

**MANDEMIC!**

Written by

Nicholas Horwood

27d The Crescent  
Filey  
North Yorkshire  
YO14 9JS  
England

[horwoodnick@gmail.com](mailto:horwoodnick@gmail.com)

(44)7876 182 658

**ON BLACK:**

EXPLOSIONS and GUNFIRE - it sounds like the end of the world!

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

We have to split up! It's the only way to reach the check-point!

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

No, stay together! It's our only chance!

**FADE IN:**

**THE BORED FACE OF AMANDA BRAINTREE.**

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Okay, move! Come on! Do it! Do it!

Amanda yawns...

We're in:

**INT. AMANDA & STEVE'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Amanda is a thirty-something office manager, whose whole demeanour says: "This isn't what I asked for but I don't like to complain."

PULL BACK to reveal Amanda is sitting on a sofa next to her long-term boyfriend STEVE (30s). Steve has an unkempt beard and wears an unwashed *Star Wars* T-shirt. He frantically manipulates a game controller - occasionally wiping his nose on his sleeve. He has a cold.

ANGLE ON TV: A violent video game. Soldiers shoot at things and said things blow up.

AMANDA

What's this called?

STEVE

(not taking eyes off game)  
Warmonger II: War Harder.

ON TV: Steve's character drives a Jeep whilst firing a rocket-launcher out of the back window.

AMANDA

What's the story?

STEVE

Story?

ON TV: Steve's character shoots another character.

AMANDA

Why did you shoot him?

STEVE  
 (shrugs)  
 Baddie.

AMANDA  
 He looked like Sandra's cousin  
 Gavin. The one with the stoat-

STEVE  
 (irritated)  
 Don't you have a meeting tomorrow?

AMANDA  
 (long sigh)  
 Yes. Yes I do.

She stands and heads for the door.

AMANDA  
 Night then.  
 (no reply from Steve)  
 I said good night.

STEVE  
 (not looking at her)  
 Night.

Amanda regards Steve for a moment, then looks at a series of PHOTOGRAPHS on the wall of happier times: one shows the couple doing a tandem sky-dive, another shows them riding scooters somewhere tropical. Another photo shows them holding hands - Steve thinner, well-dressed, clean-shaven - looking lovingly at one another...

STEVE  
 (reacting to game)  
 Die!

Amanda gives Steve one last sad look and leaves.

As soon as she's gone, Steve takes out a joint. He goes to light it -

AMANDA (O.S.)  
 And open a window if you're going  
 to smoke a joint.

Steve mutters irritably and wipes his nose with his sleeve again.

ANGLE ON VIDEO GAME: Steve's character dies violently and the words "You're dead!" appear.

**INT. AMANDA & STEVE'S BEDROOM -- NEXT MORNING**

CLOSE ON Amanda's MOBILE PHONE on the bedside table. The phone's alarm activates and Queen's "I Want To Break Free" PLAYS.

Amanda's brow creases angrily in response to the alarm. Whatever part of her was free when she slept, now slinks resentfully back into her body. She forces herself out of bed and staggers towards an en-suite bathroom...

AMANDA

Eurgh!

She raises a bare foot and peels a snotty tissue off the sole of her foot.

AMANDA

Oh god!

The floor is littered with snotty tissues.

AMANDA

Steve!

STEVE

(eyes still closed)

Hmh?

AMANDA

There are snotty tissues all over the floor!

STEVE

Probably mine.

AMANDA

Of course they're yours!

Steve raises his head off the pillow and opens his eyes.

STEVE

(sniffs)

'Think I've got flu.

AMANDA

(sighs)

It's probably just a cold. I'll make you a lemony drink.

STEVE

(sulks)

You never believe me when I say I've got flu. I always believe you when you say it's your period.

Amanda is about to reply but Steve's head is already back on the pillow.

Amanda goes into the bathroom, annoyed. Steve starts snoring. She almost slams the door... but closes it quietly instead.

SUPER "Mandemic!"

Resume "I Want To Break Free" OVER CREDITS.

**MONTAGE:**

-- Amanda enters the bathroom. The toilet seat is up and there is urine on the seat. She scowls and reaches for the toilet roll... which has been used up and *not replaced*.

-- Amanda enters the KITCHEN, dressed for work. She reacts with annoyance to an overflowing rubbish bin. She takes a pen and a Post-It note pad, scribbles "Still your turn!" and slaps it onto the bin, alongside other notes reading "Your turn!"

She opens the fridge, revealing a dearth of edible items and several Post-It notes reading "Your turn to shop!". She slams the fridge door.

-- Amanda comes out of the house with a fold-up BICYCLE. She glances gloomily up at the overcast sky, straps on a bike helmet, and cycles off down the street.

-- She cycles past a perfect-looking house with a perfect-looking garden. On the doorstep of the house a PERFECT-LOOKING WIFE kisses goodbye to her PERFECT-LOOKING HUSBAND.

AMANDA  
(under her breath)  
Wankers.

-- She passes a FIT-LOOKING MAN & WOMAN - dressed in matching outfits - jogging in perfect sync.

FIT MAN & WOMAN  
(cheerfully; in sync)  
Morning!

AMANDA  
(weak smile)  
Morning.

-- She passes a STRESSED MOTHER (who looks a tiny bit like her) leading a sulking TODDLER by the hand. The toddler is a mini-version of Steve, right down to the identical *Star Wars* T-shirt. Amanda shudders at the symbolism.

**END MONTAGE**

**INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE (MOVING) - DAY**

Amanda is crammed in amongst other miserable commuters.

Next to her a SNUFFLY MALE COMMUTER starts to sneeze - the sneeze *builds and builds* - Amanda braces herself... but the sneeze doesn't come. Amanda relaxes.

**EXT. WATERLOO STATION EXIT - DAY**

It's raining hard. People take free newspapers to use as umbrellas. Amanda makes her way through the crowds to a SNACK BOOTH and joins the queue.

SNACK BOOTH SERVER

Next.

AMANDA

(without enthusiasm)

The Vegan Falafel Delux please.

Her eyes fall on a picture of a mouth-watering bacon baguette dripping with ketchup.

AMANDA

Actually...

**EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY**

Amanda eagerly unwraps a bacon baguette as she walks towards an office building. BUILDERS are working on some SCAFFOLDING.

BUILDER

(shouts down)

Morning, gorgeous! Give us a smile!

Amanda is about to unleash a torrent of abuse... when she realizes the comment was aimed at a younger, prettier woman behind her. Amanda scowls and turns her attention back to the bacon baguette...

She doesn't see an upended traffic cone ahead of her and TRIPS - SPLAT! she lands face-down in a puddle, her baguette exploding its contents over the pavement. Amanda picks herself up, her face and hair soaked, and trudges off.

**INT. OFFICE BUILDING. LOBBY - DAY**

Amanda finally arrives at work, her hair set into a Medusa-like mess. She joins one of two queues for the lifts.

Another SNUFFLY BUSINESSMAN next to her starts to sneeze - his sneeze *building and building*...

Amanda quickly moves to the next queue - just as the lift doors open - and enters the lift...

**INT. LIFT - CONTINUOUS**

... just in time for another SNUFFLY BUSINESSMAN to sneeze right in her face!

SNUFFLY BUSINESSMAN

I am so sorry!

Amanda almost tells him where to stick his apology...

AMANDA  
 It's fine.  
 (sighs)  
 Absolutely fine.

**END OPENING CREDITS**

**INT. OFFICE KITCHEN - DAY**

Amanda makes herself a much needed cup of tea. She sees a box of donuts with one sugar-coated donut left unclaimed. She grabs the donut - only to have it snatched from her hand as SAM (29), Amanda's best friend (from work), enters.

SAM  
 Sup, biatch?

AMANDA  
 (miserably)  
 Tell me it's Friday.

SAM  
 (indulging her)  
 It's Friday. And our jobs aren't meaningless. And we're all getting massive bonuses.

Amanda smiles. Sam looks Amanda over with pity and gives her back the donut.

**INT. AMANDA'S OFFICE FLOOR - DAY**

Amanda and Sam cross the office floor.

AMANDA  
 I can never successfully explain to people what I do for a living. Sometimes I don't know.

SAM  
 Somewhere there's a fat old man with a tiny penis who, thanks to us, is slightly richer than he was yesterday.

AMANDA  
 Then it's all worthwhile.

SAM  
 So, have you dumped Steve yet?

They've clearly had this conversation before:

AMANDA  
 No. And I'm not planning on uncoupling from Steve.

SAM

He makes you miserable.

AMANDA

We make each other miserable.

(regretting this)

I mean... relationships are hard work.

SAM

No, work is hard work.

Relationships should be fun. Oh my god, I forgot to tell you: there's a fit man in the office!

They pass a couple of snuffly men.

AMANDA

Are you sure?

SAM

(dreamily)

Dan. He started today. Cappuccino eyes... movie-star smile... arse like two polished apples in a sock.

AMANDA

You're objectifying again. If you were a man they'd call you a sexual predator.

SAM

Or just "a man."

**INT. AMANDA'S DESK - DAY**

Amanda and Sam arrive at Amanda's desk. Amanda puts her bag on her desk - accidentally knocking over a FRAMED PHOTO of her and Steve.

AMANDA

(fiddling with her bra)

I put on my shit bra too. The wire's sawing off my-

(turns)

-right tit.

She finds herself facing a gorgeous looking man (DAN, 27.)

DAN

(smiles)

Hi, sugar lips.

AMANDA

(flattered but uncomfortable)

I'm not sure that's a workplace appropriate comment.



DAN  
 (laughs)  
 I'm sorry, you have sugar on your  
 lips.

Amanda self-consciously wipes the donut sugar off her lips, embarrassed. Sam is clearly jealous that Dan is more interested in Amanda than her.

DAN  
 Well, I'll see you later.

Dan leaves. Amanda watches him walk away, then realises Sam is watching her.

AMANDA  
 (casually)  
 He's not all that.

SAM  
 Then why are you licking your lips?

AMANDA  
 It's... residual sugar.

Sam walks off, smirking.

AMANDA  
 It's residual sugar!

Amanda sits down at her desk. She rights the fallen photograph of her and Steve. The glass has cracked, the crack dividing her and Steve. Amanda regards it unhappily.

AMANDA'S BOSS, a fifty-something Alpha male (with a bad cold), appears holding a clipboard.

AMANDA'S BOSS  
 Taking stock, Braintree?

AMANDA  
 (philosophically)  
 I am actually, Nigel. Sometimes I  
 feel I just settle for things  
 because I don't think I deserve bet-

AMANDA'S BOSS/NIGEL  
 (handing her clipboard)  
 I mean: do a stock take.

He walks off - answering his phone as he goes:

NIGEL  
 Talk to me.

Amanda stands and slouches off towards the stock cupboard.

**EXT. STREET. SCAFFOLDING - DAY**

One of the builders on the scaffolding outside Amanda's office is pouring cement from a mixer. His nose runs and his eyes are red. He looks like he has the mother of all colds. He suddenly pitches forward and lands face-down in the freshly laid cement.

**INT. AMANDA'S BOSS' OFFICE - DAY**

Amanda knocks and enters holding the clipboard.

AMANDA

Nigel, can I ask you a... Oh.

Amanda's boss has his head down on his desk, seemingly sleeping. Amanda approaches him, a little embarrassed.

AMANDA

Um... wakey wakey?

She gently shakes him. He groans and starts to lift his head...

AMANDA

Sorry to disturb you, Nigel, I-

He's a zombie!

... kind of. His jaw is slack, his eyes unfocused, his movements sluggish. A fat strand of mucus runs from his nose to his desk. He starts to rise, emitting a low moan.

NIGEL

Braaaiinnn...

Amanda backs away as he takes a shuffling step towards her, arms reaching out.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

Braaaiinnntreee...

He collapses face-down on the carpet.

**INT. OFFICES - LATER**

A WOMAN wearing a "First Aid Officer" vest leads Amanda's boss out of the office. He shuffles along like a zombie.

Amanda and Sam watch him go.

SAM

Men are such pussies.

**INT. AMANDA'S OFFICE. STATIONARY CUPBOARD - DAY (DAYDREAM)**

Amanda is stocktaking, bored out of her mind.

The door to the room suddenly opens and Dan enters, a serious expression on his seriously handsome face.

AMANDA

Dan!

DAN

Amanda, I'm afraid I've got bad news. It's Steve.

AMANDA

Steve?

DAN

Yes, Steve. Amanda... Steve's dead.

AMANDA

Dead? Oh no! That's really terrible. I'm really upset. How did he die?

DAN

He had a very rare disease. They're calling it "Steve's Disease". After Steve. There were no symptoms and no pain. He died instantaneously.

AMANDA

Oh, if only there was something I could have done!

DAN

(firmly)

There wasn't. It was nobody's fault and absolutely nobody should feel guilty about it.

AMANDA

(tearful)

I loved him.

DAN

I know. You loved him and you were a really great girlfriend.

Amanda slumps against a shelf of permanent markers.

AMANDA

I feel so out of control... like I think people sometimes do after they've been bereaved.

DAN

That's definitely a thing.

Dan stands very close to her.

DAN (CONT'D)  
And now I'm going to make love to  
you.

AMANDA  
Yes all right then.

They kiss passionately...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. TRAIN - DAY (REALITY)**

Amanda stands amongst the crowded commuters, a far-off look on her face. She's a million miles away (in a storage cupboard) and is oblivious to the many coughing and sneezing male commuters around her.

**INT. AMANDA & STEVE'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - EVENING**

Amanda enters, unstrapping her bicycle helmet.

AMANDA  
(exhausted)  
I'm home.

No reply...

The doorbell RINGS. Amanda opens the door to a DELIVERY WOMAN with a bag of shopping.

DELIVERY WOMAN  
Sorry it's late, we're really short-  
staffed today.

AMANDA  
Oh. Thanks.

She takes the shopping bag.

**INT. BEDROOM - EVENING**

Amanda enters the bedroom examining the contents of the shopping bag.

AMANDA  
Bloody hell - you've got enough flu  
medicine to tranquillize a fucking  
sperm whale!

Steve is still in bed, under the covers.

AMANDA  
Did you at buy any food?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. KITCHEN - LATER**

Amanda opens the fridge - Steve hasn't bought food.

Amanda scavenges what she can from the fridge: a couple of slices of bread, a wrinkled tomato and some limp lettuce. She closes the fridge and hunts through some cupboards. All she finds is a couple of packets of bacon flavoured *Frazzles*.

**MOMENTS LATER**

Amanda finishes making herself a *Frazzles*, lettuce and tomato sandwich. She spots a bottle of red wine on a shelf and grabs that too.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Amanda sits watching a soap opera, washing down the last of her "F.L.T." with a large glass of wine. She's drunk most of the bottle and looks quite drunk. But she's not concentrating on the TV, she's thinking about something else.

Amanda seems to come to a conclusion. She walks unsteadily to a drawer and takes out a pen and some BLUE NOTEPAPER AND A MATCHING ENVELOPE. She returns to the sofa and starts to write:

AMANDA  
(sadly)  
Dear Steve. This has been a long  
time coming...

**LATER**

Amanda finishes writing the letter and slips it into the blue envelope, on which she writes "Steve."

Her phone RINGS. She answers it:

AMANDA  
Hello?

SAM  
Sup, biatch?

AMANDA  
I dumped Steve.

SAM  
Finally! How did the man-child take  
it?

