Hybrid Sisters

by

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The sound of a stair lift in use...

FADE IN:

INT. OLD HOUSE. STAIRCASE - MORNING

An old fashioned house that looks like its been transported here from the 1940s. Sitting on the stair lift is an elderly man named ALBERT, smoking a big cigar. He looks about a 100. Sitting on his lap is a rather large woman, NANCY WRIGHT. She's in her 40s, completely lost, rough, tattooed, too much makeup, her bleached blonde hair unkempt, her clothes unwashed and stained, but somewhere underneath it all... Beautiful.

ALBERT.
You wait until I get you up there. Things I'm gonna do to you.

He starts coughing and spluttering.

NANCY.
As long as you pay me I don't give a fuck what you do to me.

The stair lift journey continues...

INT. OLD HOUSE. BEDROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

The bedroom looks even older than the rest of the house. Doesn't seem as if its been decorated since Albert first moved here back in the 1970s. Sitting on the bedside table is a picture of a much younger Albert with a glamourous woman by his side in a wedding dress. We can assume he's now single again.

On the bed, Nancy is riding Albert like a rollercoaster at Alton Towers. She continues to grind away. During the scuffle, her wedding ring slips off her finger and onto the floor without her realising.

NANCY.
You okay under there? I'm not getting much back from you here.

After a few seconds she stops riding him.

NANCY.
Albert?...

No response.

NANCY.
Oh shit, not again!

She gets off Albert. Checks his pulse. Nothing.

NANCY.
Son of a...!
(MORE)

NANCY. (cont'd)
(then, shrugs)
Well, at least you died happy, old man.

She gets off the bed, grabs Albert's wallet from the side table, takes what's owed to her and then puts the wallet back. She stops for a moment, picks up the wallet again and empties it.

NANCY.
Just for you to know, I'm taking extra because this is a very distressing situation for me.

She pulls the covers over Albert and heads to the door. As she opens it, she turns back to Albert.

NANCY.
RIP, man. R I fucking P.

She shakes her head, exits.

MAIN
TITLES

ACT ONE

INT. WILSON FAMILY HOME. KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

ANGLE ON: two cute 7-year-old twin girls, LOLA and LILY, very messily eating their breakfast. Food is flying all over the place.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S..)
Doug......

We see DOUG WILSON, 50s, sitting across the table, staring at his daughters with both amusement and sheer shock on his face. Doug is an honest looking guy. He's a man who you could lend a tenner to and know you'd get it back. We can tell he was a good looking chap once upon a time but life has taken its toll on him a bit. He continues watching as the twins continue to make as much mess as possible. They catch him staring, both give him innocent and sweet smiles. They look so cute, he can't help but smile back.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S..)
Doug......

Doug finally hears his wife, JENNY WILSON, 40s, and looks up to her. She's attractive woman. She has managed to keep her 20-year-old figure. Smart and sophisticated. She's not the most patient of women though. Extremely uptight, takes her work deathly serious. Which is good considering she's a detective.

JENNY.
I've got like a million things to do today, Doug. You think you could manage to take the girls to school without messing up?

DOUG.
I am capable of doing things, you know. I'm not a complete screw up.

JENNY.

DOUG.
(to the twins)
Daddy is just helping this kind police officer with his enquiries.

The twins just continue to giggle.

DOUG.
(to the cop)
You know, my wife is a highly-respected detective. Your head will roll for this.

The cop locks on the handcuffs extra tight, Doug exclaims in pain.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Doug exits the station along with the twin girls. He does not look amused.

LOLA.
Daddy, is the policeman going to charge you?

DOUG.
No. It was just a big misunderstanding, that's all.

LILY.
What does a police caution mean?

DOUG.
It doesn't matter. Now, come on. Let's get you to school.

LOLA.
You look mad, daddy.

DOUG.
Daddy's just having a bad day, that's all.

They head to the car.

EXT. JOB CENTRE - LATER

Standard job centre. A rusted heap of an old red convertible is parked outside. Nancy exits the building, enters her car, slamming the door extra loudly behind her.

INT. NANCY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Nancy sits in her car. She looks up at the place, sighs. Fed up of this shit now... She starts repeatedly banging her head against the steering wheel. Suddenly, a shady looking man in his 50s staggers up to the car and gets in. He's wearing a hoody, bags under his beady-looking eyes, as thin as a skeleton. This is SEAN.

