

Opening Scene.... Billie is draped sensuously across the lounge in a bathrobe. At first, she appears relaxed. Then, with growing impatience, she glances at the clock. She throws her head back and sighs loudly in frustration. She takes a few deep breathes, snaps her head around to look at the clock again, only to jump up off the lounge and start pacing the living room.

Billie: This is bullshit!

She stomps over to the dining room table to pick up the telephone and makes a call.

Billie (*booming*): Christian. Where are you?!!!! It's Billie. YOUR WIFE. What? Christian, you've been away this entire week and we need to make up for lost sex!!! (*Listens to reply with an annoyed scowl.*) Well, sex became *robotic* when we decided to have a baby... which, as you know HAS NOT YET HAPPENED. God, any other man would be happy to – Whatever. Just hurry up. Don't forget your family is coming here tonight!

Billie: Idiot! (*She sits down on lounge with a bottle of champagne and begins pouring a drink.*) Ohhh it's going to be a long night.

(Fade to black)

Scene opens with a single spot light on a male – Christian. This may be best done in front of the curtain, to keep the set invisible. Christian is walking along when his mobile phone rings.

Christian: (*answers sexily*): Hey Sexy, are you ringing to thank me for giving you *the* best week of your life? I am on my way home... Okay, it's not my home with HER, it is just the place where I live for now, happy?... Meet you now to talk?... Gabby, you have had all week to talk to me... No, I cannot meet you tonight!.... Either tell me over the phone or..... Dammit Gabby, you know I have other commitments.... Don't ruin a good week, I'll ring tomorrow. Bye.

(Fade to Black)

Scene opens with Billy walking in now dressed in an evening dress. She brings in a vase of flowers that she places on the coffee table. She wipes her finger along the top of the table. She grabs a cloth from the drawer, moves the vase to the floor, and wipes the coffee table. Her mobile phone rings.

Billie: Billie Roman. Hi Ben. Am I sitting down? Why? Naked pictures?! Drunken, naked pictures?! That's imp - Who emailed this to you? Well find out! You're not worried are you? Should I be? Will this affect the book deal?... Okay, I'll relax. Mind you, it's a bit hard when I have Christian's family here tonight..... Mmm.... It's his grandmothers 90th.....Yes riveting. Ok, call me back when you find out more about these pictures. Thanks.

Billy stands and stares into space, looking a little concerned over the phone call from her agent. At that moment, husband Christian flies through the door, kicking over the vase of flowers that she had left on the floor earlier.

Christian: Christ Billie, are you trying to kill me?

Billie: *(Glaring)* Yes, Dear, I'm trying to - Never mind, we've got just enough time for a super quick quickie. *(Frantically, she bolts over to Christian and starts grasping at his trousers, trying to pull them down. Christian objects profusely.)*

Christian: Ah, no no no no no no no no!

Billie: What? Why not?!

Christian: I've just walked in the bloody door, that's why not. I'm not a frigging machine.

Billie: But we haven't had sex in nearly 8 days! My eggs are at the end of their prime fertilisation period!

Christian's mobile phone rings and his eyes widen like saucers when he realises who is calling.

Christian: Frank! Mate! How are you? Yeh! Now's not a good time, Buddy! Yep, I'll catch up with you later! Sure. Yep. Good on you, Buddy!! Buddy, BUDDY!

Billie: Frank from work?

Christian: Yeh!

Billie: Christian, I feel like you're not half as enthusiastic about this baby thing as I am.

Christian: That's because it's become way too hard. You really need to chill out about it.

Billie: Chill out? We've been trying for 12 months. 12 months! And nothing.

Christian: Probably because you're so stressed about it.

Billie: Of course I'm bloody stressed. There is absolutely no reason why it shouldn't have happened by now. I've had all the tests. There is no apparent problem. You had tests and the doctors said all was fine on your end as well. Didn't they?

