

Friday Night Dinner

Episode Script

Title: Fruit Machine

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Opening Scene

Johnny and Adam approach the house together.

Johnny slaps Adam on the back of his head.

JOHNNY: Alright Pussface?!

ADAM: Well, I was -

Billowing from the house as they approach the front door -

MARTIN: It's not my shittin' fault!!

ADAM: Sounds *normal*.

Johnny tries the handle - the door is unlocked, so they enter.

Jackie is standing at the end of the hallway - staring away from them.

JACKIE: You idiot!

JOHNNY and ADAM: Hello mum.

JACKIE: Hello boys.

ADAM: So... What's tonight's screening...?

Martin enters the scene - topless.

JACKIE: He thinks he's tarzan.

MARTIN: Needed to be; shifting *that bloody thing*.

JOHNNY: What thing?

ADAM: Yeah... What *thing*...?

MARTIN: Wasn't my stupid fault.

JACKIE: It wasn't his fault, apparently.

MARTIN: How was I to know?! The bloke's an idiot!

Adam and Johnny hurry into the living room to witness...

The full size pub FRUIT MACHINE!

MARTIN: (following) Bloody false advertising!

ADAM: If you're simple minded...

MARTIN: Bloody fruit machine it said. FRUIT machine.

JOHNNY: Aaannndddd...?

MARTIN: Blame your mother. This sodding health kick she's put me on.

ADAM: Gambling's healthy now, is it?

MARTIN: FRUIT machine. Second hand FRUIT machine it said.

JOHNNY: Yes; we can see. Got a quid?

MARTIN: No! It's paid out sod all so far anyway!

Door bell rings.

MARTIN: Mr Gwoser. "Fruit machine for sale" he said. The moron! I mean, with that wording, you would have thought... Shittin' bells and BARS on the reels. It's FALSE ADVERTISING; that's what it is. (Brief pause). It is a pretty neat piece of kit though, isn't it bambinos?

Jackie opens the front door.

JIM: Hello Jackie! You look niiice.

JACKIE: Thank you, Jim.

JIM: I just wondered...

MARTIN: (shouting from living room) 3 bars! Yesssss!!! (Coins spilling into the fruit machine's tray beam out).

JIM: 3 bars?

Wilson makes a growling sound. Jim flinches.

JIM: Are they by any chance *chocolate* bars?

JACKIE: Martin's bought a fruit machine.

JIM: Mint Aero is my favourite. A fruit machine... I wonder if he has any melons spare? We love juicy ripe melons, don't we Wil -

Adam interrupts -

ADAM: Any chance of dinner tonight, or -

The house telephone rings. Jackie answers - wears a shocked face - hangs up.

JACKIE: Another heavy breather.

ADAM: A... What?

JACKIE: We've been getting them all day.

MARTIN: (entering hall) Bloody heavy breathing creep.

JIM: Perhaps it was someone just finishing a marathon?

Johnny and Adam move to the kitchen.

Johnny opens the fridge and sprays "whipped cream" into his mouth. Immediately he spits it out.

JOHNNY: You bastard!

Adam, grinning, laughs.

JOHNNY: Shaving foam!

ADAM: Yep! (Smugly) Worth every penny of the £11.99 - including postage - from Gags Galore.

At the front door -

JIM: I only called to ask -

MARTIN: (counting a handful of pound coins) What is it, Jim?

JIM: I have this card (he waves it above his head). A package was left in your care for me...

JACKIE: Oh, yes. (She opens the downstairs toilet door then returns). Here it is, Jim.

Jim grabs the package.

JIM: I wonder if... I ordered a book you see (waving the package).

MARTIN: Very nice Jim.

JIM: "How to Control Your Bladder." I've been having some trouble - down there. (He points to his crotch area).

MARTIN: (in pain, rubbing his arms) Pissin' heck. Those dumbbells have ripped my biceps to bits!

JIM: Dumbbells?

MARTIN: From the loft. Jackie's put me on a healthy, get fit thingy-mi-jiggy.

Jim: So, no more crumble for you then...

MARTIN: Sod that. *Of course* I'm having crumble!

Johnny dashes into the living room wearing a sneaky grin.

New Scene

Dining room.

Johnny, Adam, Jackie and Martin are seated around the table - eating.

JOHNNY: So... Adam... *How are you feeling?*

ADAM: (suspicious) Errrm... I'm fine, thank you.

JACKIE: You've not been poorly have you, Bobble?

MARTIN: Does he look ill?

