

FIRST DRAFT 12.11.2020

*A MOMENT, THEN GREGORY STARES DOWN. HE PULLS BACK THE SHEET.
HE IS HARD.*

GREGORY You are kidding me? You are actually totally
 completely kidding me?

DOOR OPENS. YVONNE THERE.

YVONNE Do you need a hand, my lovely? I'm right here.

*AND BEFORE GREGORY CAN ANSWER, YVONNE HAS REACHED THE BED AND
FELT UNDERNEATH IT.*

Wow. Good work. Hard as hell. No - harder! We got us
some mahogany!

YVONNE STARTS WANKING IT RIGOROUSLY. GREGORY IS ASTOUNDED.

GREGORY What the -

YVONNE You need a bigger hand?

GREGORY Do I need a *what*?

YVONNE Tell you what. Let's get some help in there. Some
professionals. Let's make this a big occasion.

GREGORY *Help?*

YVONNE IS ALREADY MARCHING OVER TO THE DOOR.

YVONNE I'll find Doctor Jeff. Cute ass. I know you've been
looking, you bad boy. And the new nurse. The one
with the buzz cut and arms for days. Keeps shifting
his balls from side to side like they're too big.

God, I love me some big hairy low hanging balls. I know I shouldn't be looking but like the song says, he's too darn hot!

YVONNE AT THE DOOR NOW. PULLS IT OPEN.

And the student nurses too? This is an important teaching moment for them. Dead Man Wanking! *Dead Man Wanking!*

YVONNE OUT.

GREGORY STARES AT THE DOOR. TRANSFIXED.

A MOMENT HELD THEN:

THE DOOR OPENS.

AND YVONNE IN.

GREGORY PROPERLY AWAKE NOW. HE STARES AHEAD. THE DREAM IS OVER.

YVONNE Hello. You're up.

GREGORY Am I?

YVONNE You didn't press the button?

GREGORY No.

YVONNE But now you're up. Awake.

GREGORY Am I?

YVONNE I thought you pressed the button, my lovely. My bad. I tell you, ever since I've been on shift, I've been imagining dumb things.

GREGORY You have?

YVONNE Imagining. I've checked my mobile at least five times because I thought it was my daughter or husband. I blame the heat...

GREGORY Heat.

YVONNE It's the hottest day of the year. That's what they're saying.

GREGORY Really?

YVONNE The hottest damn day.

YVONNE OVER TO MAKE GREGORY COMFORTABLE. HE TENSES.

YVONNE You alright? In any pain?

GREGORY No.

YVONNE Discomfort?

GREGORY No, I was...it was...

YVONNE You only have to say. I can get someone to check your meds. Would you like that?

YVONNE CHECKS HIS NOTES. AS SHE DOES SO, GREGORY CHECKS UNDER THE BLANKET.

 It's Doctor Jeff on duty. I mean, Doctor Ransome. That's what we call him. You like Doctor Jeff? Everyone likes him. Have you met Doctor Jeff?

GREGORY I believe so.

YVONNE Very popular all round.

GREGORY Is he the young one? Quite well built.

YVONNE That's him.

GREGORY A mild hint of roguishness...

YVONNE Now you come to mention it...

GREGORY Preppy but naughty...

YVONNE You know who he reminds me of? The actor in that film, the one that messed up all the Oscars.

GREGORY You mean La la Land?

YVONNE That's the one!

GREGORY The actor?

YVONNE The actor in that. What was his name? Ryan Reynolds?

GREGORY No - Gosling. That was Ryan Gosling

YVONNE There's more than one Ryan?

GREGORY Yes.

YVONNE I never knew that!

GREGORY Although Reynolds has the eyes, don't you think?
Those dreamy Deadpool eyes.

YVONNE They all look the same to me.

GREGORY I know what you mean.

Bradley Cooper, Matt Bomer, Zac Effron, Jake
Gyllenhall, Joshua Jackson, Nick Jonas, Michael B
Jordan, Ezra Miller, Chris Pine, and James Van de
Beek.