SEAN.
Everything okay?

NANCY.
Just leave me alone, Sean. I'm not in the fucking mood.

SEAN.
I don't give a fuck. You owe me.

NANCY.
Yeah, well, join the fucking queue! I ain't got your fucking money, so deal with it.

Sean stares at her rather menacingly.

SEAN.
I may look like a nice guy, but don't let this soft exterior fool you. Underneath it all, there's a man full of rage who doesn't like being fucked about!

He steps out of the car.

SEAN.
I'll be back to see you soon, and you better have what I want.

He slams the door and begins walking off down the street.

NANCY.
Yeah, fuck off, dickhead!

SEAN.
(sarcastic)
Nice to see you too, sweetheart!

He mockingly blows her a kiss before heading off. Nancy gives him the finger before driving away.

INT. DOUG'S CONVENIENCE STORE - LATER

Doug goes up to the counter where his best friend and employee, ROGER PARTRIDGE, 50s, is struggling to keep up with all the customers. He is a very large man, when he walks he waddles. Sweat is pouring off him. He talks to Doug in between serving customers.

ROGER.
You're late.

DOUG.
(sarcastic)
Bonus points for stating the obvious there, Rog. Just do what I pay you for. And why is it so hot
(MORE)

DOUG. (cont'd)
in here? You're sweating like a dog in a Korean restaurant.

ROGER.
That could have something to do with the bloody air conditioning not working. You said you'd sort it. It's like a hundred degrees in here!

DOUG.
Alright, keep your hair on. I'll fix it.

ROGER.
Oh, I don't think that's a very good idea. You don't exactly have a great track record when it comes to fixing things.

DOUG.
What you talking about? I'm an expert at DIY. Just ask Jenny. I did out the bathroom only a couple months ago.

ROGER.
She said you flooded the house.

DOUG.
That was just a small misunderstanding. She should've been more clear with her instructions.

ROGER.
I still think you should get a professional.

DOUG.
No way, they cost a fortune. It's only a five minute job anyway. And I'm the owner here, don't forget.

ROGER.
How can I? You remind me everyday.

Doug heads off to the back office, leaving Roger to serve the customers.

INT. OLD HOUSE. BEDROOM - SAME TIME

We are in the bedroom that Nancy was in at the start of the episode. Poor old Albert is still laying on the bed, the bed sheets covering all his body, bar his head.

Jenny is looking around the bedroom with her partner, MIKE CARTER (30s). He's a little on the daredevil side, to say

the least. He's carefree, very unorthodox. A guy that gets the job done, usually due to his charm and willingness to risk everything as opposed to any real skill.

Jenny and Mike are examining the body.

JENNY.
No sign of trauma to the head, no forced entry, no sign of suffocating. Nothing.

Mike pulls back the covers.

MIKE.
Look at this, he's still erect. That's a pretty impressive boner for an old guy.

JENNY.
Alright, if you've quite finished.

MIKE.
What? I'm complimenting the guy.

JENNY.
You're meant to be professional.

MIKE.
I think you cover that basis enough for the both of us.

JENNY.
Seriously, how the hell did you make detective?

MIKE.
(winks)
I married the boss' daughter.
(off her look)
I'm just kidding. Jeez, lighten up. I don't know, I guess I'm just good at getting results.

JENNY.
Well, with all due respect I haven't seen that yet. All I've seen is a petulant man-child who enjoys causing chaos and messing around as opposed to doing your actual job and solving crimes.

Mike is fixated on Albert's erect penis.

MIKE.
Man, that thing is huge.

JENNY.
Yes, alright! Clearly, it looks like he was enjoying the pleasures of sex and his heart gave out.

MIKE.
Understandable at his age.

JENNY.
Yeah, but his wife died twenty two years ago.

MIKE.
You saying he was sleeping with someone else? Who'd wanna sleep with that? Must be desperate.

Jenny finds Nancy's ring on the floor, and sighs.

JENNY.
You don't know the half of it....

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

INT. WILSON FAMILY HOME. DOUG & JENNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jenny is busy writing down some reports in bed, while Doug lays beside her reading a sports magazine.

DOUG.
Are you gonna talk to me now? You've been giving me the silent treatment all day.

JENNY.
What do you expect me to do? You got arrested! Do you know how embarrassing that was for me?

DOUG.
It wasn't exactly a cake walk for me either.

