

EPISODE 1. HECTOR'S ARRIVAL

NARRATOR: This is the story of Bridget and Annie, who share a flat in London. They have a neighbour, Nick. Nick fancies Bridget. But Annie fancies Nick. That's the way it is until Bridget gets a letter from Argentina. Stand by for Extra.



BRIDGET: (Checking and reading her mail): Gigi, did you get my message? Please call me . Love John. PS: Did you get the flowers? Is he stupid? (she writes him back) I told you last night. It's finished Sorry. B. And don't call me Gigi. (Bridget stands up and starts pedalling her stationary bicycle. The phone rings) . Yes, John? Yes, I got the cards and the flowers and the chocolates. Yes. And I got the cushion as well. But it's finished. Sorry.

JOHN: But please don't leave me.

BRIDGET: Don't cry.

JOHN: I love you so much.

BRIDGET: Goodbye. Oh, and happy birthday. (Sighs) Ah, men!

(Annie opens the door. She's got the post. Her dog, Charley is with her)

ANNIE: Come on, Charley. Come on. Post, Bridget. Charley and I have the post, haven't we, Charley?

BRIDGET: Give me the post, Charley. Give me the post, Charley.

ANNIE: Drop it, Charley.Oh, good boy! (Annie starts checking the post) Telephone bill, gas bill, electricity bill. What's this? A parcel for you, Bridget.

BRIDGET: Good. What is it? Oh, it's from Mother.

ANNIE: (reading the attached post-it note) .- 'Bridget darling, this arrived for you and I made you this. 'Love, Mummy.' (she takes the object out and it turns out to be a woollen cap) Oh, very you, Bridget.

BRIDGET: Mother! (Now it's Bridget that check the post just arrived) Ooh, this is from Argentina.

ANNIE: Argentina? Who from? What does it say?

BRIDGET: Erm, it says, 'Hello, do you remember me?' No. 'Seven years ago we was penpals. 'We was...' We were penpals. Oh, yeah, now I remember. It's Hector.

ANNIE: Who's Hector?

BRIDGET: He was my penpal seven years ago.

ANNIE: Oh.

BRIDGET (she keeps reading) 'I speak English good now...' I speak English good. I speak English well now... '..and I am coming to England.'

ANNIE: Ooh, Latin Americans!

BRIDGET: 'I would like to sleep with you.' 'Do you have a bed for me?' Oh, he wants to stay here.

(after the initial shock they feel a bit more relieved)

ANNIE: But, erm, what about the rules? (They take a quick look at a cardboard on the wall which says: No pets, no laundry on the radiators, no parties, no visitors after 10pm) Ooh, a Latin American here. Ooh, like Ricky Martin! Tall, handsome...

BRIDGET: Rich.

ANNIE: So, erm, when is he coming?

BRIDGET: Oh, erm, let me see. It says...November 5th.

ANNIE: Oh, November 5th. But that's...

BRIDGET: Today! (Someone knocks on the door. They shout thinking it's Hector at the door. They start tidying up the messy living room. Finally, Bridget opens the door, but it's not Hector. It's their neighbour Nick) .- Oh, it's you, Nick.

NICK: Hi, babes!

ANNIE: Hello, Nick. How are you?

NICK: Great. (Bridget gets back to her stationary bicycle and starts pedalling again) Nice muscles. Here's your milk.

BRIDGET: Our milk? You mean our milk you borrowed three weeks ago.

ANNIE: Oh, thanks, Nick.

NICK: I forget nothing! (He settles down in the couch and stares at Bridget's bottom while she's on the bike, Nick is so absorbed in Bridget's bum that he hears nothing)

ANNIE: Would you like a drink, Nick? Would you like a drink, Nick? (she takes her mobile phone and calls Nick)

NICK (on the phone): Uh- huh? –

ANNIE: I said, 'Would you like a drink, Nick?'

NICK: Oh! Sorry. No, thanks.

ANNIE: Oh, erm, Bridget's friend is coming.

NICK: Oh, yeah?

ANNIE: Uh- huh. From Argentina.

NICK: Wow! From Argentina! (daydreaming of Argentinian beautiful women) What's she like?

ANNIE: She is a he.