YVONNE That's some shopping list.

GREGORY Christmas list

YVONNE Bucket list.

GREGORY Can you imagine them, all lined up at the end of my
bed? Or draped around the room, one there, one
there, right now, on a chair, on a balcony, reading
a book or checking their Instagram or sipping a cup
of camomile tea or just standing silently...

YVONNE Nice.

GREGORY American idols. American Gods.

YVONNE You see all that?

GREGORY I do. A whole panorama of male gorgeousness spread
out before me. A feast for the eye.

YVOONE All of them?

GREGORY Why not? Then there would be the most extraordinary
orgy.

YVONNE Oh would there now?

GREGORY With me as Caligula, as Nero. Nero *and* Caligula.
Some appropriately sociopathic Roman Emperor with

bee sting lips, directing it all. Wouldn't that be delicious?

YVONNE You see it, I see it, my lovely.

GREGORY Oh, and Doctor Jeff right in the middle.

YVONNE Doctor Jeff?

GREGORY Sneak him in, why not? Strip him stark naked, grease him up with baby oil and throw him to these animals.

You see, I'm not that ill. Actually I am. Aren't I. But you know what? I'm imagining things too. Heat stroke or whatever. Dreaming all sorts of stuff. And you must admit Doctor Jeff has the most gloriously fuckable arse.

YVONNE Boy. You're really are awake now, aren't you?

GREGORY God, I'm... I'm really -

YVONNE Don't worry about it.

GREGORY But I'm the polite one. Really. Awfully *fatally* polite. When I'm out with my husband.

YVONNE It's nothing.

GREGORY When he says something uncomfortable, or I think is uncomfortable - usually to our straight friends - usually male, older, married - totally *envious* - and of course it's meant to shock -

YVONNE Don't -

GREGORY Totally deliberate -

YVONNE *Don't.*

GREGORY I'm the one kicking him under the table or pinching him or giving him the evils, little Miss Prim and Proper...

YVONNE Okay -

GREGORY *Sorry* - super sorry -

YVONNE Look. Don't apologise, my lovely. Not here. Come on. Isn't this the one place where you can say anything and whatever? Where nobody has to pretend anymore.

GREGORY Pretend?

YVONNE Just let it all hang out.

GREGORY I wish that was true.

YVONNE It is if you want it...

GREGORY Yes? If I want it. You're right. If I *want* it.

YVONNE Look I've probably said a bit too much. I always say too much. You say too much, Yvonne! Keep you damn big mouth shut. You always say too much!

PAUSE

I'll do my obs. Ignore me. I'll just do my obs and be out and leave you in peace.

GREGORY GATHERS HIMSELF, AS YVONNE MOVES AROUND HIM, TAKING HIS BLOOD PRESSURE, OTHER OBS.

THE NOISES FROM OUTSIDE THE WINDOW DRIFT IN. SHOUTS. BASS NOTES FROM A PASSING CAR. A LOVER'S ARGUMENT. A PHRASE OF MUSIC. JINGLE ECHOES FROM AN ICE CREAM VAN.

TIME SLOWS. DRAWN OUT IN THE HEAT. IT LINGERS. YVONNE IS TENDER AND CAREFUL

GREGORY LEANS IN TO YVONNE HER WITH PLEASURE

YVONNE Too much pressure?

GREGORY No, no I like it.

YVONNE Yes?

GREGORY I like it a lot.

YVONNE No pain?

GREGORY Quite the opposite. Your hands on me. Your touch. Each finger. It's lovely. Your beautiful warm dreamy hands.

YVONNE I'll be finished very soon.

GREGORY Shame

YVONNE You sweet talker -

GREGORY But I don't want you finished, Nurse Yvonne. Please don't finish. I'm truly honestly loving every moment.

YVONNE DRAWS AWAY.

Oh. What happened there?

YVONNE Nothing.