JENNY.
And the poor girls having to see that. Is that the example you want to set for them?

DOUG.
Well, of course not but--

JENNY.
--I asked you to do one thing without screwing up and you couldn't manage it.

DOUG.
Maybe you should just stop asking me to do things.
(off Jenny's death stare)
Or maybe I should stop screwing up.

JENNY.
Good answer.

Jenny goes back to working on her reports.

DOUG.
How was work today anyway?

JENNY.
Apart from learning that my husband had been arrested, you mean? It was okay, the usual, I guess.

DOUG.
Did you meet up with Nancy?

JENNY.
Oh, don't talk to me about her. I've had all I can take with that woman.

DOUG.
That bad, huh?

JENNY.
She slagged me off good and proper, made a right fool of herself in the cafe, and to top it off she was at the scene of a death.

DOUG.
Oooh, really? Did she murder someone?

JENNY.
No, at least I don't think so. I shouldn't even be telling you this.

DOUG.
Oh, but please do. I gotta have some perks of being married to a cop.

JENNY.
Getting you bailed out in a matter of seconds I would say is a pretty good perk.

DOUG.
Can we just let that go please?

JENNY.
Fine. But don't do it again.

DOUG.
You know, it's not like I do these things on purpose.

JENNY.
No? Could've fooled me.

Doug, a little insulted, goes back to reading his magazine.

EXT. NANCY'S STREET - SAME TIME

Nancy's beat up old car comes racing down the street, weaving back and forth in the road, even speeding along the pavement at one point. She takes a swig from a bottle of vodka. The car then smashes into a fence outside her house. Crash! The car stops and smoke billows out of the engine.

Nancy turns the car off. She just sits there for a minute. She then opens the car door and falls out. On all fours, she crawls along the pavement and grass all the way to her front door.

She pulls herself to her feet, leaning her head against the door. She struggles to unlock it, but eventually does and falls straight through.

INT. NANCY'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Nancy lays on the floor for a few seconds, groaning. She gets to her knees, picks up the mail on the floor, glances at them and then throws them out of the door before closing it shut.

INT. NANCY'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nancy stumbles into the front room and falls onto the sofa. The room doesn't look as if its been cleaned for a very long time. It's dark and damp too. Curtains closed, stains on the walls.

Suddenly, an old Lurcher dog enters and walks over to Nancy where he begins to repeatedly lick her face. His name is BUDDY.

NANCY.
Hey, Buddy. What you been up to today? Hope you've had fun anyway.

She gives the dog plenty of cuddles. There's clearly a strong bond between the two.

NANCY.
You hungry? I know I am. Come on, let's go get something.

She takes Buddy by the collar and staggers towards the kitchen.

INT. NANCY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The kitchen is in worse state than the living room. Piles of dirty dishes fill the sink, food stains up the walls and on the floor, cobwebs in every corner.

Nancy wobbles her way to the cupboards and manages to open a tin of dog food. She grabs a bowl out of the sink and pours the food in. Buddy leaps up, tongue wagging wildly. He looks hungry. Nancy places the bowl of food on the floor and Buddy tears into it.

Nancy staggers to the fridge. She looks inside; empty except for a can of lager. She grabs it, opens the can. She holds it in the air.

NANCY.
(to Buddy)
Who needs family, eh?
(then)
Cheers.

She guzzles down the can in one, then burps. Suddenly, she gets very light-headed and collapses straight to the floor. Buddy looks up from his food for a second, then quickly goes back to eating. He's seen it all before.

INT. POLICE CAR - MORNING

Jenny is driving, Mike is sitting beside her. We get the sense that they've been driving in silence for a little while. Jenny keeps looking at Mike, who is scoffing down some doughnuts, and sighing.

MIKE.
Can you stop doing that? It's offputting.

JENNY.
You know, you should really lay off that stuff. I read an article that too much sugar and caffeine can be a lethal combination.

MIKE.
Hmmm, interesting....

He picks up a large doughnut and rams the entire thing in his mouth. He manages a silly grin at Jenny, who is not amused. She takes a couple of pills with a bottle of water.

MIKE.
You know, if you're gonna jump on me for eating a sugary snack, I think it's only right I tell you the dangers of drugs.

JENNY.
(sighs)
Not this again. They're medically prescribed for stress. God knows how that happened though.

MIKE.
So, what we doing the rest of the day?

