Gavin and Stacey

By

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EXT. MECHANICSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA - DAY

An island of industrial grit in a sea of central Pennsylvania green. The birthplace of Brett Michaels. A lot of women of a certain age here with “Every Rose Has Its Thorn” tattoos.

STACEY (O.S.)
Here’s how I think it will happen.

INT. CONSOLIDATED PRINTING, PA - DAY

STACEY, 26, sweet, pretty, but willing to do the weird stuff, is on the phone inside an industrial printing press. Behind her, an interior window looks into the kitchen/break room.

STACEY
You’ll see me get off the bus and come running. If you’re lucky, it will be lightly raining, so you can blame your tears on the weather.

EXT. MIDTOWN, NYC - DAY

Skyline view. Below: glass, steel, traffic, assorted odors.

GAVIN (O.S.)
I'm not going to cry, Stace.

INT. PHARMAX, MIDTOWN NYC - DAY

GAVIN, 26, adorably neurotic, Woody Allen DNA and cute indie rock looks, is on the phone in his cubicle. INTERCUT.

GAVIN
I have bad allergies so I might look emotional, but really it will just be pollen.

STACEY
Allergies are super rugged. I hear Daniel Craig gets hives from clams.

GARY, Gavin’s boss, walks past his cube, shooting him a look. Gavin scrunches down in his seat.

GAVIN
Hey, did you guys print the hyper tension pamphlets yet? Gary looks like he’s about to have a seizure.

STACEY
Well, you better have Gary bite down on a wooden spoon. If he wants a rush job, he has to pay for it.

As Stacey continues the conversation, through the window behind her (and unseen/unheard by her), a heavy and heavily tattooed BIG WOMAN goes to the break room vending machine.

She inserts a dollar...but nothing comes out. She shakes the machine. Still, nothing. Stymied, she shuffles back off, out of sight.

GAVIN
Great, that's gonna be a real fun conversation for me.

STACEY
Geez Louise, I can't wait to finally meet you and see those little worry lines in person.

GAVIN
"Geez Louise?" Sorry, I don't understand, is that hip-hop talk?

STACEY
Good one. You know chicks totally put out for guys who mock them.

GAVIN
Seriously though, I'm really, really excited for tomorrow, Stace.
(beat)
Was that too sincere?

STACEY
No, it was sweet; plus, now we know who the girl on this date will be.

Behind Stacey, Big Woman returns to the break room. She methodically wraps a towel around her fist. Then-

Violently PUNCHES the vending machine, repeatedly. After several blows, she stops, shakes out her hand, and looks down. Ooh, success. She blithely takes her candy, and exits.

GAVIN
I hope it's you. We've only Skyped from the neck up and I'm trying really hard not to be paranoid. I'd like to say I could fall in love with someone who had a penis, but I'm a lot shallower than that.

STACEY
Don't worry. I've been penis-free
for like two years now. You're safe.

Big Woman enters into the printing area by Stacey. She takes a bite of the hard-won candy bar, and calls out to her.

BIG WOMAN
Hey Stace, it's yabba dabba doo
time. You coming or you gonna stay
on with Gavin and tickle one out?

STACEY
(covers phone, makes face) *
Who "tickles it" at work, Nessa? *

Big Woman shrugs. She is NESSA, Stacey's best friend.

STACEY (CONT'D)
(back to Gav)
I gotta go. So...see you tomorrow? *

GAVIN
Yep. Only seventeen hours to go now.
(beat)
I'm being the girl again, huh?

STACEY
Little bit.

Gavin smiles as he hangs up. Stacey beams. Nessa rolls her eyes, and takes another bite.

END TEASER

ACT 1

EXT. NYC STREET - EVENING

SMITHY, 25, surprisingly confident for a husky man, walks with Gavin down a leafy Upper West Side street.

SMITHY
All I'm saying is, just remember I'm coming along as a favor. I have a girlfriend now.

GAVIN
"Girl" being the operative word. Lucy's seventeen, Smithy.

SMITHY
Seventeen and three quarters and her fake ID is *Bourne Identity* quality, so whatever.

GAVIN
Sorry. My bad. In Thailand, your thing is super mainstream.

They turn into a brownstone, going to the downstairs door.

INT. GAVIN AND SMITHY'S APT - CONTINUOUS

Gavin changes into a tee. Smithy cracks open a couple beers.

SMITHY
Look, you ask me to be your double date wingman, you know I'll bring it. I'll shower it and powder it and dab it with my "Success by Donald Trump" cologne. I just want to see a photo of Stacey's friend first.

GAVIN
I told you, I'm not asking. It's too late now, anyway.

SMITHY
Why isn't she on Facebook? It's just suspicious, Gav. *
(hands him a beer)
Where are we even going tomorrow? *

GAVIN
The Boom Boom Room, in the Standard Hotel. It's supposed to be really hip; you think it will impress her?

SMITHY
Dude, she's from Dillsburg, Pennsylvania. She'll be impressed your mother and father aren't brother and sister.

INT. GWEN AND STACEY'S HOUSE - DILLSBURG, PA - EVENING

Simple, cozy, and a little country, just like GWEN, Stacey's mom. She and Nessa watch while Stacey tries on different date outfits. Stacey slips on a leather jacket with a black skirt.

STACEY
So, what does this say to you?

NESSA
It says I teach at Top Gun, and each year I deflower the most promising pilot.

