

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Autumn in a tough neighbourhood. Twenty-something stoner-geek LIAM arranges records.

Relaxing vinyl music plays.

INT. KITCHEN.

Uptight hippy JASMINE intensely grates cheese onto a tortilla.

They both wear extra layers.

LIAM (O.S.)  
Alright. I'll take them back.

JASMINE  
What were you thinking? I'll just buy some crap for myself? This is your last chance.

JASMINE slams the microwave door and pokes at the buttons. It whirrs into life.

INT. LIVING ROOM.

LIAM sighs.

LIAM  
What can I do?

JASMINE (O.S)  
A job? Pay bills? Can't deal with this right now.

LIAM  
Huh?

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM.

The microwave powers down.

JASMINE  
This isn't working.

LIAM frowns.

LIAM  
Maybe we should start again.

JASMINE inspects the microwave.

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JASMINE  
Start over?! Right.

JASMINE unplugs the microwave.

LIAM stands holding an Al Green record.

LIAM  
Well, if that's what you really  
want--

JASMINE focuses on removing the backplate.

JASMINE (O.S)  
What?

The vinyl music fades.

INT. KITCHEN.

LIAM stops at the doorframe. A plastic THREADZ bag is on the counter.

LIAM  
Maybe a break *is* what we need.

Brandishing a screwdriver, JASMINE faces LIAM.

JASMINE  
What?! You want to break up with  
me? You serious?! If you don't come  
back with the money,  
we are breaking up.

JASMINE opens a draw and throws a ball of paper at LIAM.

It bounces off his chest. Crouching, LIAM looks up.

LIAM  
I thought that you meant/

JASMINE  
/Just go!

LIAM grabs the THREADZ bag, the ball of paper and skulks out.

EXT. STREET. DAY.

Re-lighting half a rolled smoke, LIAM walks along boarded shop fronts.

Pausing, LIAM grips the lighter in his jacket pocket and juts it out.

LIAM

Empty the till! Register. Who am I kidding.

A DELIVERY MAN exits THREADZ. LIAM heads in.