AMANDA  
I don't know. I've written him a  
letter.

SAM  
An actual letter? Like... paper?!  
You weren't married!

AMANDA  
So?

SAM  
Married: letter... engaged: e-mail... everything else: text.

AMANDA  
Text?!

SAM  
Yes. Then they respond angrily in all caps, followed by a tearful late night phone call, followed by you threatening to tell their wife about your so-called "team building" weekends in Lyme Regis if they don't leave you alone. Then it's "so long Nigel" and on to pastures new.

**ON TV:** A "News Report" interrupts the soap opera. A MALE NEWSREADER appears - below him a banner reading "Mystery virus spreads" scrolls by.

AMANDA  
(reacting)  
Gotta go.

She hangs up.

MALE NEWSREADER  
Good evening. Reports are coming in from around the UK of a virus with severe flu-like symptoms which is incapacitating men and boys. So far there are no reports of fatalities, but medical experts say it is too early to say whether this will remain the case for long...

AMANDA  
(stunned)  
Fuck.

**INT. AMANDA AND STEVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Amanda bursts in and rushes over to the bed. She throws back the covers: Steve is fast asleep, snoring snottily.

AMANDA  
Steve?  
(shakes him)  
Steve!

No response. Amanda looks scared. Scared and guilty. She climbs onto the bed and spoons with Steve.

**FADE OUT.**

**FADE IN:**

**NEXT MORNING**

CLOSE ON Amanda's sleeping face.

The SOUND OF PEEING wakes her. She raises her head - Steve's side of the bed is empty!

The sound of urinating from the bathroom stops...

AMANDA

Ste-?

... then continues. Stops again...

AMANDA

St-?

... starts again...

AMANDA

STEVE!

The toilet flushes and Steve comes out of the bathroom. He looks fully recovered. Amanda looks stunned.

STEVE

You all right? You look awful.

AMANDA

Thanks.

Steve starts to get dressed, whistling cheerfully. Amanda watches him, still a little stunned.

STEVE

Is there any bacon?

AMANDA

There's just Frazzles. How do you feel?

STEVE

Fit as a tick. Must have just been a twenty-four hour thing.

Steve leaves the room. Amanda looks relieved. Then a sudden thought makes her rush from the room.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Amanda rushes in and grabs the blue envelope she left on the table and stuffs it into her back pocket.

Steve enters, munching on a *Frazzle* sandwich. He plops down on the sofa and turns on the TV.

ON TV: Shots of flags at half-mast from around the world.

FEMALE NEWSREADER #2 (V.O.)

From the Pope to the President of the United States, no man it seems is immune to the mysterious virus sweeping the globe...

STEVE

(spitting Frazzles)  
What the fuck?!

AMANDA

I'll pop the kettle on.

**LATER**

Several empty packs of cold and flu remedies are scattered across the coffee table. Steve drinks a hot drink as he watches the news unfold on TV.

AMANDA

Do you want another lemony drink?

STEVE

One more and I'm going to start shitting lemons. I'm telling you, I'm fine!

ON TV: A FEMALE NEWSREADER reads the news. A banner scrolls beneath her reading "'MANDEMIC' - Major Flu Outbreak Affects Men Throughout Britain."

NEWSREADER

... The headlines again: Males throughout the world have fallen victim to a mysterious virus with severe flu-like symptoms.

A FEMALE REPORTER stands on a quiet street.

FEMALE REPORTER (CONT'D)

From Land's End to John O'Grotes, women throughout the country are reporting their partners and male family members have become slow-witted, sluggish, incapable of communication...



AMANDA

Can you believe this?

Steve grunts a reply.

**IMAGES ON TV:**

- Flu-addled men shuffling along the street, eyes vacant, noses running...
- Female Reporter stands outside a hospital.

FEMALE REPORTER

So far there are no recorded fatalities linked to what is being dubbed the "Mandemic" but experts warn that it is still early days. And with reports reaching us of men outside Britain being effected, there is every reason to be worried.

NEWSREADER #2

... So far there are no reports of a single male anywhere in the world unaffected by the Mandemic...

AMANDA

You can't be the only fit man in the world... it's not possible.

STEVE

Cheers, thanks a lot.

AMANDA

You know what I mean.

FEMALE NEWSREADER #2 (CONT'D)

... Even the crew of the international space station has been affected; leading experts to believe the virus may have lain dormant for months, even years.

- a SCIENTIST is being interviewed:

FEMALE REPORTER #2 (V.O.)

Professor Bridget Monroe, from the University of Brisbane, has suggested the Man-Flu may have been brought to Earth by a meteor which landed near Sydney almost a decade ago.

SCIENTIST  
 (Australian accent)  
 The first cases of the virus were reported twenty miles from where a meteor landed in 2011.

REPORTER  
 So you think this virus could be of extraterrestrial origin?

SCIENTIST  
 Yes I do.

REPORTER  
 And how do you respond to a report by Sydney University that suggests that, far from being unaffected by the virus, some women have experienced a spike in their testosterone levels and elevated levels of aggressiveness?

SCIENTIST  
 (suddenly furious)  
 Sydney University are a bunch of [HER WORDS BLEEPED]!

REPORTER  
 Um... thank you, professor.

SCIENTIST  
 (getting to her feet)  
 You come in here with your [BLEEP] about Sydney [BLEEP] University! Those [BLEEP] couldn't find their [BLEEP] with a [BLEEP]!

The footage ends abruptly.

Steve sits up, excited:

STEVE  
 Oh my god - Lilith!

AMANDA  
 Who?

STEVE  
 My ex, from uni! She's an immunologist!

AMANDA  
 How do you know?  
 (off his expression)  
How do you know?

STEVE

She, uh, e-mailed me about a month ago. Just to say hi.

AMANDA

(icy)

I see.

STEVE

She works in a lab in Edinburgh. Maybe she could create an antivirus out of my blood... like in one of those zombie films!

AMANDA

This isn't a bloody zombie film.

ON TV: Images of a hospital ward full of zombie-like males, shuffling around, dead eyed and slack jawed.

AMANDA

Fine.

Steve takes out his phone and dials a number, Amanda turns back to the TV.

NEWSREADER #2

... And with billions of men now incapacitated by this mysterious virus, women around the world must be asking the same question: What are we going to do without them?

**EXT. LONDON COUNCIL ESTATE - DAY**

A gang of TEENAGE GIRLS stride across a council estate lead by a tough-looking GANG LEADER. Their attitude speaks for itself: *This is ours now*. Beyonce's 'Run The World (Girls)' PLAYS OVER.

The gang comes to a public toilet with male and female symbols over the doors. Gang Leader holds out her hand and a can of red spray-paint is slapped into her palm. She sprays a red circle around the male symbol, then slashes a line through it - creating a soon-to-be famous "NO MEN" symbol. The girls roar!

**EXT. HIGH STREET - LATER**

The girl-gang swarms down the street, more girls joining its swelling ranks. Other women quickly move out of their way.

A SECOND GANG comes down the street, lead by another tough-looking GANG LEADER.

The two gangs face-off, their respective gang leaders' faces just inches apart...

Both girls simultaneously realize they're standing outside a sportswear shop. They both smile...

**INT. SPORTSWEAR SHOP - SECONDS LATER**

The shop window EXPLODES as a bin smashes through it!

The girls pour in ravenously - grabbing trainers, clothes, jewellery, etc. A male mannequin is trampled underfoot.

**MONTAGE:**

- Shops throughout the UK are looted by young women: Clothes shops, shoe shops, jewellery stores, confectioners...
- Overwhelmed POLICEWOMEN try to make arrests.
- Girls swarm into a phone shop, grab the latest phones, swap their SIM cards and discard their old phones.
- DIY stores and other symbols of the patriarchy have the 'No Men' symbol spray-painted on them.
- Posters depicting symbols of the patriarchy (fast cars, objectified women, etc.) get the "No-Men" treatment too.

**INT. AMANDA & STEVE'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Amanda and Steve watch the rioting unfolding live on TV. Steve still has his phone to his ear.

STEVE  
(shaking head)  
One day without men and everything  
goes to pieces.

AMANDA  
How does a bit of looting equal  
'going to pieces'?! People riot  
more over discount TVs in January.

ON TV: A gang of women wave a placard bearing the "No Men" symbol:

GANG OF WOMEN (ON TV)  
No more men! No more men!

AMANDA  
(off Steve's look)  
They're just letting off a bit of  
steam.

Steve hangs up.

STEVE  
Lil's not answering.

AMANDA  
 (makes face)  
 "Lil."

Amanda gets up and goes and opens the living room curtains.

STEVE  
 Don't!

Steve runs over and closes them again.

STEVE  
 Look, what if it's all a  
 conspiracy? What if some militant,  
 feminist terrorist group is trying  
 to wipe out mankind?!  
 (gasps)  
 I bet this is to do with 5G!

AMANDA  
 Stop being paranoid!

Amanda yanks open the curtains.

Outside, a GIRL IN GLASSES (9) scooters down the street. She  
 sees Steve and stops suddenly.

NEWSREADER #2 (ON TV)  
 Tragedy today in Manchester...

Amanda and Steve turn towards the TV.

NEWSREADER #2 (ON TV) (CON'T)  
 Reports of a healthy male resulting  
 in riots in which three women and  
 one transgender man were  
 hospitalised.

AMANDA  
 God.

NEWSREADER #2  
 Among the rioters were members of  
 an apparent anti-male gang.

Amanda and Steve exchange looks. They turn to see the little  
 girl with glasses staring at Steve, mouth open. Steve gives  
 her a half-hearted wave. The girl frantically scoots off down  
 the street.

STEVE  
 Scotland?

AMANDA  
 Scotland.

**INT. AMANDA'S BOSS' OFFICE - DAY**

Sam sits at her boss's computer, feet on the desk. Her phone rings.

SAM  
(into phone)  
Talk to me.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. AMANDA & STEVE'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY**

Amanda speaks into her phone:

AMANDA  
Where are you?

**INTERCUT BETWEEN AMANDA AND SAM**

SAM  
At work.

AMANDA  
Are you seeing the news?

SAM  
I'm seeing how much more Gropie  
Glen in Human Resources earns than  
I do.

AMANDA  
Look, I need to borrow your car.

SAM  
Why?

AMANDA  
You know how all the men in the  
world are sick? Well... Steve's  
not.

SAM  
I'll be right there.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Amanda is sorting through her wardrobe, throwing some of the baggier or stretchier items onto the bed. There's the SOUND of an electric shaver from the bathroom.

AMANDA  
Hurry up, Sam will be here in a  
minute.

STEVE (O.S.)  
I can't believe you told Sam!

AMANDA  
She's my best friend.

Steve comes out of the en-suite - he's completely shaved off his beard.

STEVE  
She's your best friend from work!

Amanda stares at him.

STEVE  
What?

AMANDA  
(embarrassed)  
Nothing. Haven't seen you without a beard for a while. You look... nice.

STEVE  
Thanks.

Amanda hands him some clothes.

AMANDA  
Try these on.

**MONTAGE:**

Roy Orbison's "Pretty Woman" PLAYS OVER:

- Steve is stripped down to his underwear and wears a woman's bra stuffed with socks...
- He struggles into a skirt...
- He tries on a blouse...

STEVE  
Will you turn that off?!

ANGLE ON Amanda playing "Pretty Woman" on her phone.

AMANDA  
(laughs)  
Sorry!

**LATER**

Steve is dressed in a skirt, blouse and one of Amanda's jackets. Amanda adjusts his "breasts".

STEVE  
Did you deliberately make my tits smaller than yours?

AMANDA  
 (lying)  
 No.

Steve checks himself out.

STEVE  
 You're going to have to show me how  
 to act like a woman.  
 (off Amanda's look)  
 You know, how to walk in high-  
 heels, how to put on make-up...

AMANDA  
 We're trying to disguise you not  
 get you laid!  
 (beat)  
 We're going to have to do something  
 about your hair though.

**INT. ATTIC - DAY**

Amanda and Steve in their cramped attic. Amanda opens a dusty box marked "Shit". She pulls out novelty shades, plastic beads, a flowery shirt...

AMANDA  
 Why did we think 70s-themed parties  
 were a good idea?

STEVE  
 We were on drugs.

Amanda brings out a LONG BLONDE HIPPIE WIG.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Steve wears the wig. Amanda adjusts it until she's happy. She takes a step back, looks him over.

STEVE  
 Be honest... how do I look?

AMANDA  
 (shrugs)  
 I'd shag you.

**EXT. AMANDA & STEVE'S STREET - DAY**

Sam pulls up in a VW POLO, parking on the other side of the road from Amanda and Steve's house.

**INT. SAM'S CAR - DAY**

Sam takes a lipstick out of her handbag and applies a fresh layer of scarlet. She checks herself out in the mirror. She undoes the top button of her blouse.



SAM  
 (to her reflection)  
 What? She dumped him.

She closes her handbag and gets out of the car.

**INT. AMANDA & STEVE'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - DAY**

The doorbell RINGS. Amanda opens the door and yanks Sam inside.

SAM  
 Hey!

Amanda glances up and down the street, then quickly shuts the door.

Steve comes down the stairs carrying a TRAVEL BAG.

SAM  
 (looking closer)  
 Steve?

STEVE  
 I know... I'm hideous.

SAM  
 No, the blouse really brings out  
 your eyes. Have you lost weight?

STEVE  
 (flattered)  
 Glad someone noticed.

Amanda looks guilty that she *hadn't*. But she does notice the way Sam is eyeing Steve. She holds out her hand for Sam's car keys.

AMANDA  
 Thanks so much.

SAM  
 (holding onto keys)  
 Where are you guys headed? Anywhere  
 nice?

STEVE  
 We're going to-

AMANDA  
 (interrupting)  
Get out of London for a bit. Until  
 everything blows over.

Amanda takes out a twenty pound note and holds it out to Sam.

AMANDA  
 Some money for a taxi.

Sam reluctantly hands over the keys.

SAM  
(stiff smile)  
Sharing is caring.

Steve goes to the front door and opens it.

STEVE  
Cheers then, Sam.

SAM  
Bye Dan... Oops - Steve.

The comment goes over Steve's head, but Amanda gives Sam a hard look as she follows Steve out the door.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Amanda and Steve cross the road to Sam's car. Sam watches from the front door.

STEVE  
(to Amanda)  
I always liked Sam.

AMANDA  
Yeah, ri-

Amanda sees a group of WOMEN coming down the street, following the little girl with glasses.

AMANDA  
Shit!

They walk very quickly to Sam's car. Amanda presses the unlock button on the car's key fob. Nothing happens.

STEVE  
(scared)  
Open the door please!

AMANDA  
I'm trying to open the door.

The gang of women gets closer.

STEVE  
Press the thing!

AMANDA  
I'm pressing the thing! I'm  
pressing both things! I'm pressing  
all the things!

The women, ignoring Amanda and Steve, turn into their front garden and march up to Sam.

NOSEY NEIGHBOUR

(excited)

My Gale says there's a man in this house!

GIRL WITH GLASSES

He was ugly! And he had a beard and he was fat!

Steve hears this:

STEVE

Fat?!

Amanda finally unlocks the car - Steve quickly gets in. Amanda keeps watching the confrontation outside her house.

NOSEY NEIGHBOUR

(to Sam)

Well... where is he?

Amanda tenses.

SAM

(eyes on Amanda)

Come in and see.

Sam steps aside and the neighbours surge into the house.

