

Sunday's Best
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FADE IN:

INT. BLACK SWAN PUB -- NIGHT

Quaint, traditional pub typically found in intimate seaside villages, bursts to capacity with celebratory FOOTBALL FANS.

ARIEL STONE, ruggedly handsome, early 40's, threads through the jubilant crowd, stealing the last available stool from a tipsy BLONDE. The BARTENDER, automatically fixes him a drink.

An ATTRACTIVE GIRL, early 20'S catches his eye. He raises his glass to her. She slips off her seat seductively, slides in beside him and whispers in his ear. He grins.

EXT. BLACK SWAN PUB -- LATER

Revelers spill onto the narrow street. Ariel and the girl almost collide with an INTOXICATED TEENAGE BOY as he staggers to the curb, drops to his knees and vomits. Revolted, the girl tugs at Ariel urging him to quicken his pace.

The boy's body begins to spasm and jerk. Ariel hesitates, battling an intrinsic sense of obligation to help the kid.

ARIEL
uhm hmm. Someone, anyone...boy in
distress over here.

An inebriated football FAN, stumbles toward them. He looks at the boy. Confused, he turns his attention to Ariel.

ARIEL (CONT'D)
I'm assuming you have a phone?

The man nods.

ARIEL (CONT'D)
999 would be a good place to start.

The man punches the number into his phone. Ariel, satisfied the boy is cared for, makes his escape to his inevitable lay

INT. ATTRACTIVE GIRL'S CAR -- LATER

Ariel scrutinizes the shabby car, frowning at the discarded wrappers, soda cans and other trash littering the interior.

ATTRACTIVE GIRL
He's gonna wake up to one mother of
a headache.

ARIEL
That'll be the least of his problems.

ATTRACTIVE GIRL
 Fuck. You think he got something
 real bad...like not just drunk?

ARIEL
 Alcohol poisoning most probably...the
 convulsions, the grey skin tone.

An ambulance passes them, SIRENS WAILING. Ariel's attention
 is drawn to it. He sighs, seeming relieved by it's presence.

ATTRACTIVE GIRL
 So what are you then? I'm guessing
 not a doctor?

ARIEL
 Well done, a medical expert and an
 excellent judge of character?

ATTRACTIVE GIRL
 Huh? You just left him like and
 well no one...no one's that cruel.

ARIEL
 So what act of heroism did you bring?

ATTRACTIVE GIRL
 Do I look like a fucking Nurse.

ARIEL
 Ah, one can dream.

The sarcasm is lost on her. She thinks for a moment.

ATTRACTIVE GIRL
 I bet you're a dentist. Is that it?

ARIEL
 Depends where you keep your dentures.

EXT. TERRACED HOUSE -- EARLY MORNING

Ariel pauses by the front door to light a cigarette. He
 looks up at the SOUND of a window being forced open. The
 girl leans out holding what appears several cash notes.

ATTRACTIVE GIRL
 What the fuck is your problem?

ARIEL
 Not enough? I thought I was being
 more than...

She tosses the cash out the window. It floats down toward
 him. He picks it up, counts it and stuffs it in his pocket.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

...generous.
 (to the girl)
 It's a few quid short.

ATTRACTIVE GIRL (O.S.)

Fuck you.

She slams the window shut.

INT. HEALTH CLINIC, WAITING AREA -- DAY

Illustrations on the wall suggest it's a women's clinic. A PUDGY, bespectacled WOMAN, early 60's, red hair, dripping in jewelry, diligently completes her paperwork.

INT. HEALTH CLINIC, SURGERY CENTER -- CONTINUOUS

A wearied NURSE sighs and reluctantly rings what appears a toy bell. Three doors open. Ariel and another TWO DOCTORS roll into the corridor on stools equipped with wheels.

One of the doctors peers into the waiting area via a small open slit in the door. He studies the pudgy woman in the waiting room, turns to the other two and grimaces.

On Ariel's nod, they thrust out their hands for rock, paper, scissors. The winners high five each other triumphantly. The Nurse smugly offers Ariel the pudgy patient's file.

NURSE

Dr. Stone...yours I presume.

INT. HEALTH CLINIC, WAITING AREA -- MOMENTS LATER

A door opens revealing the wearied Nurse.

NURSE

Olivia Grant!

The pudgy woman, Olivia Grant, removes her spectacles and drops them in her bag. She stands and heads toward the Nurse.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Dr. Stone will see you now.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM -- DAY

A FEMALE PATIENT, 17, sits on an examining table, her legs swing as she picks at her peeling nail varnish. Ariel enters.

ARIEL

Ah, Miss...Jenkins.

An ASIAN NURSE enters, mouthing an apology for her lateness.

ARIEL (CONT'D)
 (to the patient)
 You've had unprotected sex...recently?

MISS JENKINS
 He said he was taking care of it.

ARIEL
 Of course he did.
 (fitting his gloves)
 Now it's down to me to fix it? Lay
 down, feet in the stirrups...no doubt
 you're familiar with the procedure.

LATER

Loud SOBS filter through the closed curtain. Unfazed, Ariel
 exits, the nurse follows him, her face flushed with anger.

INT. CORRIDOR -- CONTINUOUS

The Asian Nurse catches up with Ariel and grabs his shoulder.

ASIAN NURSE
 You really are an arrogant,
 insensitive prick.

ARIEL
 And what would you propose...a
 lollipop? I know I should be bursting
 with excitement at the prospect of
 yet another needless abortion but
 please excuse my lack of enthusiasm.

Some HOSPITAL STAFF stop to watch the altercation.

ASIAN NURSE
 Our job here is to provide treatment,
 without prejudice.

ARIEL
 You're right. Unfortunately, there
 is no treatment for stupidity.

CHARLES GERBER, late 50's, an authoritative type wearing a
 somber expression, emerges from a doorway. Ariel see him
 but doesn't appear concerned by his presence.

ARIEL (CONT'D)
 But I guess we have to justify our
 outrageous wages somehow.

ASIAN NURSE
 Your wage doctor may be outrageous.
 Mine is nothing short of scandalous.

The bystanders cheer, glad to witness Ariel's reprimand. Reeling, the nurse storms off. Charles is not amused.

INT. SUNDAY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY -- MORNING

SUNDAY STONE, late 30's, stunning, bursts through the front door of the large, tastefully decorated suburban home wearing fitness attire and glistening with sweat.

As she bends to stretch out her aching muscles her eyes rest on a PICTURE FRAME on the table. The frame houses a PHOTO of her with Ariel and a small child. Her eyes narrow.

A pair of muscular legs come thundering down the stairs. Sunday snatches up the photo and hides it behind her back.

RICHARD, late 30's, jaw dropping gorgeous, buff and impeccably dressed, flies down the stairs waving a pair of boxer shorts.

RICHARD

Bloody mutt! Argh, I need more drawer space Sun, I'm not used to living like this. I mean, does she really need two bedrooms?

SUNDAY

Let her get used to having you here first...do you really want to be resented from the get go.

RICHARD

What are you talking about...she already detests the sight of me.

SUNDAY

Don't be silly. No, no she doesn't.

Her eyes tell a different story.

INT. KITCHEN -- LATER

Sunday prepares breakfast for GRANDPA her elderly and senile father. ANGEL, a Chihuahua sits by his feet.

Richard enters, thrusts his boxer shorts in her face, wiggling his finger through a hole. She dismisses him with a wave.

RICHARD

They're Olaf Benz, Sun and as it happens...my favorite.

He pouts like a petulant child, she studies the underpants.

SUNDAY

You have favorite pants?

RICHARD

Keeping the product was a perk. You know, modelling isn't just glitz and glamour...it's hard work. Companies like to show their appreciation.

SUNDAY

With free underpants. Okay.

She looks down at the little dog. The dog tilts her head.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

Naughty girl. Never touch Richard's remuneration package again.

RICHARD

I'm glad this is a big joke to you.

SUNDAY

For gods sake Richard, chill out. You're beginning to sound like Ariel.

RICHARD

Don't you dare compare me to...

Sunday gestures toward Grandpa shaking her head in reprimand.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Hmm. As we're on the subject...how did the...how did your ex take the news of your impending nuptials?

Sunday averts her eyes, fussing unnecessarily over Grandpa.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Good god Sun, you haven't told him.

SUNDAY

It has nothing to do with him, anyway.

RICHARD

I know that...it's you, you're the one insisting on full disclosure.
(shrugging)

I really don't understand what you ever saw in that egotistical bully?

Sunday sets food in front of Grandpa. She wipes the counter infuriated that Richard feels the need to wipe it again.

SUNDAY

He wasn't always so obnoxious. He could even be quite sweet, on the odd...very odd occasion.

RICHARD

I think you're suffering from a severe case of selective memory.

SUNDAY

You've never met him.

RICHARD

And lets keep it like that shall we.

She grins mischievously as she puts her arms around his waist.

SUNDAY

So it's no to a double date?

He turns round and kisses her.

RICHARD

I assure you that will never happen.

Sunday's daughter, BEANS, 16, kitted out in gothic attire complete with piercing's, bursts in. Sunday releases Richard.

BEANS

Shame, cause he's dying to meet you.

RICHARD

Really?

BEANS

No! He thinks you're a self indulgent pratt.

SUNDAY

Beans! That's quite enough.

Beans grabs some toast and begins to circle the kitchen as she eats, fully aware that Richard is following her with a plate to catch the falling crumbs. Sunday suppresses a smile.

RICHARD

Sunday!

Sunday quickly offers Beans a plate. Beans grabs it.

BEANS

Calm down Nancy.

INT. KITCHEN -- LATER

Sunday clears away the dishes. Beans plays with Angel. Grandpa squints as he attempts to read a cereal box.

SUNDAY

Pop pops do you need your glasses?

(to Beans)

Why are you so hateful to Richard?

GRANDPA
Do I wear glasses?

BEANS
He doesn't notice...his face is so
far wedged between his bum cheeks.

Sunday opens a drawer and retrieves the photo she found
earlier. She offers it up for Beans attention.

SUNDAY
And I suppose this was you.

BEANS
So...I can't have family photo's
around now sphincter face is here?

SUNDAY
Since when have you ever wanted a
photo of your dad...

Beans grins and shrugs her shoulders.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)
Look babe I know it's hard, having
someone new in the house...but we
all have to make concessions.

BEANS
I'm not giving up that room.

Sunday sighs.

BEANS (CONT'D)
What does he want it for anyway...his
dresses.

SUNDAY
Dresses? Look babe, all I'm asking
is you give him a chance...for me.

BEANS
He's a narcissistic hasbeen and look
at all this, a total hypochondriac.
(pointing to a shelf)
It's more like a reference library
than a pantry. Christ, everything
is labelled and color coded.

SUNDAY
It's not a crime to be organized.

Beans opens another cupboard housing neatly stacked drugs.
Grandpa tries to make head or tails of the text on the box.

BEANS

It is a crime to be a bloody junkie.
I doubt any of these belong to pop
pops and he really needs them?

Sunday quickly stops Grandpa from tipping the box upside down and gently places a pair of glasses on his nose.

GRANDPA

I can see just fine. I've read this.

Frustrated, he slaps the box spilling cereal all over the floor. As if familiar with such behavior, Sunday and Beans calmly clear up the cereal. Angel does her bit to help too.

SUNDAY

So, where you off to this weekend with Dad? Not one of those seedy jazz bars again, I hope.

BEANS

I wish. No, Mark's school concert.

Sunday abruptly stops clearing the cereal to look at Beans.

SUNDAY

Oh dear. That sounds ominous.

Grandpa shuffles out, mumbling incoherently to himself.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

Anyway uhm Beans...me and Richard, see we, we're meeting the wedding planner and I...we were wondering if, if you'd like to come, you know be more involved.

BEANS

In your wedding...yeah no, not likely. Next you'll be asking me to be Maid of Honor or whatever it's called.

Sunday turns from Beans, hiding her pained expression. Beans realizes she has hurt her mom. She thinks for a moment.

BEANS (CONT'D)

I've changed my mind...about that, you know, the piercing.

Sunday breathes a sigh of relief. Beans grins mischievously.

BEANS (CONT'D)

I have this sick idea for a tattoo.

INT. HOLLY HOUSE DAY CARE & PERMANENT RESIDENCE -- DAY

Grandpa is led away by a DUTY NURSE. Sunday and a PLUMP NURSE share a secret before escorting Beans along the corridor

INT. SOCIAL ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

The nurse approaches four ELDERLY WOMEN playing cards. They whisper conspiratorially, turn and beckon Beans over.

PLUMP NURSE

Beans, I'd like you to meet our most inimitable guests, Betty, Fran, Tabby and of course Edna...who has something she'd like to share with you.

EDNA draws back the sleeve of her dress exposing a black abstract blot on a wrinkled, flabby arm. Bean examines the mark indistinguishable from all the rolls of fat and moles.

BEANS

Were you in a concentration camp?

Howling with laughter, they all move in for a better view.

EDNA

It's an angel...look see the wings.

Heads tilt in unison, unconvinced. Edna smooths out the layers of skin, allowing the tattoo to take shape. The group emit a general sound of agreement.

TABBY

Aw, that's nothing.

Tabby stands, props her leg on a chair, lifts her skirt and exposes a distorted ink drawing on a bloated, purple ankle.

BEANS

Um, a happy face?

BETTY

It's a turtle you can see it's shell.

FRAN

Don't be daft. Its one of those flat fish. Oh, what's it called?

EDNA

A Plaice?

FRAN

No! The one with a long tail.

SUNDAY

Stingray?

FRAN
Yeah. A stingray.

TABBY
It's a humming bird, you daft buggers.

BETTY
After a turtle ate it.

EDNA
Or sat on it.

INT. MUSIC STORE -- DAY

Sunday smugly watches Beans examine an electric guitar.

INT. SWIMMING POOL -- EVENING

Ariel and TOM, 45, stocky, ruddy complexion, pull a cart of scuba gear across the deck toward an eager GROUP of STUDENTS.

ARIEL
Here we go. More idiots.

TOM
There's a cute blonde in the mix.

They turn to look at the pretty BLONDE GIRL in the group sitting on a bench beside a middle aged BALDING GUY.

ARIEL
Dumb blonde more like.

TOM
Looks like baldie thinks he's in with a chance.

The bald guy attempts to chat with the reluctant girl.

INT. ARIEL'S CAR -- LATER

Ariel drives a classic sports convertible. Tom beside him.

TOM
That went better than expected.

Ariel regards him with a stunned expression.

TOM (CONT'D)
I realize first aid wasn't on the agenda, still, practice makes perfect.

ARIEL
Blowing up someone's nose is practice ...for what future enterprise?

TOM
 Honestly, it's the only way baldie
 will ever get to first base with
 blondie. Of course in reality...he'd
 be dead.

They laugh in agreement. Ariel studies Tom's happy face.

ARIEL
 Look at you. You've been married
 what...twelve, thirteen years?

TOM
 (proudly)
 Fifteen, this October.

ARIEL
 Yet you're still happy?

TOM
 Shit Ariel, I know some of the women
 you've met lately have been a tad...

ARIEL
 Superficial, tedious, idiotic.

TOM
 Well yes. But what about that red
 head. She was an attractive and...

ARIEL
 ...raving bloody nympho. Christ my
 dick felt like a ragged doll after a
 night with a rampant Doberman

TOM
 Haunting image. Ariel you really
 need to be more...well a bit less
 fussy actually. Sunday's a pretty
 hard act to follow, I know, but...

Ariel suddenly switches on the radio drowning out Tom's voice.

INT./EXT. CAR, TOM'S HOUSE -- EVENING

The car spews gravel as it pulls up in the front of a large,
 impressive home. KAREN, 40, formidable, heavily pregnant,
 waits at the door, her arms folded across her chest.

TOM
 Coming in for a quick drink?

ARIEL
 (peering out the window)
 Hmm, with Godzilla on the warpath?

Tom steps from the car. He leans through the open window.

TOM
See you tomorrow then. Marks concert.

ARIEL
Uhm, Tom...Sunday, she won't be...

TOM
No, no, I beat Karen to the punch.

Ariel expresses relief mixed with a hint of disappointment.

EXT. CAFE -- DAY

Ariel and Beans share a table on the busy patio. Ariel is entranced by Bean's fingers, skillfully tapping on the phone.

ARIEL
I so enjoy our intimate chats. I really don't understand what could possibly warrant such avid attention?

