

Don't Talk, Just Kiss

By

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FADE IN:

A PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM

Photographs of young women. Snapshots and holiday photo's.
All suggesting happy times.

NIGEL (V.O.)

Hurt, pain and sorrow. Bacharach
and David were right. That's all
there is.

NIGEL (V.O.)

I haven't always felt this way of
course. I have been happy. I
have. But the level of happiness
declines with each experience. It
looks something like this.

A scribbled note of a graph with Girlfriends along the
horizontal axis and Happiness on the vertical.

NIGEL (V.O.)

Number one. She was lovely. Not my
first girlfriend. But my first
love. I thought she loved me but
she didn't.

The page turns.

NIGEL

Number two. Had her good points.
Unfortunately honesty, loyalty and
fidelity were not amongst them.

The page turns again.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

Ahh. Number three. She was
beautiful. I always thought she was
too good for me. So did she.

Page flicks over quickly.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

Number four. I was on the rebound.
So was she. We collided and the
laws of physics decided the rest.

The page turns again.

(CONTINUED)

NIGEL (CONT'D)
Number five.

The album closes.

INT.HOTEL .DAY

Jen and Nigel both looking very smart.

They are sitting on a sofa looking through photograph albums with the smartly dressed HOTEL MANAGER.

HOTEL MANAGER
So what are the numbers looking like?

NIGEL
Oh, we're not looking at anything major.

HOTEL MANAGER
Right...But you do need to remember that this is a fantastic occasion for everybody. Of course it's your wedding. It's your day. But you want as many people as possible to share it with you.

NIGEL
Do we?

HOTEL MANAGER
Of course you do. It's a magical day. You're creating memories that will last forever.

Nigel gathers the photograph albums and arranges them neatly on the table.

NIGEL
Just immediate family. Close friends...

JEN
No, he's right. It should be as big as possible. We don't want people feeling left out.

NIGEL
So?

Nigel fiddles with the albums.

(CONTINUED)

JEN

I need to invite my Aunties and Uncles. And the girls from work. They'd love to come. They'd make sure it went off with a bang. And Mum's friends...

Nigel takes a brochure from Jen's hands.

NIGEL

Oh, ex-girlfriends, ex-boyfriends, old babysitters, the teachers from my school days. The mid-wife who delivered me. Because it's all about other people. Isn't it Jen?

He slams the brochure down on the table.

INT.RESTAURANT.NIGHT

A romantic, candlelit, intimate room. Nigel picks up the menu and scans it.

Jen tops up their wine glasses.

JEN

I've been thinking.

Nigel sips his wine.

NIGEL

Let me guess.

Jen has a large mouthful and pours herself some more.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

What is it now?

JEN

Just the bridesmaids. I've been worrying about it. I think Steph is feeling a bit left out.

NIGEL

And?

JEN

I've just been thinking. That's all. I've got Karen as my bridesmaid and...

(CONTINUED)

NIGEL
You're not?

JEN
Well...

NIGEL
How heavy is your dress? I'm sure
Karen could carry it by herself.

JEN
I just didn't want to leave her
out. I feel guilty now...

NIGEL
You said there was no contest.

JEN
Yeah. That was then. Things change.

NIGEL
Oh yes. Things change alright.

INT.TRAVEL AGENTS. DAY

Nigel and Jen holding hands as they listen to the TRAVEL
AGENT trying to sell them a cruise.

TRAVEL AGENT
You're talking swimming pools,
cinema, bowling alley, all your gym
facilities as well as an outdoor
running track.

NIGEL
No.

The Travel Agent is surprised by the interruption.

NIGEL (CONT'D)
We're going to be on holiday. It's
our honeymoon. We want something
quiet and peaceful.

The Travel Agent closes the brochure.

TRAVEL AGENT
Oh. Sorry. I thought as it was a
honeymoon you would be looking for
that kind of thing.

(CONTINUED)

NIGEL

No. It's not.

TRAVEL AGENT

Oh. So what are you looking for?
The Middle East has some fantastic
resorts. Some of the hotels are
literally out of this world.

NIGEL

Literally?

TRAVEL AGENT

Yeah. We stayed in one in Dubai. It
was unbelievable.

NIGEL

Out of this world? Literally? Like
a space hotel?

TRAVEL AGENT

Yeah. You seen it?

Jen gives Nigel a dirty look.

JEN

Well I think we were...

NIGEL

The Lakes, The Cotswolds. Devon.
Somewhere like that.

The Travel Agent laughs - not sure whether he is serious.

Jen tries to hide her embarrassment.

TRAVEL AGENT

The Lakes? The Cotswolds? Devon?

NIGEL

Now you're talking.

EXT. STABLES. DAY

Nigel and Jen are being shown into a Horse Carriage by
CELIA, the stable owner.

Jen sits back in the seat and imagines she's a Princess.

JEN

Wow. This is just so...glamorous.

(CONTINUED)

CELIA

I would travel everywhere by carriage if I could. It's such a civilized way to travel.

NIGEL

Not being funny or anything, but it stinks.

JEN

I can't smell a thing.

NIGEL

Of course you can. You're just choosing not to. You're smelling what you want to smell.

JEN

Maybe you should do the same.

NIGEL

What? Just ignore the shit?

JEN

Well, it's better than wallowing in it.

NIGEL

So I wallow in shit?

JEN

Yes. You do.

NIGEL

Well if you go the bloody church in a cart pulled by a donkey you'll be stinking of shit on your wedding day.

JEN

Oh really?

CELIA

The shit does tend to fall on the floor behind the horse. It doesn't blow into the carriage.

JEN

So maybe it would appropriate.

NIGEL

The fumes. I'm talking about the fumes. Surely the fumes linger and attach themselves to the fabric.

(CONTINUED)

CELIA

We've never had any complaints. Our animals are immaculate. Nobody has ever commented on odours or aromas.

NIGEL

No? Well they wouldn't. You have to just pretend everything is fine. Everything is perfect. So romantic and...

JEN

Oh shut up.

INT.CAKE SHOP.DAY

Nigel wipes away crumbs of cake from his lips.

NIGEL

It's the one thing I insist upon. We need a chocolate cake. Not one of those disgusting fruit things.

The SHOP ASSISTANT brings out a slice of traditional cake.

Nigel looks at it with contempt.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

Raisins? Currants? No. Sorry.

JEN looks embarrassed by Nigel's behaviour.

JEN

I think we'd maybe prefer to have a layer of chocolate.

NIGEL

No. No we wouldn't. What we do want is a chocolate cake. What we don't want is a fruit cake. I think we can be quite clear on that.

