

# **'WOBBLE'**

**An 6/8 part 45 minute comedy drama series**

**by Barbara Jane Mackie**

**Episode One - 'Sexual Healing'**

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INT. HOUSE. BIRMINGHAM SUBURBS. LEAFY STREET. (1995) DAY.

We are in the kitchen of a comfortable, middle-class household. A precocious cheeky-looking, mixed-race child, YOUNG SYDNEY (10), is munching on her cereal as her father, ROGER (40's) a Doctor, Black British, gets ready to leave.

VANESSA (30's), Young Sydney's mother, a frustrated career woman, fills her wine glass up and drinks. Tension is rising. Young Sydney looks at her parents. We hear her VOICE OVER.

YOUNG SYDNEY (V.O.)

When I was kid, Mum and Dad were  
forever fighting. I would try and  
help them kiss and make up.

Vanessa hisses at Roger, trying to keep her voice down.

VANESSA

I've had it with your late nights  
'on call!' On 'call' to whom? Not  
to your patients, that's for sure!

ROGER

Darling, please?! Not in front of  
Sydney?

Young Sydney pushes back her chair and gets up and does a tap dance. A desperate smile on her face. They look at her sadly.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

I learned at a tender age that if  
you make people laugh they will  
love you and things might be ok.

Young Sydney looks from one to other, hopeful, her eyes wide.

EXT. HOUSE. BIRMINGHAM SUBURBS. LEAFY STREET. (1995) DAY.

YOUNG SYDNEY stands on the doorstep and watches as ROGER opens his car boot goes and puts a suitcase in. Young Sydney's jaw drops, tears coming into her eyes.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

They didn't always laugh however.  
Sometimes they cried!

VANESSA, tears of anger in her eyes, clutches her wine glass as Roger BANGS the car boot shut and walks up to Young Sydney. He crouches down, gulping hard.

ROGER

Sydney, darling? I'll always love you. Remember that, baby girl!

Young Sydney's eyes fill with tears. She wobbles.

YOUNG SYDNEY

If you walk out now, Daddy, I'll never, ever get over it?

Roger blinks back tears and walks backwards towards the car.

YOUNG SYDNEY (CONT'D)

And you both can pay my sodding therapy bills!

Roger and Vanessa stare at each other, shocked.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

Daddy left and Mum drank herself silly then ran off to Paris trying to find herself. And me?

YOUNG SYDNEY looks straight at camera.

YOUNG SYDNEY

Been trying to find myself ever since!

SYDNEY (ADULT) (O.S.)

Holes? We've all got them, eh?

INT. GLEE CLUB. BIRMINGHAM. CITY CENTRE. PRESENT DAY. NIGHT.

ON SYDNEY (30) a Sex Counsellor by day and Stand up Comic at night - mixed race, witty, honest, neurotic. Sydney stands in the spotlight in front of an AUDIENCE drinks in hands.

SYDNEY

All those holes we keep on filling?  
Food, drink, sex, fags, drugs,  
gimme, gimme, gimme! I'm in pain  
and must fill my holes! My holes!!  
(LAUGHTER)

But whaddya do if you are a needy  
fucker like me, a giant mother of a  
hole, an vast, empty well of  
despair that keeps on draining out?

Sydney rolls her eyes wildly, her tongue now hanging out.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

You panic!

The Audience WHOOP and CHEER as SYDNEY grins and shrugs.

INT. SYDNEY'S SEVENTH FLOOR FLAT. DIGBETH. BIRMINGHAM.  
PRESENT DAY. DAYS LATER. DAY.

ON SYDNEY sitting up on her huge double bed in a warehouse-style high rise apartment, munching on a bowl of cereal. Sydney looks directly at camera, face dead-pan. She shrugs.

SYDNEY

Here's me now. Thirty, dirty, and  
fantastically fucked up!

ANGUS (29) gay, an unemployed actor and MIMI (20's) Sydney's lover, a French Yoga teacher, sit either side of her. Mimi jumps out of bed, wrapping a towel around herself and runs out to the shower. Sydney playfully reaches out for Mimi.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Non, cherie? Don't leave me? Ach?!

Mimi runs out as Sydney, groaning, flops back on the pillows. Angus raises an eyebrow and looks at Sydney.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Done the shower yet, Angus? You  
know the deal. My flat, low rent,  
unemployed actors keep clean.

ANGUS

Huh? What would you know about  
keeping things clean, Sydney? It's  
really tough to be an actor!

SYDNEY

Try porn, then, mate. Better an  
honest whore than a dishonest  
actor. Out of my bed now, parasite!

Angus throws a pillow at her, getting out of bed as MIMI rushes in, wrapped in a towel. Sydney lurches at Mimi, pulling the towel off her and pulling her into bed. Mimi shrieks and giggles as they kiss, rolling over and over.

MIMI

You're zee sex addict, you are  
knowing that, Sydney?

Sydney's eyes wide. She nods very slowly and gulps.

INT. EUGENE'S BEDROOM. HOUSE. HARBOURNE. BIRMINGHAM. DAY

ON EUGENE (29) - eyes widening. A Black British web designer and Sex Counsellor, intelligent, sensitive, and his girlfriend BECKA (26), black British a Model, making love.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

Meet Eugene. A fellow sufferer.

An architect-designed minimal open plan bedroom. Becka moves under the sheets but Eugene looks unhappy.

BECKA

What's up, Eugene? I can't get no life out of this thing?

Becka, frowning, leans back exhausted on the pillows.

EUGENE

I'm sorry Beck? My head is overloaded!

BECKA

Maybe you need to see someone?

EUGENE

How can I? I am that someone.

Becka rolls her eyes as Eugene unhappily looks away.

INT. SYDNEY'S BEDROOM. HIGH RISE FLAT. DIGBETH. DAY

SYDNEY and MIMI are making love as SYDNEY'S MOBILE rings by her bed. Sydney leans over to read her text from MICKI.

SYDNEY

Ach? Maeve's on the warpath?!

Sydney jumps out of bed, struggling with her clothes.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

I'm coming, coming! Don't say it, Mimi? Joke's been done to death!

Mimi shakes her head and laughs as Sydney, struggling with her buttons, lurches around, tumbling out of the room.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE/STREET. SYDNEY'S APARTMENT BLOCK. DIGBETH. (BIT LATER) DAY.

SYDNEY struggles to get her bike down the outside fire escape.

A young black child, TEZ (10) hangs out from higher level and climbs out of a window. He joins her on the fire escape. They do a complicated hand routine that's only theirs. Tez grins.

TEZ

Yo, Sydney? 'Casablanca' is on Netflix. Shall we watch it again? Mum's made us popcorn.

Sydney gets her bike down and grins warmly fondly at him.

SYDNEY

You're the man, Tez! Set it up. And your mum's spotted dick? I'm crazy about your mum's spotted dick.

TEZ

Freshly made! Mum knows you love her spotted dick. Hey, Sydney? 'There will always be Paris'!

Sydney laughs fondly and rides off waving back at him.

INT. RECEPTION AREA 'CONNECT'. SEX THERAPY/RELATIONSHIP WAREHOUSE BUILDING. CITY CENTRE. DAY.

MAEVE (39), Irish, 'CONNECT'S' most Senior Sex Therapist, Irish, smart, sophisticated, walks through the open plan reception, her designer glasses perched on her nose. She is followed by ANDY (35), Sheffield born, sensitive, warm, mischievous, wearing a leather jacket, tousled blonde hair.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

Maeve and Andy. Top brass at 'Connect. Screwed up? Come on now, people? Who isn't?'

MAEVE and ANDY approach MICKI (27), 'CONNECT'S' Administrator, Black, hair scraped back, glasses on, Micki has a troubled history with men.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

Micki. An irritant of the highest order and sadly my wing woman.