JACKIE: What would you know: the man who bought a FRUIT MACHINE from a pub and didn't realise what it would be!

MARTIN: The name, Jackie. The name. (Emphasizing) Mr Gwoser...

ADAM: I'm fine! What's with all the... Ohhhhhhhh. Oooohhhh. (Clutching his stomach - up he leaps and runs to the lavatory).

JACKIE: What was that all about?

Johnny smiles.

Martin munches - care-free.

Telephone rings.

JACKIE: Not again!

MARTIN: Leave it.

JACKIE: It might be important...

Jackie hurries to the hallway.

JACKIE: (down the phone, loudly, after brief pause) Oh - piss off you sick weirdo!

JOHNNY: Definitely not important.

Jackie returns to the table.

So does Adam.

Adam stares silently at Johnny.

Jackie looks sad.

MARTIN: More heavy breathing?

JACKIE: The coward. Withholds his number.

MARTIN: He'll be breathing extra heavily if I get my hands on him. Through a ventilator! (Flexes his biceps proudly. Then rubs them again with a pain-filled face).

ADAM: Err, how do you know it's a man?

MARTIN: Well it's not gonna be a woman, is it. They charge for stuff like that.

JOHNNY: How do you know?

JACKIE: Yes, Martin; *how do you know?*

MARTIN: Everyone knows what those seductive numbers charge...

Doorbell rings.

MARTIN: Shit on it!

ADAM: I'll, errrr, get...

Adam dashes to the loo again.

JOHNNY: (grinning) I'll go.

Johnny opens front door.

JIM: Is your mother in?

JOHNNY: She's a bit busy, Jim.

JIM: Oh... It's about the package. The one she looked after for me. There's a bit of a problem...

JOHNNY: Right. (He returns to the dining room). Mum, Jim's at the door -

Jim wanders into dining room doorway area with Wilson.

JIM: Sorry Jackie. Sorry all. There's a teeny weeny problem with my package.

JOHNNY: With your brain.

ADAM: Teeny?

MARTIN: Weeny?!

JACKIE: What's the matter with it, Jim?

JIM: Well... I don't like to *discuss* it here, while you're all *eating*... But...

ADAM: But you're going to anyway.

JIM: It's the wee wees.

ADAM: (choking on his water) The what?

JIM: The wee wees. (Pointing to his lower torso) The wee wee wee wees.

JOHNNY: The toilet's in the hall Jim.

JIM: Not now -

ADAM: Has somebody moved it then?

JACKIE: What's this all about, Jim?

MARTIN: Shall I call for a psychiatrist?

JOHNNY: Perhaps fit a catheter bag?

ADAM: I'm trying to eat here!

JIM: It's my bladder.

MARTIN: What about it?

ADAM: Has it - exploded?!

JOHNNY: Hope not! (drops knife and fork).

JIM: No. It's okay. (Patting his lower torso) It's still in tact. But I need a *tester*.

MARTIN: You're taking the piss.

ADAM: Quite literally!

JIM: I need a timer.

JOHNNY: An egg timer?

JIM: For my wee wees.

ADAM: Oh, God...

JACKIE: Jim, we're eating here.

MARTIN: Trying to!

JIM: I need an independent wee wee timer. To measure my toilet trips. Bladder control: it's a tricky business.

ADAM: (holding tummy) Oh no... Not... Again...

Adam darts off again (to the downstairs toilet).

New Scene

Dining room.

Adam, Johnny, Jackie and Martin sit around dinner table.

JOHNNY: (triumphantly) Loony Loo Laxatives, for your worst enemies. For your great revenge!

ADAM: You just wait...

JACKIE: Can we stop the toilet talk please.

MARTIN: Where's the crumble?!

ADAM: Errrm, perhaps it's in the oven...

MARTIN: Alright, you clever twit. I do know. I did prepare it, after all. I meant...

JOHNNY: *You* made it?

ADAM: Errrrr - really?

MARTIN: Well I am capable. (Quotes "capable" with his fingers).

JOHNNY: Says Mr Fruit Machine.

MARTIN: Oh shut up! Mr Gwoser - he's to blame. Bloody moron.

JACKIE: Martin, did you phone the hoover company like I asked?

MARTIN: I tried.

JACKIE: Martin!

MARTIN: It was an answer machine. Every pissing time. It was like phoning a robot.

JACKIE: And?

MARTIN: Don't worry. I left a message. A very strong message I can assure you.

JOHNNY: Sucker!

ADAM: Dad's the Hoover King!

