

HENS NIGHT

An Original Screenplay
By Randall Berger

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EXT. BIG CITY ADULT ENTERTAINMENT PRECINCT - NIGHT

A typical all night entertainment strip zone, all lit up like a mini Vegas.

The neon lights and chasers on the marquees give a garish, daylight quality to the strip, though it feels like midnight, at least.

The lights are doubled in reflection by the residue of an earlier drizzle.

Couples and singles wander up and down the strip joints, porn cinemas, sex shops, gay and straight bars, pizza restaurants and all night convenience stores, giving the spruikers and weirdos a wide berth.

The OLD TOUR BUS comes around the corner into the strip, its tyres hissing on the wet pavement, its diesel engine whining for a service.

Some pedestrians look up as the bus passes. Several pairs of naked, somewhat more mature women's breasts are being pressed up against the windows.

As the bus passes through view, the full moon of a huge woman's naked arse fills the rear window.

A thumping karaoke rendition of "*Girls Just Wanna Have Fun*" is coming from inside, sung by forty off-key female voices trying to find the note from the totally inadequate sound system.

PASSENGERS

I come home in the morning light,
My mother says "When you gonna live
your life right?"
Oh, mother, dear,
We're not the fortunate ones,
And girls,
They wanna have fu-un.
Oh, girls,
Just wanna have fun.

The phone rings in the middle of
the night,
My father yells "What you gonna do
with your life?"
Oh, daddy, dear,
You know you're still number one,

But girls,
 They wanna have fu-un,
 Oh, girls, just wanna have
 That's all they really want.....
 Some fun....

When the working day is done,
 Oh, girls,
 They wanna have fu-un,
 Oh, girls,
 Just wanna have fun....

Girls, They want,
 Wanna have fun.
 Girls, Wanna have

Along both sides of the bus stretches a massive, gaudy spray-can mural of a frantic chicken ... like "The Road Runner" on steroids and speed ... eyes wide, corals laid back, chest puffed and smoke billowing from the blurred talons.

The words "Hens Night Adult Entertainment Tours" run the length of both sides of the bus.

INT. "HENS NIGHT" TOUR BUS - NIGHT

The inside of the bus is an instant assault on both the eyes and the ears.

Elderly matrons in various stages of drunkenness and loss of inhibition are all doing fair to middling imitations of Cindy Lauper standing in the aisle or in their seats.

When the working day is done,
 Oh, girls,
 They wanna have fu-un.
 Oh, girls,
 Just wanna have fun...

Girls, They want,
 Wanna have fun.
 Girls, Wanna have.

They just wanna,
 They just wanna.....

They just wanna,
 (Oh....) They just wanna.....
 (Girls just wanna have fun...)
 Oh...

Girls just wanna have fu-un...
 They just wanna,
 They just wanna....
 They just wanna,
 They just wanna....
 (Oh...)
 They just wanna...
 (They just wanna have fun...)
 Girls just wanna have fu-un...

PETER HUDSON stands at the front facing this scene, rocking back and forth with the movement of the bus, smiling.

Peter is 30, tall, buff, dark straight hair falling over one eye and a 1000 watt smile. He is wearing a black leather sports jacket with the sleeves pushed up, tight-fitting T-shirt and well-filled jeans.

Beside him, SUE THE BUS DRIVER swings the big wheel of the bus with ease as she manoeuvres down the Strip. Sue is strong and pretty in a bovine sort of way, one size too large for her uniform.

Sue turns and glances at Peter's ass just a foot from her face and tragically licks her lips.

EXT. BIG CITY ADULT ENTERTAINMENT PRECINCT - NIGHT

The Hens Night Tour Bus pulls to the curb in the bus zone in front of THE COCK PIT, a male strip joint.

The hoardings scream about hunky guys, "full monty" strips, theme strips, song and dance, private shows, etc.

INT. "HENS NIGHT" TOUR BUS - NIGHT

The singing dies down as the bus stops and the music is turned off.

The elderly matrons go into a practiced routine of straightening themselves in preparation for another stop on the tour. Peter brings a hand-held mic to his lips.

PETER

OK, Ladies. Our next stop on tonight's tour of sexual pleasure is The Cock Pit ...

Immediately forty-odd female voices titter, giggle and repeat the words. Peter feigns shock.

PETER

Ladies ... Ladies ... did I say something funny? The Cock Pit?

The tittering/giggling/repeating happens again.

PETER

Cock Pit - Cock Pit - Cock Pit -
Cock Pit.

The giggling builds to pandemonium. Peter smiles knowingly. A voice hollers above this from the back of the bus.

MATRON #1

Show us your cock, Peter! Come on ... Show us your cock, show us your cock ...

The others pick up on the chant. Sue the bus driver rolls her eyes and shakes her head.

SUE

(Mumbling to herself)
God, it's so bloody predictable...

Peter shushes the passengers.

PETER

Now, I would expect better behaviour from the ... uh ... Richmond Senior Citizens Women's Auxiliary!

Sue knows this routine backwards and mouths the words along with Peter.

PETER

If I was to grant your request now,
you wouldn't want to go into this
lovely venue and those boys will
think you didn't want to see what
they have to offer.

There is a collective pantomime "Awwwww" from the bus
full of girls who take that as their cue to get off.

Sue opens the bus door and Peter leads the throng onto
the footpath.

EXT. THE COCK PIT STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Peter stands on the footpath at the open bus door, mic
still in hand and directing the women towards the club
door.

PETER

Right this way, Ladies. There's a
couple of young men just inside
wearing bow ties ... and maybe
nothing else ... to show you to
your table. Right this way. Watch
your step.

The women are hot to trot. Most already have handful
of notes for stuffing into various places with the
male strippers.

One or two stuff notes into Peter's pants pocket,
making sure they brush their trailing hand across his
member while they're at it.

One very short, very old lady with purple hair stops
in front of Peter and lays her hand straight on the
distinct bulge in his jeans.

PETER

Janet, are you really a member the
Richmond Senior Citz? You've been
on the tour at least twice this
month.

JANET gives Peter a wicked wink and smiles, letting
her dentures drop away showing a full set of pink
gums.

JANET

Can I give you a good gumming
tonight, Peter?

Peter moves her on, shuddering at the thought.

PETER

Maybe later, love. Watch your step,
ladies. Come along. Plenty of men
for everyone. First drink is half
price.

The last of the matrons make their way into The Cock
Pit, the thump of the music spilling out onto the
street each time the door opens.

Peter leans against the wall and lights a fag.

The COCK PIT MANAGER comes out and discretely hands
Peter a small envelope.

COCK PIT MANAGER

Forty-two, right?

PETER

Yeah. Forty-two.

COCK PIT MANAGER

Marty's doing alright, huh?
Holding out against the big
operators?

PETER

Yeah. We have a lot of loyalty ...
Repeat business.

COCK PIT MANAGER

You're the repeat business, Peter.
You tell Marty that for me. These
chics keep coming back for you.

Nearby, Sue is sitting in the darkened bus, reclining
in one of the passenger seats half way back and
staring hard at Peter while she fondles herself, the
wild lights outside playing on her face and eyes.

INT. THE COCK PIT STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

The thrust stage of the Cock Pit is being hit with a barrage of Vari-lites and pin spots.

Around the stage are situated dozens of women, including the Hens Night Forty-two.

In the midst of this, a team of FIVE MEN do a "Full Monty" strip while singing Nelly's "*It's Getting Hot In Here*" live.

These men are fully fit, talented, good singers and totally uninhibited.

FIVE PILOTS

*I was like,
 good gracious ass bodacious
 Flirtatcious, tryin to show faces
 Lookin for the right time to shoot
 my steam (you know)
 Lookin for the right time to flash
 them G's
 Then um I'm leavin, please believin
 Me and the rest of my heathens
 Check it, got it locked at the top
 of the four seasons
 Penthouse, roof top, birds
 I feedin No deceivin, nothin up my
 sleeve, no teasin
 I need you to get up up on the
 dance floor
 Give that man what he askin for Cuz
 I feel like bustin loose and
 I feel like touchin you
 And cant nobody stop the juice so
 baby tell me what's the use
 Its gettin hot in here (so hot)
 So take off all your clothes
 I am gettin so hot,
 I wanna take my clothes off*

Throughout the number, the women, ranging from young Y-gens to tiny old purple-haired, toothless Janet, throw themselves across the apron, try and climb up on the stage, stuff money in every available crevice on the strippers.

Some even try to grab hold of the proffered penises and give them a fiddle. Some of the women even begin to disrobe themselves!

The COCK PIT MC comes onto the stage as the last of the male stripper team gathers his gear, waves and heads for the wings.

COCK PIT MC
Put your hands together again for
The Five Pilots! Use both hands
this time, ladies.

And the crowd goes wild!

EXT. THE COCK PIT STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Peter stands at the bus door, this time helping the old dears back on board.

The women are all slightly more dishevelled, drunk and devilish that they were when they went in. Some wave prizes from this stop, including little leather g-strings.

PETER
That's right. Oh, I see you scored well. Careful there. Janet, put your teeth back in. Ooops! One too many cock-sucking cowboys, love? What, no cowboys?

This well-worn line brings a wave of cackles from the girls.

INT. "HENS NIGHT" TOUR BUS - NIGHT

Peter bounds on after the last passenger as Sue closes the door, releases the brakes and pulls away from the curb.

He grabs the mic and starts right into his routine.

PETER
OK, girls, time for some more fun and games on our way to the next stop. And we've got prizes!

I wonder if anyone can guess what
this is?

Peter holds up what is obviously a beautifully wrapped
dildo with an enormous set of balls. The shriek and
cackle meter goes into the red.

PETER

Our grand prize tonight comes
courtesy of The Love Shack Adult
Superstore in bent wood. Sorry, I
mean Brentwood. It is a bit bent

...

He gives the prize a bit of a wobble. More gales of
laughter buffet Peter.

EXT. TOUR BUS DEPOT - PREDAWN

The Hens Night Bus has been backed into a large, open
garage into which it just fits. There are no lights
on.

There is an odd, short, continuous "bipp ... bipp ...
bipp" as something repeatedly taps the bus horn.

INT. "HENS NIGHT" TOUR BUS - PREDAWN

SUE is standing, bent over the driver's console of the
bus.

As she rocks forward, her ample right breast hits the
horn in the middle of the steering wheel.

Peter is behind her, ploughing the furrow. Sue's
driver's uniform skirt thrown up over her back.

He doesn't seem particularly interested or challenged,
like he is standing in a queue waiting for a bank
teller ... "bipp ... bipp ... bipp ... bipp."

PETER

You were already hot tonight. You
were waiting for this. Been
thinking about it?

SUE

All night. Oh ... ah ... ah ...
AHHHHHH!

Peter picks up the pace and rides for the finish line as Sue climaxes ... "bipp ... bipp ... bip-bip-bip-bip-beeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeep!" Sue collapses against the bus steering wheel.

EXT. TOUR BUS DEPOT - PREDAWN

Peter steps out of the bus door into the moonlight, zips up and lights a cigarette.

Sue has considerably more work to do to put her clothes and body in order. She emerges to find Peter leaning against the bus.

SUE

Thanks.

PETER

All part of the service, ma'am.
Consider it an investment in job security.

SUE

God, you're a fucking bastard.

Peter stands and walks towards the gate of the bus depot.

As he walks through the gate, a car turns in, an old VK Commodore. The driver rolls down the window.

MARTY owns the company and is the day driver. He is fat, fifties and frustrated. It is obvious that Marty envies Peter's youth and attractiveness.

MARTY

Peter!

PETER

Marty ...

MARTY

How'd you go last night?

Peter takes a last drag and grinds out his butt underfoot.

PETER

Good ... good. Forty-two.

Marty
I've got another booking tonight.
Younger. They asked for you.

PETER
They always ask for me.

MARTY
Did you put up the sides?

PETER
Nah ... Didn't have time. Helped
Sue with something.

MARTY
I'll bet ... on your bike, then.

Marty drives into the lot. Peter turns the corner and heads down the road.

Sue drives out in a big F100 ute, tooting at Marty as he drives into his space and parks.

Marty goes into the garage and turns on the overhead lights. He grabs an enormous roll of magnetic material and starts to attach it along one side of the bus.

INT. SUBURBAN TRAIN - DAWN

Peter sits against the train window, the rising sun and remaining lights playing on his face, his own reflection looking back at him.

He turns and looks around the carriage at the other passengers ... a dog's dinner of classes and nationalities.

Many sport footy scarves and sports tops for a day out, or scantily dressed clubbers on the way home. The train slows as it approaches a station.

INT. PETER'S CRAPPY FLAT - DAWN

Peter lets himself into his dingy bed sit.

A leaning tower of pizza boxes, overflowing ashtrays, empty long necks and unwashed clothes illustrate it has been a long time since a woman's touch was laid on this place.

A cold slice of pizza and a flat gulp from a half empty long neck is breakfast before Peter starts taking off his clothes and drops them as he walks.