On the reception desk, VERA (40's), a warm mother figure and long time post-operative Trans Female, answers the phone.

VERA (ON PHONE)

Hello, 'Connect?' How can I help, dear? They can certainly advise on your marriage. Thursday at three?

Maeve groans and leans into Andy.

MAEVE

Jesus? I'm hung over! Wine tasting  
at my flat - woke up in a cold  
sweat. Could it be ...?

ANDY

The 'Big M' - could be, Maeve?

MAEVE

Oh for god's sake? I'm too young!

MICKI

Huh? Men get the Menopause too,  
Andy. It's been proved.

MAEVE

Where the hell is Sydney?

Micki groans reading a text on her mobile from Sydney.

MICKI

Probably in the middle of an  
archetypal great fuck.

ANDY

Thought we were all searching for  
meaningful relationships in this  
New Age, Micki?

Andy grins wryly as Micki shrugs and hands Maeve a card.

MICKI

That posh dating agency my aunty  
tried? Met all these Captain of  
Industry types, wined and dined  
rotten! 'Drawing Down the Stars.'

MAEVE

Not quite my thing, Micki. Thanks.

Maeve reads the card as Andy shakes his head mock sadly.

ANDY

My cousin had the menopause at  
thirty. All her parts shut down and  
withered - tragic, eh?

Maeve and Micki stare as he raises his hands in mock horror.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Jeez? Life is so tough for you  
women these days!

EXT. STREET. BIRMINGHAM. CITY CENTRE. DAY. (BIT LATER)

SYDNEY rides her bike fast through the traffic. She screeches to a halt as a GRAND LADY (60's) in shades, slowly walks her pooch over the zebra crossing. Sydney rings her bell as the GRAND LADY deliberately slows down glaring coldly at Sydney.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

Ok, lady? Guessing your psycho-sexual disorders lie somewhere around sexual aversion, orgasmic disorder with fetishism thrown in, often caused by cultural and religious repression. But don't worry, lady, help is at hand. Just ring 'Connect'!

Sydney whizzes off as the GRAND LADY stares.

VERA (O.S)

(ON PHONE)

Hello, 'Connect'. Any kind of problem, dear. The sky's the limit.

INT. RECEPTION AREA 'CONNECT'. CITY CENTRE. DAY.

VERA answers one of the phones, MICKI on her computer. Micki looks up at the Dating agency card she has pinned up and sighs deeply. 'DRAWING DOWN THE STARS.' Vera looks over.

VERA

'Drawing down the Stars?' You're a lovely girl, dear, and you deserve a nice man to make a fuss of you.

MICKI

Nice men are a myth. They don't exist like they did back in your day, Vera.

VERA

Men were less complicated in my day that's for sure. Women too!

Vera suddenly chuckles warmly.

VERA (CONT'D)

I was the exception of course! Moira stayed with me even when I transitioned, bless her. The kids found it very hard, mind you.



MICKI

Suzy still not in touch?

VERA

No, dear. Nor Bradley. Hey ho? I follow them all on facebook.

Vera sadly shakes her head and quickly grabs the diary

INT. COUNSELLING ROOM. 'CONNECT'. CITY CENTRE. DAY.

EUGENE, dressed in a business suit, is counselling DOUGIE, big, burly (35), a Fireman, and SALLY (30's), blonde, conventional. Both of them sit in chairs opposite Eugene.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

So this is what we do. Make or break relationships. Not for the feint hearted, I'm telling you!

Eugene takes a breath and looks at them both. A BIG SILENCE.

EUGENE

This must be very scary for you both. This is a huge change and it will take some adjusting.

Sally, tears in her eyes, shakes her head as Dougie, ashamed, blinks back the tears and looks over to her.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Sally? How did you feel when you first found Dougie in your underwear?

SALLY

Angry, shocked, disappointed, Eugene. And terrified! Dougie ruined me best M & S stuff when he was rifling through my drawers!

Sally blinks back tears of frustration and looks at Dougie.

EUGENE

Dougie? Could you try and explain how you feel right now?

DOUGIE

My whole world is about to fall apart!

EUGENE

Why fall apart, Dougie?

DOUGIE

Well? I've turned into an 'effing  
Drag Queen, ent' I?

EUGENE loosens his tie, distracted.

SALLY

Please don't say that, Dougie.

DOUGIE

I'm just saying it as it is, love.  
We've got to be honest here.

Sally shakes her head again and looks away. Dougie sadly  
shakes his head in frustration and looks at Eugene.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

Sals didn't want to come but I was  
keen to flush it all out, give  
things a good hose down.

EUGENE

There's a big difference between  
being a Cross Dresser or  
Transgender, Sally. Dougie's  
clearly happy to remain a man but  
enjoys dressing in the clothes of  
the opposite sex.

Dougie nods keenly and looks at Sally.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

What's the reaction been from your  
mates in the fire service, Dougie?

DOUGIE

Haven't told 'em, Euge. Firefighter  
like me, six foot three, built like  
a brick shit house and turns out to  
be a Tranny? Voof?!

DOUGIE gulps hard. SALLY, blinking back tears looks over.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

I mean, who would ring a Tranny to  
put out a fire?

Eugene is breathless. His pager goes off in his pocket.

EUGENE

Sorry, people. An emergency!

INT. RECEPTION AREA 'CONNECT'. CITY CENTRE. DAY.

ANDY walks into reception and approaches MICKI and VERA

ANDY  
Delirious with tiredness. Kids were  
in and out of our beds last night  
like yo-yo's! Ach?!

Micki hands Andy a tiny bottle as Vera turns to her work.

MICKI  
Rescue Remedy. Have a couple drops.  
Great for fatigue, stress - life.

Andy looks interested as EUGENE walks into the reception.

EUGENE (ON MOBILE)  
I'm in a session, babes?! They will  
increase the mortgage and pay for  
the renovation. Ok, Beck, go for  
the Mulberry sofas. Gottago!

ANDY  
There's a guy who needs rescuing!

Eugene snaps off his phone and groans. He shoots a quick look over at Micki who catches his eye and quickly turns away.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
Sorry to be the prophet of doom but  
one in three marriages hit the  
rocks, Euge. That's why we're here.

Andy passes him the bottle of Rescue Remedy and grins warmly.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
Rescue Remedy. Sorts out your life.  
Micki says and Micki knows!

Andy smiles, walking off, as Eugene looks at the bottle, shooting a look at Micki. Eugene sighs and darts back into his Counselling room. Micki turns to Vera, irritated.

MICKI  
Why do guys always need rescuing by  
some strong woman?

Vera smiles and shrugs. Micki whispers to herself.

MICKI (CONT'D)  
How about someone rescuing me?

INT. COUNSELLING ROOM. 'CONNECT'. CITY CENTRE. DAY.

EUGENE is mid-session with DOUGIE and SALLY. The atmosphere is very tense. Dougie looks anguished.

DOUGIE

Round our way, a bloke's a bloke,  
and a bird's a bird and now I've  
messed that all up.

EUGENE

(gently)

We'll get this mess untangled,  
Dougie. As said, it's society that  
forces people to go underground.

SALLY

Underground? I'd never take Dougie  
on the tube dressed as a woman!

EUGENE

You've been through an enormous  
shock, Sally, and it will take time  
to adjust to the new relationship.

Sally nods quickly and blinks back tears.

SALLY

I wish I could. I'm just feel so  
scared and what about my mum?

EUGENE

Your mum?

SALLY

Mum and dad paid for our wedding  
and wanted everything to be perfect  
for their baby girl.

Eugene reels back and wipes his brow. He gulps hard.

EUGENE

Your wedding ...? Perfect?

SALLY

Cost a fortune but they loved my  
choice of husband too. A fireman, a  
real man was Dougie! How can I tell  
them Dougie is now a 'she?'

DOUGIE

(desperate)

Look at me, Sal. I'm still your  
Dougie underneath!