NICK: Huh?

ANNIE: Not a girl, a boy.

NICK: Tough guy, eh? Why don't I show you how to do it properly? (he gets on Bridget's bicycle)

BRIDGET: Nick, I've told you before, nobody uses my bike. Nobody. Is that clear?

NICK: Well, why not? - Why not?

BRIDGET: If you touch my bike again, you are out. O- U- T, out. Clear? (She takes Nick by his ear and sends him out of the flat. Somebody knocks on the door and Bridget gets ready to punch him) I said... (Bridget and Annie open the door, and to their surprise it's Hector at the door) .

HECTOR: Hello.

ANNIE: Hello. (in shock)

HECTOR: I am called Argentina. I am from Hector.

ANNIE: You mean, 'I am called Hector.'

HECTOR: You are called Hector?

ANNIE: Oh, no, no, no. I am called Annie.

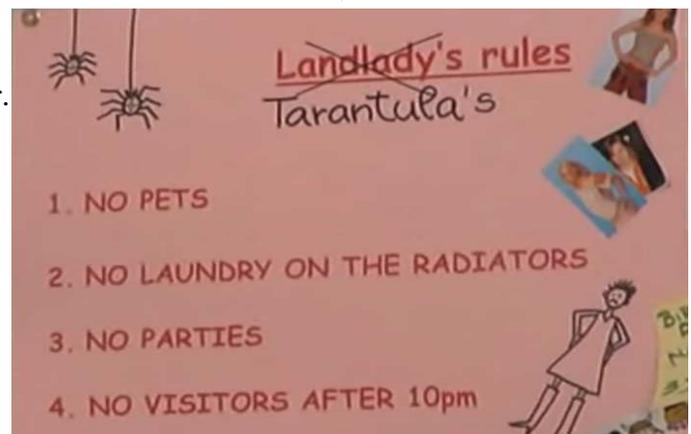
HECTOR: I am called Annie.

BRIDGET: No. She means, 'I am called Hector.

I am from Argentina.'

HECTOR: You are from Argentina?

BRIDGET: Come in.



ANNIE (text message to Nadia, a friends of hers) Hi Nadia, Bridget's penpal arrived this morning. He's strange, Oh, and Nick from next door is so funny! He brought our milk back from three weeks ago

BRIDGET (text message to Chrissy).- Chrissy!. Nick is so stupid. He touched my bike! Men! Also Hector is here from Argentina.. His English is not very good.

(Now Hector and the two girls are sitting in the couch. Hector is showing them some pictures)

HECTOR: My cars. (Bridget seems upset and bored)

BRIDGET: You play with cars?

HECTOR: Yes. You play...no. I play with cars.

BRIDGET (to Annie) He plays with cars.

HECTOR: I read. I love the library.

BRIDGET: Fascinating.

ANNIE: We go to the library too, don't we, Bridget?

BRIDGET: Yes, it's great.

HECTOR: Good. I live here.

BRIDGET: You live in a museum, full of old things?

HECTOR: Old things? Yes, I have lots of old things. I live in a museum. OK, I live in a museum.

ANNIE: Well, thank you, Hector. And now we'll show you the flat.

BRIDGET: This is the bedroom.

HECTOR: Thank you. (he starts jumping on the bed) Who- hey! Where do you sleep?

BRIDGET: Er, no, you don't understand. We only have one bedroom.

