

The Drunken Promise

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FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL FUNCTION ROOM - NIGHT

Loud, tasteless music echoes from the DJ's station at the far side of the crowded room.

Guests sit huddled around in cliques of various ages, many worse for wear.

A handful of people who should know better groove spasmodically on the sticky dancefloor.

STEVEN, late twenties, suited, but by now bleary eyed, struggles to fix his gaze on the dancers.

His new wife WENDY, twenties, wears a wedding dress with a large purple stain down the front.

She drunkenly and forcibly rests her head on his chest from their sofa at the back of the room.

STEVEN

You happy, babe?

She reacts, moving as if her head was a dead weight. Her eyelids flicker.

WENDY

Yeah...

(an agonisingly long, alcohol
fuelled pause)

... are you?

Steven's face contorts to a hapless grin as he leans forward to plant a badly aimed kiss on her nose.

STEVEN

You know I am, Wend. You know I am.
It's more than I can say for your
sister though...

Wendy's response is almost a shout -

WENDY

Why, what's up with 'er?

STEVEN

She was s'posed to be next in line
to wear that friggin' dress. Look
at the state of it. Snakebite and
blackcurrant was not a good idea

STEVEN
 after all that Lambrini you got
 down your neck at the reception!

She cranes her neck downwards to look at the stain.

WENDY
 It'll wash out...

STEVEN
 It won't, you know... And your
 sister's gonna go apeshit when she
 sees it. I'm surprised she hasn't
 spotted it from the dancefloor. I
 bet it's visible from space!

WENDY
 Aaaah, fuck her!

STEVEN
 Wouldn't say no!

He tries to conceal a smirk as Wendy playfully slaps him
 around the face.

She thinks for a second or two, as Steven's eyes dart around
 the room.

WENDY
 You were jokin', weren't ya?

His gaze remains fixed on participants on the dancefloor.

STEVEN
 Of course I was, babe. I've only
 got eyes for you.

She slurs her response -

WENDY
 Well, get 'em off our Theresa's
 tits then. We're man and wife now.

STEVEN
 Ha! It's hard, though. Another
 thing that's visible from space!

She places her finger over her lips, to suggest a 'ssssh'.

WENDY
 Shut it now, someone will hear you.

STEVEN

And? I'm not doin' anything wrong
am I? I'm only fucking around.

Wendy pauses for a second or two. She looks visibly worried.

WENDY

You... You wouldn't would you?

STEVEN

Wouldn't what? Look at your sisters
paps from space?

She sits bolt upright.

WENDY

No, I'm being serious. You're not
gonna fuck around any more are you?
We're married now. We took vows
together, ya know.

STEVEN

Whoa, babe. Where's all this come
from? That was years ago when all
that happened. We weren't even
officially an item at the time.

WENDY

Not officially an item? You were
living with me!

STEVEN

Alright, whatever. Look, it's all
in the past. What happened
happened. I'm sorry, but I can't
apologise any more.

She picks at a bit of food stuck between her teeth.

WENDY

Was that the only time?

STEVEN

Wendy, just leave it now. This is
s'posed to be the happiest day of
our lives.

WENDY

How many, Steve?

He looks puzzled and slightly concerned.

STEVEN

Eh?

WENDY

How many have you been with?

STEVEN

How many what, women?

Wendy points towards Steven's face, not altogether successfully.

WENDY

I should fucking hope so, or that's a completely different conversation we should be having.

Steven jolts in his chair - part laugh, part hic-cup.

STEVEN

I dunno, you lose count after a while. Things are different now. I had plenty of fast food, and now I've decided I'm better off with a la carte.

She smiles a little. He knows how to wrap her emotions around his little finger.

WENDY

What are ya telling me, then? You just had to get it out of your system?

STEVEN

Exactly, Deb... Err Wend.

WENDY

And is it?

He rolls his eyes in a matter of fact way.

STEVEN

For God's sake, yes!

WENDY

You've got a wandering eye, though. I've seen you when we're out.

STEVEN

I doesn't hurt to look, Wend. I browse through the menus when we're out, and dine when I'm at home with you. My wife. My darling. My...

She smiles a little.

WENDY

Okay. I get the idea.

STEVEN

Good! No more stress then?

WENDY

As long as you promise you won't ever stray.