SALLY  
 (tearful/anguished)  
 You said you wanted to be called  
 'Diana'? Princess Diana next!

DOUGIE  
 Know it's a bit overwhelming, love.

SALLY  
 Your telling me, Diana?! You left  
 me knickers covered in semen. Can't  
 get the stains out!

Eugene is breathing hard and loosens his tie.

EUGENE  
 Society has dressed us men in  
 suits, harsh, rough uniforms and  
 pushed the female kind of dressing  
 underground. Not ... easy for men.

Dougie and Sally look confused as Eugene opens his collar as  
 sweat starts to trickle down his forehead.

EUGENE (CONT'D)  
 I'd ... like to take you both into  
 therapy. See you both next week. I  
 need the Gents, I...?!

DOUGIE  
 'Gents', 'Ladies', that's what  
 we're wrestling with here, eh?

Doug smiles very weakly as Sally groans loudly and Eugene,  
 breathing hard, rushes out.

INT. LADIES TOILETS. 'CONNECT'. CITY CENTRE. DAY. (SAME TIME)

On the LADIES sign on the door as SYDNEY pushes on the door  
 and rushes to the washbasin, splashing cold water over her  
 face. A toilet flushes and MICKI emerges from a cubicle.

SYDNEY  
 Phew? Knackered! Mimi was round  
 last night and Trudi's is pestering  
 to see me and so's Marcus, and  
 can't think of any funny material  
 for the show - help me?!

Mimi moves to the basin next to Sydney's to wash her hands.

MICKI  
(grinning)  
Base it on your life, Sydney, that  
should crack them up. Ha?

SYDNEY  
Piss off, ya nasty little virgin!

They laugh as MAEVE comes in and stiffens seeing Sydney.

MAEVE  
Sydney? Hope you're managing to  
keep a lid on your personal life?

Sydney smiles brightly, in her Stand Up pose.

SYDNEY  
But Maeve? If we don't fuck  
ourselves, how can we counsel the  
fucked up about fucking?

MAEVE  
Part of your Comedy act, Sydney?  
You're still in training so don't  
let things run out of control.

Maeve enters a cubicle as Sydney makes a face at Micki, who stifles a giggle as they leave. Maeve's toilet flushes and she emerges and stares at herself in the mirror.

MAEVE (CONT'D)  
Drawing Down the Stars? Maeve  
O'Mara. Single, a widow, lonely as  
hell and about to lose control!

EXT. ROOF. 'CONNECT'. CITY CENTRE. DAY. (BIT LATER).

EUGENE is up on the huge roof which overlooks the industrial landscape of the city. Eugene grips hard on the railings, sweat on his forehead, breathing in and out.

INT. MEETING/BOARD ROOM. 'CONNECT'. CITY CENTRE. LATER. DAY.

MAEVE is chairing a weekly meeting around a big table her Clients' notes in front of her. MICKI and ANDY and SYDNEY sit around the table. Sydney clocks Andy.

SYDNEY (V.O.)  
Meet Andy, Object of Lust. Very  
very fuckable and very, very  
married!

MAEVE

How long has this Client been  
vaginismic, Micki?

MICKI

Four years, Maeve. The Client's  
mother was a monster, controlling  
her daughter throughout her  
adolescence. Now the Client has met  
this man so she wants to sort out  
her vaginismus, but she's still got  
this terrible fear of vaginal  
penetration. I'd like the chance to  
counsel this Client on my own,  
Maeve. I'm ready. I know my stuff.

MAEVE

I don't see why not, Micki. Andy?

Andy is staring at Sydney. Sydney stares back.

ANDY

Micki can counsel me as penetration  
scares the hell out of me!

Sydney stifles a snort of laughter as Maeve frowns sternly.

MAEVE

The prem-ejac couple, Andy? Having  
read your 'hello' notes, seems like  
a bit of a two hander?

ANDY

We're talking 'sensate focus'. The  
male client has problems with early  
ejaculation but why the two hander?

MAEVE

The couple are elderly and I feel  
the woman might feel more  
comfortable supported by a female  
counsellor. Sydney could trail you?

Andy, intrigued, grins warmly at Sydney. Sydney smiles back  
at him as Micki frowns and kicks Sydney under the table.

EXT. ROOF. 'CONNECT'. CITY CENTRE. DAY. (MINUTES LATER)

EUGENE is on the roof on his mobile talking to his business  
partner. He's very stressed.

EUGENE

(on mobile)

We can't afford to lose that account, Dan. If the website's crashed then Marcus is our guy!

ANDY walks up onto the roof, roll up cigarette behind his ear. He approaches Eugene. Eugene clicks off his phone.

ANDY

You ok, mate? I'm a bit worried about you, Euge. Work pressure?

EUGENE

God knows, I'm ...? I keep overheating!

Andy inhales his cigarette and looks out over the city scape.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

Inga ok? She must be due soon?

ANDY

Three months. Ten years in and we're still churning them out. I don't want to put you off, mate. Marriage is ... you know? Marriage.

Andy looks strangely glum as Eugene shrugs, sighing hard.

INT. COUNSELLING ROOM. 'CONNECT.' CITY CENTRE. DAY. (LATER)

SYDNEY and ANDY are co-counselling RONALD (50's) and MELISSA (50). Ron is very dapper in a blazer and tie and Melissa a Women's Institute member. Andy leads the session.

RON

I keep coming too quickly.

MELISSA

Ronald, really?!

ANDY

It's ok, Melissa.

Andy looks at Ronald encouragingly. Ronald gulps hard.

RONALD

I feel pressure to perform, plus there's a framed photo of James, hubby number one, near the bed. James could keep it up all night, according to Melissa.



Melissa shuffles around and readjusts her necklace.

RON

More pressure and it affects my  
performance in the old boudoir.

MELISSA

I'm not putting you under pressure,  
Ronald. I just? I ...?! I feel  
under pressure too, Sydney. When we  
get into bed my heart starts  
fluttering, get all tense.

SYDNEY

Do you think you're comparing  
Ronald to your first husband James?

MELISSA

No, Sydney, not really.

RONALD

Oh come on, Mel? James was a real  
stud by all accounts?

MELISSA

It's just that? How do I say this?  
James could shoot straight!

RONALD

'Shoot straight?' This isn't a  
firing range we're talking about?  
It's me, Ronald, working his balls  
off!

Andy nods at Sydney. He will make the next move.

ANDY

(gently)

Let's get back to the nitty gritty.  
Ronald. Pick up from where you  
were.

RONALD

I like my rumpy pumpy and I know  
Mel does too, but every time I'm  
inside her, I come too quick and  
squirt all over the bedspread like  
blimmin' Flipper!

ANDY

Flipper the penguin?

SYDNEY  
 (Grinning)  
 Flipper the dolphin, Andy. TV Gold.  
 Keep up now!

Ronald gulps hard as Sydney and Andy listen intently.

RONALD  
 Me and the old gal have been  
 together for donkey's years and I  
 always took pride in my Johnson and  
 the family jewels. Everything  
 always worked a treat. Eh, Melissa?

MELISSA  
 Yes, but everything's now gone a  
 bit pear shaped.

RONALD  
 Melissa's right. Me old banana has.

Sydney breathes hard, eyes wide.

MELISSA  
 Turned into a pear. All soft and  
 squidgy!

SYDNEY (V.O.)  
 (whispering)  
 Pheweeee?! Old age and sex? Will  
 anyone want me when my vagina  
 becomes a wrinkled prune?

MELISSA  
 (tearful)  
 Sydney? Is there hope for a couple  
 of old codgers like us?

Sydney blinks, suddenly moved. She nods gently.

SYDNEY  
 There's always hope, Melissa.  
 Always! Never forget that.

Andy shoots Sydney an admiring look as Melissa brightens.

