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# The Dream Children

By Julia Britton

[heavy breathing]

[moaning]

[heavy breathing]

[moaning]

[moaning]

[grunting]

[music playing]

Hey, [inaudible] get going soon.

And then Ken and I

ran around the corner

straight into the two

cops who just dropped...

Oh, you didn't!

Mm-hm.

And then we were, butt-naked,

being arrested by the same two

cops twice in the one night.

Twice!

[laughter]

Sorry. guys-

Can I start to

clear those for you?

Go ahead.

So Ken's telling them

the reason we're naked

and roaming the streets

is because someone broke

into our house, stole

all our clothes,

and we're chasing after him.

And the cop says,

what did he look like?

Who?

[laughs]

Come on, keep up.

The one who stole our clothes.

[laughter]

So Ken says, fuck, mate.

I didn't see him.

I was too busy

banging your sister.

[groans]

[laughter]

But I was woken up

**at 4:**

by the police asking if I  
want to bail my husband out,  
and can I bring some undies?

[laughter]

It was the best damn  
funeral I've ever been to.

Oh!

If I got a call from the police  
telling me Steve was naked...

You'd be running down there!

Yeah.

No, no. no, no.

No, I'd leave him there.

You would not.

I would!

I have a feeling that Steve  
would be A-OK with that one,  
eh?

[laughter]

I'd pay for it.

Quit being such a classy guy.

[laughter]

I'm off.

Got recording in the morning.  
(HIGH-PITCHED VOICE) I've got  
a recording in the morning.

[groans]

- Oh, darling.

Shit, where are my keys?

How is the old game  
show going, anyway?

Great!

[laughter]

How you doing?

Jeremy.

Good.

Morning, Bob.

Morning, Steven.

Well, fuck me.

Thirty minutes early.

I just wanted to make sure  
I'm not holding anyone up.

Yeah, well, if you gave a  
rat's ass every other day,  
I wouldn't have an ulcer  
as big as Bigfoot's balls,  
now, would I?

Now, that is gross, boss.

But I still love you.

See you in 30.

Uh, 29.

Ethan, how's my  
favorite intern today?

29!

27!

A bit wasted, actually...

Hey, if that's a message  
to your boyfriend,

I'm going to be very jealous.

I'm sending a text to my mom.

Ah.

Well, what kind of message do  
you send to the boys, then?

OK, sweetheart,  
you have my number.

I'd love to read  
your prose sometime.

[inaudible]

You are beautiful, aren't you'?

Oops, sorry.

[panting]

[moaning]

[cell phone rings]

[grunting]

**STEVE (ON TV):**

to the show, where we have.

Mrs. Elspeth Zonti on

[inaudible], getting  
ready to play for the  
\$100,000 question.

So, uh, Elspeth,  
welcome to the show.

What are you doing  
back-Do you have a job?

**ELSPETH (ON TV):**

I decorate special  
[inaudible] and wedding cakes.

**STEVE (ON TV):**

your own original designs?

**ELSPETH (ow TV):**

**STEVE (ON TV):**

wedding cake would you bake me?

**ELSPETH (ON TV):**

**STEVE (ON TV):**

sweet, ladies and gentlemen?  
[applause]

**ELSPETH (ON TV):**

thinking of getting married?  
[93505]

**STEVE (ON TV):**

put it this way,  
you never know what disasters  
the future may hold.  
[laughter] So Elspeth, are you  
ready to play for the question  
that could land you \$100,000?  
[applause]  
[cell phone rings]

Now, how can you be talking to  
me and on TV at the same time?  
Right, the wonders  
of television.

Again?

Can't we... can't  
we just stay in?

All right.

Yup.

OK.

Steve.

Nothing.

It's all right.

Bye.

[game show music playing]

[screaming excitedly]

**STEVE (ON TV):**

We'll be right back!

What's the specials tonight?

(FRENCH ACCENT) Ah, tonight  
we have a filet [inaudible].

It comes with

[inaudible], stuffed

with caviar, a sour cream  
sauce, and roasted capers.

Well, that sounds

like it's for me.

Alex, what would you like?

Isn't there something simple?

Ah, well, there's the  
baby lamb [inaudible] sir.

It comes with the avanti  
blanc and the jus de poire.

What is that'?

It's a bit like a hot pot.

Right.

That'll do.

And... and the usual oysters  
to start with, shall we?

Oysters'?

- Yeah.

Frisky.

You know, we could eat  
at home if we ate at home.

That makes no sense.

Have you noticed we  
don't have a home?

What we have is a  
pleasure wonderland.

(SCOFFING) Pleasure wonderland?

What are you

talking about, Alex?

We have a beautiful home.

It's an apartment, not a home.

We're building a beautiful  
house on the beach.

Yeah, I know we're building,  
Steve, but... thanks.  
Look, I know we're building.  
But how does that make  
this different than how  
we're living now?  
Why?  
You want to nest?  
Yes.  
Yeah, I want to nest.  
Well, you know, I want a nest.  
Don't you?  
Nesting sounds so  
old and boring, Alex.  
I'm not talking about  
wearing matching track suits  
and watching "M A S H" all day.  
I'm talking about  
having a home...  
I like "M A S H."  
I'm talking about  
having a home, OK?  
Like a proper home, and  
actually living in it.  
[Scoffs]  
What?  
Nothing.  
What?  
[rapping on window]  
[excited giggling]  
Don't panic.  
Fuck it.  
I have to keep the fans happy.  
Shit.  
Hey, girls!  
Aren't they sweet?  
Yeah.  
[rapping]  
[scoffs] Too funny.  
[sighs] Fuck off.  
Don't be like that.  
Can we please get  
the fuck out of here?  
What do you mean,

go somewhere else?  
No, I mean-I mean go home.  
It's not our home, Alex.  
It's an apartment.  
Oh, come on.  
You know what I mean, just  
get a movie, get some Thai.  
Just you and me at our place?  
Look, what's the problem'?  
I want more, Steve.  
All right?  
I want to feel like  
that we're a family  
and that we're not just  
fucking around here.  
We're building a house from  
the ground up on the beach.  
Now, that seems...  
- Yeah, I want...  
a little bit more  
than fucking around to me,  
don't you think, Alex?  
I want something real.  
Well, this is not going to  
be made out of fucking LEGOs.  
Not just about the house, Steve.  
Well, what the... what  
the fuck is it about?  
Huh?  
You tell me.  
[burps]  
Waiter.  
[snaps fingers] Would  
you like a drink?  
No.  
Two glasses of wine, please.  
Red.  
One.  
Can you get me a bottle?  
Hey, you want to  
watch something?  
No.  
I'll leave it to you.  
[woman moaning]



