"The Do" Selection #1

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ACT I

Selection #1

A big bowl of fruit sits on a large feast table. Fruit spills everywhere as JAMES (carrying the Stag’s Head) and GENE climb out, spilling an impossible amount of fruit all over the place.

GENE
Wh-where the bloody hell are we?

JAMES
I think what you meant to ask, is when the bloody hell are we?

GENE
Actually, it’s both.

As COLIN climbs out, fruit keeps bursting out of the bowl.

COLIN
Holy moly, there’s so much fruit in this bowl!

JARED climbs out and looks around.

JARED
Whoah, man. Am I baked or are we in fuckin’ Gladiator?

JAMES
Actually, it’s both.

GENE
James, what is going on!? Are we-?

JAMES
Ancient Rome, my pasty, English friend. (Italian Accent) Lasagne, lasagne!

The guys look around at what they can see, two huge pillars at DSR and DSL with scantily clad Roman-era STRIPPERS in revealing togas poledancing on them. A staircase up to a pair of double doors USC, and a raised platform, with two MUSCULAR GLADIATORS sit CSR, and a fat ROMAN SOCIALITE sitting CSL. GENE approaches the column DSL.

GENE
This is—this is authentic first century marble! Look at the thick curvature of the stonework!

(CONTINUED)
STRIPPER
Thick curvature? I knew I was too fat to be a stripper!

GENE
Um. I wasn’t— I wasn’t talking about your, um. I mean I was talking about your... column.

  Offended, the STRIPPER cries hysterically and runs OS.

JAMES
Nice work, Gene. You just offended that giant whore.

JARED
It’s not Gene’s fault he gets a boner for columns.

GENE
Shut up Jared! Why are you even here?

COLIN
You’re right though, Gene. That is one sexy column. Whoah, mama.

GENE
Right?!

JAMES
Guys! Stop talking about columns. We’ve literally just travelled through motherfucking goddamn time. This is the Roman Empire, famous for it’s debauchery and excess! The first stop on our Stag Do through time.

  JAMES walks towards DSC, and leans the Stag’s Head against the table they climbed out of.

GENE
OK. So. This dismembered Stag’s Head with wires coming out of its nose is some kind of time machine, and now we’re two thousand years in the past in-

JAMES
(interrupting)
Ancient Rome, 38AD — the Imperial Chambers of Emperor Caligula, famous throughout the Roman Empire for his lavish lifestyle, depraved sexual behaviour and-

GENE
Savage bloodlust.

  JAMES makes a "meh" noise, before the two MUSCULAR GLADIATORS start to move towards them.
CONTINUED:

JAMES
Look, guys - enough of this expository dialogue. We can argue all night but we’re starting to look really suspicious. Let’s just split up and, y’know. Have a good time. Carpe diem, motherfuckers.

The lads look at each other uncomfortably.

JAMES
Shoo!

COLIN walks DSR, JARED sits at the table CS, GENE wanders around looking at the architecture and JAMES starts flirting with the remaining STRIPPER. The two MUSCULAR GLADIATORS aproach COLIN, who is sitting in a chair. As they talk they get closer to Colin, making him more and more uncomfortable.

GLADIATOR 1
Hey. I’m Joey.

COLIN
Oh, h-h-hello.

GLADIATOR 2
I’m his twin brother Joey II.

COLIN
Oh, that’s very creative.

GLADIATOR 2
We’re gladiators.

COLIN
That’s great.

GLADIATOR 1
We just killed a tiger in the arena with our huge, bulging muscles.

GLADIATOR 2
And aababs.

COLIN
Oh, wow.

GLADIATOR 2
But we’re all covered in sweat and dirt, we’re going to head to the steamy baths and wash it off with soapy suds.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

COLIN
Oh, jeepers creepers.

GLADIATOR 1
Then we’re going to hit the nude saunas with the rest of the gladiators.

COLIN
Goodness.

GLADIATOR 1
Care to join us?

COLIN
I- my wife! I have a wife! I take steamy baths with my wife, we’re always doing the sex! Excuse me!

COLIN runs OS as JARED wanders up the stairs to the raised platform, where the FAT SOCIALITE, lying on a lounging chair, notices him.