Peter sits on his never made bed in his underwear. He plays a message on the telephone answering machine on the table beside his bed.

MATT KING, a male agent's voice can be heard.

MATT KING (V.O.)

Peter ... Matt King ... I represent a lot of the boys from the Cock Pit. I got a call for an audition for a movie ... The boys said it was right up your alley. I've gone ahead and booked you in at 12.30 at the Pounder Studios, 255 Exhibition. Be there or be square! T T F N! Oh, and I get 10% if they pick you.

SYNTHETIC FEMALE VOICE

Message recorded ... Wednesday ... June five ... 4:42 ... pm Message two ...

DORIS

Peter ... Doris ... I had an idea ... What if you ...

Peter hits a button, turns out the bedside light and rolls into bed in one motion.

SYNTHETIC FEMALE VOICE

Message deleted ... You have no more messages ...

EXT. TOUR BUS DEPOT - MORNING

The big bus pulls out of the garage into the sun.

MARTY is at the wheel in a bright shirt and gaudy bow tie.

The bus has been transformed! With just a few well placed magnetic overlays, the "Hens Night Adult Tours" bus is now "Henny Penny's Shopping Tours."

The frantic chicken is now a happy shopping fowl with a bonnet.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTRE BUS INTERCHANGE - MORNING

MARTY pulls into the bus interchange of a big shopping centre.

He pulls up to a group of eager HOUSE FRAUS toting voluminous empty shopping bags.

Marty opens the door and they scramble aboard.

INT. SHOPPING TOUR BUS - DAY

The WOMEN push and shove their way into seats.

One LARGE SHOPPING MATRON plunks down into her seat, only to get a shocked look on her face. She leans to one side and reaches beneath her bum, pulling a studded frilly-tipped vibrator up to her amazed face.

She quickly makes sure she is not observed as she stuffs it into one of her shopping bags.

Marty closes the bus door and pulls the goose-neck mic to his mouth, releases the brake and pulls away.

MARTY

Welcome aboard Henny Penny's magic
carpet to bargain shopper paradise!
Are we ready to shop?

A chorus to the affirmative blasts forward.

MARTY

I can't hear you ... Are we ready
to SHOP??

The volume doubles. Marty smiles.

INT. PETER'S CRAPPY FLAT - LATE MORNING

A clock radio cuts in beside Peter's bed, playing a cover of *"What About Me?"* It is 11.00am.

He pauses a moment, then sits up.

*What about me?
It isn't fair
I've had enough,
now I want my share ...
Can't you see, I wanna live ...
But you just take more
Than you give*

Peter stumbles into the bathroom/toilet, shedding his underwear as he goes. He turns on the shower and dents the Dolton while the water warms up.

He steps into the shower and lets the steaming water cascade over his body.

INT. POUNDER STUDIOS FOYER - DAY

PETER enters the foyer which doubles as the waiting room.

There are probably a dozen other guys there looking very much like Peter, as well as a few women.

Peter goes up to the reception desk. An overworked RECEPTIONIST senses his presence and doesn't look up.

RECEPTIONIST

Name ...

PETER

Peter Hudson ...

Still not looking up, she ticks Peter's name off a list, hands Peter a clipboard with an audition card, a pen and a cheap plastic tape measure attached.

RECEPTIONIST

Fill this card out and bring it back. Then we'll take a digital pic of you.

PETER

And then?

She finally looks up, amazed that Peter should ask. She looks around at the 20 odd other auditionees as if it is bleeding obvious.

Peter turns and scans the room. Only one person meets his eye, a tall winsome blonde with long hair and longer legs. She immediately looks away.

Peter spots one of the cheap black folding chairs empty beside the blond and makes his way towards it.

PETER

Is someone in this seat?

MELANIE looks at the empty chair, glances up at Peter with a sour "you derailed my train of thought" look and shakes her head.

Peter sits and looks at the blonde and then the guy on his other side, hoping to strike up a conversation, but they seem deep in their own head spaces, mumbling to themselves.

He looks around the room at the others, trying not to appear too much an audition virgin. Peter turns to filling out his audition card. Loud but muffled voices can be heard from within the audition space.

Later, the PA calls Melanie, who goes into the audition. She later returns with a noncommittal look on her face and leaves.

The people and dynamics of the room change over time. There are still just as many people as when Peter arrived.

A person comes out of the audition and the PA looks at her clipboard.

PA

Peter Hudson.

Peter gets up and follows the PA through the door.

INT. POUNDER STUDIOS AUDITION ROOM - DAY

Peter enters the big audition studio.

It is a large room that seems the size of a basketball court. Way down the other end is a long table with three people spread behind it.

PA

Peter Hudson. The Rawhide Agency.

The DIRECTOR has a curious look.

DIRECTOR
Rawhide?

The AUDITIONEER on his LEFT leans over.

LEFT AUDITIONEER
Male models. Strippers.

The Head Auditioneer raises his eyebrows and rolls his eyes. Peter has walked the length of the room and approaches the table along with the PA.

DIRECTOR
No, back on that red line, please.

Peter looks down at the floor and walks back to a red line around 5 metres from the table and stands on it.

The PA continues to the table and hands Peter's audition card to the panel.

All that is attached to it is a small digital print of Peter. The Director turns it over, looking for information.

DIRECTOR
No CV, I see ... Peter, do you have any experience?

PETER
Excuse me?

DIRECTOR
Have you been on stage before ... singing, dancing, acting ... film or television?

PETER
I ... uh ... work with a lot of actors ... singers, dancers. I sing some ...

DIRECTOR
And what are you going to read for us?

PETER
Sorry?

DIRECTOR
Your monologue?

PETER
I'm not sure ...

DIRECTOR
(trying to be patient)
Your agent would have told you to
prepare a one minute monologue of
your choosing. Just not bloody
Shakespeare, please!

This brings a titter from the other two auditioneers.

DIRECTOR
This is a contemporary film and we
want to get an idea of your range.
We can give you a minute to ...

PETER
Like a speech ... from a film ...

DIRECTOR
Yes. Something so we can ...

PETER
(Shouts)
I have to talk to someone!

DIRECTOR
I beg your ...

Peter begins channelling James Dean from REBEL WITHOUT
A CAUSE.

PETER
I have to talk to you. And this
time you got to give me an answer!
I'm in terrible trouble! You know
that big high bluff, near
Millertown Junction? There was a
bad accident there. I was in it. I
was driving a stolen car ... it was
a question of honour. They called
me chicken ... you know, chicken!
I had to go or I would never have
been able to face any of those kids
again.

The three members of the audition panel are aghast, enthralled with this incredibly spot-on recreation of a well known film scene and even better impersonation of one of the most methodical of method actors.

Even the PA with her clipboard near the door to the Audition Hall is watching intently.

PETER

So, I got in one of these cars and a boy called Buzz got in the other. We had to drive fast and jump before the cars went over the edge of the bluff. I got out okay, but Buzz didn't. He was killed. I've never done anything right. I've been going around with my head in a sling for years ... I don't want to drag you into this but I can't help it. I don't think I can prove anything by going around pretending I'm tough any more, so maybe you look like one thing but you still feel like another. Are you listening to me? You're involved in this! I want to go to the police and tell them I was mixed up in this thing tonight? No! You don't want me to go to the Police? There were other people and why should I be the only one involved? But I am involved! We're all involved! A boy was killed! I don't see how we can get out of that by pretending it didn't happen! You always told me to tell the truth. You think I can just turn that off?!?

As Peter's voice echoes and dies in the vaulted ceiling of the studio, the audience sit stunned.

For a moment, you could hear a pin drop, but instead the Director makes a terrible noise with his chair as he shoves it back and comes right up to Peter.

The other two Auditioneers lean inwards and talk between themselves.

DIRECTOR

Peter, I don't know what to say. That was ... Incredible ... I just don't think the producers would risk this film on an unknown. I wish I could use you, but not on this one. I will give you two pieces of advice, though.

He walks Peter to the door and hands Peter a business card.

DIRECTOR

Call my office tomorrow and my assistant will give you the contact for a good acting class. If you do anything else as well as you do James Dean, I know we'll meet again. And she'll also give you the name of a decent agent.

They shake hands at the door and the PA shows Peter out.

EXT. DORIS' HOME - LATE AFTERNOON

Peter is ringing the doorbell of a very stylish old money mansion.

He is now dressed in a new white shirt and black chinos, his faithful black leather sport coat over his shoulder.

DORIS JENKINS answers the door, dressed in a cashmere jumper and slacks. Doris is late forties, well coiffured and couturiered, a woman of means. Doris is talking on a cordless telephone.

DORIS

Uh, huh. Look, I'll have to get back to you on that. Someone is here to take care of my bush.

INT. DORIS' BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Doris is on top of Peter, going for the home stretch, in her own little world.

Peter is diligently playing his role, pulling her nipples, letting his hands wander, holding back until she is ready. She starts to scream her orgasm.

DORIS

Peter, oh, fuck ... oh fuck ... oh fuck.

Peter rolls his eyes and goes for the finish. Even his orgasm is somewhat in the line of duty and hardly registers on his expression.

Doris rolls to one side on the Emperor-sized bed, spent.

Later, Peter is smoking a cigarette, laying beside Doris on the massive bed.

Doris methodically massages something into her face and breasts, to all intents and purposes having milked the elixir of life and is putting it to good use.

DORIS

I read that the proteins and hormones in the male ejaculate is the world's greatest moisturizer. Women's Weekly, I think. Maybe Cosmo. Or Australian Crawl.

PETER

Very scientific. I love you, too.

DORIS

Poor baby. You want me to look younger for you? Don't worry, I don't pay by volume. You're very considerate, darling. You always hold the door open for the lady so she can go first.

PETER

Gee, thanks ... I think.

DORIS

You are contrary today. Fancy another round?

PETER

What, twice not enough?

DORIS

Richard isn't home until eight and you aren't on until six. Do the maths. There's at least room for one more.

PETER

Does Richard know about me?

DORIS

He suspects, but what do you care? It's par for the course ... He's boffing at least two other women, one a teenager ... I have you. He even has a child by one of them.

PETER

Great, you're a grandmother ... kind of.

DORIS

Fuck you ... oh, Ha! I made a joke! Thankfully, I'm not a grandmother ... yet. It's taken me 20 years and a lot of extra work done to hide the fact that I have two adult children.

PETER

You look good ... No kidding.

DORIS

You're sweet.

PETER

Does Richard bring any of that loving home?

DORIS

Unfortunately, Richard is one of the twenty-seven percent of men for whom Viagra doesn't work. He has an implant. Very expensive ... Wealth has its privileges.

PETER

How does *that* work?

DORIS

He just squeezes one of his balls
and "shwing!" Instant boner.
Squeeze the other one and down it
goes. I just can't stand being
rooted by a bionic dick.

Doris reaches under the sheet for Peter's peter.

DORIS

See, I just have to touch your
balls and it's the same thing!

INT. BUS TOUR DEPOT OFFICE - DUSK

Peter fronts up at the bus depot office, a small
glassed-in cubicle off the side of the main garage.

He still wears the clothes he had on at Doris's. Marty
is still in his daytime Henny Penny clobber. Sue is
already in her nice clean and pressed uniform, no
evidence of the rough and tumble lube job of the night
before.

MARTY

Mate, I know you're popular with
the ladies from the tours, but this
isn't a booking agency.

Marty hands Peter a spike with around a dozen phone
messages stuck on it.

PETER

Sometimes they just want someone to
talk to ...

Sue guffaws and Marty rolls his eyes.

PETER

Look, I'm not a man whore. I'm kind
of a ... you know ... housewife's
helper.

Peter pulls the messages off the bill spike and shoves
them unread into his jacket pocket.

MARTY

Get out of here. Both of you.
You've got a group of young ladies
to pick up at a church or
something.

SUE

A mosque.

PETER

You're kidding!

Peter and Sue head out the office door into the
garage.

INT. LES FEMME FAUX NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

This drag show venue is one of the Hen's Night regular
stops.

On stage, the "girls" perform a version of Stephen
Sondheim's "*Broadway Baby*" dressed as enormous baby
girls.

FAUX FEMME GIRLS

*I'm just a Broadway Baby.
Walking off my tired feet. Pounding
Forty-Second Street
To be in a show.
Oh... Broadway Baby,
Learning how to sing and dance,
Waiting for that one big chance
To be in a show.
Oh...Gee.' I'd like to be
On some marquee,
All twinkling lights,
A spark To pierce the dark
From Battery Park
To Washington Heights.
Someday, maybe,
All my dreams will be repaid.
Hell, I'd even play the maid
To be in a show.*

In the front row, surrounding the apron of the thrust
stage, sit 20 young Muslim women wearing hijab,
totally engrossed in the show.

Peter sits at the bar enjoying a drink with ANITA MANN, the manager and star of "Les Femme Faux."

Anita is a stunning tranny, totally feminine, but not effeminate.

ANITA

Why on Earth did you bring them here? They do this much better in Malaysia. The lady boys there could teach me a thing or two.