Beans shrugs with indifference, her food untouched.

ARIEL (CONT'D)
Hash tags, symbols. It's confounding.

BEANS
I could explain it to you?

ARIEL
That's okay. I'm far from interested.

She grins to herself resuming her texting. He taps his fingers impatiently on the table. She sighs.

BEANS
Josh has an interview coming up. I'm just giving him a few tips.

ARIEL
Presumably on how to construct a sentence?

Her fingers pause, her eyes meet his. Unfazed, she smiles, betraying a silver bead pierced on an angry, swollen tongue.

ARIEL (CONT'D)
Good god, what have you done?

BEANS
I wanted a tattoo, but mom...

ARIEL
That my girl is no tattoo, surely your mother didn't agree to such an abomination of self mutilation?

BEANS

Well tattoos don't do well on old,
flabby, wrinkly skin. Yuk.

ARIEL

You do realize it has a sexual
significance? Are you even aware of
the current outbreak of chlamydia?
Teenagers with venereal disease...on
various parts of their body or for
some bizarre...under their armpit.

Beans lays her head in her hands.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

Who'd want a penis shoved there or
for that matter who'd would want to
shove a penis...it's hardly romantic?

BEANS

Yeah cause that's what all teenagers
are looking for...romance.

ARIEL

Spend a day at my clinic my girl,
lets see how cavalier you are then.

BEANS

Tempting offer, but I'd rather shove
something phallic under my armpit.

INT. PRIMARY SCHOOL, ASSEMBLY HALL -- EVENING

Faces in the audience include Tom, Karen, Beans and Ariel.
Ariel slouches, frequently emitting a loud sigh each time
the child performers hit a bum note. Karen glares at him.

LATER

Parents and kids disperse gradually. Ariel and Beans wait
by the food booth. A CHUBBY GIRL, with her DAD in tow,
waddles over, her eyes glued to the baked goods on display.

DAD

(to Ariel)

They've really found their feet.

ARIEL

Ah that explains why they sound so
bloody awful then.

Astonished, the dad tugs at his reluctant daughter as her
hand extends toward a cake. He hesitantly produces a wallet.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

Really!

Bean quickly grabs Ariel in an attempt to steer him from an inevitable quarrel. Ariel resists, glaring at the Dad.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

Go on, reinforce her low self esteem.
I'm sure chunky enjoys having her
head shoved down a toilet repeatedly.

Tom and Karen head over with son, MARK, 10, Downs Syndrome. Ariel and Mark share a mutual affection. In the background, the dad purchases a cake and yanks his daughter to the exit.

KAREN

...weren't they absolutely wonderful?

Ariel whispers into Mark's ear. Mark giggles. Karen spins round to face Ariel. She sucks in her breath.

KAREN (CONT'D)

You are a vile excuse for a man.

Ariel grins and winks conspiratorially at Mark.

KAREN (CONT'D)

It's no surprise she divorced you.

His grin disappears. The group is stunned into silence.

EXT. CITY CENTER -- NIGHT

The sports convertible cruises through a lively town, home to an array of trendy restaurants, bars and shops. The busy, city roads soon blend into empty, winding country lanes.

EXT. HOME OF ARIEL STONE -- NIGHT

The car stops in front of a 19th century village church that has been converted into a house.

MOMENTS LATER

Standing in front of the arched wooden steps, Ariel searches through a bunch of keys. Beans pinches her nose in disgust.

BEANS

Is that...it is, it's urine...gross.

ARIEL

Some of the locals are having a
difficult time accepting God has
moved away from this establishment.

BEANS

So they pee? A rather unusual protest
strategy don't you think.

INT. ARIEL'S HOME -- MOMENTS LATER

Minimal furniture punctuates the spacious apartment. Ariel quickly hides his bong as Beans makes a beeline for one of his guitars. She strums a few bars, stopping in mid riff.

BEANS

It smells even worse in here.

Puzzled, Ariel advances to her location. He sniffs the air.

ARIEL

That's not urine.

LATER

Beans strums. Ariel paces, a phone cradled between neck and shoulder. A lit cigarette dangles from his mouth.

ARIEL

(into phone)

How am I supposed to...it's your job to determine...what! Of course I wouldn't, I'm not a fool.

He hurriedly distinguishes his cigarette.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

Is it old...any wood? Uhm...

Ariel looks around at the exposed brickwork, stained glass windows, vaulted ceiling complete with original wooden beams.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

I guess you could say so.

LATER

Ariel joins Beans on the couch. He looks at her with concern.

ARIEL

I'll drop you back at your moms.

BEANS

Even the prospect of being blown to pieces is better than another minute in the company of that asshole...

ARIEL

Still seeing the playgirl bunny then?

His shoulders sag. Miserably, he roots around in his pockets for a cigarette. Beans is desperate to change the subject.

BEANS

What did they say...the gas people?

He reluctantly tosses the cigarette away.

INT. ST. GEORGIO'S HOTEL, BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Standard suite, two beds. Beans sleeps soundly in one. Ariel checks she is asleep before slipping out soundlessly.

INT. ST. GEORGIO'S HOTEL, BAR -- MOMENTS LATER

TWO BUSINESS men bicker in an otherwise empty bar. Ariel gulps down his scotch and gestures for a refill. The debate intensifies. Ariel knocks it back and saunters over to them.

INT. HEALTH CLINIC, WAITING AREA -- DAY

A MIDDLE AGED WOMAN enters the empty waiting room.

RECEPTIONIST

Take a seat Mrs Cooper, Dr. Stone is running a little behind today.

MRS COOPER

(instantly ruffled)

No, my appointment's with Dr. Patel

RECEPTIONIST

Dr. Patel had an unexpected emergency.

Dr. Stone is the only one on duty.

(noticing her distress)

Would you like to reschedule?

The patient nods, gratefully.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

I don't have an opening for another couple of months...are you sure you...

A door to the inner sanctum opens, a distraught TEENAGER sprints past and out the main exit. Mrs. Cooper glimpses Ariel, a cut to his lip, a bruise developing around his eye.

MRS COOPER

(to the receptionist)

I'll take whatever you have.

EXT. HEALTH CLINIC -- CONTINUOUS

Sunday makes her way toward the clinic as the teenager and Mrs Cooper flee past her. She watches after them curiously.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM -- LATER

Sunday paces the room. Bored, she hops onto the examination table and hooks her ankles into the stirrups.

SUNDAY

It's a boy you say. How magnificent.

CHARLES (O.S.)
 Another outburst like that...and I
 swear to god...

At the sound of VOICES Sunday quickly prepares to jump off
 the table but finds herself entangled by her boot cuff.

ARIEL (O.S.)
 What you gonna do Charles...fire me?
 You forget, it's my money that got
 this place off the ground.

CHARLES (O.S.)
 Your...donation...was greatly
 appreciated, however your refusal of
 partnership...

ARIEL
 I was voted off.

CHARLES (O.S.)
 Either way, it has left you...how
 can I put this...vulnerable.

Sunday, both feet still in the stirrups fights to get free.

INT. CORRIDOR, OUTSIDE EXAM ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Charles waves a finger in Ariel's face.

CHARLES
 Do you realize the courage it takes
 just to walk in here...the last thing
 these girls need is a lecture from
 an arrogant and overbearing...

ARIEL
 Bloody imbeciles...impregnated by
 rogue sperm on a toilet seat...please!

CHARLES
 And just look at the state of you.
 More like a WWE contender than doctor.

ARIEL
 (smugly)
 Thank you, I have been working out.

CHARLES
 May I remind you doctor, this is a
 professional establishment not a
 school playground and don't think I
 don't know about that infantile game.

ARIEL

You don't think I spent years of training, deferring gratification, just to get up close and personal with heifers, monsters and...

CHARLES

If I believed for one minute that you meant even a single word of that...I'd have your licence revoked as quick as you could say...

Ariel reaches for the door handle and opens the door.

ARIEL

Sunday?

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Ariel and Charles are fascinated by the sight of Sunday, her knees propped up and her feet secured in stirrups. She offers a little, embarrassed wave.

CHARLES

Right, we'll discuss this later. In the meanwhile I'll attempt to placate her very irate father...Police constable Davis. Did I mention he's an officer in the force.

ARIEL

Ooh.

Charles, enraged, departs with a brief nod to Sunday.

SUNDAY

Still making friends and influencing people I see. What on earth has happened to your face?

He helps to get her free.

ARIEL

Makes me more distinguished, don't you think?

SUNDAY

No...you look terrifying and that's the last thing you need.

ARIEL

So how can I help you. I doubt you're here for your annual pap smear.

SUNDAY

No...good god no...I have a doctor for...and he's very good at...

He gives her a sidelong grin.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

Dr. Rajah is a very professional...

ARIEL

Ah, Dr. Rajah...good choice.

SUNDAY

(horrified)

You know him?

ARIEL

Next time I see him I'll make sure to send him your regards.

SUNDAY

After exhausting all discussion on erectile dysfunction...of course.

An awkward silence. She bounces on her heels nervously.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

I wanted to tell you myself, well before Beany...

ARIEL

Okay, okay calm down. I'll bite.

He takes a seat, steeples his hands together and waits patiently for her to continue.

SUNDAY

...I'm getting married.

It takes him a moment to gather his thoughts.

ARIEL

To Fabio?

SUNDAY

Richard.

ARIEL

Stellar news. Have you updated your face book status?

Angry and disappointed, she collects her coat and bag.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

What do you want Sunday, my help choosing the dress, cause I'm damned sure you're not seeking my blessing.

SUNDAY

Ariel, this is absurd.

(MORE)

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

I hoped...I've tried to remain
amicable...for Beans. But you, argh.

ARIEL

Oh right, it's my friendship you're
after. Well sorry, but I think you
lost rights to that some years ago.

INT. BLACK SWAN PUB -- EVENING

Ariel, inebriated, sits at the bar oblivious to the admiring
glances of a WOMAN, mid 30's sitting nearby. The Bartender
goes to engage him in a conversation but reconsiders.

As Ariel retracts his stool the Bartender extends a hand.
Ariel surrenders his key, staggers to the door, fumbles in
his pocket and slyly extracts a spare set.

INT. RESTAURANT -- SAME

Sunday winds her way through tightly crammed tables. Her bag
strap snags a DINER'S arm, catapulting a chicken piece off
the diners fork onto the plate of an unknowing RECIPIENT.
Biting on an empty fork, the puzzled diner scours the table.

The Recipient, in mid conversation, unwittingly eats the
bonus morsel. Surprised he examines his juicy steak.

RECIPIENT

Everything here tastes like chicken.

Embarrassed, Sunday quickly slides into her seat next to
Richard and the wedding planner KIM, 30's, elegant, confident.

SUNDAY

Sorry, sorry, Hi. I'm so sorry.

KIM

(strong New York accent)
I was beginning to wonder if Richard
killed you, buried your dismembered
remains beneath the patio.

SUNDAY

Sorry to disappoint, but here I am,
body bits still very much intact.

WAITER (O.S.)

I'd say.

They all turn to the Waiter. He hastily extends the menu
continuing to grip it tightly. Sunday smiles sheepishly,
struggling to wrestle it out of his clenched hand.

SUNDAY

Glass of white wine, please.

Embarrassed, the Waiter relinquishes the menu to her.

RICHARD

Sunday, we were both famished so we took the liberty of ordering.

She snaps the menu closed, handing it back to the waiter.

SUNDAY

Nothing for me, watching my waistline.

WAITER

An excellent pastime.

He winks at her as he quickly departs.

Richard spends an inordinate amount of time cleaning his knife then rearranges his silverware, meticulously spacing everything out equally. Kim watches him, curiously.

KIM

Richard told me all about his new venture. Very exciting. An ingenious idea...vegetarian fine dining.

Kim rubs his hand affectionately. He blushes. Sunday frowns.

RICHARD

Sunday also has an exciting new hobby.

Kim turns to Sunday, expectantly. Sunday is baffled.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

The local Greek restaurant, one of our favorite haunts, has generously offered Sunday a singing spot...you may be surprised to learn...she's actually a teacher by profession.

The Waiter brings the food. Sunday, angry, sips on her wine.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Sunday you're not eating?

KIM

A singer, I'm always on the scout for new talent.

SUNDAY

See Richard, opportunities around every corner.

RICHARD

Here's to marrying a wedding singer.

LATER

Kim and Richard hover intimately over a shared dessert. Sunday gestures to the waiter for a refill on her wine.

KIM

Have you decided on the pastor yet?
This flan is delicious.

SUNDAY

Have I missed something...is there a
problem with the one we already have?

RICHARD

It's just...I'd prefer someone a bit
more, um...conventional.
(to Kim)
It could do with a little less sugar.

KIM

It's the sauce.

RICHARD

Agreed, they need to...

Sunday grabs the flan, shoveling spoonfuls into her mouth. Richard, taken aback, watches her actions with disgust

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I'm not saying I don't like Gabe, it
just feels wrong that our vicar was
the Maid of Honor at Bob's wedding.

SUNDAY

Man of Honor.

RICHARD

He was in a dress for gods sake.

Sunday wipes flakes of flan from her mouth.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

(to Kim)
He's Sunday's foster brother and a
transvestite.

KIM

A gay pastor! You British are so
quaint.

INT./EXT. ARIEL'S CAR -- SAME

Ariel navigates the dark, twisting country roads. At the sound of sirens he pulls into the curb. A POLICEMAN, mid 40's, shines his torch into the open window.

POLICEMAN

Your license, sir.

Ariel hands it over noticing the name tag; P.C. DAVIS. The officer studies the license, recognizes the name and frowns.

ARIEL

So how is your lovely daughter?

POLICEMAN

You mean the moronic imbecile.

ARIEL

What a coincidence, that's exactly what I said about her.

INT. HEALTH CLINIC, BOARDROOM -- DAY

Charles, TWO serious looking professional MEN in suits, a no nonsense WOMAN, mid 40's and Tom sit on one side of a large table. On the other side, seated by himself, Ariel. He leans across the table toward the woman and grins cheekily.

ARIEL

All right love? Maybe when this is all over we can go out and partake in a shot or two. Looks like you could do with a bit of loosening up.

She tuts and shakes her head reproachfully. He sits back.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

Look, it was just a misunderstanding. A bit of bad luck really.

CHARLES

Luck has nothing to do with it. You were drunk.

ARIEL

Being pulled over by a cop that just happened to be the father of one of my patients.

WOMAN ON BOARD

I would call that Karma.

ARIEL

You can call it whatever you like sweetheart.

(winking at her)

Oh come on, what's the big deal? Who hasn't spent a night in jail?

Tom closes his eyes and sighs. Charles's face reddens. The other two board members look at each other with confusion.

CHARLES

Dr. stone...if we could have a few moments please.

Ariel, who doesn't appear to understand the concept of humility, grins, scoots back his chair and before exiting, looks back at Tom and winks. Tom shakes his head. The door closes behind Ariel. Tom leans forward.

TOM

I know what you're going to say...but hear me out first. Please.

INT. TOMS CAR -- LATER

Tom is at the wheel of an expensive Mercedes sedan. Ariel lounges beside him. SIRENS WAIL in the distance.

ARIEL

Well that went better than expected.

Tom drives quietly, deep in thought.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

Not so sure about the AA meeting rule, though. Bet that was your contribution, thanks a lot mate. Still, I'm surprised Charles didn't jump at the chance to suspend me... been chomping on that bit for years.

TOM

Apparently you're a brilliant doctor.

ARIEL

Damn fucking right. So nothing to do with the money I invested then.

Tom grips the wheel tightly. Concern substitutes his usual mellow demeanor. The SOUND of SIRENS intensifies.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

Um, Tom, did you know...about Sunday and Mr. puniverse.

TOM

Is that was all this is about?

The SIRENS are deafening. Fire engines roar past them. Ariel's attention is distracted by something outside. Ariel and Tom stare out the car both wearing horrified expressions.

EXT. HOME OF ARIEL STONE -- LATER

Fire fighters struggle to control the raging flames lapping the church. Ariel pushes through the police barrier. A fire fighter obstructs his access.

FIRE FIGHTER
Stay back sir. It's not safe.

ARIEL
I live here.

FIRE FIGHTER
Not any more you don't.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE -- LATER

Karen glowers as Ariel searches her cabinets for a drink.

KAREN
Why you can't stay at that Hotel...the
one near the clinic, St. George...

ARIEL
St. Georgio's?