Well, good morning.  
Good morning.  
Are we ready to get excited?  
If you're offering.  
Whoo-hoo!  
We found the ideal site.  
Where?  
- Down by Ocean Grove.  
- Coffee time!  
- Ocean Grove?  
- Yeah, it's perfect.  
What's wrong with that?  
Well, it's his money.  
Uh, here we go.  
Cafe latte for you.  
Thank you.  
And a flat white for you, sir.  
Thank you, sir.  
Now, there's... there's  
something I really want.  
Ah, the S&M room.  
All black, leather harness,  
porn, mirrors on the ceiling.  
Oh yeah, that's... that's funny.  
No, I'm being serious.  
OK, we're listening.  
I want a nursery.  
- Um...  
- He means a [inaudible].  
No, no, no.  
No, I mean a nursery.  
Yeah?  
- Yeah, easy.  
Easy.  
Everyone should have a nursery.  
Um, yeah.  
Uh' easy, easy.  
Look, um, yeah, we  
could... we could  
put one here, on the south side,  
overlooking the herb garden.  
You get that... that  
morning light...  
Morning sun, yeah.

Yeah, yeah, yeah, beautiful.  
With its own bathroom here here,  
and some sort of... um-can  
you put in a rec  
room, like there?  
Um, well, yeah.  
I mean, you see the overhang.  
- Yeah.  
If we knock that down...  
Whoa, hey. guys-  
We should think  
about this before we  
start knocking down walls.  
Don't you think, Alex?  
[car alarm]  
Mm, oh, shit, actually.  
I've got another meeting  
in about half an hour.  
So I'd better, um, take off.  
I will be free all day  
tomorrow, Steven, so, um,  
give me a buzz, all right?  
- Thanks.  
See you later.  
Was I supposed to know?  
When were you going to tell me?  
OK.  
[scoffs] How would you feel,  
right, about expanding this?  
[music playing]  
A baby?  
Yes, a baby.  
Alex, are you out  
of your fucking mind?  
What, do you want  
to get me pregnant?  
Come on, Steve...  
Do... do you want me  
to get you pregnant?  
Alex, it doesn't fucking work...  
I want a family.  
I want to be a family.  
You know, why shouldn't  
we bring up a child?

It's not a question  
of should or shouldn't.  
It's a question of can or can't.  
And I... we can't conceive.  
So that leaves one other  
thing, and that's adoption.  
Society is changing.  
Well, laws aren't!  
Yeah, but Steve, we're...  
We're two responsible  
people with great income...  
I know it's fucked,  
Alex, but that still  
doesn't change the fact  
that they only give  
babies to husbands and wives.  
And how do we prove anything  
about our relationship?  
I mean, it will be years before  
they change their laws-years.  
I'd give up anything, anything.  
I'd give up my job if I had to.  
I want to be a dad, you know?  
I'm ready.  
This would change everything.  
Hey, hey.  
I know.  
But you need to  
make an appointment  
to see a consultant, and of  
course, to bring your partners.  
We are a couple.  
Yes, but you need to bring  
your partners, of course.  
The consultant  
won't see singles,  
and your partners  
will need to bring  
proof of the relationship,  
be it marriage or de facto.  
We take wedding certificates,  
bank records, things like that.  
Yeah, I don't think  
you understand...

We'll also need proof of entitlement, meaning wills, so in the event of your death, your wife will get the car, boat, house, et cetera. Superannuation statement showing benefactor, life insurance policy showing benefactor. So if you just want to read over the books, you know, it's got all the info there. Uh, let me explain. I'm... all right-I'm Alex Thomson, and this... This is Steven Evans. [gasps] on! I knew I'd seen you before! You're on TV. Steven Evans, "Guess What." Yes, that's right. So you and your partner... Is it your wife... You want an adoption. Well, we could find you a foster child straight away, but adoption's a long, long wait. We can, of course, arrange an IVF consultation... No, no, nothing like that. No, I didn't think you would. No. [chuckling] Look, I'll tell you what. I can, um, squeeze you in first thing Friday morning with Dr. Zekey. Have you heard of Dr. Zekey? I haven't... "Zee-kee." He's very good. This application, it... it's quite confidential, isn't it? Oh. yes!

I mean, the media's so...  
Intrusive?  
Of course!  
Look, it's totally confidential.  
No need to make an  
appointment just yet.  
Hey, hey, hey...  
How about... why?  
Why can't we make an  
appointment just yet?  
Well, it's really more for  
my friend here, you see.  
[phone ringing]  
Friend?  
Friend?  
Yeah, I'm his friend.  
[non-english speech]  
[ding]  
[chattering]  
What's wrong?  
Nothing.  
I just can't sleep.  
Why don't you come back to bed?  
I told you.  
I can't sleep.  
What the fuck?  
What?  
There's someone taking  
photos of me, of the building.  
What?  
Yeah, look, right there.  
There's someone taking photos.  
Alex, just stay here.  
I'll go.  
Hey!  
What are you doing,  
you fucking creep?  
Fuck you, I'm not  
doing anything wrong.  
Why are you running  
away for, then?  
Huh?  
'FUCK you!  
Fuck it.

[music playing]

What?

ALEX (INTO CAMERA): Well, here we are, building-building a...

Oh, can you behave?

Can you actually walk normal, please?

[laughs]

[chattering]

ALEX (INTO CAMERA): Excuse me.

Excuse me, what...

What's your name?

Uh, Brett.

ALEX (INTO CAMERA): Brett?

All right.

I'm Alex.

How are you doing?

- Good.

ALEX (INTO CAMERA):

How's it all going?

Like, how far away do you think we are from... from moving in?

