a pedophile.

STACEY

Then he wouldn't like me, would he?

GWEN

Well, you have such a young face. Look, things are different when you meet someone in person.

\*

NESSA

True. They're always worse, Stace. You discover they have bad breath, or body odor, or a white-power tramp-stamp. Remember I dated that guy and he ended up being Hezbollah? Not even high up, just an office one.

Stacey emerges in a tight dress. Poses.

GWEN

Stacey, no. You look like a whore.

STACEY

Happy whore or sad whore?

GWEN

Sad.

NESSA

She's right, Stace. It's perfect.

Gwen eyerolls. Dubious, Stacey checks herself in the mirror.

STACEY

But is it New York-y enough?

NESSA

Trust me, in that, he will buy you  
a McGriddle the next morning.  
That's a good thing, Gwen.

\*

Off Stacey, still unsure what to wear on her big city date.

INT. GAVIN AND SMITHY'S APT - NIGHT

Smithy, frowning and waving his hand, exits the bathroom.

\*

SMITHY

Oof. Toilet broke again. I've been in  
better smelling tent camps in Haiti.  
OK, I'm whizzing in the dishwasher.  
(off Gavin's look)  
What, there are dishes in the sink.

\*

GAVIN

We can't live like this. C'mon,  
let's talk to the old man.

The Boys walk to the door...

EXT. THE FAMILY BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

And exit their downstairs apartment.

SMITHY

So Gav, these girls...being from  
farm country and all...you think  
they're like, well groomed?

GAVIN

Yeah, they have soap and running  
water there, dude. Stop it.

SMITHY

No, I mean, down in girltown. You  
think they're up on 21st century  
standards of beauty? It could be  
crazy, like an Amish hay pile.  
(off Gavin's look)  
Just trying to prepare you.

They start up the stoop, to the building's upstairs door.

INT. PAM AND MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

This is Gavin's parents' home. Pam, a real housewife of the  
Upper West, in a sparkly top, heats up food in the kitchen.  
Michael, full of piss and balsamic vinegar, eyes her.

\*

\*

MICHAEL

Why do you look like that?

PAM

Why do you look like a Jello mold  
in the shape of a man?

MICHAEL

I'm just saying, the Indian from the  
Village People looked at that shirt  
and said, "No, it's a bit much."

Gavin and Smithy enter. Smithy is overly flirty.

GAVIN

Hey, Mom. Dad.

SMITHY

Pam, very nice! If I wasn't with  
Lucy I'd do terrible things to you.

Gavin and Michael roll their eyes; this is Smithy's shtick.

PAM

Oh, c'mon. Sit down you two, join us.

SMITHY

The toilet in our apartment is  
clogged again, Michael. \*

GAVIN

It's bad, Dad. The smell could turn  
cities to ash.

Pam puts the meal on the table. Michael focuses on it.

MICHAEL

I'll take a look. Pam, what's this? \*

PAM

Beef stew. From Whole Foods.

MICHAEL

It looks like sick. Why are we  
eating this fattening stuff?

PAM

OK, this is becoming a bit of a  
neurotic thing, Michael.

MICHAEL

You know I've lost most of my sense  
of taste: savory, bitter, sour-

Pam rolls her eyes, not again with this...



MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Gone. All I can taste is sweet - so forgive me if I try to eat healthy, since I enjoy so few things anyway.

PAM

He thinks he's in such better shape than me. He started wearing tank tops like he's an Israeli tourist.

GAVIN

Can we not get into this now?

PAM

Yes, we are getting into this now. I was the catch in this relationship. Men would look at me, and you knew later, when they were alone...I was in their thoughts. I still have the tush. That I've maintained via Yoga and sensible, supportive panties. \*

She does a small, ass-friendly pose. Gavin might die. Michael groans, gets up and goes to the pantry.

SMITHY

It's undeniable, Pam. It's like a 12-year-old Boy Scout's. \*

PAM

My girls are another story. Don't smirk, Gavin, you ruined these. You sucked a cup size out of me.

GAVIN

This isn't smirking. I'm just trying to bite down on the cyanide pill I keep in my molar.

Michael returns and squeezes honey on his stew. It's the last in the honeybear and he forces it out. They look at him.

MICHAEL

Would you stare at an armless man trying to push an elevator button? This is a real handicap.

Off Gavin, seriously questioning his genetics...

INT. GWEN AND STACEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brian, Stacey's uncle, sweet but strange, enters the house. \*

BRIAN  
(Sing...)  
I brought ice cream...

STACEY  
Hi, Uncle Brian-

BRIAN  
(Song)  
And...a rape alarm! Oh, hiya Ness,  
how you feeling?

NESSA  
Misunderstood.

BRIAN  
Well, they wouldn't sell me a taser  
because of a flag on my background  
check, but I did get you their best  
rape alarm. My brother would turn  
in his grave if he thought I wasn't  
looking after his little girl.

He smiles at a framed photo of Gwen's husband, his brother.

STACEY  
What's a rape alarm? Like a car  
alarm? Does it go off if someone  
touches your vehicle?

NESSA  
You call your flower a vehicle?

