FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Classy, elegant. Shark free. There’s a fish tank, though. For y’know... atmosphere.

BELINDA, tall, forties, in a black dress, enters in a hurry holding earrings. She puts them on in front of a huge mirror. They’re dolphins. Sharks would be a bit obvious.

As she fixes her hair LENNY enters with a briefcase. He throws himself down on the sofa and yawns. He’s about the same age, shorter, stubby and in a business suit with an appallingly loud tie. It’s got seals on it.

She glances at him while applying a little make-up.

BELINDA
You’re late.

LENNY
You don’t want to know. This guy’s rear molars were like glass. Kept breaking every time I...

BELINDA
You’re right. I don’t wanna know.

He looks at her properly for the first time.

LENNY
You going somewhere?

BELINDA
No. We are.

LENNY
Aww, you’re kidding. I’m fried. Can’t we put it off?

BELINDA
Again, no. Why do you do this every time? Get ready. Taxi’s booked for ten minutes. Dinner.

She points at him. He gets up to head upstairs. Much like a teenager would.

INT. TAXI - MOVING - LATER

Lenny and Belinda in the back.
Lenny looks exactly the same. She sneers at him. Shakes her head.

BELINDA
You could have at least shaved. You look like some sailor thug.

LENNY
I didn’t even have time to brush my teeth, dahh-ling. Where we going?

BELINDA
Binchleys. I told you yesterday.

LENNY
When all my troubles seemed so far away. What for? It costs an arm and a leg. Then they want your liver and kidneys. Pretentious thieves.

BELINDA
It’s Melissa’s birthday. Well, it’s next week. But, you know...

LENNY
How old is she this time? Twenty three again?

Belinda pulls a face. It’s not pleasant.

LENNY
Oh fuck. Don’t tell me she’s still with that guy.

BELINDA
Who?

LENNY
The oil guy with the wart on his nose. Looked a bit like a gnome. Had that weird smell. Like cheese and fish in a sweaty bathroom.

BELINDA
Oh no. He’s long gone. He was rather... weird in the bedroom department.

LENNY
You mean in a shop?
BELINDA
No Lenny. In a... Never mind. She’s with this new guy. Called...

INT. BINCHLEY’S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Posh is not the word. Well, it’ll do.

The beautiful people dine on overpriced and nearly raw meat served on what appears to be roofing tiles. It’s busy. Overworked waiters attempt aloofness despite their puny wages and penguin suits.

Belinda and Lenny stand at a table with their best fake smiles on. Opposite them is MELISSA - thirties, curvy, short, pretty if you think too much is a good thing. Beside her is -

RAPHAEL
Raphael.

And he is. Sleek, Italian, dark shoulder length curly hair.

A face that Michelangelo would have immortalised in marble. The type that makes women swoon and men sick. You’ll never be as beautiful. Oooh. Aaah. He offers his hand to shake...

Lenny takes it. He’s momentarily dazzled by his beauty. Then stops shaking. Coughs.

RAPHAEL
‘Ello.

The girls peck each other on the cheek like chickens. They all sit. Awkward smiles as they pick up their menus.

LENNY
Happy birthday, Melissa.

She smiles. Wide as a, um, shark. Raphael looks worried.

MELISSA
Oh thank you, Leonard. Most kind.

RAPHAEL
It is your birthday? You no say...

MELISSA
It’s next week. Don’t worry, silly.

She ruffles his hair. Belinda eyes him as subtly as she can. Which isn’t very.
LENNY
Yeah, chill dude. What we all having?

MELISSA
I’ll have the octopus.

BELINDA
I don’t see squid. Do they have it?

LENNY
Of course. Large or very large?

BELINDA
Oh very large. Enormous.

LENNY
Erm, dunno. Mussels. No? They have piranha. I’ll have that. Nippy.

MELISSA
What are you having, Raphael?

RAPHAEL
Spaghetti.

LENNY
I shoulda guessed.

LATER
They tuck into their meals. Lenny does it with much less enthusiasm than the others.

LENNY
This tastes like it’s been eaten already. I got better kebabs from the place they shut down for the ebola thing.

BELINDA
Stop moaning, Lenny. It’s Melissa’s night. Be nice. You know you can.