Eh, [inaudible] right now, almost for lock up, so...

ALEX (INTO CAMERA): Yep.

Your feet... you've got very nice calves.

[laughing]

ALEX (INTO CAMERA):

Is it... do you...

Are you serious?

ALEX (INTO CAMERA): No, you do!

Are you commenting on my calves?

ALEX (INTO CAMERA): Yeah!

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

You do.

I mean, I'm just- I'm just saying, like you must...

Do you work out outside this, or is this sort of the job that...

Uh, I play footy, so...

ALEX (INTO CAMERA):

Oh, you play football?

Yeah, yeah.

ALEX (INTO CAMERA):  
With lots of guys...  
This our view.  
Our view.  
It's a good spot.  
It's a great spot.  
Wait, what do I say...  
You head's in the way.  
Listen, Ocean Grove  
will be a great spot.  
You were right.  
ALEX (INTO CAMERA):  
Come on, say something.  
Come on, this is, uh...  
This is your project.  
Come on, tell us a  
little bit about it.  
For developing these plans,  
we thank you for doing this,  
because we couldn't have...  
Thank you guys for  
paying me so much...  
ALEX (INTO CAMERA):  
Kiss... kiss the camera.  
I've grossly overcharged you...  
I'm not kissing the camera.  
ALEX (INTO CAMERA): Tell us  
how much you love this project  
by kissing the camera.  
We want to see commitment!  
OK, all right!  
[chattering]  
Alex, you're going to have to  
design those bathrooms quickly.  
One in white, and  
one pink for the baby.  
Alex!  
You know how my  
designs are in demand.  
Originality...  
And imagination linked  
with practicability.  
Yeah, yeah.  
Yeah, this is nothing

to do with design.

It's to do with  
legality and gender.

Yeah, well, our  
gender is our design,  
and we have a design problem.

Look, all we have to  
do is find some way  
to make our money more  
important to these people  
than our design.

- What'!

Yeah.

You want to bribe  
the adoption agency?

Well, I want to make  
it worth their while.

This isn't fucking  
television, Alex!

You- you can't  
offer them a price  
and expect to make a deal.

And have you even  
thought whether or not  
you'll love the baby?

Of course I'll love  
the baby, Steve.

- Will you?

- Yes.

You... you expect just to look  
at a baby and say, I love you?

Yes.

Because I don't think I could  
do that, just look at a baby  
and go, I love you,  
you're my child.

You're being fucking ridiculous!

No amount of money  
is going to change  
the fact that officially and  
legally, we're not a couple.

[game show in background]

Listen, I told Ajay  
you're a solid worker



and that he should move  
you up the ranks a little.  
Really?  
Yeah, of course, really.  
I told you I'd look after you.  
It's not going to  
happen overnight.  
It may take a little  
while to get moving.  
But I'm onto it.  
Now get the fuck out of here.  
Go on.  
Come on, slow poke.  
Oh, shut up.  
Mr. Competition.  
Nice running style.  
Shut up!  
[laughs]  
[text alert]  
What's that?  
Nothing.  
Give us a look.  
Nothing.  
Give... give it here.  
" If you're interested in the  
family, but can't conceive,  
call Nancy at Dreamland.com."  
Well, that sounds about  
right, doesn't it?  
Dreamland.  
You know, babies  
manufactured to your choice,  
just pay us a billion dollars.  
No, no, no, look, she wants to  
put up her baby for adoption.  
She's flogging her baby  
on the internet, Alex.  
Oh, just give it to me.  
She wants to put up her  
baby for adoption privately.  
- Don't sugarcoat it.  
- I'm not sugarcoating anything!  
It's either that or  
it's a fucking scam.

Will you just try this with me?

Alex, it won't work.

It won't work'?

No.

Oh, it won't work?

All right, well

then, prove it to me.

Prove to me this won't work,

because I'm ready for this.

Fine.

Fine?

But when this doesn't

work, you agree to stop.

All right?

This is it.

If... if this doesn't

work, then we're done.

We tried our best,

but it's over.

Agreed?

- If?

- If.

If.

She's late.

It's only three minutes, she  
may have got the wrong place.

[high heels tapping]

Do you think that was her?

No, she doesn't have a  
dog with her, does she?

No, she doesn't

have a dog with her,

but she doesn't have a

baby with her either.

Look, I... I don't think  
she's going to show, Alex.

Fuck it, let's go.

- No!

No, I'm staying.

All right.

You stay, I'm going.

Steve, just...

Excuse me?

Yes?

I'm looking for a  
little white dog.  
A dog-dog?  
Yeah, a little white dog.  
Are you Nancy, or...?  
Yeah.  
Where's your partner?  
Uh, she couldn't make it, but  
I brought a friend instead.  
This is...  
Hi, I'm Chris.  
Yeah.  
What-uh, wait, please!  
- I've got to go.  
- Wait, wait.  
Please, please, please!  
Where's... where's your wife,  
or your girlfriend, or whatever?  
Look, let's just sit  
down and have a coffee.  
Look, it's a bit...  
It's a bit complicated,  
but I'll explain everything.  
Please.  
OK.  
But I can't stay long.  
I've got to get to [inaudible].  
I'll explain everything.  
I've really got to go,  
because I've got to get to...  
That's OK, that's OK.  
Look, um... Chris is...  
I'm his partner.  
Yeah.  
- [scoffs]  
- Look... no!  
Please, please, just sit down.  
Please just listen.  
One minute, one coffee.  
OK'?  
I've really got to  
get more [inaudible],  
they can't get me

**in before 4:**

All right, all right.

Um, I'll get the coffees.

Cappuccino, latte, macchiato-

Hot chocolate?

Long black, short black?

What will it be?

A scone.

A scone?

Two scones.

All right, two scones.

Thanks.

Please, sit.

Must be great to have a baby.

I haven't got it yet.

Oh, she's... she's

away, or... something?

No, you just can't

see it, not yet.

Why?

[scoffs] I'm pregnant.

Pregnant?

Yeah.

[sniffs]

[music playing]

Pregnant.

I just-I don't understand.

I mean...

- What, why?

- Why?

Why. why...

Yes.

Why I put the ad up?