STACEY  
I certainly don't call it a flower.  
Bri, thanks, but I don't need-

BRIAN  
Stace, you are going to New York  
City to meet some boy. Let me show  
you how to use this. This way, if  
God forbid you come back groped -  
I'll rest easy in my bed. I will  
sleep like a child. Now come on -  
try to forcibly penetrate me.

\*

Stacey shakes her head and sighs. Then feebly punches him.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
Geez, you'll get nowhere with that.  
Nessa, you wanna give it a try?

Nessa shrugs. Then stands up. Yeah, she wants to try.

INT. PAM AND MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

They're on to coffee. Smithy has another beer.

MICHAEL

Gav, you're welcome to borrow the car for your date. I know you don't like to drive, but it's a classy move.

GAVIN

Nah, I'm not a car guy. You raised a city kid. I know city things: hailing cabs, pretending I'm on my cell when weirdos approach, avoiding stabbings-

SMITHY

I'll drive. I will Tokyo drift you right into her girl garage.

PAM

"City kid." There you go, you always blame us. I'm sure if your date with the girl from crack country - this is accurate - if it goes bad, you'll blame us too.

SMITHY

It's meth they do there, Pam. You can tell by the teeth.

PAM

Have you checked her teeth? Just be careful, both of you. Keep your money in your sock and do not use any condoms they give you. These girls could be total freaks.

GAVIN

(exasperated)

Stacey's not a freak, Mom.

SMITHY

Yeah...but her never before photographed friend might be.

INT. GWEN AND STACEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nessa has Brian up against the wall, hand around his throat. The rape alarm blares, ineffectually.

NESSA

If you didn't want it, you wouldn't dress like that, fancy boy.

STACEY  
Nessa, that's enough.

NESSA  
(to Brian)  
Don't you look at me.

\*

She backs off. Brian looks shaken. She sips her wine.

NESSA (CONT'D)  
Is that what you meant, Bri?

INT. GAVIN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Gavin, in bed, studies Stacey's Facebook photo on his iPad.

INT. STACEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Stacey lies in bed, also looking wistful. PULL BACK to reveal she's on the bed's edge - because Nessa, on her belly, in just a frilly red thong, is sprawled out beside her, hogging space.

EXT. BUS STOP, DILLSBURG - DAY

The bus loads in the town center, which hasn't changed in 30 years. Brick buildings. A small A&P. The Girls get on line. DAVE COACHES, driver, deviant, takes tickets. Nessa frowns.

NESSA  
Crapsicle. I didn't realize this was Dave's route.

STACEY  
What's the biggie? You ended it three months ago. Right?

NESSA  
Yeah... Mostly. What can I say? He groveled, and y'know how I'm attracted to pity.

STACEY  
Yeah, and anger. Sadness. Fear. You hump all the dark emotions, really.

DAVE COACHES  
(spots her)  
Oh...Vanessa. What's occurring? I see you cut your hair. Looks nice.

NESSA  
Don't be a jagoff, Dave.

She hands him her ticket and boards. Dave watches her, longingly. Stacey holds up her ticket, but he's lost.

DAVE COACHES

I'll never get over her. She broke me like I was a horse. Literally, there was a saddle involved.  
Oh - sorry, Stace. Go ahead.

\*

INT. NYC SUBWAY - EVENING

Gavin and Smithy hold the pole. With his free hand, Smithy shows his phone to Gavin. On it: THE BEST BURGERS IN NYC app.

SMITHY

Ooh, Corner Bistro is right near the bar. Let's pop in and cross it off the list. Look at this beauty.

GAVIN

No, a burger might make me burpy and give me meat sweats. I can't risk it.

SMITHY

This was your idea. You said, let's try the 100 best burgers in New York in the next year. I said, no, can't be done. You said, please. I said fine, it will be our Everest. Two months in I'm the only one who cares.

GAVIN

What are you talking about?

SMITHY

OK, I've held my tongue, but Lucy and I, we fight a lot. To be honest, we haven't spoken since last Tuesday.

GAVIN

Oh, sorry. Maybe she's grounded.

SMITHY

Ha. Gav, listen to me. Relationships are hard. They take a lot of work.  
(Gavin ROLLS his eyes)  
You barely know this girl, and you're already blowing off the important things. Like meat.

GAVIN

Why is your hand so close to mine? You're almost holding my hand - there's a whole pole here.

SMITHY

What? It slid...stop being weird.

WIDEN OUT, the train is almost empty.

INT. BUS - EVENING - MONTAGE

The Girls look out the window at the looming skyline. Stacey stares, wide-eyed. Holy shit, New York City. Nessa yawns.

EXT. NYC STREET - EVENING - MONTAGE

The Boys exit the subway. Gavin's excited. Smithy texts.

EXT. NYC STREET - EVENING - MONTAGE

Stacey examines her look in a store window. An OLD WOMAN on an adjacent stoop watches her primp. Stacey smiles at her.

STACEY

I have a really big date.

Woman hocks/spits on the sidewalk. Welcome to NYC. END MONTAGE.

EXT. WEST VILLAGE STREET - EVENING

The Boys walk towards the meeting spot, outside The Standard.