PETER

Maybe they were just homesick ... You're not exactly packed.

ANITA

On a Wednesday night? Hardly, dear. Trouble is, they don't drink.

PETER

I'll bet you're charging more for that fruit juice and tea than you would for champers ...

Anita hands Peter a small envelope that is sitting next to her drink. She smiles demurely.

ANITA

You would make a great addition to the company. As a straight man, of course.

PETER

As if. Anyway, The Cock Pit asked first.

ANITA

Ugh. That's just a butcher's shop window ... hanging meat on display. No class. You want to be an actor, don't you.

PETER

This is acting ...?

ANITA

Well ...

The "girls" on stage finish their number. Nobody claps harder than the front row, who excitedly chatter amongst themselves in Bahasa.

Anita gently lets herself off the bar stool.

Anita

Time for me to have me star turn.
Take care.

Anita blows a kiss to Peter and then takes the stage. The regulars cheer and clap in eager anticipation, and the Hijab Girls join in.

ANITA

Ooooh! I do love a warm hand on my entrance!

This old standard gets another cheer from the back of the house. The Malaysians seem bewildered.

ANITA

What a drag it is getting old...
When I went to the bar tonight, I noticed this old poof about 80 years old sitting all alone in the corner and he was crying all over his cock sucking cowboy ... that a drink, my dears. I asked him what was wrong. He said: "I have a 22 year old male lover at home. I met him a month or so ago, right here. He has a fantastic body and a manhood that just doesn't stop! He makes love to me every morning and then he makes me pancakes, sausage, fresh fruit and freshly ground coffee." So, I said: "Well, then why are you crying?" He said: "He makes me homemade soup for lunch and my favourite brownies and then he makes love to me for the entire afternoon." I said: "Well, so why are you crying?" He said: "For dinner he makes me a gourmet meal with wine and my favourite dessert and then he makes love to me until 2:00 am." I said: "Well, for goodness sakes, that's every man's dream!

Why in the world would you be
CRYING!" And then he said: "I CAN'T
REMEMBER WHERE I LIVE!"

While Anita Mann regales the audience with this tired old gay joke, Peter lights a cigarette, takes the wad of phone messages out of his jacket pocket and begins to perform triage on them ... important, can wait, bin it.

Finished with her audience warm-up, Anita launches herself into an absolutely stunning rendition of Rogers & Hammerstein's "*I Enjoy Being A Girl*," sung live, not mimed.

ANITA

*I'm a girl,
and by me that's only great!
I am proud that my
silhouette is curvy,
That I walk with a sweet and
girlish gait
With my hips kind of
swivelly and swervy.
I adore being dressed in something
frilly
When my date comes to get me at my
place.
Out I go with my Joe or John or
Billy,
Like a filly who is ready for the
race!
When I have a brand new hairdo With
my eyelashes all in curl,
I float as the clouds on air do, I
enjoy being a girl!*

INT/EXT. MONTAGE-PETER TAKING CARE OF BUSINESS - DAY

Over the next few days, Peter is "taking care of business" with his regulars under a girl group cover version of the song "*Taking Care Of Business*."

Many of the actions seem to reflect the lyrics.

GIRL GROUP COVER OF BTO

*You get up every morning
 From your alarm clock's warning
 Take the 8:15 into the city There's
 a whistle up above
 And people pushin',
 people shovin'
 And the girls who try to look
 pretty
 And if your train's on time
 You can get to work by nine
 And start your slaving job to get
 your pay
 If you ever get annoyed
 Look at me
 I'm self-employed
 I love to work at nothing all day
 And I'll be...
 Taking care of business every day
 Taking care of business every way
 I've been taking care of business,
 it's all mine
 Taking care of business
 and working overtime
 Work out!*

INT. PETER'S CRAPPY FLAT - MORNING

Peter sits up and rubs his eyes as the alarm clock clicks over.

Later, dressed and showered, he takes a tear-off strip of coloured condoms and feeds them into his inside jacket pocket.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - MORNING

Peter sits on a morning train, looking out a window as a young woman across the aisle eyes him off.

EXT. DEMUR LADY'S DOORSTEP - DAY

Peter knocks on a door and a smiling and DEMUR LADY peeks through the crack, then reaches out and drags him in, looking suspiciously up and down the street before she shuts the door behind them.

INT. FRILLY LADY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Peter looks up at the frilly canopy over the bed, the frilly valance, the frilly pillows and finally the frilly dressing gown now dropping off the FRILLY LADY'S naked shoulders.

INT. CHUBBY LADY'S KITCHEN - DAY

A naked CHUBBY LADY tries to flip a couple more pancakes onto Peter's plate with that admonishing "You need to eat more" look on her face as he sits naked at the breakfast table.

INT. LADY IN CURLERS' LOUNGE - DAY

A LADY IN CURLERS swoons as she is bent over a coffee table watching the afternoon movie on television ... a western ... while Peter rides from behind into the sunset.

INT. HENS NIGHT TOUR BUS - NIGHT

Peter guides a bus of YOUNG ASIAN WOMEN and notices old toothless JANET in the group. Janet wears an elaborate red Oriental Cheongsam dress and chopsticks in her purple hair.

INT. MOTHERLY LADY'S HALL - DAY

A MOTHERLY LADY in a terry towel robe puts some home-made cookies in a small paper bag and gives them to Peter as he leaves.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - DAY

Peter munches a home-made cookie on the train as he also fishes some cash out of the paper bag.

INT. PETER'S CRAPPY FLAT - MORNING

Peter rolls over in bed and cracks open his eyes.

Someone is knocking persistently on his door. He looks at the digital alarm clock and makes a "way too early" groan.

He gets out of bed and makes his way to the door.

INT. PETER'S CRAPPY FLAT - MORNING

Peter opens the door to find Doris standing there.

She brushes past him into the flat without saying anything or waiting for a welcome. Peter just leans against the door jam looking out, resigned to a scene.

Finally, he goes inside and shuts the door.

DORIS

You don't return my calls.

PETER

How did you find my place?

DORIS

I'm rich. I can find anything. Oh, God!

Doris stands and surveys Peter's domain, which doesn't seem to change even with the passage of time.

From the look on her face, she is afraid of catching bubonic plague.

DORIS

I was hot for a little morning workout, but I just went very cold. Have those sheets ever been washed?

PETER

Doris, I'm sorry. It was a very late night ... early morning, rather. What do you want?

DORIS

I want to do something for you, Peter.

PETER

Look, Doris, you don't need to do anything here. Your place is Home Beautiful. My place is Guns and Ammo.

DORIS

I own a block of serviced apartments ... one of my hedges in case Richard should try and dump me. I want you to have one ... rent free.

PETER

You're kidding.

DORIS

Do I look like I'm kidding? I'm on the verge of losing my morning tea. Do you eat anything other than pizza and beer? You'll have someone to pick up after you and I won't get anything worse than a hickey. Deal?

PETER

Sure. No more early morning wake up calls?

DORIS

No, but call me back next time. I'll pick you up at 2.30. It *is* my day, after all ... We'll christen the apartment.

INT. PETER'S SNAZZY FLAT - AFTERNOON

MONTAGE - Doris enjoys a little afternoon delight with Peter in a frenetic fuckfest in every room of this brand spanking new fully furnished and appointed apartment ... designer kitchen, dining room, lounge room, shower ... everywhere accept the bedroom.

Peter actually looks like he's enjoying himself as he explores the fruits of his labours.

INT. "HENS NIGHT" TOUR BUS - NIGHT

PETER sways at the front of the bus as it travels along.

He is entertaining a group of young 20 and 30 somethings on a Hens' Night outing. The bride to be wears a cheesy veil as well as her party frock.

Peter grabs the Mic and holds up a hanger with a very revealing and naughty lingerie set dangling from it.

PETER

OK, girls ... competition time.
Who'd like to win this delightful
set of naughty knickers to
titillate your man?

A tsunami of "Me! Me!" blasts Peter.

PETER

We're looking for the best fake
orgasmer in the bus. "I'll-Have-
What-She's-Having-Harry-Met-Sally"
style. Now, I know most of you
won't admit it, but you do throw a
fake one in once and a while to
bring off Charlie quickly so you
can get some sleep. Come on, hands
up ...

Slowly, most of the young women in the bus sheepishly raise their hands, looking around at all their mates, laughing and pointing.

PETER

Well, nice to see it's none of the
girls I know ...

This brings a round of cheers and wolf whistles.

PETER

Cum one, cum all for the Hens Night
Tours Fake Orgasm championship!

INT/EXT. MONTAGE OF FAKE ORGASM COMPETITION - NIGHT

Every woman on the bus has a go at cumming.

Peter goes around the bus with his mic, wordlessly egging each woman on as the others look on.

Some are twitchers, some are epileptics, some are squeezers, some are panthers ... one woman rolls her eyes back in her head, lolls her tongue out and another just screams.

More than one woman has had enough booze and turn on from Peter so that she may not be faking.

These scenes are witnessed by pedestrians outside the bus which, out of context, might appear to be a bus load of crazies on the way to the asylum.

Finally, one woman gives the most mind blowing performance of a fake orgasm that she wins the lingerie set.

She immediately strips down buck naked and puts it on, dancing around the bus to show her prize.

EXT. NARROW CITY LANEWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

Peter stops in front of a door in a narrow city laneway, flanked on both sides by tall Victorian-era brick buildings and warehouses.

He rechecks a piece of paper for the address. He shrugs and opens the door.

INT. OLD CITY BUILDING - EVENING

Peter has climbed several flights of wooden stairs.

He reaches a landing with a door proudly proclaiming "The Actor Prepares Drama Academy ... acting workshops, private tuition, audition coaching, elocution."

Through the door and the very walls resonates a well-trained baritone voice. Peter gently opens the door.

INT. DRAMA ACADEMY ROOM - EVENING

The Resonate Voice immediately stops and several pairs of eyes turn towards Peter, who stands like a rabbit caught in the headlights holding the door knob.

ALISTAIR RAVENSWOOD, 60s, has been a jobbing actor since his teens and, like many actors, has had to take up a day job, fortunately in his case passing on his enormous experience and technique.

Alistair doesn't just teach acting, he holds court.

ALISTAIR

Come in, Come in. Welcome. Take a seat. We're just settling in.

Peter takes a seat in the circle off chairs facing the front. All eyes turn back to Alistair except one pair. Peter immediately notices the winsome blonde from the movie audition looking at him. She turns back without expression. Peter smiles to himself.

ALISTAIR

Right, now we're going to do a few getting to know you exercises. We're going to have to get to know each other pretty well over the next few weeks, so we'd better start breaking the ice right now.

Later, the class make cups of instant coffee around an urn in a small kitchenette off the main studio. Peter manoeuvres himself closer to the winsome blonde.

PETER

Hi. Peter ...

BLONDE

Hudson. I know, I saw you at the auditions last week. They called your name.

PETER

Good memory. Melanie, right?

MELANIE

Right. Good memory ... we just all introduced ourselves. Can you remember any others?

PETER

Actually, no. Do I want to?

MELANIE

That's entirely up to you, Mr. Hudson.

MELANIE deftly swings away between two other people trying to reach the urn. She is early 30s, slender, dressed conservatively and very classy.

One of the other drama workshop people, DANNY, moves next to Peter and snatches the teaspoon that Peter has poised over his Styrofoam cup.

DANNY

Using that? Thanks. You know ... I don't like your chances.

PETER

Pardon?

DANNY

Melanie ... I don't like your chances. Everyone tries to hit on her and it has absolutely no effect.

Peter blows on his coffee and looks over the rim at Melanie.

PETER

Then I guess I just won't try.

EXT. NARROW CITY LANEWAY - NIGHT

The acting class pour out of the door into the laneway, saying their good-byes and proffering pecks on the cheek. A big, bare lamp over the door creates a bright pool in the dark lane.

Melanie drops her scarf when she swings on her full length leather coat and Peter is right there to gallantly retrieve it.

PETER

You dropped this.

MELANIE

Thanks ... and no.

PETER

I haven't asked you anything.

MELANIE

A date ... maybe lunch ... movie ... dinner ... art gallery ...

PETER

You've got me wrong. Like, I would never ask a woman to an art gallery ...

MELANIE

I like art galleries.

PETER

... on a first date ... I would never ask a woman to an art gallery on a first date.

MELANIE

Mr. Hud ... Peter ...

PETER

Honestly, I was just going to ask if you'd like to share a cup of real coffee to get that horrible taste of instant out ... I hate to drink coffee alone.

MELANIE

What do you do in the morning?

PETER

Ah ha! You'll have to wait until after the art gallery to find THAT out.

Melanie cracks her first real smile and it is beautiful. Peter basks in it and smiles, too.

Melanie and Peter find they have walked to the entry of the laneway and make their way to the lights of a sidewalk café.

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - NIGHT

Peter and Melanie sit at one of the tables on the footpath under a radiant heater. A WAITRESS is immediately upon them.