FAT SOCIALITE
Hey, you boy!

JARED
Me?

FAT SOCIALITE
Yes, you! Aren’t you a saucy little thing? Big girls love a skinny little man.

JARED
Um.

FAT SOCIALITE
Come closer - I want to look at you.

JARED takes a step, but barely.

FAT SOCIALITE
Closer, darling.

JARED takes another step.

FAT SOCIALITE
(stage whisper)
Clooosserrrrr.

JARED takes one more step.

FAT SOCIALITE
Hmm, yes, very nice. Feed me some grapes.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JARED
   Oh, I’d rather not-

FAT SOCIALITE
   Grapes, boy, grapes!

JARED
   Uh, OK.

   Awkwardly, and with everyone watching him, JARED picks up some grapes. Very slowly, and in complete silence JARED takes the grapes and throws one, bouncing off the FAT SOCIALITE’s belly.

FAT SOCIALITE
   You’ll have to get a teensy bit closer darling.

   JARED takes another step. He throws another grape, as it bounces off her again. She beckons seductively with her finger. Everybody in the room knows what is about to happen as JARED takes his last fateful step before the FAT SOCIALITE grabs him aggressively and collapses on top of him, shrieking in delight as everybody else in the room falls about laughing.

FAT SOCIALITE
   Oh! Oh ravish me! Ravish me you stallion!

JARED
   Oh my god, somebody save me!

   They roll about and giggle as we move focus to JAMES and GENE, who are having a chat at the table.

GENE
   Gene, where the hell did you get a dismembered time-travelling stag’s head?

JAMES
   Listen Gene, I don’t have time to answer all of your questions about essential plot points, OK? You’re getting married in the morning and it’s my sworn duty... to stop you.

GENE
   ...What? Don’t you like Bonnie?

JAMES
   Of course I like Bonnie. She’s great. Her boobs are great. She’s great. I just don’t trust her, or them in general.

(CONTINUED)
GENE
Them being?

JAMES
Women! Men have been at war with women ever since forever. They jiggle around their lady parts to lure you in and before you can say "clinical depression" you’ve got eight snotty-nosed kids stuffed into the back of a minivan. Then you can never take a day off ever because if you do your wife will divorce you and leave you on the side of the road and drive off with all your money to live on the other side of the world, leaving you destitute with no home, no money and unable to get erections without verbal abuse and a special pump you ordered off the internet.

GENE
Jesus Christ, dude.

JAMES
I know. That’s the start of my best man speech, waddayathink?

GENE
...James, you’re my Best Man. I know you don’t like marriage, and you may not trust my decisions, but it’s your job to shut up and support me.

JAMES

GENE
James.

JAMES
Naive.

GENE
James!

JAMES
The best man’s job isn’t to support the groom. My job is to convince you that you’re making the wrong decision. My job is to show you that life is too good to waste it with people you love. Except me. The best best men in history stopped their grooms from making the biggest mistake of their life.

GENE
That’s ridiculous.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JAMES
Is it?

JAMES
    (sung)
    Little John to your Robin Hood,  
    Lancelot to the King,  
    The best best men in history,  
    Made sure of just one thing.

The night before the main event,  
Is when my job begins,  
To get the groom drunk off his ass,  
AND STOP HIM FROM MAKING A HUGE MISTAKE!

50% of marriages, they all end in divorce,  
I’ll be picking up the pieces once the whole thing’s run its course,  
Sure she’s pretty now but just hang on a couple years,  
She’ll have wrinkly bits and saggy tits, I’m just saving you the tears...

I’ll be the best, best man,  
That the world has ever seen!  
I’ll be the best, best man,  
That any man has ever been!

You better forget about all the other best men,  
’Cause you better be willing to bet I’m better than them,  
I’ll never be bested by a better best man than me,  
I’ll be The Best Best Man In History!

I’m the Spock to your Captain Kirk,  
The Watson to your Holmes,  
And this is highly illogical.  
You’re still paying your student loans!  
So take the best best tip,  
From the best Best Man you know,  
Gene...
THIS IS A TERRIBLE FUCKING IDEA!