GREGORY Did I...

YVONNE My lovely -

GREGORY Again? Inappropriate?

YVONNE Not at all.

GREGORY Well something -

YVONNE It's just I'm all sweaty and sticky and hot and ... and...

GREGORY But I thought you said I could say anything.

YVONNE I did, didn't I.

GREGORY Just now.

YVONNE I absolutely did.

GREGORY So don't stop. Please don't stop. It's just I'm very tactile. Always have been. Loved being touched, love the feel of skin on skin. I love it.

YVONNE MOVES AWAY, COLLECTING HERSELF.

YVONNE The thing is, I do have other patients to attend to.

GREGORY I see.

YVONNE A whole round. A whole damn round. You're only the first.

GREGORY Lots of other patients...

YVONNE Yes

GREGORY You angel of Mercy.

YVONNE Who is hot and itchy and oh so bothered.

GREGORY Well try not to be too disappointed.

YVONNE Disappointed?

GREGORY Because none of them will be as demanding as me.
Make you feel like electricity. And none of them
will be inappropriate.

YVONNE You're not demanding, my lovely..

GREGORY No? But I only want to be mauled and groped and
thrown to the ruffians.

YVONNE Ha! You and me both.

GREGORY You see!

YVONNE The big old ruffian....

GREGORY Then you'll come back?

YVONNE Sure.

GREGORY No. That's not what I meant, Yvonne. I meant; you
will come back?

A MOMENT HELD BETWEEN THEM.

SOUNDS FROM OVER THE WALL.

 What time is it?

YVONNE It's six thirty, nearly.

GREGORY Is it? Six thirty? The Common must be like Brighton
Beach on a Bank holiday by now. Packed.

YVONNE It is.

GREGORY Just beyond that wall.

London at play. London at play on the longest day of
the year.

YVONNE The longest and hottest. *Nuclear*.

GREGORY Heavens, yes, I do declare.

YVONNE In fact I've never seen it so busy. Coming into work earlier, it was like everyone had been invited to the party ...

GREGORY Not everyone.

YVONNE Well no.

GREGORY Not me.

YVONNE And I can't go either. Bitchin, huh?

GREGORY Poor us. Just out of reach. How cruel is that? Just beyond the wall but it may as well be another planet, for you and me. Another world.

YVONNE I do hate missing a good party.

GREGORY So do I. Almost as much as I love leaving an even better one.

But when the night draws in, eventually, as it must, as it surely must, like a long lazy tide coming slowly up the beach, smoothing out the sand, stopping for no-one and nothing...

When the night and the moon draw in...

Let's have our own, shall we?

YVONNE SMILES TO HERSELF, GATHERS HER THINGS AND MOVES OVER TO THE DOOR.

YVONNE I'll let you into a secret. I shouldn't even be here today. I've been off sick these last six weeks. But they phoned this morning, said they were desperate, short staffed, whatever, could I come in? They were begging. They were practically on their knees.

GREGORY I thought you were new?

YVONNE Me? Ha! No, I'm old, my lovely. Believe me, I'm old and tired and scratchy and grumpy and well worn, you have no idea. And I should've been out there on the Common today - kids swerving on stolen mountain bikes - and loving that heat and watching couples make out and getting high off somebody else's weed and drinking Red Stripe or throwing some dumb ass frisbee.

SUDDEN DRUNKEN CHEERS ERUPT FROM OVER THE WALL.

GREGORY AND YVONNE TURN AND LOOK.

THEY WAIT FOR THE SOUND TO DIE DOWN.

Oh yes. I should be out there alright.

YVONNE TURNS AND GOES.

DRAFT # 5 - 28.1.2025

GREGORY STARES DOWN. HE PULLS BACK THE SHEET. HE IS HARD.

GREGORY You are kidding me? You are actually totally kidding
 me?

DOOR OPENS. YVONNE THERE.

YVONNE Do you need a hand, my lovely? I thought I heard the
 button.