SMITHY

OK, Lucy just texted that I'm a total narcissist, but I dunno, you think she means it as a compliment?

Gavin stops short, not listening. HE SEES HER - Stacey, standing alone. He's floored. She's so pretty it hurts. \*

GAVIN

There she is.

SMITHY

Hmm. Cute, sweet, but clearly down to do the weird stuff. Nice. \*

GAVIN

How's my hair?

SMITHY

Solid gold. Hey, you OK, dude?

GAVIN

Yeah. I mean it's like I'm on the moon. I can't really breathe but I feel lighter.

SMITHY

Do you have any idea how hard it is to be your friend?

They start over. And then Stacey sees Gavin. Her eyes widen and she involuntarily smiles. She too, is simply smitten.

STACEY

Gavin? Hey! Hiya!

\*

\*

THE BIG MOMENT. An awkward moment, when they don't know whether to hug or not. And then they do. They're both naturally flustered and halting after all the build-up.

\*

GAVIN

Hi. Um, I like your outfit.

STACEY

Thanks. Nice shirt.

GAVIN

Thanks. Uh, I was going for "co-worker in touch with his feelings, yet still manly enough to help you survive the Hunger Games."

STACEY

Well, it's very...Katniss Everdeen.

Smiles. A beat. No one really knows where to go to from here.

STACEY (CONT'D)

Sorry, it's weird to finally see you in person. Look, you have legs.

GAVIN

Maybe we should warm up a little? I'll head across the street, and we can just text for a bit.

\*

SMITHY

Ahem.

\*

GAVIN

Oh. Sorry. This is Steve - Smithy.

STACEY

Hiya, I've heard a lot about you.

SMITHY

You too. So...you um, come alone, or?

STACEY

Oh. No. We didn't eat so my friend  
Nessa is just getting us something.

She nods to a gourmet food truck. Nessa walks from it towards them, holding two fancy hotdogs. Upon seeing her, Smithy is CLEARLY NOT HAPPY with his big, inked date.

SMITHY

(sotto to Gavin)

Oh, you bastard.

NESSA

Ten bucks! For artisanal frankfurter  
with *kimchi*. The hipster chef was  
bald but he had a really long beard,  
so if you find a hair, it's facial.

STACEY

Nessa, this is Gavin.

GAVIN

Nice to meet you. This is Smithy.

Smithy barely waves, "Hi." Nessa's face falls. Ugh. Both believe they've drawn the short straw here. An awkward beat.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

So... should we go get a drink?

STACEY

Yeah. Sounds good.

Gavin and Stacey walk off ahead. Nessa yells after Stacey:

NESSA

Stacey! You don't want this now?

STACEY

No, I'm OK, actually!

Nessa stares daggers after her. Then, wordlessly, without eye contact, she holds out the fancy frank to Smithy. A beat.

SMITHY

Yeah, OK, sure.

With zero grace, he takes it. They shuffle off after Gavin and Stacey, who smile, both brimming with hope for the night.

END ACT 1



## ACT 2

INT. NYC MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT \*

In annoying NYC style, the theater is completely packed and chaotic. Pam and Michael search, but can only find seats in the front row. Pam quickly sits, nabbing them. Michael balks. \*

MICHAEL \*

No. This is crazy. If we sit here my neck will be such a mess my chiropractor will be able to buy a jet ski. C'mon, let's go home, Pam. \*

PAM \*

No! It's Saturday night. Date night. This is what people do. \*

She pats the seat beside her. Begrudgingly, he sits down. \*

MICHAEL \*

I hate people. \*

INT. BOOM BOOM ROOM - NIGHT \*

Our group enters the bar atop The Standard. Gavin was right; it *is* an impressive spot. But, a la the Chateau Marmont, it's über-swank, crowded with GUYS who only eat protein and braless GIRLS in fancy shoes. It's intimidating to regular NYers like Gavin and Smithy, and much more so, to Stacey from Dillsburg. \*

STACEY \*

We're gonna...find the bathroom.

GAVIN \*

Cool, we'll get drinks.

The Girls plow into the crowd. Smithy, agitated, turns to Gav. \*

SMITHY \*

Well, this is a nightmare of epic proportions.

GAVIN \*

Crap, you think it's that bad here?

SMITHY \*

I'm talking about Nessa. A, how old is it? Two, have you seen the tattoos? I'm pretty sure the one on her neck is the Chinese symbol for Taco Bell. And C, OK, some people may find her attractive.

(MORE)

SMITHY (CONT'D)

I'm sure there's a Japanese fetish site for girls like her...But I am American, dammit.

GAVIN

Keep it together. This is MY moment. \*

They continue the frustrating swim upstream towards the bar.

INT. BOOM BOOM ROOM BATHROOM - NIGHT

Stacey and Nessa check themselves in the mirror. A TRENDY GIRL beside them primps her funky hairdo. Nessa clocks Stacey, anxiously lip-glossing.

NESSA

Easy, Stace, you're glazing them like Christmas hams.

STACEY

Great, just what I was going for... Look, do me a favor tonight? I know this goes against your nature, but try to be *nice* to Smithy, OK? I bet a lot of girls think he's hot.