She exchanges bright smiles with Raphael. Melissa notices. She frowns. Belinda goes back to her squid.

LENNY
So, what do you do, Ralph?

Melissa gives a look that would frighten horses.
MELISSA
It’s Raphael, Lenny. Please don’t call him... that again.

LENNY

Belinda giggles. Stops herself quickly. It wasn’t that funny.

RAPHAEL
How you mean?

LENNY
How I mean for work. Keep wolf from door, etcetera, etcetera.

RAPHAEL
I’m a music producer.

LENNY
Got a mate does that. Kenny Tightpants.

BELINDA
Kenny flogs pirate CDs out of the back of a van. Hardly the same thing, now is it, Lenny?
(to Raphael)
Tell him who you’ve worked with.

Oops. Lenny’s eyebrows rise.

LENNY
How do you know?

BELINDA
Oh. Er, Melissa told me.

Melissa’s expression is confused. Raphael glances at both of them. Lenny prods his pirahna with menace.

RAPHAEL
Some peeple you maybe no know. Is no biggy. Is it Melissa’s night.

LENNY
Yeah. No, go on. Do tell.

BELINDA
Don’t be sarcastic, Leonard. Lowest form of wit.
LENNY
Where’s that leave arse and knob jokes? Not exactly Decartes are they? Come on Rafe. Who’ve you done, if you pardon my phrasing.

BELINDA
Don’t call him Rafe. He’s not an overrated actor with pretentions.

LENNY
Ooh I don’t know. So who you do?

Raphael shrugs with modesty. Or like a smug bastard, depending on your point of view. Melissa hugs Raphael’s arm.

MELISSA
He’s so modest. He’s worked with Jay-Z, Eminem, and which of the Jackson’s was it?

RAPHAEL
Tito.

LENNY
Tito. My favorite. Made Michael look like a busker. Bloody drug addict. Sorry, got carried away there. Anyway, back to the...

LATER
The plates are gone. They sip on coffee. Raphael checks his watch. Lenny goes at his teeth with a toothpick. The others try not to watch. They don’t find it easy.

RAPHAEL
We should go. Come on.

MELISSA
But where are we going?

He looks at Lenny and Belinda.

RAPHAEL
You can come too.

He puts his arm around Melissa as he leads her to the exit. Lenny’s not impressed.
LENNY
What a wanker.

BELINDA
Says the man who broke the computer.

EXT. BINCHLEY’S RESTAURANT - MINUTES LATER
Lenny and Belinda exit as Raphael and Melissa get in a taxi.

LENNY
Don’t we have to pay the bill?

BELINDA
Don’t be silly.
(takes Lenny’s hand)
Come on. If we don’t go with them we’ll live to regret it.

LENNY
Somehow I very much doubt that.

With reluctance he lets her lead him to the taxi.

EXT. HAMILTON MARINA - NIGHT
The taxi pulls up in front of erm, a boat. A big boat. No, a bigger boat. Well, it’s a quite big yacty... yawt... yacth... hang on. Yacht. That’s it. I think so. It’s as big as the budget allows. Yeah, right.

BELINDA
Oooh. A big boat!

Lenny looks directly to camera and rolls his eyes.

MELISSA
Oh my. Is that for little me?

RAPHAEL
Just for tonight, luv. Don’t get carried away. I no buy it.

BELINDA
Your English is very good, Raphael.

RAPHAEL
It be better could. Think I do.
LENNY

Yoda could not have put it better.

They exit the taxi. It leaves in a hurry.

Raphael points to the name on the front of the boat - Jowls.

MELISSA

What’s it called? Uuh.

LENNY

I can’t swim.

They all stare. Raphael puts one arm around his shoulder and the other around Melissa’s. He leads them on board.

RAPHAEL

Is okay, Len. You won’t have to.

EXT. JOWLS - MAIN DECK - NIGHT

Raphael takes the wheel. Guides the yatch... boat out to sea. The others sit on recliners sipping champagne. The women stare at Raphael’s perfectly formed backside.

BELINDA

Lovely view. This is the life.

LENNY

If you’re a haddock.

Raphael puts a hat on. Looks back at them. Points at it.

RAPHAEL

Iss good, yesh?

LENNY


RAPHAEL

Is bad hat, Lenny?

LENNY

Moving on...