Stacey frowns, takes it off, and looks at other choices.

GWEN
I'm glad you're going Ness. I don't love the idea of my daughter on a blind date all the way in New York.

STACEY
It's not a blind date, Mom. We Skype, we've worked together for six months. Times have changed, you haven't been on a date in a while. You'd totally see if you tried that eHarmony account I got you.

Stacey steps into her closet for another outfit, not realizing how much this comment has stung Gwen, who reddens.

NESSA *
I can ghostwrite a profile *
guaranteed to get you action, Gwen. *

GWEN
No, I'm just- That has nothing to do with anything. You just don't know. Gavin could be a pedophile. *

STACEY
Then he wouldn't like me, would he?

GWEN
Well, you have such a young face. Look, things are just different when you meet someone in person.

NESSA
True. They're always worse, Stace. You discover they have bad breath, or body odor, or a white-power tramp-stamp. Remember I dated that guy and he ended up being Hezbollah? Not even high up, just an office one.

Stacey emerges in a tight dress. Poses.

GWEN
Stacey, no. You look like a whore.

STACEY
Happy whore or sad whore?

GWEN
Sad.

NESSA
She’s right, Stace. It’s perfect.

Gwen eyerolls. Dubious, Stacey checks herself in the mirror. *

STACEY
But is it New York-y enough?

NESSA
Trust me, in that, he will buy you a McGriddle the next morning.
(to Gwen)
That’s a good thing.

Off Stacey, still unsure what to wear on her big city date. *

INT. GAVIN AND SMITHY’S APT - NIGHT

Smithy, frowning and waving his hand, exits the bathroom.

SMITHY
Oof. Toilet’s broke again. I’ve been in better smelling tent camps in Haiti. Screw it, I’m gonna whiz in * the dishwasher.
(off Gavin’s look)
What, there are dishes in the sink.

GAVIN
We can’t live like this. C’mon, * let’s talk to the old man.

The Boys walk to the door...

EXT. THE FAMILY BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

And exit their downstairs apartment.

SMITHY
So Gav, these girls...being from farm country and all...you think they're like, well groomed?

GAVIN
Yeah, they have soap and running water there, dude. Stop it.

SMITHY
No, I mean, down in girltown. You think they're up on 21st century standards of beauty? It could be crazy, like an Amish hay pile.
(off Gavin's look)
Just trying to prepare you. *

They start up the stoop, to the building's upstairs door. *

INT. PAM AND MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Which is Gavin's parents' home. PAM, a real housewife of the Upper West, in a sparkly top, heats up food in the kitchen. MICHAEL, full of piss and balsamic vinegar, eyes her.

MICHAEL
Why do you look like that?

PAM
Why do you look like a Jello mold in the shape of a man?

MICHAEL
I'm just saying, the Indian from the Village People looked at that shirt and said, "No, it's a bit much."

Gavin and Smithy enter. Smithy is overly flirty.

GAVIN
Hey, Mom. Dad.

SMITHY
Pam, *very* nice! If I wasn't with Lucy I'd do terrible things to you.

Gavin and Michael roll their eyes; this is Smithy's shtick.

PAM
Oh, c'mon. Sit down you two, join us.

SMITHY
The toilet in our apartment is clogged again, Michael. If I was paying rent, I'd complain.

GAVIN
It's bad, Dad. The smell could turn cities to ash. *

Pam puts the meal on the table. Michael focuses on it.

MICHAEL
I'll call a guy. Pam, what's this?

PAM
Beef stew. From Whole Foods.

MICHAEL
It looks like sick. Why are we eating this fattening stuff?

PAM
OK, this is becoming a bit of a neurotic thing, Michael.

MICHAEL
You know I've lost most of my sense of taste: savory, bitter, sour-

Pam rolls her eyes, not again with this...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Gone. All I can taste is sweet - so forgive me if I try to eat healthy, since I enjoy so few things anyway.

PAM
He thinks he's in such better shape than me. He started wearing tank tops like he's an Israeli tourist.

GAVIN
Can we not get into this now?

PAM
Yes, we are getting into this now. I was the catch in this relationship. Men would look at me, and you knew later, when they were alone...I was in their thoughts. I still have the tush. That I've maintained, via Yoga and sensible, supportive panties.

She does a small, ass-friendly pose. Gavin might die. Michael groans, gets up and goes to the pantry.

SMITHY
It’s undeniable, Pam. It's like a 12 year old Boy Scout’s.

PAM
My girls are another story. Don’t smirk, Gavin, *you* ruined these. You sucked a cup size out of me.

GAVIN
This isn’t smirking. I’m just trying to bite down on the cyanide pill I keep in my molar.

Michael returns and squeezes honey on his stew. It’s the last in the honeybear and he forces it out. They look at him.

MICHAEL
Would you stare at an armless man trying to push an elevator button? This is a real handicap.

Off Gavin, seriously questioning his genetics...

INT. GWEN AND STACEY’S HOUSE - NIGHT

BRIAN, Stacey’s uncle, sweet but strange, enters the house. *

BRIAN
(Sing...)
I brought ice cream...

STACEY
Hi, Uncle Brian-

BRIAN
(Song)
And...a rape alarm! Oh, hiya Ness, how you feeling?

NESSA
Misunderstood.

BRIAN
Well, they wouldn’t sell me a taser because of a flag on my background check, but I did get you their best rape alarm. My brother would turn in his grave if he thought I wasn’t looking after his little girl.