NESSA

Yeah, sure, he's white hot. I could slice him open, crawl inside, and survive a blizzard.

(blows her reflection a kiss)

Platinum. OK, let's go get loaded.

She exits. Stacey takes a second look at the funky-haired girl. Then frowns, and self-consciously removes her barrette. \*

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT \*

The movie has started. Pam and Michael sit uncomfortably. Around them are YOUNG COUPLES on dates. In hushed whispers: \*

PAM \*

Stop fidgeting. Just relax. \*

MICHAEL \*

It's kinda hard to relax when you're in the exact stress position the CIA uses to interrogate terrorists. \*

She shushes him, and puts her hand on his knee. He pats it. Then Pam, eyes still on the screen, starts moving her hand up his leg. Then higher... then almost in the red zone... Michael suddenly realizes, twists, and pushes her hand away. \*

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

What? No, ew. C'mon, Pam.

\*

\*

They continue staring sharply up at the screen. Pam blinks. Then, crestfallen, she gets up and hurries down the aisle.

\*

\*

INT. BOOM BOOM ROOM BAR - NIGHT

Stacey and Nessa return. Gavin points across the bar.

GAVIN

Smithy nabbed a table over there,  
by the model-y looking guy next to  
the other model-y looking guy.

Stacey gives Nessa a "go over there" look. Nessa shrugs, takes the drink of an unsuspecting WOMAN off the bar, and shuffles away. BARTENDER slides Gavin four pints.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

I got us beer, hope that's OK. And  
do you want anything from the raw  
bar? I know you said you didn't eat.  
It's all they have for food here.

He gestures to the crushed ice and oysters, crab legs, etc., beautifully displayed on the bar. Stacey looks at it; she's definitely out of her comfort zone. She feigns confidence.

STACEY

Raw bar...Sure. Um, some of those  
handsome devils there, I guess.

She points at oysters. Bartender nods and starts preparing. They sip, uneasily; Stacey tries to be game, Gavin spins:

GAVIN

So...this place is really popular.  
They have a lot of like, movie  
premiere parties and stuff.

Bartender slides a plate of oysters over. As Gavin gestures around the room, Stacey examines one, unsure how to attack...

\*

\*

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Supposedly celebrities hang out here.  
I actually thought I saw Lindsay  
Lohan before, but it was just one of  
those big, melting candles.

\*

Stacey spies a WOMAN down the bar who demurely slurps an oyster. A-ha. She tries to follow suit...but her oyster's still attached to the shell, she has to rip it free...it's a mess. She gags, but totally covers, thumbs-upping Gavin.

STACEY  
 (coughing)  
 So fresh.

She takes a BIG sip of beer and swishes, cleansing her palate.

STACEY (CONT'D)  
 (feeling him out)  
 So...is this what you usually do on weekends? Go to happening places like this, with raw bars...and perfect, hairless giraffe-women?

She looks down, touching an oyster, rotating it a bit with her finger. Gavin drops all pretense.

GAVIN  
 No, uh...I know, I thought it would be hip here and impress you, but clearly it's kinda ridiculous, huh?

STACEY  
 It's cool. I mean, my cat weighs more than most of these people. But if this is your thing... \*

GAVIN  
 No. No, my thing involves normal looking humans sleeping late and rationalizing cake for breakfast.  
 (earnest)  
 I'm sorry, this was a bad choice. I should've done a dry run. I have two backup spots, we can hop in a cab-

He glances towards the packed dance floor. Clearly, dancing is NOT neurotic Gavin's jam. But he so wants to salvage this.

GAVIN (CONT'D)  
 Or... I do have one other, potentially humiliating idea. \*

STACEY  
 You want to dance?

GAVIN  
 Oh, no - I don't want to. Everything inside me says stop, run away. But I want to fix this, I want us to have a good time. C'mon, it'll be funny.

STACEY  
 Yeah, not sure I'm ready for that.

Gavin frowns, maybe he's really screwed up. Stacey pushes the oysters away. Then grabs her beer, and chugs the whole thing.

STACEY (CONT'D)  
Alright, now I'm ready.

She grins, and together they head straight into the madness.

INT. MOVIE THEATER LOBBY - NIGHT

Michael stands outside the women's room.

MICHAEL  
Pam! We're missing the picture.

He looks around, then opens the door, and goes in.

INT. WOMEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pam, teary, is at the sink. Michael's immediately affected.

MICHAEL  
Hey. C'mon.

PAM  
I know we kid around but wow, you're really not attracted to me anymore. Fine, I get it. You're not exactly Val Kilmer these days, either.

MICHAEL  
Kilmer weighs like 350 now. I think I can go toe-to-toe with Kilmer-

PAM  
We're so old, Michael. Our bodies are weird and misshapen. I take so many pills that I rattle. Our baby goes on dates now thinking about getting *married*, not just to second base...

MICHAEL  
You are still a beauty. You want me to prove it? I will have sex with you right here. I mean, it's really unsanitary and a kid could walk in, it's a PG movie. But I'll do it.

PAM  
When we were younger we might have done something crazy like that.

MICHAEL

When we were younger we smoked  
cigarettes and ate margarine like we  
were the idiot kings of the world.  
We're smarter now, but I'm just as  
in love with you. I'm just cranky,  
and sometimes that part is louder.