Yes.

Why I wanted to sell it'?

'Cause I've got no money  
and nowhere to fucking go,  
that's why.

So I could sell it lo...

A nice couple, you know.

And you seemed pretty cool.

And I get here, and all I  
find is a... a couple of fags.

Yeah, all right.

OK, look.

Nancy?

Nancy, we can help you, OK'?

With-with the birth,  
with the pregnancy.

All of it.

Other people have contacted  
me, straight people.

Yeah, I... I understand that.

But we can help you.

It'll cost money, you know.

I'm not donating.

Of course.

I have to think about it.

I've got to go.

Chris will be back  
in a... in a minute.

I'll contact you.

He'll...

I'll give you a call.

Nancy...

[airplane engine]

Alex, you're stressing  
me out about this.

I can't talk now.

I'm at work.

Look, I'll give you a  
call on the way home.

OK.

All right, bye.

I love you, too.

Sounds like someone's got  
you on a short leash there.

Hey, Ajay!-

It's not very  
often that we see...

Now, listen, Steven,

I want to talk to you  
about some rumors

that are flying  
around upstairs at the moment.

Has someone said they're  
having my love child...

No, no.

There's a lot of talk going  
around about you sucking cock.

Sucking cock?

Normally, I don't listen  
to the shit that gets thrown  
around upstairs,  
but these rumors are  
filtering up from the bottom.  
And when they come from below,  
you know, I tend to listen.

Nobody knows dirt  
like the plebs.

Well, who's saying it?

Well, I don't want  
to be saying anything.

Now, I don't give a  
shit where you stick  
your cock in your spare time.

You want to go dirt track?

That's your business.

But my business is this  
show, and our demographic  
is the nanas and the fat  
old housewives that tune in  
everyday to watch  
your pretty little mug  
smiling back at  
her so they can get  
all sopping wet in their seats.

Steven, no one is going  
to tune in to watch  
a fag give away prizes.

Even for SBS, this  
is prime time, mate.

Mate, I'm prime time.

Good!

Good.

Then I'll go and tell the rumor  
mill to go and fuck itself.

Yeah, do that.

You know what?

They're just jealous that I  
get more pussy than they do.

[inaudible] get pussy?

You watch, they'll start  
calling me Elton John.  
Hey, Elton!  
Fuck.  
[Sighs]  
Who the fuck would be talking?  
It's bound to happen, Steve.  
You're on TV, people say shit.  
But they'd be saying it  
even if you were straight.  
Everyone has a G-A-Y  
scandal at times...  
Yeah, but I am!  
That's the problem.  
Hey!  
Hey, that's not a problem.  
The studio doesn't want  
a fag as a host, Alex.  
Oh, don't say that word!  
Oh, well, how is  
"unemployed" for a word?  
You like that?  
They're not going to  
fire you for sucking cock.  
Oh, no, they won't fire me.  
They'll just replace  
me, won't they?  
Yeah, well, then you  
shouldn't be working for them.  
I like my job.  
I like what I do,  
and I like who I am.  
Really?  
Yeah.  
Who are you?  
Steven Evans.  
I took on this job  
knowing full well  
the studio doesn't  
want a faggot host...  
Don't say that word!  
Oh, fuck the word!  
This is my career we're  
talking about here.

You do like sucking cock.  
[music playing]  
[Sighs]  
Oh, that's all right,  
I've got this one.  
Here you are, Steven.  
So how's your day been?  
Shit.  
Ah.  
Why's it been shit?  
Just a shit day, Charlie.  
Well, if there's anything  
I can do to make it better,  
all you have to do is ask.  
That I will, Charlie.  
That I Will.  
Well, what are we  
celebrating here?  
Nancy.  
Nancy?  
Nancy, Nancy, Nancy.  
She contacted me.  
She wants to meet us.  
Great.  
When?  
Don't know yet.  
[airplane engine]  
Look, Nancy, we'll  
look after you.  
OK' ?  
We'll get you  
everything you need.  
And you're free to change  
of mind if you want.  
No strings attached.  
No strings attached?  
No strings attached.  
Like I said, I've  
had other offers.  
Yeah, I'm sure you have.  
But we... we'll match  
them, we'll double them.  
Within reason, of course.  
Your partner creeps me out.



He doesn't say much.  
He's just the silent time,  
but he wants this just as much.  
HS me.  
(SCOFFING) Yeah.  
Don't you, Chris?  
Chris!  
Yes, of course.  
And he means it.  
He means it.  
You know, we both do.  
We just... we just want to  
know that you're for real.  
Look, I know you haven't  
known us that long, Nancy,  
but you can...  
It's Nerine.  
What?  
My name's Nerine, not Nancy.  
I just didn't want to use my  
real name on the internet.  
Look, Nerine, we can help you.  
I don't want this baby.  
[coughing]  
I just want cash, OK?  
Cash.  
I just want to forget  
about the whole thing.  
Look, Nerine, I want  
to give you something  
to show you that we're serious.  
Yeah?  
Will you just her the cash?  
[airplane engine]  
Please.  
This is just as a start.  
OK' ?  
I need to go pee.  
What?  
She's probably  
going to run, Alex.  
Fucking hell!  
She's in the toilet!  
She's probably

not even pregnant.  
Have you thought about  
the father... HIV/AIDS?  
Who the fuck knows what?  
I want this one.  
You're living in a dream world.  
Yeah?  
Well, I like it there.  
All right.  
You can have it.  
[construction noises]  
[groans]  
There you go.  
Holy shit!  
[chuckling]  
It's fucking big!  
How many bedrooms has it got?  
Four.  
There's a special one for the  
baby, with its own bathroom.  
What the fuck does a baby  
need its own bathroom for?  
So when they get older, they  
can have their own space.  
It's a load more  
than I got as a kid.  
We just wanted to  
make sure the baby  
had everything it could want.  
Exactly.  
Spoiled if you ask me.  
Hey, you could help  
design the nursery.  
Yeah, you know?  
You could choose the...  
The colors, or the drapes,  
or one of those mobile  
things above the cot?  
No, you do it.  
I'll do it.  
Guys, come on!  
The beach is waiting.  
Come on!  
[music playing]

Alex, I thought  
you might want this.  
And this.  
And this.  
Nerine... Nerine,  
it's... it's beautiful!  
I think it's ugly.  
Looks like an alien.  
But it's your baby!  
It's not my baby, Alex.  
It's yours.  
It's just in me.  
[gasps] Are you sure  
you don't want these?  
I'm sure.  
I don't want this.