Jen's face is getting redder...

JEN

I think we need to reach some kind of compromise.

NIGEL

Oh no. There's no room for compromise.

Getting angry now...

(CONTINUED)

JEN

Well it's not just you is it? It's not your cake is it? The whole point of a wedding cake is to symbolise fertility, prosperity and sweetness throughout our lives.

NIGEL

It's not like I'm suggesting we have a plate of doughnuts. I just prefer chocolate cake to that stuff. As do most people. And if you're honest, you do too.

Jen thinks he has a point - but she'll be damned if she's going to show it.

JEN

It's tradition. People expect it.

NIGEL

Tradition? Hindu women used to throw themselves on their husband's funeral pyres. Tradition is for people who are scared of change. Don't use the tradition argument. It won't work.

The Shop Assistant plucks up the courage to speak.

SHOP ASSISTANT

We could do a cheese cake.

Nigel and Jen are too busy growling at each other to listen.

NIGEL

I've told you from the start. The one part about this wedding I feel strongly about is the cake.

Jen slaps down a plate on the table.

JEN

Oh I know. You've taken no interest in anything. I'm left to do it all.

NIGEL

You want to do it all.

JEN

I don't have a choice. I don't know why we're bothering.

Jen stomps out of the shop.

Nigel takes a bite of cake.

EXT. STREET. DAY

Jen marches out of the shop and into the path of a
CAR.

FADE TO BLACK

NIGEL (V.O.)
Hurt. Pain. Sorrow. That's it

EXT. CHURCH. DAY

Lively chatter and excitement as groups of colourfully
dressed wedding guests mingle outside as they wait for the
ceremony to begin.

a young woman, TRUDY stands awkwardly as RAY, an overweight
guy in his 30's, chats to other guests and completely
ignores her.

Ray shakes hands with a group of men before heading back to
Trudy.

Before he can speak his attention is grabbed by a YOUNG
WOMAN walking past in a skimpy, low-cut dress.

RAY
Jesus. What is she wearing?

Trudy pretends not to have heard him.

RAY (CONT'D)
With an arse like that. What's she
thinking?

Trudy raises an eyebrow as she looks at his frog-like neck
spilling over his shirt collar.

Ray doesn't notice the resentment on Trudy's face. Instead,
he turns away and follows a group into the church.

Trudy watches as he enters the church. She pauses for a
moment. Then turns away from the church and strides off.

EXT.CHURCH.DAY

A hearse stops outside the church. Groups of people dressed in black bow their heads solemnly.

INT.CHURCH.DAY

Nigel, alone at the front.

The seats behind him are full.

His two friends, DAVID and BILLY sit directly behind him.

David leans forward and places a consoling hand on Nigel's shoulder.

Nigel shrugs it off.

The organ music subsides as the MINISTER stands at the altar.

MINISTER

We are here not to mourn the death
- but to celebrate the life of Jen.
Her death was indeed tragic and cut
cruelly short. However, in her
short time with us Jen managed to
leave a lasting impression on all
those who were fortunate enough to
meet her.

Nigel stares at the floor and shakes his head.

INT.CHURCH.DAY

Nigel still alone as the Church begins to empty.

NIGEL'S FLAT.DAY

The place is gleaming. Piles of DVDs, books and CDs are neatly stacked. On the wall there are three typed lists.

THINGS TO DO:

FILMS TO SEE:

BOOKS TO READ:

CDS TO HEAR:

INT.TRUDY'S HOUSE.NIGHT

Trudy scrunching up photographs and throwing them onto the blazing fire.

She JUMPS as she hears the front door CREAK.

EXT.NIGEL'S FLAT.DAY

David and Billy creep up to the front door and slowly slide a note through the door.

As it drops to the floor we see it says:

WE ARE HERE.

BILLY TELLS NIGEL ITS A CHANCE FOR SYMPATHY SHAGS

INT.TRUDY'S HOUSE.NIGHT

Trudy pauses to stare at a photograph. For a moment her eyes think about misting over. Her fist takes over as it screws up the picture and rifles it into the fire.

INT.NIGEL'S FLAT.DAY

Nigel looks down at the note on his floor. He bends down slowly. Folds the note carefully and carries it back into the

LIVING ROOM

Nigel lights the corner of the note on a candle and holds it as it burns.

The flames reach his fingertips.

NIGEL

Fuck. Fuck.

Nigel tries to stamp out the charred remains of the note with his slippers.

His foot comes out of his slipper and he loses his balance, and falls back in his armchair.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

Fuck.

EXT.TOWN CENTRE.DAY

Trudy striding through the town centre, speaking loudly on her phone.

TRUDY

Yeah. Yeah. I'll go. You're right.
It's just what I need. It'll be a
laugh.

INT.NIGEL'S FLAT.DAY

Nigel pauses his CINEMA PARADISO DVD to listen to the knocks on the door.

NIGEL (SHOUTING)

Go away. I'm incubating.

DAVID (THROUGH THE LETTERBOX)

Hibernating?

NIGEL

No. Incubating. Now fuck off.

EXT.NIGEL'S FLAT.DAY

David stands up.

BILLY

What did he say?

DAVID

Says he's incubating.

BILLY

Think he means hibernating.

DAVID

Nah, incubating. What the fuck does
that mean.

BILLY

I think it means he's losing it.

INT. BILLY'S BEASTIES. DAY

An empty industrial unit. Empty apart from the plastic tanks of TARANTULAS, SCORPIONS, LOCUSTS, SNAKES stacked on shelves.

Hutches with RABBITS, GERBILS and HAMSTERS.

(CONTINUED)

Billy and David are in the middle of feeding the snakes. Dropping dead mice into the tanks as they sing along to the radio.

Nigel enters unseen and unheard.

He stands awkwardly for a moment.

NIGEL
Where am I today?

David and Billy turn around. Pleased - but surprised.

BILLY
About fucking time. We turned down
three schools and a birthday party.

Nigel unlocks the lid of a snake tank and drops a dead hamster in.

David and Billy look at him,...

DAVID
Was that Captain Beefheart?

NIGEL
Yeah. Circle of life and all that.

BILLY
Get on the phone and ask them if
they're still interested. The
numbers are in the cancellations
book.

INT. PRIMARY SCHOOL. DAY

A CLASS of 20 children are sitting excitedly in a circle.

Nigel sits in the circle. Behind him is a blanket covering up his various tanks, hutches and cages.

Dizzy with anticipation - the children chat and fidget constantly. The Teacher is struggling to control them.