He kisses her, gently. She grabs him and kisses him more  
passionately, up against the outside of a stall.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Fine, I hope we have a lot of  
Neosporin at home-

Before things progress... a voice from the far stall.

WOMAN (O.S.)

OK, I just ate one of those hot dogs  
from the concession stand and it's  
about to get real unsexy in here.

INT. BOOM BOOM ROOM - NIGHT - MONTAGE

MONTAGE of the evening progressing:

-Gavin and Stacey dance: Gavin's stiff and a little self-  
conscious, Stacey's being herself, free and going for it.

-Smithy and Nessa sit, bored, drinking, scrolling on phones.

-Gavin's loosening up. He and Stacey do goofy moves, spoofing  
the MODEL-Y DANCERS around them. The Sexy Snake. The Pigeon  
With Attitude. The Older Guy And The Bored Russian Girl.

-Smithy shows Nessa the burgers on his phone. She nods,  
mildly interested. A slight thaw between them.

-A DUDE starts freaking Stacey. She laughs; Gavin grins good-  
naturedly. Sure, he's secure enough to handle it.

-Smithy and Nessa do shots. Table's now chock full of empties.

-A 2ND DUDE freaks Stacey from the other side. Gavin's no  
longer secure enough. He pulls her from the manwich and they  
exit. As they do, pan over to REVEAL Smithy and Nessa are now  
on the far end of the dance floor - grinding sloppily.

EXT. BOOM BOOM ROOM TERRACE - NIGHT

Gavin and Stacey, laughing, exit to the quieter roof terrace.

STACEY

This is better. I was getting secret messages from the music in there to kill the prime minister.

GAVIN

See, and I was thinking, this is going to be "our song."  
(off Stacey's, "Aw")  
Thanks for rolling with it, Stace.  
I'm having a really good time.

STACEY

Me too. Even better than I expected.

GAVIN

I learned that in orientation at work. Underpromise. Overdeliver.

They walk to the railing, and look out across the city. \*  
Skyline glitters against inky sky. Stacey's awed. Wow. \*

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Up here it looks pretty magical. On the ground, there are plastic bags blowing around and it always smells a little like pee... But I love it.

They lean close as they take in the vista. \*

GAVIN (CONT'D)

So, uh, what should we do now? Want to head someplace else? \*

STACEY

Um. How about...you show me your apartment, somewhere out there?

GAVIN

(surprised)  
Really? I mean, sure, great.

STACEY

OK, your job right now is not to make me feel like a drunk country ho, but like a modern, empowered woman who's been reading a lot of Hello Giggles.

Gavin smiles, takes her hand, and they head towards the exit.

INT. GWEN AND STACEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT \*

Gwen reads, deeply into her book. Brian's on the computer. \*

BRIAN \*  
 No sexual assaults reported on the \*  
 NYPD twitter feed yet! \*

GWEN \*  
 That's good. \*

BRIAN \*  
 A man got into the polar bear cage \*  
 at the Bronx zoo and was violated, \*  
 but it might've been consensual. \*

GWEN \*  
 (still reading book) \*  
 Well, how handsome was the bear? \*

BRIAN \*  
 So...no calls, no texts...Stacey's \*  
 date must be going well. Who knows, \*  
 Gwen? Maybe someone in our little \*  
 family has finally found love. \*

Gwen looks up from her pages; his line really strikes her. \*  
 While she absorbs it, Brian starts typing into the computer... \*

BRIAN (CONT'D) \*  
 I'm gonna get to the bottom of this \*  
 man-bear thing. \*  
 (hits return - recoils) \*  
 OK, that does not look consensual. \*

EXT. GAVIN AND SMITHY'S APT - NIGHT

Gavin goes to unlock the door. Stacey hesitates.

STACEY  
 You don't have a secret room in  
 here where you skin girls and make  
 them into ladysuits, do you?

GAVIN  
 No. It's more of a small closet.

She smiles, and they step inside...

INT. GAVIN AND SMITHY'S APT - CONTINUOUS

To find Smithy in the kitchen area, totally naked. He quickly \*  
 covers up, bandaging paper towels around his midsection. \*

GAVIN  
 What's, uh, happening?



SMITHY  
You know. Same old.

STACEY  
Nessa?

NESSA (O.S.)  
I'm back here, Stace.

Stacey walks down the hall to find Nessa.

INT. SMITHY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nessa, half-dressed, lays on the bed, tapping on her phone.

STACEY  
Guess you decided to be nice, huh?

NESSA  
Yeah, my brain said no but my  
vagina said I'm bored. So.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Smithy has a sixer out, and is popping open the bottles.

GAVIN  
What changed your mind, *American*?

SMITHY  
Alcohol. Look, I'm vulnerable and  
confused and really curious what  
it's like to do it with a big girl.

GAVIN  
You are a true gentleman.

SMITHY  
Because I said she's big? I'm about  
to make beautiful love to her the  
same way I would to a more petite  
lady. Except I'll probably be on top.

NESSA (O.S.)  
Smithy! I've done just about every  
thing I can in here without you.