JENNY.
Just tying up some loose ends. I know it's dull and boring, but it should keep you out of trouble for a bit.

MIKE.
I see where you're coming from, but I ain't feeling it. My adrenaline is pumping and I wanna catch some bad guys.

JENNY.
Well, I'm sorry but that's just not gonna happen.

Out of the corner of his eye, Mike spots a couple of young guys speeding down the street.

MIKE.
Oh, really? Well, I respectfully disagree. Put your foot down and get after those guys.

JENNY.
I'm not really comfortable driving very fast.

MIKE.
Then move over and buckle up. It's gonna be a crazy ride!

Mike has an insane look on his face, as Jenny says a short prayer....

INT/EXT. STREET - MOVING - LATER

The cop car comes racing down the street, weaving back and forth in the road trying to chase down the car in front of them. Mike is the one now driving and slams into the car, intending to only make it stop, but instead sends it toppling into the air and smashing it upside down onto the road. The car then suddenly blows up.

Mike and Jenny exchange looks with each other in the car, not quite believing what they've just seen. They exit the car.

MIKE.
I think you better call this one in, detective.

JENNY.
Me?! It was you that did it.

MIKE.
Let's not play the blame game here. The paperwork on this kind of stuff is crazy.

JENNY.
You're crazy! I can't believe this is happening. What did I do to deserve a partner like you?!

MIKE.
I don't know, but whatever you did, I think you owe the big guy upstairs a big fucking thank you.

Jenny reacts.

INT. NANCY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Nancy's where we last saw her: face down on the kitchen floor. People shouting outside irks her to consciousness.

NANCY.
Shut the fuck up out there! People are trying to sleep.

She groans. Gets herself up. The room spins. Buddy looks at her from his basket in the corner of the room.

NANCY.
(holding her head)
Ah, fuck. Why does there have to be a downside to drinking?

Nancy slides down the cupboards and onto the floor. She sits there for a second, regrouping.

EXT. NANCY'S HOUSE - SHORT TIME LATER

Nancy staggers outside, searching for the noise. She shields the sun from her eyes. She is carrying a rucksack with her, and her dog by her side. There is a removal van outside with a very young couple looking on rather nervously. The COUNCIL INSPECTOR, wearing a suit and holding a clipboard is growing increasingly impatient.

Nancy throws the keys at him.

NANCY.
There you go, fucking vultures. Nice of you to throw a single parent out on the fucking street.

COUNCIL INSPECTOR.
You're not a single parent.

NANCY.
Oh, so making me homeless doesn't make this dog homeless, no? Fuck you! Hope you're all fucking miserable here. It's a fucking dump anyway.

The young couple who are moving in look completely shocked. Nancy gets in her car, closely followed by Buddy. After three attempts at starting the car, it eventually goes. She sticks her middle finger out of the window as she drives off.

COUNCIL INSPECTOR.
(to the young couple)
Alrighty then, let me show you inside.

By the looks on the couple's faces it's the last thing they want to do.

EXT. DOUG'S CONVENIENCE STORE - LATER

Nancy arrives outside Doug's store. She gets out of the car, along with Buddy. She notices a sign on the door that reads: "No dogs allowed, except for guide dogs." She looks down at Buddy.

NANCY.
Time for some role playing, Buddy.

She heads back to her car...

INT. DOUG'S CONVENIENCE STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Nancy, now wearing very dark sunglasses and holding a long stick in front of her, clearly pretending to be blind, enters along with Buddy. Roger spots her.

ROGER.
Excuse me...

Nancy flings the stick up in panic, knocking down some items.

NANCY.
Who said that?

ROGER.
Sorry if I startled you, but dogs are not allowed in here.

NANCY.
It says on your sign that guide dogs are allowed.

ROGER.
Oh yeah, right... Sorry. But I thought they gave you Labradors, not Lurchers?

NANCY.
Well, what I can say? That's Tory cuts for you.

Nancy gives him a smile and begins wandering around the store with Buddy, slyly slipping things into her bag as she goes along.

She arrives back at the entrance shortly, looks at Roger.

NANCY.
Not a lot here for me today.
(then)
I like the colour scheme in here, by the way.

ROGER.
Thanks...

Nancy exits, leaving Roger all confused.

Just then, we hear a loud bang.

ROGER.
Doug? Everything okay up there?

DOUG. (O.O.S)
Ah... Yeah, just lost my balance for a sec.