*BEFORE GREGORY CAN ANSWER, YVONNE HAS REACHED THE BED AND
FELT UNDERNEATH IT.*

Wow. Good work. Tremendous. Hard as hell. No -
harder! We got us some wood, people! We got us some
mahogany!

*YVONNE STARTS WANKING IT RIGOROUSLY, BUSINESSLIKE. GREGORY IS
ASTOUNDED.*

GREGORY What the -

YVONNE Good boy!

GREGORY *Excuse me?!*

YVONNE Tell you what. Let's get some help in there. Rally the troops. Some professionals. Let's spread the happiness and make this a big occasion.

GREGORY *Help?*

BUT YVONNE IS ALREADY MARCHING OVER TO THE DOOR.

YVONNE I'll get Doctor Jeff. Cute ass. I know you've been looking, you bad boy. Who else? Oh, and the new nurse. The one with the buzz cut and arms for days. Keeps shifting his balls from side to side like they're too big for his pants. God, I love me some big hairy low hanging balls, don't you?

YVONNE AT THE DOOR NOW. PULLS IT OPEN.

And the student nurses too? All those sweet fresh young faces. This is an important teaching moment for them. Educational. Dead Man Wanking! *Dead Man Wanking!*

YVONNE OUT.

GREGORY STARES AT THE DOOR. TRANSFIXED. HE CAN HARDLY BREATHE

A MOMENT HELD THEN:

GREGORY Bloody... bloody fucking what the actual...

THE DOOR OPENS.

AND YVONNE IN. CALM AND PROFESSIONAL.

GREGORY PROPERLY AWAKE NOW. THE DREAM IS OVER.

YVONNE Oh hello. You're up.

GREGORY I am?

YVONNE So it wasn't your button.

GREGORY It wasn't?

YVONNE The lady next door. But we're all good now. And
you're awake. You're up

GREGORY Awake...

YVONNE I'm Yvonne. How are you? Take your time. How are you
feeling?

A blast of angry horns from the Common. Two cars, three..

GREGORY turns and looks out, suddenly distracted.

YVONNE Oh that doesn't sound friendly, does it? Here we
call it Road Rage Corner, right outside the gate. St
Joe's is always complaining about it. There's often
been fisticuffs or some such nonsense. Once it was
two women with nails like talons right in our
garden. Left the cars in the road whilst they dug
chunks out of each other. Hair extensions ended up
in the flowerbed. My age too, quite the show. But
did they care? Hell, no. By the time the police got
here they were weeping and wailing and the best of
friends.

Another blast from the horn.

Of course, everything gets worked up on the hottest
damn day of the year. We're all sitting on a
trigger.

A Car revs its engine and speeds off.

Maybe not. Maybe sanity prevails. Maybe....

GREGORY You sound - I don't know -

YVONNE Yes?

GREGORY A little... disappointed?

YVONNE Do I now?

(SMILES)

Perhaps I do. Sometimes it's just nice to enjoy the sheer damn stupidity of others and have no skin in the game.

Be entertained.

GREGORY I love me a bit of crazy too.

YVONNE Crazy? Yes. There's something about that, isn't there. The wildness. Not really caring at all. Just the wildness.

YVONNE OVER TO MAKE GREGORY COMFORTABLE. HE TENSES SLIGHTLY IN ANTICIPATION.

YVONNE How can I make your more comfortable?

GREGORY I'm not sure.

YVONNE Any pain anywhere?

GREGORY Yes. Everywhere.

YVONNE I can get someone to check your meds. Would you like that?

YVONNE CHECKS HIS NOTES. AS SHE DOES SO, GREGORY CHECKS UNDER THE BLANKET.

It's Doctor Jeff on duty. Sorry - Doctor Ransome. Everyone likes him. Have you met Doctor Ransome?

GREGORY I believe so.

YVONNE New, but he's popular. I like him. He looks you straight in the eye.

GREGORY Is he the young one?