Amanda mouths Sam a "Thank you" and gets in the car.

Girl With Glasses has remained outside the house - she's staring at Steve, frowning...

**INT. SAM'S CAR - DAY**

Steve hunches down in his seat as Girl With Glasses scutinizes him.

STEVE

(to Amanda; urgent)

Can we go now please?!

AMANDA

Okay...

Amanda puts on her seat-belt... adjusts her seat... adjusts the rear-view mirror... adjusts her seat again...

STEVE

For fuck's sake!

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

The girl with glasses suddenly recognizes Steve - she points and *screeches* (like a pod-person in "Invasion Of The Body-Snatchers.")

**INT. CAR - DAY**

Amanda shoves the car into first and FLOORS the accelerator!

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

The car races off.

The nosy women come running out of the house, attracted by Girl With Glasses' scream.

GIRL WITH GLASSES

He's in the car - he's wearing a dress! He still looks fat.

The women run off after the car, shouting loudly. One woman fumbles for her car keys.

Sam, amused, goes back inside the house.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Sam enters and sits down on the sofa. She takes out her phone, dials a number.

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)

Jazz Cabs?

SAM

(into phone)

Taxi to Waterloo.

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)

Hold on.

While she waits, Sam takes a magazine from her handbag (top lifestyle/gossip mag "Hello There!") and flicks through it. An ad gets her attention:

INSERT PAGE: a picture of a glammed-up woman drinking champagne, accompanied by the words "Tell us YOUR story and we could make YOU a star!"

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)

Waterloo was it?

SAM

Change of plan...

**EXT. EALING - DAY**

Sam's car speeds through the quiet streets of East Ealing.

**INT. SAM'S CAR - DAY (MOVING)**

Steve checks the rear-view mirror for pursuers.

STEVE  
I think we're okay.

They relax. Steve turns on the radio.

CHIRPY RADIO DJ (V.O.)  
... You're listening to Sexual  
Ealing - sending out love to all  
the sick men out there. I'm sure  
they'll be up and about again very  
soon... but in the meantime we  
girls are just going to have to  
keep calm and carry on...

The car reaches a junction. Amanda waves another motorist on.  
The other motorist gestures for Amanda to go first. Amanda  
motions for her to go first. It's a polite deadlock.

STEVE  
(losing patience)  
Just go!

AMANDA  
When you learn how to drive,  
Stephen, you can drive however you  
like, okay?

The other motorist finally goes first. Amanda drives on.

AMANDA  
All right, you want to learn how to  
be a woman? There's your first  
lesson: not everything is a  
competition.

**INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS. MAIN CHAMBER - DAY**

The house is full of female MPs. Some have young children -  
one even one breast-feeds a baby. PRIME MINISTER MARGARET  
MAUL is on her feet:

PRIME MINISTER MAUL  
... And I assure the House that  
until we can find a cure for this  
"Mandemic" we will ensure that  
every single male in the country  
receives the care they need.

"Hear, hears" from all sides of the House. The SPEAKER  
stands:

SPEAKER  
Emily Ellis.

The OPPOSITION LEADER, a no-nonsense Yorkshire woman, stands.

OPPOSITION LEADER

Thank you, Madam Speaker. On behalf of my party, I will say this to the Prime Minister... she has done an outstanding job in her new role as leader of her party.

More "hear hears".

OPPOSITION LEADER (CONT'D)

In times like these, petty party politics must be set aside. It is vital that we unite!

**INT. SAM'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY**

Amanda and Steve sit in moody silence.

CHIRPY RADIO DJ (V.O.)

... Today we're asking: What do you most miss about men?

(laughs)

Keep it clean!

STEVE

She's talking like we're all dead!

CHIRPY RADIO DJ (V.O.)

Mary, you're on the air. What do you most miss about men?

ELDERLY CALLER (V.O.)

I miss Elvis.

CHIRPY RADIO DJ (V.O.)

Elvis? Elvis is already dead, lovie.

ELDERLY CALLER (V.O.)

(gasps)

No!

Steve rolls his eyes.

**INT. 'HELLO THERE!' HQ. MEETING ROOM - DAY**

A meeting is in progress. At the head of the table, surrounded by her EDITORIAL STAFF, is GLORIA LAWATHER (49), a still glamorous ex-model.

LAWATHER

(Texan accent)

... I want interviews with Kate, Amal, Michelle. How is life different? What do they miss most about their men? What charities have they set up?

STAFF MEMBER #1  
I heard Jessica had Justin  
cryogenically frozen.

Lawther's two semi-identical ASSISTANTS rush in.

ASSISTANT #1  
Miss Lawther-!

LAWTHER  
(furious)  
I'm in a goddamn meeting!

The women around the table react to this more than usual  
aggressiveness.

Both assistants take a deep breath:

ASSISTANT #1 ASSISTANT #2  
There's a fit man in Ealing! There's a fit man in Ealing!

A stunned beat.

STAFF MEMBER #2  
There are no fit men in Ealing.

**INT. SAM'S CAR - DAY (TRAVELLING)**

Amanda and Steve aren't talking.

CHIRPY RADIO DJ (V.O.)  
Next caller: Jill, you're on the  
air. What do you most miss about  
men?

CALLER #2 (V.O.)  
My Phil made a really nice lasagne.  
I'll miss his lasagne.

CHIRPY RADIO DJ (V.O.)  
Awww.

CALLER #2 (V.O.)  
Although he never made me cum.

CHIRPY RADIO DJ (V.O.)  
Um, okay! Moving on...

STEVE  
Lasagne?! What about electricity?  
Cars? Computers?

AMANDA  
We've still got all that.

STEVE  
We still invented them.

AMANDA

(laughs)

"We"?! You can't even change a plug! You can't take credit for something because it was created by someone with matching genitals!

STEVE

Why not? We all get the blame when a few men do something bad!

Amanda and Steve fail to notice signs of disorder on the street they're now on; there is "No Men" graffiti and vandalized posters.

STEVE (CONT'D)

It's not always a picnic being a man, you know.

AMANDA

Oh, I'm sorry that being paid more than women and holding *all* the top jobs isn't enough!

An angry beat.

STEVE

(mutters)

I could change a plug.

**INT. HELLO THERE! HQ. LAWTHER'S OFFICE - DAY**

CLOSE ON a glass of champagne being filled.

LAWTHER (O.S.)

It is a cause for celebration after all...

Lawther sits behind her desk in her lavish office as Sam, seated across from her, has her champagne glass filled with champagne by Assistant #1. Assistant #2 stands holding what looks like a contract.

LAWTHER (CONT'D)

Sure, we complain about men... and they complain about us. But it's that dynamic that keeps things interesting, right?

Lawther stands and walks around to stand over Sam.

LAWTHER

I mean, my lover and I fight like cat and dog...

She picks up a framed photograph from her desk showing Lawther with her husband - a wrinkled old man in his 90s.



LAWTHER  
But isn't make-up sex always the  
best?

Sam covers her disgust with a noncommittal smile.

LAWTHER  
(clicks fingers)  
Now...

Assistant #2 places a contact and a pen on the desk before  
Sam

LAWTHER (CON'T)  
Let's get the boring part out of  
the way - then we can have a nice  
gal-to-gal talk.

SAM  
(re contract)  
What's that?

LAWTHER  
This grants me exclusive rights.

SAM  
To what?

LAWTHER  
To you. Exclusive rights across all  
media - print, movies, radio, TV,  
throughout the universe in  
perpetuity - to the story that is  
Sam.

SAM  
And what do I get?

Lawther leans forwards - and squeezes Sam's breasts.

LAWTHER  
Bitch, I'll put these tits on the  
cover of every magazine in the  
world.

Sam drains her champagne and signs the contract.

LAWTHER  
Wonderful!

Lawther gives the contract to Assistant #2, then leans very  
close to Sam.

LAWTHER  
Now... let's talk about Steve.

**INT. SAM'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY**

Amanda and Steve are still arguing:

STEVE

... Even imply women are less than perfect and you're a misogynist! But women insulting men? That's fine!

AMANDA

Oh, how terrible that after thousands of years you're getting a tiny taste of what women have been going through since Adam and Eve!

RADIO CALLER #3 (V.O.)

... I tell you what I'm not going to miss about men: War.

CHIRPY RADIO DJ (V.O.)

Ooh, yeah - I'm not a big fan of war.

Steve angrily turns off the radio.

AMANDA

Well, she's got a point. Not a lot of wars happening right now, what with all the testosterone in the world taking an overdue nap!

The car turns the corner and enters -

**EXT. EALING HIGH STREET - DAY**

A war zone! The streets are full of angry female rioters...

AMANDA (O.S.)

Shit!

Shops have been looted... "No Men" graffiti adorns walls and windows... Male shop mannequins have been hanged from lampposts... A group of girls (wearing make-up as war-paint) are using a police car as a trampoline!

Steve sees a woman brandishing a pair of nutcrackers in a way he doesn't enjoy.

STEVE

(scared)

Time to go... time to go now, please!

AMANDA

Okay... er... how do you get to the A1 from here?

STEVE  
Just drive!

AMANDA  
I'll ask someone...

STEVE  
What?!

AMANDA  
(sighs)  
Oh, I forgot - men never ask for  
directions!

Amanda presses the button to lower Steve's window.

STEVE  
What the-?!

AMANDA  
(to nearby RIOTER;  
friendly)  
Hi - excuse me.

The rioter approaches - she's wearing a "No Men" T-shirt.

AMANDA (CONT'D)  
Hi. Can you tell us how to get to  
the A1 from here?

The rioter sticks her head in the open window - she has a scary-looking IMPLEMENT hanging around her neck. Steve sinks down in his seat.

RIOTER  
(points)  
Go past the Turkey Shack, left at  
Snappy Snaps, past the burning cop  
car and then just follow the signs.

AMANDA  
Thank you so much.  
(re implement)  
That's interesting - what is it?

RIOTER  
Farmers use it for castrating cows.

STEVE  
(small voice)  
And are you a farmer?

RIOTER  
(smiles)  
No.

AMANDA  
Well... um, good luck!

Amanda drives on.

STEVE  
"Good luck"?!

AMANDA  
I was just being friendly!

**INT. PRIME MINISTER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Prime Minister Maul sits at her desk doing paperwork. An ADVISOR enters in a state of excitement.

ADVISOR  
Prime Minister, we've just received a reliable report that there's a healthy male in London!

PRIME MINISTER MAUL  
What?!

ADVISOR  
In Ealing.

PRIME MINISTER MAUL  
Ealing?

ADVISOR  
(shrugs)  
I know.

PRIME MINISTER MAUL  
Right - alert the army. We need roadblocks on all major roads out of London. If there's a healthy man in this country then he is the most valuable commodity on the planet.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. SAM'S CAR - DAY (TRAVELLING)**

Steve plucks a nostril hair from his nose as he plays with his phone.

AMANDA  
What are you doing?

STEVE  
Looking for men online.

Amanda laughs.

STEVE  
(irritated)  
I mean, I'm looking for active men...

Amanda laughs harder.

STEVE  
 Oh, shut up.  
 (types into phone)  
 "Hashtag Manchester United versus  
 Newcastle."  
 (reads)  
 Last post... twenty five hours ago.

He looks concerned.

STEVE  
 (types)  
 "Hashtag women superheroes."  
 (reads)  
 Last post... thirty three hours  
 ago.

He looks *really* concerned.

AMANDA  
 Um... maybe it's a forty-eight hour  
 thing?

Traffic starts to slow ahead of them.

STEVE  
 What's this?

The traffic comes to a total stop.

STEVE  
 What's going on?

AMANDA  
 I don't know.

STEVE  
 Why's everyone stopping?

AMANDA  
 I know as much as you do!

Steve gets more and more frustrated as the traffic builds up.

STEVE  
 Honk your horn.

AMANDA  
 No!

STEVE  
 Go on!

AMANDA  
 No-one else is honking their horn.

STEVE  
Why is everyone so calm? It's weird.

AMANDA  
(sarcastic)  
Yes, weird - the distinct lack of road rage. What could the reason be?

A HONK! from the car next to them. The car is decorated with rainbows and unicorns. The driver winds down her window - she's dressed like some kind of children's entertainer.

ANGRY MOTORIST  
What's the fucking delay?! I've got a fucking kids party to fucking get to!

STEVE  
You were saying?

There are a few more angry honks from other cars.

STEVE  
Go and see what the problem is!

AMANDA  
Fine!

Amanda gets out of the car.

**EXT. TRAFFIC JAM - DAY**

Amanda makes her way between the cars towards the front of the queue...

**A MILITARY ROADBLOCK**

Female soldiers are ordering women out of their cars and patting them down - *thoroughly*. Other soldiers are walking down the line of cars towards her.

Amanda starts to nonchalantly back up.

**INT. SAM'S CAR - DAY**

On the radio "It's A Man's World" comes on.

STEVE  
They're just taking the piss now.

Amanda gets back in the car.

STEVE  
Well?

AMANDA  
There's an army roadblock. They're  
searching people.

STEVE  
For what?

AMANDA  
Penises.  
(beat)  
We'll have to go on on foot.

Steve reaches for the travel bag on the back seat...

RADIO DJ (V.O.)  
(interrupting song)  
This just in - a healthy man has  
been spotted in Ealing! - if you  
can believe that.

AMANDA  
Leave the bag.

**EXT. SAM'S CAR - DAY**

Amanda and Steve exit the car and start to casually saunter  
away from it; drawing looks from other motorists.

AMANDA  
(to Steve; sotto)  
Don't panic. We're just two women  
going for a pee in a hedge.

They leave the road and walk down a grassy verge,  
disappearing into some hedges beside the road.

**EXT. HEDGE - DAY**

They push their way through the hedges and carry on across a  
muddy field beyond.

**EXT. SAM'S CAR - DAY**

As the traffic slowly moves forward, Sam's car remains  
noticeably stationary.

A SOLDIER comes across the abandoned car. She looks around  
for the owners, then opens the back door and unzips the bag  
on the back seat - a MAN'S ELECTRIC SHAVER falls out.

**EXT. FIELD - EVENING**

Amanda and Steve trudge across a field. Both are tired and  
fed up.

In the distance are some lights.

**EXT. COTTAGE - NIGHT**

Amanda and Steve approach a small cottage.

AMANDA

Let's ask if we can stay the night.

Amanda checks Steve's disguise. She adjusts his breasts.

STEVE

Don't just grab them!

AMANDA

They're not real!

(beat)

Okay, let's hear you do a woman's voice.

Steve clears his throat:

STEVE

(high voice)

Hi, my name is-

AMANDA

Too high.

STEVE

(low voice)

Hi, my name is-

AMANDA

Too sexy.

STEVE

(huffs)

I'll just say I'm a mute.

AMANDA

You'll say you're a mute?

(beat)

Just do your normal voice.

STEVE

Won't that be too manly?

AMANDA

(smirks)

Sure.

Amanda walks towards the front door of the cottage, Steve follows scowling.

**INT. COTTAGE. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

A nice-looking OLD LADY (80s), with a HEARING AID, sits watching TV.



There's the SOUND of knocking... getting progressively louder.

The old lady finally reacts to the sound.

**EXT. COTTAGE. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT**

The old lady opens the door.

OLD LADY  
Hello? Can I help you?

AMANDA  
Hi. Sorry to bother you, but our car broke down...

OLD LADY  
(adjusting hearing aide)  
Sorry, dear?