HECTOR: One? I have 20.
 ANNIE: 20?
 BRIDGET: Yes, he lives in a museum, with 20 bedrooms.
 ANNIE: Oh! Very funny, 20 bedrooms.
 BRIDGET: Well, you can sleep here. (meaning the couch in the living room)
 HECTOR: Oh, thank you. (he sits in the couch)
 ANNIE: - Oh, no, no, no, Hector. It's a bed.
 HECTOR: A bed? Oh, wow...
 BRIDGET: Here's a cushion.
 HECTOR: Oh, thank you.
 ANNIE: Oh, this of course is the TV.
 BRIDGET: But just relax. I must go to the bathroom., Psst! Annie! Bathroom! Now!
 (in the bathroom, talking to Annie in terror and low) Oh, my goodness. What are we going to do?
 He plays with toy cars.
 ANNIE: He is not a sexy Argentinian, But he is sweet.
 BRIDGET: And he is polite.
 ANNIE-BRIDGET: But those clothes!
 ANNIE: He is so old- fashioned.
 BRIDGET: He must go.
 (Hector is practising his English with a book and repeating)
 HECTOR: Room service. (suddenly, Nick gets into the house and therefore the misunderstanding)
 NICK: Hello. Who are you?
 HECTOR: Oh. You are quick. Good.
 NICK: Eh?
 HECTOR: - My luggage is downstairs.
 NICK: What?
 HECTOR: - Bring it up, please.
 NICK: What are you doing?
 HECTOR: I pulled, you come. You are the butler.
 NICK: The butler? I am Nick. I live next door.
 HECTOR: I am Hector.
 NICK: Oh, Hector, from Argentina.
 HECTOR: Yes, from Argentina.
 NICK: Where are the girls?
 HECTOR: - The girls?
 NICK: Yeah, Bridget and Annie.
 HECTOR: Oh, they live here.
 NICK: Yeah, I know. Where's Bridget? Does she know you are here?
 HECTOR: Bridget, she gave me this.
 ANNIE (at this moment she goes out of the bathroom, along with Bridget) Hello, Nick. Oh, this is Hector from Argentina.
 NICK: Yeah, I know.
 BRIDGET: - Isn't he wonderful?
 NICK: Wonderful.
 BRIDGET: - Are you hungry?
 HECTOR: Uh?
 BRIDGET: We'll buy your lunch. What would you like to eat? - Fish and chips?
 HECTOR: Oh, fish and ships!
 ANIIE: Erm, Nick, Hector, make friends?
 BRIDGET: Nick, teach Hector some English.
 NICK: Yeah, OK. I'll teach Hector some English.



 Nick (text message to Dan) You Dan, how is it going? The chicks in the apartment opposite have a visitor. Hector from Argentina. He can't speak English. Man, he thought I was the butler! And even

worse, I think he fancies Bridget. The girls have gone out, so I will teach him to speak English! I'll teach Hector some English. See what I mean? Stay cool, N. PS: Big decision. Today I joined an acting agency. Brad Pitt is history!

(Nick is in the kitchen with Hector.

NICK : OK...this is the oven (and points to Charley, the dog, in his basket)

HECTOR: This is the oven.

NICK: Annie's dog sleeps in the oven.

HECTOR: Annie's dog sleeps in the oven.

NICK: So you say, 'Annie, the dog is in the oven.'

HECTOR: Annie, the dog is in the oven.

NICK: Great! Now Bridget. Oh. Oh, dear.

HECTOR: Huh?

NICK: Well, Bridget likes strong men, especially strong legs.

HECTOR: I am strong.

NICK: Yeah? Can you cycle 50 kilometres?

HECTOR: Yes.

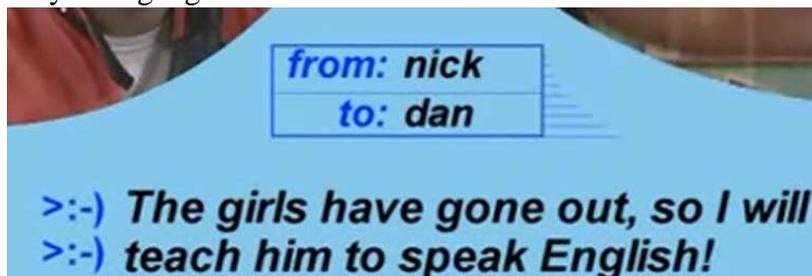
NICK: No way.

HECTOR: Yes.

NICK: Well, go on, then, show me.

HECTOR: Yes, look.

NICK: Adios, amigo.



(After a while the girls get back home and they find Hector on the bike, tired and sweating. Bridget is mad about it)

HECTOR: Ah. Bridget, Annie, lunch. Fish and chips.

ANNIE: Yes, lunch, Hector.

HECTOR: Look, Bridget, 50 kilometres. Oh, Annie, the dog is in the oven.

ANNIE: What? (she runs like a bat out of hell , terrified to the oven) (Nick gets into the flat)

NICK: Hi. Everything OK?