EXT. ROOF 'CONNECT'. CITY CENTRE. DAY. (BIT LATER)

MAEVE is standing on the large roof vaping. ANDY approaches via the Fire Escape and walks over. Andy lights up a roll up as they lean on the wall and look out over the city.

MAEVE

Just had a bit of a sad session. A widow trying to find a man. At sixty five. She hasn't had sex for eighteen years either.

ANDY

That's grim. Micki's locking up, fancy a half? Look like you might need it?

MAEVE

I'm ok, thanks, Andy. I've got a dinner party lined up.

ANDY

Dinner party for one?

Maeve laughs wryly and inhales her cigarette.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I'm cooking spaghetti hoops for five six year old girls - the sleep over. What sadist invented the goddamned sleep over? They never sleep!

MAEVE

The single life has its benefits, I guess?

Andy shrugs and walks off across the roof.

ANDY

Don't forget that dating agency. Be dinner for two then!

Maeve smiles sadly as Andy walks off but suddenly turns back.

ANDY (CONT'D)

There's always hope, Maeve. Always. Sydney said that!

Maeve nods, slightly impressed, staring out over the city.

INT. NIGHTCLUB. CITY CENTRE. BIRMINGHAM. NIGHT.

SYDNEY is holding the mic in the spotlight, in front of a small CROWD, some propping up the bar. She looks excited, intense, holding a drink, swigging from it.

SYDNEY

Marriage? Any experts here on this rather weird state of affairs?

A FEW LAUGHS and SEVERAL PEOPLE put their hands up.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Tell me, please, people? As a fucked up failure of a broken marriage, I need to know.

HECKLER (#1)

It's a prison sentence, love!

HECKLER (#2) (CONT'D)

I'm in fifteen years, me. A lifer!

The HECKLER'S WIFE laughs and hits him on the arm as PEOPLE LAUGH. Sydney grins but carries on, focused now.

SYDNEY

So what is marriage really? A contract? A piece of paper invented in Mesopotamia in 2350 BC by some male village elders. (LOW MALE VOICE) You, woman, are my goods and chattels, you have no rights and I will beat you, woman, when I drink of the meade and you will give me the very good sexing and I won't even pay your for it! Bum deal, eh, ladies? Life's lonely, and ...?

HECKLER (#1)

Lonely as shite, love!

SYDNEY

You said it! Then you get married. You rot and atrophy as your body parts wither and turn to dust. Might as well end it all now, ladies, as those Mesopotamian fuck fathers really did it for us girls!

The AUDIENCE laugh and SEVERAL WOMEN WHOOP and CHEER.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

I'm Sydney Smith, see you all again next friday. 'Women Talk Dirty'!

INT. BEDROOM. EUGENE'S FLAT. HARBOURNE. DAY. (NEXT DAY)

EUGENE and BECKA are mid sex. Suddenly Eugene pulls off and rolls away as Becka collapses back on the pillows.

SYDNEY (V.O.)  
Another lamb to the slaughter. The  
long march to the altar!

BECKA  
We don't talk, Eugene, sex is  
automatic and I don't know who I'm  
engaged to anymore?

Eugene sighs hard and looks away.

BECKA (CONT'D)  
What about your dad? Is he coming  
to the wedding, Euge?

EUGENE  
I haven't got a dad, you know that.  
The business, the wedding plans,  
it's all falling in on me, Beck!

BECKA  
It's the counselling that's  
screwing you up, Eugene.

Eugene gets out of bed and wraps a sheet around him.

EUGENE  
I just want to stop people from  
making the same fuck ups that mum  
and dad did. I volunteer at  
'Connect' because I care.

BECKA  
Hmm? How's about you caring for me?

Eugene walks off to the shower as Becka shouts after him.

BECKA (CONT'D)  
Walk away, Eugene? Back to your  
flaming freaks and weirdos!

A door slams and Becka, fuming, punches a pillow hard.

EXT. STREET. BIRMINGHAM SUBURBS. DAY. (NEXT DAY)

DOUGIE is walking down the street, swinging a handbag, clip-clopping in his high heels and a tight dress. He straightens his lopsided blonde wig. He wears full make up.

SALLY walks next to him, embarrassed. A PASSER BY looks over. TWO WORKMEN on some scaffolding smile and wave down.

DOUGIE  
How am I doing, Sal?

Dougie laughs and stumbles over a paving stone as Sally grabs his arm and steadies him. Dougie smiles gratefully at her.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)  
Man underneath and woman on top!

INT. SYDNEY'S SEVENTH FLOOR FLAT. DIGBETH. DAY. (SAME TIME)

SYDNEY is semi-naked writhing around on top of TRUDI (31), a Black Ballet Teacher. ANGUS walks in, bearing a plate of muffins waving them around. Sydney grabs a muffin.

SYDNEY  
Stand up this Friday, people 'Women talk Dirty.' Glee Club. Be there!

ANGUS  
Stand up? You? Miss Flat on her Back?

TRUDI  
Do your act, Sydney. I'm taking a dance class, so can't be there.

Sydney sits up and addresses an imaginary AUDIENCE.

SYDNEY  
Sex is something I've always been fascinated with, even at my primary school I was sexually curious, forever in the woodshed with the boys. You know? I'll show you mine if you show me yours ...

ANGUS  
Hang on? Aren't you meant to be co-counselling today with Mr. Married and Out of Bounds?

TRUDI  
'Mr. Married'? What the hell, Sydney ... ?!

Trudi glares at Sydney, horrified, and jumps out of bed as Sydney smiles weakly at Trudi as she runs out.

SYDNEY (O.S.)  
Marriage just seems so redundant  
these days ...

INT. ATTIC ROOM. THERAPIST'S HOUSE. MOSELEY. DAY. (LATER)

IAN (40's), a handsome, sensitive, smiles as he listens to Sydney. Sydney sits in a comfortable arm chair opposite.

SYDNEY  
A mockery as we're all biologically  
predisposed to be polygamous,  
aren't we? Women too! It's not just  
some male hunter-gatherer  
prerogative.

Ian stares intently at Sydney. She stares back.

IAN  
Whenever you've made up your mind  
you're going to do something  
destructive, Sydney, you work hard  
to justify it. Like now.

SYDNEY  
Really? How so?

IAN  
People who have been abandoned as a  
child often self-sabotage or  
sabotage the relationships of  
others. You grew up with  
infidelities all around you,  
Sydney. A lot of let downs. I'm  
guessing you're comfortable with  
infidelity?

SYDNEY  
You're saying I'm about to get into  
deep shit with a married man  
because I'm unfaithful like my dad?

IAN  
You said your dad was always  
seducing his medical assistants?

Sydney wriggles around awkwardly. Ian checks his watch and  
picks up one of Sydney's Fliers from the coffee table.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Time to wind up now. Ah? 'Women  
Talk Dirty'? Your release? Sex can  
also be a release.

Sydney grins and shrugs grabbing her bag.

SYDNEY  
I'm filling holes, I already know  
that, thanks, Ian. God? I might as  
well be counseling myself!

Ian laughs fondly as Sydney grabs her bag, rushing out.

INT. RECEPTION AREA 'CONNECT'. CITY CENTRE. DAY.

MICKI is busy at her computer as VERA answers the phones. We see DOUGIE THE FIREMAN and SALLY sitting in reception. They're early for EUGENE. Micki walks over to them.

MICKI  
Eugene's been delayed. Are you  
happy to hang on for half an hour?

Dougie grins, his wig slipping slightly.

DOUGIE  
I'm hanging on for dear life!

A WOMAN comes into reception. AMELIA (50's), a Princess Anne type, a Hermes head scarf and a Barber jacket on. She looks around, very imperious and marches over to Micki.

SYDNEY comes in, wheeling her bike through reception and places a pile of Comedy Night leaflets on the coffee table and Reception desk. Vera picks one up and giggles.