KAREN
Whatever. It has a good reputation.

ARIEL
Unfortunately, in that particular
establishment...I do not.

KAREN
Good grief Ariel. You really have
burned all your bridges this time.

ARIEL
Yeah, well...look thanks for this.

KAREN
I'm not a complete bitch...and you
can wipe that look off your face.
Just for a couple of nights. After
that...quite frankly I couldn't give
a shit if you lived in a cave.

ARIEL
As usual, I appreciate your candor.
(to Tom)
Your wife is so damn sweet. You're
a lucky man.

With nostrils flaring she looks to Tom.

TOM
Calm down, love, think of the baby.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM -- DAY

A GIRL, 13, eyes dull and listless, bites her nails nervously.
Ariel studies her with concern. A petite nurse attends.

ARIEL

With those eyes, I bet you have
trouble keeping the boys at bay?

The nurse throws him a warning look. He ignores her.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

You know I have to examine you?

The girl appears terrified.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

Nurse Jane is gonna be here the whole
time. Trust me, she's a lot nicer
than she looks.

The Nurse smiles at Ariel, appreciating his gentle manner.

LATER

The nurse and Ariel help the girl into a sitting position.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

You, young lady, are a real trooper.
This step dad of yours...he's in the
waiting room is he?

He turns to leave. The Nurse grabs his arm. From their
familiar mannerisms, there appears some history between them.

PETITE NURSE

Ariel, you can't, this is not your
call. Don't give Charles the excuse.

He tugs his arm free and makes a hasty exit.

INT. HEALTH CLINIC, WAITING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Ariel storms in, grabs an OVERWEIGHT, SCRUFFY MAN by his
collar and delivers a hard and well placed head butt.

EXT. BUILDING OF GENERAL MEDICAL COUNCIL, LONDON -- DAY

Ariel and Tom exit the building. Ariel appears angry.

TOM

Guess your generous donation held no
weight with the medical council?

Ariel searches his pockets, frustrated to find them empty.

ARIEL

Got any fags on you?

TOM

Nicotine free for nearly two months.

ARIEL
Bloody selfish, that's your problem.

TOM
We can't all be saints like you.

EXT. CAFE -- LATER

Tom brings out two fruity drinks, he hands one to Ariel.

TOM
I think they were more than fair.

ARIEL
Fair! I've been suspended for gods sake. I guess asking you to stand up to Charles on my behalf would be too much of an imposition?

TOM
Stand up to..! You self centered, arrogant bastard. I put my reputation on the line for you and all you had to do was stay out of trouble. But you couldn't could you, oh no, not the brilliant Dr. Stone.

ARIEL
What are you talking about? What did you do Tom?

TOM
Don't worry about it. Just don't fuck this up...it's just for a bit, till all the fuss dies down and then everything will go back to normal.

ARIEL
Charles said that, I can resume work at the clinic?

TOM
The guy dropped the charges against the surgery so Charles is prepared to overlook your...indiscretion.

ARIEL
Indiscretion...the guy's a predator.

TOM
Just stay out of trouble Ariel.

Ariel takes a sip and grimaces at the taste.

ARIEL
Still.
(MORE)

ARIEL (CONT'D)

This is one band wagon I'd have
thought Charles was eager to board.
(suspicious)
Tom?

Tom stares down the street, a blank expression on his face.
Ariel stares at his friend waiting patiently for a response.

TOM

It's not like I need the shares.

ARIEL

You're gonna give up your...shit
Tom, why the hell would you do
something like that? So stupid.

TOM

Because you're my friend. I'd like
to think you'd do the same for me.

Ariel averts his eyes. Disappointed, Tom's shoulders droop.

ARIEL

Sly dog...no wonder he's so keen to
back off. It'll give him majority.

TOM

Forget Charles. He's not my worry.
Karen can not find out about this.

ARIEL

I'm gonna have to make it up to you,
aren't I?

TOM

Too right you have to and I'm not
gonna leave anything to chance. As
of now you are officially my bitch.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE, KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Karen stomps around, slamming pots and pans.

KAREN

Live here...you've got to be kidding.

TOM

He's my friend, Karen and I'd never
forgive myself if...

KAREN

What about Mark, he's impressionable,
and for some mysterious reason he
looks up to him.

TOM
It's just for a few, um...

Karen eyes him suspiciously as she waits for him to continue.

TOM (CONT'D)
Couple of...weeks, months, maybe.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- SAME

Ariel and Mark work on a puzzle together. Both pretending not to hear the shouting match taking place in the kitchen.

MARK
I like you uncle Ariel.

ARIEL
I wish that's all it took kid.

Tom enters, looks at Ariel and shakes his head.

INT. TOMS CAR -- DAY

Tom concentrates on driving. Ariel regards the scenery racing past with suspicion.

INT./EXT. ARIEL'S CAR, SUNDAY'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

The car stops. Ariel looks at Tom, fire raging in his eyes.

ARIEL
This is some sort of joke, right?

TOM
You said you'd do what ever it took.

ARIEL
Yeah, but there are limits.

TOM
You gonna be the one to explain everything to Karen...what with all those unpredictable hormones battling for supremacy in her body?

ARIEL
Fair point.

INT. SUNDAY'S HOUSE -- LATER

Sunday, Tom and GABE, late 30's, slight build, ordinary but for the addition of black nail polish, peer out the window.

THEIR P.O.V. - THROUGH WINDOW TO STREET

Ariel remains stubbornly seated in the car.

RETURN TO SCENE

Gabe and Tom move away from the window. Tom turns to Sunday.

TOM
What did Richard say?

Sunday continues to stare out the window.

GABE
You did tell him...didn't you Sunday?

Without turning, her shoulders visibly sag.

TOM
So what's your plan, Sunday? Hide
him...for a few weeks?

SUNDAY
(spinning round)
A few weeks! You said a few days.

TOM
I keep forgetting to mention that.

INT./EXT. ARIEL'S CAR, SUNDAY'S HOUSE -- LATER

Gabe slides into the driving seat beside Ariel. They stare at the house. A curtain twitches in the window.

ARIEL
Under normal circumstances I'd admit
it was great to see you.

GABE
Ah, normal is never an option when
your involved Ariel. That's why I
love you and evidently so does Tom.

ARIEL
I don't need a baby sitter. I'm
perfectly capable of behaving myself.

GABE
Are you, Ariel? Is it even possible?

ARIEL
(shrugging)
Come on Gabe...live with Sunday?

GABE
It's not like you haven't before.

ARIEL
Yeah and look where that got me.

INT. SUNDAY'S HOUSE - LATER

Ariel, Gabe, Tom and Sunday share an awkward silence. Angel trots in, making a beeline for Ariel's ankles.

ARIEL

Now that is one damned ugly rat.

Sunday scoops up Angel in her arms showering her with kisses.

SUNDAY

Tom, surely you could convince Karen?

TOM

She can't stand him at the best of times and in her current state.

ARIEL

Hello. Sitting right here.

TOM

What about you Gabe...all alone in that cozy little chapel?

GABE

My parishioners are very tolerant of my uniqueness...not sure how forgiving they'd be with Ariel sharing my bed.

(to Ariel)

Not that I wouldn't love to of course.

TOM

That settled it...Sunday's it is. Come on, it'll be like old times.

ARIEL

What delightful memories that evokes.

SUNDAY

Lets make one thing quite clear. I'm not doing this for you Ariel, I'm doing it for Tom.

Tom stands and grabs his coat. Ariel clings to his arm.

ARIEL

There must be another way. I'll hunker down in some room somewhere, I'll ride out the storm.

TOM

Really...you think you can do that?

ARIEL

No. I'm not that altruistic.

(MORE)

ARIEL (CONT'D)

But still...consider the emotional damage I could suffer...forced to stay in the home I once lived in...once owned for gods sake.

SUNDAY

You chose to have your name taken off the mortgage.

ARIEL

How uncharacteristically selfless of me. And what about pin up boy, how's he gonna feel every time he pops over, here I am?

SUNDAY

Um, that won't happen.

ARIEL

Thank god for small mercies, I guess.

SUNDAY

He moved in a few weeks ago.

ARIEL

Argh! It just keeps getting better.

Ariel buries his head in his hands in despair. Gabe thinks.

GABE

Look, don't despair yet. I may just have something up my sleeve.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM -- LATER

Sunday shoves Ariel in quickly closing the door behind her.

ARIEL

So I have to hide from that tosser for the next few weeks...in here?

SUNDAY

Probably just for tonight. And you know nothing about Richard.

ARIEL

Beans has some great anecdotes.

SUNDAY

Such as? No don't..Gabe has a plan, and Richard will be none the wiser.

Angel enters and prepares to pounce on the bed. Ariel quickly kicks the bed away a few inches. Angel lands clumsily back on the floor. Sunday picks her up and exits angrily.

ARIEL

Second thoughts, this could be fun.

INT. HALLWAY, OUTSIDE GUEST BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Sunday leans her back against the closed door.

SUNDAY

This is going to be a disaster.

INT. CHURCH HALL -- DAY

Tom and Sunday inspect a rail holding an array of colorful, theatrical costumes. Tom is rather confused by it's contents.

SUNDAY

He runs the amateur theatrics troupe.

Tom, relieved, shares a mischievous grin with Sunday.

LATER

Tom, in a hippie wig, Sunday a Charlie Chaplin outfit stare stunned as Gabe introduces Ariel dressed as an elderly woman. Laughing uncontrollably they vigorously shake their heads.

LATER

Tom, a cowboy and Sunday stunning as a Native American, stifle a giggle as Ariel appears dressed as a 1970's pimp.

ARIEL

That's it, I'm done
(ripping of his wig)
I'm doing this cause Minnie haha
here, hasn't the guts to face her
pathetic excuse of a boyfriend.

SUNDAY

No, your doing this because you're
an arrogant drunk.

ARIEL

Yes and thank you for that.

SUNDAY

Ah, stop blaming everyone else for
your own shortcomings.

GABE

You know Dick is short for Richard?

The others are confused about where this is going.

GABE (CONT'D)

The Ariel I knew would never've missed the opportunity of inflicting unadulterated torment and misery on a person he so obviously despises.

SUNDAY

Gabe!

TOM

Hmm, it is an irresistible temptation.

SUNDAY

I don't believe the pair of you.

Ariel grins mischievously, instantly liking the possibilities.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

You've got to be kidding me. Any other brilliant ideas Gabe?

GABE

Just one. Come clean with Richard.

INT. SUNDAY'S HOUSE -- DAY

Ariel sinks onto the couch. Sunday rushes in, slinging on her jacket and scarf in an obvious state of emergency.

SUNDAY

I'll be as quick as poss...Beans has violin practice and I'm not expecting Richard home for ages, so...

Ariel waves his hand dismissively as he turns on the television and raises the volume drowning out her voice.

INT. HOLLY HOUSE DAY CARE & PERMANENT RESIDENCE-- LATER

Sunday helps Grandpa into his coat. He pushes at her hands.

GRANDPA

Stop fussing girl.

The plump Nurse approaches her, pulling her off to one side.

PLUMP NURSE

He didn't have a good day today, Mrs Stone. It's time to think about a more permanent solution.

Sunday anxiously checks the time on her watch.

INT./EXT SUNDAY'S CAR, SUNDAY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Sunday and grandpa pull up in front of the house. Sunday is horrified at the sight of Richard's red mini in the driveway.

SUNDAY
Shit...shit...shit

INT. SUNDAY'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Sunday charges in just as the door to the living room opens. Richard emerges, shaking his head reproachfully.

RICHARD
You should have warned me babe.

SUNDAY
I know, I am so, so...

RICHARD
I'd have brought home a whole range of samples. You know how I love to try out my menu on new people.

SUNDAY
What is happening right now.

RICHARD
...and Bob was just telling me how much he enjoys vegetarian food.

Confused, Sunday follows Richard into the living room. Ariel, still watching television, offers up a wide grin.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
You never said you had family in Scotland, Sunday.
(whispering)
Did we send him an invitation?

She shrugs, completely dumbfounded.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
I'll get dinner on then.
(hugging Sunday)
A sex kitten in the bedroom, but bloody useless in the kitchen.
(off her face)
Sorry that was rather inappropriate.

He leaves. Sunday, still in shock, sinks onto the couch.

ARIEL
Well, sex kitten...that went better than expected.

SUNDAY
Bob? What the hell Ariel?

ARIEL
Your cousin...second...once removed
(MORE)

ARIEL (CONT'D)
 (Scottish accent)
 From a wee village outside...

SUNDAY
 Shut up.

ARIEL
 He caught me off guard...the accent
 just tumbled out. He assumed I was
 here for the wedding...and considering
 it's here, here in this house, it
 was a fair assumption on his part.

He turns from her shocked expression and studies two SAMURAI
 SWORDS hanging on the wall. Ugly and very out of place.

ARIEL (CONT'D)
 Good god. What are those?

SUNDAY
 I know...they're ghastly.

They both stare at the Samurai swords, thoughtfully.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)
 You think you'll be able to keep it
 up...the accent, that is?

ARIEL
 Don't have much of a choice do I?

INT. KITCHEN -- LATER

Richard, in chef whites, slices potatoes. Sunday watches.

SUNDAY
 You look really sexy in that outfit.

RICHARD
 I'll keep it handy for later then.

He winks mischievously. Her face takes on a horrified
 expression. Hurt, his smile fades instantly.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 Thanks for that.

SUNDAY
 No, that's not...Richard please try
 not to freak out but...

His cell phone RINGS. He rushes to the sink, washes and
 dries his hands, frantically, before delving into his pocket.

RICHARD

(into phone)

Christ...no, just leave it...I'll
come back...yes...today.

(to Sunday)

Bloody oven cuts out before it reaches
core temperature...should never have
changed it. Sorry Sun, I gotta go.

He removes the white jacket and passes it to her with a kiss.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

We'll make use of that later.

INT. BEANS BEDROOM -- LATER

Sunday notices the door ajar. She pushes it open, horrified
to find Ariel, on hands and knees, rummaging under the bed.

SUNDAY

Ariel, what the hell are you doing?

ARIEL

Proactive intervention. Are you
aware our daughter is sexually active.

SUNDAY

Christ what does she have under her
bed that gives you that impression?

Sunday bends down and peers cautiously under the bed.

ARIEL

I'm checking for prophylactics, unused
preferably. Lubricant, pills...

SUNDAY

(shudders)

Lubricant? Why would she need...

He shakes his head at her. She kneels beside him.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

What makes you think...I can't believe
she'd confide in you...and before me

ARIEL

And I'm self centered. By the way
nice plan. Old peoples home, indeed.

SUNDAY

Yeah, it sort of back fired.

ARIEL

Your brilliance is just exhausting.

At the sound of FOOTSTEPS Sunday ushers Ariel into the closet.

INT. CLOSET /BEANS BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

INSIDE CLOSET

Through the slats in the door, they watch Beans and JOSH, 18, tall, skinny and covered with piercing's, enter. Sunday delivers a hard punch to Ariel. They speak in hushed tones.

SUNDAY

Parents should speculate about their children's sexual activity not be privy to a live performance.

ARIEL

I'm certainly not going to let that happen. If that little toe rag tries anything funny, I'll...

SUNDAY

You are not going to destroy the trust I've spent years building up.

ARIEL

Hello, it may have escaped your attention but we are in her closet. I believe we've ventured into territories way beyond trust.

He rifles through the contents of the very packed closet.

SUNDAY

Ariel what are you doing?

ARIEL

Making the most of the opportunity.

He finds a pair of black trousers covered in pins and chains. He examines them curiously. She snatches them back.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

Unprotected sex. Do you have any idea what that could lead to?

SUNDAY

Why didn't you become a Chiropodist?

BEANS BEDROOM

Laying on the bed, Josh plays with one of Bean's piercing's. She snaps her head round, looking directly at the closet.

JOSH

Christ Beans, I nearly ripped your fucking eyebrow off.

INSIDE CLOSET

Their voices rise from a whisper as anger takes over.

ARIEL

My career is not on trial here.

SUNDAY

Who chooses vaginas for a profession?
 Seriously, why would anyone want to
 stare at pink, floppy bits all day.

ARIEL

Pink floppy...what vagina's have
 you...never mind I forgot you had
 one of those experimental natures?

SUNDAY

Sh! it's gone quiet out there.

Ariel turns, peering cautiously through the slats. Sunday
 tries to peek over his shoulder.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

What is it, what are they doing?