Christian: Yeeeah... Babe, look now isn't the time to get into this. The family is going to be arriving soon and - *(Christian's phone beeps as a text*

message is received. He is distractedly reading it and his agitation is more than evident, only half listening to Billie.)

Billie: Screw the family, I want to talk about it now! God. Here I am a successful writer in the process of signing a dream publishing deal, yet I'm a complete failure at the simple act of falling pregnant.

Christian: Maybe you need to accept that now isn't the right time. Let's get back to really enjoying sex rather than it being some uptight, organised event. I mean, isn't this what you write about? Letting go? Being happy in the now? Being grateful for what you have?

Billie: *(Glares at him.)*

Christian: I'm just saying chill out and focus on something else.

Billie: Like what?

Christian: Well, me. How about you get me a drink? Shoulder massage? *(Billy glowers at him.)* At least Nan's party will be a distraction tonight.

Billie: Thanks for dumping this on me to organise, by the way. I've been chained to the kitchen all day.

Christian: Yeh and I've been away working my arse off. Jesus, take my balls out of the vice. You do like the lifestyle I provide, don't you?

Billie: *We provide.* Anyway, I just hope your mother is in a good mood. I don't think I could tolerate one of her theatrical rampages of doom and gloom.

Christian: Don't get started on my mother.

Billie: She complains about - You know, you are right. I can handle this. I mean, it's what I write about every day! I'm an expert on how to be happy in even the shittiest of circumstances. I'd even go as far as saying that, quite frankly, I'm a bit of a Zen Master. *(Billie is off and running on her self help soapbox, serene smile and 'om' finger pose on show. Christian looks pained.)* I fully understand that I am responsible for how I feel in any moment. Your family are no longer a problem and they simply do not have the power to push me off my perch. There's no doubt that any *normal* person would be absolutely traumatised by them...rude and obnoxious people have that effect, but not me. No Siree-

Christian: Babe, clock off for the day will you?

Billie: *(No longer a picture of Zen, rather, a snarly maniac, hisses)* Look, all I want is to talk to you about my FEELINGS!

Christian: And there are times for talking about feelings and times to bury them deep down in a box, seal the lid and stack them on a shelf. And now is one of those times. To bury and stack.

Billie: I WANT TO HAVE A BABY!

(Christian phone starts ringing.)

Christian: Christ!

Billie: Christian, just reassure me.

Christian: What?

Billie: Reassure me that we will have this baby.

(Phone still ringing)

Christian: *(Clearly frazzled and on the verge of losing his temper.)* Look, for all you know you could be pregnant right now.

Billie: The test was negative. You know that.

Christian: *(Dismissively)* Yes but you hear of that happening all the time! Then the second test is positive. *(With his phone still ringing, he suddenly becomes upbeat as he quickly tries to get rid of her out of the room.)* Hey why don't you go take a test now! You've an entire box of them up there. Come on, go, go do it! You never know!

Billie: *(Petulant)* It's highly unlikely -

Christian: Just imagine how hap-hap-happy you'd be if those two little lines came up saying you're up the duff! Go on, go and check. Go, go!!!

(Christian shoves her to the door and she exits unenthusiastically.)

Christian: *(Booming into his phone)* For the last frigging time Gabby, STOP-CALLING-ME. No, YOU listen. Whatever it is will have to wait until tomorrow. I'm not putting up with this shit tonight, got it?

Christian flops back down on the lounge, a picture of frustration, shaking his head and muttering under his breath.

Fade To Black

Scene opens with Christian sitting on the lounge with a drink. He looks tense and he is texting on the phone. Billie walks in and she is talking on her mobile phone. She finishes her conversation and hangs up.

Christian: How'd you go?

Billie: With what?

Christian: The test.

Billie: I don't know, it's still calculating. Anyway, it's always a no. No, no, no, no, no. It's depressing.

Christian: *(Holds up his glass)* Fill me up, will you?