MARTIN: Sock fluff.

ADAM: Err, what?

MARTIN: It gets everywhere!

JOHNNY: On the carpets...

MARTIN: Had to use a dustpan and brush to clear the living room.

ADAM: Shall I nominate you for a community award?

JACKIE: Not the dust pan left on the kitchen worktop?

MARTIN: Yeah, well, does it matter where I left it?

The telephone rings!

MARTIN: Sodding phone!

JOHNNY: Let me get it this time.

Johnny hurries to answer, excitedly.

MARTIN: Pervert.

JACKIE: Martin!

MARTIN: I bet it's that pervert again.

Johnny returns swiftly.

JOHNNY: It's for you, dad. A Mr Gwoser. He wants to know if you want any more fruit machines. He's got one with lots of cherries and grapes on the reels - apparently. But, umm, oh yes: no refunds.

MARTIN: You wait 'til I get my hands on that Mr *Gwoser*. I'll give him grapes. In his hospital bed!

JOHNNY: Listen to Britain's new toughest man over there.

ADAM: (smiling at Jackie and Martin) How's your week been? Oh, by the way, have you heard Johnny's big announcement yet?

JACKIE: No. Oh what is it Johnny bobble?

JOHNNY: (daydreaming) What's what?

MARTIN: Your announcement.

JOHNNY: What announcement?

ADAM: (goads) Go on, tell them...

JOHNNY: (snarling at Adam) It's nothing.

MARTIN: An announcement about nothing. (Direct to Johnny) are you finishing that?

JOHNNY: No.

Martin sweeps the leftover food onto his own plate.

JACKIE: So...?

JOHNNY: So what?

ADAM: Your *announcement*.

JOHNNY: Thank you Adam. Thank you so much.

ADAM: My pleasure!

JOHNNY: (addressing all) I'm doing a little challenge.

MARTIN: Attempting to complete the local paper's crossword?

JOHNNY: Very funny. It's for charity.

JACKIE: Charity?

ADAM: Tell them what you're doing, Pissface.

MARTIN: It's not one of those sexathons, is it?

JOHNNY: No.

ADAM: Tell them...

JOHNNY: (to Adam) I bet you couldn't do it.

ADAM: I wouldn't want to.

JACKIE: Oh for goodness sake, just tell us!

JOHNNY: I'm wading through the Everglades eating alligator shit.

Jackie gasps!

Martin laughs.

ADAM: He's joking.

JACKIE: Well what is he doing then?

ADAM: He's pinching the bottoms of hippopotamus and rhinoceros at Longleat Safari Park.

JOHNNY: (blurts loudly) The Chip Shop Challenge!!!

The phone rings again.

MARTIN: Did you say chip shop?

JOHNNY: Yes.

MARTIN: Squirrel and chips for me!

Jackie stands up to answer the phone.

JOHNNY: It is for a good cause, you know.

ADAM: The British Obesity Society? Or Cholesterol Support, perhaps?

MARTIN: If it's that heavy breathing moron again, I'll...

Door bell rings.

Jackie, on the phone, opens the front door.

JIM: Hello Jackie.

JACKIE: (down phone) Who is this?

JIM: It's me, your neighbour. Your *friend*.

JACKIE: Jim, listen to this revolting... (She passes Jim the receiver).

JIM: (into receiver) Hellooooo?

Jim pulls shocked facial expressions.

JIM: (into phone) Are you okay?

(to Jackie) It's somebody *puffing*.

(into phone) Hel-l-looooo! Are. You. Okay?

Jackie returns to the dining table.

JACKIE: It's that bloody weirdo again.

MARTIN: Johnny's going to the chippy.

JACKIE: What? Why? We're having dinner, now.

JOHNNY: Not now.

ADAM: Err, yes; we are.

Jim pops into the dining room entrance.

JIM: The puffer hung up. (Hands phone to Jackie).

JOHNNY: Perhaps he was all puffed out!

ADAM: (to Johnny) So, how many chip shops do you have to eat from, Pissface?

JACKIE: Can you stop talking about chip shops, please? We're enjoying a nice meal here.

Martin coughs.

JIM: I love chips. Thick chunky ones. The crispier and crunchier the better.

JOHNNY: That's great Jim.

JIM: Wilson likes chippies too.

JACKIE: Oh my cod! Can we change the subject?!

Martin laughs.

ADAM: But Johnny's big Charity Chip Shop Challenge is going to be huge!

MARTIN: His belly will be afterwards!