AMANDA  
I said: our car broke down...

OLD LADY  
Scarborough?

AMANDA  
Our car-

OLD LADY  
Arga?

Steve loses patience:

STEVE  
OUR CAR BROKE DOWN!

OLD LADY  
Oh. Well, you'd better come in...

She stands aside for them to enter.

AMANDA  
Thank you.

STEVE  
THANK YOU!

**INT. COTTAGE. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

The old lady leads them into a cosy kitchen. A dining table is laid for dinner, a pot of stew bubbles on a stove.

OLD LADY  
I was just about to have my supper.  
Would you like to join me?

AMANDA  
Thank you, that would be lovely.

OLD WOMAN  
Sorry?

STEVE  
THAT WOULD BE LOVELY!

OLD LADY  
Well, have a seat.

Amanda and Steve sit at the table. The old lady lays two extra places at the table.

OLD LADY  
There was a time I wouldn't open my door after dark. But there's no danger now, is there? With all the perverts laid up in bed.

STEVE  
(irked)  
Women can be perverts too.

OLD LADY  
What dear?

AMANDA  
WOMEN CAN BE PERVERTS TOO!

The old lady fetches the pot from the stove and brings it to the table.

OLD LADY  
(shaking head)  
Used to be sex was between a man and a woman. And there was just two position.  
(starts dishing out stew)  
Now it's all dogging... motor-boating... tea-bagging...

Amanda and Steve grow increasingly more uncomfortable.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)  
... this-to-mouth... that-to-mouth...

Amanda and Steve become increasingly uncomfortable.

AMANDA  
(loudly)  
Do you live alone?

OLD LADY  
Yes. My husband died last year.

AMANDA  
Oh, I'm so sorry!

OLD LADY  
Hm?

STEVE  
SHE'S SO SORRY!

Amanda and Steve start eating.

OLD LADY  
Yes... well, it is nice to have a  
bit of peace and quiet...

STEVE  
(quietly)  
How would you know?

OLD LADY (CONT'D)  
My Henry was so loud...

STEVE  
Can I use your toilet?

Old Lady doesn't hear him.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)  
... Always shouting!

STEVE  
CAN I USE YOUR TOILET?!

OLD LADY  
Yes, dear. Up the stairs and turn  
right.

Steve leaves the room. We HEAR Steve's footsteps going up the stairs and walking around above.

AMANDA  
So, how long have you lived here?

OLD LADY  
Hold on, dear...

Old Lady takes out her hearing aid and looks at it.

OLD LADY  
(laughs)  
No wonder - I had it turned all the  
way down!

She adjusts her hearing aid and pops it back in...

... just in time to hear the unmistakable SOUND of Steve urinating into an upstairs toilet.

Amanda and the old lady exchange looks.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. COTTAGE - NIGHT**

The front door flies open and Amanda and Steve flee into the night. The old lady comes to the door, a cordless phone in her hand.

OLD LADY  
(angry)  
Filthy perverts!

AMANDA  
(shouting back)  
And your stew was shit!

Amanda and Steve disappear into the night. Old Lady dials a number.

VOICE ON PHONE #2 (V.O.)  
Emergency services, what service do  
you require?

OLD LADY  
(not hearing)  
Hello?... Hello?!... Oh!

**EXT. FIELD - NIGHT**

Amanda and Steve trudge across another field, shivering from the cold. The wind has picked up too.

They come to a STONE BARN.

**INT. BARN - LATER**

Steve enters. He takes out his phone and activates the torch setting, illuminating the interior of the barn: there's a big PILE OF STRAW and a sheet of TARPULIN on the floor.

Amanda enters. A breeze blows in through the open door.

STEVE  
Born in a barn?

Amanda shuts the door and stands regarding the barn.

AMANDA  
(sighs)  
All because you're too much of a  
man to piss sitting down.

STEVE  
I said I was sorry.

Steve sullenly gathers some of the straw and starts making a bed.

AMANDA

Just try and get in touch with your feminine side a bit more.

STEVE

(mutters)

I asked you to show me how to walk in high heels.

AMANDA

There's more to being a woman than that!

(beat)

Just try and be a bit more... sensitive

STEVE

Or maybe you could be a bit less sensitive.

Steve lays the tarpaulin on top of the straw.

AMANDA

Meaning what?

STEVE

Meaning you never used to be this... up-tight.

AMANDA

Yes, I did!

(regretting this)

I mean I'm not up-tight.

STEVE

You didn't used to find fault with everything single thing I did...

Steve lies down on the makeshift bed.

AMANDA

That's my side.

Steve moves, muttering, to the other side of the bed. Amanda lies down next to him.

A cold draft WHISTLES under the door.

AMANDA

God, I'm freezing. Can't you start a fire or something?

STEVE

With what?

AMANDA

With... you know... whatever you start a fire with! Sticks and stones.

STEVE

Right, so you want me to be sensitive man and a caveman?

Amanda grumpily turns away from him.

After a moment...

CLICK.

Amanda turns...

Steve lights a joint with a CIGARETTE LIGHTER. She glares at him.

STEVE

It's just to help me sleep!

Amanda keeps glaring.

STEVE

Oh...

**MOMENTS LATER**

Steve has made a small pile of straw - a safe distance away from the main pile - and lights it with his lighter. The flames build.

STEVE

(caveman voice)  
Me make fire!

Amanda smiles appreciatively. Smoke starts to build up.

AMANDA

I'll open the door a bit.

STEVE

Just don't open it too-

Amanda opens the door wide - a GUST OF WIND blows the flames from the small pile of straw onto the big pile!

STEVE (CONT'D)

Wide.

**EXT. BARN - NIGHT**

Amanda and Steve stand watching as the barn is consumed by fire. Steve's face is set into a scowl, Amanda looks mortified.

**EXT. OAK TREE - NIGHT**

Amanda and Steve lie beneath a large oak tree, using their coats as blankets. They're shivering... but refusing to share body-heat.

AMANDA  
Good night.

No reply.

AMANDA  
I said good-

STEVE  
Good night!

**FADE OUT.**

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. OAK TREE - MORNING**

Amanda wakes and sits up. There's a slug on her forehead.

AMANDA  
Eurch!

She peels off the slug and flings it over a nearby hedge.

AMANDA  
(wiping her face)  
I hate the outside.

Steve has his coat over his head.

AMANDA  
You awake?

A grumpy grunt from Steve.

Amanda stands and stretches. She spots something far off.

AMANDA  
(trying to placate him)  
I think I can see a petrol station.  
Shall I'll go and get us some  
breakfast?

No reply from Steve.

Amanda grabs her coat and trudges miserably off...

She doesn't notice that the blue envelope with "Steve" on has fallen out of her pocket and lays on the ground beside Steve.

**EXT. PETROL STATION FORECOURT - DAY**

Amanda reacts to a smouldering bonfire on the edge of the forecourt - built from bags of charcoal brickettes - on which various symbols of masculinity have been sacrificed (adult magazines, *The Sun*, Yorkie bars, etc.)

**INT. PETROL STATION SHOP - DAY**

An intense-looking ATTENDANT (20s) is watching a TV on the wall...

ON TV: A smug-looking FEMALE HOST is joined by two guests. GUEST #1 (60s) is a conservatively dressed woman with an Alice-band and pearls, GUEST #2 (30s) looks like everything she's wearing is vegan and ethically sourced.

HOST (ON TV)

Good morning, you are watching Britannia TV. Well, women around the world are waking up to the news that the men of planet Earth are taking a collective sick-day. How long they will be laid up, nobody knows. So, this morning we will be asking: Do women actually *need* men? With me are Daily Post columnist Frenella Dabney-Cunfurl and Gatekeeper Magazine's Dee Brown. Frenella, do we need men?

EXPERT #1 (ON TV)

Of course women need men! I'm probably going to get cancelled for saying that! But men and women are different. There are some things that men can do that women just can't...

EXPERT #2

(cutting in)  
Such as what?

EXPERT #1 (ON TV)

Such as changing a tyre... carrying an unconscious person out of a burning building... remembering what day the bins go out...

EXPERT #2 (ON TV)

That is ridiculous! That is such an out-dated concept!

EXPERT #1 (ON TV)

(ignoring her)  
But you show me a man who can remember a birthday! Or have a baby!



Amanda enters. The attendant turns in her direction - she's wearing a "No Men" T-shirt. Amanda smiles a hello and starts nervously filling a basket with supplies.

**EXT. FIELD. OAK TREE - DAY**

Steve's phone RINGS. He sits up, groggy, and digs out his phone.

STEVE  
(into phone)  
Yeah?

WOMAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
Steve!

STEVE  
Lil!

**CUT TO:**

**INT. LABORATORY. CORRIDOR - SAME TIME**

LILLY (30) - her attractiveness hidden by coveralls, goggles, mask, etc. - speaks furtively into her phone.

WOMAN'S VOICE/LILLY  
How are you?!

**INTERCUT BETWEEN STEVE AND LILLY**

STEVE  
Um... alright... I left my job at Intel-Solutions a while back... still looking for another job. I'm actually thinking of writing a comic-

LILITH  
No, I mean how are you? Are you showing any symptoms of the virus?

STEVE  
I was, but I got better.

LILLY  
(relieved)  
Thank God! Where are you?!

STEVE  
(looks around)  
In a field... um... by a tree?  
We're on our way to you actually.

LILLY  
Me? That's great! That's what I was going to suggest! Um... who's "we"?

STEVE  
Me and Amanda.

LILLY  
Oh. Great. Still together. Great.

STEVE  
So, you reckon you can make an anti-virus from my blood?

LILITH  
Well... we can almost certainly create an anti-virus. But not from you blood...

STEVE  
Oh. Look, if it's a urine sample I should let you know I did a tiny bit of blow recently... just to help me sleep!

LILITH  
No. It would actually need to be a sperm sample.

STEVE  
You want my jizz?!  
(sighs)  
Really look forward to telling Amanda that.

LILITH  
Right, let me give you my address...

STEVE  
Hang on...

Steve fumbles in his coat and brings out a pen. He pats his pockets for some paper... then notices the blue envelope on the ground and picks it up! His name is obscured by mud.

STEVE  
Okay.

Lilly reads out her address and Steve writes it on the back of the envelope. He then folds the envelope and sticks it in his back pocket.

LILLY (V.O.)  
You know, I always thought you were special.

STEVE  
I don't feel special.

LILLY  
You are to me.

STEVE

Thanks.

LILLY

But Steve, you have to be careful!  
I don't know if it's the virus or  
mass hysteria or something else...  
but some women are becoming really  
aggressive.

STEVE

Don't worry, Lil - I can take care  
of mys-

A VEHICLE ENGINE ROARS!

Steve turns in the direction of the sound, terrified.

**INT. PETROL STATION SHOP - DAY**

Amanda takes her basket to the counter.

ATTENDANT

Morning, sister.

AMANDA

Oh, morning... uh, sister.

The woman makes a "V" sign with her hand.

ATTENDANT

Do you know what this stands for?

AMANDA

Victory?

ATTENDANT

Vagina.

AMANDA

Oh.

The attendant makes a second "V" sign with her other hand.

ATTENDANT

Do you know what this stands for?

AMANDA

I want to say "vagina"?

ATTENDANT

Victory.

AMANDA

Ah. I was thrown because they look  
quite similar.

ATTENDANT  
 "Victory for Vaginas".

AMANDA  
 Well, "Victory Vaginas". There's no  
 "for."

ATTENDANT  
 There are four fingers.

Amanda loses patience and dumps her basket on the counter.

AMANDA  
 Just these please.

The attendant scans Amanda's items. She reacts to a man's razor and a can of shaving cream.

AMANDA  
 That... is for my bush.  
 (nervous laugh)  
 More of a thicket, really!

The attendant frowns and keeps scanning.

**EXT. PETROL STATION FORECOURT - DAY**

Amanda exits the shop with a bag full of her supplies. She glances at a newspaper stand beside the door...

Every newspaper has been replaced with a copy of *Hello There!* Magazine - on the cover of which is Sam!

Amanda snatches up a copy. Sam is dressed in a low-cut top and is holding a framed photo of Steve, beneath the headline: "All About Steve - The Fittest Man Alive! EXCLUSIVE interview with gf's best friend."

AMANDA  
 (through gritted teeth)  
 Best friend from work!

Amanda opens the magazine and is confronted by a picture of her and the headline "AMANDA PLAN TO ABANDON MAN!"

Amanda suddenly remembers the break-up letter and reaches into her pocket...

AMANDA  
 Fuck!

**INT. HELLO THERE! HQ. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY**

A group of women have assembled in Lawyer's office: a SURVEILLANCE TECH NERD, a PRIVATE DETECTIVE, and a statuesque BIG-GAME HUNTER (VAN CLAWS).

Lawther sits behind her desk, her assistants flanking her. Sam reclines on a sofa, drinking champagne and flicking through a magazine.

LAWTHER

There is one question at the heart of tabloid journalism...

She holds up a photo of Amanda and Steve.

LAWTHER (CONT'D)

"Will they or won't they?"

She stands and walks around the desk to the women.

LAWTHER

This is the only story on the planet right now... and I want full ownership of it. Book rights, film rights, merchandising, everything.

SAM

Why?

All eyes turn to Sam.

SAM

(gestures at photo of Amanda & Steve)  
I mean, look at him!

LAWTHER

(covering her annoyance)  
Because Samantha, dear, knowledge is power. And I want power!

Sam shrugs and goes back to her magazine.

Lawther clicks her fingers and Assistant #1 rushes forwards and starts handing out CONTRACTS to the assembled women.

LAWTHER

I don't care how you do it, just make him sign!  
(grins)  
Happy hunting, ladies!

The women file out, all except Van Claws who hands Lawther a list.

VAN CLAWS

(South African accent)  
I'll need all this.

LAWTHER

I am already paying you a ton of money...

VAN CLAWS

Keep your money. I'm doing this for the thrill. My papa hunted down the last Western Black Rhinoceros. I want to do one better. I want to bag the last healthy man.

LAWTHER

Very well. But bring Steve to me alive. No castration!

Van Claws nods (reluctantly). Lawther hands Van Claws' list to Assistant #2.

Sam coughs pointedly, holding up her empty champagne glass. Lawther glowers, then adopts a friendly demeanour:

LAWTHER

Samantha, dear - why don't you accompany Miss Van Claws?

Sam looks unenthusiastic. Lawther goes over to her.

LAWTHER (CONT'D)

You could be my woman in the field! Documenting the man hunt!

Sam still doesn't look persuaded.

LAWTHER

You'll be a celebrity.

SAM

I don't have a thing to wear.

Lawther grins and snaps her fingers again. Assistants #1 & #2 rush forward.

LAWTHER

(to assistants)  
Make her a star!

Sam allows herself to be escorted from the room.

VAN CLAWS

What about the woman?

LAWTHER

(turns)  
Hmm?

Van Claws gestures to the picture of Amanda and Steve.

LAWTHER

Oh.

Lawther tears the picture in half and discards the part with Amanda's face on.

LAWTHER  
Yesterday's news.

**EXT. FIELD. OAK TREE - DAY**

Amanda hurries towards the tree. There's no sign of Steve.

AMANDA  
Steve?

A SCREAM from the next field!

AMANDA  
Steve!

She runs in the direction of the scream...

**EXT. NEXT FIELD - DAY**

Amanda enters a neighbouring field. A YELLOW VW CAMPERVAN is parked up.