ARIEL

Not sure, he appears to be caressing
 ...her eyebrow?

SUNDAY

Her eyebrow no way...you know what
 that means, right?

ARIEL

No, what...what does it mean?

SUNDAY

He wants eyebrow sex.

ARIEL

This is serious, Sunday.

SUNDAY

Oh, lighten up nancy.

Sunday's cell phone RINGS. They panic. Sunday rummages in
 her pockets, Ariel frisks her frantically. Finally locating
 it, she removes his hands and answers it nervously.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

Um, hello. Oh hi Beany babe

The doors swing open. Beans stares at them, her cell phone
 in her hand. They stare dumbly back at her.

BEANS

Dad? What the f...

They yank her into the closet and close the door.

SUNDAY

Your dad's staying here for a bit.

BEANS

In my closet? And you're surprised I'm this way.

SUNDAY

Richard doesn't know...not yet.

Beans face broadens into a grin.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

He thinks he's my cousin Bob.

Beans shakes her head giving up on this. She turns to Ariel.

BEANS

So what have you done this time?

JOSH (O.S.)

Beans...Beany?

Beans tuts and throws open the door. Josh stands before them wielding a plastic star wars light saber.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Thank fuck...oh sorry Mrs S...thought for a minute Beany was kidnapped.

ARIEL

By whom...the closet monster, an imperial stormtrooper?

BEANS

Josh...you remember my dad.

JOSH

Your moms having an affair with your dad...way cool.

ARIEL

Good god. Pop pops makes more sense.

SUNDAY

Oh my god, pop pops! Shit, Shit!

Sunday pushes past them and charges out.

INT. HALLWAY -- LATER

Sunday gently leads in a disorientated Grandpa. He shuffles, hindered by soiled pants. Beans and Ariel fuss over him.

GRANDPA
Where did everyone go?

SUNDAY
Dad, I am so sorry.

GRANDPA
I pooped myself.

ARIEL
It happens to the best of us.

GRANDPA
(studying Ariel)
It's good to see you again son.

Sunday is visibly shocked that he so easily recognizes Ariel.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- LATER

Sunday sits on the couch, sniffing. Angel licks at her tears. Ariel grimaces at this display of affection.

SUNDAY
I'm a horrible daughter.

Ariel's non committal shrug annoys Sunday. Richard enters.

RICHARD
What a bloody night...Sunday?

He crouches beside her with genuine concern.

SUNDAY
I left him...in the car...for hours.

Ariel rises and quietly exits the room. Sunday blows her nose, placing the scrunched tissue between her knees. Disgusted, Richard edges away to distance himself from it.

RICHARD
You know Sun, living at Holly House
would be an easy transition for him.

Sunday blows her nose again. She watches his disgusted reaction with irritation.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
He practically lives there now, it's
not like he doesn't know the place.

She nods, the idea no longer seeming so unthinkable.

INT. ARIEL'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Ariel lay awake. The door slowly opens. Angel enters, jumps on the bed, making herself comfortable at his feet.

ARIEL

Oh, no I don't think so.

He flaps the covers. Angel flies into the air.

INT. SUNDAY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Sunday is already in bed when Richard, wearing his chefs coat and hat, enters. Sunday giggles. He straddles her and begins to kiss her neck.

SUNDAY

Um, Richard there's something...

RICHARD

Unless you've suddenly grown a penis, I'm not interested.

He continues to kiss her neck working his way down her chest.

SUNDAY

Remember that joke about double dating

RICHARD

Hmm, hmm,

SUNDAY

With Ariel.

He bolts upright.

RICHARD

Sunday, really...now?

SUNDAY

Uhm, it's just that, about Bob...I don't have a distant relative in Scotland, or anywhere for that matter.

INT. ARIEL'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

A door banging loudly awakens Ariel. He smirks.

INT. ARIEL'S ROOM -- MORNING

Ariel lay naked on top of the covers with Angel curled around his head. He's aroused by a light TAPPING at the door. Sunday's head peers round.

SUNDAY

There you are sweetie pie?

ARIEL

Well you've certainly woken frisky.

SUNDAY

No not...oh good god, Ariel, why are you naked?

She tosses a pillow onto his exposed body and scoops up Angel. Ariel sits up and stretches. Sunday shields her eyes.

ARIEL

So you came clean...with Dickless. Didn't go down too well or so I heard.

SUNDAY

Yes well he'll get over it, he's a good and compassionate man. Once I explained your predicament...

ARIEL

He said I could screw myself.

SUNDAY

Yes he did, he did say that, but he's not throwing you out either.

ARIEL

That's kind of him...not throwing me out of my home.

SUNDAY

It's my home.

ARIEL

For the moment.

SUNDAY

He's not like that. Anyway he'll be back soon and I was thinking...

He folds his arms behind his neck and grins mischievously.

ARIEL

One look at this bad boy, eh?

SUNDAY

Tch. I just think it would be better if you weren't here...till he cools down a bit that is.

ARIEL

And where should I go in the meantime?

SUNDAY

You could come shopping with me.

ARIEL

As exciting as that sounds, um...no.

She exits. Ariel reaches for his underpants. He slips his finger through a hole and wiggles it about with amusement.

INT. KITCHEN -- LATER

Ariel leans over Sunday as she empties the dishwasher.

ARIEL

Uhm. What are we shopping for?

Startled, she stands up, her head colliding with his jaw. He stumbles back. She reaches out, he recoils from her touch.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

(rubbing his chin)

I think you have a pest infestation.

Her hands fly to her hair in a panic.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

Not that sort of infestation. More like the plague of locusts type.

He holds out a pair of shoes peppered with tiny bite marks.

SUNDAY

Ah. That would be my Angel.

ARIEL

And she has a pants fetish too?

He exhibits the hole in his pants.

SUNDAY

You should see all my crotchless knickers.

(instantly embarrassed)

They all had one originally, a crotch.

INT. SUPERMARKET -- DAY

Ariel tries to keep up with Sunday as she barrels down the aisles pushing a shopping trolley.

ARIEL

What's happening. Are we in a race?

SUNDAY

What if someone recognizes you?

ARIEL

This was your idea.

SUNDAY

I really didn't think it through.

ARIEL

Bit of an inconvenient habit.

SUNDAY

Look at all these women. Any one of them could be one of your patients.

ARIEL

Don't worry, I'm not good with faces.

He grins. She pulls a face of disgust.

SUNDAY

It's a meat market full of uterus's and labia's.

ARIEL

Unusual store.

SUNDAY

I'd hate to run into Dr. Rajah here. He's been up close with my fou fou.
(thinking)
But I guess you're right, I doubt he'd recognize me.

ARIEL

Now you...he'd remember.

Sunday, not sure how to take the comment points to a shelf. Ariel grabs some tofu. He studies it critically.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

Ah. Come on! I'm a man, real men eat meat not this artificial crap. Where's the artery clogging shit?

MOMENTS LATER

They pause by the cold meat aisle. He stares at the bacon.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

Now that's what I'm talking about.
(off her look)
Come on, you get meat in prison.

SUNDAY

I shall make the reservation.

He grabs the bacon, tosses it into the trolley and charges off. Sunday gives chase, finds him and blocks his path. They plunge into the trolley both reaching for the bacon.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)
 What's the matter with you?

ARIEL
 I want bacon.

SUNDAY
 Argh! You're so juvenile.

She grabs the bacon, hesitates and to his surprise, tosses it back into the trolley. Ariel smiles smugly.

INT. SUPERMARKET, CASH REGISTER -- MOMENTS LATER

Sunday pulls a huge turkey out of the trolley. He prods it.

ARIEL
 So Dick's a vegetarian, but he makes exception for what...big ugly birds? Um, it is rather on the large side?

He regards her suspiciously. She avoids his gaze.

SUNDAY
 I have some friends...coming for dinner. Kind of a rehearsal dinner, thingy. Unfortunately, Gabe couldn't make it, bit of a bummer...could have used someone in my corner. But you don't have to come you know.

Ariel's face broadens into a smile.

ARIEL
 People rehearsing how to eat...I wouldn't miss it for the world.

INT. SUNDAY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- LATER

Ariel begrudgingly helps Sunday store the groceries.

SUNDAY
 Why did you do it...hit that guy?
 (facing him)
 If I know you...you had a good reason.

ARIEL
 You don't, you don't know me at all.

INT. DINING ROOM -- EVENING

Sunday, Tom, Karen, Richard's friend PAUL, his prissy wife JENNIFER and Richard's mom, Olivia, the pudgy woman from Ariel's surgery, tuck into a sumptuous feast.

PAUL

I have to be honest. This rabbit food is better than expected.

JENNIFER

That's because you expected a plate of tofu and cheese?

KAREN

Don't worry, Tom had similar concerns.

Richard enters from the kitchen.

JENNIFER

The guys were just lamenting the absence of lettuce and carrots.

General mumbling of denial followed by sounds of approval.

SUNDAY

Everyone loved it honey.

RICHARD

(animated)

You wouldn't believe how versatile vegetables can be.

OLIVIA

Richard is a very imaginative chef. He loved to cook even when he was a little kid, always experimenting with different ingredients.

PAUL

Hey Richard, is that how you got into modelling...experimenting with different poses in a mirror all day?

RICHARD

Beats wanking into a sock all day.

Olivia ignores their childish banter.

OLIVIA

I hear Sindy doesn't cook?

RICHARD

Mom, I keep telling you...Sunday and no, not at home in the kitchen are you babe?

Sunday doesn't hear the remark as she and Tom are engrossed in their own conversation.

SUNDAY

Thought it best he kept out the way.

Tom nods in agreement.

KAREN
What are you two conspiring over?

RICHARD
(sarcastic)
Yes Sunday, where is cousin Bob?

SUNDAY
He wasn't feeling all that well.

Karen eyes Tom and Sunday with suspicion. Richard stares irritably at the uneaten bird on the table.

RICHARD
(to Sunday)
See, hardly touched. You need to demonstrate a little more faith.

She leans over and kisses him on the cheek.

INT. KITCHEN -- LATER

The turkey dominates the kitchen table. Ariel piles slices of succulent turkey onto his plate. Richard enters. Fixated, they stand just staring at each other.

ARIEL
(guiltily)
I was just gonna take this up, to,
uhm...looks great, very juicy.

RICHARD
I wouldn't know.

ARIEL
Oh yeah, you're a turnip enthusiast.

RICHARD
It's a healthy lifestyle choice.
Perhaps you should consider it...from
a medical perspective. Or should I
say from someone who was once in the
medical field.

There's a brief but rather awkward silence.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
You know what...you should join us,
give healthy living a try.

ARIEL
I don't think that'll be a good...

Richard grabs Ariel's plate and ignoring his protests empties it's contents into the bin and ushers him from the room.

RICHARD

You're a guest in my house and as
such it's only right you join us.

Neither sentiment sits well with Ariel.

INT. DINING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Richard enters with Ariel in tow. There's a sound of GLASS SHATTERING. Karen stares at them, her mouth open. Tom bends down to pick up the broken glass.

RICHARD

I'd like to introduce Sunday's, uhm,
cousin Bob, all the way from Scotland.

Ariel is taken aback. Karen is still gobsmacked.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

(whispering to Ariel)

My mother's an old fashioned woman,
there's no need to worry her.

Ariel turns his attention to Olivia. After a few moments he grins. Olivia looks at Ariel but in the absence of her glasses, she fails to recognize him.

Sunday and Karen kneel beside Tom. They keep their angry voices to a whisper.

KAREN

What the hell have you done, Tom?

SUNDAY

Don't blame him this is your fault.
Far too precious to have him at yours.

Tom watches them with an air of panic on his face.

KAREN

I'm pregnant.

SUNDAY

So, he's a doctor, he could be useful.

KAREN

He's one doctor I wouldn't let
anywhere near me.

Richard kneels down beside them, a smile on his face.

RICHARD

Everything alright? Sunday?

Sunday demonstrates the broken glass. She pulls herself up. Tom and Karen follow suit.

SUNDAY

Uhm...glass...I'll...Kitchen.

She exits in great haste.

INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Richard joins Sunday in the kitchen.

SUNDAY

What the hell are you up to?

RICHARD

It isn't conventional admittedly,
but isn't this what you wanted?
We're double, no wait triple dating.

SUNDAY

When did I ever want this?

INT. DINING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Olivia squints, trying to focus on Ariel's face. Ariel adopts a perfect Scottish accent whilst in the present company.

OLIVIA

You're a relative of Sunday's?

ARIEL

First cousin, twice removed.

Sunday returns and immediately pours herself a drink. Richard follows closely behind. Olivia rummages in her bag.

OLIVIA

(to herself)

My glasses, can't see a damned thing
without them. Something familiar...

Ariel sits beside Karen and offers her a cheeky wink. She stares at him with contempt. As Richard passes Sunday he makes a point of kissing her, his eyes never leaving Ariel's.

RICHARD

I really am the luckiest man alive.

ARIEL

(raising his glass)

Here here. To the lucky couple.

Sunday fidgets uncomfortably. Tom and Karen do likewise.

JENNIFER

So you're a retired teacher, Sunday.

Olivia temporarily stops searching for her specs.

OLIVIA
Retired, and so young? What on earth
do you do with yourself all day?

An awkward silence befalls the room. Ariel is amused.

SUNDAY
I have Beans and...

OLIVIA
Beans?

SUNDAY
My daughter! And of course I care
for pop pops...he's quite a handful.

OLIVIA
Oh yes Richard was telling me about
your father. Don't you think he'd
be better off in a home, especially
after what happened the other night?

Sunday turns angrily to Richard. He shrugs apologetically.

RICHARD
It was quite funny really. Sunday
forgot...

SUNDAY
Richard!

KAREN
(quickly interrupting)
It's a grueling and selfless task,
caring for a senile parent.

Sunday storms out. Ariel turns to Karen.

ARIEL
This is more fun than I could ever
have imagined. Cheers.

INT. KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Sunday, slightly tipsy, pours herself wine. Karen enters.

KAREN
Sunday I'm sorry you're upset with
me, but he's not my responsibility,
and he's certainly not yours either.

The door opens, Tom pops his head round, then quietly tries
to back out unnoticed until Karen beckons him in.

KAREN (CONT'D)
And as for you!
(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)

You're too caring for your own good.
You sentimental, silly man.

Ariel, wearing a wide grin, follows Tom into the kitchen.

ARIEL

You're missing all the fun. She's a hoot. Didn't recognize her at first ...I really am no good with faces.

KAREN

What are you talking about, bozo?

ARIEL

Mother dearest. A mystery how I got stuck with her. I never lose a toss, not unless I want to and trust me this was not one of those occasions.

TOM

I used to love that game. Can't believe you're still playing it.

KAREN

Setting aside your appalling and unprofessional behavior, I actually don't give a shit about your problem.

ARIEL

But it's not just my problem, is it?

They all turn to look at Sunday as she, slightly inebriated, tries to squeeze out the last remaining drop from the bottle.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

If she recognizes me...hilarious, agreed, but probably not ideal. He hates me already and learning I'm mom's gynie...well, can you imagine?

INT. DINING ROOM -- LATER

Everyone is present. Olivia squints as she studies Ariel. She picks up her bag and starts rummaging again.

JENNIFER

So Richard, have you decided on a band yet?

RICHARD

Actually I have a DJ in mind?

SUNDAY

Since when?

OLIVIA
 (still rummaging)
 Very sensible. Bands are a ridiculous
 waste of money.

SUNDAY
 But I love live music.

OLIVIA
 We can't always have everything we
 want, dear.

Sunday tries to pour herself wine. Richard swiftly removes
 her glass. As he turns away Ariel slips her his full glass.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)
 Richard dear, Pastor Dan said he
 would be only too delighted to preside
 over the ceremony.
 (to Sunday)
 He's known Richard since he was a
 little boy, you know.

RICHARD
 He's like one of the family.

SUNDAY
 We already have a vicar thank you
 and he actually is one of the family.

RICHARD
 Is he Sun, is he really?

OLIVIA
 Oh Candy dear, not the one who wears
 dresses?

SUNDAY
 (slurring)
 It's Sunday and let me...

OLIVIA
 It's Saturday, dear, you've obviously
 had a little too much...unless oh
 dear, Tom is Alzheimer's hereditary?

She moves her plate but doesn't yet notice her spectacles
 laying just beside it. Karen sees them with alarm.

KAREN
 Oh shit!