LATER

Far out to sea. Raphael drops anchor. He turns to Belinda.

RAPHAEL

Beelindum. I show you down below.
LENNY
Not in front of me, you won’t you filthy little -

MELISSA
He means below deck, Leonard.

LENNY
Ah. I see. Unfortunately I now have this mental image I can’t get...

BELINDA
I’d love to see it, Raphael. Please take me now. You don’t mind do you, Lenny?

LENNY
Sounds like you’ve already decided, my dear. Who am I to stop you?

Raphael takes Belinda’s hand in a move as smooth as Travolta in the seventies. He leads her below.

As soon as the cabin door shuts Lenny and Melissa embrace.

MELISSA
Ohh Lenny.

LENNY
Oh Melissa baby. Let’s get busy.

TWO MINUTES LATER

Lenny pulls his pants up as Melissa fixes her clothes.

LENNY
I needed that.

MELISSA
I’ve had longer sneezes.

LENNY
Steady.


LENNY
What was that?

MELISSA
Sounded like...
The cabin door opens. Belinda steps onto deck.

She looks like she ran a marathon. Raphael follows her doing his flies up.

BELINDA
That was lovely, Raphael.

RAPHAEL
Yeaas. Louverlie.

BELINDA
What was that sound before?

Another BANG. The deck shifts severely to the left. Everybody scrambles to keep their balance.

RAPHAEL
Sacre bleu!

LENNY
Eh? Thought you were Italian?

RAPHAEL
Good point. Tua madre si da per niente!

LENNY
Bloody hell. That’s a bit strong isn’t it?

RAPHAEL
You shit of bull. You porked Meeleeesa while me under the top. She look like after I do bam bam big boy.

Lenny turns to Melissa.

LENNY
I’m beginning to wonder about his ethnic authenticity. He’s starting to sound like a pizza advert.

Melissa shrugs.

MELISSA
Wouldn’t worry about it. We’re running out of pages anyway. It’s hardly the time to pick on character flaws.
RAPHAEL
I keel yoo, yoo roast beef pig
fucker!

Raphael punches Lenny hard on his nose. Flies back to land on his arse.

LENNY
Ow! Oh, it’s like that is it,
Garabaldi? Come on, then.

They fight. The women cheer them on. A huge shark flies through the air and grabs Melissa. It drags her back into the sea. But Belinda’s too caught up in the fight to notice.

BELINDA
Kick him in the balls, Raphael!

LENNY
Hey!

He punches Raphael in the jowls. He no pretty no more.

RAPHAEL
Un succhiatore! Vai a farti fottere, puttana!

LENNY
Woah, Balboa. We’ll have to get subtitles if you keep doing that.

Lenny makes thrusting hip movements.

LENNY
Oooh. I like your girlfriend. She so horny.

RAPHAEL
Yoo die, Leonardo! I keel yoo, you fat bastard dentist cuckolder.

LENNY
Let’s have it then, pasta boy.

The huge shark leaps on board and eats Belinda in one bite. Lenny and Raphael step back with shock. The shark slides back into the sea.

LENNY
Well bugger my granny.

RAPHAEL
I’d really rather not. Oh, sorry.
LENNY
Oh. I’m sure no one’s too bothered by this point. Shall we go back?

RAPHAEL
Yeah, alright.

Raphael pulls up the anchor. Guns the engine to head to shore. The shark swims around the boat.

LENNY
We could bond after the funerals. Get a place together. Buy a little dog. Grow vegetables.

RAPHAEL
I think no. Me cock no sucky. And there’s definitely no way I do the other, sweetie pie.

LENNY
Pity. Can’t blame a boy for trying. Shame about the girls, eh?

RAPHAEL
Yeeeas. A bit sexist really.

LENNY
Hacks, I tell you. Honestly. The patriarchal domination of society in this day and age is just not on. I’m frankly disappointed.

RAPHAEL
Meee tooo. Thought eet meight...

LENNY
You can drop the accent now, Ralphy boy. I think we jumped it a few pages back.

RAPHAEL
Yeah fair enough. Thought it might go somewhere there for a while.

LENNY
Hmm. We’ve already done that bit. Fancy a pint when we get back?

RAPHAEL
Damn right. I’m a tad stressed.

FADE OUT.