HECTOR: Great! I am... How do you say? Erm...

BRIDGET: - Dead.

NICK: Hot.

HECTOR: Hot. Yeah, I am hot. I need a...

NICK: Shower.

HECTOR: Yeah, I need a shower.

BRIDGET: Be my guest.

HECTOR: Oh, thank you. (he goes to have a shower)

BRIDGET: Right, that's it. He must go.

NICK: Why? He is so nice.

BRIDGET: He used my bike.

ANNIE: Yeah, and he said that the dog was in the oven. What a horrible joke. Where is Charley? Charley!

NICK: What a bad, bad boy.

BRIDGET: He must go.

ANNIE: Can he stay with you, Nick?

NICK: Uh- uh. Sorry, ladies.

ANNIE: Oh, please, Nick. You have a spare room.

NICK: No way. Not my problem.

BRIDGET: He must go now.

ANNIE: But he's in the shower.

BRIDGET: I don't care. (goes towards the bathroom and knocks on the door) Hector, please come out, we want to talk to you.

HECTOR: (singing from inside) I like fish and chips, I...

BRIDGET: Hector, please come out, we want to talk to you.

HECTOR: OK, one moment, please. I like fish and chips... (open the door, just with a towel on, naked from the waist up. Annie and Bridge freak out, they didn't expect to see such an attractive man. They are no longer so sure about asking him to leave) Yes, you want me?

BRIDGET: - We think.. (stuttering) .

ANNIE: - We...We...we have a problem.

BRIDGET: It's like this.

NICK: Go on, then, tell him.

HECTOR: Yes, Bridget?

BRIDGET: Hector, the thing is...



(Suddenly, Nick sees Hector on the cover of a magazine and runs back where the rest are, still at the door of the bathroom). Stay there. I'll talk to him.

NICK: Hector, can I have a word, please? (Hector shows him into the bathroom)

ANNIE AND BRIDGET: Ricky Martin!

NICK: (showing him the cover of the magazine) Hector, is this you?

HECTOR: Yes, and my parents.

NICK: 'The Romero family, one of the richest families in Argentina.' Who are these?

HECTOR: My...

NICK: Servants.

HECTOR: Yeah, my servants.

NICK: Your cars?

HECTOR: Yeah, my cars.

NICK: Hector, you are rich. Why stay here?

HECTOR: I want friends. Good friends.

NICK: People like you for your money? (Hector nods) That's awful. Erm... Listen, keep it a secret. OK?

HECTOR: OK. (Cut to the living room)

BRIDGET: Perhaps he could stay here.

ANNIE: Yes. Poor boy. (Nick and Hector come out of the bathroom)

NICK: Hector, come and stay with me. I have two rooms.

BRIDGET: - Shut up, Nick.

ANNIE: Hector will stay with us, won't you, Hector?

BRIDGET: Hector, come and...sit down. Hector, please, call me Gigi.

ANNIE (to her dog that jumps into the basket) Oh, Charley, there you are.

HECTOR: Oh, Annie, the dog is in the oven.

ANNIE: The oven?

HECTOR: Yes. Nick is a good English teacher.

BRIDGET: Yes, a very good English teacher. - I'd love to see your photos again.

ANNIE: Oh, me too.

(Hector shows them the pics again)

BRIDGET: Oh, your sweet toy cars!

NICK: They are not toys.

BRIDGET: Today Hector arrives and it's Bonfire Night. Let's party! - What sort of music do you like? -

HECTOR: Music?

NICK: Yeah, music. You know, soul, funk, dance. Watch me. Like this. (he starts dancing, all showy)

HECTOR: Interesting. I dance...like this. (he takes Bridget and dances Tango with her. Suddenly the Entryphone rings)

ANNIE: I'll get it. I'll get it. Hello. Oh, yeah, that's great. Sure. Come up. It's the landlady!

NICK: The tarantula!

BRIDGET: - Quick, hide, Hector.

NICK: I'm off. I owe two weeks' rent.

NARRATOR: Next time in Extra...The flatmates go shopping for Hector. Hector goes shopping for the girls. But what happens when Hector goes shopping for himself?