There's another SCREAM from the van.

Amanda reaches into her bag...

**INT. CAMPERVAN - DAY**

Amanda yanks open the campervan's door, holding a can of shaving foam like a gun -

- interrupting the screams of laughter of THREE WOMEN (ISOBEL, 30s; HOLLY, 20s; SOPHIA, 40s) and Steve. They sit amidst a haze of marijuana smoke.

They turn in Amanda's direction.

HOLLY  
(dressed in low-cut top)  
It's a bust!

All four burst into fresh hysterics.

STEVE  
(to Amanda; re open door)  
Born in a barn?

**LATER**

Amanda sits with the stoned denizens of the campervan. The women are: Isobel (cheerful and hippyish), Holly (tattooed and friendly), Sophia (cynical and suspicious).

ISABEL  
(to Amanda)  
So, Steph says you need a lift.

AMANDA

Steph?

(off Steve's look)

Oh. No, it's fine... the roads are a nightmare.

SOPHIA

(Spanish accent)

We're taking the back roads. No road blocks.

AMANDA

Oh... good.

Isabel climbs into the driver's seat.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

Steph, sit up front with me.

STEVE

Okay.

Steve starts to climb into the passenger seat - but his skirt hitches up, revealing a very hairy leg. The occupants of the van fall silent.

Amanda and Steve tense.

Isabel puts her hand on Steve's thigh.

ISABEL

Don't you dare feel ashamed.

STEVE

Um... all right.

Sophia folds her arms behind her head, revealing unshaven armpits.

SOPHIA

No-one here will judge your body.

Amanda directs a judgmental grimace at Sophia's armpits - then coughs pointedly to remind Steve he has a strange woman's hand on his thigh. Steve grins, embarrassed, and climbs into the passenger seat.

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY**

The campervan follows a small, meandering road through the countryside.

**INT. CAMPERVAN - DAY**

The radio is on. Steve sits beside Isabel belting out "This Girl Is On Fire."

Amanda sidles up behind Steve and whispers into his ear:



AMANDA  
 Whatthefuckinghellareyouplayingat?!

STEVE  
 (whispers back)  
 You said get in touch with my  
 feminine side!

AMANDA  
 I didn't say grow a fucking vagina!

STEVE  
 Look - I heard back from Lil...ith.

AMANDA  
 And she can make a cure from a  
 sample of your blood?

STEVE  
 (hesitates)  
 From a sample, yes.

AMANDA  
 Thank God.

Amanda relaxes. Steve goes back to singing.

Holly offers the remains of Steve's joint to Amanda.

AMANDA  
 No thanks.

Steve accepts it instead.

AMANDA  
 (to women)  
 So, er, where are you all headed?

SOPHIA  
 We are attending a gathering of  
 like-minded women.

AMANDA  
 Lesbians?

SOPHIA  
 (frostily)  
 No.

ISABEL  
 (cheerfully)  
 I'm a lesbian.

Isabel smiles at Steve, clearly attracted. Amanda notices.

STEVE  
 I've never even been with a man!

AMANDA  
 (to Isabel)  
 So, how are you enjoying a world  
 without men?

Isabel starts to reply, Steve interrupts:

STEVE  
 I think it's fucking brilliant! No  
 more war, no more sexism! Women can  
 walk the streets without some twat  
 commenting on her tits!

AMANDA  
 But not all men are-

STEVE  
 (talking over)  
 Let's face it, the virus was  
 probably man-made. Probably escaped  
 from a lab!

Sophia, Holly and Isabel all exchange approving looks.

STEVE  
 Men have been in charge for ten  
 thousand years... let women have a  
 turn.

If Amanda's looks could kill.

**EXT. MANSION - DAY**

The campervan pulls up outside an impressive mansion. Two  
 dozen vehicles are parked outside.

Everybody piles out of the van. Isabel, Holly and Sophia head  
 for the mansion. Amanda pulls Steve aside.

AMANDA  
 (whispers)  
 There's something weird about this  
 lot!

STEVE  
 (whispers back)  
 Give them a chance!

SOPHIA  
 (turning)  
 Coming?

They follow the women. The front door of the mansion opens  
 and a YOUNG GIRL (10) with an AK-47 appears!

ISABEL  
 Belinda, you naughty girl! Where  
 did you get that?

GIRL WITH GUN  
 (points to an ARMY LAND  
 ROVER)  
 Over there. There's plenty for  
 everyone!

ISABEL  
 (hands on hips)  
 What do we say about guns?

GIRL WITH GUN  
 (sighs)  
 "Vulvas not revolvers."

ISABEL  
 Right. Now go and put it back.

The girl pouts and complies. Isabel gives Amanda and Steve a  
 "Kids!" look.

**INT. MANSION. RECEPTION AREA - DAY**

The women and Steve enter. Amanda and Steve take in the  
 lavish interior of the mansion.

AMANDA  
 Who does this place belong to?

SOPHIA  
 (shrugs)  
 Some dead white male.

AMANDA  
 Don't you mean some sick white  
 male?

SOPHIA  
 (smiles)  
 Wait.

**INT. MANSION. GRAND HALL - DAY**

Amanda and Steve are lead into a large hall where chairs have  
 been laid out. About FIFTY WOMEN of various ages and  
 backgrounds sit facing a spotlight, vacant lectern.

ISABEL  
 Good, we're not late!

Amanda and Steve are shown to their seats. They sit flanked  
 by Isabel and Holly. Isabel continues to give Steve  
 flirtatious looks.

The lights dim and an excited murmur goes through the crowd.  
 An older woman with an academic air - PATRICIA (65) - enters  
 and walks to the lectern. A projector beams the initials  
 "W.A.R.P." onto a wall behind her.

STEVE  
What's W.A.R.P.?

ISABEL  
(cheerfully)  
"Women Against the Return of the  
Patriarchy."

STEVE  
...

AMANDA  
(whispers in his ear)  
Love your new girlfriend.

Patricia addresses the audience:

PATRICIA  
The patriarchy is a monolith that  
has stood for aeons. But it has not  
stood forever. There was a time  
when women were not subjugated...

Projected onto the wall are IMAGES of Cleopatra, Bodicea, as  
well as Amazons and goddesses...

PATRICIA (CONT'D)  
We were not slaves, we were not  
second class citizens. We had  
power, but we did not seek to rule  
as men did.

Projected IMAGES continue: Hedy Lamarr, Ida Lovelace,  
Princess Diana, etc.

PATRICIA (CON'T)  
Now Mother Nature has given us an  
opportunity. While the world's men  
are laid up we will lay down the  
foundations for a new world. A  
world beyond gender. A kinder,  
gentler world...

STEVE  
(whispers to Amanda)  
They're maniacs!

AMANDA  
(intrigued)  
Give them a chance.

Sophia stands up, angry:

SOPHIA  
Whatever we build men will tear  
down again!

Some murmurs of agreement.

SOPHIA  
 You want a world beyond gender?  
 Then let us have just one!

PATRICIA  
 Violence is not the answer. We must  
 not swap one evil for another. Even  
 a lesser evil.

SOPHIA  
 Where is the violence?! We did not  
 make men sick... but we do not have  
 to keep them well.

Murmurs of dissent - and some of approval.

Amanda gets more and more annoyed. Steve notices and gives  
 her a "don't!" look.

SOPHIA  
 We have been given an opportunity.  
 We owe it to ourselves to take it!

Amanda knows she should keep quiet, but -

AMANDA  
 (stands)  
 Hang the fuck on - are you saying  
 let all men die?!

Steve sinks down in his seat.

SOPHIA  
 I'm saying let nature take its  
 course.

HOLLY  
 Steph says the virus was probably  
 man-made anyway.

STEVE  
 It was just a theory!

Two women in the audience exchange unhappy looks, get up and  
 head for the door - where Little Girl With Gun stands in the  
 doorway still holding her rifle. She slowly shakes her head.  
 The women resume their seats.

STEVE  
 (to Amanda)  
 Still think women are just "letting  
 of a bit of steam"?

AMANDA  
 Well... They're your friends!

**EXT. NUMBER 10, DOWNING STREET - DAY (ESTABLISHING)**

**INT. NUMBER 10, DOWNING STREET. CABINET OFFICE - DAY**

A cabinet meeting is taking place. PRIME MINISTER MAUL is surrounded by two dozen MINISTERS.

PRIME MINISTER MAUL  
 God morning, ladies and-  
 (laughs)  
 Well... ladies.

A few chuckles from her ministers.

PRIME MINISTER MAUL  
 Now, as you all know, the hunt for the elusive Steve continues. And until we have him there is a very limited chance of creating a vaccine. Which means that millions of men are going to need around the clock care... which is going to be very, very expensive. So... ideas?

IDEALISTIC MINISTER  
 We could tax the rich.

PRIME MINISTER MAUL  
 Um-hm.

IDEALISTIC MINISTER  
 I mean, just a one percent tax on those with assets worth over ten million could raise ten billion pounds! And equalising capital gains tax with income tax could raise up to fourteen billion pounds!

Silence.

PRIME MINISTER MAUL  
 Any other ideas?

RUTHLESS MINISTER  
 Actually, Prime Minister, my department has already come up with a possible solution. I call it "Project Manhandle". The objective of which is to empower - and I do mean empower - every woman in Britain to take full control over the health and welfare of the men in their lives... by looking after them in their own homes!

PRIME MINISTER  
 Empowering women! Excellent!

Nods of approval from *most* of the other ministers.

IDEALISTIC MINISTER

Sorry... are you saying hospitals will no longer treat sick men?

RUTHLESS MINISTER

Exactly! No more impersonal "professional care" from strangers in germ-infested hospitals - but the loving attentions of family members. I've already spoken to President Ivanka and she's given me tips on how they're doing it in the States...

IDEALISTIC MINISTER

But millions of men could die!

RUTHLESS MINISTER

Well... millions of sick men. But why financially cripple the country trying to be a "nanny state" for men who, for all we know, are going to die anyway?

PRIME MINISTER MAUL

Empowering women... to empower the country!

IDEALISTIC MINISTER

But the women of this country won't allow it!

PRIME MINISTER MAUL

They will have a chance to voice any objection to this plan... at the next general election two years from now.

IDEALISTIC MINISTER

But...!

PRIME MINISTER MAUL

(ignoring her)

We have the opportunity to become the world's only superpower! Because we have what no other country has - the fittest man on Earth!

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MANSION. GRAND HALL - NIGHT**

Steve messily devours a vol-au-vent, half of it ending up on his chin.

The chairs have been cleared away and everyone stands around chatting, some engaged in lively debate. A buffet has been set up with wine and vol-au-vents, etc.

Amanda stands beside Steve, looking uncomfortable.

STEVE  
(mouth full)  
I love vol-au-vents, but I only ever eat them at buffets. Isn't that weird?

Isabel comes towards them.

ISABEL  
(excited)  
What did you think of the talk?!

STEVE  
Um...

AMANDA  
Er...

ISABEL  
Wasn't it?! So, have you decided whether you're going to join us?

STEVE  
It's tempting...

AMANDA  
I think we'd like to sleep on it.  
(yawns)  
Speaking of which...

ISABEL  
Oh, of course. I'll show you where you'll be sleeping.

**INT. AMANDA'S ROOM - NIGHT**

ANGLE ON Amanda lying in bed looking annoyed, as loud SNORING reverberates around the room...

A WOMAN sleeps next to her, snoring loudly.

**INT. STEVE'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Steve stands looking panicked. Isabel can be heard singing from an en suite bathroom.

ISABEL (O.S.)  
I won't be long.

STEVE  
Take your time!



Steve opens a wardrobe full of clothing. He rummages around until he finds a nightdress. He strips down to his underwear, pulls on the nightdress and dives under the bed-covers... just as Isabel comes out of the bathroom.

ISABEL

All cosy?

STEVE

Yeah...

Isabel starts to undress. Steve tries not to look.

ISABEL

(unbuttoning her blouse)

So, how long have you known Amanda?

STEVE

Who? Oh!... about ten years.

ISABEL

You must be really good friends?

STEVE

Yeah. She's my best friend. Well... she was.

ISABEL

Did something happen?

Isabel takes off her blouse and starts taking off her jeans - Steve doesn't even notice.

STEVE

These days it's like everything I do annoys her.

ISABEL

Some people are just over-sensitive...

STEVE

No, I can be annoying.

(thinks)

Sometimes I think I try to annoy her.

ISABEL

Why would you do that?

STEVE

I guess, deep down, I've always thought she was too good for me. That she'd leave me, sooner or later. I think part of me just wants to get it over with. If I thought I deserved her... maybe I'd be different.

This is a revelation to Steve. Isabel gets under the covers and moves close to him.

ISABEL  
(suggestively)  
Or maybe you just need to make some  
new friends.

STEVE  
Maybe.  
(beat)  
Well, night then!

He turns away from Isabel and closes his eyes, leaving her looking disappointed.

**INT. AMANDA'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Amanda looks over at an alarm clock on the bedside table next to her bed mate (beside it a set of KEYS with a 'Land Rover' key fob): it's midnight - time to leave. Amanda slips out of the bed.

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Amanda creeps out of her room, closes the door quietly and turns - to see Sophia.

SOPHIA  
Leaving so soon?

AMANDA  
Uh... I couldn't sleep. Thought I'd  
go for a little walk.

SOPHIA  
Don't get lost.

Sophia walks off down the corridor. Amanda starts to leave; she knows she shouldn't, but -

AMANDA  
You know who else is a victim of  
the patriarchy?

Sophia stops and turns.

SOPHIA  
Who?

AMANDA  
Men.

SOPHIA  
(amused)  
Really?

AMANDA

Men get bullied and pushed around  
by the same bastards that push us  
around.

SOPHIA

Which men are these exactly?

AMANDA

Kind men... gentle men... normal  
men.

SOPHIA

You've clearly met more "gentlemen"  
than I have.

Sophia turns and walks off down the corridor. Amanda makes a  
rude gesture and walks off in the other direction.

**EXT. DIFFERENT CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

A door opens and Steve creeps out - not seeing Amanda already  
waiting for him.

AMANDA

Ready to go?

Steve jumps, then:

STEVE

I just need a pee.  
(off her scowl)  
It can wait.

**EXT. MANSION - NIGHT**

Amanda and Steve sneak out the front door. They walk amongst  
the parked cars, trying doors: they're all locked.

STEVE

So much for the trusting  
sisterhood.

AMANDA

You'll have to hot-wire one.

STEVE

How?!

AMANDA

How did you break into cars in  
"Grand Theft Auto"?!

STEVE

I pressed "X"!

They come to the Army Land Rover.

AMANDA

Oh - I know where the keys are!  
Don't do anything stupid for five  
minutes.

Amanda heads back towards the mansion.

STEVE

One elephant... two elephant...

He stands like he really needs to pee.

**INT. AMANDA'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Amanda's bed-mate snores on. Amanda enters and creeps towards the Land Rover keys...

The floor CREAKS - the woman in bed reacts in her sleep. Amanda freezes... the woman starts snoring again. Amanda times each step with the woman's snores until she can grab the keys.

**EXT. MANSION - NIGHT**

Steve stands looking like he's about to burst.

STEVE

... two hundred and nighty  
elephant... two hundred and-...

He can't hold it any longer. He hurries over to a -

**TREE**

- hitches up his skirt and starts peeing.

STEVE

Ahhh! Peeing against a tree - like  
a man!

CLICK!