TEACHER
Boys and girls. Our visitor is
waiting.

The children carry on...

(CONTINUED)

TEACHER (CONT'D)
Boys and girls...

They continue...

Nigel stands up. He is holding a cloth bag. He points at a particularly obnoxious 7 year old boy.

He beckons the boy forward with his finger.

NIGEL
Good day sir. Do you have a name?

The boy looks uncertain.

NIGEL (CONT'D)
Well?

The boy looks positively sheepish.

NIGEL (CONT'D)
Cat got your tongue sir?

The boy wants the ground to open up...

NIGEL (CONT'D)
My little friend in this bag is deadlier than any cat. But you shouldn't worry. Give me your hand. Follow my instructions and you'll be quite safe. However, one false move and....

The boy refuses.

NIGEL (CONT'D)
Give me your hand.

The children have fallen silent.

NIGEL (CONT'D)
Well?

The boy still refuses.

NIGEL (CONT'D)
If you won't hold him then stand there. And don't move. I'll bring him out to say hello. But please, no sudden movements. If he gets frightened. He'll bite. And if he bites me. I'll be down. And he'll come after you. Starting with the naughty ones first.

(CONTINUED)

Nigel gives a sly wink to the teacher, who smiles back appreciatively.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

I'll bring Zappa out if you all sit in perfect silence. He's been trained to work with well behaved kids.

Nigel reaches into his bag and pulls out a TARANTULA.

NIGEL

He's a Chilean Rose Tarantula. He likes to eat grasshoppers, moths and locusts. But his favourite is naughty children.

Nigel surveys the terrified faces of the children.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

He'll be fine. If you're good to him he'll be good to you.

Nigel offers the tarantula to the noisy boy - who is not moving a muscle.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

He's only killed 7 people this year. All of them VERY naughty.

Nigel glances up at the teacher. She is not happy.

TEACHER

I think you are having your legs pulled boys and girls. We know none of these animals could kill us. Don't we?

The children are not listening. They are entranced by the killer spider.

NIGEL

I'm going to put Zappa back in his bag just now. I think he's getting a bit grumpy.

Nigel carefully puts the tarantula away.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

Now. I've got another friend you might like to see.

Nigel picks up a cage covered in a blanket and places it in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

Some children back away in fear. Others move forward in anticipation.

Nigel reaches into a box and pulls out a snakeskin.

NIGEL (CONT'D)
Does anybody know what this is?

Nigel holds the snakeskin in front of the children.

NIGEL (CONT'D)
It's a snake skin.

Another mixed reaction. Disgust and excitement.

NIGEL (CONT'D)
Snakes do this every month. They just get fed up with their skin, decide to change it and get a new one. Clever isn't it? Wouldn't it be great if we could do that? Just say, "I've had enough of being me". And then just change.

INT.FLAT. NIGHT

Trudy in the bathroom. A shoebox full of photographs and mementoes. Trudy takes them out one a time and carefully rips them into strips and drops them into the toilet.

She pulls out a photograph of Ray. She rips it very enthusiastically. Throwing each piece deliberately into the bowl of the toilet.

Trudy smiles to herself before sitting on the toilet...

She is disturbed by a knock on the door. She quickly sorts herself out and heads to the

FRONT DOOR

Trudy opens the door to a group of FRIENDS. One carrying a big white box.

HELEN
I've brought cake!

Trudy looks down at the box. A look of disgust.

TRUDY
I've been dumped. I'm single and miserable. I don't want to get fat as well.

(CONTINUED)

The friends barge past her and into the flat.

MO

Thought you dumped him

Helen, Mo and Chloe take their coats off and hang them up.

TRUDY

Technically I did. But I didn't
have much choice.

LATER:

INT. TRUDY'S FLAT.NIGHT

Wine and Spirit bottles scattered around the room.

Remains of assorted nibbles and snacks.

Mo scrapes her finger around a bowl and licks the salt off.

MO

Well? You up for it?

TRUDY

Yeah, I told you. I'll come. But
only because I like you. And I
listen to you when I'm drunk. But
I am not dressing as slutty nun.
And I absolutely do not want to see
ANY naked men.

MO

Who does?

HELEN

It's going to be a classy affair.
Luxury mini-bus. Hotel. Restaraunt
and clubs.

MO

We could maybe skip the restaurant
bit.

Trudy sips her wine and struggles to keep her eyes open.

HELEN

It'll be great fun.

Mo licks the salt from the bowl.

Trudy is asleep. Saliva dribbling down her chin.

INT.NIGEL'S FLAT.DAY

Beer and peanuts have been consumed.

The whisky is open.

Nigel refills three shot glasses.

THE FALL play on the stereo. Nigel mumbles along.

NIGEL

I'm 34 years old. Thrown in my job.
I'm 34 years old.

Nigel takes a slow sip of his whisky.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

I'm going to Spain.

DAVID

Are you fuck. I'm only getting away
if we stay in the country.

Nigel turns off the stereo.

NIGEL

Let's climb a fucking mountain!

DAVID

A mountain? Nah. We could walk up a
hill or something.

BILLY

Great idea. What a metaphor for
your situation. Poetic that mate.
Fucking poetic. You should take
that shit up. Become a bard.

DAVID

You need shit to climb a mountain.
Ropes. Hooks. Boots. Hats. Daft
coats. Stupid glasses. Sherpas.

NIGEL

Sherpas?

BILLY

We don't need any of that shit. We
just need the will to do it.

NIGEL

And some thermal socks.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

And a new coat.

NIGEL

And some waterproof boots.

BILLY

Let's just go for it. Nigel's right. We gotta' aim high. Reach for the stars.

DAVID

I'd rather reach for the bars. Or the bras. There you go. I'm gonna' take up that poetry shit instead.

NIGEL

Fuck it. I'm gonna climb me a mountain.

He throws the whisky down his neck.

INT.OUTDOOR SHOP.DAY

Nigel flicking through racks of waterproof jackets.

NIGEL

I'm not going anywhere wearing purple.

BILLY

You need bright colours.

NIGEL

Why?

BILLY

In case you get lost.

NIGEL

How can you get lost? You go up and down. That's it.

DAVID

So you can be seen in bad weather.

NIGEL

If it's bad weather we'll wait for good weather at the bottom.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

The weather changes. Especially when you're up in the mountains.

NIGEL

Oh right, sorry. Forgot Hilary had taught you everything you know.

Nigel pulls out a particularly garish jacket.

NIGEL

If I got lost wearing this then I wouldn't want to be found.