VERA  
A '*No Nuts Comedy Night*' Ooo,  
Sydney? What are you like?

Amelia walks over to Sydney and Sydney reels around to face her. Amelia stands very close to her, breathing hard. Sydney dashes off as Amelia narrows her eyes, very creepy.

AMELIA  
I need to see a therapist and it  
must be her! How long must I wait?

VERA  
There's a session free at twelve  
thirty, dear. A bit of a wait but  
there are some mags over there.

AMELIA  
Got a copy of '*Harpers & Queens?*'



VERA

Oh, no, dear. We never get harpers  
but we sometimes get Queens.

ON DOUGIE. Dougie sees Sydney's fliers on the coffee table  
and looks over at SALLY a bit sadly.

DOUG

*'No Nuts Comedy Night?* Don't think  
they'd let me into that one, Sal?

Sally groans quietly and rolls her eyes.

INT. LADIES TOILETS. 'CONNECT.' CITY CENTRE. DAY. (SAME TIME)

MICKI comes out of a cubicle to find SYDNEY staring at  
herself in the mirror. She looks thoughtful.

SYDNEY

I've had it with women, Micki.  
Mimi, Trudi, they're all too hungry  
sucking on my teat. So needy! Gonna  
clear them all out!

MICKI

(grinning)  
Sure it's them who are too needy,  
Sydney?

Micki leans into a basin and washes her hands.

SYDNEY

I want a more cerebral lover. A  
zipless fuck with a brain attached.

Micki shakes the water off her face, horrified.

MICKI

No?! Don't do it, Sydney! The one  
rule here, remember?!

A LOUD CHAIN FLUSH. MAEVE emerges from a cubicle.

MAEVE

Sydney? How's the co-counselling  
going with Andy?

SYDNEY

(brightly)  
We've done the History taking,  
Maeve, and the 'Hello' interview  
and now we're ready to rock and  
roll!

Sydney grins at Micki and rushes off. Micki looks at Maeve.

MICKI

Sydney's dead serious about this job, Maeve. Says she's polyamorous, but she's clearly a sexaholic but she's working on herself, she is.

MAEVE

Hmmmm? That so, Micki? Anyone would think Sydney was the only around here who was sexually active?

Maeve and Micki suddenly look at each other. Maeve gulps.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Ok, must dash! Got my widow coming in, talking to me about her? Her lack of? You know ...?

Maeve dashes out as Micki rolls her eyes knowingly.

INT. ANOTHER COUNSELLING ROOM. 'CONNECT'. CITY CENTRE. DAY.

EUGENE is mid-counselling DOUGIE (dressed as a woman) and SALLY. Eugene focuses hard, but we can see he's distracted.

EUGENE

You made it back here. Very brave. How did you feel, Dougie, out in the open as a woman?

Dougie looks very pleased with himself.

DOUGIE

I felt like me for the very first time. Felt like the real Dougie. Blimmin' scary, mind. Couldn't balance on these heels!

EUGENE

You made it too, eh, Sally?

SALLY

I'm not changing lanes now, Eugene, even if Dougie is.

Dougie blinks hard and stares gratefully at Sally. Sally smiles back at him. Eugene, sweating, is distracted.

EUGENE

Small steps ... well done!

SALLY

Dougie's clip clopping in those high heels. I'm going to get him some ones that fit as he's lurching around like a drag act! I mean...?

DOUGIE

It's ok, love. It's ok.

Sally smiles gently at him and he smiles back.

SALLY

Go on, Dougie. Tell, Euge, the whole story.

DOUGIE

When I was a boy, Euge, I had this mop of blonde curly hair, blue eyes - I was a bit of a picture. And my Dad - oh, blimey? He used to beat me rotten! He knew there was a woman under the man and he wanted to stamp it out.

Eugene nods slowly and breathes deeply.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

All that hate? It can darken the soul. You've got to confront the past, Euge, unlock it then throw away the key!

Eugene, transfixed, nods very slowly. Dougie smiles brightly.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

Face up to yer demons. And me? For the first time in me life I feel a bit normal!

Dougie grins broadly, his wig slipping as Sally groans softly. Eugene looks very shaky and clutches his notes.

EXT. ROOF. 'CONNECT'. CITY CENTRE. DAY. (SAME TIME)

ANDY is on the roof having a roll up. SYDNEY comes up the fire escape and approaches slowly and leans on the wall. Andy laughs and points out the COUPLE in the nearby office below as they embrace.

ANDY

The kissing couple! When will they stop? 'Rear Window' or what?

Sydney raises her eyebrows and groans softly.

SYDNEY

Sex, eh? We're surrounded by it.  
I'm trying not to think about sex.

Andy twinkles at her warmly.

ANDY

Really? Why?

SYDNEY

Oh, you know? Men stuff.

ANDY

Just men stuff?

SYDNEY

Micki's got a big mouth. Ok, women  
stuff too!

They laugh awkwardly as Sydney now stares hard at him.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

What's it like to be married? I  
can't imagine vowing to be loyal.  
It's a total mind fuck for me.

ANDY

Marriage? You know? It's for life.

SYDNEY

Wow. Sounds like a prison sentence.

ANDY

More an open prison. But there are  
rules I guess ... ?

SYDNEY

Rules? Those meddling old men in  
Mesopotamia who invented marriage  
have a lot to answer for!

Andy laughs softly as Sydney looks out across the city. Andy  
now stares hard at her as MICKI shouts over, popping her head  
up from the fire escape.

MICKI

Clients waiting downstairs, guys!

ANDY

Better get down there, eh, pardner?  
Marriages to mend.

They stare at each other and Sydney nods slowly.

INT. RECEPTION AREA 'CONNECT'. CITY CENTRE. DAY. (SAME TIME)

MICKI looks up from her computer as MAEVE walks past.

MICKI

You're Four o'clock woman has cancelled, Maeve. Said something about she'd met some man on a date and was happy. Reckons she doesn't need any more counselling.

Maeve suddenly looks thrown and walks on. EUGENE walks past. Micki looks over, a bit concerned. He looks very shaky. Eugene grins bravely, the sweat pouring down his forehead.

INT. COUNSELLING ROOM. 'CONNECT'. CITY CENTRE. DAY.

SYDNEY and ANDY are co-counselling RONALD, who is now on his own without MELISSA. Andy nods gently as Sydney takes notes.

ANDY

Premature ejaculation is very common, Ron. We men often fail to make the emotional connection between our emotions here ...

Andy touches his chest lightly as Ron nods intently.

RONALD

The biceps?

ANDY

No, the heart, Ron. The emotions. And ...?

Andy indicates his groin as Sydney gulps quickly.

ANDY (CONT'D)

The penis. This is a second marriage for you both, a lot at stake. Let's dig deeper. Close your eyes, Ron. Think hard and tell us about your earliest sexual experiences. Free associate.

Ronald closes his eyes but opens one eye and grins.

RONALD

Bit like 'free love' or something?

ANDY

Earliest memories, Ron?

Ronald closes his eyes hard. Sydney shoots a look at Andy.

RONALD

Where I was born, Andy, it wasn't too pleasant. Me and me sisters were all cooped up in a flat, back of The Elephant, plus Grandad staying there an' all - dirty old sod that he was ... There was nowhere for me to wank off without one of me sisters coming in. Used to do it quickly in the lav, but they were always me sisters knocking on the door, wanting to fix their hair or make up, so never any time. Story of my life really!

SYDNEY

(gently)

You did so well and you're working it all out for yourself, Ronald.

Ronald slowly opens his eyes. He looks more relaxed.

RONALD

You mean, I still come quick 'coz that's what I've always done?

SYDNEY

It's all about time, Ronald. I don't think it's Melissa who is putting pressure on you. You're putting the pressure on yourself.