They turn to her. She quickly clutches her swollen stomach.

TOM
 What...you're not, it's not...

Ariel and Olivia both notice the glasses as Karen, feigning a contraction, lunges across the table and shoves them off.

Olivia and Ariel squat on the floor scrambling about for them. Olivia's fingers reach out to them just as Tom's foot stomps down and crushes them.

TOM (CONT'D)

Oh my god, I am so sorry.

Karen sits upright and smiles cheerfully.

KAREN

False alarm...indigestion.

OLIVIA

Good job I brought a spare set.

She prepares to get them, the others sigh. Richard gently grabs her arm and steers her back to her seat.

RICHARD

You don't need them for now.

Richard studies the guilty group suspiciously.

OLIVIA

They were very expensive.

Grandpa shuffles in. Ariel pulls another seat up at the table. Grandpa scoots closer to Olivia grinning lecherously.

PAUL

(to Richard)

So, how are things at the restaurant?
Is the opening going ahead as planned?

RICHARD

Almost, there's just a few last minute
details to be ironed out.

JENNIFER

I hear Sunday's singing at Stavros's,
why don't you get her to perform at
the opening?

Grandpa's obsession with Olivia makes her uncomfortable.

OLIVIA

Surely not...Richard. It wouldn't
look very professional...a pub singer.

ARIEL

Sunday's hardly a pub singer.

TOM

Quite the Von Trapp's. You should
hear Beans on the violin.

GRANDPA

(looking at Ariel)

And Ariel can really shred a guitar,
eh son. You still playing?

Tom and Karen leap up and grab Grandpa before anyone realizes
what's going on. They quickly steer him from the room.

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

What...stop it, I'm still hungry.

SUNDAY

He gets very confused sometimes.

PAUL

Who's Ariel?

RICHARD

Sunday's ex.

PAUL

Oh that's right, the gynecologist.
Apparently, he's a huge prick...

JENNIFER

Paul!

PAUL

Just repeating what Rich...

RICHARD

Yes thank you Paul.

Ariel finds this all very funny. Olivia sips at her water.
Sunday turns to face her.

SUNDAY

You know my ex...the gynecologist...
works at that new clinic, the one
over on Dewey Street.

Olivia almost chokes on her drink. Sunday smiles.

RICHARD

You all right mom?

ARIEL

Your mom looks a bit off, Dick, think
it's time you got her home.

INT. KITCHEN -- LATER

Ariel sits beside Sunday, her head on the table as Karen and Tom tidy up. Sunday gets a sudden fit of the giggles.

SUNDAY

Yuk. Probably all loose and flabby.

The others regard her with confusion.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

She was very strung out don't you think? Olivia. All tense, like a tightly wound clock. Ariel you should have performed your magic and helped her relax...you know...asked her to let her knees flop to the sides.

She laughs hysterically.

ARIEL

Quite the pick up line. I should use it more often.

SUNDAY

It has to be the single most horrific nightmare...coming face to face with your gynecologist over dinner. Can you imagine Richard's reaction if he knew Ariel of all people had seen his moms little man in the boat.

Karen glares at Tom daring him to laugh. He suppresses a chuckle. She hauls Sunday up from the table.

KAREN

Look what you've done to her. You want to ruin your life go ahead, but must you take everyone with you?

Sunday, barely able to stand leans on Karen's shoulder.

SUNDAY

I really love you Karen. I'm sorry about before. I know you hate Ariel, and you probably have every reason.

Karen turns to Ariel.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

And you are a very lucky woman. Tom is the most selfless man ever. I'm doing this for him. I love you Tom.

Karen turns her attention to Tom. Her eyes glaring. He shrugs, feigning ignorance. She regards him suspiciously.

ARIEL
 Lighten up, I'll be out of here soon.
 To my defense I'd like to point out...
 not my fault his mom's a patient or
 that Pollyanna here is completely
 wasted...all of which...very funny
 by the way.

INT. HALLWAY -- LATER

Ariel sees Karen and Tom to the front door.

ARIEL
 (to Karen)
 Thanks for...with Olivia.

KAREN
 I didn't do it for you.

He lowers his eyes, nodding in understanding.

KAREN (CONT'D)
 Ariel, don't fuck this up for her.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE, BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Tom is already in bed, Karen slides in next to him.

KAREN
 What was Sunday going on about?

TOM
 She was drunk. It's nothing.
 (off her look)
 Looking out for a friend that's all.

KAREN
 If you've done something stupid...

TOM
 Relax. Everything's working out.

She is not convinced. But decides to let it go.

KAREN
 I'm really worried about Sunday.

TOM
 She'll be fine, Ariel's there.

KAREN
 Why am I not comforted by that.

INT. LANDING -- SAME

Sunday staggers past Ariel. Suddenly she claps a hand over her mouth. He quickly maneuvers her to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Sunday, vomits. Ariel holds her hair back, rubbing her back.

ARIEL
You never were a good drunk.

SUNDAY
His mom hates me.

ARIEL
No she doesn't Sandy. She just thinks
you're a ditzzy, lazy lush.

Her face falls in shock. He shakes his head and laughs.

ARIEL (CONT'D)
Come on, who could hate you?

SUNDAY
You do.

He stares at her in astonishment. She vomits again.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)
Just let me die.

INT. SUNDAY'S BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Ariel helps Sunday to the bed. She collapses onto it. He fusses about, making her comfortable. She throws her arms around his neck. He struggles to unhook them.

SUNDAY
Am I wrong wanting Gabe to marry us.

ARIEL
Gabe just wants you to be happy.

He gently tries to unhook her arms from his neck.

SUNDAY
You don't like my Dick do you?

He thinks about this for a brief moment.

ARIEL
I'm not the one marrying him.

Her arm slips from his neck as she drops asleep. He lingers, watching her, unaware of Richard's presence.

RICHARD
(embarrassed)
She can be a...a er, bit of a nuisance
when drunk. But then I'm sure you
already knew that.

Startled, Ariel backs guiltily away from the bed.

ARIEL
Well she's your responsibility now.

INT. KITCHEN -- MORNING

Sunday, hung over, shuffles in. Ariel cooks breakfast. Sunday slides in next to Grandpa, holding her nose in disgust.

ARIEL
Want some succulent pig parts?

She holds in the desire to vomit. Ariel fills grandpa's plate.

SUNDAY
No Ariel...Dad's diet.

GRANDPA
Sod off, bloody diet. I'm eighty,
what else do I have?

SUNDAY
Oh stop being so melodramatic.

ARIEL
Good news, you remember Charlie Guy?
(off her baffled look)
We were at college together. Well,
anyway I looked up his number and
I'm sure he wouldn't mind putting me
up for a few days. I'll call him.

Richard enters. He grimaces at the smell.

RICHARD
Good god, what is that awful smell?
(horrified)
Is that...are you cooking bacon?

Ariel grins and holds up a piece of bacon dripping in fat.

ARIEL
Want a piece? mmm delicious.

SUNDAY
Ariel's found somewhere else to stay.

RICHARD
Sunday, you bought bacon?

ARIEL
I'm hoping that I'll have somewhere
else...it's not definite or anything.

Richard turns to Sunday his face red with anger.

RICHARD
Bacon! The fat content alone...

SUNDAY
Oh get over it. This is my house
and I decide what I should or
shouldn't stock in my own fridge.

RICHARD
(angry and hurt)
I'll wait for you in the car. Don't
be long we're already late...as usual.

Crushed, Richard avoids looking at Ariel. He turns and exits.

SUNDAY
Shit this is all your fault. You
just had to have your bacon.

ARIEL
I don't think pig is the problem.

SUNDAY
What does that mean?

Ariel shrugs.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)
I feel like plop and now I have a
bloody dance lesson to attend.

ARIEL
Great and what do I do all day?

SUNDAY
What am I, your entertainment manager?

GRANDPA
I like bacon and the seaside?

INT. CHURCH HALL -- DAY

A dusty old hall doubles as a dance studio. COUPLES twirl
as a sultry, exotic teacher, MARIE, late 20's, mills about.
She frowns at Richard, gripping Sunday awkwardly.

MARIE
You are ready for your big day, si?

RICHARD
I feel I could do with a little more
instruction. Don't want to look
like a bumbling fool.

SUNDAY
You'll need more than dance
instruction to achieve that.

Richard studies Sunday's face not sure what she means.

MARIE

I come to your home, si. Your wedding
is at home, si, we practice there.
It is perfect?

RICHARD

Marvelous idea, isn't it Sunday?

Sunday is not so sure.

EXT. SEA FRONT -- SAME

Ariel, grandpa and Beans walk Angel along the beach.

ARIEL

You and what's his face...you um.
It's just...I know how boys can be.

BEANS

Are we having sex you mean?
(pause)
No, not yet. Done other stuff though.

ARIEL

(holding up a hand)
Yeah, okay.

Ariel throws a stick. Angel just looks at him, tail wagging.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

Ugly and stupid.
(to Beans)
Do you love him?

BEANS

What's that got to do with anything?

EXT. SEA FRONT, CONCESSIONS STAND -- MOMENTS LATER

Ariel pays for 3 ice creams handing one off to Beans.
Alarmed, he realizes that grandpa is missing. They scan the
vicinity and locate him sitting beside a young couple.

EXT. SEA FRONT -- MOMENTS LATER

Having retrieved Grandpa they rest on a bench eating icecream.

ARIEL

Aren't you worried about...well
gonorrhoea, Chlamydia?

GRANDPA

I had the clap once, and crabs...
remember them all right. Nasty little
buggers. Couldn't get rid of them.

Ariel and Beans grimace, deciding to discard their ice cream.

BEANS
Dad, do you really want to discuss
blow jobs with me?

GRANDPA
Now, those I do remember.

EXT. PLAYGROUND -- LATER

Ariel pushes Beans on a swing with a watchful eye on Grandpa.

BEANS
He's getting worse.

ARIEL
His memory still works for some
things, dirty bugger.

Ariel stops pushing her. She twists the chain round.

BEANS
You didn't wait, you and mom?

ARIEL
That was different.

BEANS
Really, how so?

ARIEL
(deliberating)
I didn't have a daughter back then.

She allows herself to untwist. When it stops spinning she turns the swing round so she can face him.

BEANS
Did you ever love each other?

ARIEL
From the first moment I saw her.

INT. SWIMMING POOL -- DAY (ARIEL'S FLASHBACK)

A younger Ariel demonstrates scuba equipment assembly to a group of COLLEGE GIRLS. Distracted, they begin to snicker.

A FIGURE, kitted out head to toe in neoprene lumbers toward them, stooping under the immense weight of full scuba gear.

Ariel approaches, pulls the mask off, revealing Sunday's humiliated and plumped up cheeks. She mumbles incoherently. He removes the regulator from her mouth.

SUNDAY

Uhm. I was told...

He grins, tilting his head toward the rest of the girls who erupt with raucous laughter, delighted at the prank's success.

LATER

Ariel stacks the equipment away. The pool is empty and calm. The silence is broken with a SPLASH. Ariel crouches pool side. Sunday's beautiful face surfaces directly in front of him, he is bewitched.

ARIEL

I didn't recognize you without an 8mm neoprene wet suit.

SUNDAY

Not sure I can ever live that down?

ARIEL

Hmm, it was quite a vision. It'll take something quite extraordinary to erase it from this astute mind.

He dives into the water and surfaces directly in front of her. She puts her arms around his neck and kisses him.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

That'll go some of the way.

EXT. SEA FRONT -- DAY (RETURN TO SCENE)

Ariel returns from his reverie. Beans leaps off the swing.

BEANS

Does it even bother you that she's marrying that schmuck?

ARIEL

What can I do?

BEANS

You can talk to her, stop her.

ARIEL

Ah Beans, that's not how...look, I'll probably be gone by tomorrow.

BEANS

What no, you can't!

ARIEL

I'd be flattered if I didn't think you had a hidden agenda.

BEANS

Is just that with you here...promise
me you won't. Not yet.

ARIEL

This isn't the parent trap. Me and
your mom...that's never gonna happen

Grandpa wanders off. They sprint off to catch him up.

INT. KITCHEN -- EVENING

Ariel hesitates outside the door. Raised voices drift out.

RICHARD (O.S.)

He's giving us a great deal.

SUNDAY (O.S.)

For you or for for us.

RICHARD (O.S.)

My restaurant is important to me.

SUNDAY (O.S.)

Well thank you for that.

Sunday, her face red with rage storms out the kitchen. Ariel
enters and gives Richard a polite nod as he opens the fridge.

RICHARD

He's a really good DJ...

Ariel roots inside the fridge, not wanting to get involved.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Couples plan their wedding around
his schedule.

ARIEL

(sighs)

Keeping Sunday happy is an adventure?

Ariel watches Richard wipe the fridge handle curiously.

RICHARD

It's not that I don't think she's a
terrific singer, I do. It's just
that, if he DJ's the wedding he's
also agreed to perform at a reduced
rate for the opening.

ARIEL

You can't have some nobody performing
at your big opening. I get it.

Richard turns away guiltily.

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Ariel has fun leaving sticky finger prints on the kitchen appliances. Beany enters, dressed for a night on the town. She eyes him suspiciously. He studies his watch.

BEANS

What are you doing?

ARIEL

Don't worry about me. What are you up to?

BEANS

What do you care, you're leaving soon. Then maybe your staying here isn't such a good idea after all.

She grabs he keys and exits abruptly.

ARIEL

Oh for gods sake.

INT. HALLWAY, OUTSIDE SUNDAY'S BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Ariel taps at the door lightly. Irritated, Sunday opens it, looks nervously back over her shoulder before turning back to him with a threatening look. Ariel yanks her out.

INT. BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

In the light, Ariel can't help but notice Sunday's loose, tussled hair falling sensually over her bare shoulders. It stalls him momentarily. He shakes it off.

SUNDAY

You have a serious problem?

ARIEL

She's gone out and...it's after ten.

SUNDAY

Really Ariel, she's seventeen.

ARIEL

Your maternal instinct is heartwarming

Angry, she grabs hold of the handle in an effort to leave. He bars her attempt and forces the door closed.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

I know I haven't been a model father, but I have an opportunity now.

SUNDAY

You think a couple of days will make up for years of neglect?

ARIEL

What are you talking about, neglect?
Of course you're the model parent.

SUNDAY

What does that mean?

ARIEL

Perhaps it's not her fault her moral
compass is seriously distorted.

SUNDAY

Fuck you.

ARIEL

Look I'm sorry. Just hear me out.

INT. PHARMACY -- LATER

Sunday trails after Ariel as he charges down the aisles.

SUNDAY

What is so urgent we...

She catches up with him, shocked to find him studying a
variety of condoms on a shelf.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

What the hell, Ariel?

(suddenly intrigued)

Would you look at all those. There
are hundreds. Thin and sensitive.
Warming, tingling, extra lubricant
...ah, shame. Ribbed for her
satisfaction, nice. This one's got
a vibrating ring, not sure what...oh.

ARIEL

Added flavor? Added to what? I
suppose it's very thoughtful. They
do have cherry...how awesome is that.

SUNDAY

Do they have strawberry or banana?

ARIEL

We're not making a sundae, Sunday.
This brand...glows in the dark?

SUNDAY

That could be useful, eliminates all
that unnecessary fumbling.

ARIEL

Isn't that the fun part.

SUNDAY

Not when you're a teenager. Ariel, we can't give her these. Don't they make any plain, boring ones? Like extra thick and cumbersome with built in parental control buttons...you know, ones that scream out "stop, wait till you're older"

ARIEL

"Object is closer than it appears"

SUNDAY

That should scare off even the least committed virgin. Really, they should be more serious, like cigarettes...you know, have a government warning stamp.

ARIEL

A condom with a disclaimer. Caution, this product is frequently accompanied by feelings of guilt and remorse.

A SHOPPER passes, stopping to ogle Sunday. Ariel notices that her coat has parted, revealing her sexy night wear.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

(gesturing)

Um, Sunday...

Embarrassed, she pulls it around her. Ariel grabs some condoms. The guy wanders off, with an admiring nod to Ariel.

INT. PHARMACY, CASHIER COUNTER -- MOMENTS LATER

They unload various packets onto the counter. The cashier regards them suspiciously. Ariel smiles at her suggestively.

SUNDAY

You know what. I don't want them.

ARIEL

(to the cashier)

Ignore her, she can be so reckless.

SUNDAY

There's a difference between advice and coercion.