He smiles at a framed photo of Gwen’s husband, his brother.

STACEY
What's a rape alarm? Like a car alarm? Does it go off if someone touches your vehicle?

NESSA
You call your flower a vehicle?

STACEY
I certainly don't call it a flower. Bri, thanks, but I don't need-

BRIAN
Stace, you are going to New York City to meet some boy. Let me show you how to use this. This way, if god forbid you come back groped - I'll rest easy in my bed. I will sleep like a child. Now come on - try to forcibly penetrate me.

Stacey shakes her head and sighs. Then feebly punches him.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Geez, you'll get nowhere with that. Nessa, you wanna give it a try?

Nessa shrugs. Then stands up. Yeah, she wants to try.

INT. PAM AND MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

They're on to coffee. Smithy has another beer.

MICHAEL
Gav, you're welcome to borrow the car for your date. I know you don't like to drive, but it's a classy move. *

GAVIN
Nah, I'm not a car guy. You raised a city kid. I know city things: hailing cabs, pretending I'm on my cell when weirdos approach, avoiding stabbings-

SMITHY
I'll drive. I will Tokyo drift you right into her girl garage.

PAM
"City kid." There you go, you always blame us. I'm sure if your date with the girl from crack country - this is accurate - if it goes bad, you'll blame us too.

SMITHY
It’s meth they do there, Pam. You can tell by the teeth.

PAM
Have you checked her teeth? Just be careful, both of you. Keep your money in your sock and do not use any condoms they give you. These girls could be total freaks.

GAVIN
(exasperated)
Stacey’s not a freak, Mom.

SMITHY
Yeah...but her never before photographed friend might be.

INT. GWEN AND STACEY’S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nessa has Brian up against the wall, hand around his throat. The rape alarm blares, ineffectually.

NESSA
If you didn’t want it, you wouldn’t dress like that, fancy boy.

STACEY
Nessa, that’s enough.

NESSA
Don’t you look at me.

She backs off. Brian looks shaken. She sips her wine.

NESSA (CONT’D)
Is that what you meant, Bri?

INT. GAVIN’S ROOM - NIGHT

Gavin, in bed, studies Stacey’s Facebook photo on his iPad.

INT. STACEY’S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Stacey lies in bed, also looking wistful. PULL BACK to reveal she’s on the bed’s edge - because Nessa, on her belly, in just a frilly red thong, is sprawled out beside her, hogging space.

EXT. BUS STOP, DILLSBURG - DAY

The bus loads in the town center, which hasn't changed in 30 years. Brick buildings. A small A&P. The Girls get on line. DAVE COACHES, driver, deviant, takes tickets. Nessa frowns.

NESSA
Crapsicle. I didn't realize this was Dave's route.

STACEY
What's the biggie? You ended it three months ago. Right?

NESSA
Yeah... Mostly. What can I say? He groveled, and y'know how I'm attracted to pity.

STACEY
Yeah, and anger. Sadness. Fear. You hump all the dark emotions, really.

DAVE COACHES
(spots her)
Oh...Vanessa. What's occurring? I see you cut your hair. Looks nice.

NESSA
Don't be a jagoff, Dave.

She hands him her ticket and boards. Dave watches her, longingly. Stacey holds up her ticket, but he's lost.

DAVE COACHES
I'll never get over her. She broke me like I was a horse. Literally, there was a saddle involved.
(Shakes it off)
Oh, sorry Stace. Go ahead.

INT. NYC SUBWAY - EVENING

Gavin and Smithy hold the pole. With his free hand, Smithy shows his phone to Gavin. On it: THE BEST BURGERS IN NYC app.

SMITHY
Ooh, Corner Bistro is right near the bar. Let's pop in and cross it off the list. Look at this beauty.

GAVIN
No, a burger might make me burpy and give me meat sweats. I can't risk it.

SMITHY
This was your idea. You said, let's try the 100 best burgers in New York in the next year. I said, no, can't be done. You said, please. I said fine, it will be our Everest. Two months in I'm the only one who cares.

GAVIN
What are you talking about?

SMITHY
OK, I've held my tongue, but Lucy and I, we fight a lot. To be honest, we haven't spoken since last Tuesday.

GAVIN
Oh, sorry. Maybe she's grounded.

SMITHY
Ha. Gav, listen to me. Relationships are hard. They take a lot of work.
(Gavin ROLLS his eyes)
You barely know this girl, and you're already blowing off the important things. Like meat.

GAVIN
Why is your hand so close to mine? You're almost holding my hand - there's a whole pole here.

SMITHY
What? It slid...stop being weird.

WIDEN OUT, the train is almost empty.

INT. BUS - EVENING - MONTAGE

The Girls look out the window at the looming skyline. Stacey stares, wide-eyed. Holy shit, New York City. Nessa yawns. *

EXT. NYC STREET - EVENING - MONTAGE

The Boys exit the subway. Gavin's excited. Smithy texts.

EXT. NYC STREET - EVENING - MONTAGE

Stacey examines her look in a store window. An OLD WOMAN on an adjacent stoop watches her primp. Stacey smiles at her.

STACEY
I have a really big date.

Woman hocks/spits on the sidewalk. Welcome to NYC. END MONTAGE.

EXT. WEST VILLAGE STREET - EVENING

The Boys walk towards the meeting spot, outside The Standard.