Steve turns -

Girl With Gun stands glowering at him, AK-47 in hand.

STEVE

They told you to put that back!

GIRL WITH GUN

(shrugs)  
It's a different one.

**EXT. LAND ROVER - NIGHT**

Girl With Gun HANDCUFFS one of Steve's wrist to the Land Rover's steering wheel.

STEVE

Ow!

There's the sudden NOISE of an animal in the night. Steve thinks fast:

STEVE

(shouting towards noise)

Run, Gretchen! Run like the wind!

Girl With Gun runs off in the direction of the noise. Steve looks proud of himself.

Amanda appears.

AMANDA

"Gretchen"?

STEVE

I was improvising.

Amanda sees he's handcuffed to the steering wheel.

AMANDA

Shit!

(thinks)

Get behind the wheel!

STEVE

I can't drive!

AMANDA

Just do it!

**INT. LAND ROVER - CONTINUOUS**

Steve gets behind the wheel. Amanda jumps in the passenger seat, leans over and starts the ignition.

AMANDA

Put your foot on the clutch.

STEVE

Where's the "clutch"?!

AMANDA

Move your feet!

Amanda steps on the clutch, puts the car into first, and STAMPS on the accelerator - the Land Rover TEARS OFF...

**EXT. LAND ROVER - NIGHT**

Girl With Gun returns in time to see the Land Rover drive off. She raises her AK-47 and FIRES -



AMANDA  
Okay, you're going to have to take  
over the pedals.

STEVE  
What?! No!

AMANDA  
It's okay... just put your feet  
where mine are... left on the  
accelerator... right on the  
break...

Steve does as instructed.

AMANDA  
(smiles)  
Perfect.

LIGHTS are reflected in the side mirrors.

AMANDA  
Who's that now?

She looks back over her shoulder...

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT**

The pink Porsche bombs down the road after them!

**INT. LAND ROVER - NIGHT**

Amanda also sees that the back of the Land Rover is filled  
with WEAPONS!

AMANDA  
Fucking hell!

STEVE  
What?

She grabs a handgun and shows it to Steve.

STEVE  
Fucking hell!

MACHINE-GUN FIRE!

**EXT. PINK PORSCHE - NIGHT**

Female Soldier leans out of the window - AK-47 blazing!

**INT. LAND ROVER - NIGHT**

Amanda and Steve hunch down as bullets ZIP past them.

STEVE  
You'll have to shoot back!

AMANDA  
I'm a vegetarian!

STEVE  
You eat bacon!

AMANDA  
Not... really.

STEVE  
Just a warning shot - to scare them  
off!

More GUNFIRE.

AMANDA  
Shit! All right...

Amanda clammers over the seat into the back of the Land Rover, as Steve, eyes fixed on the road, tries not to crash.

Amanda surveys the orgy of firepower on display: handguns, rifles, etc. She reaches for an automatic rifle...

STEVE  
Use a big one. The bigger the  
better.

Amanda looks for a bigger gun. She sees a ROCKET LAUNCHER.

AMANDA  
Got one!

STEVE  
Now, what you do-

AMANDA  
It's all right, it's got  
instructions on the side.

Amanda peers at the instructions on the side of the rocket launcher.

STEVE  
Don't bother with the instructions!

AMANDA  
God - men never read the  
instructions!

STEVE  
Maybe you'd like to stop and ask  
for directions!

AMANDA  
I'm trying to read!

Amanda primes the rocket-launcher...



**INT. PORSCHE - NIGHT**

Sophia stops to reload her rifle.

**INT. LAND ROVER - NIGHT**

Amanda lifts the rocket-launcher onto her shoulder with difficulty...

STEVE

Fire above their heads!

The weight of the rocket-launcher is too much for Amanda and she tips forward - inadvertently pulling the trigger -

The rocket-launcher FIRES - shooting a PLUME OF FLAME out of the back, inches from Steve's head -

STEVE

AAAARGH!

- and LAUNCHES THE ROCKET through the back window!

**EXT. PORSCHE - NIGHT**

The rocket EXPLODES into the road directly in the path of the Porsche - forcing it to swerve and CRASH into a hedge!

**INT. LAND ROVER - NIGHT**

AMANDA

(laughing)

Ha! Did you see that?!

STEVE

Of course I saw it! What the fuck was that?!

Amanda climbs back into the passenger seat.

AMANDA

You told me to use a big one.

Steve shakes his head in disbelief.

Amanda keeps laughing.

STEVE

It's not funny! You could have killed me!

AMANDA

(laughing harder)

I'm sorry!

Steve starts laughing too. Soon, they're both in hysterics.

STEVE  
You're a fucking bad ass!

AMANDA  
I totally am!

**EXT. PORSCHE - NIGHT**

Sophia and Isabel stagger dazed, but unhurt, from the wrecked Porsche.

SOPHIA  
FUCK!

**EXT. FIELD - MORNING**

The bullet-ridden Land Rover is parked in a field beneath a tree.

**INT. LAND ROVER - MORNING**

Amanda and Steve are asleep in the front, using their coats as blankets. Amanda stirs and her head lolls onto Steve's shoulder. She wakes. She almost moves her head, but leaves it there, enjoying the intimacy.

Steve stirs. Amanda moves away from him.

AMANDA  
Morning.

STEVE  
Morning.

Steve stretches - as much as he can with his wrist still handcuffed to the steering wheel.

AMANDA  
We've got to get those things off.

STEVE  
(sarcastic)  
Really? I was thinking of hanging onto them.

AMANDA  
(cautiously)  
We're only twenty miles from Leeds...

STEVE  
(scared)  
No!

AMANDA  
My dad's got a tool shed...

STEVE  
We are not going to your mother's!  
She hates me!

AMANDA  
She doesn't *hate* you...

STEVE  
Moderately despises me then.

AMANDA  
Well... yeah.

STEVE  
And she'll turn me over to the  
authorities as soon as look at me!

AMANDA  
No she won't - she's my mother!

Steve looks deeply dubious, but has no better ideas.

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY**

The Land Rover passes a sign for Leeds.

**INT. LAND ROVER - DAY**

Amanda regards the arsenal of weapons in the back of the Land Rover.

AMANDA  
What are we going to do about all  
these?

**EXT. RECYCLING POINT - DAY**

The barrels of machine guns and other weapons stick out of a stuffed-to-capacity recycling bin.

Amanda stands holding the last few guns.

AMANDA  
(to Steve)  
Maybe I could keep one?

Steve's look says: fuck no!

Amanda reluctantly dumps the guns in a bottle bank.

**EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY**

The Land Rover drives down a quiet street in a leafy suburb.

**EXT. AMANDA'S PARENTS' HOUSE - DAY**

A nice middle-class house. The Land Rover pulls into an empty drive.

AMANDA (O.S.)  
Well, Mum's car's not here.

**INT. LAND ROVER - DAY**

Steve parks the Land Rover.

STEVE  
Let's grab the tools and leg it.

AMANDA  
But I want to see my dad!

STEVE  
He's probably in hospital.

AMANDA  
Mum doesn't trust hospitals. She says their full of-

STEVE  
Immigrants? Muslims? Socialists?

AMANDA  
Yeah.

STEVE  
Fine. Just hurry up!

Amanda gets out of the car.

**EXT. AMANDA'S PARENT'S HOUSE. FRONT DOOR - DAY**

Amanda goes to the front door and finds it locked. She lifts a stone tortoise in a flower bed, revealing a key.

**INT. AMANDA'S PARENT'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - DAY**

Amanda enters. The house is quiet.

AMANDA  
Mum? Dad?

**INT. AMANDA'S PARENT'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - DAY**

Amanda enters. She's disappointed to see her parents' bed is empty.

She goes and sits on her dad's side of the bed. There are some books on the bedside table as well as a framed picture of her as a child.

AMANDA  
(tearful)  
Oh, dad.

She opens the bedside table drawer - revealing a men's magazine: *Young and Busty*.

AMANDA  
 (disgusted)  
 Oh, dad!

**EXT. AMANDA'S PARENTS' HOUSE - DAY**

A red MINI pulls into the drive.

A posh-looking woman (LORRAINE, 60s) gets out of the Mini and approaches the Land Rover, frowning. She looks in through the window to see a sleeping woman handcuffed to the steering wheel.

LORRAINE  
 Steve?

Amanda comes out of the house.

AMANDA  
 Mum!

Steve wakes.

STEVE  
 Lorraine!

Lorraine opens Steve's door. Steve braces himself for a verbal or physical attack... Lorraine hugs him.

LORRAINE  
 Thank goodness you're all right! I  
 was so worried!

Steve and Amanda exchange shocked and confused looks.

**LATER**

Amanda uses an ELECTRIC SAW to saw through Steve's handcuffs. Lorraine watches over her shoulder.

LORRAINE  
 (smiling)  
 Takes me back to my honeymoon.

AMANDA  
 (appalled)  
 Mum!

Amanda tries to focus on sawing the handcuffs chain.

LORRAINE  
 Hold it tighter, dear! No, not like  
 that!

AMANDA  
 I'm trying to concentrate!

Amanda turns angrily - the electric saw swinging close to Steve's face.

STEVE

Oi!

AMANDA

Sorry.

LORRAINE

Do be careful, dear.

Amanda grits her teeth and keeps cutting.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER**

Steve, free of the handcuffs, sits next to Amanda on a plush sofa in an ultra-neat living room. There's no sign of Lorraine.

AMANDA

(worried)

What if she's calling the police?

STEVE

She's your mother!

Lorraine enters with a tray of tea and biscuits. She puts down the tray and hands Steve a cup and saucer (the best china).

LORRAINE

(smiling)

Here you are, Steven. Nice and milky, like you like it.

Lorraine hands Amanda a cup of very black tea.

AMANDA

I like mine milky too.

LORRAINE

There's no more milk, dear.

Amanda sips her tea moodily.

LORRAINE

(to Steve)

Biscuit, Steven?

She offers Steve a plate of biscuits.

STEVE

Thanks Lorraine.

AMANDA

Where's dad?

LORRAINE  
Oh, he's at the hospital.

AMANDA  
Why aren't you looking after him?

LORRAINE  
(settling into a chair)  
I can't - not with my feet. Anyway,  
he's in the best place possible.  
(to Steve)  
How are you, Steven?

STEVE  
Fine thanks, Lorraine.

LORRAINE  
Good, good.  
(smiles)  
So, how long will you both be  
staying?

STEVE  
It's just a flying visit, really.  
We're headed for Scotland...

AMANDA  
(pointedly)  
Or somewhere.

STEVE  
(mouths at her)  
She's your mother!

Amanda reaches for a biscuit - Lorraine takes away the plate.

LORRAINE  
Another biscuit, Steven?

Amanda scowls.

**INT. AMANDA'S PARENT'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - LATER**

Amanda pours her tea down the sink.

A TV on the wall is tuned to "Britannia TV." The host is still joined by her two guests. But a third guest has joined them: a transgender man (CHRIS, 20s) in a suit and tie.

HOST (ON TV)  
Now, one question we haven't  
addressed so far is the transgender  
issue...

Guest #1 rolls her eyes and tuts. Guest #2 folds her arms in disapproval.

HOST (ON TV) (CONT'D)  
 Well, we are joined now by  
 Christine - sorry! Chris. Now,  
 Chris - you're an activist on  
 transgender issues. As a "man" you  
 must be loving all the attention  
 you're getting from women right  
 now!

TRANSGENDER MAN (ON TV)  
 (patiently)  
 I'm actually more concerned about  
 all the men and boys who are  
 currently sick...

GUEST #2 (ON TV)  
 (interrupting)  
I'm concerned with how the media is  
 exaggerating the seriousness of an  
 illness that hasn't killed a single  
 man!

TRANSGENDER MAN (ON TV)  
 So far.

GUEST #1 (ON TV)  
 (interrupting)  
 I'm concerned that we are  
 identifying people as men who  
 mother nature has clearly  
 identified as female! I know I'm  
 not allowed to say that!

TRANSGENDER MAN (ON TV)  
 You just said it.

GUEST #2 (ON TV)  
 I actually agree with Petronia on  
 that. The fact that biological  
 women are not targeted by the virus  
 proves that in every important way  
 that transgender women are not  
 women!

TRANSGENDER MAN (ON TV)  
 But being a man - or a woman -  
 can't just be about biology. We're  
people, not just-

HOST (ON TV)  
 (interrupting)  
 I'm afraid we're going to have to  
 leave it there. Thank you, ladies!

Amanda turns off the TV. Lorraine enters.



LORRAINE

So, a lot of responsibility on you now then.

AMANDA

To do what?

LORRAINE

To have children, dear! To repopulate the world with healthy boy babies.

AMANDA

Repopulate the world? Wow - my vag is going to be busy.

LORRAINE

(not listening)

Of course you would have to get married first. I know it's not terribly fashionable these days, but most countries still honour that tradition... and the eyes of the world would be on you.

AMANDA

We're not getting married...

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

(still not listening)

And imagine - it would be like a royal wedding... bigger! All the top fashion designers would beg me to wear their clothes!

AMANDA

Beg you?

LORRAINE

Beg you, dear. Do listen.

AMANDA

Mum, we're not getting married. In fact... we're not really together any more.

LORRAINE

(aghast)

What?!

AMANDA

I kind of broke up with Steve... although he doesn't know yet.

Lorraine continues to stare at her.

AMANDA

I still love him... I'm just not in love with him. At least... I don't think I am...

LORRAINE

Love?! I'm talking about marriage!  
(lowers voice)  
Amanda, sitting in that room is the most eligible man alive.

AMANDA

I'm not going to stay with him just because he's not sick! How shallow do you think I am?

LORRAINE

Well, I would.

AMANDA

That answers that question.  
(beat)  
Anyway, you've always hated Steve!

LORRAINE

(uncomfortable)  
I never hated him. I just thought you could do better. But now you can't!

Steve enters. Both women put on identical fake smiles.

STEVE

I'm going to have a lie down, if that's okay?

LORRAINE

Of course, Stephen. Go and lie on our bed.

AMANDA

I'll show you where it is.

Amanda leads Steve out, shooting a look back at her mother.

**INT. AMANDA'S PARENTS' BEDROOM - DAY**

Amanda stands by the window, checking their arrival attracted no attention, while Steve takes off his shoes and lies down on her parents' bed.

STEVE

Do you think this is where you were conceived?

AMANDA

Ew! God, what is wrong with you?!

STEVE

I was just wondering.

Steve turns sullenly away from her.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Lorraine stands by a bookcase where shelf after shelf is given over to women's magazines. She withdraws a *Hello There!* "Wedding special!", the cover of which is adorned with photos of royal and celebrity weddings.

Lorraine grips the magazine, struggling with some inner conflict.

**INT. AMANDA'S PARENTS' BEDROOM - DAY**

Amanda closes the curtains and goes and sits on the edge of the bed. Steve still faces away from her.

AMANDA

Steve... there's something I have to tell you. I've been meaning to... but it just never seemed the right time, what with all that's going on. I-

SNORING from Steve.

AMANDA

Oh, for-!

She gets up and leaves the room, muttering.

ANGLE ON STEVE: He's fake snoring - and looking troubled by what Amanda was going to say.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Amanda enters. Lorraine is on the phone - but hangs up quickly, a guilty expression on her face.

AMANDA

Mum... who did you just call?

LORRAINE

(innocently)  
Oh... um... nobody.

AMANDA

Mum?