Billie: *(Ignores him)* Anyway, that is the least of my worries.

Christian: *(Not particularly interested, he continues texting.)*Mmmm.

Billie: That was Ben on the phone.

Christian: Who's Ben?

Billie: My agent?! He called earlier and said he received an email from someone saying they had, wait for it, naked and drunken pictures of me and they were going to email them to my publisher.

Christian: *(Still texting)* Yeh?

Billie: I thought it was a joke but he just rang back and said this mystery person is about to email the pictures to him to prove it.

Christian: Mmmm.

Billie: *(Takes a deep breath)* Christian, that night in Thailand.....
(Christian's phone starts to ring)

Christian: Shit! *(He jumps and looks at Billie nervously and begins to walk out of the room, but then, looking relieved and smug, he sits back down and raises his fist in the air like, booyah!)* Hey Little Sis what's up....? Yeh, bring him along..... Cool, see you soon.

Billie: Let me guess. Little Miss I-Have-No-Elastic-In-My-Pants is inviting her latest conquest to dinner.

Christian: If you mean my sister, yes.

Billie: Pathetic.

Christian: Now what? First my mother, now Vivien. What have you got against Viv? She's just... charismatic.

Billie: Charismatic? Christian, all that Botox is affecting your brain. Seriously, your sister is the town's biggest bike. It's embarrassing; *(Self-help Billie*

kicks in) and quite sad really. I believe she's masking far deeper issues. In fact, I bet that -

Christian: This one is a professor or something.

Billie: Oh god, isn't that illegal?

Christian: (*Looking irritated as he receives three text messages in quick succession.*) Who cares? That's their problem. Anyway, what about me? I've got dad to contend with tonight.

Billie: (*Smiles in amusement.*) I've said this before and I'll say it again. There is absolutely nothing wrong with your father. He's actually the only one in the Baxter family that I enjoy spending time with.

Christian (*Snorts*): Dad likes you because he thinks you have a great rack. Asshole. (*Imitating his father*) Son, you've done alriggggght, look at the rack on that. (*Whistles*) It's screwed. He is sixty five going on twenty five.

Billie: (*Amused*) Bob enjoys my company because for once in his button down, plastic fantastic life he can indulge in an intelligent adult conversation, something other than Helen gossiping about their fart-arsed old friends at the bowls club. (*Mimicking Helen*) Marlene broke wind in church! Ron has problems with his plumbing!

Christian: (*Caught up in his own story*) You know, he still resents the fact that I went into Business rather than become a bloody sixth generation Council worker.

Billie: Not this again.

Christian: Vivien told me years ago he actually thought I was gay for going to University.

Billie: Vivian goes to Uni, I'm sure he doesn't think she's gay.

Christian: That self centred, chauvinistic bastard has never once acknowledged my achievements. He barely looks at me and lately he's been worse than usual. And I hate his stupid jokes.

Billie: Really? I like his jokes.

Christian: Damn it, you're not listening to me Billie! All my life, he's treated me like a turd in a lunch box yet he won't shut up about how proud he is of Trevor joining the Army. Maybe I should stick a flag up his arse and mail him to Iraq, do think he'd notice me then?

Billie: Don't you mean Afghanistan?

Christian: Who gives a flying fuck? All I know is -

Billie: Christian, save it for therapy will you? You're getting yourself all worked up over nothing. Look, you are highly successful. Why would he have a problem with that?

Christian: Because he –

Billie: If he is going to be disappointed with any of his kids, it would be Vivien. I mean, how old is she, twenty five? She is *still* at uni. She's never had a job in her life and she is systematically screwing her way through the male population. And I don't care what he thinks of Trevor, that kid is warped in the head. Now snap out of your mood, please.

(Loud, boisterous ringing of the doorbell the door. It flies open and Vivien makes her grand entrance. Shrieking, she runs over to Christian and hugs him excitedly, stands back and looks at him)

Vivien: Hellloooooo!!!! OMG, you looking absolutely Gorgeous, big bro!