PETER

Can I have a double macchiato, please, but with the stain on the side.

MELANIE

I'll have a skinny chai latté ...
do you have that?

WAITRESS

Sure.

The waitress leaves.

PETER

That wasn't so hard, was it?

MELANIE

Peter, I don't mix pleasure with
pleasure ... I want to focus on the
acting ... not muck it up with a
relationship ...

PETER

Whoa! It's just a cup of coffee!

This brings on another radiant smile.

MELANIE

So many of the guys don't see a
ring and they think it's open
season ... and I'm the fair game.

PETER

I don't have a ring, but they don't
hit on me ...

MELANIE

You're making fun ... So, what does
Peter Hudson do?

PETER

Well, I guess you'd call it
tourism. Most nights of the week, I
show people around town.

MELANIE

That sounds interesting ...

The coffee and chai arrive.

PETER

(to the waitress) Thanks for that.
And you?

MELANIE

I run the research department for my father's company. I spend a lot of time in front of a computer, developing my computer tan.

PETER

Matches your Kryptonite green eyes.

They both laugh and relax with their coffees. Peter merely coats his teaspoon with foam and stirs it through the black liquid.

MELANIE

That's going to keep you up all night.

PETER

I usually am. Up all night.

Peter smiles and Melanie blushes.

MELANIE

I meant awake!

PETER

So did I.

Melanie parries by changing the subject.

MELANIE

I think Alistair is a wonderful teacher. You'll love it.

PETER

Hope so. The guy doing the movie auditions recommended him. I mean, in a good way ...

MELANIE

Not saying you needed acting lessons ...

PETER

No. Gave me the name of an agent, too.

Peter's mobile telephone goes off. He tries to ignore it, bringing a curious look from Melanie. He finally pulls it out and answers.

PETER

Peter ... no ... not tonight ...
sorry, no.

He rings off and puts the mobile back in his pocket.

PETER

Sick friend. Wanted me to come
over.

Melanie doesn't seem convinced and focuses on her
chai.

Suddenly, a voice calls out Peter's name and a woman
approaches their table.

It is Anita Mann dressed in a quite stylish gown and
fur, escorted by a very well dressed elderly
gentleman.

ANITA

Peter! So nice to see you away
from work! Are you going to
introduce me to your gorgeous
companion?

Peter chuckles and stands.

PETER

Anita, Melanie ... We're in acting
class together.

Anita extends a beautifully manicured and bejewelled
hand and Melanie shakes it.

Anita

How do you do? This is Gregory, my
dutiful escort for the evening.

Gregory murmurs something through his bleary state of
inebriation and shakes hands with Peter and Melanie.

MELANIE

You work with Peter?

ANITA

In a manner of speaking. His bus
tours frequent my club.

MELANIE

Tourists ...

ANITA

Hmm ... yes. That bag is Prada,
isn't it? Lovely ...

MELANIE

Yes, it is. That's a lovely
necklace.

ANITA

Well, you have to have a lot of
baubles around the neck to take the
accent off of the face! Gregory,
let's leave these two lovely kids
alone. Good night, Peter. Lovely
to meet you Melanie. Between us
girls, Peter is one of the most
charming men I know. Byeeee!

Anita takes Gregory's arm and they swan away. Peter
just smiles, sits, shakes his head and sips his
macchiato.

MELANIE

She's very nice. Seems to like you.

PETER

Oh, yeah ... SHE'S fabulous ...
only she's a he.

Melanie freezes with her glass of chai halfway to her
mouth, as if processing this information for a few
seconds.

MELANIE

I see. And you work with her ...
him.

PETER

You can say "her" ... I do. Anita
runs a drag club. One of the best
in the country. Very popular with
tourists, especially women.

MELANIE

I see. And she maintains the role
out of hours?

PETER

Well, she had you fooled, didn't she? I guess it's the ultimate form of acting.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Peter and Melanie walk back towards the Laneway where the acting class is located.

As they pass a parked car, its lights flash and it chirps a few times. It is a very expensive late model Beemer.

Melanie brings her hands out of her pockets, one holding the car key. She immediately turns and extends a black kid-leather gloved hand to Peter.

MELANIE

Thank you very much for the coffee.
See you at the next acting class.
Don't forget to learn your part!

Peter looks down at her hand and then shakes it. She is in the car, starts it and is away in a flash. Peter shakes his head and walks away.

EXT. GUTBUSTER5 BBW&BBM - NIGHT

The Hens Night tour bus is parked in front of a flashy joint called "Gutbusterz ... BBW & BBW Nude Food Wrestling ... All U Can Eat Buffet."

INT. GUTBUSTER5 BBW&BBM - NIGHT

The place is a dingy combination of an old west saloon and an arena.

In the centre ring/pool, an enormous pair of obese women wrestle in a shallow tank filled with a foot of baked beans dotted with cocktail franks.

Two equally obese men stand outside the ropes, cheering them on. Maybe they're naked, but they are so corpulent that the bathers disappear into the folds anyway.

A farting music version of Hot Butter's "Popcorn" is playing. The crowd of mainly women and some men are cheering every throw and squish.

One of the women throws the other, causing a tidal wave of beans to sweep over the rim and sloshes some people in the front row.

The thrown woman tags one of the men, who jumps in and goes for the other woman, who immediately tags her teammate. Soon, the four are in the ring together and it is on for all.

Peter sits at the bar, trying to concentrate on something he is reading.

The enormously fat BBM BARTENDER comes over, refreshing Peter's soft drink from the multi-serve gun.

BARTENDER
Sure you don't want something
harder?

PETER
Nah ... Gotta study.

BARTENDER
What is it?

PETER
Shakespeare.

BARTENDER
Well, you've come to the right
place.

The bartender walks away to serve a customer while Peter ponders that observation.

INT. "HENS NIGHT" TOUR BUS - NIGHT

Sue swings the big bus into the main entertainment strip.

Peter is regaling tonight's crowd with the same tired old routines.

Judging from the blazers the women wear, this flock of old boiler hens is a bunch of blue-rinsers from a ladies lawn bowls club.

PETER

... grant your request now, you wouldn't want to go into this lovely venue and those boys will think you didn't want to see what they have to offer!

Peter leans over her shoulder, looking through the windscreen. She glances into the side rear view mirror.

SUE

There it is again.

PETER

You sure?

SUE

Sure as I can be.

PETER

Pull in at the usual. I'll have a word.

EXT. THE COCK PIT STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

The Hens Night Tour Bus pulls into its usual spot in front of the club.

Right behind it comes a bigger, brighter and more luxurious bus.

This bus has everything the Hens' Night Tour Bus doesn't: Chasers around the windows, purple mood lighting colouring the interior, gaudy signage proclaiming "The Ladies First Big Bus - Size Does Matter!"

INT. "HENS NIGHT" TOUR BUS - NIGHT

Peter is out of the bus as soon as it stops and the door opens.

The evening's passengers are out straight after him. They sense some action in the air and chatter accordingly.

EXT. THE COCK PIT STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Peter goes towards the rear of the Hens Night Bus with his flock of Hens right behind him.

He stands his ground a few metres from the "Ladies First" bus. With its tinted windows, chasers and purple mood lighting, it is difficult to see inside.

The door of the "Ladies First" bus opens. The MC struts down the steps.

CRAIG is a pencil thin, long haired, pasty faced Steven Tyler clone, so far up himself he's nearly inside out.

He is followed by his group of passengers, an equally elderly group of widows and wannabes. They front up opposite Peter and his passengers like two opposing armies.

CRAIG

What's this? The welcoming committee?

PETER

Why are you following us?

CRAIG

Excuse me? We can bloody well go where we bloody well please!

PETER

Are you muscling in on our territory?

CRAIG

YOUR territory?

The two lots of women murmur agreement after each of their champions speaks. The COCK PIT MANAGER has come over and steps between the two.

COCK PIT MANAGER

Simmer down or I'll ban both of
 your sorry asses. I'm sorry, Peter
 ... business is business. (To the
 crowd) Come on inside, ladies ...
 the lads are all oiled up and
 waiting!

If women could pant and salivate like hounds on the
 scent, the packs turn as one and head for The Cock Pit
 entrance.

Peter and Craig continue to eye each other off as they
 follow in the wake.

INT. THE COCK PIT STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

One of the Cock Pit boys is on stage in the final
 "clothing" of his incredibly gymnastic strip while
 singing Tom Jones' SEX BOMB

COCK PIT BOY

*Sexbomb sexbomb you're a sexbomb
 You can give it to me when I need
 to come along
 Sexbomb sexbomb you're my sexbomb
 And baby you can turn me on turn me
 on darlin'
 Sexbomb sexbomb you're my sexbomb
 sexbomb
 You can give it to me when I need
 to come along
 Sexbomb sexbomb your're my sexbomb
 And baby you can turn me on*

*You can give me more and more
 counting up the score
 Yeah
 You can turn me upside down inside
 out
 You can make me feel the real deal
 uh uh
 I can give it to you any time
 because you're mine
 Ouch, sexbomb, aw baby*

*Sexbomb sexbomb you're my sexbomb
 And you can give it to me when I
 need to be turned on*

*No, no
 Sexbomb sexbomb you're my sexbomb
 And baby you can turn me on turn me
 on
 And baby you can turn me on turn me
 on
 Baby you can turn me on turn me on
 Ooh baby you can turn me on turn me
 on
 Baby you can turn me on oh
 Baby you can turn me on oh
 Baby you can turn me on
 Well baby you can turn me on*

The ladies around the stage are egging him on and he plays to the front row, collecting bank notes in lots of inventive ways.

When the stripper finishes, the COCK PIT MC is quick to take the stage to prevent any of the audience from rushing the dressing rooms or jumping the stripper.

A STAGE HAND collects the various pieces of attire and runs off.

COCK PIT MC

Thanks you, ladies. While the lads catch their breath and get dressed again, we'll take a short intermission.

This brings a big unsatisfied groan from the audience, most of whom have just arrived. The native women are restless.

At the bar, Peter is nursing his customary complimentary pot beside the Cock Pit Manager, who discretely slips PETER his commission. Craig comes sauntering up and loudly shouts his order.

CRAIG

Campari and soda ...

Peter nearly chokes on his beer. Craig ignores this and loudly addresses the Manager.

CRAIG

I've brought you 27 hot-to-trot foxy ladies tonight. I believe a per-head payment is in order.

The Cock Pit Manager turns to Craig and discretely palms a second small envelope to him.

The women in the audience are beginning a stomp and clap for more entertainment.

COCK PIT MANAGER

Mate, keep it down ... This is off the books and is an agreement between gentlemen.

Craig immediately rips open the envelope and boldly begins to thumb through the notes.

CRAIG

Fuck your gentlemen's agreement. You NEED people like us. Ladies First is going to make this operation pay and mow down the opposition, like chook face here ...

Peter has had enough and reaches across the Cock Pit Manager to have a piece of Craig. The Manager is twice Peter's size and easily stops him.

COCK PIT MANAGER

Look ... Peter ... much as I'd like to take a poke at him myself, I'm afraid you two are going to have to take it outside.

The BEEFCAKE BARTENDER who is wearing a bow tie, a smile and nothing else, points out the commotion going on with the audience.

BEEFCAKE BARTENDER

Maybe you two should take it up on stage. These ladies are desperate for entertainment ... anything.

The women are now standing, stomping and some are even stripping themselves. The MC is trying desperately to avoid a riot, with no effect.

COCK PIT MC

Ladies, Please ... the boys are just doing a few warm-ups ... ha, ha ... anyone want to give them a hand?

Craig obviously enjoys a challenge.

CRAIG

I'm game. What about you, Chicken Man?

Craig takes off for the stage and jumps on the apron. He signals to the stage hand and shouts something to him. The stage hand runs off.

The music starts and Craig begins to strip and mime the words to Right Said Fred's "I'm Too Sexy For My Shirt."

His actions are almost comic and very amateur, a bit Mick Jagger, Gypsy Rose Lee and his trademark Steven Tyler "walking like this."

The crowd get the idea and break into a wild cheer. Peter slowly walks through the crowd and gets up on the stage.

Suddenly, the audience sense the situation and scream encouragement. The Battle of the Buns is on!

CRAIG

*I'm Too Sexy For My Love
Too Sexy For My Love
Love's Going To Leave
I'm Too Sexy For My Shirt
Too Sexy For My Shirt
So Sexy It Hurts
I'm Too Sexy For Milan
New York And Japan
I'm Too Sexy For Your Body
Too Sexy For Your Body
The Way I'm Disco Dancing
I'm A Model,
Ya Know What I Mean
And I Do My Little Turn
On The Catwalk
Yeah On The Catwalk
On The Catwalk Yeah
I Do My Little Turn On The Catwalk
...*

For a while, Peter just stands and watches Craig who really believes the audience love him and doesn't realise what a fool he is.

Then as there's a change of verse, Peter turns, he's hit by a follow spot and he goes into his act.

Where Craig fell short, Peter makes up with miles and miles of talent. Every move is solid.