CASHIER

Do you want them or not?

ARIEL

We'll take them. She can keep them next to her crotchless knickers.

The Cashier watches Sunday and Ariel exit.

CASHIER

Bloody perverts. I hate this shift.

INT. SUNDAY'S CAR -- DAY

Sunday drives, Ariel sits next to her.

ARIEL

What did she say, about the...gift?

SUNDAY

Haven't found the right moment to...

ARIEL

Christ, Sunday, sticking your head in the sand isn't a deterrent. You still end up with sand in your...

SUNDAY

Bum. Yeah, yeah?

ARIEL

Eyes. Why would it be in...nevermind.

INT. AA MEETING CENTER -- LATER

A SMALL GROUP arranged in a semicircle. Ariel has his eyes closed. The THERAPIST, a timid looking man, leans forward.

THERAPIST

Ariel, would you like to add anything.

Ariel opens one eye. He shifts positions.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

We'd all like to know how you managed to vanquish your demons this week?

ARIEL

I can honestly say it wasn't hard. But then I'm not an alcoholic loser.

INT. GREEK RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

A small, simple restaurant, empty but for one table. STAVROS a plump, balding man greets Sunday and Ariel cheerfully.

STAVROS

Here's my beautiful star.

ARIEL

You're gonna perform...tonight?

SUNDAY

You have somewhere else to be?

He looks around and notices the bar. He goes to mention this to Sunday, but thinks better of it. He shrugs.

Sunday chats to the GUITARIST, a younger version of Stavros. Ariel takes a seat at the bar. The bartender approaches.

BARTENDER

What can I get you..

He waves him away. Despite initial nerves, Sunday sings beautifully. Ariel, entranced beckons the Bartender over.

ARIEL

Large scotch on the rocks.

INT. SUNDAY'S CAR -- LATER

On the drive home, they are in good spirits.

ARIEL

You were pretty good up there.

SUNDAY

You don't think I was a bit off.

ARIEL

Nope.

SUNDAY

I thought I missed a couple of notes.

ARIEL

Not that I noticed.

She grins widely. Delighted by his approval.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

Richard must be very proud.

(beat)

I'm sorry, I have to ask...what do you see in that guy?

She shakes her head in disbelief.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

No seriously. It's just, well he doesn't grab me as your type. He's handsome in a soap opera, game show host sort of way I admit, but still...

SUNDAY

It's not about his looks. He's a good man...reliable, dependable...

ARIEL

Hardly a declaration of your undying love for him though, is it.

SUNDAY

And you know all about love, do you?

ARIEL

Why wouldn't I?

SUNDAY

Well, you weren't very vocal when it came to your feelings for me.

ARIEL

Throwing it about indiscriminately doesn't make it sincere...and in turn, simply by it's omission doesn't imply it doesn't exist.

SUNDAY

See there you go. You can't just tick it off a "to do list" like it's some irritating task. Everyone wants, everyone needs to be told they're loved and sometimes it has to be spoken aloud to be acknowledged.

ARIEL

And that's your excuse for screwing someone else, is it, I didn't tell you I loved you enough?

SUNDAY

That's not fair. It was one time.

ARIEL

Excuse me for not paying closer attention to the finer print. I didn't realize the vow to forsake all others had an exemption clause, one that covers one time indiscretions

SUNDAY

To love, comfort and cherish...how about those vows, I suppose they're less important.

ARIEL

That's right, it was all my fault...

SUNDAY

No, it's just...it wasn't all mine.

ARIEL

I hope you don't mind if I decide not to share that particular sentiment

SUNDAY

You left. You just walked away.

ARIEL

Well I'm here now.

INT. SUNDAY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Sunday watches Richard prepare for bed. She smiles at the small hole in his boxer shorts.

He pops a myriad of pills, fusses over the wrinkles in the sheets and slides in next to her. He turns to embrace her.

SUNDAY

No, uhm...Ariel is just next door.

RICHARD

You've got to be kidding me.

SUNDAY

It just feels odd, a little creepy.

RICHARD

Look I'll promise to be quiet.

SUNDAY

That will be a first.

He caresses her back. She moves his hand away.

RICHARD

I thought you said he was leaving.

SUNDAY

Oh yeah, uhm I forgot to tell you...

Horror stricken Richard bolt up right.

RICHARD

He's staying? And that's not important enough to tell me or...and here's a thought...ask me?

SUNDAY

I'm sorry. It's just for a couple of weeks. He promised he'd be gone before the wedding.

RICHARD

(pouting)

Don't expect me to be nice to him.

Satisfied, he snuggles under the covers, his back to her.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Opening a restaurant is exhausting.

SUNDAY

Why don't you ask me? I can help.

RICHARD

I know. But you have enough on your plate what with your dad and all.

SUNDAY

Your mom doesn't see it like that.

Reluctantly, he turns and props himself up beside her.

RICHARD

What's wrong Sun? Is this about the DJ? I can...

SUNDAY

Richard...what if there's no such thing as a happy marriage? What if it turns out the same as before? I don't want to be invisible again.

RICHARD

You're hardly invisible, Sunday.

He lays back down and turns on his side, his back to her.

SUNDAY

I pulled all the punches, played every card. I was obsessed with proving to myself...proving I was still attractive...it was just the one time...Richard are you listening?

RICHARD

(attacking his pillow)

Bloody pillow. Why couldn't you buy feather, I like feather in my pillows.

She lays herself down and tries to drown out his moans as he persistently pounds at the pillow.

INT. BEANS BEDROOM -- DAY

Ariel hands Beans a plastic bag.

ARIEL

I thought you may want these...it's naive to leave it up to the guy...we are inherently irresponsible.

He bars her attempt to peek in the bag, with a raised hand.

BEANS

Is this what I think...eeww!

ARIEL

I'm not condoning, it's just..if you decide to...and I'm not saying you should. You should be protected.

INT. JOSH'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Josh falls to the side of Beans after sex. They're comfort levels suggest this is not their first time. Josh grins.

JOSH
Thank your dad for me.

BEANS
(slapping him)
You didn't use one of those...god I couldn't bear the thought.

JOSH
Just joshing with you. It was one of the old ones, ribbed couldn't you tell? Look...

Josh throws his legs over the side of the bed. He looks down. Confused he rummages under the covers.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Um, Beanie? It's not here.

BEANS
What's not where?

Suddenly understanding, she starts to search frantically.

BEANS (CONT'D)
Shit Josh. It's got to be here.

Grabbing a flashlight, he switches it on, grinning.

JOSH
Just one place left to look.

EXT. SUNDAY'S GARDEN -- DAY

Sunday stands precariously on a ladder, pruning a tree. Grandpa shouts instructions from below. Beans wanders over.

BEANS
Mom. Um...are you busy?

Sunday stretches out as far as she can. The ladder wobbles. She looks down as Grandpa lets go and wanders off.

SUNDAY
Beans! Grab the bloody ladder.

Beans steadies it, allowing Sunday to descend.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)
(impatiently)
What is it?

BEANS

It doesn't matter.

Beans storms off. Sunday stares after her.

INT. COLLEGE AUDITORIUM -- DAY

Beans is one of nine VIOLINISTS in an orchestra. The audience of fellow students applaud politely. The MUSIC TEACHER, stern, middle aged, stands and beckons Beans to the front.

Beans takes her position in the spotlight. She adjusts her violin, hesitates for a moment then charges out.

INT. BEANS BEDROOM -- LATER

Beans lies on her bed ignoring the light TAPPING at the door. After a moment the door opens and Sunday's head peers round.

SUNDAY

Everything all right, honey?

Beans shrugs.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

Is it Dad? Um, did he give you something the other day...I warned him it wasn't appropriate.

Beans ignores her.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

We're ordering pizza.

RICHARD (O.S.)

Sunday, hurry up. Gabe's here.

SUNDAY

Surely you're more than a wee bit curious about the outfit Gabe's chosen to torment Richard with.

EXT. GARDEN -- EARLY EVENING

Beans joins Sunday, Grandpa, Richard, Ariel and Gabe. Her face broadens into a grin on seeing Gabe's flamboyant garb.

Grandpa tries to prune Angel with gardening shears. Sunday promptly removes her from harm. Richard sits beside Ariel. He places a coaster under Ariel's glass.

RICHARD

Is it me or does he actually look ridiculous...I just don't get it.

Ariel pretends not to hear him.

SUNDAY

(pointing)

Richard, don't you think the marquee
would look better over there?

Ariel surreptitiously tosses the coaster into the bush.

RICHARD

Didn't Kim suggest it should go...

SUNDAY

...Can't I make one decision about
my own bloody wedding...just one.

They all nod eagerly slightly scared to say otherwise.

EXT. GARDEN -- LATER

The table is littered with empty bottles. They all watch
with keen interest as the WORKERS set up a marquee in a
different position from the one Sunday pointed out.

Richard realizes there are no coasters on the table, he
searches beneath the table.

GABE

Um, Richard, I don't think that's
where Sunday wanted it...

RICHARD

(horrified)

Sunday!

EXT. GARDEN -- LATER

Industrious preparation takes place with Kim at the helm.
Despondent, Sunday watches the marquee being erected in it's
original location. Ariel gives her a sly wink. Gabe notices.

EXT. GARDEN -- NIGHT

Fairy lights twinkle in the gorgeous garden. Gabe, Richard,
Josh, Ariel, Beans, Kim and Sunday tuck into pizza.

GABE

The garden looks just lovely.

KIM

Thank you

SUNDAY

Thank you

A cell phone RINGS. Richard answers it and rushes away.

GABE

What's Richard up to. Behaving rather
mysteriously, don't you think?

ARIEL
Probably just constipation.

Richard returns with Marie, the dance instructor. Ariel and Gabe demonstrate their admiration, annoying Sunday and Kim.

LATER

With dance Music blaring, Marie arranges Richard and Sunday on the newly laid dance floor.

MOMENTS LATER

Marie grabs Kim and pairs her with Richard. Ariel declines her attempt at pairing him with Sunday. Sunday hides her disappointment. Sunday partners with Gabe. Marie with Ariel.

In the background Beans storms off, closely followed by Josh.

LATER THAT NIGHT

The group have dispersed leaving only Sunday and Gabe.

GABE
What's up with Beans? She's not her usual...antagonistic self.

SUNDAY
She had stage fright at school today.

GABE
That doesn't sound like her at all.

SUNDAY
No, no it doesn't.

GABE
You and Ariel seem to be getting on.

She shrugs averting her eyes.

GABE (CONT'D)
I've seen the furtive glances. His eyes are positively twinkling.

SUNDAY
Don't talk rubbish.

Smiling coyly, she loops a strand of hair behind her ear.

GABE
Just be careful Sun. I still think he holds a candle for you.

SUNDAY

He divorced me remember, I think that's a fairly definitive indication he's moved on.

GABE

Moving on is a luxury only a select few can enjoy. And if I'm any judge, Ariel is not a member of that club.

SUNDAY

He's as happy as Larry...consider his rap sheet if you want proof.

GABE

We lick our wounds in different ways. He chose excitement, you...security.

SUNDAY

What does that mean?

GABE

Richard's a nice enough bloke, but for you...hmm.

SUNDAY

Richard may not be exciting, but...

GABE

He's a carousel and as I recall you have a penchant for roller coasters.

She bites her lower lip, thoughtfully.

GABE (CONT'D)

But the bigger issue is...should I wear my leather or my tiger print?

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Sunday hears sobs coming from within Beans room. She enters.

INT. BEANS BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Sunday and Beans have shared an intense moment. Beans wipes her tear stained eyes and curls up on the bed. Sunday lies down beside her cradling her in her lap.

INT. PHARMACY, CASHIER COUNTER -- DAY

The cashier remembers Sunday as she scans a pregnancy tester.

CASHIER

Had a bit of difficulty following the instructions then?

INT. SUNDAY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN -- LATER

Sunday enters. Ariel extinguishes his cigarette catching the concern on her face. Beans footfalls pound up the stairs.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM -- DAY

Beans sits on the table, legs swinging. Dr. RAJAH, young, dazzlingly handsome in a white turban, saunters in. Ariel instinctively stops Beans legs swinging.

Rajah grabs Ariel's hand shaking it enthusiastically.

DR. RAJAH

Dr. Stone. So good to see you again.

(to Beans)

Ms Stone, and how can I assist you?

LATER

A privacy curtain is drawn back.

DR. RAJAH

Isn't it crazy how many kids don't know how to apply a condom properly.

ARIEL

At least this one had the good sense to react so promptly.

Ariel winks at Beans.

DR. RAJAH

Of course...so Victoria...how's your mom? I haven't seen her in a while ...which is a good thing of course.

Beans nods noncommittally.

DR. RAJAH (CONT'D)

Excellent. Remarkable woman.

His eyes cloud over dreamily.

ARIEL

Right, well if you could fill out the script we'll be on our way.

DR. RAJAH

Yeah I heard about your suspension ...tough, real tough.

He scratches at his turban nervously.

DR. RAJAH (CONT'D)
 Um, you and Mrs stone...divorced...all
 over right? Yes, really tough.
 (embarrassed)
 No changes...same pharmacy?

He continues to tap at his laptop.

DR. RAJAH (CONT'D)
 It's too early to tell for sure, but
 these should have the desired effect.

INT. SUNDAY'S CAR -- DAY

Beans is the driver. Ariel slides in beside her and passes her a prescription bag. Beans examines it dubiously.

ARIEL
 It's more effective than the
 alternative.
 (off her look)
 Crossing your fingers.

INT. SUNDAY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY -- EVENING

Sunday and Richard arrive home with Grandpa in tow. Ariel hovers on the stairs.

ARIEL
 Everything all right with pop pops?

SUNDAY
 He's doing really great today.

RICHARD
 Sunday you know that doesn't mean...

She glares at Richard. A flash of anger traverses her face.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 Sun, it's the right thing to do.?

GRANDPA
 Where's my tea...I was promised tea.

Grandpa shuffles down the hallway.

SUNDAY
 Richard, see to Dad. I wont be a
 minute, just gonna check on Beans.

Richard steers Grandpa into the kitchen. As Sunday ascends the stairs. Ariel grabs her arm.

ARIEL
 She's sleeping, go see to Grandpa.
 (MORE)

ARIEL (CONT'D)

(beat)

Um and oh, Sunday...I think you need to find a different doctor.

SUNDAY

(concerned)

What did you do this time?

ARIEL

Trust me, this one's not on me.

INT. SUNDAY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Ariel waits impatiently by the front door, relieved to see Sunday charging down the stairs. She nudges her way past him and opens the front door. She looks drop dead gorgeous.

ARIEL

A bit overdressed don't you think?

She appears confused.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

Have you forgotten...my AA meeting?

SUNDAY

Oh god...Ariel I'm so sorry.

Richard emerges from the living room struggling with the samurai swords. Ariel's eyes open wide in panic.

RICHARD

As soon as I get the bloody things in the car they're as good as gone.

(noticing Sunday)

Wow, You look absolutely gorgeous.

SUNDAY

Um Richard...can you do me a favor?

Ariel shakes his head vehemently. She ignores him.

EXT. AA MEETING CENTER -- LATER

Richard waits in the car, he starts the engine as Ariel emerges from his meeting.

INT. RICHARD'S CAR -- LATER

Ariel sidles into the passenger seat, checks the back, amused to see the glint of steel winking in the dark. Richard pulls away from the curb.

RICHARD

So, what is it...alcohol, drugs?

ARIEL
Sex...sex addiction.

RICHARD
Wow really. How does that work?

Ariel shrugs wearing a smug expression.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Wish I had a bit more, you know...can we talk frankly?

ARIEL
No not really.

RICHARD
It's just that...well you've been there and...

ARIEL
Oh god. I'm a drunk not a sex addict.

RICHARD
Oh you were joking. In that case I'm sure you remember how hard it is to keep up with her, she's insatiable

Ariel claws at his hair in frustration.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Sorry is this uncomfortable for you?

Ariel presses his face against the window. His eyes close.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Or rather she used to be but lately I don't understand what's going on.

A small smile appears on Ariel's face. Richard doesn't notice as he swings the car round abruptly.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Just gonna make a quick detour. Something I have to check on.

INT. RICHARD'S BISTRO -- LATER

Small and trendy. Richard tinkers behind the bar for a while before pouring them both a drink. Ariel studies his glass.

RICHARD
Women, eh.

ARIEL
An alien species.