ROGER.
Well, be careful up there.

DOUG. (O.O.S)
I'm not an idiot, Rog.

We then hear another bang, this time Doug's legs crash through the ceiling and he's left dangling.

DOUG. (O.O.S)
Ow!

Roger rushes to help.

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE

INT. WILSON FAMILY HOME. FRONT ROOM - LATER

Jenny is sat in the front room with a face like thunder, trying to calm her nerves with a glass of red wine.

The front door opens, in walks Doug looking as if he's impersonating John Wayne out of some Western movie with his legs wide apart. Jenny notices.

JENNY.
What the hell happened to you?

DOUG.
Long story, don't really wanna talk about it.

JENNY.
Join the club.

He sits down with a grimace on his face.

DOUG.
How are you home so early? Everything okay?

JENNY.
Nothing's been okay since they paired me with that lunatic. After his latest episode today I've been given temporary leave of absence.

DOUG.
For how long?

JENNY.
(snaps)
I don't know, he just said temporary!

DOUG.
(to himself)
God, I've awoken the beast.
(then)
Well, at least you can drive the girls to school for a bit anyway.

JENNY.
Drop dead.

DOUG.
Love you too, sweetheart.

Jenny pops a couple of pills with the wine.

DOUG.
Oh, I don't think that's very wise.
(MORE)

DOUG. (cont'd)
(off her look)
But then what do I know? I'm no doctor.

EXT. DOG PARK - EVENING

Nancy is sitting on a bench eating the snacks she stole from the store, while Buddy is busy running around.

She picks out her phone and begins to dial. The phone rings, an ANSWERING MACHINE clicks on.

JENNY WILSON - ANSWERING MACHINE

JENNY.
Hi, I can't take your call at the moment so please leave a message and I'll get back to you when I can.... Thanks.

Nancy exhales, disappointed. Hangs up.

INT. POLICE STATION. POLICE CELL - A FEW DAYS LATER

Nancy is sitting in a police cell looking sorry for herself. Suddenly, the cell door opens and in walks Jenny. Nancy looks up.

NANCY.
What you doing here?

JENNY.
I work here.

NANCY.
I don't need you looking down on me. I've had a fucked up enough day as it is.

JENNY.
I'm not here to look down on you.

NANCY.
I didn't kill him, I swear.

JENNY.
I know you didn't. But maybe you should stop sleeping with guys for cash.

NANCY.
I needed the money.

JENNY.
That's the problem with you. You'll do anything and ANYONE for a bit of loose change.

NANCY.
Fuck you.

JENNY.
Nancy, I'm your older sister. But I can't keep protecting you.

NANCY.
I didn't ask for your fucking protection. I can look after myself.

JENNY.
Really? Because from where I'm standing you're not doing a very good job of it.

NANCY.
Fuck you. What else was I supposed to do? I can't get a fucking job, I got nowhere to stay and I need to have food. I need money to live. It's not fucking fair.

JENNY.
What the hell does fair have to do with anything? I got news for you, Nancy. Life ain't fair. You're gonna have to scrape and claw for everything you want. Just like the rest of us. You know, for the longest time you've been whining and moaning about how you hate your life, but you don't do a single thing to make it better. It's not magic, you know. You can't just whine and complain and expect stuff to change. You need to grow up. You need to focus on getting your crap together. And you can start by moving in with us for a bit.

NANCY.
I'm not moving in with you, I'd rather live on the fucking street.

JENNY.
Stop being so proud, Nancy. You need me, you know that. Just let me help you get back on your feet.

NANCY.
What, just so you can get on your high horse again and brag to people how you saved me from myself? Fuck that.

JENNY.
Nancy, I'm not doing this for me. You're my sister, I wanna help. We used to be so close.

NANCY.
Yeah, then you married Doug and ignored my existence.

JENNY.
Ah, I think you'll recall that it was you that ignored me when you married Freddie and went to live in Spain. It was like you had vanished off the face of this earth.

NANCY.
I was enjoying the sun, sue me.

JENNY.
Look, I don't wanna argue with you any more. I just wanna help you. So, will you let me help you?

NANCY.
Maybe... But we need to talk about some ground rules first. I ain't sleeping on no sofa, for one.

JENNY.
That's fine, we got a spare room.

NANCY.
Nice for some.

JENNY.
Nancy, I'm trying to do something nice for you here. Stop shoving it back in my face.