The SHOP ASSISTANT approaches them.

SHOP ASSISTANT

Do you require any assistance gents?

NIGEL

Where do you get Sherpas?

INT.BOOKSHOP.DAY

Nigel, David and Billy sitting at a table with a pile of travel books.

BILLY

I fancy China.

DAVID

I thought you were skint.

BILLY

I am. Just saying though. This can be the warm up. The training. Then, we build up. Maybe the Alps next. Then the Himalayas. Everest.

NIGEL

Yeah. Why not? There's no point in aiming low. Reach for the stars. Reach for the stars.

DAVID

Everest? We get knackered walking up stairs. I'm all for giving this thing a go. But we need to be realistic.

(CONTINUED)

BILLY

Fuck you and your negativity.
Belief is where it's at man.
Belief. As Oscar said, we're all in
the gutter, but some of us are
looking at the stars.

Nigel studies the photographs in a book.

NIGEL

This climbing, it looks hard work.
If we're serious about climbing
mountains then we need to get fit.

DAVID

Fit? I'm fine. Walked to the shop
and carried back two bags of
shopping last week. Billy, you
could do with a bulking up a
bit. Nige...yeah. You're right.

INT.DAVID'S HOUSE.DAY

The ALARM goes off. David's arm reaches out. He claws
blindly, and by pure luck the side of his hand hits the
SNOOZE button.

He turns over and closes his eyes. Something unsettles him
and he springs up.

DAVID

Lisa? Lisa?

He jumps out of bed.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Lisa?

He checks the bathroom...

Heads downstairs...

DAVID (CONT'D)

Lisa?

Into the kitchen...

He spots a NOTE pinned to the fridge with a magnet.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Oh fuck...

EXT.RUNNING TRACK.DAY

David, Nigel and Billy doing some half-arsed warm-up exercises.

Nigel has bags under his eyes. He looks down.

DAVID

What's the gob for moody chops?

Billy is surprised by the insensitivity of the comment.

Nigel snaps out of it.

NIGEL

Nothing. No. Everything's fine. All good for me.

DAVID

Well look like it then you miserable fuck.

Nigel walks away. He changes his mind and walks up to David.

NIGEL

Yeah, ok. I am a miserable fuck. I think I'm allowed to be. I've done nothing. Achieved nothing. Own nothing. My life is basically nothing. I have nothing.

Billy and David struggle to think of something to say.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

All I've got is lachanophoboa. Do you know what that is?

BILLY

Yes. You're right. Your head is full of shit. So get your arse moving. Come on.

The three of them begin jogging around the track...

5 MINUTES LATER

Nigel, Billy and David all breathing heavily as they plod around the park.

Billy is the first to stop.

He puffs and pants.

(CONTINUED)

BILLY (CONT'D)

Remember Rocky? No pain, no gain.
Come on let's go you shower of
shite.

Nigel has stopped.

NIGEL

Gain. Gain what gain? I can feel
pain, but I'm struggling with the
gain.

BILLY

The harder it is now, the easier it
will get.

NIGEL

What are you talking about?

DAVID

Look. If you want to quit. Just
say. If you're not up to this just
say and we'll call it off. We don't
have to do this. We're trying to
help you here. We know you're
grieving and we want to get you
through it. But we all have
problems. Ok?

David pauses a second before turning his head and sprinting
around the track.

INT. TRUDY'S FLAT.NIGHT

Ray has his foot in the door. Trudy is leaning in with her
shoulder trying to attach the chain lock.

RAY

So?

TRUDY

I don't think it's any of your
business.

RAY

Oh it is. If you've been seeing
other people then I think I should
know.

TRUDY

But you don't care. You've made
that clear enough.

(CONTINUED)

RAY

I've never said I don't care. I do care. I don't think you can argue with that.

TRUDY

Words, words, words.

RAY

Ok. I've been a wanker. I know I have. I apologise.

TRUDY

You what?

RAY

I'm not saying it again.

TRUDY

Well I didn't hear it.

RAY

Ok. I'm sorry.

TRUDY

Wow.

RAY

So. Next item on the agenda.

TRUDY

Go on.

RAY

Will you go out with me? For a date. A meal or something?

INT.CAR.DAY

Nigel, Billy and David in the car.

David driving, Billy in the passenger seat and Nigel in the back.

BILLY

Road trip!

Billy picks up a plastic bag. He opens it. Pulls out a tupperware box.

(CONTINUED)

BILLY (CONT'D)
A packed lunch?

Billy winds the window down and tosses the box out.

NIGEL
My sandwiches!

BILLY
This is a road trip. No tupperware.
Only the best service station
pasties for the boys.

NIGEL
A road trip?

DAVID
When he says road trip, he doesn't
mean Road Trip. He means a jaunt
for sophisticated gentlemen.
There's a box of wine by your feet.
We could even stop for a curry.

INT.MINIBUS.DAY

Trudy steps onto the minibus. Her mouth drops as she's
confronted by Naughty Nurses and Saucy Schoolgirls already
swigging multi-coloured liquids.

Helen holds up a Police uniform.

HELEN
Here's yours.

TRUDY
Oh...

HELEN
Come on you boring bitch.

TRUDY
I will. Later. Maybe.

EXT.MOTORWAY.DAY

The car splutters to a halt as it just about crawls into the
service station car park.

EXT. CAR. DAY

The bonnet open.

Nigel, Billy and David stare at the engine - it may as well be an open heart to them.

NIGEL
Well?

DAVID
RAC?

Billy shakes his head.

NIGEL
AA?

Billy shakes his head.

DAVID
Green Flag?

Billy shakes his head again.

NIGEL
Fucked?

Billy nods.

NIGEL (CONT'D)
I'll leave it to you. I'm getting a cup of tea.

As Nigel leans into the car for his jacket - the HEN PARTY walk past. Lots of giggling and wolf whistles.

HELEN
Need a jump boys?

Nigel keeps his head in the car for longer than he really needs to.

When he eventually emerges he turns to find his eye caught by Trudy.

She turns away after a second to catch up with her friends.

Trudy glances nonchalantly over her shoulder as she follows her friends into the building.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

Thought you were getting a cup of tea.

NIGEL

Yeah.

Nigel peers at the engine.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

Just thought I'd have another look first.

INT.SERVICE STATION.DAY

Nigel brushing himself down as he leaves the Gents. He bumps into TRUDY as she turns away from the cash machine.

TRUDY

These things cost a fortune.

NIGEL

And you never win.

TRUDY

What?

NIGEL

Nothing.