Ronald brightens slowly. He grins at Sydney.

RONALD

He's alright, isn't he? Not a bad lad, eh?

Sydney nods, uneasy, looking over at Andy.

RONALD (CONT'D)

If I am baring my soul? There is another thing ...

Ronald lowers his tone, very conspiratorial.

RONALD (CONT'D)

A year ago, before I retired from Rover, there was this bloke in the Accounts department.

Andy and Sydney both look at Ronald as he smiles weakly.

RONALD (CONT'D)

I was leaning over the photocopier, doing me spreadsheets and this bloke, Roger, Head of Marketing, he took me from behind. Funny thing is, I quite enjoyed it! But don't tell Melissa about Roger. She'll chop off me todger!

Sydney rolls her eyes hard as Andy splutters.

EXT. ROOF. 'CONNECT.' CITY CENTRE. (BIT LATER) DAY.

MAEVE is between sessions looking a bit furtive as she vapes from a cigarette holder, alone apart from a solitary PIGEON. Maeve takes out a small bottle of brandy and takes a quick slug. The pigeon stares at Maeve and Maeve stares back.

MAEVE

I'm Irish, a screwed up convent girl so I'm allowed to drink. It's me heritage, bejaysus?!

Maeve puts the small bottle back in her bag and takes out her MOBILE PHONE. She quickly dials, her voice furtive.

MAEVE (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

Is that 'Drawing Down the Stars?'  
I'd like to register with you ...  
Maeve Morgan ... yes, single,  
thirty seven. Widowed.

The pigeon stares hard, blinking at her.

MAEVE (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

I'm a Sex Therapist. Why would that put some men off? Put down Marine Biologist then. Friday, ok. Thanks.

Maeve clicks off her mobile and notices the pigeon staring up at her. Maeve giggles and puts her finger to her lips.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Our little secret! Beak shut, ok?

INT. COUNSELLING ROOM. 'CONNECT'. CITY CENTRE. LATER. DAY

SYDNEY is sorting out her notes as ANDY rearranges the chairs. RONALD has just left. Sydney looks over at him.

SYDNEY

What are we going to do about Ron lying to Melissa? That's difficult?

ANDY

Ron could be 'bi' and could go either way. We should try and keep Ron's heterosexual side up and running and keep the marriage together .. ?

Andy and Sydney suddenly stare at each other. Andy, imploding, suddenly grabs his rolling tobacco.

SYDNEY

You can't smoke in here? The rules!

ANDY

Oh, fuck the rules!

Andy pulls Sydney towards him, embracing her hard. They tumble over a chair as Sydney giggles and SHRIEKS as the coffee table falls backwards.

INT. RECEPTION AREA. 'CONNECT.' CITY CENTRE. SAME TIME. DAY

A THUD! MICKI, at her computer, looks up. VERA is tidying her desk and notices AMELIA, the posh, upper class woman approaching the reception desk.

AMELIA

Where is my therapist? I've been waiting all afternoon!

Micki looks over to one of the closed doors of a counselling room. She hears SYDNEY'S LAUGHTER and her face slowly drops. MAEVE walks into reception and also hears the noises.

INT. COUNSELLING ROOM. 'CONNECT'. CITY CENTRE. DAY.

On the chair, SYDNEY and ANDY are embracing. A LOUD KNOCK on the door and they scramble up quickly. Sydney jumps up as Andy pushes back his hair. MAEVE pops her head in and knits her brows seeing an upturned coffee table. Andy smiles weakly and throws his hands up.



ANDY

The last client? We had to move the furniture around? Had such deep emotions to release we had to ...?

SYDNEY

Make some space!

ANDY

Yes, space, space! He wanted to?

SYDNEY

Relax! He needed to let off steam, as we did, fuck no! Mean him, him?!

Maeve, befuddled, looks from one to the other, shrugs and leaves. Andy wipes his brow, staring at Sydney, and as they both giggle, breathless. Sydney pulls back, grinning.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

What was that?

ANDY

Bloody lovely, that's what!

MICKI knocks loudly on the door.

MICKI (O.S.)

Next client, Sydney!

EXT. STREET. HANDSWORTH. BIRMINGHAM. DAY.

We see EUGENE drive slowly down a street in his new BMW Convertible. He parks outside a small terraced house.

A TRAFFIC WARDEN, RITA (50's) large, Afro-Caribbean, dignified, walks down the road. Rita frowns and taps her pen on Eugene's car window. Eugene winds down the window.

RITA

You can't park your fancy car here, young man. Residents Parking.

Rita gets out a ticket and slaps it on his windscreen.

RITA (CONT'D)

Going to have to book you!

Eugene gets out of the car and blinks very hard.

EUGENE

I'm on the edge, Mum. As close as you can get. I'm wobbling!

COUNSELLING ROOM. 'CONNECT'. CITY CENTRE. DAY. (LATER)

SYDNEY is in a trance, smiling to herself, as she counsels AMELIA, the creepy Upper class woman. Amelia is mid-flow.

AMELIA

I love to shag. I'll take a man and shag him anywhere and when I shag a man I shag him hard, squeezing the very juices out of him!

Sydney nods, wide eyed, grabbing her clip board. Amelia leans towards Sydney, smiling creepily.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

I knew you were the same as me, Sydney.

SYDNEY

(weakly)

I, I ... I am?

AMELIA

As soon as I saw you, dear, I could tell that you loved to shag and that sex was the driving force in your body.

Sydney reels back, clutching onto her clipboard.

SYDNEY

You, you? You could ... tell that?

AMELIA

Yes, indeed, dear! And I knew I could share my little problem with you.

SYDNEY

Your ... 'little problem?'

Amelia nods brightly leans forward and smiles, revealing yellow teeth as Sydney recoils. Amelia announces proudly.

AMELIA

I've got three vaginas!

Amelia jumps up and lifts up her skirt, smiling brightly.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Would you care to see them?

Sydney's jaw hits the ground as her eyes widen.

EXT. STREET. HANDSWORTH. (SAME TIME) DAY.

EUGENE and RITA are both leaning on Eugene's convertible car. Rita has her Parking Warden hat pushed back. She smiles.

RITA

You always wanted to dig deep,  
Euge, even at the age of five you  
were drivin' us all crazy with all  
your questions. Always digging!

EUGENE

Mum? Why did you live with Dad for  
all those years? The way Dad would  
get drunk and smash things up? We  
had to hide on the roof!

Rita sighs hard and tips back her Warden's hat.

RITA

I was sixteen, a child and I  
married another child. You babies  
just kept on coming ...

EUGENE

Do you think Dad had issues, mum?  
Mental health stuff?

RITA

We didn't have the names for it  
back then, Euge. Now we do, eh?

EUGENE

Me and Beck, we're kids, just like  
you and dad. Maybe I'm like Dad and  
want to smash everything up?

RITA

No, Eugene. No! You're nothing like  
him, nothing like him at all!

Rita comes close and smiles gently at him.

RITA (CONT'D)

You and your mad friends just do  
far too much digging, Euge. You've  
forgotten how the rest of us live  
up here. And now you're having a  
bit of a wobble?

Eugene nods slowly. Rita suddenly brightens and grins.

RITA (CONT'D)  
Hey? I've got my new slip for that  
wedding of yours. Just call your  
mum the scarlet woman.

Rita giggles and lift up the skirt of her uniform to reveal a red silk petticoat. Eugene brightens a little.

RITA (CONT'D)  
Got something for you.

Rita pulls up a large plastic bag and hands it to him.

RITA (CONT'D)  
Patties. Made sixty of them for the  
wedding. And if you decide not to  
go through with it, Euge, just eat  
them patties and pack your bags!

Eugene breathes hard and nods, eyes widening.

EXT. ROOF. 'CONNECT.' CITY CENTRE. (LATER) EARLY EVENING.