Lorraine's eyes stray to the *Hello There!* wedding special.

AMANDA

MUM!

**EXT. AMANDA'S PARENT'S HOUSE - DAY**

Amanda and Steve come out of the house, Amanda holding her mother's car keys. Lorraine chases after them:

LORRAINE

But they said they'd arrange the whole wedding! And pay for everything!

Amanda unlocks the Mini and turns, angry:

AMANDA

Goodbye, mother!

She gets in the car and slams the door.

STEVE

Bye, Lorraine. Thanks for the tea and-

AMANDA

Steve!

Steve quickly gets in the car. The Mini SPEEDS OFF.

**INT. HELLO THERE! HQ. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Lawther works at her desk. Assistant #1 & #2 rush in:

ASSISTANT #1

I've found him!

ASSISTANT #2

I've found him!

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY**

The Mini travels at speed along a quiet road.

**INT. MINI - DAY (TRAVELLING)**

Amanda, still annoyed, grips the wheel tightly.

STEVE

She was just doing what she thought was best.

AMANDA

Best for her.

STEVE

Well... would it be so terrible?

AMANDA

Would what be?

STEVE

Being married.

AMANDA  
What... you and me?

STEVE  
Who else?

AMANDA  
(uncomfortable)  
There are three and a half billion  
single women on Earth right now -  
why settle for me?

STEVE  
(shrugs)  
I wouldn't be settling.

Amanda looks wracked with guilt.

**INT. AMANDA'S PARENT'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY**

Amanda's mother washes dishes, dreaming of the wedding that  
might have been...

Through the window she sees the trees in the garden BUFFETED  
by a sudden wind - accompanied by a "WHUP-WHUP" NOISE.

**INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

The "WHUP-WHUP" noise is louder. The DOORBELL RINGS.

Lorraine appears and opens the front door. Van Claws stands  
on the doorstep.

LORRAINE  
I-I'm afraid there's been a tiny  
misunderstanding.

Van Claws smiles - it's not a friendly smile.

**EXT. NORTH YORKSHIRE MOORS. ROAD - DAY**

The Mini follows a narrow road. It passes a signpost reading  
"North Yorkshire Moors National Park."

**INT. MINI - DAY**

Steve is enjoying the scenery. Amanda looks tense.

AMANDA  
Steve... there's something I have  
to tell you. On the night before  
everyone got sick... I wrote you a  
note-

STEVE  
(annoyed)  
To take out the rubbish - yeah!  
I'll do it when I get back!

AMANDA  
No! It said-

WHUP WHUP WHUP.

STEVE  
What's that?

They look out the back window...

**A HELICOPTER**

- emblazoned with the word "Hello-Copter"!

Van Claws perches in the doorway of the chopper like a modern-day valkyrie.

Sam, glamorously attired, sits touching up her make-up, opposite a CAMERAWOMAN with a video camera.

**INT. MINI - DAY**

The chopper closes in on them.

AMANDA  
I can't outrun a helicopter!

STEVE  
Just call it a "chopper."

AMANDA  
I can't outrun a chopper!

STEVE  
Maybe I should drive?

She shuts him up with a look.

Steve sees a FOREST on the far side of a field.

STEVE  
(points)  
We can lose them in there!

**EXT. ROAD - DAY**

There's a GATE leading into a field ahead of them.

**INT. MINI - CONTINUOUS**

Steve sees the gate.

STEVE  
Look! I'll jump out and open the-

**EXT. ROAD - DAY**

The Mini CRASHES straight through the gate!

STEVE (O.S.)

Or not.

**INT. HELICOPTER - DAY**

There's a HUNTING CASE on the seat next to Van Claws. She opens it: inside is a HUNTING RIFLE, a TRANQUILLIZER RIFLE, and a HANDGUN. She takes out the hunting rifle.

SAM

(shocked)

You're not supposed to kill them!

VAN CLAWS

I'm not supposed to kill him.

Sam looks horrified and guilty.

Van Claws trains her rifle on the vehicle.

VAN CLAWS' POV: She trains the rifle sight on Amanda... but she can't get a clear shot.

**EXT. EDGE OF FOREST - DAY**

The Mini SKIDS to a halt, inches from a tree.

**INT. MINI - DAY**

Amanda and Steve let out simultaneous sighs of relief...

A bullet SHATTERS the driver's side window!

AMANDA

Fuck!

STEVE

Fuck!

They scramble out of the car...

**EXT. MINI - DAY**

Amanda and Steve duck down behind the car, using it as shelter.

**INT. HELICOPTER - DAY**

Van Claws shouts to the pilot:

VAN CLAWS

Take her down!

The pilot nods and the helicopter starts to descend.

Van Claws puts down the rifle, straps her handgun holster around her waist.

**EXT. MINI - DAY**

Amanda and Steve peek out from behind the car and see the chopper landing.

AMANDA  
Into the forest!

They run into the forest.

**EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY**

The helicopter lands and Van Claws jumps out. Sam goes to follow, but Van Claws stops her with a look.

VAN CLAWS  
Why don't you get some overhead  
shots?

Sam stays in the helicopter and it takes off again.

Van Claws slings the tranquillizer rifle over her shoulder and slides a round into the chamber of her handgun. She smiles - the hunt is on!

**EXT. FOREST - DAY**

Amanda and Steve run through the trees. Steve is already exhausted.

STEVE  
(out of breath)  
Serves... me... right.

AMANDA  
What?

STEVE  
You kept... asking me to... go to  
the gym with you... but I never  
did.

AMANDA  
(embarrassed)  
Actually... after the first couple  
of times... me and Sam ended up  
going to the pub next to the gym  
instead.

Steve laughs.

STEVE  
Maybe we can start going together.

AMANDA  
To the gym or the pub?



STEVE  
 (shrugs)  
 Both?

AMANDA  
 (smiles)  
 Yeah, maybe. Come on.

They resume running.

**ELSEWHERE IN THE FOREST**

Van Claws tracks the couple, moving fast.

**AMANDA AND STEVE**

Steve stops running.

STEVE  
 (out of breath)  
 Go on... without me.

AMANDA  
 No!

STEVE  
 I'm the one she wants... I don't  
 want you getting hurt, Mand! We  
 should split up.

AMANDA  
 But I don't want to split up!

She looks guilty about saying this.

**VAN CLAWS**

The huntress sees her pray! She crouches, aims her handgun at  
 Amanda...

A RINGTONE makes her jump and jerk the gun, FIRING -

**AMANDA AND STEVE**

The bullet HITS the tree an inch from Amanda's head!

STEVE  
 RUN!

They run.

**VAN CLAWS**

Van Claws curses and throws away the offending phone.

**EXT. RIDGE - DAY**

Amanda and Steve come to a ridge on which is a SIGN displaying the symbol of a man - splattered with what looks like blood.

AMANDA

W.A.R.P.!

STEVE

(grins)

No. This is man country!

He leads Amanda forward. They look down on a -

**PAINTBALL RANGE**

There are wooden shelters, pallets, platforms linked by rope bridges, etc. Different coloured paint splatters the structures and surrounding trees.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Come on!

He leads Amanda down into the paintball range.

**INT. SUPPLY SHED - DAY**

Amanda and Steve enter. There are shelves and shelves of paintball guns, ammunition, protective goggles, masks, chest-protectors, etc. Steve takes a paintball rifle down from a shelf.

STEVE

(whistles)

The Apocalypse 3000 Master-blaster - nice!

AMANDA

The woman chasing us has a real gun! With real fucking bullets!

Steve grabs a chest plate and sizes it against Amanda's chest.

STEVE

Yeah, but she's only trying to kill you.

AMANDA

Only?!

Steve hands her some more armour.

STEVE

Shut up and put this on.

Amanda reluctantly starts putting on the armour.

**EXT. RIDGE - DAY**

Van Claws stands looking down on the paintball range.

VAN CLAWS  
Want to play games, do you?

She enters the paintball range.

**INT. SUPPLY SHED - DAY**

Amanda and Steve are dressed in identical helmets, masks and armour.

STEVE  
Now she won't be able to tell us  
apart!

AMANDA  
Good thinking!

Steve grabs a couple of paintball rifles and throws one to Amanda.

STEVE  
Let's rock and roll!

**EXT. PAINTBALL RANGE - DAY**

Van Claws stalks through the range.

A FIGURE darts across the range - Van Claws reacts, but too late.

A SECOND FIGURE runs across a wooden bridge. Van Claws tracks them with her rifle - but she can't tell who it is.

VAN CLAWS  
Fine...

She puts away her hunting rifle and unslings her tranquillizer rifle.

She waits.

First Figure runs out from their hiding place!

Van Claws tracks them and SHOOTS -

- A TRANQUILLIZER DART deflects off First Figure's chest plate.

Van Claws curses, loads another dart...

Second Figure dashes across another rope bridge!

Van Claws takes aim...

SPLAT! - A paintball explodes against the side of her head!

VAN CLAWS  
What the fuck?!

She turns and sees First Figure has fired on her from a new position behind a tree.

VAN CLAWS  
You motherfuc-

SPLAT-SPLAT-SPLAT-SPLAT - paintballs explode against her back! Van Claws turns -

Second Figure SHOOTs as they run across a different rope bridge.

Van Claws snarls and draws her pistol - and SHOOTs a bridge support -

A bridge rope comes loose and the bridge swings wildly - causing Second Figure to lose their balance and fall -

FIRST FIGURE/AMANDA  
Steve!

- but their fall is broken by muddy ground.

Van Claws turns towards First Figure, grinning -

AMANDA  
Shit!

SECOND FIGURE/STEVE  
Run, Mand!

Amanda starts running. Bullets EXPLODE into the trees around her. Amanda keeps running.

VAN CLAWS  
(grins)  
So much for "stand by your man."

Van Claws holsters her gun and strides over to Steve, who removes his helmet.

VAN CLAWS  
Get up.

Steve stands.

VAN CLAWS  
(indicates armour)  
Take that off.

Steve starts removing his armour.

VAN CLAWS  
(looking him over)  
The fittest man alive?

STEVE  
Yeah, well... If I had a mirror and  
some make-up...

VAN CLAWS  
Shut up and strip.

Steve reluctantly strips to his underwear.

VAN CLAWS  
Keep going.

Steve reluctantly takes off his bra and his pants. He stands with his hands over his privates.

Van Claws unclips a WATER FLASK from her belt and throws it to Steve.

STEVE  
If you want a urine sample, I did  
do a bit of pot yesterday...

VAN CLAWS  
Wrong fluid.

STEVE  
You want me to wank into a bottle?!

VAN CLAWS  
It's all right, you don't have to  
fill it. Your flu-resistant baby  
batter is going to set me up for  
life I reckon.

STEVE  
I'm not ready to be a father...

VAN CLAWS  
(draws knife)  
I could just take your balls?

Steve quickly takes the lid off the flask. He stands looking awkward.

VAN CLAWS  
Come on then.

STEVE  
I'm not a machine! I've got to get  
in the mood.

Van Claws sighs impatiently. She puts away her knife and her gun... and starts slowly unbuttoning her shirt.

STEVE

What are you-?... oh. Look... I'm  
in a committed relationship-...  
relationship!

Steve tries not to watch as Van Claws takes off her shirt,  
revealing a camouflage bra. She starts taking off her bra...

AMANDA (O.S.)

Oi!

Van Claws turns...

Amanda stands behind her, paintball rifle in hand - and  
unleashes paintball hell! - SPLAT-SPLAT-SPLAT-SPLAT-SPLAT!

Van Claws shrieks as the paintballs explode against her bare  
skin. Steve quickly grabs her weapons.

VAN CLAWS

Aargh! You cu-!

She gags on a paintball - then slips on the multicoloured  
paint pooling around her feet and falls on her arse.

Steve laughs hysterically, hands clutching his sides, as Van  
Claws tries to stand, slipping and landing on the ground  
again.

Amanda stops firing.

STEVE

Mand, that was amazing!

Amanda turns to Steve, smiling. Then her eyes go down his  
crotch...

AMANDA

(angry)  
Steve!

She FIRES a single paintball.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS**

The sound of Steve letting out a howl of pain echoes through  
the trees.

**EXT. PAINTBALL RANGE EXIT - DAY**

Steve, dressed again, limps behind Amanda (who's shod her  
paintball armour) as they head for the exit.

AMANDA  
 (smiling)  
 Come on, perv - I only shot you in  
 the thigh.

STEVE  
 (pouting)  
 It still stung!

**MOMENTS LATER**

Someone has left a SCOOTER by the exit gate.

STEVE  
 (smiles)  
 My turn to drive.

Steve hitches up his skirt and climbs onto the scooter. He pats the seat behind him. Amanda smiles.

AMANDA  
 (smiles)  
 Do you remember Vietnam?

STEVE  
 Of course I do.

Amanda climbs onto the back of the scooter.

STEVE  
 Hold on.

Amanda puts her arms around his waist.

STEVE  
 Tighter than that.

She holds on tighter and rests her head against Steve's back. The scooter motors off.

PLAYS OVER Lily Allen's melancholic cover of "I Want To Break Free."

**MONTAGE:**

- Amanda and Steve ride through the Yorkshire countryside.
- They laugh and point at squirrels, like two idiots in love.
- They ride towards a beautiful sunset.

**INT. HELLO THERE! HQ. LAWTHER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Lawther's vinyl nails rap against the surface of her desk, as she sucks impatiently on her vape-pen, staring expectantly at her phone. Assistant #1 stands nervously nearby.

Assistant #2 suddenly runs in.

ASSISTANT #2  
You better see this!

She grabs a TV remote from the desk and turns on a widescreen TV on the wall.

**ON TV:** Sam's smiling face holding a microphone:

SAM ON TV  
(into camera)  
... you join me live on the hunt  
for Steve - the fittest man alive.  
And I am here with big game hunter  
Marina Van Claws...

The camera pans to Van Claws' miserable, multicoloured paint-splattered face.

SAM ON TV (CONT'D)  
(gleeful)  
So, how's the hunt going.

Van Claws' glower is her response.

ASSISTANT #1  
She looks like she got a facial  
from a unicorn.

Lawther stands, rage boiling up inside her.

LAWTHER  
O-fucking-kay!

**CUT TO:**

**MONTAGE:**

- A BORED TEEN GIRL watches TV in her room. Her phone PINGS. She checks it - it's a text: "From O2: £10 million for a pic of Steve!" The girl sits up.

- A STUDENT in a grubby student flat on her laptop. A POP UP pops up: "Hello There! offering £10 MILLION for picture of Steve!"

- PRINTING PRESSES: Newspapers and magazines are churned out, all with pictures of Steve, and Lawther's advertised reward.

- Women pour out of their houses, armed with phones and selfie-sticks.

**EXT. ROYAL MILE, EDINBURGH - NIGHT**

Edinburgh Castle, illuminated with pink spotlights, overlooks streets which are packed. Women with cameras and selfie-sticks mix uneasily with W.A.R.P. supporters brandishing placards and weapons (cow-castrators, nut crackers, etc.) NEWS CREWS are out in force:



SCOTTISH REPORTER  
(Scottish accent; into  
camera)

Women throughout Britain are on the lookout for the notorious Steve, following a reward offered by Hello There! magazine. Lonely single-women, as well as members of militant group W.A.R.P., are out in force...

**EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT**

Amanda and Steve's scooter idles in a quiet alley, as they survey the sea of women before them.

STEVE  
Snakes, why did it have to be snakes?