Trudy puts her money into her purse. Nigel stands awkwardly.

TRUDY

Did you get it started?

Nigel is relieved that she has spoken first.

NIGEL

Oh no. We've got no chance.

TRUDY

So you're not a guy to call in an emergency then?

Nigel is embarrassed at his lack of poise. He tries to regain some. He pauses and thinks before he speaks.

NIGEL

I'm more the man who'll get you a cup of tea and tell you it'll be ok.

(CONTINUED)

TRUDY

Come on then. Tea it is.

Nigel looks at the queue at the Burger Bar. The hens are about to be served.

NIGEL

What about your friends?

TRUDY

They'll get me when it's time to go.

EXT.SERVICE.STATION.DAY

David in the driver seat. He turns the ignition. Dead.

BILLY

I am not pushing this around a car park. Let's just get a taxi into town, stay in a hotel and get it sorted tomorrow.

David slaps the steering wheel.

DAVID

This has never let me down. It's not going to start now. We'll just give it a rest. Maybe if we give it some time it'll be ok.

INT.SERVICE STATION CAFE.DAY

Nigel and Trudy peering at scones and assessing the merits of the cakes.

NIGEL

I just don't like cake with fruit.
I like fruit. But not in cakes.

TRUDY

Apple Pies.

NIGEL

Not a cake in my opinion.

TRUDY

Carrot Cake?

(CONTINUED)

NIGEL
Carrots are vegetables.

They move along the display.

NIGEL (CONT'D)
I might have a blueberry muffin.

TRUDY
Blueberry is fruit.

NIGEL
Yeah, but a muffin isn't a cake.

INT.BURGER BAR.DAY

Tomato ketchup drips from burgers. Chips are shovelled into mouths.

HELEN
What did you get?

MO
A veg burger. You?

HELEN
A whopper.

Cue hysterical laughter and dirty guffaws.

MO
That's what you're wanting tonight.

HELEN
Isn't that what we're all wanting tonight?

More hysterical laughter.

INT.SERVICE STATION CAFE.DAY

Nigel picking out blueberries from his muffin. Trudy watches him. Puzzled.

NIGEL
I'm just not convinced. I don't believe they use real blueberries. Have you seen the price of them? What do you think?

Trudy inspects a blueberry.

(CONTINUED)

TRUDY

You may have a point. Maybe it's
the way they're cooked.

NIGEL

Do you get dried ones?

Trudy smiles.

TRUDY

You're a thinker. These things keep
you awake at night?

NIGEL

Sometimes. I just need to occupy my
mind.

The tone of the conversation has changed. They both go over
things to say in their heads. It takes a moment before...

TRUDY

So where were you off to?

NIGEL

Just off to do some climbing. A
chance to get my head together.
You?

Trudy tries to hide her surprise that Nigel claims to be the
outdoor type...

She looks down at her costume....

NIGEL (CONT'D)

So you don't always dress like
this?

Nigel spots Billy and David as they enter the cafe. Nigel
watches in amusement as they look for him.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

They'll think I've vanished. Like
that film.

TRUDY

The Missing?

NIGEL

No. The Vanishing.

David and Billy look over. Nigel puts his head down. Trudy
waves at them.

They smile and head over...

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

I thought it was you. But you were talking to a woman.

NIGEL

We were just talking about muffins.

BILLY

Is that your chat up line? Do you wanna' see my muffins?

Billy JUMPS as he feels a hand on his shoulder.

HELEN

Mmm. Yes please big boy.

Billy is too embarrassed to reply.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Three guys and it's not even teatime!

Helen has succeeded in making all four blush.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Any luck with the Batmobile boys?

BILLY

We're gonna' phone someone.

HELEN

You need a lift anywhere?

The three look at each others. Nobody wants to reply. Eventually..

NIGEL

We're fine. We'll get a room here and go walking in the lakes.

David and Billy are horrified.

DAVID

Er. Depends. Where you off to?

INT.MINIBUS.DAY

The bus is bouncing to the sound of cheesy pop music. Everybody throwing fluorescent liquids down their necks.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID AND BILLY

Nigel, Nigel give us a song, give us a song. Nigel, Nigel give us a song.

Nigel sips thoughtfully from his bottle.

NIGEL

Maybe later.

DAVID AND BILLY

Nigel! Nigel! Nigel!

Nigel blushes under the pressure. Trudy notices his embarrassment. She stands up and bursts into song.

Nigel smiles shyly and gratefully in her direction as the rest of the bus join in.

INT.HOTEL ROOM.NIGHT

Nigel, David and Billy getting ready for a night on the town. Their rucksacks emptied on the beds as they struggle to find some suitable clothing.

BOOTS, JUMPERS, WOOLY SOCKS, THERMAL UNDERWEAR.

BILLY

Not really equipped for this are we?

Nigel picks up a knitted sweater. The kind usually seen on Norwegian trawlers.

NIGEL

I wouldn't wear this up a mountain, never mind in a club.

DAVID

Call me a genius. Call me a fucking genius.

They don't.

DAVID (CONT'D)

They're on a fancy dress thing. Right?

NIGEL

Er, yeah.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

So...

David holds up the jumper against his chest.

He pulls on a hat.

NIGEL

Oh. Yes. You are a genius. What a fantastic idea. We put on outdoor clothes and pretend that we have dressed like that deliberately. What a crazy idea.

DAVID

Better one?

INT.PUB.NIGHT

Nigel, Billy and David in their full walking gear. The hens lead Billy and David onto the floor with minimum resistance.

Trudy approaches Nigel.

NIGEL

Maybe later. I'll just keep an eye on the drinks.

Sweat drips from the rim of Nigel's hat.

TRUDY

You look hot.

NIGEL

So do you.

They blush slightly.

TRUDY

I meant in your hat. Maybe you should...

NIGEL

Yeah.

Nigel takes his hat off. He catches sight of his tufty head in a mirror. He quickly puts the hat back on.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

Think I'll stay hot.

Beads of sweat trickle down his face.

(CONTINUED)

TRUDY
Come on. We need to cool down.

Trudy leads Nigel out of the pub.

EXT.PUB.NIGHT

Nigel takes of his jacket and places it around Trudy's shoulders. She smiles.

TRUDY
Chivalry. I like it.

They pause awkwardly as the music from the pub throbs behind them.

TRUDY (CONT'D)
Somewhere quiet?

EXT.EDINBURGH STREETS.NIGHT

Trudy and Nigel walking hand in hand over bridges,

INT.PUB.NIGHT

David and Billy in the middle of the circle of girls performing a striptease.