SMITHY
OK, Lucy just texted that I'm a total narcissist, but I dunno, you think she means it as a compliment?

Gavin stops short, not listening. HE SEES HER - Stacey, standing alone. He's floored. She's so cute it hurts.

GAVIN
There she is.

SMITHY
Oh. So that's the girl you've been pretending your hand is. Cute.

GAVIN
How's my hair?

SMITHY
Solid gold. Hey, you OK, dude?

GAVIN
Yeah. I mean, it's like I'm on the moon. I can't really breathe but I feel lighter.

SMITHY *
Do you have *any* idea how hard it is to be your friend?

They start over. And then Stacey sees Gavin. Her eyes widen and she involuntarily smiles. She too, is simply smitten.

GAVIN
Stacey?

STACEY
Hey! Hiya!

THE BIG MOMENT. An awkward moment, when they don't know whether to hug or not. And then they do. They're both naturally flustered and halting after all the buildup.

GAVIN
Hi. Um, I like your outfit.

STACEY
Thanks. Nice shirt.

GAVIN
Thanks. Uh, I was going for “co-worker in touch with his feelings, yet still manly enough to help you survive the Hunger Games.”

STACEY
Well, it’s very...Katniss Everdeen.

Smiles. A beat. No one really knows where to go to from here.

STACEY (CONT’D)
Sorry, it’s weird to finally see you in person. Look, you have legs.

GAVIN
Maybe we should warm up a little? I’ll head across the street and we can just text for a bit.

STACEY
We should’ve emailed each other a list of questions, like they do for guests on the Tonight Show, so we could’ve prepared witty anecdotes.

SMITHY
Ahem.

GAVIN
Oh. Sorry. This is Steve - Smithy.

STACEY
Hiya, I’ve heard a lot about you.

SMITHY
You too. So...you um, come alone, or?

STACEY
Oh. No. We didn’t eat so my friend Nessa is just getting us something.

She nods to a gourmet food truck. Nessa walks from it towards them, holding two fancy hotdogs. Upon seeing her, Smithy is CLEARLY NOT HAPPY with his big, inked date.

SMITHY
(sotto to Gavin)
Oh, you bastard.

NESSA
Ten bucks! For artisanal frankfurter with *kimchi*. The hipster chef was bald but he had a really long beard, so if you find a hair, it's facial.

STACEY
Nessa, this is Gavin.

GAVIN
Nice to meet you. This is Smithy.

Smithy barely waves, “Hi.” Nessa’s face falls. Ugh. Both believe they’ve drawn the short straw here. An awkward beat.

GAVIN (CONT’D)
So... should we go get a drink?

STACEY
Yeah. Sounds good.

Gavin and Stacey walk off ahead. Nessa yells after Stacey:

NESSA
Stacey! You don’t want this now?

STACEY
No, I’m OK, actually!

Nessa stares daggers after her. Then, wordlessly, without eye contact, she holds out the fancy frank to Smithy. A beat.

SMITHY
Yeah, OK, sure.

With zero grace, he takes it. They shuffle off after Gavin and Stacey, who smile, both brimming with hope for the night.

END ACT 1

ACT 2

INT. BOOM BOOM ROOM - NIGHT

Our group enters the bar atop The Standard. Gavin was right; it *is* an impressive spot. But, ala the Chateau Marmont, it's über-swank, crowded with GUYS who only eat protein and braless GIRLS in fancy shoes. It's intimidating to regular NYers like Gavin and Smithy, and much more so, to Stacey from Dillsburg. *

STACEY
We're gonna...find the bathroom.

GAVIN
Cool, we'll get drinks.

The Girls plow into the crowd. Smithy, agitated, turns to Gav.

SMITHY
Well, this is a nightmare of epic proportions.

GAVIN
Crap, you think it's that bad here?

SMITHY
I'm talking about Nessa. A, how old is it? Two, have you seen the tattoos? I'm pretty sure the one on her neck is the Chinese symbol for Taco Bell. And C, OK, some people may find her attractive. I'm sure there's a Japanese fetish site for girls like her...But I am American, dammit.

GAVIN
Just keep it together, OK? This is *MY* moment.

They continue the frustrating swim upstream towards the bar.

INT. BOOM BOOM ROOM BATHROOM - NIGHT

Stacey and Nessa check themselves in the mirror. A TRENDY GIRL beside them primps her funky hairdo. Nessa clocks Stacey, anxiously lip-glossing. * *

NESSA *
Easy, Stace, you're glazing them *
like Christmas hams. *

STACEY *
Great, just what I was going for... *
Look, do me a favor tonight? *
(MORE)

STACEY (CONT'D)
I know this goes against your nature, but try to be *nice* to Smithy, OK? I bet a lot of girls think he's hot.

NESSA
Yeah, sure, he's white hot. I could slice him open, crawl inside, and survive a blizzard.
(blows her reflection a kiss)
Platinum. OK, let's go get loaded.

She exits. Stacey takes a second look at the funky-haired Girl. Then frowns, and self-consciously removes her barrette.

INT. BOOM BOOM ROOM BAR - NIGHT

Stacey and Nessa return. Gavin points across the bar.

GAVIN
Smithy nabbed a table over there, by the model-y looking guy next to the other model-y looking guy.

Stacey gives Nessa a "go over there" look. Nessa shrugs, takes the drink of an unsuspecting WOMAN off the bar, and shuffles away. BARTENDER slides Gavin four pints.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
I got us beer, hope that's OK. And do you want anything from the raw bar? I know you said you didn't eat. It's all they have for food here.