Smithy grabs four beers and starts back toward his room...

SMITHY  
Yell if you need me. The safe word  
is "raisins."

INT. PAM AND MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Post-coital. Pam and Michael lie in bed, out of breath, sated. \*

MICHAEL

How many calories do you think we just burned?

PAM

God, you really have a sickness.

MICHAEL

I do not. I just skipped my walk today is all. Actually, I'm in the mood for a snack. Something sweet.

PAM

Really? Hm, that gives me a *very naughty* idea. I'll be *right* back...

She grins wickedly, gets up, and exits. Michael reaches to the night stand, and puts on a Breathe-Right nasal strip. \*

INT. GAVIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Stacey sits on the bed, looking a little woozy. Gavin enters. \*

GAVIN

Should we put on some music?

STACEY

Sure. Just no Prince. Guys always put on Prince.

Gavin arches a brow; how many guys has she *Raspberry Beret*-ed? He picks a sweet song, then sits down beside her.

GAVIN

Look, we're both a little drunk. We can just hang out, talk. You know, whatever you want. No pressure.

They inch closer, about to kiss! Then, she abruptly pulls away.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Oh. Sorry. I thought...

STACEY

No, it's. I kinda don't feel great. I think, that oyster...

(a wave hits her)

I think I might throw up.

GAVIN  
OK, maybe if you just lie down-

STACEY  
(suddenly panicked) \*  
Where's the bathroom?!

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS \*

She rushes out towards the bathroom. Gavin's on her heels. \*

GAVIN  
Wait! The toilet's broke-

Too late, she's in. She slams the door behind her. A beat,  
then she shrieks, like a woman who has seen pure evil.

STACEY (O.S.)  
Dear God in heaven!!

GAVIN  
Use the tub! Use the tub!

A single knock at the front door. Gavin turns to see Pam, in  
her robe, step into the apartment. She whispers:

PAM  
Sorry. Your father needs honey-

She's cut off by Stacey's loud retching in the bathroom.

STACY (O.S.)  
Blughhhh!

Pam frowns. Then...a different disgusting human sound  
emanates from across the hall. Nessa and Smithy's sex groans. \*

NESSA (O.S.)  
Take it big boy!

SMITHY (O.S.) \*  
Oh God, you are FILTH!

Mother and son stare at one another, as the sounds escalate.  
Bed banging. Vomiting. A cringe-filled pause... Then, deadpan:

GAVIN  
I think there's some in the pantry.

Off Gavin, not the way he dreamed the evening would end... \*

END ACT 2 \*

## ACT 3

INT. GAVIN'S ROOM - MORNING

Stacey sleeps on the bed, a bucket on the floor beside her. Gavin's curled up on a chair. Nessa, dressed, opens the door.

NESSA

Stace. Stacey. Hey.

STACEY

(stirs)

Oh. Hey.

NESSA

It's almost nine. We have a half hour to catch our bus.

GAVIN

Can't you take a later one?

NESSA

To be honest, no. I don't really want to be around when your friend wakes up. Plus, I teach a class at three. Full animal butchering. The carcasses are being delivered and that, so... You coming, Stace?

STACEY

Uh... I guess.

She gets up and starts grabbing her things.

GAVIN

Can I at least get you some coffee-

STACEY

No thanks. My belly's still a little "dumb girl at senior prom." Sorry, Gavin. I'm so embarrassed...

GAVIN

No, c'mon...it's fine.

An awkward pause. Nessa hovers by the door, impatient, noisily shaking Tic-Tacs straight from the container into her mouth.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

So, I'll, see you again soon?

STACEY

Yeah. We'll Skype Monday? Work on that big blood pressure job?

\*  
\*

GAVIN  
(halfheartedly)  
Woo, hypertension.

NESSA  
Stace...

STACEY  
K. Bye, Gav.

GAVIN  
See you, Stacey.

They quickly hug. And then that's it, she leaves. Gavin, crushed, listens as the apartment door clicks behind her.

INT. SMITHY'S ROOM - MORNING

Gav enters to find Smithy in the fetal position. Smithy hears the door, and looks up. On his face: trauma. He whispers:

SMITHY  
*Raisins.*  
(then slowly sits up)  
Oh God, the guilt. The nausea. I have to call Lucy. I have to confess.

GAVIN  
That sounds like a bad idea.

SMITHY  
No, you don't understand. She did things... She put...things...in...

He glances at a Wii controller on the floor. Quietly:

SMITHY (CONT'D)  
I'll never play again. Did...  
Stacey do the same...to you?

GAVIN  
Smithy-

SMITHY  
I need to know whether this is something Nessa does, or is it a cultural Pennsylvania thing? Because if not, if this isn't something country girls do regularly - then I need to see a doctor.

GAVIN  
I wouldn't know. We didn't even kiss. I barely said goodbye.

SMITHY

Just text her, man. Smiley face emoticon, angel emoticon, heart emoticon. Works every time. By the way if someone dies, you can use the same text, just swap the smiley face for a frowny face.

GAVIN

Great advice, thanks. I'll text her. All we've been doing up til now is texting! This was supposed to be...the start of something more.