EXT.EDINBURGH STREETS.NIGHT

Nigel and Trudy looking up at the castle.

EXT.EDINBURGH STEPS.NIGHT

Trudy and Nigel jumping and running up the first few steps.

EXT.EDINBURGH STEPS.NIGHT

Trudy and Nigel red-faced and puffing hard as they trudge up the final few steps.

EXT.CASTLE.NIGHT

Nigel and Trudy hand in hand and out of breath as they admire the view from the castle.

NIGEL
I'm getting old.

TRUDY
You're past it.

NIGEL
Wish I smoked. At least I'd have an excuse.

They pause as they admire the view again.

TRUDY
What would she say?

NIGEL
Who?

TRUDY
You look guilty. Is there a girlfriend.

Nigel turns away.

TRUDY (CONT'D)
Oops. Think I've spoiled the moment.

Nigel turns away. Looks out over the castle walls.

NIGEL
It's fine.

INT.CLUB.NIGHT

David and Billy slumped on sofas in the corner of the club. A pile of drinks and empty glasses in front of them.

BILLY
What a night.

DAVID
What a night.

BILLY
Tell you what. It's a new leaf for me. A brand new leaf.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

This is what it's all about. Fun,
fun, fun.

BILLY

Not a word when we get back.

They both put their fingers to their mouths in "ssshh"
gestures.

DAVID

Do you think Nigel's coming back?

BILLY

Lucky bastard.

EXT.CASTLE.NIGHT

Nigel and Trudy huddled together. More for warmth than
romance.

NIGEL

It all ends in hurt and pain and
sorrow.

Trudy squeezes him.

TRUDY

Well at least until tomorrow.

Nigel smiles. They gaze into each others eyes for a moment.
Both too frightened to make the first move.

Trudy stands up. She grabs his hand and pulls him up.

EXT.ROYAL MILE.NIGHT

Nigel and Trudy arms linked making their way along the road.

Nigel waves at a passing taxi. It ignores him. They link
again.

He tries again. Ignored.

Trudy pretends not to have noticed and casually flicks out
her hand as a taxi approaches.

This one stops.

INT.HOTEL.NIGHT

Nigel and Trudy open the door to the room.

SEMI-NAKED BODIES EVERYWHERE.

Clothes scattered all over the floor.

Chip papers, pizza boxes and half-eaten kebabs everywhere.

They screw up their faces as they survey the mess on the floor.

Trudy tiptoes over bodies to open a wardrobe door.

She pulls out a duvet and manages to find a space on the floor to spread it out.

Fully clothed, Nigel and Trudy lay down and wrap themselves up.

INT.HOTEL ROOM.NIGHT

Nigel is already awake and gazing at the ceiling.

Trudy opens her eyes.

She looks around before getting to her feet.

Nigel struggles to his feet, wobbles slightly and follows her

OUTSIDE

Nigel and Trudy step out into the sunshine. They squint and try to shield their eyes.

INT.COFFEE SHOP.DAY

Nigel and Trudy almost coming to terms with daylight.

TRUDY

So?

NIGEL

Black coffee.

TRUDY

How you feeling.

(CONTINUED)

NIGEL

Good. You? Sorry you missed all the fun.

Trudy laughs.

TRUDY

Oh God no. You saved me from a night of Abba and dildo jokes.

Nigel smiles. Trudy looks at him. He's too busy thinking of something funny to say to say something funny.

NIGEL

So is this where I say something romantic for the goodbye scene?

TRUDY

Go on then.

NIGEL

Well, it's been a pleasure. Maybe one day.

TRUDY

I'll be the bold one. Are we gonna' meet again?

NIGEL

Well...

TRUDY

I've got it. I owe you a favour. You saved me. Maybe I could do the same for you one day. We could be each other's saviours.

NIGEL

I could be your Batman.

TRUDY

And I'll be your Wonder Woman. If you need me dial 'castle' on your Bat phone.

INT.MINIBUS.DAY

The mood is very subdued. Hangovers everywhere. Irn Bru, Mars Bars and crisps.

EXT.SERVICE.STATION.DAY

The minibus pulling into the car park.

INT.MINIBUS.DAY

The girls are singing a half-arsed version of Mamma Mia as the boys make their way off the bus.

EXT.MINIBUS.DAY

Nigel and Trudy hug in full view of everyone.

Billy and David wave to the girls as they walk across the car park.

INT.MINIBUS.DAY

Trudy's friends jeering and singing.

EXT.MINIBUS.DAY

Trudy and Nigel embrace - they hold it for a moment.

Trudy breaks away first.

TRUDY
Castle?

NIGEL
Castle.

Nigel walks away to his friends and the abandoned car.

Trudy smiles to herself as she almost skips onto the bus.

Nigel is beaming as he approaches...

DAVID
So?

NIGEL
Just try it.

BILLY
Might as well.

David jumps into the car.

He turns the ignition.

It starts.

EXT.CEMETRY.DAY

Nigel paces up and down with a bunch of flowers. His mind is racing as he prepares to approach the grave.

He can't do it. He drops the flowers onto the floor, turns around.

With his head bowed he shuffles out of the cemetery.

EXT.PUB GARDEN. DAY

Nigel, Billy and David have all had a few drinks.

David is busy trying to fold crisp packets into tiny squares.

Billy is studying a wasp trapped in an upturned pint glass.

NIGEL

It just didn't feel right. It was all just too...

BILLY

Do you think he knows he's dying?

NIGEL

Who?

Nigel realises it's the wasp.

BILLY

One minute he's quite happy looking for whatever wasps look for. He thinks he's hit the jackpot landing on this table then...

NIGEL

It's just an expectation isn't it? It's not going to achieve anything.

David throws the crisp packet down.

DAVID

I just can't get this!

NIGEL

She knew I loved her. She's not here. So who are the flowers for?

(CONTINUED)

BILLY
Should I let him go?

DAVID
Anybody want more crisps?

Nigel and Billy shake their heads.

BILLY
Is it cruel? Do you think wasps
experience cruelty? Is he thinking
"let me go, I've got stuff to
collect and kids to sting?"

Nigel watches the wasp as it flies to the top of the glass
and down again.

DAVID
Just me then?

BILLY
Would it be crueler to leave him in
there to die or squash him with the
bottom of the glass.

NIGEL
You do know that's how serial
killers start? From ants and wasps
to mice and hamsters. Then cats and
dogs. Before you know it you'll be
garrotting sex workers in back
alleys.

DAVID
What's garrotting?