YVONNE Ish.

GREGORY Quite well built. Broad shoulders.

YVONNE Well yes he has...

GREGORY A beautiful bedside manner.

YVONNE Comes natural.

GREGORY But a mild hint of roguishness...

YVONNE Now you come to mention it...

GREGORY Preppy but naughty...

YVONNE That's what one of the nurses said. How do you figure that out?

GREGORY Scuffed Timberlands. Polo shirt that doesn't quite hide the spectacularly bad tattoo on a surprisingly tight bicep.

YVONNE I saw that too!

GREGORY Probably a drunken mistake several years ago on a weekend away in Magaluf with his mates. I like a man who makes drunken mistakes.

YVONNE Can I tell you something? You know who he reminds me of? The actor in that film, the one that messed up all the Oscars.

GREGORY You mean La la Land?

YVONNE That's the one!

GREGORY The actor?

YVONNE The actor. What was his name? Something - Ryan. Ryan Reynolds?

GREGORY No - Gosling. That was Ryan Gosling

YVONNE You mean there's more than one Ryan?

GREGORY I know. Aren't we blessed...

YVONNE Oh it's Yvonne...

GREGORY Yvonne. Although Reynolds has the eyes, don't you think? Those dreamy swirling Deadpool eyes.

YVONNE I tell you, they all look the same to me.

GREGORY I know what you mean.

Bradley Cooper, Matt Bomer, Zac Effron, Jake Gyllenhall, Joshua Jackson, Nick Jonas, Michael B Jordan, Ezra Miller, Chris Pine, and James Van de Beek.

YVONNE Well that's some shopping list.

GREGORY Christmas list

YVONNE Bucket list.

GREGORY Can you imagine them, all here in this room right now. Lined up at the end of my bed? Or draped around the room, one there, one there, on a chair, on the balcony right now, reading a script or checking their Instagram followed by millions - Oh! Right there, can you see? Sipping a cup of camomile tea or just standing silently... watching...their eyes all concern and gorgeous confusion...

YVONNE You paint a picture.

GREGORY American idols. American heroes. American Gods.

YVONNE You see all that?

GREGORY I do, Yvonne. A whole panorama of male beauty spread out before me. A feast for the eye. And waiting for me to say the word.

YVONNE Oh yes?

GREGORY Ready - Steady - Go! Then there would be the most extraordinary orgy.

YVONNE Would there now...

GREGORY With me as Caligula, as Nero. No - Nero *and* Caligula. Some sociopathic Roman Emperor with bee sting lips and the quivering haunches of a new-born foal, directing it all. In charge. Wouldn't that be delicious?

YVONNE Would it?

GREGORY Oh, and how about Doctor Jeff right in the middle.

YVONNE Doctor Jeff?

GREGORY Sneak him in, why not? Strip him stark naked, grease him up with baby oil and throw him to these animals, bad tattoos, and all.

 You must admit, Doctor Jeff has the most gloriously fuckable arse.

YVONNE Boy. You really are awake now, aren't you?

Beat

GREGORY I'm sorry...

YVONNE Don't -

GREGORY That was all kinds of inappropriate.

YVONNE No. No apologies.

GREGORY But this is the thing. I'm the polite one, really. Awfully *fatally* polite. Whenever I'm out with my husband, and he gets provocative... I'm the one kicking him under the table, whispering *behave*..

YVONNE You think I'm shocked?

GREGORY No.

YVONNE I've heard everything, my lovely. Every thing! Doing this job, over the years. I've heard it all.

 So don't apologise. Not here. Isn't this the one place where we can - staff and patients - walk the truth together. We don't have to pretend anymore.

GREGORY Pretend?

YVONNE Hide from ourselves, I guess. Or hide from others. I won't be long.

YVONNE MOVES AROUND HIM, TAKING HIS BLOOD PRESSURE, OTHER OBS.