SMITHY

OK, you need to pull it together. I am on fire in the most tender of places. This is *MY MOMENT*.

He stands. He's only wearing Nessa's red frilly thong.

INT. PAM AND MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Pam opens the door. Gavin is dressed, Smithy in a robe.

PAM

I hope you've coated yourselves in Purell. Hey, what's the matter?

GAVIN

Everything went wrong-

SMITHY

I need you to check me.

SMITHY

I need you. To check me.  
(hangs head, eyes down)  
Like a mother checks a baby.

\*

He trudges into the master bedroom. Pam, confused, follows. As Smithy closes the door behind them, HE PAUSES, AND GIVES A LOOK DIRECTLY INTO THE CAMERA. Signalling things are about to get weird, as we saw in the open.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

EXT. NYC STREET - DAY

\*

Stacey and Nessa are on line to board the bus.

STACEY

I can't believe I puked.

NESSA

Yeah, that was pretty JV, Stace.

STACEY

Gee, thanks. Aren't you supposed to be my friend, say this has happened to you a hundred times and it's all going to be rainbows and apple pie?

NESSA

I never throw up, you know that. It's a blessing and a curse.

(leveling)

Look, we had our fun, but where does it all go? It's not like he's moving to D-burg, and are you really gonna leave? Sorry, Stace, I'm just being honest with you.

Stacey absorbs this. Has she been fooling herself here?  
Nessa boards. Dave Coaches, behind the wheel, eyeballs her.

DAVE COACHES

Ah, same outfit. It hurts me to see, Ness, but no one's ever looked as proud doing the walk of shame.

NESSA

Leave it, Dave.

Stacey takes one last look at the city... then climbs aboard.

INT. PAM AND MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

The boys, looking glum, eat eggs. Pam washes her hands. \*

MICHAEL

We have bagels, too. Also Penicillin, Smithy.

SMITHY

Very funny, Michael.

PAM

He's fine. Everyone is fine.

GAVIN

I'm not. I like this girl. And now we just go back to conference calls about pills?

PAM

Now you'll play the field; you can ask out the Feinsteins' daughter, who is buxom, in a sensual way.

MICHAEL

Her mother has very powerful legs.  
I once saw her lift a keg of beer  
and carry it to her car.

Gavin's eyes light up at "car."

PAM

Why would you notice her legs?

MICHAEL

Oh c'mon. Did I not prove myself to  
you last night?

GAVIN

The car. Dad, I need the car.

MICHAEL

What for?

SMITHY

(gets it)

You're going for it? Full rom-com? \*

(Gavin nods) \*

Big balls, Gav. Big. Oval. Balls.

Michael hands Gavin the car key. As Gavin bolts out the door-

MICHAEL

Wait, how many miles? It's a lease! \*

(but he's gone. Michael stands) \*

OK. I *desperately* need a shower. \*

He exchanges a smile with Pam, then walks off, gingerly. Just before he steps into the bathroom, HE PAUSES, AND GIVES A LOOK DIRECTLY INTO THE CAMERA. Signalling he's about to discover soap is no match for honey...as we saw in the open. \*

INT. LEXUS - DAY

Gavin drives, GPS in effect. He cranks the radio, punching the roof to the beat. He is focused. He is jamming. He is...

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Actually driving pretty slowly. Cars pass him, honking.

INT. BUS - DAY \*

Nessa munches Doritos and stares out the window. Stacey looks sad, and - still shaky from last night - also a little green. Her eyes dart to Nessa and she swallows hard. \*



Then SHE PAUSES, AND GIVES A LOOK DIRECTLY INTO THE CAMERA. \*  
 Signalling she's just about to need that Doritos bag...as we \*  
 saw in the open. \*

INT. GWEN AND STACEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Gwen looks at her computer. On the screen, the EHARMONY site. \*  
 And the words: ACTIVATE PROFILE? Gwen takes a deep breath... \*  
 And then clicks: OK. She exhales...just as Brian bounds in. \*  
 She quickly closes the screen, hiding the dating site. \*

BRIAN \*

Emergency, Gwen. We need to stop at \*  
 Doris' on the way to get the girls. \*  
 Buttermilk is in labor and they can't \*  
 find the vet. Let's go, let's go! \*

With a bounce in her step, Gwen exits the front door, held \*  
 open by Brian. As he hits the lights, HE PAUSES, AND GIVES A \*  
 LOOK DIRECTLY INTO THE CAMERA. Signalling he's about to go \*  
 experience the gross miracle of life...as we saw in the open. \*

INT. LEXUS - DAY

Gavin's in rural PA now. A horse-drawn buggy suddenly pulls \*  
 out in front of him. He swerves, just narrowly missing it, \*  
 then flashes the AMISH DRIVER the FINGER as he whips past. \*

Gavin screeches to a halt at a stoplight. A beat of calm. Then \*  
 he hears the ominous CLIP-CLOP of horse and buggy approaching. \*  
 Gavin checks the mirror, and sees what's coming. HE PAUSES, \*  
 AND GIVES A LOOK DIRECTLY INTO THE CAMERA. Signalling he's \*  
 about to get smacked, Amish-style...as we saw in the open. \*

EXT. FAMILY BROWNSTONE BACKYARD - DAY

A small fire burns in a metal trash can. Smithy, still in his \*  
 robe, drops in his sheets and pillowcases, torching the \*  
 evidence of his dishonor. Then, he remembers one last thing... \*  
 He reaches into his robe, and slips off the red thong.

