



Episode 25

Narrative

TV PRESENTER

It's Friday, it's 7 o'clock!
Yes, it's time for an evening with Marty Ross!!
AND HERE'S MARTY!

MARTY ROSS

Hi darling, Marty Ross here. Let's spend this evening together.
[Sound of rewind on TV] Hi darling, Marty Ross here. Let's spend this evening together.
[Sound of rewind on TV] Hi darling, Marty Ross here. Let's spend this afternoon together.

BRIDGET

[Gasping noise] Marty! Hi! I was just writing notes for your show.

MARTY ROSS

You like what you see, eh?

BRIDGET

[Laughs]
Marty, you're so funny!

MARTY ROSS

[Clears throat]
Is Lady Macbeth in?

BRIDGET

Who?

MARTY ROSS

The dragon - Eunice.

BRIDGET

Oh. Oh no. Marty, you're so funny!

MARTY ROSS

Has Eunice got any tickets for Damian Pollasco's latest exhibition yet?

BRIDGET

Who?

MARTY ROSS

Damian Pollasco.
The most important artist this century.
He's so raw, so angry.

BRIDGET

Of *course* he is. Silly me. I forgot.
Good old Damian.

MARTY ROSS

Anyone who is anyone will be there tomorrow night.
[Clears throat] So of course *I* must be there.

BRIDGET

Oh yes.

MARTY ROSS

So tell the dragon if there *are* no tickets, I will *not* present Saturday's show.

BRIDGET

But you *must*, Marty! You're the *star*!

MARTY ROSS

But if there *are* tickets, then I will take her out to dinner. In fact, I'll take *anyone* out to dinner who gets me those tickets. Anyway, *must* go. I've got fans to ignore! Well? Carry on.

BRIDGET

Oh!

MARTY ROSS [On TV]

Hi, darling. Marty Ross here. Let's spend this evening together.

MARTY ROSS

What a professional!

BRIDGET

So if I get tickets for Damian Pollasco, I get dinner with Marty Ross!

Who do I know, who do I know? I know! *Dave!* He's *crazy* about me! **[Sound of telephone number being dialed]**

Hi, Dave? It's Bridget. I've got a little favour to ask you.

HECTOR

Is anybody home? Annie, is that you? Is that Ziggy?

I think you should let her out.

ANNIE

Oh no, it's OK. We're seeing what it's like to be a battery chicken.

HECTOR

A chicken that runs on batteries?

ANNIE

No! A chicken that is kept in a small box to lay her eggs. Poor thing.

HECTOR

But isn't Ziggy a bit...

ANNIE

Oh no. It makes it more real, doesn't it, Ziggy. Tomorrow there is a big Farm Animal Freedom Protest in Trafalgar Square and we will be demonstrating.

NICK

Demonstrating what?

ANNIE

What it's like to be a farm animal.

NICK

Oh! Sounds exciting!

ANNIE

Boggy and Moss are coming from Manchester.

ZIGGY

Yay!

HECTOR
Boggy and Moss?

ANNIE
Boggy and Moss are *very, very* serious eco-warriors.

HECTOR
Eco-warriors?

ANNIE
They fight for the environment. And you two will help us prepare.

NICK
Ah-ah-ah-ah! Agh!!

ANNIE
Won't you, boys!

BRIDGET
[Laughing]
Bye!
Good old Dave. I knew he'd help me. He just can't resist me. Now, Marty.

Sound of mobile phone

MARTY ROSS
Hi.

BRIDGET
Oh, hi, Marty. It's Gigi.

MARTY ROSS
Gee-Gee? Bridget who?

BRIDGET
Bridget!
Eunice's researcher.

MARTY ROSS
Have we met?

BRIDGET
Well, only about a hundred times!
Listen, I've got *two* preview tickets for Damian Pollasco.

MARTY ROSS
Oh, *that* Bridget. How could I forget *you*?
How about meeting for drinks at your place first?

BRIDGET
I'd, er, *love* to, but it's just a simple loft-style apartment.

MARTY ROSS
Well, I'm sure it's very arty. I can tell a lot about a woman from her art.
They call me Arty Marty, you know, and if I like your art, Bridget, maybe dinner afterwards?

BRIDGET
Oh, Marty! What a surprise! I'd *love* to!