He gestures to the crushed ice and oysters, crab legs, etc., beautifully displayed on the bar. Stacey looks at it; she's definitely out of her comfort zone. She feigns confidence.

STACEY
Raw bar...Sure. Um, some of those handsome devils there, I guess.

She points at oysters. Bartender nods and starts preparing. They sip, uneasily; Stacey tries to be game, Gavin spins:

GAVIN
So...this place is really popular. They have a lot of like, movie premiere parties and stuff.

The bartender slides a plate of large oysters over. As Gavin gestures around the room, Stacey examines one, not exactly sure how to attack...

STACEY
Oh. Cool.

GAVIN
Supposedly celebrities hang out here. I actually thought I saw Lindsay Lohan before, but it was just one of those big, melting candles.

Stacey spies a WOMAN down the bar who demurely slurps an oyster. A-ha. She tries to follow suit...but her oyster's still attached to the shell, she has to rip it free...it's a mess. She gags, but totally covers, thumbs-upping Gavin.

STACEY
(coughing)
So fresh.

GAVIN
I get a little scared of the uncooked stuff, to be honest. I always think, what if it's just sleeping, and starts to fight back on the way down?

She takes a BIG sip of beer and swishes, cleansing her palate.

STACEY
(feeling him out)
So...is this what you usually do on weekends? Go to happening places like this, with raw bars...and perfect, hairless giraffe-women?

She looks down, touching an oyster, rotating it a bit with her finger. Gavin drops all pretense.

GAVIN
No, uh...I know, I thought it would be hip here and impress you, but clearly it's kinda ridiculous, huh?

STACEY
It's cool. I mean, my cat weighs more than most of these people. And that "food" was like chewing an old man's earlobe. But if this is your thing...

GAVIN
No. No, my thing involves normal looking humans sleeping late and rationalizing cake for breakfast.
(earnest)
I'm sorry, this was a bad choice. I should've done a dry run. I have two backup spots, we can hop in a cab-

He glances towards the packed dance floor. Clearly, dancing is NOT neurotic Gavin's jam. But he so wants to salvage this.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
Or... I do have one other, potentially humiliating, idea.

STACEY
(following his gaze)
You want to dance?

GAVIN
Oh, no - I don't want to. Everything inside me says stop, run away. But I want to fix this, I want us to have a good time. C'mon, it'll be funny.

STACEY
Yeah, not sure I'm ready for that.

Gavin frowns, maybe he's really screwed up. Stacey pushes the oysters away. Then grabs her beer, and chugs the whole thing. *

STACEY (CONT'D)
Alright, now I'm ready.

She grins, and together they head straight into the madness.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Pam and Michael watch a movie in a mostly full theater. Around them are YOUNG COUPLES on dates. In hushed whispers:

PAM
Stop fidgeting. Just relax.

MICHAEL
I'm relaxed. If I relax anymore I'm going to slip into a coma. *

She shushes him, and puts her hand on his knee. He pats it. Then Pam, eyes still on the screen, starts moving her hand up his leg. Then higher... then almost in the red zone... Michael suddenly realizes, twists, and pushes her hand away. * *

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
What? No, ew. C'mon, Pam.

They continue staring at the screen. Pam blinks. Crestfallen, she gets up and hurries down the aisle. *

INT. GWEN AND STACEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gwen reads, deeply into her book. Brian's on the computer. *

BRIAN
No sexual assaults reported on the *
NYPD twitter feed yet! *

GWEN
That's good. *

BRIAN
A man got into the polar bear cage
at the Bronx zoo and was violated,
but it might've been consensual. *

GWEN *
(still reading book) *
Well, how handsome was the bear? *

BRIAN *
So...no calls, no texts...Stacey's *
date must be going well. Who knows, *
Gwen? Maybe someone in our little *
family has finally found love. *

Gwen looks up from her pages; his line really strikes her. *
While she absorbs it, Brian starts typing into the computer... *

BRIAN (CONT'D) *
I'm gonna get to the bottom of this *
man-bear thing. *
(hits return - recoils) *
OK, that does not look consensual. *

INT. BOOM BOOM ROOM - NIGHT - MONTAGE

MONTAGE of the evening progressing:

-Gavin and Stacey dance: Gavin's stiff and a little self-
conscious, Stacey's being herself, free and going for it. *

-Smithy and Nessa sit, bored, drinking, scrolling on phones.

-Gavin's loosening up. He and Stacey do goofy moves, spoofing *
the MODEL-Y DANCERS around them. The Sexy Snake. The Pigeon
With Attitude. The Older Guy And The Bored Russian Girl.

-Smithy shows Nessa the burgers on his phone. She nods,
mildly interested. A slight thaw between them.

-A DUDE starts freaking Stacey. She laughs; Gavin grins good-
naturedly. Sure, he's secure enough to handle it.

-Smithy and Nessa do shots. Table's now chock full of empties.

-A 2ND DUDE freaks Stacey from the other side. Gavin's no longer secure enough. He pulls her from the manwich.

-They exit the dance floor. Pan over to REVEAL Smithy and Nessa now dance on the far end of it - grinding sloppily.

EXT. NYC STREET - NIGHT

Gavin and Stacey, laughing, exit the hotel bar, and walk down a quiet cobblestone street towards The High Line. *

STACEY
This is better. I was getting secret messages from the music in there to kill the prime minister.