Peter slowly removes his jacket and drops it. The women swoon. They squeal with the sexual energy.

Craig immediately senses he is losing the audience and he's right, but he keeps on trying.

Peter hardly has three buttons open on his shirt and the women are in a frenzy, completely ignoring Craig.

Craig drops his boxers around his ankles, then promptly gets tangled up in them and falls flat on his face. Nobody even notices.

Finally, Peter removes his shirt on the last line of the song, revealing a well toned and tanned torso and nothing more.

PETER

(Singing along)

"I'm too sexy for this song!"

Blackout.

The lights slowly come up. Peter is still completely clothed, but the audience flop in their seats as if with post-coital exhaustion.

Then, the crowd goes wild.

Peter gathers up his shirt, his jacket and the wads of cash that come showering down on him. Craig just sits in the shadows, ignored.

THE COCKPIT MANAGER stops Peter on the way out.

COCK PIT MANAGER

You know, you're going to have to do that every night now. Word's going to get around.

PETER

We'll see.

The ladies from both bus loads crowd around Peter as he buttons his shirt and graciously accepts their praise and more cash. He is obviously being groped, as well.

EXT. THE COCK PIT STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Peter leads his army of fans out of the club and onto the bus.

A majority of both groups of women now cram onto Peter's bus. It's standing room only, leaving Craig standing on the footpath with a few stragglers who either like 'em scrawny or can't fit into the Hens' Night Tour Bus as it pulls away.

INT. DRAMA STUDIO - EVENING

Peter and Melanie are already in the middle of doing a scene for the acting class ... from Shakespeare's "The Taming Of The Shrew."

PETER AS PERTRUCIO

Good morrow, Kate - for that's your name, I hear.

MELANIE AS KATHERINE

Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing: They call me Katherine that do talk of me.

PETER AS PERTRUCIO

You lie, in faith, for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and
sometimes Kate the curst;
But, Kate, the prettiest
Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate Hall,
my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all Kates, and
therefore, Kate, Take this of me,
Kate of my consolation; Hearing thy
mildness praised in every town,

Thy virtues spoke of, and thy
 beauty sounded, Yet not so deeply
 as to thee belongs, Myself am moved
 to woo thee for my wife.

MELANIE AS KATHARINA

Moved! in good time: let him that
 moved you hither Remove you hence:
 I knew you at the first You were a
 moveable.

PETER AS PERTRUCIO

Why, what's a moveable?

MELANIE AS KATHARINA

A join'd-stool.

PETER AS PERTRUCIO

Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

MELANIE AS KATHARINA

Asses are made to bear, and so are
 you.

PETER AS PERTRUCIO

Women are made to bear, and so are
 you.

MELANIE AS KATHARINA

No such jade as you, if me you
 mean.

PETER AS PERTRUCIO

Alas! good Kate, I will not burden
 thee; For, knowing thee to be but
 young and light--

MELANIE AS KATHARINA

Too light for such a swain as you
 to catch; And yet as heavy as my
 weight should be.

PETER AS PERTRUCIO

Should be! should--buzz!

MELANIE AS KATHARINA

Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

PETER AS PERTRUCIO
O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a
buzzard take thee?

MELANIE AS KATHARINA
Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a
buzzard.

PETER AS PERTRUCIO
Come, come, you wasp; I' faith, you
are too angry.

MELANIE AS KATHARINA
If I be waspish, best beware my
sting.

PETER AS PERTRUCIO
My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

MELANIE AS KATHARINA
Ay, if the fool could find it where
it lies,

PETER AS PERTRUCIO
Who knows not where a wasp does
wear his sting? In his tail.

MELANIE AS KATHARINA
In his tongue.

PETER AS PERTRUCIO
Whose tongue?

MELANIE AS KATHARINA
Yours, if you talk of tails: and so
farewell.

PETER AS PERTRUCIO
What, with my tongue in your tail?
Nay, come again,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

MELANIE AS KATHARINA
That I'll try.

Melanie steps forward and slaps Peter, hard, across the face. Peter takes the blow and continues in character, bringing back his hand for a counter blow.

PETER AS PERTRUCIO
I swear I'll cuff you, if you
strike again.

Melanie loses it and breaks.

MELANIE
I'm sorry ... I ... I've lost my place
... We didn't practice that ...

Alistair immediately stands and applauds. The rest of
the class applaud, as well.

ALISTAIR
Bravo! Wonderful first attempt. I
must say, the two of you do have
chemistry! Sexual tension. Let's
break for a cup of something ...

The class rise and make their way to the kitchenette.
Several gather around to congratulate Peter and
Melanie.

When the herd has passed, Melanie comes to Peter, who
has grabbed a towel from his bag to wipe his sweaty
face.

MELANIE
I'm really sorry. Did that hurt?
I mean, too much?

PETER
Well, I'll certainly remember it.
I've had harder ... not from a
woman.

MELANIE
I have a favour to ask ... and maybe
this will make it up. For the slap.

PETER
Ask.

MELANIE
My cousin is getting married next
week. I'm one of her bridesmaids.
I need someone to take me and I
really don't like any of the
groomsmen ... ugh, footy players.

I was wondering if you would go with me?

PETER

Sure, I can do that ... Love to.

MELANIE

I mean, it's just a favour. I'll pay for a suit ...

PETER

You won't. I'll collect you from your place and be the perfect gentleman. I promise. My greatest acting role yet.

MELANIE

It's a date ... I mean ...

PETER

I know ... not a date date ...

INT. TOUR BUS DEPOT OFFICE - EVENING

MARTY is sitting behind the desk, tie undone on his shopping tours uniform.

PETER and SUE sit casually as Marty speaks.

MARTY

I'm trying something new for a week. Theme nights. We don't have any group bookings. So, we set up a tour and everyone has to come dressed up for the theme. A lot of the regulars are interested.

PETER

Like what, for instance?

MONTAGE: HENS NIGHT THEME WEEK

THEME WEEK passes as a blur for Peter and Sue to a cover version of I LIKE THE NIGHT LIFE by Alicia Bridges.

*Please don't talk about love tonight.
Please don't talk about sweet love.*

*Please don't talk about being true
and all the trouble we've been through.
Ah, please don't talk about
all of the plans
we had for fixin' this broken romance.
I want to go where the people dance.
I want some action ... I want to live!*

*Action ... I got so much to give.
I want to give it. I want to get some too.*

*Oh, I ... Ohhh I ... I love the nightlife,
I got to boogie on the disco 'round,
Oh, I love the night life,
I got to boogie on the disco 'round,*

*Please don't talk about love tonight.
Your sweet talking won't make it right.
Love and lies just bring me down
when you've got women all over town.
You can love them all
and when you're through,
maybe that'll make, huh, a man out of you.
I got to go where the people dance.
I want some action ... I want to live!*

*Action ... I got so much to give.
I want to give it. I want to get some too.*

*Oh, I ... Ohhh I ... I love the nightlife,
I got to boogie on the disco 'round,
Oh, I love the night life,
I got to boogie on the disco 'round,*

*Oh, I love the night life,
I got to boogie on the disco 'round,
Oh, I love the night life,
I got to boogie on the disco 'round,
I love the night life,
I got to boogie on the disco 'round*

INT. MARTY'S OFFICE AT THE BUS DEPOT - EVENING

Marty is displaying a groaning rack of costumes to Peter and Sue.

Some of them are obviously cheap and nasty from low rent costume hire.

Peter tries on a clown.

Sue tries on an old nun's habit, complete with flying wimple.

Peter and Sue stand side by side as Wonderwoman and Superman.

Peter and Sue make it patently obvious that they are not happy with some of Marty's choices.

INT. HENS NIGHT TOUR BUS - NIGHT

The old crone JANET stands in the aisle of the moving bus.

She is in full dominatrix gear ... face mask, studded black leather lingerie, garter belt and mesh hose.

She is backed up by the entire bus load of similarly attired elderly matrons. Janet cracks her whip and the women advance on the front of the bus.

Peter stands dressed at the front in a full rubber body suit. Sue is a version of Catwoman. She is not a happy pussycat.

INT. HENS NIGHT TOUR BUS - NIGHT

An entire bus load of women ... and one old man ... dressed as French maids.

Sue, also dressed as a maid, swings the bus into the reserved spot in front of Les Femme Faux.

INT. LES FEMME FAUX CLUB - NIGHT

They prance around Les Femme Faux with feather dusters cleaning everything, including the other patrons and performers.

ANITA looks at PETER, dressed as a butler, who just shrugs.

INT/EXT. LUNA PARK - NIGHT

Peter has taken the bus to Luna Park.

It pulls up right in front of the mouth and the brakes hiss to a halt.

The theme is Marilyn Monroe and an entire group of young women have come as Marilyn in the white pleated halter-top dress from THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH.

Peter is made up as Clark Gable with a pencil thin moustache and a cowboy hat.

They ride the merry-go-round, all doing the Ghost Train, The Scenic Railway.

On the Fun House, they all stand over the compressed air grate while it blows their dresses up. With poor tiny Janet, it is so strong it nearly blows her dress clean off!

EXT. SOUTHGATE & CROWN CASINO - NIGHT

The Hens Night group stand in awe as the big gas flames burst alight.

Peter is dressed as Aladdin and all of the bus load of young women as Princess Jasmines and I Dream of Genies.

They all belly dance for Peter's attention and end up piling on top of him.

INT. SOPHIE'S HOUSE - EVENING

A bridal shower is in full swing.

Champagne is flowing freely and twenty young women are having a ball. Melanie is amongst them. The bride, SUSAN, wears a veil.

SOPHIE, the head bridesmaid, answers her mobile phone. She listens and rings off. She stands and proposes a toast.

SOPHIE

Ladies, charge your glasses ...
again ... Tomorrow, my sister Susan
will walk down the aisle with
Geoff, ably assisted by myself,
cousin Mel, Tracey and Lisa ...

but before that, I want to give her
a special gift. If you will all
come with me. Bring your handbags.

The women all troop to the front door which Sophie
swings open.

Parked at the curb is the Hens' Night Adult Tour Bus
in all its glory. They all let out an almighty shriek
and head towards the bus.

Melanie lets out a different kind of shriek when she
spots Peter helping the eager women board the bus.

She immediately dives into her handbag for a pair of
big Gucci dark glasses and a scarf which she puts over
her hair.

When Melanie reaches the bus, she turns away from
Peter and makes sure there is another woman in between
as she passes him.

INT. HENS NIGHT TOUR BUS - EVENING

Melanie makes her way to the rear of the bus and
hunkers down in a window seat.

Peter climbs onboard last, Sue shuts the door and
they're off. Peter picks up his mic and he's on.

PETER

Susan ... where are you ... stand
up.

Susan stands up.

PETER

Tomorrow, another beautiful woman
is lost ... lost from that exciting
adventure of discovery called
casual sex ...

This brings a big laugh from the women.

PETER

... when she becomes the wife of a
very, very lucky man ...

This brings an "Ahhhh" from the women.

PETER

... but before Susan takes that step, we're going to show her a good time ... a great time. This is going to be a Hens' Night to remember!

The women all cheer.

INT. THE COCK PIT STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

The wedding party have front row seats and tables.

They have obviously been there for a while and had a lot to drink. Susan, the Bride is now wearing a men's g-string on top of her veil.

Melanie stands in the shadows at the back, wearing her dark glasses and scarf. The Beefcake Bartender stands nearby in his where without polishing glasses, giving her the odd glance and getting even odder glances in return. The COCK PIT MC hits the stage.

COCK PIT MC

Ladies and ... ladies ... The Cock Pit is proud to present as a special treat ... with no expense spared by the management ... in fact no expense at all ... here is your own tour guide, Mr. Peter Hudson!!!!

The girls have been waiting for this and shriek with glee. This dies down somewhat when Peter comes out and takes the mic, only to stand in the middle of the stage.

PETER

I'd like to do something special tonight ... something I've been practicing with some of the boys ...

AUDIENCE

Oooooh! Practicing with the boys?
Take it off! Show us your buns!

PETER

Well, not quite. It's something
special I've been practicing for
someone special. Come on out, boys

...

Three of the other Cock Pit boys come out, dressed
similar to Peter. They each have mics, as well.

The music starts and Peter sings the Four Seasons'
"Who Loves You Pretty Baby," backed by the other
three.

PETER & THE BOYS

*Who loves you pretty baby,
Who's gonna help you through the
night?
Who loves you pretty mama,
Who's always there to make it
right?
Who loves you pretty baby,
Who's gonna help you through the
night?
Who loves you pretty mama,
Who's always there to make it
right?
Who loves you,
Who loves you pretty baby?
Who's gonna love you mama?
Who loves you,
Who loves you pretty baby?
When tears are in your eyes,
And you can't find the way.
It's hard to make believe,
You're happy when you're gray.
Baby when you're feelin' like,
You'll never see the mornin' light.
Come to me,
Baby, you'll see.
Who loves you pretty baby,
Who's gonna help you
through the night?
Who loves you pretty mama,
Who's always there to make it?
Who loves you,
Who loves you pretty baby?
Who's gonna love you mama?
Who loves you,
Who loves you pretty baby?
And when you think,*

The whole wide world
 has passed you by.
 You keep on tryin',
 But you really don't know why.
 Baby when you need a smile,
 To help the shadows drift away.
 Come to me,
 Baby, you'll see.
 Who loves you pretty baby,
 Who's gonna help you through the
 night?
 Who loves you pretty mama,
 Who's always there to make it?
 Who loves you,
 Who's gonna love you, love you?
 Who's gonna love you?
 Who loves you,
 Who's gonna love you, love you?
 Who's gonna love you?