MARTY ROSS
See you tomorrow, baby!

BRIDGET
[Giggling]
Bye!

MARTY ROSS
Ciao!

BRIDGET
Dinner with Marty, dinner with Marty, dinner with Marty, dinner with Marty! What shall I wear? My flat - arty? *[Flashback sequence]* - Annie, look at this flat.

ANNIE
Sorry, Bridget.

BRIDGET
Right, I've got twenty four hours.

ANNIE *[Composing email]*
It is the Farm Animal Freedom Protest tomorrow and Ziggy and I want to demonstrate what it is like to be a poor farm animal.

HECTOR
I think you should let her out.

ANNIE
Oh no, it's OK.

ANNIE *[Composing email]*
Boggy and Moss the eco-warriors are coming from Manchester!

ANNIE
Boggie and Moss are *very*, very serious eco-warriors.

ANNIE *[Composing email]*
Oh, it's so exciting!

ANNIE
And you two will help us prepare.

BRIDGET *[Composing email]*
Guess what? Marty Ross and I are going to the preview of Damian Pollasco's exhibition!

BRIDGET
I've got *two* preview tickets for Damian Pollasco.

BRIDGET *[Composing email]*
He's coming to our apartment for drinks first.
Marty says he can tell a lot about a woman from her art!

MARTY ROSS
They call me Arty Marty, you know.

BRIDGET
And what is going on this time?

ANNIE
Oh, hi, Bridget. I'm feeding Hector cornflakes.

BRIDGET
Oh really? And why?

ANNIE
He's a turkey.

BRIDGET

Ah yes, of course he is.

ANNIE

Turkeys are made to eat lots for Christmas.

BRIDGET

Well, we *all* eat lots at Christmas.

ANNIE

No, it's cruel. It's to make them fat for humans to eat.

BRIDGET

Let me guess - he is a baby cow?

ANNIE

Nearly. *He* is a veal calf. Poor thing.

We're preparing for our Farm Animal Freedom Protest.

BRIDGET

Oh no you're not.

You're preparing this flat because Marty Ross is coming for drinks.

NICK

Not Marty Ross? "Hey, darling, let's spend the evening together."

BRIDGET

Shut up, Nick. Go back to your bottle.

ANNIE

So this preparation, what is it?

BRIDGET

I want this flat to look like the coolest art gallery in London -- the Tate Modern.

HECTOR

The Tate Modern?

NICK

No furniture.

BRIDGET

I want 21st century. I want art!

ANNIE

So how are you going to do this?

BRIDGET

I'm not going to do it - *you* are!

NICK

Oh.

BRIDGET

I must get my beauty sleep. See you in the morning. Have fun!

NICK

[Sound of burping]

Well, *I'm* not doing it.

ANNIE

Oh, come on, Nick. It won't take long.

NICK
Uh-uh.

ANNIE
I'll give Ziggy the keys to your flat.

NICK
[Sound of nervous laughter]
OK, let's get on with it!

Sound of snoring

BRIDGET
There! That's better! Marty will *love* it!

ANNIE
The things I do for Bridget's love life.

NICK
What about Bridget's love life?

BRIDGET
Right, I'll be back with Marty at 6 o'clock, so Annie, I want nibbles...

HECTOR
Nibbles?

BRIDGET
...nuts, crisps.
Hector, you prepare the drinks and Nick... try to be more interesting and *don't* let me down.

NICK
"I want 21st century! I want *art!*"
Yeah! I'll show her interesting!

Sound of door slamming

HECTOR
Poofff! I'm taking the day off work today.

ANNIE
Oh no, you're not. We've got lots to do before tonight.

HECTOR
Bridget's nibbles?

ANNIE
No! The Farm Animal Freedom Protest.

HECTOR
Oh.

ANNIE
Boggy and Moss are coming *here* and I want you to look after them, Hector, OK? Come on, Ziggy.

NICK
Interesting? I'll show you interesting, Bridget Evans. Hmm! Ah! Interesting, interesting! Nah, too Picasso. Whooff! No, too sporty and stupid.
Yes! *This* is the one! Nah. *[Imitates sound of cock crowing]*
Don't be ridiculous. Nearly, not quite.
Bingo!

NICK [Composing email]

What a day! What a night!

First I had to pretend I was a veal calf for Annie's protest photos.