GAVIN
See, and I was thinking, this is going to be "*our* song."
(off Stacey's, "Aw")
Thanks for rolling with it, Stace. I'm having a really good time.

STACEY
Me too. Even better than I expected.

GAVIN
I learned that in orientation at work. Underpromise. Overdeliver.

He suddenly moves Stacey, guiding her to the left. *

GAVIN (CONT'D) *
Sorry, you were about to step in something horrible; not sure if it was dog or human. *

STACEY *
Thanks. Excellent manners. Your parents clearly raised you well. *

They start up the stairs. *

GAVIN
They did OK. They provided just enough dysfunction to allow me to appreciate "alt comedy." And you, let me guess...classic Daddy's girl? *

STACEY
No. Actually, my father passed away when I was in high school.

GAVIN
Oh, sorry. I'm an idiot.

STACEY
No, no, I never told you. I like to save that for in-person, so it can be super uncomfortable.
(she smiles weakly) *
Mission accomplished.

Gavin puts his hand on her shoulder, as they reach the top...

EXT. HIGH LINE - NIGHT

And exit into the elevated park. It's a special NYC place: * Wildflowers grow, the Hudson's on one side, skyline glitters * against inky sky on the other. Stacey's awed at the city view. *

STACEY
Wow. It doesn't even seem real. *

GAVIN
Up here it looks pretty magical. On the ground, there are plastic bags blowing around and it always smells a little like pee... But I love it.

She leans close as they take in the vista. This might be the * time to kiss her. Gavin starts to move in, but then a loud * group of COUPLES walk by. He bails out. *

GAVIN (CONT'D) *
So, uh, what should we do now? Want to go back into the breach and find those guys? Or head someplace else?

STACEY
Um. How about...you show me your apartment, somewhere out there? *

GAVIN
(surprised) *
Really? I mean, sure, great.

STACEY
OK, your job right now is not to make me feel like a drunk country ho, but like a modern, empowered woman who's been reading a lot of Hello Giggles.

Gavin smiles, takes her hand, and leads her towards the exit.

INT. MOVIE THEATER LOBBY - NIGHT

Michael stands outside the women's room.

MICHAEL
Pam! We're missing the picture.

He looks around, then opens the door, and goes in.

INT. WOMEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pam, teary, is at the sink. Michael's immediately affected.

MICHAEL
Hey. C'mon.

PAM
I know we kid around but wow, you're really not attracted to me anymore. Fine, I get it. You're not exactly Val Kilmer these days, either.

MICHAEL
Kilmer weighs like 350 now. I think I can go toe-to-toe with Kilmer-

PAM *
We're so old, Michael. Our bodies are * weird and misshapen. I take so many * pills that I rattle. Our baby goes on * dates now thinking about getting * *married*, not just to second base... *

MICHAEL
You are still a beauty. You want me to prove it? I will have sex with you right here. I mean, it's really unsanitary and a kid could walk in, it's a PG movie. But I'll do it.

PAM
When we were younger we might have done something crazy like that.

MICHAEL
When we were younger we smoked cigarettes and ate margarine like we were the idiot kings of the world. We're smarter now, but I'm just as in love with you. I'm just cranky, and sometimes that part is louder.

He kisses her, gently. She grabs him and kisses him more * passionately, up against the outside of a stall. *

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Fine, I hope we have a lot of Neosporin at home- *

Before things progress... a voice from the far stall.

WOMAN (O.S.)
OK, I just ate one of those hot dogs from the concession stand and it's about to get real unsexy in here.

EXT. GAVIN AND SMITHY'S APT - NIGHT *

Gavin goes to unlock the door. Stacey hesitates.

STACEY
You don't have a secret room in here where you skin girls and make them into ladysuits, do you?

GAVIN
No. It's more of a small closet.

She smiles, and they step inside...

INT. GAVIN AND SMITHY'S APT - CONTINUOUS

To find Smithy in the kitchen area, totally naked.

SMITHY
Oh.

He quickly covers up by bandaging paper towels around his midsection, kind of like a slutty mummy.

GAVIN
What's, uh, happening?

SMITHY
You know, same old.

STACEY
Nessa??

NESSA (O.S.)
Back here, Stace.

Stacey walks down the hall to find Nessa.

INT. SMITHY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nessa, half-dressed, lays on the bed, tapping on her phone.

STACEY *
Guess you decided to be nice, huh? *

NESSA
Yeah, my brain said no but my vagina said I'm bored. So.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Smithy has a sixer out, and is popping open the bottles.

GAVIN
What changed your mind, *American*?

SMITHY
Alcohol. Look, I'm vulnerable and confused and really curious what it's like to do it with a big girl.

GAVIN
You are a true gentleman.

SMITHY
Because I said she's big? I'm about to make beautiful love to her the same way I would to a more petite lady. Except I'll probably be on top.

GAVIN
You really paint with words. You're like the Maya Angelou of misogyny. *

NESSA (O.S.)
Smithy! I've done just about every thing I can in here without you.

Smithy grabs four beers and starts back toward his room...

SMITHY
Yell if you need me. The safe word is "raisins."

INT. PAM AND MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Post-coital, Pam and Michael lie side-by-side, out of breath, sated. Michael is wearing a Breathe-Rite Nasal Strip.

PAM
Nice work, Michael.

MICHAEL
How many calories do you think we just burned?