Nigel turns the pint glass over and frees the wasp.

NIGEL
Be free vespula vulgaris.

INT. RESTARAUNT. NIGHT

Trudy is spooling spaghetti around her fork and slurping it
noisily. Opposite her, Ray pushes some peas around the
plate.

RAY
But I'm different.

Trudy sips her wine.

(CONTINUED)

TRUDY
Different? How?

Ray sense his chance. He perks up.

RAY
I've been doing a lot of thinking.

TRUDY
Thinking? Really? You're full of surprises aren't you?

RAY
When did you get funny?

TRUDY
I've always been funny. You just chose not to notice.

RAY
We could...

TRUDY
No we couldn't.

RAY
If you just..

TRUDY
No. No. No.

Trudy gently places her cutlery back on her plate. Stands up and brushes herself down.

TRUDY
I think you've got more thinking to do.

INT. CAMPING SHOP. DAY

TRUDY trying on hiking boots - to the amusement of her friends.

HELEN
And that's it? You've left it there?

TRUDY
Yeah, that's it. Freedom.

(CONTINUED)

MATE

Forgive my cynicism, but haven't we been here before? Once or twice?

TRUDY

We've been on the same path. But this time we're here to stay. That's it.

HELEN

Until he wins you over with plagiarised poetry.

HELEN

Or a hot air balloon trip.

TRUDY

Or a piece of jewellery.

HELEN

Or a trip to Paris.

TRUDY

Ok, ok. I get the message. But this time...

HELEN

This time is different.

MATE

You mean it this time.

Trudy picks up a boot and approaches the ASSISTANT.

TRUDY

Do these come with a bigger heel?

Her friends laugh.

TRUDY (CONT'D)

I'm not joking. I can't go out with these on my feet.

HELEN

It's your stupid idea to go hill walking. You need to dress for it and this is the result.

Trudy struts through the shop in her hiking boots.

TRUDY

These are simply fabulous. I'll take them.

EXT.DAVE'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Dave tries to balance a bag of chips on his arm as he struggles to get his key in the lock.

EXT. BILLY'S FLAT. NIGHT

Billy sits slumped on his doorstep.

EXT. NIGEL'S FLAT. NIGHT

Nigel turns the key in his front door. Before he opens it he pulls out his phone. He scrolls down to Trudy's name. His finger hovers over the call button.

INT.DAVE'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Dave staggers around the house, not completely drunk, but certainly not sober.

He tries to tiptoe up the STAIRS

Into the BEDROOM

He checks the bed and leaves.

DAVE

Steph?

He looks worried. He heads back down the stairs into the

KITCHEN

DAVE (CONT'D)

Steph?

INT. BILLYS FLAT. NIGHT

Billy struggling to keep his balance as he attempts to do push ups on his living room floor.

INT.NIGEL'S FLAT.NIGHT

Nigel finishes off making a cup of tea. His eye is caught by a photograph of Jen. Taken on the day they walked up the hill.

Nigel carefully picks up the frame and tenderly kisses the print.

INT. BILLY'S FLAT. NIGHT

Dave struggles to complete a few sit-ups.

He collapses on his back and stares at the ceiling.

INT. NIGELS FLAT. NIGHT

Nigel searches through a cupboard full of coats. He pulls out the one Jen is wearing in the photograph.

He sniffs it. Then puts his hand in the pocket. He pulls out a packet of Kendal Mint Cake.

FLASHBACKS

INT. NIGEL'S FLAT. NIGHT

Nigel flat out on the sofa. Headphones on. Drinks by his side. His eyes are closed. He screws up his face. Grabs a glass, squeezes it and his whole body tenses as he lifts it above his head. He holds it for a moment before placing it carefully back on the floor. He starts to sob. Not just tears. Tears, snorts and snot. He covers his face with his hands and rolls over, face down on the sofa.

INT. DAVE'S KITCHEN. NIGHT

Dave picks up a piece of paper. He reads the scrawl:

Gone to look for things. Sorry. X

INT.NIGEL'S FLAT.NIGHT

Nigel asleep on the armchair. Jen's coat is pulled up to his chin.

BEGIN THIS SECTION WITH A FEW SCENES OF TRUDY?

INT. TRUDY'S FLAT.NIGHT

DIFFERENT LOCATION

EX

So?

(CONTINUED)

TRUDY

I don't think it's any of your business.

EX

Oh it is. If you've been seeing other people then I think I should know.

TRUDY

But you don't care. You've made that clear enough.

EX

I've never said I don't care. I do care. I don't think you can argue with that.

TRUDY

Words, words, words.

EX

Ok. I've been a wanker. I know I have. I apologise.

TRUDY

You what?

EX

I'm not saying it again.

TRUDY

Well I didn't hear it.

EX

Ok. I'm sorry.

TRUDY

Wow.

EX

So. Next item on the agenda.

TRUDY

Go on.

EX

Will you go out with me? For a date. A meal or something

WHAT HAL AND BURT FORGOT TO MENTION WAS THE JOY. THE HURT AND SORROW ONLY EXIST BECAUSE OF THE JOY.

INT.FLAT.NIGHT

Billy and David have turned up. Nigel seems a little uncomfortable.

NIGEL

Let's just get a curry and watch the game here.

BILLY

Or, we could go out. With other people. Female ones. Attractive ones.

DAVID

He speaks sense. Curry or tits?

NIGEL

A Prawm Madras for me.

David tries a new approach - changes his tone slightly.

DAVID

Let's just go down the pub. If there's birds. Fine. If not we can go to Octopussy.

BILLY

We need to go to Octopussy. It's incredible.

NIGEL

I'm not gonna persuade you with a Balti am I?

DAVID

Only if it's served by a 19 year old Estonian student.

INT.TRUDY'S HOUSE.NIGHT

Trudy in her dressing gown as her mates burst through the door and straight past her. All dressed in a variety of 'crazy' outfits.

TRUDY

Not tonight. I'm washing dishes.

HELEN

Bollocks. You're coming out.

(CONTINUED)

TRUDY
I've got a sore tummy.

HELEN
You need a pork injection.

Trudy cringes.

Mo comes running downstairs with a selection of outfits.

HELEN (CONT'D)
No excuses. Life's too short. Get
your arse out there.

INT.OCTOPUSSY.NIGHT

Nigel face to breast with a 19 year old Estonian student.

NIGEL
I'm not arguing. They're lovely.
But I need to go.

Nigel ducks away from her and heads for the exit.

INT.BAR.NIGHT

Two parrot-headed, orange skinned blerts standing either
side of Trudy.