There's no way they can ride through the masses of women. They get off the scooter. Amanda inspects Steve's face, concerned by his noticeable stubble. They're both scared.

STEVE  
How do I look?

AMANDA  
Like the fittest man in the world.

STEVE  
Ha ha.

AMANDA  
I mean it.

The look at each other. They move in to kiss...

CHANTING WOMEN (O.S.)  
No more men! No more men!...

A gang of W.A.R.P. supporters walk past. It ruins the moment.

STEVE  
So, how are we going to get past this lot?

A W.A.R.P. supporter with a placard runs towards them. They tense.

W.A.R.P. SUPPORTER  
(to Steve)  
Hold this, would you, hen? I'm dying fer a slash!

She hands Steve her placard and disappears into the alley, hitching up her skirt.

**EXT. CROWDS OF WOMEN - NIGHT**

Amanda and Steve make their way through the crowds, Steve using the placard to hide his face. They hold hands tightly.

There's a palpable tension in the air, occasionally bubbling over into violence. A woman with a selfie-stick and a W.A.R.P. supporter get into a shoving match.

SELFIE STICK WOMAN  
Get off, ya rug-muncher!

W.A.R.P. SUPPORTER #3  
Up yer minge, man-lover!

Amanda and Steve walk on.

AMANDA  
(to Steve; quietly)  
Are you sure you know where you're going?

STEVE  
Yeah. I wrote down the address...

Steve lets go of her hand and takes out the *blue envelope*.

Amanda looks horrified.

Steve pushes on through the crowds.

Amanda hesitates, before following after him.

**EXT. POSH STREET - NIGHT**

A quiet street of very expensive houses. Amanda looks like she wants to say something to Steve. But before she can, Steve stops outside a three-story detached house.

STEVE  
This is it.

AMANDA  
(stunned)  
I thought you said she was a lab assistant?!

STEVE  
I think she runs the lab.

AMANDA  
(sighs)  
Of course she does.

Steve walks up to the front door and rings the doorbell. After a moment the door opens...

Lilly stands in the doorway in a silk nightdress. She is *stunning!*

AMANDA  
(under her breath)  
Of course she is.

Lilly peers at Steve in his dishevelled wig and dress.

LILLY  
Steve? Is that you?!

STEVE  
Hi, Lil.

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Lilly ushers Amanda and Steve inside. The interior of the house is expensively and tastefully decorated. Lilly checks no-one saw them enter and shuts and locks the front door.

STEVE  
Nice place-

Lilly throws her arms around him.

LILLY  
God, I'm so glad you're okay!

She keeps hugging him.

Amanda lets out a pointed cough.

Lilly releases Steve, but keeps one hand on his arm.

STEVE  
Lilly, this is Amanda.

LILLY  
Hi!

Lilly takes in Amanda's torn clothes, messed up hair, mud and paint-splattered face.

LILLY  
Wow - you look like you've been  
through a lot.

She immediately turns her attention back to Steve.

AMANDA  
(emotional)  
Yeah... we have.

STEVE  
(to Lilly)  
Well, we better get to your lab.

LILLY  
Oh, I have my own lab downstairs.

AMANDA  
(under her breath)  
Of course you do.

LILLY  
Can I get you guys anything first?

AMANDA  
(pissed off)  
I'd like a shower, a shit and a  
Chardonnay. And not in that order.

LILLY  
...

**EXT. LILLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

A toilet FLUSHES. Amanda comes out of a bathroom, her head wrapped in a towel, and drinking a large glass of white wine. She sits on the edge of Lilly's bed, looking miserable.

**INT. LILLY'S LABORATORY - NIGHT**

An impressive laboratory filled with state-of-the-art scientific equipment.

Steve sits on a stool by a workbench. He removes his wig and drops it on the floor.

STEVE  
Won't need that any more.

He takes off his coat... the blue envelope falls out of his pocket onto the floor. He doesn't notice.

Lilly appears, carrying a tray, on which is a specimen jar. She sets down the tray. She's wearing a lab coat over her nightdress but it's not buttoned up. Steve tries to ignore her visible cleavage.

They both stand looking down at the sample jar.

STEVE  
Right... so I just need to...

LILITH  
Yes.

STEVE  
(awkward laugh)  
If someone had told me ten years ago I could save the world by wanking, I'd probably be blind by now.

Lilly moves closer.

LILLY  
I could... help.

STEVE  
Ah...

LILLY  
I'm sure Amanda would understand.  
We are trying to save mankind after  
all.

STEVE  
Um... isn't there another way to  
get at it?

LILLY  
Well, I could use a needle and  
aspirate the semen. But I don't  
have anything to numb the pain.

STEVE  
(long sigh)  
How big is the needle?

**MOMENTS LATER**

Steve, with his back to us, stands with his trousers down,  
trembling as Lilith produces a very big syringe.

LILLY  
So, how long has it been?

STEVE  
(scared)  
Longer than it is now, I can tell  
you.

LILLY  
I mean since we broke up. Since  
you...  
(takes top off syringe)  
... broke my heart.

STEVE  
Um... I can't remember off the top  
of my head. D-do you have any  
smaller needles?

LILITH  
(smiles)  
No.

Lilith crouches down before Steve.

LILITH  
You might feel a bit of a prick.

STEVE  
Tell me about it-AAAAAAAAAH!!

**INT. LILLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Amanda finishes getting dressed. She looks miserable.

**INT. LILLY'S LABORATORY - NIGHT**

Lilly holds up the semi-filled sample pot.

Steve, a pained expression still on his face, does up his trousers.

STEVE  
So, that's it then?

LILITH  
That's it.

Lilith takes the sample away.

LILITH  
I'll just put this in the fridge.

STEVE  
Just don't put it next to the yogurt.

Steve suddenly notices the blue envelope on the floor. He picks it up, opens it, and starts reading the letter...

AMANDA (V.O.)  
"Dear Steve. This has been a long time coming..."

**INT. LILLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Amanda gathers her stuff and leaves the room.

AMANDA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
"I love you. But I don't love us anymore..."

**INT. LILLY'S LAB - NIGHT**

Steve still reads the letter.

AMANDA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
"It's nobody's fault. We just changed. Life changed us. We settled down before we'd finished finding out who we were. And I don't know how to change back..."

**EXT. OUTSIDE LILLY'S LAB - SAME TIME**

Amanda approaches the door to the lab.

AMANDA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

"I just know that the more we stay together the less we'll like each other. And I don't want to lose your friendship... because you're the best friend I've ever had."

Through the window she sees Steve reading the letter!

Lily walk over to Steve and place a hand affectionately on his shoulder.

Tears well in Amanda's eyes. She turns and quickly walks away.

**INT. LILLY'S LAB - SAME TIME**

Steve finishes the letter.

LILLY

Anything interesting?

**EXT. ROYAL MILE - NIGHT**

Amanda walks down the street, towards the crowds of selfie-stick singletons and banner waving W.A.R.P. supporters.

STEVE (O.S.)

Mand!

She stops, turns...

Steve is running (wigless and a little stiffly) down the street towards her.

STEVE

Manda!

Women start turning...

AMANDA

(as Steve gets near)

What are you doing?! They'll see you!

STEVE

It doesn't matter now - she's got my jizz!

AMANDA

Steve, the letter, I-

Steve stops her speaking by taking her face tenderly in his hands.

STEVE

Let's break up.

AMANDA

What?

STEVE

Let's break up! Let's start from the beginning! Let's go back to where we were before we decided to settle down... in Ealing!

AMANDA

I don't understand.

Women start to gather. There is a murmur of excitement as they realize who Steve is. Dozens of phones start taking pictures and filming. Amanda and Steve are too involved to notice.

STEVE

Let's keep living! Let's keep growing! Let's travel some more - see where life takes us!

AMANDA

But what if things go back to the way they were?

STEVE

Look around us... I don't think anything is going back the way it was! Sometimes things need to fall apart... so they can be put back together again differently.

Amanda smiles at this.

STEVE

Manda, anyone can fall in love... but a friendship... that's worth fighting for, isn't it?

Women around them nod in agreement and mouth along with Amanda:

AMANDA

Yes.

STEVE

(crying)  
I love you.

AMANDA

(crying too)  
I love you.

They hug.



They are completely surrounded by women now. Some have tears in their eyes. Amanda and Steve suddenly become aware of the spectators.

A commotion - W.A.R.P. supporters start pushing their way through the crowd.

W.A.R.P. SUPPORTER #3

There he is! Get him!

But Amanda and Steve are suddenly surrounded by a protective ring of women, brandishing selfie-sticks and high-heeled shoes like weapons. The W.A.R.P. supporters know they're outnumbered.

WOMAN IN CROWD

Just fucking try it!

The tense stand-off is suddenly interrupted by the NOISE of vehicles...

A convoy of ARMY VEHICLES parts the crowds! The women back away from Amanda and Steve.

A LIEUTENANT GENERAL jumps out of the lead truck - ARMED SOLDIERS jump out of the trucks.

LIEUTENANT GENERAL

You are under arrest!

But the soldiers start arresting the W.A.R.P. supporters.

LIEUTENANT GENERAL

As of today, "Women Against the Return of the Patriarchy" has been designated as a terrorist organization.

The W.A.R.P. women are bundled into the army trucks, to the cheers of the remaining women.

Amanda and Steve exchange relived smiles.

A high-end PEOPLE CARRIER pulls up and Lilly jumps out. She strides towards Lieutenant General, taking out official-looking ID:

LILLY

Professor Shirefield.

STEVE

Professor?

AMANDA

(sighs)

Of course she is.

LIEUTENANT GENERAL

Ah, Professor - we got your call.

She signals and a soldier brings forward a briefcase. Lilly takes out the vial of Steve's semen and it is secured inside the briefcase.

Lilly turns to Amanda. There's a look of resentment, but she softens:

LILLY

(handing her car keys)

Here. Take it.

AMANDA

Um, thanks.

Lilly turns to Steve.

LILLY

I guess you've made your choice.

STEVE

I have.

They hug.

LILLY

(whispers into his ear)

You know where I am if it doesn't work out!

STEVE

Er...

Lilly releases Steve.

LIEUTENANT GENERAL

Right, let's move out.

Lilly gets into the lead truck with Lieutenant General. The army convoy moves off.

Amanda and Steve look at one another. Amanda throws Steve the car keys:

AMANDA

Why don't you drive?

Amanda and Steve get into the people carrier to applause from the assembled women.

There is the NOISE of gears grinding - then the car drives jerkily away.

AMANDA (O.S.)

Hang on... you gave her your jizz?!

**INT. 'HELLO THERE!' HQ. LAWTHER'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY**

Lawther smokes a cigarette (a coffee mug is overflowing with cigarette butts) as she glares at the screen of her laptop.

NEWSREADER (V.O.)

The hunt for the elusive Steve -  
the fittest man on Earth - ended in  
tears last night...

INSERT LAPTOP SCREEN: A TV news report shows Steve delivering his speech, and women around them moved to tears.

NEWSREADER (CONT'D) (V.O.)

... With a speech that seemed to  
touch a nerve with women across the  
world.

A shot of GIANT TV SCREENS erected in various cities across the globe showing Steve's declaration of friendship.

**LAWTHER**

Lawther grinds teeth.

Her assistants stand watching over her shoulder. Both are moved by Steve's speech, but try to hide it.

LAWTHER

(seething)

Where are they now?

ASSISTANT #1

Nobody knows.

ASSISTANT #2

They've vanished.

NEWSREADER (V.O.)

Professor Shirefield, the scientist  
in charge of developing a vaccine,  
says she is hopeful...

**LAPTOP SCREEN**

Lilly is being interviewed.

LILLY

Computer simulations have already  
confirmed that an anti-virus is  
possible...

**LAWTHER**

Lawther regards Lilly with interest.

LAWTHER  
 Hmm. Good tits.  
 (to assistants)  
 Get her on the phone.

**FADE OUT.**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. BRITANNIA NEWS TV STUDIO - DAY**

The Host and her guests are once more gathered.

HOST  
 (into camera)  
 Panic over! Scientists confirm that a vaccine for the "Mandemic" is in the works. Panel, thoughts?

EXPERT #2  
 Well, it's like I was saying all along: there's no mess that a man can make that a woman can't undo.

EXPERT #1  
 I think it goes to show that women need men.

HOST  
 (to Expert #3)  
 Christine - Sorry! Chris... what do you think we should take from this?

EXPERT #3  
 (after a moment)  
 We worry too much about what it is to be a man or what it is to be a woman... and not enough about what it means to be a person. What it means to be respectful and compassionate. We're not the contents of our DNA or our underwear... we're the contents of our hearts and minds. We can make generalisations about men and women but we can't hold people to those generalisations. Because what defines us is the choices we make. The people we choose to be.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. LIVING ROOM. SOMEWHERE FAR, FAR AWAY - DAY**

CLOSE ON the annoyed face of Amanda Braintree. She's had enough.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
 (shouting)  
 Don't just sit there - MOVE!

We hear EXPLOSIONS and GUNFIRE. Male voices shout orders:

MALE VOICES (O.S.)  
 Get on your feet! Do it! Do it!

AMANDA  
 I'm doing it! I'm doing it!

PULL BACK to reveal Amanda maniacally manipulating a controller as she plays "Warmonger III: More War".

Steve enters the room. He's suntanned and dressed in a sarong. They are definitely not in Ealing.

STEVE  
 Are you still playing that?!

AMANDA  
 I'm just going to finish this last level.  
 (re sarong)  
 Nice skirt.

STEVE  
 It's a sarong!

AMANDA  
 Sorry.

STEVE  
 I mean, where is the sense in men wearing trousers and women wearing skirts? We're the ones who need crotch space.

AMANDA  
 What's the weather like out?

STEVE  
 (shrugs)  
 Same as usual. Want to go for a walk?

AMANDA  
 Sure.

Amanda turns off the video game. A TV news programme comes on the TV -

**ON TV:** A news report shows Prime Minister Maul leaving Number 10, looking shame-faced.

NEWSREADER (V.O.)  
 Margaret Maul left Number Ten today  
 following a vote of no confidence,  
 after plans to cut off care to  
 millions of men were leaked...

**EXT. BUNGALOW ON AN EXOTIC BEACH - DAY**

Amanda and Steve exit a bungalow on the edge of a tropical forest. It gives a grand view of a turquoise sea and a pristine beach.

They stand looking out at the ocean for a moment, then walk off down the beach.

Wherever they are, their friendship remains intact.

**FADE OUT.**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. PRIME MINISTER'S OFFICE. DOWNING STREET - DAY**

Minister #2 - now the new Prime Minister - sits at her desk.

PRIME/MINISTER #2  
 So, human trials have been  
 successful?

Lilly sits opposite her (more than usually glammed up.)

LILLY  
 One hundred percent, Prime  
 Minister.

PRIME/MINISTER #2  
 How long before the anti-virus is  
 ready for mass production?

LILLY  
 We can have it ready in six months,  
 Prime Minister.

PRIME/MINISTER #2  
 Six months?

She goes to the window and looks out. Birds sing, the sun shines; all looks peaceful.

PRIME/MINISTER #2  
 Six months.

She returns to her desk and sits:

PRIME/ MINISTER #2  
 I always think it best not to rush  
 important decisions.  
 (MORE)

PRIME/ MINISTER #2 (CONT'D)

(smiles)

Have it ready in a year.

**FADE OUT.**