She’ll leave you paying child support until you’re dead,  
So cut these dumb romantic notions out your big fat stupid head!  
Sure you like her now but just hang on a year or two,  
She’ll stop shaving her "you-know-what", and her lady moustache too...

I’ll be the best, best man,  
That the world has ever seen!  
I’ll be the best, best man,  
(MORE)
JAMES (cont’d)
That any man has ever been!
You better forget about all the other best men,
’Cause you better be willing to bet I’m better than them,
I’ll never be bested by a better best man than me,
I’ll be The Best Best Man In History!

Have you ever heard of brunch?
It’s a cross between breakfast and lunch!
It’s the DEVIL’s MEAL—!
“OK, maybe I’m overdoing it a bit there.”

I’ll be the best, best man,
That the world has ever seen!
I’ll be the best, best man,
That any man has ever been!

You better forget about all the other best men,
’Cause you better be willing to bet I’m better than them,
I’ll never be bested by a better best man than me,
I’ll be The Best Best Man...
In Histo-ry!

With the last beat of the song, the double doors burst open, revealing the Emperor CALIGULA.

CALIGULA enters, an aggressively camp man in an Emperor’s gown. He stands at the top of the steps, and speaks in a flamboyant, high pitched American accent.

CALIGULA
What’s the ruckus, Muthafuckus?

Enter MUTHAFUCKUS, CALIGULA’s servant. He’s dressed in strange bondage gear.

MUTHAFUCKUS
Nothing, Emperor Caligula—

CALIGULA
Quiet, Muthafuckus.

CALIGULA walks down the stairs, passing the raised platform.

FAT SOCIALITE
Caligula baby, pass your wife some grapes.

(CONTINUED)
CALIGULA
You don’t need any more grapes you fat bitch! Lose some damn weight!

FAT SOCIALITE cries and starts eating food off the floor.

CALIGULA
Where is my wine midget?

A LITTLE PERSON with a silver tray and a goblet of wine on his head runs onto the stage.

LITTLE PERSON
Right here, sir.

CALIGULA grabs the goblet of wine, and then bends down and shoves the LITTLE PERSON over.

CALIGULA
What wonderful times we live in, baby. Wonderful times.

CALIGULA starts to pace around in the centre of the stage.

CALIGULA
There are funny looking strangers in my Imperial Chambers, Muthafuckus.

MUTHAFUCKUS
Yes, Emperor.

CALIGULA
Why?

MUTHAFUCKUS
I - I don’t know.

CALIGULA
Well get these gentlemen something to drink! This is the height of the Roman Empire, baby! Let’s do as the gods intended and get drunk while we laugh at the poor! Where are my sexy, shirtless gladiators?

GLADIATOR 1 and GLADIATOR 2 enter, wearing nothing but towels.

GLADIATORS
Here, Emperor Caligula!

CALIGULA approaches them, rubbing his hand along their exposed abs.

(CONTINUED)
CALIGULA
Oh, baby. Check out that exposed brickwork, am I right?

COLIN
Oh, hokey, dokey!

CALIGULA
You there! Brown boy! Get your tight little bottom over here!

COLIN walks over to CALIGULA.

CALIGULA
Well. Enchante.

He holds out his hand for COLIN to kiss, COLIN grabs it and shakes it.

CALIGULA
I’d like to see you and the twins in my chambers this evening, would that be amenable to you?

COLIN
(mumbling)
My wife... marriage... very happy...

CALIGULA
Very nice. Muthafuckus!

MUTHAFUCKUS
Yes, Emperor Caligula!

CALIGULA
Where is Senator Saddlepants?

MUTHAFUCKUS
Bring out Senator Saddlepants!

The GLADIATORS bring out SENATOR SADDLEPANTS - clearly two men in a horse costume with a Pope’s hat on. Nobody seems to notice that it’s a costume.

CALIGULA
Senator! Aren’t you a good boy? Everyone! Say hello to Senator Saddlepants!

There is an awkward pause.

CALIGULA
Say. Hello.

(CONTINUED)
EVERYONE
Hello Senator Saddlepants.