**MAN (ON TAPE):**

is a good restaurant?  
[speaking french]  
The menu, please.  
[speaking french]  
I'm heading off.  
OK.  
See you later.

**MAN (ON TAPE):**

I like my steak well done.  
[speaking french]  
Yeah... yeah, I'll be home soon.  
I just have to stay back  
and have a chat with Bob,  
and I'll be out of here.  
OK.  
Bye.  
[sighs] Fucking babies.  
[Sighs]  
[Scoffs]  
What's cooking, good looking?  
I don't cook.  
Jump in.  
[car starting]  
What a shame, it looks  
like there's no one around.

No audience for Mr. TV Man.  
Good. [police siren]  
Good.  
Well, having people watch  
is half the fun, isn't it?  
No, no.  
I spend all my life in  
front of the camera.  
You've got to have  
something for yourself.  
I think I'd love to  
spend some time in front  
of the camera with you.  
[laughing]  
Who knows, maybe you could  
find yourself a new career?  
[laughing] Ah, there  
are limits, my friend.  
Charlie, there are limits.  
Oh, I don't have any limits.  
You're about to find that out.  
Here we are.  
Is this good enough?  
Oh, this looks very naughty!  
[seat belt unbuckling]  
Well?  
[clothing rustling]  
[moaning] Keep on  
going! [moaning] Oh!  
Oh, fuck!  
Oh!  
[moaning]  
Yeah, yeah.  
Keep going?  
Yeah, yeah.  
Oh, fuck.  
Oh!  
Oh!  
Oh, fuck!  
The fuck?  
Get the fuck out of here!  
Oh, shit!  
Fuck off!  
Fuck off!

[beeping]  
What the fuck...  
All right, let's go.  
What the fuck...  
Fucking belts.  
Let's get out of here.  
Fuck.  
Oh, fuck.  
You all right'?'  
Yeah.  
You'll have to walk from here.  
Yeah, cool.  
You know, you  
should, um... you call  
me, or text me, or something,  
if you want to do this again.  
Great.  
Now, listen, Charlie,  
you're not going to mention  
this to anyone, are you?  
[scoffs] No.  
What do you think I am, stupid?  
I'm serious.  
You just keep your mouth shut.  
Well, most of the time anyway.  
[car starting]  
[music playing]  
See you later, Chuck.  
[Sighs]  
Fuck!  
What are you doing?  
What are you doing?  
Shit!  
[sobbing]  
Hello?  
Nerine?  
What-we're on our way.  
Uh, Nerine, she was  
admitted... she's pregnant.  
Birthing.  
She's birthing?  
Fuck... having a baby?  
Where is she?  
Who... who are you after'?'

Nerine.  
Surname?  
Evans.  
Mm, no Evans.  
Nerine... Nerine,  
that's all I know.  
Nerine!  
Mm, ooh, here we are.  
Nerine Thomson.  
She's in delivery room B. It's  
straight down the corridor,  
follow the blue  
line to your left.  
Great!  
Uh... just the father.  
Is... are you the father?  
Yeah, yes.  
Yes, he is.  
Well, I'm afraid you're  
going to have to wait here.  
Wait, what?  
He's family!  
I'm her brother-I'm  
her half brother, her only  
living relative, you can't...  
You can see her later.  
Steve!  
Alex, I've got to go.  
Hey, OK'?'  
It'll be OK.  
[non-english speech]  
[ambulance siren]  
[announcer on loudspeaker]  
MAN (ON LOUDSPEAKER): Dr. Kelly,  
prepare clinical operations  
[inaudible].  
Dr. Kelly.  
[non-english speech]  
Daddy, you've got a baby boy.  
[sobbing]  
[music playing]  
Oh, there you go!  
There he is!  
Hello!

[laughing]

He's going to be a surfer  
when he grows up, Alex.

Yeah?

[panting]

[moaning]

[gasping]

Steve.

Yeah?

Listen to this.

It's to the general  
manager at the firm.

Dear Richard, some  
time ago, I attended  
a seminar where an  
executive from London  
had a look at my work.

He'd since contacted me and  
offered me a great position  
with his firm...

"He's," not "he'd-" "He's."

"He's since?"

Yeah.

OK.

He's since contacted  
me and offered  
me a great position with his  
firm in the New York office.  
I think you know I've always  
wanted to experience some  
of the American  
industry, and would  
like to offer my resignation.  
I've always enjoyed  
working at Graphica,  
and would like to thank you  
for your never failing support  
over the last few years.  
It's been a great experience  
working with the team,  
and blah, blah,  
blah, blah, blah.

Are you sure you're set on this?

Yeah!

I didn't go through all this  
just to never be around him.  
You do love him, don't you?  
Of course I do.  
You know I do.  
I just want to make sure  
you're not going to do anything  
that you're going to regret.  
[burps]  
Excuse you.  
Excuse me.  
Look, I'm not going to  
regret anything, all right?  
I'll open my own  
freelance connection.  
I'll call it AT Design.  
Yeah.  
All right.  
You know, there's always the  
option of a full-time nanny.  
No.  
No, no, no, no, no.  
I don't want anybody  
else raising my child.  
Our... our child.  
- Mm.  
- Sorry.  
Our child.  
Well, so much for the castle.  
[sighs] Guess we can rule  
out a career in architecture.  
I think he might be  
better at demolition.  
Demolition?  
Yeah.  
Oh, don't say that.  
He'll wind up wearing  
King G and hanging  
out with guys called Bubba.  
Don't be an elitist.  
What's up with you?  
It's hard.  
Being a dad?  
No, hiding it.