SYDNEY and MICKI are sharing a couple of beers on the roof, leaning on the wall which overlook the City. Sydney rolls her eyes wildly, running her fingers through her hair.

SYDNEY  
I don't want to end up like that  
woman, desperately needing help and  
attention. She was insane?!

MICKI  
You mean neuro-divergent, Sydney.

SYDNEY  
Ok, smart arse!

They laugh and drink their beers. Sydney stares at Micki.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)  
I'm cutting down on meaningless  
sex. Being polyamorous is taking  
its toll so no more filling holes.  
Only meaningful sex from now on.

Micki's eyes widen with alarm.

MICKI  
No?! Andy's married and having a  
baby!

Sydney reels back, shocked.

MICKI (CONT'D)

Yes, a baby!!

ANDY has come up the fire escape and hears this. Sydney reels back as Andy gingerly approaches them. Micki walks off quickly as Sydney, reeling, looks away as Andy gulps hard.

ANDY

I told Inga two kids were enough  
but she didn't listen! I was going  
to tell you, Sydney, I was.

SYDNEY

That's horrible! You're wife newly  
pregnant at home and we're ...?!

Sydney shakes her head angrily, eyes filling up with tears. She turns away. Andy steps closer, blinking back tears.

ANDY

(gently)

All my life I've been a window  
shopper, seeing things I've wanted,  
never daring to touch. But now I've  
touched, I want to go on touching!

Sydney suddenly spins round, eyes blazing.

SYDNEY

Hands off! I may be a screwed up  
serial shagger, but you're  
wedlocked, and Inga's pregnant!

Shocked, Andy stubs out his cigarette and staggers off. Sydney looks out over the city, tears of anger in her eyes, and sings softly from Gus Kahn's 'Making Whoopee'

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

(singing)

*Another bride  
Another June  
Another season, another reason For  
makin' whoopee.*

She wipes the tears that are now rolling down her cheeks.

INT. BEDROOM. ANDY'S HOUSE. MOSELEY. NIGHT. (LATER)

ANDY is lying in bed next to INGA (34) a Dutch Yoga teacher, beautiful, serene and pregnant. She is sleeping.

SYDNEY (O.S.)  
 (singing)  
*Another year or maybe less  
 What's this I hear?  
 Well, you can't confess  
 She feels neglected, and he's  
 suspected  
 Of makin' whoopee.*

Andy rolls back and stares up at the ceiling, eyes wide open.

INT. BEDROOM. EUGENE'S FLAT. HARBOURNE. NIGHT.

EUGENE lies there rolled away from BECKA, unable to sleep.

SYDNEY (O.S.)  
 (singing )  
*A lot of shoes, a lot of rice the  
 groom is nervous, he answers twice  
 It's really killin'  
 That he's so willin' to make  
 whoopee!*

INT. SYDNEY'S BEDROOM. DIGBETH. NIGHT. (LATER)

SYDNEY and TEZ lean back on cushions on top of a duvet on Sydney's bed eating popcorn as they watch 'Casablanca.'

SYDNEY (V.O.)  
 (softly)  
 Me and Andy? We didn't even have  
 Birmingham let alone Paris!

Tez notices Sydney wipe away a tear and gently pats her hand. She squeezes his hand, smiling bravely. Tez leans closer.

TEZ  
 You ok, Sydney? Mum always says to  
 me 'stay positive' if I'm not ok.  
 So you stay positive.

Sydney nods and smiles at Tez gratefully and gives him a hug.

INT. BEDROOM. MAEVE'S FLAT. JEWELLERY QUARTER. (NEXT DAY)  
 DAY.

We hear some BUZZING - an electrical gadget is being used. MAEVE, lying between her satin sheets, her silk eye mask over her eyes. Maeve is hung over and we see an empty whiskey bottle by her bed. One of Maeve hands is under her bed clothes. She's using a vibrator and groans.

MAEVE

Ahhhhhh?!

Maeve slowly crosses herself, gasping.

MAEVE (CONT'D)

Forgive her, Father, for she knows  
exactly what she does!

Maeve's pooch OSCAR, a Yorkshire Terrier, trots in and sinks  
his teeth into the satin sheet tugging it off.

EXT. ROOF. 'CONNECT'. CITY CENTRE. DAY. (LATER)

ANDY and EUGENE slurp from their takeaway coffees as they  
look out over the view. Andy looks rough and unshaven. Andy  
notices something in the nearby window of an Office. A COUPLE  
of OFFICE WORKERS are kissing passionately.

ANDY

They're at it again. All that  
animal lust is impressive!

Andy now frowns and looks hard at Eugene.

ANGY

Euge? Would you ever, you know?  
With a female colleague ...?

EUGENE

A man in crisis. Wriggling on a  
pin. And a married man at that?

Andy blinks hard at him as Eugene now looks away, thoughtful.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

I might. Yeah. I just might.

EXT. CITY CENTRE. BIRMINGHAM. STREET. DAY

SYDNEY on her bike whizzes past a Taxi who hoots his horn  
angrily. She gives him a one-fingered salute as she passes  
and he curses angrily as she rides past. She smiles.

SYDNEY (V.O.)

Positive, positive. Stay positive!

INT. ATTIC ROOM. SYDNEY'S THERAPIST. MOSELEY. DAY.

IAN (40's), SYDNEY'S therapist listens intently.

SYDNEY

This crazy client I had the other day made me think of me with her three vaginas. I'm clearing them all out, Ian, my three lovers. Meaningless fucks can fuck off!

IAN

Making space for whom?

SYDNEY

For myself of course. It's time for me!

IAN

(unconvinced)

You said you were seeking clarity when you first came in here, Sydney? Is this the road to clarity?

Sydney ruffles her hair, unsure. She checks her watch.

SYDNEY

Ah, gottago, show tonight! An Analyst-free zone so you can't come, Ian, sorry!

INT/EXT CAR. STREET. BIRMINGHAM. DAY. (SAME TIME)

SYDNEY (V.O.)

Here's a man who needs therapy. Oh, Brother, does my brother need help?

EUGENE is driving around the streets, his window open, sweat pouring down his forehead. His MOBILE PHONE goes.

BECKA (O.S.)

(on phone)

Baby? I've spoken to the people about the reception at that hotel, only £35,000 for the whole thing. Champagne included for two hundred.

Eugene breathes hard, he's starting to look grey.

EUGENE

(on phone)

Beck? Look? I've got to sort my head out - dig deeper.



BECKA (O.S.)  
 (on phone)  
 Are you crazy, Eugene? Don't do a  
 wobbly on me now?!

A CAR HOOTS and Eugene swerves and pulls over. He slumps over the wheel, having a panic attack.

BECKA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 (on phone)  
 Euge? Euge?! Euge? Speak to me?!

INT. COUNSELLING ROOM. 'CONNECT'. (BIT LATER) DAY.

ANDY is sitting opposite RONALD and his wife MELISSA. Andy is waiting for SYDNEY but checking his watch.

ANDY  
 We're talking two hours therapy a  
 week here and then several hours  
 'homework' at home - it's a big  
 commitment, Ronald and Melissa.

Ronald and Melissa both nod. They more relaxed. Ronald looks at Melissa, blinking back tears and smiles gently.

RONALD  
 What do you think, old girl? Can we  
 make it?

MELISSA  
 You bet, Ronald. Marriage is for  
 keeps. I even agreed to call him  
 'Princess' but not doing the Diana  
 bit. Princess will do!

Dougie smiles gratefully at her. SYDNEY pops her head in.

SYDNEY  
 So sorry, folks. Traffic terrible!

MELISSA  
 Just talking about marriage,  
 Sydney. It's for life, eh?

Sydney, confused, smiles and sits down, and looks at Andy. He smiles but she looks away.

SYDNEY  
 I don't believe in marriage,  
 Ronald, or maybe marriage just  
 doesn't believe in me? Ask Andy,  
 he's the expert!