She smiles. Painfully.

BLERT 1
Kefalonia was immense. We did the
equivalent of 3 marathons in 5
days. All barefoot.

TRUDY
Wow.

Her phone BEEPS.

BLERT 2
Your boyfriend?

Trudy ignores them.

BLERT 1
What's he into? Sporty or geeky?

(CONTINUED)

BLERT 2
He ever done a bungee jump?

TRUDY
Doubt it.

BLERT 1
Surfer?

BLERT 2
Snowboarder?

TRUDY
No. Not a snowboarder. Might have a
dart board though.

Trudy smiles and winks as she brushes past the blerts and heads for the exit.

EXT.MOTORWAY.NIGHT

A car speeding up the motorway.

INT.PUB.NIGHT

Trudy pleading with Helen and Mo.

TRUDY
I'll be back tomorrow. Please. I
really need this.

INT.CAR.NIGHT

Nigel in the back - leaning forward - talking to David and Billy.

DAVID
It's weird though. You've met her
once. You send her some cryptic
message. And that's enough to get
you scurrying up the motorway to
meet her.

BILLY
Sounds stupid to me. But let's go
with it.

Nigel leans back in his seat - maybe they're right...

INT.CAR.NIGHT

Trudy alone. The radio in the car turned up LOUD as she listens to a phone-in show.

EXT.SERVICE STATION.NIGHT

Nigel, Billy and David emerging from the car and stretching their legs.

BILLY

So, here we are again...

NIGEL

You can fuck off now if you want to.

DAVID

No, it's fine. We'll wait.

BILLY

Just in case.

NIGEL

Go.

DAVID

We wouldn't want you left stranded would we?

NIGEL

I'm not gonna be stranded.

BILLY

Well, even if she does turn up. What about getting back?

NIGEL

Getting back isn't important. I'll worry about that when I need to.

David half thinks about giving Nigel a hug.

Nigel senses it.

He gives David a look that makes him forget the idea.

BILLY

Is it ok if we nip in for a burger for the road?

Nigel opens the car door for them.

(CONTINUED)

NIGEL
See yer...

INT.SERVICE STATION.NIGHT

Nigel pacing up and down.

He picks up tourist leaflets. Flicks through them and folds them nervously.

He tosses one towards the bin. It misses.

As Nigel bends down to pick it up he becomes aware of
Trudy

Standing over him.

She bends down and picks up the leaflet. Unfolds it.

TRUDY
Ullswater steamers? We could do
that.

They both stand up. Stare at each other awkwardly.

Nigel leans in tentatively for a hug.

They bump slightly. Embarrassed smiles.

NIGEL
Tea?

TRUDY
Cakes?

INT.SERVICE STATION CAFE.NIGHT

Trudy finishes off her cup of tea.

TRUDY
Shopping?

INT.SERVICE STATION.NIGHT

Nigel looking at road maps.

Trudy reading the ingredients on packets of sandwiches.

Nigel picks up souvenirs and teddies.

(CONTINUED)

Trudy shakes her head.

They move on to the

AMUSEMENT ARCADE

Trudy blasting aliens.

Nigel on a motorbike.

EXT.SERVICE.STATION.DAY

The sun coming up.

Trudy and Nigel on a bench throwing bits of sandwich at sleeping ducks.

TRUDY

There's a Grebe over there.

Nigel is impressed.

EXT.TRAVEL LODGE.DAY

Nigel leads Trudy by the hand through the door.

INT.TRAVEL LODGE.DAY

Trudy and Nigel finishing a long embrace.

Trudy throws herself back onto her pillow.

Nigel closes his eyes.

TRUDY

What now?

NIGEL

Don't think about it. Let's just enjoy the journey.

TRUDY

You didn't climb Ben Nevis.

NIGEL

It's not going anywhere.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

Nigel mixing flour and milk in with a wooden spoon.

He handles the dough as though it's a precious material.

Nigel carefully cuts the dough into scone shapes as the music changes from quiet chill out music to the introduction of Teenage Riot by Sonic Youth.

As the song gathers momentum Nigel's dough handling technique becomes rougher and more aggressive.

He pounds the last pieces of dough with his fist and hammers down on it with the cutter before throwing it onto the baking tray.

He opens the oven door with one hand and slams the baking tray in. Nigel finishes off his routine by kicking the oven door shut.

INT.HOTEL ROOM. DAY

Champagne bottles on the floor. David's inside out clothes scattered around the room.

David is beginning to stir, drool dripping from the corner of his mouth. He wipes it with his arm. The movement causes him to open his eyes.

He struggles to pull himself up. He rubs his eyes as he surveys the room, trying to piece together the previous night's events.

He reaches down to his trousers, he pulls out his wallet.

He anxiously flicks through the various cards.

DAVID
Oh, thank fuck.

EXT. BANK. DAY

David, hungover, looking like shit, screaming into his phone.

DAVID
...and where the fuck did you two
get to?

PASSERS BY stare at him...

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

...I thought we were all up for a party.

INT.NIGEL'S FLAT.DAY

Nigel with a plate of scrambled eggs and orange in front of him. Phone in one hand, feeding himself tiny amounts of egg with the other.

NIGEL

Your words were I'm gonna get two bitches and fuck them till they...

DAVID

Well those bitches have fucked me. Fucked me right up the arse. Four fucking grand!

NIGEL

Woah.

DAVID

I didn't pay them four grand. The bitches have emptied my fucking account. Every fucking penny. She's gonna' kill me. That was the honeymoon savings. Fuck, fuck, I'm fucked.

Nigel takes a sip of juice.

NIGEL

Well, yes. I think you are.

INT. PUB. NIGHT

David on his mobile phone. A few empty glasses in front of him.

DAVID

Yeah, I'll be back before lunch. Just seeing that fella' about the job.

Nigel and Billy smile as they enter the pub and see David squirming in his seat.

DAVID

Love you too.

Nigel and Billy sit either side of David.

(CONTINUED)

NIGEL

You're brave. Or she's very understanding.

BILLY

Four grand? Fuck.

DAVID

Is this an intervention?

NIGEL

I don't suppose you're buying the drinks.

David drains the last drip from his glass. He rolls his eyes and smiles.

BILLY

Well?

DAVID

What?

NIGEL

I think your line of questioning may be inappropriate...

BILLY

We just wanted to...I just wanted to know what kind of night four grand buys?

Nigel hides his smile.

BILLY

Will you be saving up to do it again.

David stands up and sweeps the glass away - sending it smashing onto the floor.