Christian: *(Loving the attention, he puffs up)* Yeah? You think? I have been working out more. Power lifting. And I started using a new anti-aging cream with retinol pro vitamin A & E. It's really smoothing over the crows feet.

Vivien: Mwah, you gorgeous thing! *(Christian starts flexing his biceps and posing in the mirror.)*

(Billie and Vivien exchange very fake, Hi!! Lovely to see you, you're looking great!!! All the while sizing each other up)

Billie: So, Christian said you were bringing a guest.

Vivien: Bernie is coming after his lecture. *(Stares dreamily into space)* Mmm yes indeed!

Billie: Still enjoying uni after all these years?

Vivien: Of course! Billie, have you ever considered going back to uni?

Billie: Vivien, you know very well that I have never been to uni.

Vivien: I know, I just, like, so enjoy reminding you of that!

Billie: It has never been a problem. I'm successful regardless.

Vivien: Not a problem *yet*, you mean. I just can't believe you have scored a book deal with Hayman House and really, you're not even educated! Me, on the other hand –

Billie: Darling, what I have cannot be learned in a classroom. I have.... *life experience*. That's why I'm so popular with my readers. I walk my talk.

Vivien: I'm just saying. I hope you're prepared for the backlash that's bound to arise when it comes out that you, self help extraordinaire, isn't technically qualified to mentor lost souls on the psychology of happiness. You see Billie, in psychology, you learn that -

Billie, on the verge of losing her temper, starts breathing deeply and chanting om.

Christian: (*Sensing an explosion is imminent, creates a diversion.*) Vivien, I thought Trevor was getting a lift with you tonight?

Vivien: (*Sprawled on the lounge, admiring her leg that is stretched high in the air*) Ugh. Hello? There's no way that little farting machine is getting in my car.

Christian: Mum said that he come back quite disturbed after his recent training in Darwin.

Billie: He was disturbed before he left.

Vivien: That's mum's fault. He's totally mollycoddled. She thinks he some bloody war hero and is forever squawking about *her brave Trevie*. Never mind that *I'm* the intellectual genius. Two degrees with another on the way. She's never acknowledged THAT.

Billie: Trevor a war hero? Now I've heard everything.

Christian: I think he looks up to you, Babe.

Billie: Looks up to me? Oh God, if the guy looks anywhere it is down.... Down at my 'great rack' as you put it.

Christian: Hey, isn't your book about (*Donning a wispy, high pitched voice*) loving others for the divine soul that they are, looking beyond the behaviour they may be presenting in the present moment and adoring the magical being that dwells within? (*Loud giggles from Vivien.*)

Billie: Stop quoting me Christian, it's annoying. Anyway, divine soul or not, I make no apology for the fact your brother makes my skin crawl. He is a disgusting little perv who has never moved on from the day you threw me in the swimming pool and I lost my top.

Vivien: I don't think Dad's moved on either.

Christian: (*At the mention of his father, Christian snaps his head around and was about to question her further but Billie continues talking.*)

Billie: I still have nightmares over his failure to control the frenzied activity beneath his budgie smugglers.

Vivien: Ugh, yuk.

Billie: You were there Vivien. He was a walking advertisement for Viagra; blind Freddie could have seen that.

Loud, spaced out banging at the door. Billie walks toward it and the door flies open before she gets there. After a long pause, Trevor walks in dressed in camo pants, bandana and a black, heavy metal t-shirt. He stands very close to Billie with his eyes wide, glued to her chest.)

Trevor: Corporal Baxter reporting for duty, Sir!

Billie: I'm not a Sir, and my eyes are up here Trevor.

Trevor: *(Not moving an inch with his eyes still glued to Billie's chest)* Sir, yes Sir!

Billie: I'll start bring in some hors d'oeuvres' *(Exits room. Christian and Trevor exchange their greetings)*

Vivien: Trevor, did mum give you money this week?