STEVEN

I won't babe. Unless...

WENDY

Unless what?

STEVEN

Unless you're involved too. It's not cheating then, is it?

She somehow manages to shout her response under her breath -

WENDY

Are you on about a threesome or summat?

STEVEN

The more the merrier! I can imagine it now - you, me and a couple of hot oriental chicks...

WENDY

Well, imagine away, cos that's never gonna happen. Never in a million years.

Steven playfully thrusts his hands into his wife's armpit, and tickles playfully.

STEVEN

I thought you wanted everything out of my system! Come on, it would be hot, wouldn't it? And...

WENDY

And what?

STEVEN

Nothing. It would be fuckin' hot though...

Wendy lurches forward, downing the remains of a bright red drink in a pint glass. She wipes her mouth in an animated and extremely over exaggerated way.

WENDY

I'll tell you what. You swear to me on your life that you won't ever shag about, and I'll see if I can't get you something special for your thirtieth birthday!

STEVEN

Are... Are you fucking with me?

WENDY

Think you can manage three years of monogamy, Steve.

STEVEN

You betcha!

He smiles to himself smugly, as Wendy passes out. Her head slumps heavier on his body. A string of saliva gloops out of her mouth.

FADE TO:

BLACK SCREEN.

SUBTITLE 'TWO YEARS AND EIGHT MONTHS LATER'

FADE IN:

INT. STEVEN AND WENDY'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A minimalist room, all white and clutter free. The Jeremy Kyle Show plays away on the wall mounted television in the background.

Wendy perches on the arm of the sofa. She reaches for her mobile telephone in her pocket.

EXT. STEVEN AND WENDY'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

A well maintained, sporty looking car pulls silently onto the drive.

Steven gets out of the car in a rush. He takes a frantic look at his wristwatch.

STEVEN

I'm gonna be so fuckin' late for
work!

He rushes along the drive and opens the front door.

INT. STEVEN AND WENDY'S HOME - KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

Steven enters the small but immaculately presented kitchen
and heads straight for the refrigerator.

He grabs his lunchbox from the 'fridge and makes his way
back to the front door.

He pauses in his tracks as he hears his wife's voice in the
other room.

WENDY (O.S.)

Hello is that the Wilmot Hotel?

Steven looks puzzled.

WENDY (O.S.)

I'm thinking of booking a bit of a
surprise for my Husbands birthday
next month. Am I speaking to
someone that can help me?

His mouth drops open with realisation.

He mimes to himself -

STEVEN

No fuckin' way!

INT. LIVING ROOM

Wendy still sits on the side of the sofa.

Steven, with his ear to the gap in the semi-open door is
completely out of her line of vision.

WENDY

Oh, good! It's our wedding
anniversary around the same time
too, So I s'pose it's a bit of a
double whammy.

She listens intently to the voice on the other end of the
phone.

WENDY (cont'd)
I dunno, leather possibly?

INT. HALLWAY

A huge dirty grin forces its way onto Steve's face.

INT. LIVING ROOM

WENDY
Yep, I would need that. Can you do
that for me on the eleventh?

The conversation continues.

WENDY (cont'd)
Brilliant. Well I was thinking
maybe Chinese. Can you recommend
anyone?

She leans forward and grabs a notepad from the coffee table.

WENDY (cont'd)
Really? In house? I quite surprised,
but that's saving me loads of
hassle.

WENDY (cont'd)
Yeah, I'll have two for the night.
Yeah, just the one night, please.

INT. HALLWAY

Steven almost salivates. He mutters to himself under his
breath -

STEVEN
Ménage à four!

He pushes his hand down the front of his trousers
aggressively.

After a few moments lost in his own thoughts, he hears Wendy
finish the conversation, and turns to creep away.

He stops dead in his tracks as he hears his wives voice once
again.

WENDY (O.S.)
Theresa? Hi sis!

Steven leans his body back towards the crack in door in a fluid movement.

WENDY (O.S.) (cont'd)
I've just rung the hotel.

Wendy nods to herself as she listens

WENDY (O.S.) (cont'd)
Yep. I can't believe how helpful they are. They're taking care of absolutely everything.
(a pause and a grin)
Yeah, Chinese.

She toys with her hair.

WENDY (O.S.) (cont'd)
I've booked two. For the eleventh.
(shakes her head)
Of course we want you to be there. Someone's got to hold the video camera!