PAM
God, you really have a sickness.

MICHAEL
I do not. I just skipped my walk today is all. Actually, I'm in the mood for a snack. Something sweet.

PAM
Really? Hm, that gives me a *very naughty* idea. I'll be right back...

She grins wickedly, gets out of bed, and starts to exit.

MICHAEL
Oh, Hon' - can I ask you first?
(he rolls over)
Is this a pimple, or like, a boil?

PAM
And they say romance is dead.

INT. GAVIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Stacey sits on the bed. Gavin enters, excited but nervous. He goes to the iPod jambox on his bookshelf.

GAVIN
Should we put on some music?

STACEY
(a little woozy)
Sure. Just no Prince. Guys always put on Prince.

Gavin arches a brow; how many guys has she *Raspberry Beret*-ed? He picks a sweet song, then sits down beside her.

GAVIN
Look, we're both a little drunk. We can just hang out, talk. You know, whatever you want. No pressure.

They inch closer, about to kiss! Then, she abruptly pulls away.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
Oh. Sorry. I thought...

STACEY
No, it's. I kinda don't feel great. I think, that oyster...
(a wave hits her)
I think I might throw up.

GAVIN
OK, maybe if you just lie down-

STACEY
Where's the bathroom?!

Suddenly panicked, she rushes out the door...

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

And towards the bathroom. Gavin's right behind her.

GAVIN
Wait! The toilet's broke-

Too late, she's in. She slams the door behind her. A beat, then she shrieks, like a woman who has seen pure evil.

STACEY (O.S.)
Dear God in heaven!!

GAVIN
(mortified)
Use the tub! Use the tub!

A single knock at the front door. Gavin turns to see Pam, in her robe, step into the apartment. She whispers:

PAM
Sorry. Your father needs honey-

She's cut off by Stacey's loud retching in the bathroom.

STACY (O.S.)
Blughhhh!

Pam frowns. Then...a different disgusting human sound emanates from across the hall. Nessa and Smithy's sex groans.

NESSA (O.S.)
Take it big boy!

SMITHY (O.S.)
Oh God, you are FILTH!

Mother and son stare at one another, as the sounds escalate. Bed banging. Vomiting. A cringe-filled pause... Then, deadpan:

GAVIN
I think there's some in the pantry.

Off Gavin, not the way he dreamed the evening would end...

END ACT TWO

ACT 3

INT. GAVIN'S ROOM - MORNING

Stacey sleeps on the bed, a bucket on the floor beside her. Gavin's curled up on a chair. Nessa, dressed, opens the door.

NESSA
Stace. Stacey. Hey.

STACEY
(stirs)
Oh. Hey.

NESSA
It's almost nine. We have a half hour to catch our bus.

GAVIN
Can't you take a later one?

NESSA
To be honest, no. I don't really want to be around when your friend wakes up. Plus, I teach a class at three. Full animal butchering. The carcasses are being delivered and that, so... You coming, Stace? *

STACEY
Uh... I guess.

She gets up and starts grabbing her things.

GAVIN
Can I at least get you some coffee-

STACEY
No thanks. My belly's still a little "dumb girl at senior prom." Sorry, Gavin. I'm so embarrassed...

GAVIN
No, c'mon...it's fine. *

An awkward pause. Nessa hovers by the door, impatient, noisily shaking Tic-Tacs straight from the container into her mouth.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
So, I'll, see you again soon?

STACEY
Yeah. We'll Skype Monday? Finish Gary's big blood pressure job?

GAVIN
(halfheartedly)
Woo, hypertension.

NESSA
Stace...

STACEY
K. Bye, Gav.

GAVIN
See you, Stacey.

They quickly hug. And then that's it, she leaves. Gavin, crushed, listens as the apartment door clicks behind her.

INT. SMITHY'S ROOM - MORNING

Gav enters to find Smithy in the fetal position. Smithy hears the door, and looks up. On his face: trauma. He whispers:

SMITHY
Raisins.
(then slowly sits up)
Oh God, the guilt. The nausea. I have to call Lucy. I have to confess.

GAVIN
That sounds like a bad idea.

SMITHY
No, you don't understand. She did things... She put...things...in...

He glances at a Wii controller on the floor. Quietly:

SMITHY (CONT'D)
I'll never play again. Did... Stacey do the same...to you?

GAVIN
Smithy-

SMITHY
I need to know whether this is something Nessa does, or is it a cultural Pennsylvania thing? Because if not, if this isn't something country girls do regularly - then I need to see a doctor.

GAVIN
I wouldn't know. We didn't even kiss. I barely said goodbye.

SMITHY
Just text her, man. Smiley face emoticon, angel emoticon, heart emoticon. Works every time. By the way if someone dies, you can use the same text, just swap the smiley face for a frowny face.

GAVIN
Great advice, thanks. I'll text her. All we've been doing up til now is texting! This was supposed to be...the start of something more.

SMITHY
OK, you need to pull it together. I am on fire in the most tender of places. This is *MY MOMENT.*

He stands. He's only wearing Nessa's red frilly thong.

INT. PAM AND MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Pam opens the door. Gavin is dressed, Smithy in a robe.

PAM
I hope you've coated yourselves in Purell. Hey, what's the matter?

GAVIN
Everything went wrong-

SMITHY
I need you to check me.

SMITHY
I need you. To check me.
(hangs head, eyes down)
Like a mother checks a baby.