Baby,
 Baby,
 Doot-doo-doot.

Come to me,
 Baby, you'll see.

Who loves you pretty baby,
 Who's gonna help you through the
 night?

Who loves you pretty mama,
 Who's always there to make it?

Who loves you,
 Who's gonna love you, love you?
 Who's gonna love you?

Who loves you,
 Who's gonna love you, love you?
 Who's gonna love you

It is a superlative performance. At first, the audience still shout and jeer, but soon every woman in the audience looks like she thinks Peter is singing it to her.

From the look on Melanie's face, she knows he is singing it to her.

INT. HENS' NIGHT TOUR BUS - NIGHT

The whole bus is singing a rowdy version "*Who Loves You Pretty Baby*" and the bus trundles along.

Apart from Melanie, who sits hunkered down in a seat towards the back.

Peter walks down the aisle, egging the women on, looking left and right, getting closer to Melanie.

Just as he's one row of seats and one sweep from looking right into Melanie's Guccis, SOPHIE stands in the aisle and spins Peter down into her seat, with SUSAN, the bride, sitting next to the window, right in front of Melanie.

Sophie bends down to Peter, close to his ear.

SOPHIE

Five hundred dollar tip to give the blushing Bride a special gift.

Peter looks into Sophie's determined eyes and then Susan's hopeful, doe-full eyes.

SOPHIE

Oh, come on ... I know this is part of the game. The bus driver said so.

Peter looks back again at both women and shrugs.

Susan immediately swings a leg over and is on Peter's lap facing him. She rocks back, reaches down, undoes his belt and fly and frees him. Peter has an admiring look on his face at the skill and speed.

Susan lifts herself up and slowly slides down on Peter. Susan is perched high on Peter and she begins to ride him, her hands on the back of the seat on either side of his head.

She is practically looking straight at Melanie, though her eyes are half closed and right out of focus.

The other girls on the bus begin to get the idea what's happening and the singing is replaced with rhythmic clapping and "Go, Go, Go, Go ...!" with each stroke.

They all begin to gather around and perch on every seat for a peek. Melanie just tries to disappear into her seat.

Susan screams her orgasm and the girls all give an enormous cheer. She practically falls into a faint and rolls off Peter back into her seat, her veil completely over her face.

Sophie already has her skirt hiked up and jumps onto Peter's lap in a flash, facing forward. She takes over from Susan and hardly misses a stroke.

EXT. PIN STRIKE BAR & BOWLING - NIGHT

Peter and the throng pile out of the bus and into an all night bar and bowling alley.

Like fighter jet aces back from a successful raid, Sophie and Susan are arm in arm being bombarded for details by the other girls.

INT. HENS' NIGHT TOUR BUS - NIGHT

Sue sits smoking in the driver's seat while they are parked in front of PIN STRIKE. She glances in her big rear view mirror and just sees the top of Melanie's head and Guccis peeking out from her hiding place.

SUE

So, what's the deal?

Melanie ducks down and doesn't say anything.

SUE

I can see you there. It's OK.
They'll be half an hour, at least.
So, you don't want daddy's little girl to be seen having fun? You find some of this all a little too spicy?

Melanie still doesn't show herself. She calls back from behind the seat.

MELANIE

I ... uh ... don't want someone to see me.

SUE

Who? Someone on the bus? Peter?

Sue lets out a big, hearty laugh.

SUE

What, you know Peter from somewhere?

Melanie raises her head a little.

MELANIE

Acting class.

Sue lets out another belly laugh.

SUE

Yeah, I heard about that. He's some actor, huh? Did you catch his little two act performance. The boy's got talent!

MELANIE

Please don't tell him!

SUE

Whatever.

Later, the girls are all back on board and a little more inebriated from the pit stop. Sue is going down the aisle, counting heads to make sure nobody's missing, handing out numbered tickets to each girl.

SUE

Lucky door prize ... this is your ticket for the lucky door prize ...

She goes to hand one to Melanie, but she shakes her head. Sue tears it off and tosses it in her lap. Melanie doesn't see Sue tear off the butt and palm it.

Through the window, Peter can be seen as he waves goodbye to the Pin Strike manager and pockets a little envelope. He bounds onboard the bus as Sue gets back to her seat. She starts the bus and pulls away.

PETER

OK, girls, time for some more fun and games on our way to the next stop. And we've got prizes!

You all have your tickets? I wonder if anyone can guess what this is?

Peter holds up a familiar beautifully wrapped dildo with an enormous set of balls. The passengers shriek on cue.

PETER
Our grand prize tonight comes courtesy of The Love Shack Adult Superstore in bent wood ... sorry, I mean Brentwood ... it is a bit bent.

He gives the prize a bit of a wobble. More laughter.

PETER
Now, I will just get the lucky ticket ...

He turns to Sue, who hands him the butt of a ticket torn from the book. A smirk comes across her face.

PETER
And the winner of this lovely home help appliance is ... Green ticket 17!

Everyone looks at their butts and groans. Melanie stares down at the ticket stub in her lap as if it were a deadly snake ... Green 17. Suddenly a hand snatches it away and Sophie screams out ...

SOPHIE
Here! Here's the winner!

Everyone stands and turns to spot the lucky girl. Peter comes down the aisle, doing something with his hands. The women part as he comes closer.

Peter appears in front of Melanie, the appliance sticking out of his trouser fly and wobbling scant inches from her about-to-scream mouth. Peter's smile vanishes in a split second as he recognises the woman behind the Gucci shades.

PETER
Oh, fuck ... Mel ...

Melanie is out of her seat and charging through the parting crowd of women towards the front of the bus.

MELANIE

Please, stop the bus! NOW!

Sue lets out a laugh as she pulls up and opens the door. Melanie flees into the crowd on the busy street.

Peter gets there too late to catch her, but does see Sue laughing and puts two and two together.

PETER

You made that happen ... You rigged it, you bitch. I know her!

Sue keeps laughing as she shuts the bus door and pulls away. The women start to sing a ribald version of "*Here Cums The Bride.*"

EXT. TOUR BUS DEPOT - NIGHT

The bus finishes backing into the garage and Sue shuts down the engine and headlights.

INT. HENS NIGHT TOUR BUS - NIGHT

Sue looks into her review mirror and spots Peter sitting in the middle of the back row, brooding.

He sits there for ages. The engine ticks as it cools.

Finally, Peter stands and walks towards the front of the bus, determination on his face.

As he reaches the front and starts down the inside steps, the bus door remains closed. Sue stands and begins to unbutton her top, towering over Peter who is down two steps.

SUE

Job security time.

Peter reaches up and smacks the emergency exit button which pops the bus door.

PETER

Fuck job security ... I quit.

Sue is gobsmacked. Peter exits the bus and calls back.

PETER

Tell Marty thanks, but I don't want to ride this fucking merry-go-round any more.

EXT. TOUR BUS DEPOT - NIGHT

Peter walks across the depot to the gate.

In the background, Sue locks the bus and slowly walks to her truck.

Peter walks out of the gateway and around the corner to the footpath and straight into a roundhouse punch.

He goes down like a sack of potatoes. Craig and two big thugs stand over him.

CRAIG

OK, boys ... show our friend that "At Ladies First, size does matter."

INT. SUE'S BIG UTE - NIGHT

Sue starts the big F100 ute and drives to the gateway.

She stops on the footpath, puts the truck in park and starts to get out to chain the gates when she sees two men pummelling Peter while a third watches.

EXT. TOUR BUS DEPOT GATE - NIGHT

Sue immediately hits the ground running towards the fracas.

The two big thugs look this woman charging towards them and snigger. Craig giggles.

CRAIG

Oh, God, Big Bertha to the rescue.

Sue continues her charge and drives her head into the gut of one guy and then gracefully back kicks the other in the throat.

She continues her spin, changes feet like a shot-putter and lays the toe one of her Size 11 sensible shoes into Craig's balls so hard it bruises the next three generations.

She hefts the unconscious Peter over one shoulder and puts him into the ute, locks the gates and leaves Craig and his two friends rolling on the verge in agony.

INT. SUE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Peter wakes up in a surprisingly feminine bedroom.

He has a split lip and a livid bruise on one cheek. He swings out of the bed, gingerly holding one side. He is wearing underpants.

INT. SUE'S LOUNGE - MORNING

Peter walks into the lounge.

From the pillow and comforter, someone has slept on the couch. Sounds of cooking and morning talk back radio come from the kitchen. He walks through to the kitchen.

INT. SUE'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Sue is sitting in a bright breakfast nook, drinking coffee and reading the Saturday papers.

She has to wear reading glasses, giving her a studious look. She is also wearing a very flattering floral dress and her hair is down, in stark contrast to her usual uniform and tight hair bun.

SUE
Good morning.

PETER
What happened?

SUE
You got jumped by that Ladies First
guy and a couple of heavies.

PETER

Thanks, I guess. Are you OK?

SUE

I don't get much practice. I'm fine. It was off the property, so they can't sue Marty.

PETER

He'll be pleased. This is a really nice place.

SUE

It was my parent's.

PETER

I'm sorry about what I said. And I'm not going to quit.

SUE

I know. You should. I'm sorry about the joke on the girl.

PETER

Aw, shit! What time is it?

SUE

Nine Thirty.

INT. APARTMENT FOYER - MORNING

Peter presses one of a bank of buzzers in the foyer of a modern block of apartments.

The security door buzzes and he pushes it open, heading for the lifts.

INT. DAMIAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

DAMIEN opens the door to his apartment and Peter stands outside.

Damien is one of the Cock Pit Strippers and sang with Peter the night before. He is wearing a very chic silk dressing gown.

DAMIEN

God, you look like death warmed up. Come in. Girls, we have comp-aneee!

Three other men in various stages of dress and undress come out of bedrooms.

Two are also Cock Pit Strippers. The third is the Beefcake Bartender, who is still wearing his trademark bow tie, but also has a spent condom hanging off his penis.

PETER

I need you guys to work some magic.
I have to pick up someone special
and escort her to a wedding in one
hour.

DAMIEN

You've come to the right place.
Phillip, get out your tux and make
it shine ... my shoes, he's a size
10. Ron, get out your make-up ...
we need to hide this damage. David
... mix us a jug of Bloody Marys,
light on the Tabasco, heavy on the
vodka.

MONTAGE ... to the original Elvis Presley version of
"A Little Less Conversation."

*A little less conversation, a
little more action please
All this aggravation ain't
satisfactioning me
A little more bite and a little
less bark
A little less fight and a little
more spark
Close your mouth and open up your
heart and baby satisfy me
Satisfy me baby*

*Baby close your eyes and listen to
the music
Drifting through a summer breeze
Its a groovy night and I can show
you how to use it
Come along with me and put your
mind at ease*

*A little less conversation, a
little more action please*

*All this aggravation aint
 satisfactioning me
 A little more bite and a little
 less bark
 A little less fight and a little
 more spark
 Close your mouth and open up your
 heart and baby satisfy me
 Satisfy me baby*

*Come on baby Im tired of talking
 Grab your coat and lets start
 walking
 Come on, come on
 Come on, come on
 Come on, come on
 Dont procrastinate, dont articulate
 Girl its getting late, gettin upset
 waitin around*

*A little less conversation, a
 little more action please
 All this aggravation aint
 satisfactioning me
 A little more bite and a little
 less bark
 A little less fight and a little
 more spark
 Close your mouth and open up your
 heart and baby satisfy me
 Satisfy me baby*

Damian pushes Peter into the shower, pausing to glance down to admire his arse, shaking his head with regret.

Damian blow dries and styles Peter's hair.

Phillip ties Peter's bow tie.

Ron applies make-up tenderly to Peter's wounds and works wonders.

Phillip gives Peter incredibly shiny patent leather shoes to put on.

David presents Peter with an expertly crafted boutonniere and helps pin it on.

The four men stand back and admire their work.

EXT. MELANIE'S HOME - MORNING

Peter gets out of a cab.

He is an absolute picture. He walks to the door of Melanie's "Vogue Magazine" mini-mansion and uses the enormous knocker.

Melanie opens the door expecting someone else, already talking, still in a dressing gown and curlers.

MELANIE

Dad, I told you 12.30. I'm really ...
Oh ... Peter ... I wasn't expecting
you to come.

PETER

You made a booking. I made a
promise.

MELANIE

Well ... come in. I must say, you
certainly look the part.