RONALD

You not married then, Sydney? A  
lovely lass like you?

Sydney stares at Andy. Andy looks down and clears his throat.

ANDY

Let's start the 'sensate focus' and  
we're going to be talking about  
stopping and starting sex for you,  
Ron, to get some, some ...?

RONALD

Penis control. Okey-dokey? Let's  
shoot!

INT. ANOTHER COUNSELLING ROOM. 'CONNECT'. DAY. (SAME TIME)

EUGENE is counselling DOUGIE THE FIREMAN and SALLY. Eugene  
looks terrible, his face grey, sweat pouring down his face.

SALLY

Dad would lose control and he  
would? Oh, I can't?!

Sally breaks off in floods of tears. Dougie steps in.

DOUGIE

Her Dad used to beat Sal's mum,  
Doreen, black and blue when he'd  
had a bad day. I'm telling you,  
Euge, If Sal's rotten Dad was alive  
now I'd rip his head off!

Eugene is panting. He is slowly sinking down in his chair.

EUGENE

Wanna rip Dad's head off for he did  
to mum. Rip my head off?! Empty it,  
start again?

Sally and Dougie notice that Eugene is looking very unwell.

EUGENE (CONT'D)

I would ... like to take you, I  
mean me, no, you - into therapy!

DOUGIE

Great stuff, Euge. We'll make a  
fresh start. Sal as a man and me as  
a woman!

Eugene hits the floor with a loud THUD. Sally shrieks.

EXT. RECEPTION AREA. 'CONNECT'. (SAME TIME) DAY.

MICKI looks over as MAEVE rushes over and lowers her voice.

MAEVE

The Breast Surgeon has blown me  
out? Thought I looked too much like  
his wife - his dead wife! I know I  
look old, but do I look dead?!

SALLY and DOUGIE rush out into reception, their eyes wide.

SALLY

It's Eugene? Think he's having a  
heart attack?!

Micki's eyes widen and she jumps up.

INT. COUNSELLING ROOM. 'CONNECT'. (SAME TIME) DAY.

ANDY is counselling RONALD and MELISSA - the atmosphere is  
charged. SYDNEY is struggling to keep control of her  
emotions. Andy's voice is low, sensual almost.

ANDY

(softly)

Melissa? When you do this exercise,  
I want you to turn over onto your  
back relax and Ronald will touch  
you all over but no touching of the  
breasts, yet, Ron ...?

Andy catches Sydney's eye and Sydney looks away quickly.

ANDY (CONT'D)

And, you know, no touching of ...  
you know? Of the ... the?

SYDNEY

(unable to resist)

Genitals?

Andy gulps hard and nods quickly.

ANDY

This is a voyage of discovery.  
Unique and very, very sensual. Few  
people touch each other in this  
detailed way. This mustn't turn  
into anything sexual ...

Sydney now stares at him directly. Ronald opens one eye.

RONALD

Hrrumph? Sorry to interrupt, Andy?

Sydney and Andy are now oblivious to Ronald. Melissa opens her eyes and sees Sydney and Andy staring hard at each other.

MELISSA

(hissing)

Leave it, Ron? They're having a magic moment!

INT. OTHER COUNSELLING ROOM. 'CONNECT'. DAY. (SAME TIME)

EUGENE, lying on the floor, looks up at MICKI who is kneeling down beside him, wiping his brow with a wet flannel. MAEVE, SALLY and DOUGIE are all looking at him. Dougie grins.

DOUGIE

Me fireman's lift worked a treat, but he asked for you, Micki?

Micki gulps very hard, thrown.

EUGENE

A panic attack, I reckon, Micki? Nothing ... I can't handle!

MICKI

You should have tried my Rescue Remedy!

EUGENE

Rescue me, Micki? I need healing ... sexual healing!

Micki blinks hard, reeling, eyes widening.

INT. LIFT. 'CONNECT' BUILDING. CITY CENTRE. (LATER) EARLY EVENING.

A weary SYDNEY gets into the lift, jamming her bike into the corner. She pushes the button but ANDY rushes in, juggling two large bags of groceries. Sydney, breathing hard, quickly looks away as the lift descends. Andy laughs nervously.

ANDY

Money, sex, shopping - three major causes of friction in a marriage!

Andy lowers the shopping bags as a couple of toilet rolls fall out. They both bend down to get them and Sydney passes him a toilet roll. The lift judders to a halt. Sydney groans.

SYDNEY  
Jeez? Reckon we're stuck?

Andy smiles at her, very uneasy. Sydney glances at him.

ANDY  
Yes, we're stuck, suspended in  
life's metaphors and restrictions.

Andy sighs sadly, his head drooping down. Sydney turns away.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
Oh, shut up, Andy? It's not your  
fucking day!

Sydney suddenly spins round to face him, eyes wide.

SYDNEY  
Yes, it is! It is your fucking day!

Sydney grabs Andy's face and kisses him hard. Andy drops his bags, toilet rolls and vegetables falling to the ground. They kiss passionately, slowly sliding down the wall of the lift.

INT/EXT. LIFT. 'CONNECT' BUILDING. (MINUTES LATER) DAY.

THREE OFFICE CLEANERS, with their mops and buckets gasp loudly as the lift doors open. They see ANDY and SYDNEY with her hand down his trousers as the lift judders upwards

INT/EXT. LIFT. 'CONNECT' BUILDING. (MINUTES LATER) DAY.

The lift door opens as MAEVE stands there. Her jaw drops as she sees ANDY and SYDNEY making love, Sydney's shirt off, Andy's trousers around his knees. Sydney, panting, smiles very weakly at Maeve and gives her a little wave, as the door closes. Maeve reels back, horrified, and crosses herself.

MAEVE  
Holy Mary, Mother of ... fuck?!

INT. GLEE CLUB. CITY CENTRE. BIRMINGHAM. (LATER) NIGHT.

SYDNEY, mid act, is in the spotlight, in front of a curtain, holding a mike. She looks up into the lights.

SYDNEY (V.O.)  
Tez was right. You gotta stay  
positive as anything, that's  
anything can happen!

A SMALL CROWD, holding their drinks, watch her. Sydney, elated, grabs the mic grinning into the spotlight.

SYDNEY

Ever had sex in a lift shaft? It's my duty to advise the women here tonight that when the lift goes up, you've gotta go down, if you want him to keep it up. It will be the best 'lift shaft' you'll have ever had, ladies, believe me, and you'll be floating up, up and away!

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

(sings)

*'Up, up and away! In my beautiful, my beautiful balloon!  
Oh, we can fly, yes we can fly!'*

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

What the hell was that song about? Shite, wasn't it? Look, I'm just trying to help you all here. I'm a Sex therapist you see (A JEER) yeah, I am, straight up! Ok, don't believe me then, mate, but don't come to me when your penis droops!

The AUDIENCE LAUGHS and WHOOPS as SYDNEY grins into the spotlight. She suddenly sees ANDY at the bar, pint in hand, grinning over at her. SYDNEY, delighted, waves over. In the other corner of the dark nightclub, MAEVE stands there, staring coldly at Sydney. Sydney's face now drops hard.

SYDNEY (V.O. (CONT'D)

Fuuuuckkkk?! Where's that balloon when I need it? Up, Up and away!

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Series Bible and Storylines for 'WOBBLE' available.

Mollie Graneek, a BACP Senior Accredited Psycho-Sexual Counsellor and Psychotherapist is provisionally attached as Consultant to the series. (hsfc.org.uk)

Michelle Bridgman, Transfemale Psychotherapist, Consultant and Speaker on Gender Identity, is also provisionally attached to the series and she was Drama consultant on 'Silent Witness' and Tiger Aspect's 'Boy Meets Girl.' Michelle is also a Stand Up Comedienne.