NANCY.
Sorry.

JENNY.
That's okay.

NANCY.
See, I can apologise when I've overstepped the mark, unlike some.

JENNY.
You're impossible, you really are.

NANCY.
I'm hungry.

JENNY.
What?

NANCY.
I'm hungry. I ain't ate anything for hours.

JENNY.
Hmmm, thought you'd still be full from all the food you stole from Doug's store.

NANCY.
Ah, cameras.... Fucking hate the things.

JENNY.
Don't worry, he's not gonna press charges. Now come on, let's get you out of here before they start charging rent.
(then)
Oh, one more thing.

She picks out Nancy's wedding ring from her pocket and hands it to her.

JENNY.
Here you go.

Nancy gets up, gives her sister a quick hug.

JENNY.
What was that for?

NANCY.
Nothing.

As Nancy exits, Jenny gives a small smile.

EXT. POLICE STATION - SHORT TIME LATER

Nancy is on the phone.

NANCY.
Yeah, Sean, I got your fucking money.

She looks at the ring in her hand, then up at the heavens.

NANCY.
Sorry, Freddie, but I got no choice.

Nancy hangs up. Just then, Jenny exits the station with Buddy in tow. She's holding the lead at as much distance as possible to avoid coming into contact with the dog.

JENNY.
(handing Nancy the lead)
There you go.

NANCY.
You're not gonna catch something from him, you know.

JENNY.
I don't like dogs, you know that.

NANCY.
Yeah, I know. You're weird.

JENNY.
So, who was you talking to just then?

NANCY.
Nobody important. Come on, lets get home. I'm starving. Where's my car?

JENNY.
I had it towed back to my place to keep safe.

NANCY.
So, how we supposed to get home?

JENNY.
Don't worry, I've arranged for one of the officers to take us back.

NANCY.
Ah, great.

A car with blacked out windows pulls up beside the pair. The window winds down to reveal a grinning Mike in the driver's seat.

MIKE.
You ladies order a ride?

JENNY.
Oh, God.

MIKE.
Get in.

Jenny starts a little prayer.

NANCY.
Since when are you religious?

JENNY.
I'm not, but we need all the help we can get if we're gonna get in a car with this guy.

MIKE.
Ah, come on, that's not fair. I accidentally killed a couple of
(MORE)

MIKE. (cont'd)
guys with my driving and she never lets me forget it.

NANCY.
I know that feeling.

JENNY.
Just shut up and get in the car.

NANCY.
You know, just because I've agreed to come live with you don't mean you can boss me around.

JENNY.
Oh, really? Okay then, would you rather go back inside and spend a few months in some grotty prison?
(off Nancy's look)
Thought not, now get in.

NANCY.
(to Mike)
How the fuck do you put up with her everyday?

INT. DOUG'S CONVENIENCE STORE - SAME TIME

Roger and Doug are looking up at the ceiling where two professionals are fitting in a new air conditioning machine.

DOUG.
I told you I'd get it sorted.

ROGER.
By hiring professionals like I told you to do?

DOUG.
No one likes a smart arse, Rog.

He spots a large ladder in the way of some stock.

DOUG.
Rog, what have I told you about leaving things in the middle of aisles? Anything could happen.

He picks it up and turns, but smashes it straight through the store window.

DOUG.
(to the professionals)
Can you fix windows too?

END OF ACT THREE.

TAG

INT. DOUG'S CAR - SATURDAY NIGHT

Doug is driving. Jenny is in the passenger seat looking rather flustered. Nancy is in the back seat flanked by Lola and Lily. The dog on her lap.

DOUG.
The party didn't go that bad....

JENNY.
It was horrifying, Doug. Mum's in hospital with a heart attack.

DOUG.
That just goes to show the surprise went very well.

NANCY.
I'm with him on this one. I'd never seen her scream so loud. You really did deliver the element of surprise.

JENNY.
God, I can't believe this. I try to do something nice and I end up almost killing my own mother.

DOUG.
Doctors said she'll be fine in a few days.

NANCY.
Yeah absolutely. Nothing to worry about. And look on the bright side.

JENNY.
What bright side?

NANCY.
As she didn't get to open any of the presents you can send them back and get full refunds on the lot.

Jenny shakes her head. Nancy and the girls start singing some cheesy pop song. Jenny pops two pills as we....

FADE OUT.

END OF
EPISODE.