JOHNNY: Looks who's -

JACKIE: What does this challenge involve, then?

JOHNNY: (sighs) I'm going to eat a portion from six chip shops one after the other.

ADAM: No fish?

JIM: No pickled onion?

JOHNNY: No! Just chips, okay?!!!

JACKIE: Well I'll sponsor you.

JOHNNY: Thank you, mum, for your support.

ADAM: The upstairs floorboards will need support after that lot's been devoured!

JIM: They're not as big as they used to be.

JOHNNY: What aren't?

JIM: Pickled onions. From the jar.

MARTIN: (impatient) Right. Who fancies crumble?

ADAM: The one you made?

MARTIN: Yes.

JIM: Oh, by the way, I came to return this. (He pulls a stopwatch from his coat pocket and places it on the table beside Jackie). It was extremely useful. I bet you can't guess the time I took between my eleventh and twelfth wee wee of the day?

JOHNNY: 25 seconds?

ADAM: 22 hours?

JIM: No, actually it was -

JACKIE: (annoyed and frustrated) I'll get the crumble.

New Scene

The bowls of crumble arrive at the dining table.

Jim is also seated.

MARTIN: (rubbing hands together) Lovely crimble crumble!

JOHNNY: Jim can have mine. (He pushes his bowl in Jim's direction).

ADAM: (looking suspiciously at his crumble) Are you sure this is edible?

MARTIN: (tucking in) Of course it is, you idiot. It's crumble! Delicious crimble crimble!

JIM: (accepting Johnny's bowl gratefully) The famous crumble!

Adam takes a reluctant mouthful - then pulls a horrified facial expression.

Jim gets stuck in - manically!

JACKIE: (chewing) It does taste a bit - *different*, Martin.

MARTIN: (enjoying his feed) I followed the recipe to the letter.

JOHNNY: Hark at Gordon Ramsay over there.

ADAM: (stops eating) There are little...*pieces*. (Spits out into a tissue). It's ***disgusting!***

Jim stuffs his face, merrily.

JACKIE: (alarmed) Martin!

ADAM: Pieces of...

MARTIN: Oh, be quiet, Duracell Jaws. Just get stuck in.

ADAM: (pushes bowl away) ...Sock fluff! There are bits of - YUCK!

JOHNNY: (laughing) Sock fluff!

JACKIE: In the crumble?

ADAM: Yes!

Jim stops eating and looks at Adam.

JACKIE: Martin! Did that dust pan get knocked into the crumble mix?

MARTIN: (brief pause) Sweaty sock particles never harmed anyone.

JIM: Parcels?

ADAM: This is insane!

JOHNNY: (being funny) So... Who's *footing* the bill for this meal?!

JACKIE: Stop it, Johnny.

JIM: Is there going to be a charge? Would you accept a credit card?

MARTIN: They're everywhere.

ADAM: Sock fluff is everywhere?

MARTIN: Particles! Atoms!

JOHNNY: Another science lesson approaching...

JIM: I could pop home and fetch my piggy bank...

ADAM: I must be in a different universe!

MARTIN: (eating on) Astronomy. Good choice of subject.

JIM: How's the fruit?

MARTIN: What?!

JIM: The fruit - that you bought.

JACKIE: (glaring at Martin) It's a fruit *machine*, Jim.

MARTIN: Not this again.

ADAM: It's fantastic. Every jackpot counts towards your five-a-day.

JIM: Oh, I see. Healthy gambling. A new idea is it?

Telephone rings again!

Martin, now finished his crumble, reaches for the receiver (which is still beside Jackie).

MARTIN: (down the phone, respectfully) Hello.

Silence ensues as eyes focus on Martin as he listens, intently.

MARTIN: (angry / frustrated) I bet you've got a little willy! A teeny tiny todger! (He pauses and listens as eyeballs stare firmer) Who is this? You sound pathetic. (To the others): Weird, heavy breathing. It sounds like the tide coming in.

JIM: Tide... Coming in... All that *water*... Oh no...

JOHNNY: Hope the waves don't crash!

Jim blushes, his hands below the table clutching his bladder area (anxiously).

MARTIN: (still on phone) He's still there!

JACKIE: Just hang up, Martin.

MARTIN: Sod it.

Martin stands up, places the phone receiver against his bottom and lets a huge fart rip, yelling in delight

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MARTIN: That'll teach him!

Gasps and laughter erupt/mingle.

JIM: The tide has well truly come in...

MARTIN: (staring at Jim and the chair/floor puddle below) SHIT ON IT!!!

End.