He hesitates. Then instead of burning...he pockets the memento.

EXT. BUS STOP, DOWNTOWN DILLSBURG, PA - DAY

The bus pulls in. As passengers exit, Gavin, now with shiner, \*  
 leans against his car, trying to look cool. He's channeling \*  
 Jake at the end of *Sixteen Candles*. But Stacey doesn't see him.

GAVIN

Stacey.

Or hear him. He tries again, slightly less cool.

GAVIN (CONT'D)  
 Stacey. Stace?  
 (coolness gone)  
 Stacey!

She turns and finally sees him. She's gobsmacked. \*

STACEY  
 Gavin!?

Grinning, she rushes over. Then she spots his swollen eye. \*

STACEY (CONT'D)  
 Oh my stars, what happened? \*

GAVIN  
 "Oh my stars?" You sound like my  
 Grandma cursing at Wheel of Fortune. \*

STACEY  
 Shut up. \*

AND THEY KISS. It's perfect. *Princess Bride* perfect. It was worth the drive, Smithy's shame, and the obstacles of culture and geography ahead. They're going to try to make this work. \*

INT. BRIAN'S SATURN - DAY

Brian and Gwen, worse for wear, clothing stained and streaked after playing veterinary OBGYNs, pull in and see the pair. \*

BRIAN  
 Is that the guy from New York, or  
 did she meet someone on the bus?  
 I'm joking, Gwen. Look, your little  
 girl met a boy all the way from the  
 big city. Isn't that wonderful?

GWEN  
 (smiles)  
 Yeah.

Then processing what that could mean, her smile fades a bit. \*

EXT. BUS STOP, PA - CONTINUOUS

A hand taps Stacey on the shoulder, interrupting her and Gavin's kiss. It's Nessa, who holds out her Tic Tacs. \*

NESSA

Stace. Here. \*

(off Gavin's puzzled look) \*

She threw up on the bus. A lot. \*

STACEY

Gee, thanks. \*

NESSA

No prob. I'm off, I'm getting lunch \*

with Dave. No judgments, OK? \*

She walks off. Stacey shakes her head, then turns back to Gav. \*

STACEY

Sorry. So, like - what do we do now? \*

GAVIN

I don't know. Figure it out.

He smiles. She smiles back.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Or maybe we quit while we're ahead.  
I mean, we're making out in front of  
the world's smallest A&P. Clearly  
it's all downhill from here.

STACEY

Well, downhill is easier than uphill.

They kiss again. And are quickly interrupted, again: the RAPE \*

ALARM goes off. Its piercing siren blares, startling them. \*

INT. BRIAN'S SATURN - CONTINUOUS

Brian is triumphant. He yells out the window to Stacey. \*

BRIAN

Ah! You see, Stace - it works! \*

Off Gavin and Stacey, fumbling to turn the shrieking alarm off, \*

into the hopeful blue, high above Dillsburg, Pennsylvania... \*

END OF ACT THREE

\*  
\*

## ACT 4

TITLE: ONE DAY LATER...

INT. GAVIN AND SMITHY'S APT - DAY

Gavin and Stacey Skype. All of the FRIENDS AND FAMILY are present on both sides. In NYC, Gav is on the couch. Smithy, despite earlier protestations, plays a video game. Michael walks in and out of the bathroom, holding a plunger and plumber's wrench, cursing to himself under a dust mask. Pam helps, rolling in a Shop-Vac wet/dry vacuum.

GAVIN

(to Stacey)

So we just stayed in last night and watched that Hugh Grant, Drew Barrymore film, *Music and Lyrics*.

INT. GWEN AND STACEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Stacey, on iPad, sits on the floor. Nessa's on the couch, flipping channels. Gwen's beside her, knitting. INTERCUT.

STACEY

Totally butch movie choice. Did you lightly cry or full Claire Danes?

GAVIN

I didn't cry, but my allergies were acting up so I was a little sniffley.

STACEY

Allergies, also super rugged. Go on, I feel like we're *this* close to sexting.

Brian walks through the background, cradling the baby goat.

BRIAN

Gwen, do you have clean nipples?

GWEN

In the drying rack.

He goes to make a bottle.

STACEY

OooK then. So, see you next Saturday?

GAVIN

Yeah. Def-

Smithy interrupts, flopping down with a video game box.

SMITHY \*  
Enough virtual makeout. Let's play. \*  
I just got the new Madden. C'mon, \*  
it's time for me to humiliate you. \*

In Dillsburg, Nessa spies Smithy, who's now on the Skype shot. \*

NESSA \*  
Oh, Smithy. I see you got your \*  
joystick back. \*

SMITHY \*  
(a flustered beat) \*  
No. This is Xbox. You know what? \*  
Whatever. \*

He storms off. Gavin smiles. Stacey beams. Goat baas. \*

END OF EPISODE \*