Richard sips his drink, miserably. Ariel grins.

ARIEL (CONT'D)
 Oh for gods sake. Lets add some
 cheer to this pity party.

Ariel helps himself to a bottle of alcohol from behind the bar and pours them both a bigger drink. He raises his glass.

ARIEL (CONT'D)
 To Sunday.

Richard clinks his glass against Ariel's.

RICHARD
 I used to be a model you know. Had
 my pick of women, but Sunday...never
 met anyone quite like her before.

ARIEL
 She has that affect. That wedding
 planner, she seems pretty taken with
 you. Can't fathom that one out.

RICHARD
 Kim...you think?

EXT. RICHARD'S BISTRO -- LATER

The pair stagger out like best friends. Richard gets in the car, Ariel leans against it and lights up a cigarette.

A SKINNY YOUTH, in a hoody, emerges from the shadows. He waggles a knife at Ariel, nervously.

MUGGER
 Just want your cash, mister.

ARIEL
 Way out of luck there mate.

The Mugger wipes at his runny nose with the back of his hand. Richard watching from the car, rolls down the window.

RICHARD
 Um, everything all right?

ARIEL
 I've got this.

MUGGER
 You ain't got nothing mister. I do.

He jiggles the knife in Ariel's direction.

ARIEL
 You don't want to do this kid.

Richard sneaks out of the car and rummages in the back. He charges forward brandishing one of the heavy samurai swords.

MUGGER

What the fuck!

The boy, knife trembling in his hand, steps back. Richard, nostrils flaring, advances with sword raised...then trips.

The sword slices through the air then drops, landing on his foot. Richard yells and crumples to the floor.

Ariel rushes over to Richard and to Richard's surprise rifles through his pockets. He tosses some bank notes to the boy.

ARIEL

Knock yourself out, kid.

The boy, eyes fixed on them, scoops up the money and runs. Ariel inspects his foot. Richard sees the blood and faints.

INT. SUNDAY'S BEDROOM -- LATER

Ariel deposits a stunned Richard on the bed. Beans watches with alarm from the doorway.

BEANS

Awesome. Did you kill him?

ARIEL

He's just being a pussy.

Beans suddenly doubles over in pain and exits hastily.

LATER

Richard, stirs and after a moment examines his bandaged foot.

RICHARD

Thanks...for patching me up. I hate hospitals...all those germs.

(remembering)

Shit, the swords, Sunday'll go mental.

ARIEL

Are they worth all the anguish?

RICHARD

I got them on a shoot in Japan. A perk of the job you know.

ARIEL

A real conundrum but I'm sure a clever guy like you can think of a solution.

INT. BEANS BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Beans lay curled on the bed. Ariel sits beside her. He tests her forehead with his hand.

ARIEL

It'll pass.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

The house is in darkness. Sunday reaches the top step. She's momentarily breathless. After catching her breath she looks in on Beans. The sound of a GUITAR draws her attention.

INT. ARIEL'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

She hovers at the door watching as Ariel tunes his guitar.

SUNDAY

Has Beans been sleeping long?

ARIEL

She took an extra painkiller.

He continues to tune up the guitar.

SUNDAY

She's a good kid, Ariel. All kids experiment with sex at this age...

He plays a few notes then puts down the guitar. He sighs.

ARIEL

You know why I hit that guy?

Sunday perches on the end of the bed her attention on Ariel.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

She was just a kid, younger than Beany. I've witnessed abuse before, but nothing like that. I just wanted to...I wanted to kill him.

They share a moments silence before Sunday picks up the guitar, aimlessly strumming it.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

You should learn to play. It's very sexy...a singer playing a guitar.

Sunday is temporarily stunned by his throw away remark.

LATER

Sunday is irritable and frustrated.

SUNDAY

It's impossible. Who can do this?
You have to be completely deformed.
My fingers are too short. Oh my
god, I have stubby fingers!

Ariel straddles her from behind. He slides an arm around her waist, gently brushes hair from her neck and lowers his lips to her ear. Her eyes close.

ARIEL

Relax. Now lightly caress the neck,
just here, that's it...and curl your
fingers, like that, now stroke here...

Wrapped between his legs, she tilts her head toward him. Ariel abruptly releases her from his embrace.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

It, um, it just takes some practice.
Or in your case a miracle.

INT. SUNDAY'S BEDROOM -- LATER

Sunday creeps in. Richard is sitting in bed, reading an oven manual. She climbs onto the bed and kneels beside him.

SUNDAY

Poor baby, how's your foot?

RICHARD

Throbbing.

She suddenly cups a hand to her mouth and exits hastily.

INT. BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Sunday kneels over the toilet bowl. Richard hovers in the background nervous to come any closer. He covers his mouth with his hand and heaves.

SUNDAY

Must be something I ate.

RICHARD

Probably bacon.

Richard hobbles back to the bedroom leaving Sunday alone.

INT. SUNDAY'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Sunday returns to find Richard swallowing vitamins.

SUNDAY

We should postpone the wedding.

RICHARD
Because I have a weak stomach?

SUNDAY
No. It's not that, it's just.

RICHARD
Sunday, everything is...it's all
planned, the guests, the catering.

He kneels behind her and gently nuzzles into her neck.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Gabe should perform the ceremony. I
want him to marry us.
(sniffing)
Hmm, is that...is it a new perfume?

She spins round to face him guiltily.

SUNDAY
Really, Gabe can marry us? And you
wont mind...what about Olivia?

He waves a hand dismissively. Prepared to agree to anything.

INT. SUNDAY'S BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Richard lies on top of Sunday. He grunts loudly, she roughly
covers his mouth. He opens his eyes, confused.

INT. ARIEL'S ROOM -- SAME

Ariel listens to the grunts. He grabs Angel and holds her
over his face like a pillow in an attempt to block the noise.

INT. HALLWAY, STAIRS -- MORNING

Sunday ascends the stairs as Ariel is preparing to leave.

SUNDAY
Where are you off to?

He storms out without looking back at her.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM -- DAY

Dr Rajah finishes examining Sunday. He dabs the sweat on
his brow with the back of his hand. He avoids her gaze.

DR. RAJAH
It's probably nothing Sun...um Mrs,
um...we'll run a couple more tests,
just to be on the safe side.

SUNDAY
Sorry, I know I'm being ridiculous.

DR. RAJAH

No not at all.

SUNDAY

It's just, I know there's so much going on, but I'm so exhausted...and all of the time.

He takes stock. Even her beauty can't mask how tired she is

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

What with the wedding and pop pops. I'm probably one of those people who should never marry let alone remarry.

She misses the subtle signs of disappointment on his face.

EXT. FLOWER MARKET -- LATER

Sunday and Karen wander around the various flower stalls.

SUNDAY

Richard and I had sex this morning.

KAREN

What's the appropriate response...well done?

SUNDAY

Richard can be a bit, well a bit vociferous. He grunts like a pig.

KAREN

Make the most of it. Soon the only grunting you'll hear is the one he makes stretching for the snooze button.

SUNDAY

He just stormed out. Do you think he heard us?

KAREN

Who stormed out of where?

Sunday averts her gaze.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Oh, uh uh, no Sunday.

SUNDAY

What? I just wondered if he still...

KAREN

What? What are you trying to prove?

Karen points to some white tulips. Sunday shakes her head.

SUNDAY

He left me, remember?

KAREN

And for good reason. Come on Sunday what do you want from him? As much as I can't stand the man...and I can't, just look at him, he's bloody miserable. Surely that's enough?

Karen gathers flowers up into a bouquet. Sunday shrugs.

SUNDAY

Why didn't he do something then, anything. Shout, scream, fight, I don't know, express some fucking emotion...but no not Ariel. He quietly packs his bags like he's going on a summer holiday.

KAREN

Fucking the English teacher will illicit that sort of response.

SUNDAY

History...

KAREN

Not to Ariel. It's probably as fresh now as it was then.

SUNDAY

No...he was the history teacher and it was just one time. Maybe twice.

KAREN

Oh grow up, Sunday. Christ, he walked in on you...do you have any idea what that can do to a man?

She waves white roses at Sunday. Sunday shakes her head.

SUNDAY

It gave him the excuse he wanted. He was relieved it was all over and he was in the clear...guilt free.

Karen examines Sunday as if seeing her for the first time.

KAREN

Was Ariel crap...in the sack, please say he was, it would make my day.

(imitating a man)

That's a healthy looking clitoris you have there Mrs stone...

(own voice)

Did he do that...call you Mrs stone?

SUNDAY

Actually...he was mind blowing.

Karen shudders from the thought.

KAREN

And yet you shopped around.

SUNDAY

It wasn't as simple as that.

KAREN

My Mark is handicapped and that's okay. We're fully aware of the limitations he faces. But you...you have no idea of the disadvantages your handicap causes.

SUNDAY

I don't understand...what handicap?

One of the market stall operators hands Sunday a white Rose.

KAREN

Look at you. Men can't help falling head over heels in love with...

She gestures to Sunday's face and body.

KAREN (CONT'D)

...all this. And your oblivious.

SUNDAY

Are you saying there's nothing going on beneath the surface, because...

KAREN

I'm not saying that at all. Quite the opposite in fact. There's a great deal going on beneath your exterior if anyone is prepared to look...but they can't, they're too preoccupied with the top layer.

(sighing)

Sunday, you and Richard, you're so infatuated with each others beauty I don't think you've taken the time to work out if your compatible or not.

SUNDAY

(indignant)

We are perfectly compatible, actually.

(picking up a Lily)

Shall I go with the lilies?

KAREN

What did Kim suggest?

SUNDAY

Peonies.

KAREN

Hmm. Lilies it is then.

EXT. SUNDAY'S HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

Ariel lays stretched out on top of a low brick wall. Sunday steps out of her car, carrying a bouquet of lilies.

ARIEL

What are those, for services rendered?

SUNDAY

What oh. Why are you out here?

ARIEL

I don't have a key.

SUNDAY

I gave you mine, remember?

ARIEL

And if I had it, I would have used it. Surely even you have a spare?

SUNDAY

Yes and I gave it to you.

They peer through the glass front door. Angel wags her tail.

ARIEL

Great dog you have there.

SUNDAY

Really. Watch this.
(through the glass)
Go on girl, get the key.

ARIEL

Your shitting me.

Sunday snorts, turns and wanders round the house. He follows.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

Oh haha, very cute.

EXT. SIDE OF SUNDAY'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Ariel stares at a second floor window that's slightly ajar.

SUNDAY

I don't think that's gonna happen.

LATER

Ariel cups Sunday's foot as her other one tries to secure a grip on a chipped stone. She reaches for the drainpipe.

SUNDAY

I'm not exactly dressed for this.

He is positioned directly beneath her flowing skirt.

ARIEL

Really, I hadn't noticed.

Ariel, one hand up her skirt, uses the other to boost her higher. A bee buzzes round her legs. He tries to flap it away with a swift movement of his head.

SUNDAY

Stop wiggling. And keep your hands to yourself...you're not at work.

ARIEL

I'm trying to get a better grip.

SUNDAY

I bet you are.

ARIEL

What are you doing up there, oh for gods sake just get on my shoulders.

Stretching to grab hold of the ledge, Sunday manages to rest her free foot on his shoulder. The bee flies up her skirt.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

Uhm bee...careful. Christ you'll catch your death in those. It's just silly string...I can see...

Protecting her modesty, she tucks the skirt between her legs, inadvertently, trapping the bee inside.

SUNDAY

You're a...Fuck, what the hell ow...

Losing her grip, she slips, falling onto his shoulders, her skirt over his head, her legs straddling his neck.

He slides to the floor, gripping her tightly to protect her. She drops in his lap, facing him. Tears spring to her eyes.

MOMENTS LATER

Sunday and Ariel sit beside each other on the floor.

ARIEL

Sunday, let me see...

She pushes his hand aside.

ARIEL (CONT'D)
Don't be daft, let me see.

She inspects her leg while suppressing her sobs.

SUNDAY
Ariel, it really hurts.

She moves, reluctantly allowing him to inspect the sting.

ARIEL
I'll, um, I'll have to suck it out.

He lowers his head to her exposed thigh. She turns her head away, squeezing her eyes closed as he sucks out the sting.

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)
Sunday, is that you?

The face of an ELDERLY NEIGHBOR peers over the fence. Sunday pulls her skirt down trapping Ariel's hand inside. After a moments struggle he manages to pop his head out.

SUNDAY
Mary, hi. Sorry, there was a bee.

MARY THE NEIGHBOR
And is that... yes it is. Dr. Stone.
How nice to see you again.

He offers her a slight wave then spits out the bee sting.

SUNDAY
...no he was just sucking out the...

NEIGHBOR
Of course. I'll leave you two alone.

She disappears from view. Sunday cradles her head. Ariel riffles through his pockets. He retrieves his cigarettes.

ARIEL
Smoke?

EXT. PARK -- LATER

Sunday and Ariel watch the swans glide across the pond.

SUNDAY
Oh my god, what must Mary think.

ARIEL
I must admit, it didn't look good.

They both smile at the thought it. After a brief silence -

SUNDAY

Richard said we could have Gabe.

ARIEL

That's thoughtful of him. He's a complete buffoon you do know that?

SUNDAY

A step up from arrogant and obnoxious.

ARIEL

What's wrong with being alone, Sunday?

SUNDAY

You're not exactly a poster boy for a single lifestyle.

MUSIC drifts out. Sunday cocks an ear in it's direction. She heads off in search of the source. Leaving Ariel alone.

ARIEL

Okay, well that was random.

EXT. SEA FRONT -- LATER

Sunday follows the path towards a pebbled beach. A busy bar at the end of the pier hosts a live band. It's buzzing.

EXT. PIER -- LATER

Sunday, the wind whipping at her hair, stares captivated by the exuberance of the crowd. A young lad approaches her.

LAD

You fancy a dance, lass?

MOMENTS LATER

Ariel interrupts their dance. The boy backs off. Ariel slides his arm around her waist.

As the music ends he pulls her towards him. His lips graze hers. He caresses her eyebrow. The gesture confuses her at first. Then she remembers it's significance and laughs.

EXT. BENEATH THE PIER -- DAY

Ariel and Sunday emerge, adjusting their disheveled clothes. They walk arm in arm. Suddenly Ariel pulls free. Walking toward them is Beans and Josh. Beans seems suspicious.

BEANS

What are you two up to?

SUNDAY

We forgot our key.

ARIEL

One more minute with you mom and I
would have killed myself.

INT. RICHARD'S RESTAURANT -- SAME

Richard and Kim sit at the impressive bar. They watch the
BAND PLAYERS dismantle their equipment.

KIM

Well, what did I tell you?

RICHARD

Sunday will be so surprised.

KIM

It would be rude of her not to be?

RICHARD

Who knows with Sunday.

KIM

Everything okay with you two?

RICHARD

Yes, of course...it's just...well
it's been a hectic couple of weeks

Kim takes his drink, placing it on the bar. He promptly
slides a drinks mat beneath it. She leans closer, gently
kissing his cheek, moving down his neck. He closes his eyes.

INT. ARIEL'S ROOM -- EVENING

Ariel opens the door to Sunday, radiant in a killer dress.
She bites her bottom lip, sheepishly.

SUNDAY

Ariel about today.

ARIEL

I agree, a mistake and not to be
repeated.

RICHARD (O.S.)

Sunday! Give me a hand, babe.

SUNDAY

You'll never forgive me, will you?

ARIEL

It's not like I didn't try.

SUNDAY

But did you, did you really try?

She turns to leave, he grabs her arm.

ARIEL
 You're not thinking of telling him
 are you...it'll achieve nothing.

With a heavy heart he watches her leave.

ARIEL (CONT'D)
 Just pain and misery. I should know.

INT. SUNDAY'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Sunday adjusts Richard's tie. She stares at him. He is very handsome. Her scrutiny sets him off in a panic.

RICHARD
 What is it, do I have something...?

He checks his face in the mirror. They face each other. The weight of guilt sitting heavily on both of them.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 It's been an odd couple of weeks.

She nods in agreement.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 I love you, you do know that?

Her face registers an immense sadness. She feigns a smile.

INT. GREEK RESTAURANT -- EVENING

The restaurant is buzzing. Beans, Sunday, Karen, Jennifer and Olivia share a table already littered with drinks.

INT. EGO NIGHT CLUB -- EVENING

Richard, Paul, Tom, Ariel and Gabe, an eclectic troop, approach the stylish neon illuminated bar. Paul scrutinizes Gabe, dressed in another flamboyant outfit.