One of the makeup girls  
came in the other day  
with a photograph of  
her two-year-old son.  
I had to bite my tongue  
not to tell her about Sam.  
I know.  
I mean, it's hard enough  
not telling her about you,  
but... but him.  
Me?  
Me?  
Me?  
[screaming]  
[dramatic music on tv]  
Daddy?  
Jesus, can you just take him?  
Sure.  
You got him?  
Yup.  
Yay, baby Sam!  
[baby crying]  
What's the matter?  
I just think he's in a mood.  
A what?  
A mood.  
A mood, you know.  
He's being cranky.  
[baby crying]  
Shh!  
Infants don't have moods.  
Hey, hey, what's wrong with you?  
Nothing.  
Nothing.  
Hey, Steve, nothing's  
wrong with me, all right?  
I'm going down to the shop.  
I'm going to get some milk.  
We've got milk.  
Yeah, it's off.  
Hey, hang on... hang on.  
We'll all go.  
To the shops?  
Yeah.

Yeah, I don't think so.  
[chainsaw on tv]  
Won't belong.  
[screaming on tv]  
[baby crying]  
[baby cooing]  
Hey.  
[baby crying]  
Are you going to  
cry again on me?  
Oh, that tickles.  
Yeah, you like that, don't you?  
Mm?  
You like being hung upside  
down, too, don't you?  
Don't you?  
Yeah?  
[giggling]  
Ahah, uh oh!  
Uh oh!  
Uh oh!  
I'm stuck upside down...  
[moaning on tv]  
[door opens]  
Took a while.  
I went for a walk.  
Felt like some exercise.  
I, uh, got some baby milk.  
And, um, organic [inaudible].  
And this.  
Sam's asleep.  
That's good.  
That's good, he... he needed it.  
So, dinner?  
[sighs] Yup.  
Dinner.  
[wind chimes]  
We are not of thee, nor  
are we children at all.  
We are nothing, less  
than nothing, and dreams.  
We are only what  
might have been,  
and must wait upon

the tedious shores,  
or let the millions  
of ages before we  
have existence and a name.

What is it?

"Dream-Children, A  
Reverie," by Charles Lamb.

[music playing]

[interposing voices]

All right, this is [inaudible].

OK.

Sammy!

He's looking... he  
likes the helicopters.  
Maybe he wants to be a  
pilot, or something like that.

He's got the right  
jacket for it.

I think he does.

A happy pilot.

A happy pilot!

He likes upside down!

[giggling]

No, no!

[phone ringing]

All right, all right.

God, no!

Get it!

All right, all right, all right.

Get it, get it!

Hello?

[whistles] Hey, uh,  
this is a surprise.

It's Nerine.

What?

Nerine?

How are you?

[rain pattering]

Hello?

Alex, I'm going to  
come down tomorrow, OK?

Uh, OK, sure, whenever.

I can come pick you  
up later, if you want.

Hello?  
No, I can get a...  
A mate to drive me.  
How's Sammy?  
[coins clink] [beeping]  
Hello?  
Hello?  
Hello?  
Nerine?  
[beep] What do you think  
this could be about?  
Money.  
[doorbell]  
[doorbell]  
[Sighs]  
[slurping]  
[slurping]  
[thunder]  
[slurping]  
It's her fucking kid.  
[thunder]  
It's hers.  
She's its mom.  
Nerine, if...  
You said that any  
time I changed my mind,  
that I could come back.  
But we made an arrangement.  
That was the arrangement, Chris.  
There you go, Chris.  
Chris, problem solved.  
[sighs] All right, OK, let's  
be reasonable about this.  
If you really want Sam back,  
then we won't oppose you...  
What the fuck you doing?  
Shut up!  
But we want to  
know all the facts.  
Now, it was made...  
[snapping fingers]  
Hey, hey, hey!  
[whistles] You fucking  
talk to me, all right?

You don't worry about her.  
You talk to me.  
And who the fuck are you?  
Well, I'm glad  
you asked, Steven.  
It's Chris.  
Really?  
[laughing] Baby, have  
we got the right house?  
Yeah.  
You sure?  
Yeah.  
This is the number 3, isn't it'?  
No, I'm only joking.  
I'm only joking.  
No, I'm... I'm really sorry.  
I'll tell you what, I'll  
bet your viewers don't  
know about this little fucking  
game show going on here,  
do they?  
So if you don't give her  
back the fucking kid, mate,  
you won't be giving hugs to your  
fucking precious fans anymore.  
You won't be shining your  
pearly fucking whites on telly.  
You'll be getting fists  
in your fucking arse  
until you fucking  
bleed in jail, cunt.  
You all right'?  
But I bet you'd love that,  
wouldn't you, princess?  
Blackmail's a criminal offense.  
What do you call fucking  
tricking young girls  
into getting their fucking kid?  
Who the fuck are you?  
[baby toy] Show them  
your ring ring, eh?  
See?  
Show 'em your ring.  
Hey.

See, we're fucking married.

See?

The fuck?

Come to think of it, that makes me the kid's legal guardian...

Oh, that's debatable.

You're not even the real father.

How the fuck do you know?

Sammy might be getting a little brother one day.

Make a real family, something you two fucking faggots will never be able to manage.

Listen, Jake, maybe we can work something out.

Alex, be careful...

- Shut... just shut the fuck up!

- Just let me...

- Just me fucking do this...

- Just give us a week, Nerine!

- Oh, ho ho.

- One week!

A week for them... [baby crying] to fucking get on a plane...

One-one week.

And then we'll never see those cunts again.

Shut the fuck up, I'm not talking to you.

It's all right, Jakey.

I'll tell you who's all right, sweetie.

OK?

- It's all right.

No, I'll tell you who's all right.

Right now, I'm saying they're full of fucking shit.

I'll pay you, cash...

Steve!

Now, just shut up!

How much?

It's a risk we're taking, how fucking much?