EXT. NYC STREET - DAY

Stacey and Nessa are on line to board the bus.

STACEY
I can't believe I puked.

NESSA
Yeah, that was pretty JV, Stace.

STACEY
Gee, thanks. Aren't you supposed to be my friend, say this has happened to you a hundred times and it's all going to be rainbows and apple pie? *
*

NESSA
I never throw up, you know that. It's a blessing and a curse.
(leveling)
Look, we had our fun, but where does it all go? It's not like he's moving to D-burg, and are you really gonna leave? Sorry, Stace, I'm just being honest with you.

Stacey absorbs this. Has she been fooling herself here? Nessa boards. Dave Coaches, behind the wheel, eyeballs her.

DAVE COACHES
Ah, same outfit. It hurts me to see, Ness, but no one's ever looked as proud doing the walk of shame.

NESSA
Leave it, Dave.

Stacey takes one last look at the city... then climbs aboard. *

INT. PAM AND MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - DAY *

Everyone eats eggs at the table. Gavin and Smithy look glum.

MICHAEL
We have bagels, too. Also Penicillin, Smithy.

SMITHY
Very funny, Michael.

PAM
He's fine. Everyone is fine.

GAVIN
I'm not. I like this girl. And now we just go back to conference calls about pills?

PAM
Now you'll play the field; you can ask out the Feinstein's daughter, who is buxom, in a sensual way.

MICHAEL
Her mother has very powerful legs. I once saw her lift a keg of beer and carry it to her car.

Gavin's eyes light up at "car."

PAM
Why would you notice her legs?

MICHAEL
Oh c'mon. Did I not prove myself to you last night?

GAVIN
The car. Dad, I need the car.

MICHAEL
What for?

SMITHY
(gets it)
You're going for it? Full rom-com?
(Gavin nods)
Big balls, Gav. Big. Oval. Balls.

Michael hands Gavin the car key. As Gavin bolts out the door-

MICHAEL
Wait, how many miles? It's a lease!

INT. LEXUS - DAY

Gavin drives, GPS in effect. He cranks the radio, punching the roof to the beat. He is focused. He is jamming. He is...

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Actually driving pretty slowly. Cars pass him, honking.

INT. BUS - DAY

Nessa sleeps. Stacey looks out at the blurring landscape. The grey sky matches the highway like they're Garanimals.

INT. GWEN AND STACEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Gwen stares at her computer. On the screen, the EHARMONY site. And the words: ACTIVATE PROFILE? A car honks outside. Gwen takes a deep breath...and then clicks: OK. Then she stands, and with a small bounce in her step, heads out the door.

INT. LEXUS - DAY

Gavin's in rural PA now. A muddy pickup with a six-gun gun rack pulls next to him. Gavin, in his fancy foreign ride, nods at two DUDES in the truck. Then, subtly, he AUTO-LOCKS.

EXT. FAMILY BROWNSTONE BACKYARD - DAY *

A small fire burns in a metal trash can. Smithy, still in his robe, drops in his sheets and pillowcases, torching the evidence of his dishonor. Then, he remembers one last thing... He reaches into his robe, and slips off the red thong. *

He hesitates. Then instead of burning...he pockets the memento. *

EXT. BUS STOP, DOWNTOWN DILLSBURG, PA - DAY *

The bus slows to a stop. As passengers exit, Gavin leans against his car, trying to look cool. He's channeling Jake at the end of *Sixteen Candles*. But Stacey doesn't see him.

GAVIN
Stacey.

Or hear him. He tries again, slightly less cool.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
Stacey. Stace?
(coolness gone)
Stacey!

She turns, sees him, and is gobsmacked.

STACEY
Gavin? Oh my stars!

Grinning broadly, she rushes over to him.

GAVIN
"Oh my stars?" You sound like my Grandma cursing at Wheel of Fortune.

STACEY
Shut up.

AND THEY KISS. It's perfect. *Princess Bride* perfect. It was worth the drive, Smithy's shame, and the obstacles of culture and geography ahead. They're going to try to make this work.

INT. BRIAN'S SATURN - DAY

Brian and Gwen pull in and see the pair, lost in the moment. *

BRIAN
Is that the guy from New York, or did she meet someone on the bus? I'm joking, Gwen. Look, your little girl met a boy all the way from the big city. Isn't that wonderful?

GWEN
(smiles)
Yeah.

Then processing what that could mean, her smile fades a bit.

EXT. BUS STOP, PA - CONTINUOUS *

Nessa walks past Gavin and Stacey, nonplussed. Nods at Gavin.

NESSA
Gav, alright. Stace, see you later, Dave and I are going for lunch.

STACEY
Really, Ness? You sure? *

NESSA
Yeah, no biggie. I'm just in the * mood for a burger.

Stacey cocks her head, dubious. Then turns back to Gavin.

STACEY
So, like - what do we do now?

GAVIN
I don't know. Figure it out.

He smiles. She smiles back.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
Or maybe we quit while we're ahead. I mean, we're making out in front of the world's smallest A&P. Clearly it's all downhill from here.

STACEY
Well, downhill is easier than uphill.

They kiss. Passionately enough - that the rape alarm goes off.

INT. BRIAN'S SATURN - CONTINUOUS

Brian is triumphant.

BRIAN
Ah! You see - it works!

Off Gavin and Stacey, into the hopeful blue, high above Dillsburg, Pennsylvania...

END OF EPISODE