Trevor: *(In a sing song voice to the tune of Ke\$ha's tick tock)* Tick-tock, you're a slut, and you have a big, fat butt. La-da, da, da, da *(Trevor does a dance, wiggling his backside whilst continuing to hum the tune.)*

Vivien: Trevor, you moron!! Did she give you money or not?

Trevor: *(Roars like a lion at her)*

Vivien: It's a joke Christian, she gives him everything!

Christian: Knock it off; I'm not in the mood.

Trevor walks to pour a drink and Vivien follows him. In the background they are antagonizing each other. At the same time, Billie returns with both hands holding plates of food and a table cloth over her shoulder. She makes her way to the coffee table.

Billie: Christian, can you move that vase and throw the table cloth down.

(Groaning, Christian takes the vase and some other items off the table, puts them on the floor and takes the table cloth from Billie. As he is placing the cloth down, the doorbell rings.)

Vivien: *(Deliriously happy, she bounds over the lounge and announces dreamily)* That will be Bernie!! *(Then turns and hisses at everyone)*

Now be *nice* everyone; he stutters. (*She yells sexily toward the door*)
Come iiiiiiiinnnnn Mr Blastcock!!!

Christian: Blastcock?

Billie: Oh god.

(The door bursts open and a geeky, awkward man with scruffy hair, big glasses, high waisted trousers and a bow tie, tripping over his own feet, stumbles into the room, kicking the vase Christian had placed on the floor as he does)

Billie: For the love of – (God)

Bernard: O-o-o-oops a daisy.

Vivien: Bernie, you intoxicating specimen! Soooooo glad you could make it!!!!

(Trevor is in the background, mimicking his sister's frivolity. By this stage, the tablecloth has been placed down, Christian is petulantly sitting back on the lounge texting, and Billie has placed the food down. With obvious irritation, she stomps over to where the vase landed and, for the second time that night, starts to pick up the flowers. Vivien is all over Bernie while Trevor is making faces and pretending to be sick.)

Vivien: Bernie, this is my older brother Christian, he is the Donald Trump of the Family. And over there is the BABY of the family; my wee little baby brother Trevie Wevie, still sucking on mummies teat.

Trevor: Shut up, Ho.

Vivien: Sit on it and rotate you big, stinking BABY... And that's Christians wife, Billie. She's about to sign a book deal with Hayman House... but she's never been to uni!

Billie: Hi Bernard. Welcome to the nut house.

(Bernard shakes Christian's hand, then moves toward Trevor who is sitting on a chair in the corner)

Trevor *(leaping up out of his chair, dramatically bellowing in an American accent):* Don't touch me! Don't you friggin' touch me or I'll blow your god damn brains out! Game over, Man. Game over!!!

Bernard: D-d-dear me.

Vivien: Trevor you little shit! Bernie, don't mind him. He is just shell shocked after being dropped on his head... at birth!

Christian: Shut up, both of you.

Trevor roars like a lion to Bernie, and sits back down laughing. Flustered, Bernie steps back and bumps into the table. Billie, still on the floor cleaning up the mess and having obvious difficulty reassembling the flowers, gives up in a flustered rage as she observes Bernie making more mess.)

Billie: Jesus Christ! *(In manic delight she throws the vase through the kitchen door and assumes the 'om' position.)*

Vivien: Mum and dad are late. What time were they picking up Nan?

Billie: They're probably held up at the nursing home. You know your mother can't help yourself. She has to flirt with the old geezers.

Vivien: She said Albert has a crush on her.

Christian: Which one is Albert?

Billie: *(Snorts)* Albert? Albert is half blind and has acute dementia Vivien. He chases after anything that breathes. Including Nurse Bertha.

Christian: *(Looking up from texting away on his phone)* Ugh. Bertha. I can't stand disgusting fat arse.

Billie: Christian!