

DREAM FACTORY :

EXT. BANJO'S BALCONY -- NIGHT

(ALL, BANJO, BONES)

Banjo sits down to a romantic meal of chops and mash by candlelight with Bones. They clink glasses and he skulls. Bones hoes into his food hungrily.

BANJO

What a lovely surprise.

Banjo puts out his smouldering joint.

BONES

The chops are a little overdone, but I can live with that.

BANJO

No, no, they're perfect.

BONES

You're only saying that.

BANJO

No I'm not beautiful man.

He pours himself another drink.

BONES

Remember our wild, glorious gorilla days of passion?

Banjo smiles fondly.

BONES

You never make any time anymore.

Banjo reaches over to take his hand.

BANJO

One of us has to work.

BONES

Now your too zonked to bonk. It's sex by appointment. 'You and me in the bedroom at midnight.' I'm used as stress relief.

BANJO

I praise you all the time? (beat) Well in the past.

BONES

Dont you understand I need more encouragement, coaxing, indulged more.

BONES & BANJO (together)

It's a man thing.

BONES

Re-assure myself. Now that –

BANJO

-your uncut stallion stamina has started to wane.

BONES

No way. Besides, she wouldn't have me.

Banjo glares.

BONES

Just kidding.

BONES

But maybe if I had sex more regularly, I might feel more-

BANJO

Inspired?

BONES

Yeah.

BANJO

To ...get a job?

BONES

Give me a break. As what? A waiter! Bartender?

BANJO

How about the thrilling world of telephone sales.

(beat)

Why not join me and -

BONES

Spruke!

BANJO

No host.

BONES

I'm a star, damn it. Who sadly has become invisible.

BANJO

Even your mother's stopped ringing.

He straightens out the mangled joint and searches for a lighter.

BANJO

You don't even try to find work anymore.

BONES

What're you talking about. I've had
my hair plugged, my teeth whitened,
my wrinkles botoxed and endless,
teedious hours in the gym. I've
fake tanned my entire body and even posed
naked in every goddamn men's magazine in the country?

Banjo rips the unlit toke and mangles it viciously into the astray to Bones horror. Bones
licks the remnants of his plate.

BANJO

We're seriously dysfunctional.

BONES

We're over 21. We're allowed to be.

BANJO

Maybe it's time we started paying attention
to what we eat and drink or -

BONES

Or what? End up an emasculated, toothless, wanker with a tragic
gut and -

BANJO

(cuts in)

Brain damage (beat) Come to think of it not unlike your father?

BONES

My father! What about your Mother?

Bones sneakily removes her last chop. She takes it back.

BANJO

What do you think you're doing?

BONES

I thought you'd finished.

BANJO

Well I haven't. I actually breathe between mouthfuls.
And I'm hungry.