Peter comes into the house, which is even more Vogue Magazine on the inside. Melanie shuts the door behind him and picks up a cordless phone.

MELANIE

I'd better ring my Dad and tell him
I don't need him.

PETER

Mel ... about ...

MELANIE

Peter, there is no about. (Into
phone) Daddy ... Don't worry. I
have an escort ... yeah. OK, kiss ...
bye. (Back to Peter) That was my
cousin and her sister last night.
That was her hen's night. This is
her wedding.

PETER

Oh, Christ ... maybe I'd better not
go.

MELANIE

No. They're not my favourite people. I want to see the looks on their faces when I walk in with you on my arm.

PETER

Well, you certainly know how to accessorise.

MELANIE

Now, I have to finish getting ready? Did you drive?

PETER

Cab.

MELANIE

You can drive my car. I plan on drinking. Make yourself at home. I'll be quick.

Melanie heads upstairs to finish dressing.

EXT. BIG CHURCH - AFTERNOON

Melanie's Beemer drives up with Peter at the wheel and Melanie enjoying being chauffeured.

This is easily a Six Figure wedding ... there are red jacketed valets to park the cars, a big marquee set up in the grounds of the church, live musicians, the works.

A valet holds the door for Melanie and then scurries around to jump into the driver's seat that Peter has vacated. Melanie is wearing a stunning couturiere bridesmaids dress. They walk up the church steps.

MELANIE

I have to go find the other bridesmaids. Bride's people on the left ... and I want you on the aisle, OK?

PETER

Sure. Your show.

INT. CHURCH - AFTERNOON

Peter is escorted by an usher and takes a seat on the aisle.

He is reading the wedding program when suddenly a gloved hand rests on his shoulder. Peter looks up into the eyes of Doris.

DORIS

Well, you do get around. Are you with someone?

PETER

One of the bridesmaids.

DORIS

Lucky girl ... I'll see you after.

Doris continues towards the front of the church. The processional music starts and everyone stands.

Susan, the Bride comes down the aisle on the arm of her father. She is radiant, but when she spots Peter, the blood visibly drains from her face and she gets the wobbles.

Sophie is right behind her and her eyes nearly pop out of her head. Melanie is next and she has a devilish, but becoming grin on her face.

As the group reaches the altar, it's Peter's turn to register a shocked expression. The Bride's father steps into the front row and gives the Bride's mother a kiss on the cheek ... Doris.

INT. THE WEDDING MARQUEE - AFTERNOON

Peter and Melanie stand together in the reception line to shake hands with the Bride and Groom and their families.

The room is festooned with flowers, fountains and flowing champagne. A string orchestra plays on a stage, while a swing big band sets up for later.

The food is luxurious. A wedding cake the size of a small condominium stands as a centre piece.

PETER

I'm really wondering if this was such a good idea. I thought Susan was going to faint during the service. I hope you're enjoying yourself.

MELANIE

Oh, I am ...

They come up to Susan and Geoff.

MELANIE

You look beautiful, Susan. Geoff, this is my friend, Peter Hudson.

GEOFF

Peter. My new wife, Susan.

PETER

We've met ... briefly.

Susan gags. Geoff looks concerned.

GEOFF

You OK, honey?

Peter moves Melanie on. Next in line is Doris and Richard.

MELANIE

Aunt Doris, Uncle Richard ... my friend Peter Hudson.

RICHARD

How do you do, Peter.

They shake hands. Peter feigns a bruised hand as if Richard squeezes too hard.

PETER

Fine, sir ... Wow, that's some squeeze! Do you work out?

Doris hoots.

PETER

Melanie, surely this isn't the mother of the bride ... maybe her older sister.

DORIS

Mr. Hudson, you are a charmer.
Melanie, don't let go of him.

PETER

Nice meeting you, Doris ...
Richard.

They move on.

MELANIE

You are a charmer.

Sophie comes stomping over as forcefully as her Jimmy Choos will allow, hissing conspiratorially.

SOPHIE

What the fuck is he doing here? Did
you invite him?

PETER

Melanie and I are old friends.

SOPHIE

Don't fuck with me, you piece of
meat ...

MELANIE

Actually, he fucked with you last
night, if memory serves.

SOPHIE

Susan's about ready to have a cow.
Just get the hell out of here.

Later, Peter and Melanie share a glass of champagne at
a table off to one side.

MELANIE

Excuse me ... powder my nose.

Melanie gets up and leaves.

Peter notices a tearful Susan hand wringing and breast
beating with her mother behind a big floral
arrangement.

She bursts into tears and runs away, just as Geoff
appears, looking for Susan. He follows her.

Doris notices Peter watching this little drama and comes over.

She sits and a waiter is instantly there with a tray of drinks. She takes a straight scotch and knocks it back.

DORIS

Well, I just had an incredible heart to heart with my daughter. Seems she and her sister went on a little bus ride last night ... and the bus wasn't all she rode.

PETER

She wasn't the only rider.

DORIS

Oh, dear. Well, I'm kind of glad my girls were broken in by a talented Jackaroo like you.

PETER

They were well and truly broken in before they met me.

DORIS

Like mother, like daughters.

Doris gets up and leaves. Geoff and two of his beefy groomsmen come up to the table just as Melanie returns.

GEOFF

Look, mate, my lovely new wife is pretty shat off with you for some reason. She won't come out of the toilet to cut the cake or anything. I think the two of you had better make tracks.

Peter and Melanie beat a hasty retreat.

EXT. THE WEDDING - AFTERNOON

Peter and Melanie wait at the curb in front of the church.

The valet brings Melanie's BMW, jumps out runs around to hold Melanie's door as Peter gets in to drive.

EXT. STREET OF PETER'S SNAZZY FLAT - AFTERNOON

Melanie's Beemer pulls to the curb in a quite stylish street of modern apartments.

Peter gets out, opens the door for Melanie who comes around.

PETER

Busy tomorrow night?

MELANIE

Not particularly. What did you have in mind?

PETER

Would you like to see my friends perform?

MELANIE

I've seen you perform.

This raises one of Peter's genuine killer smiles.

PETER

No, I mean really. And we can have a drink or three.

MELANIE

What, you mean like a date? Hell, why not?

PETER

I'll meet you at nine at The Cockpit. You remember ...

MELANIE

I remember ... who loves you, baby?

Melanie hoicks up her Bridesmaids gown, gets into the driver's seat, engages gear and roars off.

EXT. THE COCKPIT - NIGHT

There are a number of tour and party buses lined up in the area.

The Hens Night bus is there, Ladies First and a few others.

The Cockpit Marquee is lit up and surrounded by chaser lights. It proclaims: "THE BATTLE OF THE BUSES ... 1st Annual Adult Tour Bus Talent Competition"

INT. THE COCKPIT - NIGHT

The cockpit is decorated and packed like never before.

The MC of a Chinese tourist bus and two young girls are just finishing a cover of Jackie Chan's "Bin Long Se Shi (The Betel Nuts Beauty)" with all the moves.

The audience don't quite know what to make of it, but are polite.

*Gun tau e hang e kau iu chit
e bin long da
ue bin long e gu niu a iu
chin che nang le pa
u nang mue lik gau guang u
nang ki ge i tue mua
i shi kua tuo mo ai kua
gun tau e hang e kau u ik e
bin long da
bue bin long ee gu niu a u
chin tse nang le pa
i long m bad piau shi i tui
shia kha kah i
chi shi lim chi dui chhe i*

CHORUS:

*i e aang hoe shi gam goh di
i e shi a shi siong iu ki
i gao e bin lang shi ho tsu mi
tai ke long kie i shi bin long e se shi
pou bin long shi shiong chhui ki
chhui na thio gam shi bo ioh i
bin long chiap phui ka boan boan shi
shi bo oe chhin koh m bak ji
m ko ui thio i bin long e shi
iu jan chan chan chiu liau lak khi
sim chi iu jan lai ui thio i
si se chiau jan teng kou chi
teng su e jan chiu chiau kui ki*

There is polite applause from most of the crowd and a tumultuous roar from the small Chinese crowd for their team.

The Chinese group vacate the stage and there is a lull. People rush to the loo or buy drinks.

There is a Hens Night Tours table ... Peter, Sue, Marty and Melanie. Peter and Melanie have their eyes on each other.

COCKPIT MC

Thank you, Lee Chen and the girls
from Lady Flower Tours. Now, we
have the boys from Ladies First
Tours. This competition is wide
open!

The Ladies First boys come on stage, dressed in black. Craig is naked to the waist in black vinyl pants and braces. Craig has a hand-held mic. The opening acapella harmonies of a song start.

*Are you gonna take me home tonight?
Oh, down beside that red firelight;
Are you gonna let it all hang out?
Fat bottomed girls,
You make the rockin' world go
round.*

The song is Queen's FAT BOTTOMED GIRLS. It seems CRAIG has traded Steven Tyler for Freddie Mercury.

*Hey, I was just a skinny lad
Never knew no good from bad,
But I knew life before
I left my nursery,

Left alone with big fat Fanny,
She was such a naughty nanny!
Hey fat woman you made a bad boy
out of me!*

The crowd are on their side at first, clapping and stomping along. Then an enormously obese woman, recognisably dressed as SUE in her Hens Night Uniform, comes out and starts to do suggestive and obscene movements with Craig.

(C'mon)

*Oh won't you take me home tonight?
 Oh down beside your red firelight,
 Oh and you give it all you got
 Fat bottomed girls you make the
 rockin' world go round
 Fat bottomed girls you make the
 rockin' world go round*

The clapping and stomping slowly stop. There is an eerie silence. As the fat woman simulates going down on Craig, the boos start.

Sue is just looking down at the table, flushed with embarrassment. Everyone else is aghast.

Hey hey!

*I've been singing with my band
 Across the water, across the land,
 I seen ev'ry blue eyed floozy on
 the way, hey
 But their beauty and their style
 Went kind of smooth after a while.
 Take me to them lardy ladies every
 time!*

Just about everyone is standing and booing. Sue finally can't take it any more and runs out, Peter close behind. Someone throws a chair at the stage, narrowly missing Craig.

The MC stops the music, but it just sounds like another acapella break by QUEEN. People try and storm the stage. It is getting ugly. The fat woman runs offstage in fear of her life!

(C'mon)
*Oh won't you take me home tonight?
 Oh down beside your red firelight,
 Oh and you give it all you got
 Fat bottomed girls you make the
 rockin' world go round
 Fat bottomed girls you make the
 rockin' world go round*

EXT. THE COCKPIT - NIGHT

Peter has followed Sue around the side of the club, out of the light spill.

Peter holds Sue in a tight embrace as she sobs into his chest. He strokes her hair, which is down again.

PETER

Come on. Those guys are arse holes.
That was disgusting. They'll lose
the comp, and I doubt they'll be
welcome back here.

Sue slowly stops crying.

PETER

But the song is good. There is
something special about fat
bottomed girls.

Sue begins to giggle and talks into Peter's chest.

SUE

I'm not THAT fat!

PETER

No, just enough cushion for
pushin'.

Sue looks up into his eyes as if she is going to punch him. Suddenly, Peter gives Sue a long and tender kiss on the mouth.

SUE

You never kissed me before.

PETER

Well, there's a first for
everything.

SUE

Well, we've done just about
everything else.

PETER

Come on. We can't miss our girls.

His arm around her, Peter and Sue start to walk back to the from of The Cock Pit.

SUE

Just a sec. I have to do something.
I'll just be a minute.

Peter continues and Sue goes off in another direction.

INT. THE COCKPIT - NIGHT

The Cockpit MC takes the stage.

COCKPIT MC

OK, well, that was interesting.
Now, the ladies from Hens Night
Tours are going to perform a little
song for us. They call themselves
"The Blue Rinse Set." Take it away
ladies!

Janet and six of the regulars from the Older Ladies
groups take the stage and strike a position. They all
have electric blue hair.

The music starts and Janet leads the Hens Night Old
Ladies performing SINGLE LADIES (PUT A RING ON IT).