Steven, still grinning, creeps towards the front door.

He opens it silently and slips out.

INT. STEVEN'S CAR - LATER

Steven holds a mobile phone to his ear by hunching his shoulder as he drives along the motorway.

STEVEN
Yeah, I forgot my sandwiches, had to go back and I heard the filthy bitch planning the whole thing.

A massive dirty smile erupts on his face.

STEVEN (cont'd)
Trust me, buddy- she's as mad for it as I am. Can you imagine - me and Wend, locked in a room with two Chinky birds and my fuckin' bazooka-titted sister in law filming the whole thing.

He lowers the volume on the car stereo.

STEVEN (cont'd)
Look bud, I need you to get me some
more Viagra. I've got to make sure
I can last all night.

FADE TO:

BLACK SCREEN

SUBTITLE: 'THE BIG NIGHT'

FADE IN:

EXT. STEVEN AND WENDY'S HOME - EVENING

Steven's car pulls on the driveway. He exits the car and
locks the doors using the keyfob.

He smiles to himself and bites his lip.

STEVEN
Here goes...

He toys with the little blue pill, pops it in his mouth and
gulps.

He heads towards the house.

The front door opens before he can even rest his hand on the
handle.

A very smartly dressed Wendy greets him. Steven tries to
conceal his excitement.

STEVEN (cont'd)
You look nice. Are ya off out?

WENDY
No. We are off out!

STEVEN
Really? Where?

WENDY
Never you mind. Go and hop in the
shower, you stink.

Steven scrambles past her and through the door.

INT. STEVEN'S CAR - LATER

Wendy drives, with Steven in the passenger seat.

STEVEN
Why have I had to wear a shirt, are
we going for a meal or something?

WENDY
Something like that!

STEVEN
And what's with you driving? You
hate driving.

WENDY
Just be quiet!

She places her hand on his leg, and runs it up towards his thigh. She squeezes.

EXT. LAY BY - LATER

Steven's car pulls into the lay by, grinding to a halt beside a locked up burger van.

STEVEN
Some meal this is gonna be! I'll
have a cheeseburger if you're
paying, please.

WENDY
Stop being sarcastic, and put this
on.

She hands him a black velvet blindfold.

STEVEN
Really?

WENDY
Just do it, Steve. It'll ruin the
surprise if you don't.

EXT. WILMOT HOTEL CAR PARK - MINUTES LATER

The car pulls into one of the few remaining parking spaces.

Wendy leaps out the car, and rushes to the passenger side.

Steven is aided out of the vehicle, and the door shut behind him.

WENDY

Come on, babe. Nearly there...

She links her arm through his, and leads him towards the entrance.

WENDY (cont'd)

Are you excited?

STEVEN

Are you kidding? I never realised blindfolds would be that much of a turn on. I'm packing a serious trouser tent here, Wend!

Wendy tuts and shakes her head.

INT. WILMOT HOTEL

Wendy stands in front of a numbered door, arm linked to a still blindfolded Steven.

She gently whispers in his ear -

WENDY

Happy Birthday, Babe.

She plants a kiss firmly on his lips.

WENDY (cont'd)

I'm going in. Count to ten, then you follow.

She opens the door and slips inside, closing it behind her.

Steve visibly fidgets and he begins to count.

STEVEN

One, Two, Three, Jeez, I'm harder than a fuckin' trigonometry exam down there! Six, Seven...

He reaches down and unbuttons his trousers. He forcibly pulls them, and his underpants down.

STEVEN (cont'd)

Eight, Nine, Ten!

He pushes the door open with one hand, and grabs his penis with the other. He bursts through the door, shouting as he goes -

STEVEN (cont'd)
I smell fanny! Come and get it, you
filthy bitches!

INT. FUNCTION ROOM

The hundred or so guests of the surprise birthday party audibly gasp at the sight of Steven, trousers round ankles, shuffling towards the centre of the room.

He rips off his blindfold with his free hand as he nears the welcoming hosts who stand in front of the Chinese buffet table- Wendy, Camcorder operator Theresa, and a frail looking old lady.

STEVEN
Mum!...

Childrens eyes are covered by shocked parents, and a single, solitary Party-Popper goes off in the background.

FADE OUT.