ANNIE

Poor thing. We're preparing for our Farm Animal Freedom Protest.

NICK [Composing email]

Ziggy fed me lots of milk.

Then, Bridget made us change the flat so it looked 'arty.'

BRIDGET

I want 21st century! I want *art!*

NICK [Composing email]

It's all for stupid Marty Ross.

NICK

"Hey darling, let's spend the evening together."

BRIDGET

Shut up, Nick. Go back to your bottle.

Sound of knocking on door

HECTOR

Oh, 'Oggy, Moss, mmm. Excuse me, I am not..., Come in, come in. Please sit down.

So, you are Annie's friends, huh? I am Annie's boyfriend. Would you like a drink? You would? You wouldn't. Tea? Coffee? Sugar? Oh! Aha! **[Sound of mobile phone ringing]** It is my phone! I know you know it is a phone, but it *is* ringing, so I must... excuse me.

Annie, I'm so happy you rang.

ANNIE

Hector, I'm in the ladies toilets in Trafalgar Square. Have Boggy and Moss arrived yet?

HECTOR

Yes. Annie, they are a bit...

ANNIE

Aren't they sweet?

HECTOR

Yes, very sweet. It is just that they...

... All right, chaps? Won't be a minute.

It is just that they are a bit scary.

ANNIE

Oh, Hector, don't be so silly.

HECTOR

Oh.

ANNIE

Tell them to come to Trafalgar Square *now*.

HECTOR

Great.

Oh! You found something to eat. Good. Ah, you like that? Good, good, good. Annie says you can go to Trafalgar Square. Now.

[Sound of mobile phone ringing]

Oh! It is the phone again! Phones ring, don't they. They..., excuse me. Hello?

BRIDGET

Hello, Hector. Did you get the nibbles?

HECTOR

Oh, the nibbles, the nibbles. Yes, of course Bridget.

BRIDGET

Well done, Hector. I knew I could rely on you.

HECTOR

That was Bridget, Annie's friend.

NICK

Now am I interesting? bad? Whoa! Hey! This *is* interesting!

HECTOR

Nick, what shall I do?

It was Boggy and Moss.

NICK

Oh, look, don't worry. We can tidy this up. Look! See? Look.

HECTOR

Yeah, that looks much better.

NICK

Still, at least I brought the drinks.

HECTOR

And I have the nibbles.

NICK

What?

HECTOR

The nibbles.

NICK

Very good.

HECTOR

Oh no! Boggy and Moss ate them!

NICK

Ahh! Look at this! Eh? Mmm! Tastes good. Mmm!

HECTOR

Mmm!

NICK

See? Bridget won't even *notice* the mess.

BRIDGET & MARTY

[Laughing]

BRIDGET

Oh, Marty, you're so funny! Anyway, here is my humble home.

NICK

Mr Ross, I'm a huge fan.

BRIDGET

What is *that*?

ANNIE

It's a pig pen. We stole it from a farm lorry!

BRIDGET

What a shame, no pig.

ANNIE

Oh, Boggy and Moss are bringing her later.

BRIDGET

This place...

MARTY ROSS

This place is very...

BRIDGET

I'm so angry!

MARTY ROSS

Angry! I *love* it!

BRIDGET

Yes. Yes, it's my angry art phase. All my own ideas, you know.

NICK

Cocktail?

HECTOR

Nibble?

MARTY ROSS

And this is fantastic. Original?

BRIDGET

Oh, very original.

MARTY ROSS

Very Damian Pollasco. Ooh, I love art.

They call me Arty Marty, you know.

BRIDGET

Oh!

MARTY ROSS

Is it... for sale?

NICK

The man's an idiot. He wants to buy a wall.

Much too expensive.

HECTOR

Much too precious.

MARTY ROSS

Name your price.

MARTY ROSS

Can you deliver them to me tomorrow?

NICK

Sure. No problem.

BRIDGET

Nick, what's this cocktail called?

NICK

Ah, it's an Arty Marty. It's rich, sickly and very thick.

Sound of laughter

BRIDGET

Oh, Nick, your date is here.

NICK

Of course she is.

Sound of pig snorting/laughter

COMMENTARY [v.o.]

Next time in EXTRA, Nick goes to the dentist, Annie can't speak and why does an inspector call? EXTRA, don't miss it!