*All the single ladies
(all the single ladies)
All the single ladies
(all the single ladies)
All the single ladies
(all the single ladies)
All the single ladies,
now put your hands up*

*Up in the club (club)
We just broke up (up)
I'm doing my own lil' thing*

*You decided to dip (dip)
And now you wanna trip (trip)
'Cause another brother noticed me*

*I'm up on him (him)
He up on me (me)
Don't pay him any attention*

*'Cause I've cried my tears (tears)
For three good years (years)
You can't be mad at me*

*'Cause if you like it then you
shoulda put a ring on it
If you like it then you*

*shoulda put a ring on it
 Don't be mad once you see
 that he want it
 If you like it then you
 shoulda put a ring on it*

*Wha-oh-oh oh-oh-oooh oh-oh oh oh-oh-oh
 Wha-oh-oh oh-oh-oooh oh oh-oh oh-oh-oh*

*If you like it then you
 shoulda put a ring on it
 If you like it then you shoulda put a
 ring on it
 Don't be mad once you see that he want
 it
 If you like it then you shoulda put a
 ring on it*

*I got gloss on my lips (lips)
 A man on my hips (hips)
 Hold me tighter than my Dereon jeans*

*Actin' up (up)
 Drinkin' my cup (cup)
 I can care less what you think*

*I need no permission
 Did I mention?
 Don't pay him any attention*

*'Cause you had your turn (turn)
 And now you're gonna learn (learn)
 What it really feels like to miss me*

*'Cause if you like it then you
 shoulda put a ring on it
 If you like it then you
 shoulda put a ring on it
 Don't be mad once you see
 that he want it
 If you like it then you
 shoulda put a ring on it*

*Wha-oh-oh oh-oh-oooh oh-oh oh oh-oh-oh
 Wha-oh-oh oh-oh-oooh oh oh-oh oh-oh-oh*

*If you like it then you
 shoulda put a ring on it
 If you like it then you*

*shoulda put a ring on it
 Don't be mad once you see
 that he want it
 If you like it then you
 shoulda put a ring on it*

*Wha-oh-oh oh-oh-oooh oh-oh oh oh-oh-oh
 Wha-oh-oh oh-oh-oooh oh oh-oh oh-oh-o*

And the crowd goes wild!

The MC comes back on stage as the Old Ladies bump and grind their way into the wings.

The MC comes downstage and collects an envelope from a table at the front.

COCKPIT MC

OK, I have the envelope here. Who will it be? (He reads) The Effin Funbus who gave us that remarkable "We Found Love In A Hopeless Place"?

There is applause and some wolf whistling.

COCKPIT MC

Is it the Lady Flower group with what they assure me is "The Betel Nuts Girl"?

Lee Chen gets on a table and does some kung fu moves to cheers from his friends.

COCKPIT MC

Could it possibly be the Ladies First boys with "Fat Bottom Girls?"

The boos star half way through the intro and nearly drown out the MC. Craig and the boys beat a hasty retreat.

COCKPIT MC

Maybe not ... or is the Blue Rinse Set from Hens Night Tours with their rendition of "Single Ladies?"

The crowd rises as one and cheers. They stay standing as the MC opens the envelope.

COCKPIT MC

And the winner of the first annual
Battle of the Buses is ... there
was never any doubt ... The Blue
Rinse Set from Hens Night Tours!

The Blue Rinsers come out of the wings to cheers. They
receive flowers and envelopes. They all gesture for
Peter to come up on stage.

Janet grabs the mic from the MC.

JANET

Peter. Come up here. We want to
share this with you. We owe this to
you.

Peter comes up on stage.

JANET

Peter brings a lot of happiness
into our lives. I don't think he
knows. Thank you, Peter.

Janet reaches up and gives him a huge hug and a sloppy
grandma kiss on the cheek. The other ladies gather
around and do the same.

When all the hugging dies down, Peter takes the mic.

PETER

I kind of wish you hadn't said
that. I've decided I might as well
go out on top. Pursue other
opportunities ... quit before I'm
fired.

There is a wave of audible surprise and disbelief.

PETER

Thanks for all of your love and
support, but it's time to move on.

This is a big downer on the evening. The old ladies
cling to Peter as if he will float away. The MC takes
back the Mic. Peter makes his way back to the table.

COCKPIT MC

You heard it here first. Hens Night
is looking for a new Peter!

This brings a few laughs.

COCKPIT MC

Now we have our big finale ... no
expense spared, because it cost
nothing! The Cock Pit Pilots and
the lovely Femme Faux together for
the first time!

The music begins.

Peter is back at the Hens Night Table. Melanie is
smiling her approval, as is Sue.

MARTY

You couldn't have told me first?

PETER

I kind of only just decided.

SUE

Do it, Peter. You're better than
this.

MARTY

Remind me not to ask for your help!

The Cockpit boys and Les Femme Faux "girls" perform a
massive finale of Stephen Sondheim's BEAUTIFUL GIRLS.

The "girls" are dressed in massive Follies outfits
with enormous feather headdresses. The Boys are in
white tuxedos.

Each girl takes a star turn. The last and greatest
Follies girl in Anita.

*Hats off,
Here they come, those
Beautiful girls.
That's what
You've been waiting for.
Nature never fashioned
A flower so fair.
No rose can compare-
Nothing respectable
Half so delectable.
Cheer them
In their glory,
Diamonds and pearls,*

Dazzling jewels
 By the score.
 This is what beauty can be.
 Beauty celestial,
 The best, you'll
 Agree:
 All for you,
 These beautiful girls!
 Careful,
 Here's the home of
 Beautiful girls,
 Where your
 Reason is undone.
 Beauty
 Can't be hindered
 From taking its toll.
 You may lose control.
 Faced with these Loreleis,
 What man can moralize?
 Caution,
 On your guard with
 Beautiful girls,
 Flawless charmers
 Every one.
 This is how Samson was shorn;
 Each in her style a
 Delilah
 Reborn,
 Each a gem,
 A beautiful diadem
 Of beautiful-welcome them-
 These beautiful
 Girls!

As the crowd cheers the finale, Peter and Melanie leave.

EXT. THE COCKPIT - NIGHT

Everyone is leaving and getting onboard their buses.

People are still booing Craig and even the patrons of LADIES FIRST. They clamber into the safety of their bus.

INT. LADIES FIRST BUS - NIGHT

Craig leans over the driver's shoulder.

CRAIG

Get us the hell out of here.

EXT. THE COCKPIT - NIGHT

As the Ladies First driver turns over the engine, it shrieks and the rear of the bus explodes in black smoke and sparks.

INT. HENS NIGHT TOUR BUS - NIGHT

A Mona Lisa smile comes across Sue's face. Everyone else is trying to see what's happening.

EXT. STREET OF PETER'S SNAZZY FLAT - DUSK

Melanie's Beemer pulls to the curb in Peter's quite stylish street of modern apartments.

It has begun to drizzle. Peter holds the car door for Melanie and helps her on with her coat.

INT. PETER'S SNAZZY FLAT - EVENING

Peter opens the door to his flat for Melanie and they come inside. Melanie looks, around, obviously impressed.

MELANIE

This isn't how I pictured your place at all. I don't know ... I somehow thought there would be socks hanging off lamp shades and a sink full of dishes.

PETER

Don't go into the kitchen, then. Nah, it's serviced.

He takes her coat and presses a button on the mantle piece. A pretend gas log fire instantly erupts in the grate.

MELANIE

Things seemed to be getting a bit tense at the club. I guess the stress got to people.

PETER

Yeah, stress ... it was getting a little crazy. It's usually crazier.

Melanie takes off her heels and sits on a furry rug in front of the fire. Peter joins her.

MELANIE

I want to thank you again for taking me to the wedding. Maybe I shouldn't have enjoyed my little prank as much. I've always had my cousins wined in my face as examples of good little rich girls.

PETER

Can I get you something?

MELANIE

Maybe some wine.

Peter gets up and goes to the kitchen. Melanie stares into the fire. Peter brings out an open bottle of wine and a couple of glasses. He dials down the room lights as he returns.

They sit in front of the faux fire. Peter pours the wine.

Melanie

OK, Peter, tell me about what you really do.

This stops Peter in his tracks. He takes a deep breath.

PETER

The long or the short version?

Melanie

I don't know ... I think I've seen the conclusion, maybe just the short version.

Peter looks into the phoney flames.

PETER

I came to town with big dreams ... acting, singing, playing in a band.

I wanted everything I'd ever seen in the movies. I got a job at a bar being the MC for karaoke competitions. That's where Marty found me ... he owns the bus company.

MELANIE

I liked Marty.

PETER

He normally does daytime shopping tours, but he talked me into doing nights while he did days ... so he could use his bus 24/7, like a taxi cab.

MELANIE

And you became a male prostitute?

Peter's bravado collapses like a balloon.

PETER

I don't know. These women wanted to pay someone to love them. They thought love meant sex. I needed some money. I guess I had something they wanted to buy.

Melanie thinks about this. She puts her wine glass on a nearby coffee table.

MELANIE

I'd like to explore this concept ... of love for sale ... but not pay ...

They gingerly begin to kiss. Peter holds back, afraid to scare her away. Suddenly, she is all over him in an animal kind of way.

MONTAGE as Peter and Melanie make love in the dark on the rug in front of the gas log fire.

The colours from the flames and glowing rocks play on their bodies as the flames of passion engulf them.

Much later, they are asleep in front of the faux fire in each other's arms, wrapped in a couple of fluffy blankets.

A key turns in the door lock and the lights are switch on full. Doris stands looking down on them.

DORIS

Oh, dear ... It's moments like these.

MELANIE

Aunt Doris? What are you doing here? Where did she get a key?

DORIS

Mel, dear ... it IS my flat.

Melanie scrambles a blanket around her and gathers her clothes. Peter just sits there and can't look at anything. He knows what's coming.

MELANIE

So, is this the sick friend? You fucked my aunt?

DORIS

Sick friend? Oh, Peter, really ... I guess it's entirely a family affair now ... mother, daughters, niece!

MELANIE

Oh, my God!

Melanie rushes out of the lounge into a bedroom and slams the door.

PETER

Doris, you're a real cunt.

DORIS

Why, thank you, Peter. I'm also occasionally an asshole and always a cock sucker. And you're a "mother fucker," I believe they say.

Peter starts to get dressed.

DORIS

You don't think you could just settle for sweet Melanie, do you? For a start, my brother would crush you if he ever found out.

Geoff and his footy mates would skin you alive if he discovered you stole the first blush from his innocent bride.

Melanie has hastily dressed and charges through the lounge not looking left or right. Peter doesn't even try to stop her.

DORIS

Oh, come on, Peter ... you fuck women for a living ... a good living. How many men wouldn't kill to do that?

PETER

At least one ... Me. You can have the flat back. And the things. Not much of it's mine, anyway.

DORIS

Peter, don't be foolish.

PETER

Too late.

Peter has finished dressing. He grabs his jacket and charges out the door in pursuit of Melanie.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF PETER'S SNAZZY FLAT - NIGHT

Peter flies out of the entry to the apartment building just in time to see Melanie pull away in her Beemer.

PETER

Melanie!

She glances out of the window she drives off with the same dispassionate look that she had when he first laid eyes on her. The Beemer spins its wheels down the wet road.

It has started to drizzle. Peter looks up at the apartment. For a long time he stands, making a decision.

He finally turns in the opposite direction to Melanie, lights a cigarette, pulls the collar of the jacket up, thrusts his hands in the pockets and proceeds to walk down his own "boulevard of broken dreams."

Before he has gone too far, the dilapidated Hens Night Tour Bus comes whining around the corner. With a hiss, it pulls up alongside Peter as he is walking.

The door opens and out comes Marty, now stuffed into a really bad, too small sequined Elvis costume, looking very much like the "fat" era King.

MARTY

Peter, ya gotta come back. I'm
beggin' ya.

Peter just thrusts his hands deeper into his pockets and keeps walking.

Marty has to trot to keep up, his too tight Elvis pants making it difficult. Sue puts the bus back in gear and idles along behind in first gear.

The women on the bus, which includes many familiar regulars, begin pleading with Peter, as well, though only the tone and the keening can be heard.

Janet, the Denture Queen, is amongst the regular passengers. She is pressed up against a window, with a hangdog look on her hanging face. She smiles a toothless, pleading grin.

MARTY

Come on, Peter. The customers want
you. The venues want you. I want
you. We're family.

Even Sue gets into the act, tapping the bus horn in a particular rhythm ... bipp ... bipp ... bipp ... bipp ... bipp ... Peter gives a hint of a smile at that friendly reminder of his "service."

Marty

I'll give you anything ... more
money ... half the company ...

Peter stops in his tracks on that. Marty stops, the bus stops and the women instantly fall silent. Peter slumps his shoulders and turns.

For a long time, Peter stands and looks down into Marty's eyes. Slowly, a smile crosses his face.

PETER
Half the company?

MARTY
Well ...

PETER
Family?

Marty acquiesces, nods and smiles honestly. Sue opens the bus door. Peter takes a last drag, drops his butt and steps on it.

PETER
No.

Peter puts his hands in his pockets, turns and keeps walking.

Marty just stands and looks after him, down-hearted.

Finally, Marty climbs aboard. The door closes and the old bus groans into gear with a teeth-grinding crunch.

The opening strains of "*Girls Just Want To Have Fun*" begin to play on the clapped out bus sound system. As the bus rolls away, the passengers begin to sing.

PASSENGERS
*Some boys take a beautiful girl
And hide her away
from the rest of the world
I want to be the one
to walk in the sun
Oh girls they want to have fun
Oh girls just want to have
That's all they really want
Some fun When the working
day is done
Girls, they want to have fun
Oh girls just want to have fun,
They want to have fun,
They want to have fun...*

The street lights turn the dark, wet street into gold.

The Hens Night Adult Tour Bus grows smaller the distance. The singing can just be heard.

Peter just keeps walking.

THE END