How much?  
\$5,000, just until we get  
this clear in our minds.  
Why not'?'  
Ding ding.  
[laughing] Ding,  
ding, ding, ding, ding!  
We have a winner,  
ladies and gentlemen!  
Yeah!  
Mr. and Mrs. Faggot  
just bought themselves  
one week's stinking time.  
That's what I'm liking.  
Hey, want to go see him?  
Come on, come on.  
Go get the fucking key.  
Hey, we're giving  
you five grand...  
Nay, you're giving us five grand  
to see whether or not we'll let  
you see the fucking kid again,  
all right?  
[interposing voices]  
[Punch]  
[yelling]  
[interposing voices]  
Just calm down, sweetie.  
Calm down, sweetie...  
You're a fucking cunt!  
It's all right.  
I'm just going to grab  
my shit and leave.  
Is that all right with you?  
You're a real fucking  
cunt, do you hear me?  
What's that?  
Maybe if I didn't  
have a fucking ear,  
perhaps Sammy ought  
to be able to fucking  
hear you better, huh?  
Maybe if I didn't have  
an ear, perhaps Sammy

won't be able to  
fucking hear you better.  
[inaudible]  
[phone ringing]  
Follow me.  
I dare you.  
[thumping hood] Got it!  
Got it!  
Going for a ride, mate.  
Here we go!  
Here we go. [car starts]  
[loud music (on stereo)]  
[car stalls] [squeaking]  
[car starts]  
[loud music (on stereo)]  
[music playing]  
[thunder]  
[gasping]  
[moaning]  
[moaning]  
[dance music]  
So what are you doing  
over the weekend?  
Well, I was planning on  
having a little dinner party.  
Ooh!  
But I'm not going to be  
inviting these two [inaudible].  
This is the excitement.  
[laughing]  
Alex!  
Richard, hey, how are you?  
Good, good.  
This is, uh, Sandra.  
Hey!  
Hi!  
- This is Julian.  
- Hi.  
Hey.  
And, uh, this is  
my friend, Steve.  
Oh, hi.  
So how was New York?  
Yeah, good.



It's good.  
It's good to see you.  
Yeah, you too.  
Yeah, you know, I've got clients  
that still miss you, you know.  
How about, uh, I get you to  
come back and work again?  
Oh, I don't know.  
So everything good?  
Yeah, man.  
Yeah.  
Yeah, couldn't be better.  
Well, um, come and have  
a drink with us, yeah?  
Share your stories about  
the life in the pearl  
of the civilized world, eh?  
Great.  
OK.  
Well, well.  
Hm!  
Any other travel secrets  
you'd like to share?  
Yeah, how is New York  
at this time of year?  
New York, New York!  
Where else are you going?  
Bahamas next?  
[laughing]  
God, what is wrong with  
both of you tonight?  
Come on, it's something.  
Oh!  
Shots, maybe?  
God, Gus has got more life in  
bed than both of you, honestly.  
And that's after a few beers.  
Like a bunch of dead fish.  
Mm!  
Bugger, don't worry about them.  
So tell me more  
about this dinner  
party we're going to have.  
Well, I was thinking

seafood-themed.

No!

I'm over seafood.

Let's do Greek.

[music fades]

[moaning on tv]

[baby crying]

Oh, fuck off.

Fuck, kid, if you

don't fucking shut up,

I'll fucking shut you up!

Never mind him, Jakey.

[baby crying]

[pounding on door]

I'm trying to

fucking listen, kid!

I'm trying to fucking listen!

Fucking shut up,

you fucking kid!

What's the fucking

matter with you?

Fuck off!

Fucking mind your

own fucking business!

[pounding on door] What is

your fucking shit... fucking

give him nothing!

Fuck you, kid!

Fuck and do that all

fucking day, too, you know!

Leave him the fuck alone, Jakey!

I could fucking do it all

fucking day, longer than you,

you fucking kid!

You fucked up kid!

Whaa!

Whaa!

[whirring noise]

He's not going to let Sam

go for any single amount.

He's got the perfect

blackmail scenario now.

Each time he goes broke,

he's going to threaten

to tell the world about us.  
I could fucking kill the cunt.  
I will fucking kill the cunt.  
Alex, listen.  
I'll fucking kill him.  
It's not the end of the world.  
I mean, we could take a break.  
I... I could have a nervous  
breakdown or something,  
you know'?

We'll go away.  
Why would you care?  
You know, he stole our baby,  
and you want to take a holiday?  
I mean...

How could just say that?  
You're the one that wants  
to go off to the west indies!  
He's my son!  
Your son?  
[stammers] Our son.  
Don't you think I know that?  
I don't know!  
I've lost my son, too.  
Oh, you didn't lose him.  
No, no, no.  
You paid that prick to take him.  
You let him go, you  
fucking tipped like you  
were tipping one of your  
fucking waiter friends  
for good service.  
- Oh, fuck you.  
You're a fucking joke.  
Fuck you!  
You're a fucking joke!  
Nobody made him.  
Nobody forced.  
You did!  
He wasn't even ours.  
He was never ours.  
I want you to leave.  
Get out.  
Get the fuck out!

[music playing]

[sobbing]

Hey, Kimber, sweetheart.

Me?

I want to get messy.

I want to get fucked up.

[dance music]

[dramatic music]

[beeping]

[buzzer]

MAN (ON INTERCOM):

Yeah, come up.

[snorting]

What the fuck happened?

I've had a fuck few days.

Sit.

I don't think I

can go home tonight.

I... I don't think I can go home.

We had a fight.

[snorting]

Over what?

Family.

[scoffs] Oh, that one.

Yeah, always gives

me the twitch.

Me too.

[inaudible] I don't

know, I need more.

I just-I don't know.

Steven, it is OK to

not want to settle down.

OK'?

You are allowed to just

give a fuck about yourself.

I mean, babies

aren't for everyone.

We knew we had to be careful.

He should respect who you are.

Fucking Alex.

Hey!

Stop worrying about him.

Worry about you, mate.

[heavy breathing]

Listen, Tim...  
What?  
[struggling] Stop!  
Stop!  
Fuck... what the fuck, Steven?  
Get the... get the fuck out!  
[door slams]  
Morning.  
I lost my keys.  
Where'd you go last night?  
No... don't tell me.  
I'm sorry.  
[ragged breathing]  
[sobbing] I miss you both.  
[tv static]  
[nuzzling] There's  
something I need you to do.  
[inaudible] Hey, you  
got to go for me.  
I can't go to them, Jakey.  
[Sighs]  
I can't.  
[inaudible]  
No!  
[slap]  
[interposing voices]  
I'll fucking do it!  
I'll find a guy and I'll get  
you a couple of hundred, easy!  
Fucking [inaudible]  
[screams] [crying]  
Fuck you!  
You fucking will!  
You'll tell them all  
your fucking troubles!  
I swear!  
You fucking did that  
once before, remember?  
(CRYING) I swear I'll  
just get the money!  
Fuck off.  
Just get the...  
Listen to me, don't  
fucking hit me, bitch.

Eh'?

You fucking hit me'?

Fucking try.

(LOUDLY) Fucking try it again!

Fucking try it again!

As if I want fucking petty cash.

Does it fucking

look like I want it?

I want \$100,000 fucking dollars.

[sobbing]

I want \$100,000-

How the fuck...

dollars!

Don't fucking [inaudible] back.

I want 100 grand...

How the fuck am I meant

to ask for that much money?

By fucking tomorrow.

(SOBBING) What if they

don't give it to me?

Jakey, what if they

don't give it to me?

[sobbing]

What did we get the kid for?

What did we get the kid for?

What did we get the kid for?

Hey, Sammy'..!

[giggling] What did we get

the fucking kid for, eh?

What the fuck did

we get him for?

All right, Jakie, Jakie.

I'll go, I'll go, I'll go.

I've got to take, Jake.

I've got to take him.

I've got to take-I've got

to take Sammy with me... I...

You fucking won't take him!

I have to take him with me,

otherwise they won't give me...

You fucking won't fucking

take him with you!

You fucking bitch!

You fucking don't come back!

You fucking don't come back  
or I'll fucking stitch him...  
[screaming]  
[inaudible]  
Please don't hurt him!  
Into Sam.  
I'll fucking stick one into you.  
If you don't fucking  
come back, I'll  
fucking [inaudible] All right?  
OK'?

[screaming] Stop it, please!  
You fucking [inaudible]  
[static]  
[interposing voices]  
[static gets louder]  
[scream]

Oy, squid lips, get your  
hand off it, we're on.  
Fuck me, Kimber!  
You're going to force  
us into a later time  
slot dressed like that.  
I love it!  
Well, if you think  
it's too much,  
maybe you should come  
and dress me next time.  
Well, unfortunately, my  
specialty is undressing,  
isn't it, sweetheart'?

Hm, that works as well.  
No thanks.  
[squeaking]  
Come on, you don't  
need to go, eh?  
[baby toy]  
Where you going to go?  
Come on.  
(SOOTHINGLY) Hey, hey, hey.  
[inaudible]  
[baby cooing]  
(SOFTLY) Come on.  
[inaudible]

Come on.

All right.

Mm.

[baby cooing]

[sobbing]

It's OK, Jakey.

We have exclusive uncensored  
footage of Steven Evans'  
wild sex romp in Melbourne  
that everybody's talking about  
and that Channel 4  
didn't want you to see.

Let's take a look.

[moaning]

You never know who's  
going to be watching.

Fucking bullshit!

Fuck you!

Fuck you!

[music playing]

[baby crying]

[voices on tv]

What the fuck?

How the fuck'?

How did you fucking get that?

Holy shit!

Shut up, Sammy.

Don't worry, baby.

It'll be all right.

[baby crying]

NARRATOR (ON TV): The embryo  
is now starting to take shape.

Fuck.

Fucking [inaudible].

NARRATOR (ON TV): The  
top... The trunk of the body  
stretches down below.  
The head doesn't look  
much like a head yet.  
But at day 15, nerve  
cells begin to form  
in what will become  
the brain, as  
well as in the spinal column...



Jakey?

NARRATOR (ON TV):

which is exposed  
and totally unprotected  
by either skin or bone.

Jake?

[phone ringing]

Hello?

[brakes squealing]

Come on.

There's still some  
more stuff in the cot.

Alex, get the stuff.

Yup.

Nerine, get Sam and take  
him downstairs in the car.

OK'?

Sammy, say, bye-bye.

Bye-bye, Sammy.

Steve.

Doesn't he look odd to you?

Yeah.

He doesn't have a pulse.

Shit!

All right, I'm  
calling triple zero.

Hey, put it away.

We don't have to call anyone.

We can't!

Yes, we can.

Alex, get that stuff  
and go downstairs now.

NOW!

[car starts]

OK.

[voices on tv]

Now he's yours, [inaudible].

He always was.

Alex, I...

I know, uh, we don't have  
any legal right to him.

I know.

I... I know that.

And if, you know, if you

need to be around him, I...

I understand that.

I... I know how hard it  
is to be away from him.

Maybe one day I can be like  
Auntie Nerine or something.

[Scoffs]

For right now, I  
just need to go away.

[Sighs]

I'm going to go to bed.

Nerine, you know, stay for  
as long as you want, OK?

You know that?

Stay, stay forever,  
if you want to.

Forever?

Nothing lasts forever.

**SAM:**

truth to all this  
is that, legally, we're  
only Sam's guardians.

In the eyes of the law, we're  
his protectors, his providers,  
his defenders, and his friends.

But the law will not allow  
us to be called his fathers.

Now, I want every  
man and woman to be  
able to feel the  
joy that I feel,  
so I've decided to end  
my career in television  
and join the G&L Alliance  
for the sole purpose  
of completely legalizing  
adoption for same-sex couples.

[applause]

[cheering]

[music playing]

How do you feel?

Proud.

My dad called.

Wants to meet up.

Scared, Alex?

Being scared, it... it  
doesn't mean you're weak.

I just want Sam to  
feel proud of me.

He will be.

We've witnessed the commitment  
of two people in love.

Two men, which is right.

But it doesn't only mean a  
union between Steven and Alex,  
it also signifies a family.

Steven, Alex, and

their son, Sam,

whom they will nurture and  
bring up to be the man they  
want him to be.

Ladies and gentlemen, I  
give you Steven and Alex.

[applause]

[whooping]

[honking]

[glass clinking]

Ladies and gentlemen,  
please charge your glasses  
and join me in a toast  
to the happy couple, the  
two grooms, Alex and Steven.

Alex and Steven!

[whooping]

[cheering]

[heavy breathing]

[moaning]

[music playing]