THE NOISES FROM OUTSIDE THE WINDOW DRIFT IN. SHOUTS. BASS NOTES FROM A PASSING CAR. A LOVER'S ARGUMENT. A PHRASE OF MUSIC. JINGLE ECHOES FROM AN ICE CREAM VAN.

TIME SLOWS. DRAWN OUT IN THE HEAT. IT LINGERS. YVONNE IS
TENDER AND CAREFUL. PROFESSIONAL SKILL TEMPERED WITH DEEP
INTUITION.

EVENTUALLY GREGORY LEANS IN TO YVONNE HER WITH PLEASURE

YVONNE Too much?

GREGORY No, no I like it.

YVONNE Yes?

GREGORY I like it a lot.

YVONNE No pain?

GREGORY The opposite. Your hands on me. Your touch. Each
finger. It's lovely. Like draping me with silk, the
coolness of silk and your beautiful warm dreamy
hands.

YVONNE You sweet talker -

GREGORY Oh don't stop. Please don't stop. This is the first
time I've been really - *properly* - touched for days.

YVONNE DRAWS AWAY, COLLECTING HERSELF.

YVONNE The thing is, well, I do have other patients to
attend to.

GREGORY Oh.

YVONNE A whole round.

GREGORY Of course.

YVONNE And you're only the first.

GREGORY Lots and lots of other patients...

YVONNE Yes

GREGORY You better fly then, angel of Mercy.

YVONNE You'll be alright?

GREGORY Let me not keep you from your duties. But try not to
be too disappointed.

YVONNE Disappointed?

GREGORY Because none of them will be as demanding as me.
Describe extravagant if improbable sexual fantasies.

YVONNE How do you know that?

GREGORY Because I do. I'm the only one here in this whole
place who wants to be mauled and groped and
manhandled and thrown to the ruffians.

YVONNE Maybe I appreciate the odd ruffian myself.

GREGORY Don't just say that. Don't just say that to humour
me.

YVONNE I'm not.

GREGORY Then you'll come back? I mean, after you've done
your round and been delightful, you *will* come back?

A MOMENT HELD BETWEEN THEM.

SOUNDS FROM OVER THE WALL.

 What time is it?

YVONNE Six thirty.

GREGORY Six thirty? The Common must be like Brighton Beach
on a Bank holiday by now.

YVONNE It is.

GREGORY Just beyond that wall. Just one leap and jump and
over that wall.

 London at play. London at play on the longest day of
the year.

YVONNE The longest and hottest. *Nuclear*.

GREGORY Heavens, yes, I do declare, Miss Scarlet.

YVONNE I've never seen it so busy. Coming into work
earlier, it was like everyone in the city had been
invited to the party ...

GREGORY Not everyone.

YVONNE Not us.

GREGORY Poor us. Just out of reach. How cruel is that?

YVONNE I do hate missing a good party.

GREGORY So do I. Almost as much as I love leaving an even better one.

YVONNE SMILES TO HERSELF, GATHERS HER THINGS AND OVER TO THE DOOR.

YVONNE I'll let you in on a secret.

GREGORY Please. I love trying to keep secrets.

YVONNE (SMILES) I shouldn't even be here today. I've been off sick these last six weeks. But they phoned this morning, said they were desperate, short staffed, whatever, could I come in? They were begging. They were practically on their knees.

GREGORY So you came in especially for me?

YVONNE Obviously. And I could be out there, my lovely, on the common. Right on that common right now with the rest of the world on Midsummer's Day - kids swerving on stolen mountain bikes and dogs chasing them - and loving that heat and watching couples make out and getting high off somebody else's weed drifting over and drinking Red Stripe and slices of iced melon - or throwing some dumb ass frisbee.

SUDDEN DRUNKEN CHEERS ERUPT FROM OVER THE WALL.

THEY WAIT FOR THE SOUND TO DIE DOWN.

Oh yes. I could be out there alright.

YVONNE TURNS AND GOES.

C. NICHOLAS McINERNEY