PAUL
 Sure you're with the right party.

Smiling at the outlandish apparel worn by its patrons, he swings his hips and dances off into the throng.

GABE
 And miss all this?

INT. GREEK RESTAURANT/ EGO NIGHTCLUB -- LATER

The girls dance the Zorba on the swamped dance floor. Stavros pushes his way toward Sunday and grabs her elbow. With the help of her friends she is reluctantly steered onto the stage.

EGO NIGHT CLUB

Two TOPLESS GIRLS dance provocatively with Gabe. The guys jeer him on from the safety of the couch.

GREEK RESTAURANT

The small dance floor overflows with drunken energy as Sunday confidently belts out a lively dance tune.

EGO NIGHT CLUB

The guys, red and sweaty, slouch exhausted on the couch. Gabe is flanked by two very attentive buxom BLONDES.

PAUL

Does it always have this affect?

GABE

Just wait till they find out I'm a man of the cloth...then there'll be no stopping them.

GREEK RESTAURANT

Sunday rejoins her group. They stumble back to the table where a STRIKING YOUNG MAN in a POLICE UNIFORM awaits them.

POLICE OFFICER

Sunday Stone?

Karen points out Sunday. She is initially concerned until the others laugh knowingly. He beckons Sunday over to him.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

I hear you've been a naughty girl.

In an instant he whips off his clothes, the crowd cheers. He straddles Sunday, thrusting his groin in her face.

EGO NIGHT CLUB

More scantily clad WOMEN appear, squeezing between the boys. A GIRL, her gigantic breasts barely contained in a skimpy bra, kneels astride Richard. Whipping off her bra, she unleashes an abundance of skin smothering his face.

GREEK RESTAURANT

Olivia reluctantly rubs oil on the strippers back. The others howl with laughter.

The stripper leaps on the table, whips off his thong. Olivia, horrified, shields her eyes as his penis slaps his thighs.

EXT. EGO NIGHT CLUB -- LATER

Gabe is unsuccessful in hailing a cab. As he staggers back to the group he is accosted by a GROUP OF THUGS.

THUG 1
What we got here lads?

They surround him, taking turns to push and jostle him.

PAUL
Hey, that's our transvestite.

The thugs redirect their attention to Paul and the others.

MOMENTS LATER

SIRENS scream in the distance. The scuffle concludes, the thugs run away, the guys lick their wounds. Richard sits on the floor nursing his eye.

PAUL
You alright mate?

Richard lowers his hand to reveal a nasty cut to his eye.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Christ...that'll smart in the morning.

TOM
They could certainly throw a punch.

Richard looks at Ariel, angrily. Ariel smiles guiltily.

TOM (CONT'D)
(to Ariel)
You did that.

ARIEL
The kid ducked at the last minute.

RICHARD
Idiot...it'll never clear in time.

GABE
The thugs have gone... lets not be so quick to fill their shoes.

INT. TAXI CAB -- LATER

The guys sit quietly. Richard stares at Ariel, angrily.

TOM
Not so bad... for a bunch of misfits.

RICHARD
Not so bad? Look at me.

PAUL
Oh shut up. You're the lucky bastard. How else could a prick like you snag a fucking hottie like Sunday.

Tom glances nervously at Ariel. Richard is practically bursting with pride.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Ay Tom, bet you'd like to slip her an inch or two. Who wouldn't want a piece of that, am I right?

ARIEL

Fucking prick.

Paul turns his attention to Ariel.

PAUL

What about you, loose knuckles...fancy giving your cousin or whatever she is a good seeing to?

(grabbing his crotch)

Nah, she'd be better off with this big bad boy.

Ariel leaps forward and mayhem ensues inside the black taxi.

INT. SUNDAY'S HOUSE -- EARLY MORNING

Sunday stumbles into the house supported by Beans. Gabe, slightly disheveled, greets them at the kitchen door.

BEANS

What the hell happened to you?

INT. KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Sunday instantly sobers at the sight of Richard, leaning by the sink with more than a bruised ego.

She reaches out to caress his eye, he draws back from her.

SUNDAY

What's going on. Oh my god where's...

RICHARD

Where's who...Ariel. Thank you Sunday. That tells me everything?

Gabe ushers Beans out. Sunday gestures for him to stay. Reluctantly he loiters by the door.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

It's not the eye, Sunday, not even the constant throbbing in my foot. I can't decide what hurts the most...that I've been made to look an idiot...you lying to me, or...or the sudden knowledge that you and I have nothing, if we can't be honest with each other.

SUNDAY

What are you talking about.

RICHARD

You're still in love with him. I should have seen it sooner.

She goes to touch him but he pushes her away.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I don't know what to do, Sunday...tell me what to do?

Richard makes a slow path to the door. He turns back.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I'll do it. Whatever it takes. Whatever you want.

He exits the room. Sunday turns to Gabe.

SUNDAY

What happened tonight. Where's Ariel?

He shuffles his feet nervously.

GABE

There was a thing, bit of a scuffle and anyway the police were called...

SUNDAY

Police! Oh my god. Was he drunk?

Gabe give her a 'what do you think' look.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Beans waits as Sunday, phone cradled in her neck, paces.

SUNDAY

(into the phone)

That's good isn't it...he can apply elsewhere...I understand...no Tom, no it's not your fault, it's mine.

She disconnects and reaches in a cabinet removes some pills and tips them into her mouth. She turns to Beans.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

They released him this morning.

BEANS

What about his licence?

Sunday bites her lip, nervously. Beans glares at her.

BEANS (CONT'D)

You were supposed to look after him.

SUNDAY

He's a grown man for Christs sake.

INT. RICHARD'S RESTAURANT -- DAY

Richard, on a ladder, adjusts a light fitting. The bruise on his eye is barely visible. He sees Sunday enter. He descends, heads behind the bar and washes his hands.

RICHARD

I didn't expect to see you, today.

Sunday smiles at the sight of the Samurai swords masterfully displayed on the wall. She looks exhausted.

SUNDAY

We should discuss tomorrow don't you think...if you still want to go ahead with it that is?

He fidgets nervously. She looks around and notices neatly folded sheets in the corner. She regards him curiously.

KIM (O.S.)

Those new taps are just awesome, oh.

Sunday turns as Kim, barefooted, emerges from the bathroom.

KIM (CONT'D)

Sunday...um, excited about tomorrow?

Sunday looks from Kim to Richard. He lowers his eyes.

SUNDAY

You said you wanted some space...time on your own. Is this what you meant?

KIM

I was just helping Richard with the arrangements...it was impossible to handle all the details by himself... poor dear, he's just so exhausted.

SUNDAY

Thanks for the vote of confidence.

She heads for the door, pauses and turns back.

SUNDAY (CONT'D)

And you can tell Olivia her doctor, Dr. Ariel Stone will no longer be staring into the large abyss that she calls her vagina.

She makes an abrupt exit. Kim tries to stop him storming off after her. He pulls his arm free.

EXT. RICHARD'S RESTAURANT -- CONTINUOUS

Richard catches up with Sunday by her car.

RICHARD

It was nothing, we didn't have sex,
we...we just held each other.
Seriously he's mom's gynecologist?

Enraged, she climbs into her car. He watches her race away. He quickly jumps into his own car and drives after her.

EXT. MAIN STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Richard's car follows Sunday. She speeds through a red light almost colliding with a car in the intersection.

INT./EXT. RICHARD'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Richard punches a number into his phone whilst negotiating the busy road. Her voicemail cuts in. Irritated, he tosses the phone onto the passenger seat. He watches helplessly as she weaves perilously through the traffic ahead until -

He is suddenly struck from the side by a speeding car. The noise of twisting metal fills the air.

INT. ARIEL'S HOUSE, -- DAY

Ariel lounges on the sofa. He exhales, watching the trail of cigarette smoke wistfully. Sunday sits beside him. His eyes linger on her wedding band. She conceals her hands.

ARIEL

How is he?

SUNDAY

He's doing great. Thank god for air bags eh.

ARIEL

I'm pleased. Seriously he's okay... weird, but harmless.

SUNDAY

So, teaching and in New York, huh?

ARIEL

A change is as good as a rest, or so they say. Exchanged on the house with a more than reasonable profit I may add, so I'm completely liberated.

She scrutinizes the house. The fire damage still evident.

SUNDAY

I'm surprised it sold so quickly.
Charred walls and the aroma of smoke
must be an undervalued selling tool.

ARIEL

Couple of coats of paint and a squirt
of air freshener works miracles.

There's a long uncomfortable silence.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

Karen okay? I'd go over there but I
don't think I'd be too welcome.

SUNDAY

She was surprisingly calm about it
all. But yes...I'd steer clear if I
was you.

ARIEL

I'll make it up to Tom. He knows
that. It's not like their short of
a few bob.

SUNDAY

He's a good friend, Ariel,

ARIEL

I know, I know.

SUNDAY

So, uhm, how long do you plan on
staying...in the great Big Apple?

ARIEL

Don't know. Maybe I'll settle there.

SUNDAY

Really oh that'll be good. Will you
be able to get your licence back?

ARIEL

Yup, in five years, if I want to.
So how about you? You look tired.

SUNDAY

I'm singing at Stavros's full time.

ARIEL

Good for you. And pops?

SUNDAY

I came home one day and found him at
the top of the stairs. He couldn't
remember how to walk down them. I
think that was the deciding factor.

ARIEL

I'm sorry. That must have been hard.

He stubs out his cigarette and stands. She does likewise.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

Well, I'd better finish up. I'll be
in touch about arrangements for Beans.

Sunday heads toward the door, she turns back to him.

SUNDAY

Ariel, I'm, um...

She reconsiders and exits.

INT. RICHARD'S BISTRO -- NIGHT

It's buzzing. Sunday sings on stage. In the crowd, hidden
from view sits Ariel. He watches her for while, then exits.

INT. RICHARD'S BISTRO -- LATER

Staff clear the empty tables. As Sunday makes her way off
the stage her legs buckle beneath her and she collapses.

INT. HOSPITAL -- DAY

Karen packs Sunday's bag as Sunday dresses.

KAREN

You should have told him...before he
left.

SUNDAY

Why? You're the one who said I should
let him move on.

KAREN

I know. It's just...

A Nurse enters and presents Sunday with her discharge papers.

SUNDAY

Karen stop worrying. The doctors
aren't worried, I'm not worried so
you shouldn't be either.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE -- DAY

Karen folds laundry, Sunday, pale, helps her. Tom paces the
room holding his baby girl with pride.

SUNDAY

I can't believe how big she's got.
She's so beautiful, Karen.

KAREN
 Isn't she a peach. Have you had the
 results back yet?

Sunday grins and rubs her belly.

KAREN (CONT'D)
 Tom, our Sunday is preppers.

TOM
 Thank god for that. We were beginning
 to think it was something sinister.

KAREN
 So how far along?

Sunday instantly focuses her attention on Karen's new baby.
 Karen's eyes narrow, suspiciously.

INT. SUNDAY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Sunday, heavily pregnant, pale and exhausted is assisted to
 bed by Richard. He fusses over her, his eyes red and puffy.

SUNDAY
 Stop fretting, boys carry differently.

RICHARD
 So you keep saying. I'll get you a
 nice cup of tea.

INT. KITCHEN -- LATER

Richard leans against the wall and slowly slide down to the
 floor. He buries his head in his hands, crying uncontrollably

INT. A NEW YORK MEDICAL COLLEGE -- DAY

Ariel, sporting an attractive beard, lectures before a full
 auditorium of eager students.

ARIEL
 Never lose sight of your humanity.
 Empathy is the key to...

He sees Richard slip quietly into the back of the auditorium.

ARIEL (CONT'D)
 ...patient care. Lets wrap this up.

INT. COLLEGE CANTEEN -- LATER

Ariel studies the strained expression on Richard's face.

RICHARD
 It was all very unexpected.

ARIEL

As pleased as I am for you both, and I am...why are you here?

RICHARD

Someone like me...I could never hope to win the affections of someone ...well someone in Sunday's league.

(sighing)

But she was never mine, not really. I should have told her...she made it clear from the start how much she wanted another baby. I'm so stupid, selfish. I was scared...scared she'd never agree to marry me if she knew.

ARIEL

Um, what are you waffling on about?

RICHARD

When you're a model you tend to, well there are all these parties, beautiful women by the score.

(thoughtful)

I just wanted to avoid any possibility of potentially messy paternity suits. Be sensible, precautious, that was my motto. And it wasn't as bad as I thought it was going to be. There was no pain or discomfort or anything.

Ariel begins to register the meaning of his confession.

ARIEL

Your balls are ornamental, you've had the snip?

LATER

Ariel listens with his head in his hands as Richard paces.

RICHARD

Just thought she was just having a particularly difficult pregnancy. I never realized she was so...no idea she was so sick. They're planning to deliver the baby early, week after next. I knew I had to see you, do the right thing.

(beat)

...she never stopped loving you.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM-- NIGHT

Gabe sits beside Sunday who's hooked up to various machines. Seeing Ariel at the window, he whispers to her. She opens her eyes, smiling weakly. Ariel enters.

He greets Gabe affectionately before taking a seat beside Sunday.

SUNDAY

A knight to my rescue, huh?

ARIEL

Bloody bureaucratic bastards made me leave my trusted steed outside.

SUNDAY

We could rappel out the window.

ARIEL

Ready to assist a damsel in need, especially one in crotchless knickers.

Gabe coughs. Sunday laughs, but stops as it hurts too much. He takes her hand, raises it to his lips and kisses it.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

Do you have any idea how much I love you, how much I've always loved you, from the very first moment...dressed in folds of sexy, thick, black neoprene? I love you so much...so much it hurts...right here.

He reaches for his heart, then turns and places his hand on his bottom. She laughs.

No longer able to hide his tears, he buries his head in her chest. She clasps his head tightly.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Ariel sits beside the bed cradling his new baby, JAMES, in his arms. He quietly watches Sunday sleep.

INT. HOSPITAL CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

Karen, Tom and Ariel sit opposite a group of THREE DOCTORS.

DOCTOR 1

We understand your concern, Dr. Stone, but we have to consider what's best for our patient.

ARIEL

What's best for Sunday is to be at home with the people who love her.

DOCTOR 2

She needs constant medical attention.

ARIEL

Which I can give her.

DOCTOR 1
With the best will in the world...

Ariel stands, he flips over a chair in a fit of temper.

ARIEL
She's dying in here...I won't just sit back and let you kill her.

DOCTOR 2
You need to accept the possibility, she may die no matter where she is.

ARIEL
You don't know that.

Ariel advances on the doctor. Tom restrains him. Ariel stands down and sobs, Karen hugs him, Tom turns to the doctor.

TOM
Look, Sunday just wants to go home. Surely you can respect her decision.

INT. AUDITORIUM -- NIGHT

Beans 22, almost unrecognizable without the piercing's, makes her way center stage. She rests the violin on her shoulder.

PARK (FLASHBACK)

Sunday, pale, her head wrapped in a scarf, enjoys a picnic in the sunshine with Beans, Ariel and JAMES, 6 months.

RETURN TO SCENE

Beans raises her bow and begins to play.

PLAYGROUND (FLASHBACK)

Soft violin music plays. Beans, James, 18 months, and Ariel, looking nauseous, spin on a roundabout. Sunday, her hair showing signs of regrowth laughs as she videos them.

RETURN TO SCENE

Beans plays passionately, tears stream down her cheeks.

NURSERY SCHOOL (FLASHBACK)

Ariel and Sunday, her hair longer, wave at James, 4, up on a stage as he performs in a school play.

RETURN TO SCENE

Beans continues to play, completely wrapped up in her music.

IN THE AUDIENCE

Ariel, Tom and Karen, beam proudly. The seat beside Ariel is noticeably vacant.

ON THE STAGE

Beans inhales sharply. A grin slowly creeps across her face.

IN THE AUDIENCE

There's a commotion as Sunday, stunning, lustrous long hair, squeezes and jostles past people. They regard her with irritation, her bag swinging precariously in their direction.

Ariel grins, playfully shaking his head in reproach. She gives a big wave out to Beans and takes her seat next to Ariel. Ariel grasps her hand and kisses it.

Beans concludes her solo and lowers her bow. Applause erupts from the audience. Her family get to their feet proudly. Beans blows them a kiss.

FADE OUT: