MAN UP

by

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EXT. COUNTRYSIDE HOTEL - NIGHT

The vague sound of Hawaiian music coming from inside. A man and woman, dressed in party clothes but also wearing Hawaiian leis, stumble out of the entrance, and drunkenly begin to snog. We follow the music inside where we find -

INT. COUNTRYSIDE HOTEL - NIGHT

C/U on DOM and KATIE, mid-30s, landing a big kiss on each other's lips. Pull out to reveal a huge banner: 'HAPPY ENGAGEMENT, DOM AND KATIE!' and a large party of cheering friends and family. A Hawaiian band strike up their unique version of David Bowie's 'Modern Love'. The party revellers, all wearing leis, Hawaiian shirts etc are getting into the spirit of it all.

We move through the party, past loved up couples, hopeful singles... and then it starts to get a bit messier, with new hook ups chatting each other up after one too many mojitos. We find a particularly amorous couple sneaking out of the party and follow them into the lift. As the doors close on them, they start to kiss. '*Lift going up*'.

INT. COUNTRYSIDE HOTEL/LIFTS - NIGHT

Ping! '*Doors opening*'. The lift doors open to reveal the couple now really going for it, rolling out of the lift, heading towards their hotel room, passing by a door that has the 'Do Not Disturb' sign up... which we stop at, letting the couple continue on their journey. For we have reached our destination. The couple stumble into the room next door, but we go inside *this* room, to find -

INT. COUNTRYSIDE HOTEL/ROOM - NIGHT

... as the camera travels through the hotel bedroom door, where we see the feet of -

NANCY PATTERSON, 34, the heroine of our movie, taking a mini bottle of red wine from the mini bar. The camera tracks with her feet, as she walks around to the dressing table. She plonks herself down in front of the mirror. She is wearing her party dress, hair done, make up on. As we cut to the perspective of the mirror -

NANCY
(determined/sports like)
Come on!

Nancy nervously fidgets with her small purse, putting in a lipstick, taking out the lipstick again, stuffing some tissues in, leaning into the mirror to smile - she has lipstick on her teeth - she takes the tissues back out, wipes her teeth down.

She stops, relaxes, clears her throats, smiles a brilliant fake smile. She puts her hand out, like she's shaking someone's hand -

NANCY (CONT'D)
(trying some things out)
Hi! Hello. Howdy. Hey there. Hola.
How you doing?
(searching for some more 'H's)
H-h-h-eeeee-oooooo-aaaaaaa...

The 'aaaaaaa' turns into her singing a harmony of 'h's. Nancy kind of likes it. But she stops singing, bangs her chest, pumping herself up again. Ouch, that hurt. She fakes smiles again.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Ryan, right? I mean, not Ryan Right. Or maybe you are Ryan Right. Either way, you're the right Ryan for me.
(horrified with herself)
Oh my god.
(she resets)
Hello Ryan, I am Nancy.
(beat)
And I am a robot.

She slaps herself around the face. She does some breathing exercises - inhale, exhale, inhale, exhale. She pops a mint in her mouth, leans seductively forward.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Oooohh, that is so interesting, really? Wow. I did not know that, Ryan. Oh god, stop it, no way, that is too fascinating -

She nearly chokes on her mint -

NANCY (CONT'D)
Excuse me one moment.

She spits it out in her hand. Chucks it in the bin. She sprays some perfume, resets again.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Okay. You can do this. Just got to put yourself out there, see what happens, not get too drunk.

She zips up her purse.

NANCY (CONT'D)
And you're going, you're going...

She picks up a lei and puts it around her neck.

NANCY (CONT'D)
(as she goes)
And you're gone!

Nancy disappears from view. We hold for a beat on the empty mirror...

... then Nancy suddenly sits back down, taking her lei off and chucking it in the bin.

NANCY (CONT'D)
(to camera)
Fuck it.

We hold on the same empty frame, looking out of the bathroom as -

TITLE ON SCREEN: MAN UP

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Nancy, now slumped on the double bed, wearing tracksuit bottoms, a hoody and a pair of cat slippers. Her dress is hung up in the corner of the room and she is munching from a large bag of crisps and drinking from a small bottle of wine.

On the hotel television screen, 'Silence of The Lambs' plays. Nancy is transfixed.

CLARICE STARLING
There's a very nice beach, terns nest there, there's beautiful -

Nancy takes another sip of her wine, and starts to quote along with the film -

NANCY
Terns? Mmmmm. If I help you Clarice, it will be 'turns' with us too. Quid pro quo, I tell you things, you tell me things. Not about this case though. About yourself. Quid pro quo, yes or no.

There is suddenly a loud knock at the door. Nancy jumps. Pauses the film. Goes to the door.

AT THE DOOR:

She opens it to reveal ROOM SERVICE BOY, with his trolley.

ROOM SERVICE BOY
Hi -

NANCY
(cutting him off, ushering him in)
Right, yes, good -

Room Service Boy rolls in, forcing Nancy into the room as well.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Yes, lovely. Great.

She has nowhere else to go but the bed, so sits down in front of the trolley, at the end of the bed.

Room Service Boy reveals Nancy's food - a huge, double decker burger and chips, with all the trimmings - side salad, onion rings, melted cheese, bacon, gherkins etc...

Room Service Boy smiles, politely. Nancy stuffs a chip in her mouth, then clocks Room Service Boy's name tag.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Tell me, Andrew... Andy, can I call you Andy? How's the party going?

ROOM SERVICE BOY
Oh, pretty well I think.
(beat)
You know there's food down there?

NANCY
Yeah, I do, I do. I'm just not in the party mood tonight.

Nancy lifts up her burger bun, takes a massive bite. Her phone starts to go. As she answers it, with a mouthful of burger -

NANCY (CONT'D)
Have you got any ketchup, Andy?
(down the phone)
Hello.

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

ELAINE, Nancy's older sister, confused by Nancy's pick up.

ELAINE
Who's Andy?

NANCY
A very nice young man who has just bought me dinner.

Andy hands Nancy a pen for a signature.

ELAINE
You're not at the party.

NANCY
(signing for Andy)
I am not at *the* party, but I am at *a* party. Hannibal and Clarice are here, not to mention Andy of course -

Andy's job is done, and he starts to go.

NANCY (CONT'D)
But he's just leaving now.

ELAINE
Put him on, please.

NANCY
(shrug, calls after Andy)
Hey, my sister wants to speak to you.

ROOM SERVICE BOY
(very confused, taking the phone)
Hello?

Back with Elaine:

ELAINE
(to Room Service Boy)
Hi, I'm Elaine. Now, there'll be a dress, hanging up somewhere, can you give it to her please?

Back with Room Service Boy:

ROOM SERVICE BOY
(seeing the dress)
Ah, yes, of course.

Nancy watches Room Service Boy go over to her dress -

NANCY
No, no, no... Andy.

ELAINE
Tell her to put some make up on as well.

Back with Nancy:

ROOM SERVICE BOY
(handing her the dress)
She wants you to put some make-up on?

Outraged, Nancy gets up and takes the phone from Room Service Boy.

NANCY
Okay, enough.
(to Andy)
Andy, do you have a napkin or something?
(to Elaine)
I've been ambushed, Elaine. Some set up, with a bloke Katie works with.

ELAINE
Excellent. This is good.

Nancy leans on Room Service Boy for her lament -

NANCY
Come on. It's just all so organised, and awkward, you know I can't bear it Elaine -

ELAINE
Yeah I know, Nance but...
(beat)
How the hell else are you going to meet someone?

NANCY
Well, I met Andy?

Room Service Boy, scared for his life, legs it.

NANCY (CONT'D)
Oh no, he's off. Put on the Do Not Disturb sign please!

ELAINE
(shouting out)
Don't do it, Andy! Take her with you!

Nancy flops down on the bed.

ELAINE (CONT'D)
You've gone all the way down there, just put your dress on, go and show your face, stay, like ten minutes -

Nancy interrupts:

NANCY
The party is *themed*, Elaine.

ELAINE
Oh god really? Okay, get your notepad.

Nancy rolls her eyes, rolls over and picks up her notepad.

NANCY
I'm too old for this shit.

Back with Elaine and Adam:

ELAINE
You're 34 not 84!

Nancy flips open to a page that used to say 'MANTRAS', but Nancy has crossed the 'M' out so it now says 'NANTRAS'. She sits up straight, determined.

NANCY
(deep breath)
Put yourself out there.

ELAINE
Good -

NANCY
Take chances...

ELAINE
Okay, now a little less hollow and robotic...

HARD CUT TO:

INT. COUNTRYSIDE HOTEL/LOBBY - NIGHT

- the lift is coming down from the floors above - PING! - '*doors opening*' - and there is Nancy, <u>big game face on</u>, out of her hoody and in her pretty dress -

NANCY
(looking at the open lift doors)
Get stronger thighs.
(she does a little squat - ouch)

A HOTEL GUEST enters the lift just as she's squatting.

NANCY (CONT'D)
(pulling herself up by leaning on the Hotel Guest)
(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)
Be more deviant. Learn French. Cook more!

The Hotel Guest looks at Nancy, who is now peering out of the lift doors, into the lobby -

NANCY (CONT'D)
(to the hotel guest)
Understand the Israeli Palestinian conflict better.

'*Doors closing*' - Nancy is either in or out... she looks at the Hotel Guest - she's out! The doors close. She steadies herself from her lift encounter and strides confidently over to the party doors -

NANCY (CONT'D)
(to herself, final mantra)
Engage with -

She kicks the doors open, game face back on, to find:

The hotel bar. The party is in full swing, there are couples, <u>everywhere</u>.

NANCY (CONT'D)
(to herself, heart sinking)
- life.

DOM, 34, our groom to be, sweeps in, and starts to hula around her -

DOM
Finally! We nearly sent out a search party!

NANCY
Call them off!

Dom drapes Nancy in a lei, grabbing a Mojito from a passing waiter.

DOM
Here, have a mojito, the first one is free! I paid for them all with my savings! And now, I have no savings!

Nancy reaches into her handbag and pulls out a small wine bottle from the hotel mini bar.

NANCY
Happy Engagement. Here is literally a small present.

DOM
I am so touched that you thought of me when you raided the mini bar.

Nancy pulls out a pack of peanuts from her back pocket, hands them to Dom.

DOM (CONT'D)
(mock emotional)
Oh my god, this is too much -

As KATIE, Dom's 34-year-old, slightly manic wife to be, swoops in -

KATIE
What's too much? Tell me, tell me!
Nancy, you look amazing.
(to Dom, eek!)
He's going to love her! Come on -

Katie tries to pull Nancy away -

NANCY
Whoa, whoa, I just need a moment
longer with this Mojito, please -

KATIE
He hates Facebook, loves yoga
and he's *really* creative. He's -

KATIE
- perfect for you.

NANCY
- perfect for me, I know, I know.

DOM
(encouraging)
Oh come on -
(wrapping his arm around Katie)
- we were a set up, and look at us now!

NANCY
Dom, it's like your single years
have been totally wiped from your
pea brain memory -
(beat)
Hey, remember that girl who cried
the whole way through giving you a
blow job?

A very awkward beat as Nancy realises that it was <u>Katie</u> who cried the whole way through the blow job -

NANCY (CONT'D)
And look at you now!

Katie glares at Dom who gives her an apologetic smile. He soldiers on.

DOM
Come on Nancy, give him a chance?

A party guest knocks into Nancy, spilling her drink onto her hands. As Nancy dries her hands off -

NANCY
Alright! Bring it on! Another sad, single loser in their mid thirties -

RYAN (O.S.)
- I'm actually a sad single loser in my *late* thirties.

Nancy swivels around to see RYAN, 37 - a generic, handsome guy, smiling away at her. Katie laughs a bit too loudly at Ryan's 'joke' - looks at Nancy - come on, laugh! She pulls a repentant Dom away, we hear them squabble as they leave.

KATIE
I was crying with happiness!

Nancy and Ryan shake hands -

RYAN
Ryan. 37.

NANCY
Nancy. 34.

Nancy realises her hand is a bit wet -

NANCY
Sorry, my hand is a bit wet. It's not wee.

RYAN
Right.

NANCY
It's Mojito?

RYAN
Oh, I didn't think it was wee -

NANCY
I mean, why would it be wee? That would imply very poor personal hygiene. I don't use my hand. I use toilet paper, just like everybody else -

RYAN
That's... a relief?

NANCY
And so is a wee!

An awkward, zero chemistry pause.

RYAN
(attempted brightness)
How about another drink?

NANCY
(even brighter/faker)
Why not?

As Nancy takes a long slurp of her drink, Ryan turns to the bar and starts to get his wallet out -

NANCY
I'll get these -

RYAN
No really, it's fine -

NANCY
Let me -

RYAN
No, no, seriously -

NANCY
Oh okay, thank you -

RYAN
Oh alright, you get them -

RYAN
(so awkward)
I'll just get them, shall I?

Nancy notices a photograph of a girl in Ryan's wallet.

NANCY
Ah, busted. Still carrying a photo of your ex around in the old wallet.

RYAN
That's my sister.

NANCY
Oh, well, she's very pretty. Bet she gets all zee boyz -

RYAN
She's dead.

Ryan, bemused by Nancy, snaps his wallet shut.

NANCY
Wow! This is going really well.

Nancy drains her Mojito dry.

EXT. TRAIN STATION/TRAIN PLATFORM - MORNING

Nancy on the busy platform. Feeling rougher. In one hand she is carrying a bag from the station cafe, filled with her unique hangover cure. In the background, a poster for a self help book - *6 Billion People and You* - but blink and you'd miss it. Nancy's train arrives.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Nancy makes her way down the aisle, now on the phone.

NANCY
No Elaine, I have pictures of my cats in my wallet, and they're alive and kicking, and I want people to ask me about them.

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

Elaine and Adam, coming out of their flat, carrying canvas bags full of crisps, Pringles, nibbles galore.

ELAINE
(on the phone to Nancy)
But it's good that you went -

Back with Nancy: who has just plonked herself down opposite a GIRL ON TRAIN.

NANCY
Why, why is it good? It's just so excruciating and predictable, like it always is. You know what, I'm just going to let my vagina hermetically seal up.

ELAINE
Yeah, well that will really help.

NANCY
Never hurt Barbie. She's got a beach buggy, and horses, and a salon -

Back with Elaine:

Directing Adam where to put everything in the boot of the car -

ELAINE
(smiling/encouraged)
And a boyfriend, actually -

Back with Nancy:

NANCY
Is she still with that guy? Such a fake smile.

Back with Elaine:

ELAINE
(laughing)
So how long you going to be?

She moves a bag Adam has put in the wrong place.

ADAM
(leaning into the phone)
Oi! Get your arse over here pronto, we have a lot of nibbles, to put in a lot of bowls.

Back with Nancy:

NANCY
(smiling)
About two hours?

As the train announcer's voice booms out into the train -

TRAIN ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
- just a reminder to all passengers that due to weekend engineering work, no trains are currently stopping at Clapham Junction...

NANCY
About 7 hours.

Back with Elaine:

Slamming the boot shut -

ELAINE
What the fuck -

NANCY
I'm joking -

ELAINE
Well, not funny. I cannot do this all on my own -

As Adam dips down to get into the driver's seat.

ADAM
Hey, you're not on your own!

ELAINE
(ignoring Adam)
- and whatever you do, don't forget the chocolate mousse, Mum's obsessed. And have you done your speech yet -

Back with Nancy:

NANCY
Yeah, I mean I've got a rough draft...

Back with Elaine:

Opening the passenger seat door -

ELAINE
- or have you just done a lot of doodles and crossing out?

Back with Nancy:

NANCY
As if!

Back with Elaine:

She waits to get into the car -

ELAINE
Come on, favourite daughter, you know Dad loves it when you do a speech. So it needs to be good, and special, okay?

Back with Nancy:

NANCY
Mmmmm, fine.

ELAINE
And Nancy?

NANCY
Yeah?

Back with Elaine:

Elaine sits down in the passenger seat, door still open.

ELAINE
Don't seal up just yet.
(beat)
It *will* happen for you. Soon. I promise.

Back with Nancy:

NANCY
Yeah yeah, fuck off.

Nancy hangs up. She glances back at the Girl on Train, who is now reading a copy of that self help book - *6 Billion People and You - A Guide To Meeting Your Mate In The Modern World.* Nancy looks at it, can't help rolling her eyes to herself. Girl on Train catches her doing it. Nancy looks down at her notepad, flicks back to her mantras. She considers them, dismisses them, remembers something, gets out a pen, writes 'Black Pant Wash' snaps her notepad shut, looking up to find Girl On Train leaning towards her, sympathetically -

GIRL ON TRAIN
Sorry, but I couldn't help over-hearing -
(re the book she's holding)
You should really think about reading this.

Nancy considers the back of the book now - it reads '*This book will change your life!'.*

NANCY
(got this girl's number)
Oh, right, right... did it, then?

GIRL ON TRAIN
Did it what?

NANCY
(gestures to tagline)
Change your life?

GIRL ON TRAIN
Oh...
(smugly)
...maybe, yes.

NANCY
Or maybe *not* as well?

GIRL ON TRAIN
Well, I like to give everything a go otherwise, what's the point? I mean, you've got to *hope* it's going to work, haven't you? Because what is life without hope? Death!

NANCY
Death it is, then!

GIRL ON TRAIN
You see! You do need to read it. I would lend it to you but... I need it for my date.

NANCY
Why do you need a book for a date?

GIRL ON TRAIN
So we can recognise each other.

NANCY
(condescending)
Oh, is it a set up? Well, they *always* work.

GIRL ON TRAIN
They often work. If the match-maker has done their homework -

NANCY
Yes, yes, because all successful relationships are built on the fact that you're both the 'outdoorsy type' -

GIRL ON TRAIN
(irked, quite loud now)
I really think you should read this.

NANCY
(louder back)
Don't need to.

GIRL ON TRAIN
It was an international best-seller -

NANCY
So was the Da Vinci Code -

GIRL ON TRAIN
Also an excellent book!

NANCY
Not an excellent book.

GIRL ON TRAIN
I think it's exactly what you need -

The argument (and volume) escalates -

NANCY
Why is everyone always telling me what I need!

GIRL ON TRAIN
Perhaps if everyone is telling you, you should listen -

NANCY
And I think you need to shush, you need to shush your mouth -

GIRL ON TRAIN
You want me to -

NANCY
I do, yeah, it would be great -

Girl on Train tries to speak again -

GIRL ON TRAIN
I'm only suggesting -

NANCY
It's time. I think we're done.

Nancy puts her finger to her lips - quiet time now please - and Girl On Train, clearly not *quite* finished with Nancy, goes back to her book. Nancy takes a bite of her sandwich, munching a bit aggressively, annoyed with how that all ended.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

The train is now pulling into Waterloo Station. Nancy has fallen asleep, her face all squashed up on the seat. She wakes up to find everyone is getting off the train -

TRAIN ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Ladies and gentlemen, we are now arriving at our final destination, London Waterloo...

Nancy yawns luxuriously awake. But then glances down at her table to see - the Girl on Train's copy of *6 Billion People and You*. There is a napkin with a smiley face drawn on sticking out the top of it - Nancy, infuriated, flicks to the page it's book-marking. The chapter reads ***'YOUR NEGATIVE THOUGHTS ARE RUINING YOUR LIFE (AND EVERYONE ELSE'S...)'***

As Nancy looks up to see the Girl On Train, waving gaily at her, walking off down the carriage. No way. Nancy is definitely not having that! She furiously picks up all her stuff, including the book, and charges after Girl On Train, who has now picked up her pace. Nancy manages to get off the train -

INT. WATERLOO TRAIN STATION - DAY

- and first we're at the ticket barriers. Nancy tries to get through, to catch up with Girl On Train, but her ticket beeps in denial.

Furious and frustrated, she hands it over to the ticket inspector, as he beeps her through and we go with Nancy as she now legs into the busy concourse of Waterloo Station, searching for the Girl on Train like she's the white rabbit, but to no avail. In a flash, we see Girl On Train striding confidently into WHSmith, where a huge display of 6 Billion People and You sits in the window... and a long queue of people all waiting to pay.

Back with Nancy, still determined not to lose this battle, scanning the crowds for her quarry. In frustration, she flips the book over - reading the tagline on the back - '*what are you waiting for?*'. Taking it personally she looks up, suddenly furious -

NANCY
(shouty)
Damn it, where the fuck are you?!

JACK (O.S.)
Blimey, I'm not that late!

Nancy spins around to see - JACK, the hero of our story, 40 and charming as hell.

JACK (CONT'D)
Somebody threw themselves on the tracks again. I don't blame them, so many delays!

Nancy is totally confused - why is this man talking to her? This rather *nice* man, who is now holding up his own copy of 6 Billion People and You.

JACK (CONT'D)
And by the way, great idea for how we'd know each other. Although you would have been pretty hard to miss under this clock.

Nancy looks around - what the fuck is going on? She looks back at the book, the penny drops -

NANCY
Oh no, I'm not, this isn't -

JACK
- should we shake hands or kiss? Oh come on, we're all adults here!

Jack leans in and kisses her on the cheek. It's a quick kiss, but Nancy feels herself swooning. This man is *really* nice. Her phone starts to ring. 'ELAINE CALLING'.

JACK (CONT'D)
Oh my god, is that your emergency exit phone call already?!
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
I've barely had a chance to use my good lines yet!
(a beat)
That wasn't one of them.

He grins at Nancy, who starts to smile back before Jack suddenly swipes the phone from her.

JACK (CONT'D)
(answering the call)
Hello there caller! So, I'm not a psychopath, we've really hit it off, and she'll call you later with all the gory details! Bye for now!

And with that, Jack hangs up the call, handing Nancy her phone back -

JACK (CONT'D)
Right. Book. Check. Clock. Check. Blind date... check?

Nancy gulps. She looks at the book, then the clock, and then Jack -

JACK (CONT'D)
So, after *I've* spoken, usually you speak, we exchange ideas for the evening ahead, swap notions of what to get up to -
(Hannibal Lecter impression)
Quid pro quo, Clarice.

Nancy is visibly thrown by Jack's Lecter impression - who is this man, who is tweaking all her verbal nipples?

JACK (CONT'D)
(misinterpreting Nancy's look)
With hindsight, possibly not the best impression to do on a first date.
(another beat)
Anyway, listen, I'm talking, I'm talking a lot, and I know you can sense it, so I'm just going to keep going with that, and start the bidding with a drink on London's fashionable South Bank?
(holding his book up)
So, er... what are you waiting for?

Nancy looks up at the clock, and at all the couples underneath it, meeting and greeting each other -

NANCY
I am waiting for...
(she looks down at the book, then back at Jack)
You?

JACK
Good!

A totally bemused Nancy lets Jack lead her away from the clock, the crowds engulfing them... and then we see Girl on Train, hurrying to get to the clock, carrying a WHSmith bag, from which she takes out a new copy of 6 Billion People and You.

INT. WINE SHOP - DAY

BERT, Nancy's Dad, is standing with Adam, looking at the shelves of wine. Their trolley is so far filled with boxes of cheap lager. In another part of the shop - Elaine - looking at her mobile phone, a bit confused.

BERT
What do you think, good stuff for the first few hours, descending in quality as we do?

ADAM
I'd go quality *and* quantity, Bert. It's a massive night.

Bert thinks.

BERT
You're right, we bloody deserve it.

Bert moves on to the 5.99 shelf. Nods at it.

BERT (CONT'D)
Let's go mental.

They start stocking the trolley.

ADAM
Seriously, you do deserve it, I mean, I don't know how you've done it -
(beat, backtracking)
Not that I don't intend to go the distance myself, obviously -

BERT
I think the trick is get through the first thirty, forty years and then just kind of... give up. From that point on it's a breeze.

Bert gives Adam a cheeky wink to Adam, who returns it.

BERT (CONT'D)
No, I'm serious.

FRAN, Nancy's Mum approaches, pushing a trolley.

FRAN
(clocking Bert's trolley)
How we getting on?

BERT (RE ADAM)
We are nailing it.

Adam salutes Bert.

FRAN
Well that's great.
(To Adam)
Put two of the boxes of lager back Adam.

Adam salutes Fran. Puts the boxes of lager back

Elaine wanders over, holding her mobile phone, looking a little perturbed. She is standing the other side of the display unit.

FRAN (TO ELAINE) (CONT'D)
What did Nancy say, what does she want to drink?

ELAINE
Well I'm not sure if she -

BERT
She'll want vodka. The only spirit she can out-drink me on. But we'll see about that later -

FRAN
No, we won't.

ELAINE
Guys? She didn't even answer her phone, some man did. Sounds like she's on a date.

They all look at her - WTF?

FRAN
With the man from last night? I thought it didn't work out.

ELAINE
No it didn't work out, it was a disaster.

ADAM
He was in love with his sister.

Adam shrugs a “what are you gonna do?’ to Fran and Bert. Elaine looks at him. Idiot.

BERT
So who answered her phone?

ELAINE
I don’t know, Dad. He said he wasn’t a psychopath.

BERT
Well, that sounds quite encouraging. We’re having a party, she’s on a date, I’m thinking maybe she’ll bring him?

FRAN
Bert -

BERT
Well if he’s not a psychopath - Elaine, did he sound more of a red wine drinker or a beer man?

ELAINE
Oh for fuck’s sake -

Elaine can’t help laughing -

FRAN
(firmer)
Bert!

Bert is walking off

BERT
What, I am simply getting more booze.

FRAN
Course you are.

BERT
A good host is prepared for all eventualities.

ADAM
(looking at his watch)
Come on Pattersons, clock’s ticking.

Adam moves Bert along -

BERT
Fran, you walked straight past this offer!

As Adam and Bert move away, leaving Fran and Elaine alone.

FRAN
(to Elaine, concerned)
What's going on, is Nancy okay?

ELAINE
Yeah. Yes. I'm sure she's fine Mum, she's just -

FRAN
He's looking forward to her speech.

ELAINE
I know.

FRAN
She *is* coming?

ELAINE
Course she's coming!

Fran looks worried. Elaine puts her arm around her.

ELAINE (CONT'D)
Look, do you want *me* to write a few words? Just in case?

FRAN
Not really darling no.

Elaine looks 'faux' upset

ELAINE
Oh that cut me deep, that cut me real deep.
(gives her a push)
I'll call her again! Okay?

FRAN
Thank you darling.

As Fran moves away, Elaine turns away, a little concerned, calling Nancy again.

EXT. LONDON'S SOUTHBANK - DAY

Nancy, wide-eyed and no idea what the hell she is doing. She is walking alongside Jack, who notices her expression -

JACK
You okay?
(Nancy nods)
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
You just look a little bit, freaked out!

Nancy shakes her head - no, no, not freaked at all/totally freaked out. Her phone suddenly rings -

NANCY
Whoops! Bit of a first date no no!

Nancy takes her phone out of her bag, sees 'ELAINE CALLING' - cancels the call, as we momentarily go back to:

Elaine, looking at her phone again - dammit Nancy! As we go back to:

Jack and Nancy. Jack's phone starts to ring -

JACK
Er, that's not embarrassing.
(reaching into his jacket for his phone, looking at it)
Oh, hold up, it's Tom!

Nancy - who the fuck is Tom?

JACK (CONT'D)
(answering it)
Hey buddy.
(he listens)
What? Eh? But I'm here? With Jessica.

As Nancy takes this in - My name is Jessica. She mouths it to herself, concentrating her efforts - 'Jessica, Jessica, Jessica -

JACK (CONT'D)
(a bit confused, but he winks at Nancy)
On the South Bank? Wanna speak to her?

Nancy looks horrified -

JACK (CONT'D)
(listening again)
Okay -
(a pause, then trying not to smile)
- we will.
(he listens as Tom is clearly saying saucy stuff about Jessica)
Yes Tom, totally Tom, I'm hanging up now Tom.
(he hangs up)
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
He thought we hadn't found each other.

NANCY
As if!

JACK
Let's turn these things off now, shall we?

They switch off their phones in unison.

JACK (CONT'D)
(smiling)
So. Jessica.

NANCY
(realising she doesn't know his name)
So...

JACK
Tom tells me you work in the city?

NANCY
I do, I do, that's what I do.

JACK
Is that quite stressful?

NANCY
Nah! Lunch is for wimps!
(a beat, annoyed with herself)
Sorry -

JACK
(American accent)
'If you need a friend, get a dog.' Wall Street. Great movie.

Nancy is visibly delighted at Jack's quoting abilities.

NANCY
(confidently)
And you are a...

JACK
...*An* online marketing -
(clears his throat for effect)
Manager.

NANCY
I love online marketing managing!

JACK
But what I really want to do is paint. You know, can't be an online marketing manager forever! Plus, the bots are taking over! They'll manage all the marketing in the future!

NANCY
(enjoying Jack's 'banter')
Help!

JACK
Sorry, I am actually rather nervous. Not used to this 'dating chat'. And I'll admit, I had a few reservations, but then I thought, you know what Jack -

As Nancy registers this - his name is Jack.

JACK
- I trust Tom! He's not going to set me up with someone I've got nothing in common with, he's a good friend, right?

They have reached a pop-up bar -

NANCY
I'd take a bullet for him, Jack.

JACK
So, where are you on the relationship -
(he does a slightly cheesy mime to imply a -)
- spectrum?

NANCY
Oh, you know, long term wise, it's been a while -

JACK
Since Pete?

NANCY
(who the hell is Pete?)
Since Pete?

JACK
Tom told me. Massive cock.

NANCY
(thrown)
Really?

JACK
Huge.

NANCY
It wasn't that big -

JACK
What he did to you.

NANCY
- er deal.

JACK
Had the same thing done to me. Affairs eh? Who'd have 'em? Oh wait, they would!

NANCY
And what about your...
(doing the same cheesy mime he did)
...spectrum?

Nancy grabs a packet of crisps from the bar, adding it to their bill -

JACK
Recently? I've had some one night stands, girls from work, girls I've met in bars, or just like, on the street -

Nancy nearly chokes on her drink. Jack gets his wallet out to pay for the drinks -

JACK (CONT'D)
(aware that sounded very wrong, changing angle)
- but this is my first proper date since, you know...

Nancy looks at him blankly.

JACK (CONT'D)
The 'D' word.

Nancy panics, looking at Jack's open wallet -

NANCY
Dead sister?

JACK
Huh?

NANCY
It's just something I say before I drink... dead sister!

Nancy takes a massive gulp of her drink -

JACK
Dead sister!
(he drinks like Nancy)
Anyway, I'm not one to let a failed marriage put me off relationships for good -

NANCY
(getting the D word)
Divorce!

JACK
Just be thankful you and Pete didn't get hitched. It gets way more complicated when you're trying to work out who gets the flat -
(pumping his fist)
Winner!

Nancy spontaneously laughs, as they awkwardly high five -

TIME LAPSE TO:

INT. SOUTHBANK STEPS/MEZZANINE - DAY

Nancy and Jack walking along with their drinks.

JACK (CONT'D)
Yup, I've got big home improvement plans for this year. Going to do up our... *my* flat, paint the hallway, bleach the sheets -
(beat)
Anyway! Let's not talk about all that shit! All that bad ju-ju! Because I'm *so* over it.

NANCY
You really sound it.

JACK
It's in the past!
(no idea what it says -)
What does it say in 6 Billion People and You?

NANCY
(no idea what it says either)
Fuck the past?

JACK
The past is so last year!

NANCY
(opening a packet of crisps)
If that book has taught me anything, it's taught me that.

JACK
Tom says you're a triathlete?

NANCY
(munching crisps - a what?!)
Uh-uh -

JACK
Do you have to train a lot?

NANCY
(re the crisps)
I need to regularly carb up.

Nancy devours the crisps, offers Jack one who takes one as though he shouldn't.

JACK
Oh go on then, I worked out today, I mean I work out most days. I like to, y'know, pump some iron -

Jack performs a vague weight lifting mime. They munch in silence for a few moments. The silence not uncomfortable.

JACK (CONT'D)
(looking out over the Thames)
Ah, isn't this great? I mean, I don't envy my mates with kids. Are they here with us now? Hell no. They're at home, lying in wait for the next nappy change -
(correcting himself)
Not that I don't want kids. I'm 40, they won't all be swimming in the right direction forever! But just not right now. Should probably get a girlfriend first!

NANCY
Oh, me too, I definitely want kids. But I'm not like, freaking out about it yet.

JACK
Me neither.

As the CUTEST BABY EVER IN A PAPOOSE goes past them, gurgling and smiling at them both. They both physically swoon a bit.

JACK (CONT'D)
(re-setting himself)
Well, you've got plenty of time, you're only 24.

Nancy nearly chokes on her crisps. Jack checks his watch -

JACK (CONT'D)
Come on, let's get out of here.

- as Nancy also peeks at Jack's watch, yikes -

JACK
Unless you've got somewhere better to be -

Before Nancy can say anything, Jack starts to take off his scarf -

JACK
Plus it's fucking freezing out here!

He starts to wrap his scarf around Nancy's neck. It's a nice little moment, and she can't help enjoying his touch.

JACK (CONT'D)
I know a nice little joint over the river.
(he pushes a bit of scarf fluff out of Nancy's mouth)
Does your carb regime allow for a ten tonne burrito and a couple of £2 tequila shots?

NANCY
(she's so not going home yet)
Yes it does!

EXT. HUNGERFORD BRIDGE/LONDON - DUSK

Jack and Nancy, walking over Hungerford Bridge towards their next destination, which is a -

INT. MEXICAN CANTINA. THE WEST END - NIGHT

Nancy and Jack, at the bar, grimacing a bit, doing their shots of tequila.

The barman, DANIEL, comes over to clear their glasses.

DANIEL
(to Jack)
Hey man.

JACK
Hey man, how's it going?

Nancy clocks the recognition between the men. Daniel moves off -

NANCY
You a regular here?

JACK
Well, define 'regular' -

As a Waitress walks past -

WAITRESS
Hi Jack.

JACK
Hey Helen, how's it going?

Jack clocks Nancy's Moleskine notepad on the bar. He quickly reaches into his bag to produce an identical one -

JACK (CONT'D)
Ah, snap!
(beat)
We're swapping right?

NANCY
Swapping?

As he opens his notepad to a specific page, holding it out, Nancy blankly takes it from him, confused. Jack picks up her notepad from the bar -

JACK
(not entirely convincing)
To do the genius '6 billion ways to get to know me better' lists you suggested?
(opening up Nancy's mantra list)
Is this your one?

NANCY
(no idea what's going on)
That is... my one.

JACK (CONT'D)
Mine's at the front.

Nancy looks down at Jack's notepad, opening it up to his list. Favourite Band: Lloyd Cole and The Commotions, Favourite Food: Spag Bol Lifetime Ambition etc... What fresh hell is this?

JACK (CONT'D)
(reading off Nancy's list, confused)
Put yourself out there... take chances... Black Pant Wash?

NANCY
(struggling)
Don't you know that, er, band?

JACK
(feeling out of his depth)
Are they new?

NANCY
(no idea what she's talking about)
Oh yeah, really young, and fresh and up and coming. My *favourite* band.

JACK
Of course! They're so great. Really... funky.

An awkward moment as they both look at their lists, no idea where to go next with this -

JACK (CONT'D)
Get stronger thighs?

NANCY
(re Jack's list, flailing)
Whoa, spooky, I also love Spaghetti Bolognese!

JACK
(flailing even more)
What are the chances of that?

NANCY
Like, none chances.

JACK
Well, that's the lists done! And didn't they go well.

Relieved, they both happily chuck their notepads down onto the bar. Daniel has put the bill down. Nancy gets out her wallet to pay, as does Jack, and they go back and forth, once more, to see who pays. Nancy wins this time, revealing photos of her cats in her wallet -

JACK
Ooh, who are they?

A beat, as Nancy feels over the moon that Jack has asked her about her cats -

NANCY
Slash and Axl?

JACK
(laughing, then)
Paradise Kitties!

They laugh, and then... some guilt kicks in, and Nancy feels like maybe it's time to come clean -

NANCY
(deep breath)
Look, Jack, I've actually got a confession to make -

JACK
Yeah, me too -

NANCY
You have?

JACK
Yeah. Let me go first. I've never heard of Black Pant Wash...

Nancy finds his honesty appealing and is momentarily distracted from her own giant deception.

JACK (CONT'D)
...and I think it's important to be honest about that - because honesty is so important, right?

Nancy nods and shakes her head simultaneously.

JACK (CONT'D)
I mean, I guess those lists are a good ice breaker -

NANCY
(not totally convincing)
The best!

JACK
But you don't actually believe that just because we both like spag bol, we're going to end up together forever -

NANCY
Well, depends on the spag bol -

JACK
Depends on the spag bol, yeah, might be a really good spag bol!
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
But right now, whatever happens tonight, wherever we end up, I'm having a really good time, getting to know you, and you're being very patient with me, so thank you for that -
(he looks around the bar)
- and I really don't know why I brought you here, it was a stupid idea. So how about we go someplace else, somewhere *different* -

Nancy, totally torn but she *so* enjoyed that speech, and Jack, and -

JACK (CONT'D)
(lightbulb)
Bowling! Tom said you liked bowling!

NANCY
(sold!)
I bloody love bowling!

Jack picks up the two remaining shots, handing one to Nancy -

JACK
Whaddya say? Couple for the road then hit the lanes?

As we hold on Nancy, considering whether to take the shot, and her next move...

NANCY
(Fuck it!)
Okay?

They grin at each other. Shots taken. Game. On. Music. Up.

INT. BLOOMSBURY BOWLING LANES - NIGHT

A hot and steamy BOWLING MONTAGE.

SMASH! C/U on some bowling pins. Someone is getting an awesome strike. And that someone is Nancy, ecstatic to be at a bowling alley. And this is no ordinary bowling alley. This is cheesy, tacky, retro heaven, with a 1960s' style diner, staff dressed in American bowling style outfits.

Nancy seductively picks up another bowling ball, turning it around in her hands, as she watches Jack's fingers erotically tap his beer bottle. She sidles up to their lane, taking an extra bit of time to move her arse around a bit, pretending to line herself up to take a shot. Jack appreciates the view.

Nancy stretches her legs out on the semi-luxurious seats, watching Jack's hands weighing up two bowling balls, which could well be her breasts in her mind.

Jack pokes his fingers one by one into a bowling ball. Nancy lets her beer bottle linger a little bit too long over her lips. Jack takes his shot, and then drops down to the floor, lying on his side in a nonchalant position - yup, it's another strike.

Nancy takes a shot, and as she does, she slides onto her knees, and then on to all fours, y'know, to see if she gets a strike. She does. Still on all fours, she turns her head to wink at Jack. It's sexual cliché heaven and they're loving it. Unbeknownst to them, a bowling party of young kids has witnessed the whole thing.

As our hot and steamy bowling montage comes to an end, Jack and Nancy, now pretty drunk, and clearly digging each other...

JACK
Who says blind dates don't work?

NANCY
(a beat of drunken reality)
I'm going to go get us a drink.

INT. BLOOMSBURY BOWLING LANES/BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Nancy swiftly heads for the bar, glancing round to clock Jack watching her go. He looks away. Too late! Nancy leans on the bar, pretty pleased with herself. One of the barmen, SEAN, 34, tall, dark and kinda handsome, notices her, and does a double take.

SEAN
(disbelief)
Nancy?

NANCY
(confused)
Yes?

SEAN
Nancy Patterson?

NANCY
(trying to place Sean)
Do we know each other?

SEAN
Sean Bellamy? Class 5G, St. Andrews Comprehensive, '88-'93, I sat next to you in Chemistry for five years?

Nancy so wants to remember him.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I gave you a Valentine's Card in year nine, you tore it up in front of everyone? Your mum ran me over that time.

NANCY
(as the penny drops)
Oh God, yes. I'm so sorry about that.

SEAN
Don't worry, I glued it back together. It was only in about 57 pieces.

NANCY
No, I meant... but you were so -

SEAN
Fat! I know. Yeah, that was me, Big Fat Sean, Lord of The Pies, Emperor Boom Boom -

NANCY
And now you're so -

SEAN
Uh-huh, I went on the 5:2 diet. 5 days on Chocolate Nesquik, 2 days on Strawberry Nesquik. I lost it all from here -
(his stomach)
Here -
(his face)
But luckily not from here -
(his cock)

NANCY
(cringing)
Can I just get two beers, please?

SEAN
Hell yes.
(to himself but loudly)
Nancy fucking Patterson. WOW!

Sean goes to the fridges, he cannot believe this is happening. Nancy checks to see if Jack is looking over at them. He's not. Sean puts two beers down in front of her.

SEAN (CONT'D)
(winking at her)
They're on me. It is *so* good to see you.

NANCY
(unsure)
Likewise?

Nancy takes the beers, and walks quickly back to -

- Jack, still on the sofa. She hands him his beer.

JACK
Flirting with the barman?

NANCY
(horrified)
What? No!

JACK
It's okay. I'm like the least jealous person ever.

NANCY
Me too.

A beat, as they drink, and consider this. They clearly both are.

NANCY
(re the bowling)
So, let's ramp this up a bit! Not that I'm competitive.

Jack grins and stands up, starts to choose a bowling ball as Nancy turns to glance back at the bar again but - WHOA - Sean is <u>right there.</u>

SEAN
Nancy!

NANCY
Sssshh!

SEAN
(confused)
But I brought you some nachos? On the house.

NANCY
(pushing them away)
I've got a wheat allergy.

SEAN
No you don't.
(beat)
Hey, remember this?

Sean shows Nancy a photograph. Nancy leans in, confused -

NANCY
Where the hell did you get that?

SEAN
It was in my wallet.

NANCY
Who took it?

SEAN
I did.

NANCY
That's in my bedroom? I don't remember you ever being in my bedroom?

SEAN
I wasn't in your bedroom, silly. I was outside - in a tree.

Nancy is horrified, but then -

JACK
(shouting over)
Jessica? Watch and weep.

SEAN
Why is he calling you Jessica, you're not called Jessica, you're called Nancy, Nancy Patterson -

As Jack steps up to bowl, Nancy quickly puts her arm around Sean in an attempt to lead him away -

NANCY
Look...

SEAN
Sean. Sean Bellamy.

NANCY
Sean... Seanie B! I'm in a bit of situation here -

SEAN
(nestling his head on her shoulder and smelling her hair)
You still use Pantene Pro-V.

Nancy looks at him. He removes his head.

NANCY
That guy is not my boyfriend. He's not even *my* date. I stole him from... from under the clock at Waterloo Station. And I'm pretending to be the girl he should be on a date with.

SEAN
Kinky!

JACK (O.S.)
Hey...

Nancy and Sean turn around to see Jack,

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm Jack.

SEAN
And I am Sean.

JACK
You two know each other then?

NANCY/SEAN
No/Yes!

NANCY
We did know each other. We went to school together.

SEAN
Old friends.

NANCY
Old, old friends.

SEAN
(nonchalant)
We had a bit of a thing going on.

Nancy looks at Sean - we did?

JACK
Good for you.

SEAN
It was.

NANCY
It really wasn't, that good -

SEAN
(wiggling his hips suggestively)
You never forget your first.

NANCY
So anyway! Lovely to see you after all these years Sean! All the best yeah?

JACK
Good to meet you, Sean. I'll take it from here.

Jack walks away, Nancy tries to follow -

SEAN
Hang on, *Jessica*!

Sean beckons Nancy over, she realises she has no choice but to go over to him -

NANCY
(to Sean)
What are you doing?!

SEAN
It appears I finally have you over a barrel, Nancy Patterson. Indeed, you're clearly not the girl you used to be, once cool and confident, now stealing other women's dates from under clocks.

NANCY
Well, you're working as a barman in a novelty bowling alley -

SEAN
(proudly)
- just like Mr Armstrong predicted.

NANCY
Who?

SEAN
Careers advisor at St. Andrews. Jeez, do you remember anything about school, because I remember everything...
(shouting it over towards Jack)
Nancy!

Jack doesn't hear, but it has the desired affect.

NANCY
(plaintive)
Please Sean. I am out bowling *with a man*. A man who might actually have some potential and not just in a 'he's a really good bowler' type way. Don't ruin it for me. Please.

Sean considers Nancy's plea.

SEAN
Okay, I won't.

NANCY
(relieved)
Thank you.

SEAN
If you give me a blow job.

NANCY
What?!

SEAN
Take it or leave it!

NANCY
Are you out of your fucking mind?

SEAN
Oh come on, wouldn't hurt! Just a tiny little blow job, and I won't dismantle your web of deceit, Little Miss Muffet.

NANCY
(a bit too loudly, people look at her)
I am not going to give you a blow job!

SEAN
Hand job? Pearl Necklace?

NANCY
No! Stop it, Sean!

SEAN
Okay, a kiss.

Nancy wrestles with this, slightly.

SEAN
Oh come on! I just want to fulfil a life long ambition! Remember when you did it with Jason Aspinall in the H Block toilets?

NANCY
How did you -

SEAN
I was in the adjoining cubicle.

NANCY
Sweet baby Jesus.

SEAN
Yup, that's what you said.

Nancy glances nervously over at Jack, who is pretending not to be impatient, or indeed jealous.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I remember sitting there, listening, thinking, why can't I have that too?
(he grabs Nancy by the shoulders)
What's so wrong with me, Nancy, what's so wrong with *me*?

NANCY
Okay, one kiss!

SEAN
With tongues.

NANCY
No tongues.

SEAN
(immediately, and suspiciously calm again)
But in the toilets?

NANCY
Yes. In the toilets.

SEAN
And it has to be tonight or I'll never find you again. You have no online presence.

Nancy takes this in. PSYCHO ALERT.

NANCY
Can I go now?

SEAN
Yes! But I'll be watching you.

NANCY
I don't doubt that.

As Nancy walks back to Jack, Sean makes fake binoculars with his hands, training them on her. She is so in his sights.

INT. NANCY'S PARENTS' HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Elaine and Adam tentatively taking out some vol-au-vents from the oven...

ELAINE
(can't look)
Shit, shit, shit -

They do look a *little* flat -

ADAM
It's fine. They're fine. Everyone will just get drunk -
(gorging action)
- and shove them down!

Elaine looks at Adam dubiously -

ADAM
They will!

He takes a piping hot vol-au-vent off the tray, stuffs it in his mouth, immediately spits it out.

ADAM (CONT'D)
ARGHH!

Fran enters, in her party frock, carrying two signs that read 'RED WINE SOFA' and 'WHITE WINE SOFA' - Adam springs up guiltily, trying to obscure the spitty food tray from view.

FRAN
Any word from Nancy?

ELAINE
(evasive)
Not eeeeeeeexactly -

Elaine puts down the tray, steers Fran into the front room, as Adam looks down at the kitchen table where all the booze is now laid out - he cracks open a beer, chugs it down, ticks 'Booze' off the list.

INT. NANCY'S PARENTS' HOUSE/FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fran and Elaine find Bert, also in his party clothes, relaxing on one of the sofas with a glass of red wine. There is one main round table, and lots of other smaller tables and chairs. A long table nearby, covered over for now.

FRAN
(clocking Bert, this won't do)
No no no no no no -

ELAINE
- *but* in her defence, it does sound like she's got a *very* good reason for her tardiness -

Fran pulls a confused Bert up, placing the WHITE WINE SOFA sign on the sofa he was sitting on. She gravely hands him the RED WINE SOFA sign, directing him over -

BERT
(putting the RED WINE SOFA sign in its place)
She's right, Franny -
(nudging her affectionately, then teasing)
And who knows, maybe today will end up being not just *our* anniversary?

A moment of softening for Fran -

ELAINE
(nudging Fran as well)
Yeah, imagine that Mum -
(mock panic face)
Oh my god, but who would you worry about then?

They both jostle her affectionately, as she gives in to their teasing but then -

FRAN
Oh for christ's sake Bert, you've slobbed!

BERT
(looking down at himself)
What? Where?

As Elaine surreptitiously returns to her phone.

FRAN
(showing him the slob)
Oh god, what is it this time?

They both examine the stain. Bert tastes it.

BERT
(guilty)
Hummus?

The doorbell rings out -

FRAN
(to Bert, re his jumper)
Off! Off! Off!
(to Elaine, yikes)
Guests!

As Fran and Bert exit -

ELAINE
(smiling confidently)
Go get 'em, parents!

Elaine picks up her mobile phone, typing a message to Nancy:

WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU...

INT. BLOOMSBURY BOWLING LANES. SHOE EXCHANGE - NIGHT

A very flushed and drunk Nancy is leaning provocatively on the Shoe Exchange counter, as a similarly high on life Jack returns his shoes. There is a distinct frisson in the air, as Nancy hands her shoes over -

NANCY
(to the bowling shoe boy)
Aw, can't I keep them?

The not amused Bowling Boy snatches them away.

JACK
Do you honestly think that's the first time he's heard that?

Nancy grins -

NANCY
Tonight, maybe.

- she has something stuck in her teeth.

JACK
Saving it for later?

Nancy doesn't know what he's talking about. He motions to her teeth -

JACK (CONT'D)
You've got...
(he taps his own mouth, scrutinizes hers)
Jalapeno?

NANCY
(baring her teeth)
Oh god, where?

Nancy runs her finger along her teeth -

JACK
Up a bit? No. Left. Left a bit more. Right. It's sort of... wedged... nearly... no!

NANCY
I'm just going to nip to the -

She motions to the ladies' toilets.

JACK
I'll wait here.
(winks)
Think about what we can get up to next.

Nancy looks at the clock on the wall. 8.45pm. Yikes. Jack tightens his scarf around Nancy's neck again - Nancy swoons.

NANCY
(re the toilets)
And I'll go in there.
(winks)
Think about what we can get up to next.

Jack's eyes light up, as Nancy skips into -

INT. BLOOMSBURY BOWLING LANES. LADIES TOILETS - MOMENTS LATER

- the ladies toilet, a sexy spring in her step. She goes over to the mirror, next to a couple of other girls, who are immaculately reapplying their lipstick. Nancy leans in to the mirror, picking at the jalapeno in her teeth. The girls look at her sympathetically, and exit. Nancy gets the Jalapeno out of her teeth - result - looks around, checks there's nobody else in there to see her -

NANCY
(to herself, mimicking Jack's sexy tone)
What do *you* want to do next, what do *I* want to do next -

She pretends to dry hump the sink when suddenly, from underneath the cubicle nearest to her - a hand grabs her ankle. Nancy screams as she looks down to see... <u>Sean looking up at her.</u>

NANCY
Fucking hell Sean!

SEAN
I saw you were about to leave, so I took my break early.

NANCY
(feigning innocence)
Leaving? I wasn't leaving...

Sean's head disappears, and the toilet door swings open. He is wearing just his socks and some tiny pants.

NANCY
Sweet baby Jesus.

SEAN
Not yet!
(a pause)
I left my socks on, because it's always a strong look on a man.

NANCY
Always.

As Nancy turns on her heel to leg it -

SEAN
Okay, well I'll just put my clothes back on and go *outside* and have a little chat with 'Jack' about 'Jessica' -

Chastened, Nancy turns back.

SEAN
(puckering up)
Where do you want to land those luscious lips?

Sean gyrates around a bit. Nancy looks around the toilets. Somebody help? No, nobody.

NANCY
We're leaving the door open.

SEAN
Now you're talking!

Nancy takes in Sean's physique. It could be worse.

SEAN
(pumping his guns)
From fat to fit, right?

Nancy pokes one of his arms, actually quite impressed.

SEAN
- and these babies have had 15 years of dating Pamela Handerson-
(Nancy doesn't react)
Going Hans Solo on Darth Vader's helmet -
(still nothing from Nancy)
I have been wanking a lot.

Sean throws Nancy's scarf over his shoulders, wrapping it around the back of his head, pulling the scarf so that Nancy is pulled towards him. He starts to sing Phyllis Nelson's 'Move Closer'.

SEAN
Will you hold my face?

NANCY
Why?

SEAN
It will make it more romantic.

NANCY
I don't think this could *be* any more romantic, Sean.

Sean looks pleadingly at Nancy. She reluctantly reaches her hands up to Sean's face, as he can't believe his luck. She is just about to kiss him, when he suddenly spins her round, dropping her down in a dramatic embrace, pulling one of her legs around his back.

JACK (O.S.)
Jessica?

Nancy scrambles to look over Sean's shoulder - but their necks are bound together now by the scarf - to see Jack standing there. Nancy is entwined with a half naked Sean. This does not look good.

SEAN
(not missing a beat)
Hey man.

NANCY
Jack!

JACK
(totally thrown)
You'd been gone a while, so I thought maybe I should come and find you -

NANCY
- what is happening here is definitely not what you think is happening here.

Nancy starts to move, but the scarf situation means this results in Sean coming with her. From behind.

JACK
I think I'm just going to leave.

NANCY
(pulling the scarf off)
No, wait! Let me explain!

Sean grabs to pick up the scarf -

JACK
(it's clearly not okay)
It's okay!
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
I thought we had a connection, but you know, you obviously still have feelings for Sean and...

NANCY
No no no, you don't understand, please, don't go!

SEAN
(putting Jack's scarf on, thinking it's Nancy's)
Jack, chill man.
(he puts his arm around Nancy territorially)
Don't be so harsh on Nancy -

JACK
Who's Nancy?

Sean looks at Nancy. Oops!

JACK
Why is he calling you Nancy?

SEAN
It was my *other* pet name for her!

NANCY
(grateful)
Yes!

SEAN
Like Nancy Reagan.

NANCY
Like Nancy Sinatra.

They look at each other. Then put their arms around each other, a united front.

SEAN
Nancy Sinatra.

NANCY
Nancy Reagan.

Nancy suddenly can't help nearly laughing. The absurdity of the situation is finally getting to her.

JACK
I am gonna go.

NANCY
(trying not to laugh)
No, don't -

And now Nancy is really starting to laugh. And not thinking that what she's about to say will have any major effect on the evening now anyway -

NANCY (CONT'D)
(trying to compose herself)
(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)
Wait, Jack, let me tell you the truth! Now seems as good a time as any to confess -

JACK
Confess what?

NANCY
(pulling herself together)
The reason Sean just called me Nancy.
(smiling at the ridiculousness of it all)
It's because I'm not called Jessica! And the reason I am not called Jessica is because I am not actually Jessica.

Sean puts his arm around Nancy again.

SEAN
She's Nancy. Nancy Patterson.

NANCY
Okay, you can put your clothes back on and leave now Sean.

SEAN
But my kiss -

NANCY
Go!

Sean grabs his clothes and exits, inhaling Jack/Nancy's scarf to his face as he does. A beat as Jack realises Sean is going off with his scarf, and then -

NANCY (CONT'D)
(chatting away)
Anyway, I was in here with him because he said he wouldn't tell you who I really was if I kissed him. Because I'm not really your blind date, Jack. But you thought I was, what with the book, and the clock and quid pro quo...
(off Jack's confusion)
I was watching it last night! So sue me, I went with it! And then we started having such a nice time -

JACK
- hang on. You're not actually the girl I was supposed to meet earlier?

NANCY
No.

JACK
Whoa.

NANCY
I know, it does sound a bit mad! But don't think mad, think... impulsive!

JACK
- what kind of lunatic woman stands waiting under a clock in order to steal someone else's blind date?

NANCY
(overlapping with Jack)
I wasn't *waiting* under the clock and it wasn't stealing in the conventional sense of the word, that girl gave me her book! Which is why you thought I was her -

JACK
- I thought you were her because you said you were her!

NANCY
But did I actually say that?

JACK
- and when were you planning on telling me the truth about this frankly quite psychotic decision of yours?

NANCY
Well, there wasn't really a plan in place per se -

JACK
(incredulous)
Because who would have a plan for something like this!

NANCY
Exactly!

JACK
- something so fucked up!

NANCY
I think people have done worse things in the world... and anyway, she wasn't right for you -

JACK
Perhaps you would have allowed me to come to that conclusion myself?

NANCY
I was merely trying to meet my mate in the modern world -

JACK
Who the hell are you anyway?!

NANCY
I am Nancy, Nancy Patterson -

JACK
Are you even really a triathlete?

NANCY
That's the next thing you ask?

JACK
And where the hell is Jessica?

NANCY
I would have thought she's probably gone home by now.

As some YOUNG LOOKING GIRLS enter the toilets -

NANCY
Past her bedtime.

JACK
(as Jack realises)
Are you even 24?

NANCY
Add another 10.

JACK
Whoa!

NANCY
Fuck you, Grandpa!

JACK
Not in 6 billion years.

NANCY
That was so un-called for!

JACK
So was derailing my date!

Nancy turns to the Young Looking Girls, who are giggling at them both.

NANCY
Laugh it up girls. I am your future.

JACK
34?!

NANCY
40!

Jack turns and storms out, as does Nancy -

INT. BLOOMSBURY BOWLING LANES - CONTINUOUS

- and now they are both trying to storm off together, towards the cloakroom.

NANCY
I think you're over-reacting just a little bit -

As they get to the cloakroom window -

JACK
How would you feel, *Nancy?* You've been set up to meet someone who is meant to be absolutely perfect for you -

As a HOPEFUL LOOKING TEENAGE BOY appears at the cloakroom window.

JACK
- but you don't get to meet them, because some *psycho* pretends to be them instead?

Jack aggressively takes a ticket out of his back pocket, handing it over to a now slightly crest fallen Hopeful Teenage Boy, who is transfixed by their conversation.

NANCY
Firstly, 'set ups'? They never work out, and 'b' -

JACK
Tom said we matched!

NANCY
Oh pleeeeease. She reads self-help books and the Da Vinci Code, and works in the city. What does that even mean??

JACK
It means she's a high-flying, 24-year-old business woman!

NANCY
You really liked the 24 part, didn't you?

JACK
Ah, the classic retort of a lonely, 34-year-old woman desperate for somewhere to put her eggs -

NANCY
Well, at least I'm nearly at my sexual peak! It's all downhill for you now, Hefner! Knock knock, who's there, Viagra!

As they both look at the now horrified Hopeful Teenage Boy, who scurries off to get their stuff.

JACK
Wow. The bitter look really suits you. No wonder Pete slept around on you... Oh wait... there is no Pete.

NANCY
And there is no wife. Because she left you. 'Oh, I'm so wounded, and rejected, please help me young woman who is nearly half my age' -

JACK
This, from a girl who had to steal someone else's date in order to even get one -

NANCY
At least I'm not walking around thinking I'm the catch of the century. Ooh, look at me, with my own flat, and my online marketing management job, but what I really want to do is paaaaaaiiiint.

JACK
I am going to paint!

NANCY
Sure you are!

Hopeful Teenage Boy comes back with two jackets, and Nancy's bag for them.

JACK
Well, it was simply lovely not getting to know you.
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
And big congratulations on a massive pack of lies.
(to the Hopeful Teenage Boy)
Where's my bag?

HOPEFUL TEENAGE BOY
Um, that was all that was on the ticket, I'm afraid.

JACK
(to Nancy)
Where's my bag?

NANCY
How should I know?

Nancy goes into her own bag... confused, she pulls out one of the notepads from her bag -

NANCY
Why have I got your notepad?

JACK
(oh no)
We left my bag in the bloody Cantina.

NANCY
(shoving the notepad at him)
Your bag Jack, not mine. How many tequilas did you have?

JACK
(another penny drop)
It's got my divorce papers in it!

NANCY
Ooh, sexy.

JACK
I came straight from the lawyers!

NANCY
Ooh, sexier!

As Jack starts to walk off -

NANCY
Wait, your divorce papers - and my notepad... and my speech!

JACK
What fucking speech?

EXT. BLOOMSBURY BOWLING LANES - NIGHT

Nancy and Jack charging outside - Jack still holding his notepad. Nancy is at the tail end of telling Jack the rest of the truth -

NANCY
- for their 40th wedding anniversary -

JACK
Oh this just gets better and better! Not only do you steal someone else's blind date, you stand up your parents on one of the most important milestones of their lives! You need to seriously look at your motivations for doing, and not doing things -

NANCY
(contrite, walking off)
I need my speech.

Jack starts to hail a taxi -

NANCY
(stopping, totally confused)
What are you doing?

JACK
Getting a cab back to the bar.

NANCY
It's only a 10 minute walk?

JACK
No it's not, it's like 20 minutes -

NANCY
What are you talking about, it's 10 minutes!

JACK
(challenging)
You seem pretty confident about that, *Nancy?*

NANCY
Because it's a fact, *Jack.*

As a taxi pulls up -

JACK
Oh it's a *fact* is it? Like the *fact* you're a triathlete?

NANCY
Great, brilliant -

JACK
I tell you what, here's an idea. Why don't you run, swim and cycle to the bar, and we'll see who gets there first?

Nancy looks at him, confused.

JACK
You don't even know what a triathlon is!

NANCY
Yeah I do!

JACK
Oh you do, do you? Well, ready, steady -

Jacks jumps into the taxi.

JACK
Go!

Nancy, taking her cue, immediately starts to run. The taxi starts to pull away. Having some fun with this, Jack waves at Nancy lightly - bye bye! - then turns to look out the back window, tapping his watch - tick tock, tick tock! As 'Bust a Move' by Young MC starts to play -

NANCY
(as she runs, determined)
Get. Stronger. Thighs.

Nancy starts to run. And not just any old run. A focussed, almost triathlete like run. Steady, eyes on the prize, through the side streets of London. Nancy gets to a main road - a group of girls - a hen party! - block her way - she starts to wade through them, in a breast stroke fashion. She's basically swimming now. She gets through the crowd, picks up her running pace again, a little tired, but not deterred.

Jack, in the taxi, triumphant at first... then hitting some late night Soho traffic.

Nancy goes down an alleyway, pops out the other side - sees a row of bikes locked up, various owners milling around - bingo! As she saunters over with purpose, and next -

- Nancy is now on one of the bikes - she clearly used all her charms - and cycling furiously through London town.

EXT. MEXICAN CANTINA. THE WEST END - NIGHT

As the taxi pulls up, Jack is impatient to get out. He walks briskly towards the cantina, still carrying his notepad -

- just as a dishevelled, sweaty, puddle-splashed Nancy comes cycling around the corner, pulling up right by Jack - wheel screech!

NANCY
In your 40-year-old face!

JACK
I thought you weren't competitive?

NANCY
I thought *you* weren't competitive?

Nancy dumps the bike in a Boris rack, and suddenly throws up in the corner.

JACK
(a moment of concern)
Are you okay -

NANCY
(wiping sick from her mouth)
Tactical puke!

A beat as Jack checks his watch, looks ominously at the door to the bar.

JACK
It had better be in there.

NANCY
(pushing past Jack)
Of course it will be in there.

Nancy goes in. Jack steels himself, and follows -

INT. MEXICAN CANTINA/THE WEST END - MOMENTS LATER

- they both scan the bar, which is far busier now. The dance floor is now full of tourists, dancing to the cheesy music of the DJ.

DANIEL
(spotting them)
Hey, you want some more tequila!

NANCY JACK *
No. No. *

NANCY
Is his *manbag* here?

Jack puts his notepad down on the bar, looks up and down the bar, seeming satisfied about something -

JACK
It's a *satchel*. And I'm not used to carrying it.

DANIEL
Let me go check.

Daniel goes off. Nancy looks down at herself, aware she is a right mess. She starts to walk off -

JACK
Where are you going?

NANCY
To the toilets.

JACK
Meeting someone?

NANCY
No! So you don't need to follow me in there.

JACK
No intention of ever doing that again, thanks!

We go with Nancy as she barges into -

INT. MEXICAN CANTINA. TOILETS - SAME TIME

- the toilets, and heads straight for the mirror where she -

NANCY
(wailing with frustration)
Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck!

Nancy gets her phone out of her bag - 10 missed calls and messages from Elaine. She dials her back, clocking what a state she looks in the mirror. She gets a tissue, wipes some bike mud off her face.

NANCY (CONT'D)
(softer)
Fuck.

Elaine's phone starts to ring.

INT. NANCY'S PARENTS' HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT

The party really underway now, music playing loudly, everyone enjoying themselves, drinking red and white wine on the correct sofas, and a small child casually drinking a glass of Prosecco... which is quickly swiped away by a breezy Elaine, who downs it herself, smiling over at Fran, who is laughing at Bert, eating a mini pizza, proudly demonstrating that his change of jumper is still slob-free.

- Adam moonwalks over with a fresh tray of sausage rolls, which he presents to Elaine. He pops one in her mouth, she pops one in his mouth, they high-five, hip bump and return to their nibbles duties, as we see Elaine's unanswered ringing phone, on a nearby table switching to answer machine -

INT. MEXICAN CANTINA/THE TOILETS - NIGHT

- as Nancy hears the voice of her sister's answer phone, and sadly hangs up. She chucks her phone in her bag, gets out her make-up bag, suddenly infuriated with herself -

NANCY
(to herself)
Nice one, Nancy!

She applies mascara.

NANCY (CONT'D)
(putting some lipstick on)
Hey, new mantra!

NANCY (CONT'D)
(putting some blusher on)
Stop. Being. Such. A. Loser.

She takes her damp top off. T-shirty vest underneath. Straightens straps. Tightens bra notch. Ruffles her hair. Throws cardigan over her shoulder. She spots some air freshener. Gives her underarms a quick spray. That's better. She has pulled herself together. Sort of.

INT. MEXICAN CANTINA. THE WEST END - NIGHT

Jack is scanning the bar again, checking his watch. As he turns to look towards - Nancy exiting the toilets. Jack does a double take at her - god, she looks quite lovely. As Nancy arrives at the bar, oblivious to Jack checking her out, she just resolutely stares straight ahead. Jack pauses, suddenly not sure what to say next -

JACK
(a bit intrigued)
Do you even like bowling?

NANCY
(eyes ahead, not looking at him)
I *love* bowling.

JACK
Oh so you haven't been faking it the whole night then?

NANCY
And I bet you've said *that* line before.

Jack looks at her - whoa! Nancy sighs -

NANCY (CONT'D)
Look, for the record, I realise this isn't my finest hour. And in hindsight, agreeing to Sean's... demands was possibly not the best decision I've made all evening -

JACK
You could have just told me the truth.

NANCY
I was going to, it was just - Jessica was doing so well.

Daniel appears with Jack's manbag.

DANIEL
(winking at Nancy)
One manbag.

Relieved, Jack starts to root around in his bag for Nancy's notepad.

JACK
(chuckling)
Black Pant Wash.

NANCY
(sarcastic chuckle)
Funky.

As Jack takes out Nancy's notepad, placing it alongside his notepad on the bar -

JACK
(can't help smiling)
Idiot!

Angle on Nancy:

NANCY
(half smiling back)
Idiot!

A dark-haired woman standing behind Jack suddenly turns at the sound of Nancy saying 'idiot' -

DARK-HAIRED WOMAN
(to the back of Jack's head)
Jack?

Jack spins around, his smile totally fading as he sees HILARY, 37, a precise looking woman who carries herself well and knows it.

HILARY
What are you doing here? I thought we'd agreed.

JACK
(feigning innocence)
What am I doing here, what are *you* doing here?

Nancy, confused by what's going on, as ED, 39, handsome and overly manly, steps in.

ED
Hello Jack.

JACK
Fuck off Ed.

Hilary suddenly whips a small Smythson diary out of her bag.

HILARY
I get this place, between 5 and 10pm on a Saturday.

JACK
(fake covering)
Oh, I thought it was on a Sunday -

Hilary shows her clearly marked diary to Jack. Nancy also looks at it, surprised by this information.

HILARY
I think we all know that *you* know it's not on a Sunday -

JACK
(looking at Hilary's diary)
Oh how I miss that pissy little diary. Do you still write 'M' when it's moustache dyeing week?

As Hilary instinctively touches her top lip.

JACK (CONT'D)
(looking at a shocked Ed, then mock apologetic)
Oh. He didn't know.

Ed puts his arm protectively around Hilary. Jack suddenly puts his arm around Nancy.

JACK (CONT'D)
This is Nancy by the way.
(beat)
Nancy my girlfriend.

Nancy looks at Jack - WTF?

JACK (CONT'D)
Nancy, this is Hilary. My soon to be ex-wife. And Ed, the man she left me for.

ED
Come on, Jack -

As the penny drops for Nancy -

JACK (CONT'D)
(a bit manic)
So! We're in the same bar, with our *new* partners, but we're all adults, right? Mature, wise, stable adults. Let's have a drink together! Have you got a table?

HILARY
Yes.

JACK
Is it *our* table?

HILARY
(taking Ed's hand)
Not anymore.

JACK
Even better! Come on then! Lead the way.

Hilary glares at Jack. Jack glares at Hilary. A small war has been declared. Hilary breaks first, starting to move a speechless, horrified Ed towards the tables.

ED
What's happening -

HILARY
Just go with it -

JACK
(to Ed)
Yes! Go with it, Edward!

Jack, about to follow, is held back by Nancy -

NANCY
Oh my god you knew they were going to be in here earlier! That's why you brought me here -

JACK
Actually, that's why I brought *Jessica* here but I came to my senses. Then because you left my bag -

NANCY
You left *your* bag -

JACK
- we walked right back into it! And then you came out of the toilets, looking a bit -
(he mimes 'sexy')
- and I just thought -

As Nancy takes this in. Looking a bit sexy, huh?

JACK (CONT'D)
(pointed)
- people have done worse things in the world?

Nancy balks at this -

JACK (CONT'D)
And you're excellent at pretending to be women you're not.

Another beat as Nancy examines her nails, not engaging.

JACK (CONT'D)
You owe me, Nancy.

Nancy looks up. She glances over at Hilary and Ed, sitting together now, waiting for Jack to come over. She feels Jack's pain.

NANCY
What exactly are you hoping to achieve?

JACK
I believe they call it "closure".

INT. NANCY'S PARENTS' HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT

The party underway in the next room. An irritated Elaine, by the bannisters, looking at her phone, as Adam enters -

ELAINE
(holding up her phone to Adam)
I missed a call from her. This is getting silly now, she's not even going to make it for the speech! What the fuck is she playing at?

ADAM
Er, what you always tell her to do?

ELAINE
Yeah, well, not the greatest night to pick -

ADAM
- you know, being spontaneous -

ELAINE
Be spontaneous when there's nothing else planned!
(off Adam's look)
Don't you think it's just a bit...

ADAM
I'm going to wait and see what's actually happened, before I pass judgement -

ELAINE
Are you? Good for you -

ADAM
Jesus Elaine, has she ever done anything like this before?

ELAINE
(off Adam's look, sotto voce)
Never.

ADAM
What was that?

ELAINE
(louder)
Never.

ADAM
(nudging Elaine)
She's out there, somewhere, doing you proud, meeting a man -

ELAINE
- a strange, man off the street.

ADAM
- having a lovely time, just like when we first met -

ELAINE
We met in the safety of a pub.

ADAM
Oh, but what a romantic pub -

ELAINE
It was a Yates's Wine Lodge.

ADAM
Remember the first thing you ever said to me?

ELAINE
Vodka and tonic please?

ADAM
And I said?

ELAINE
(can't help smiling/softening)
Pint or a half?

They kiss.

ADAM
What is the worst case scenario?

ELAINE
We never see her again!

ADAM
- and the second worst case scenario?

Adam smiles, and gently pushes Elaine back into the party.

INT. MEXICAN CANTINA. THE WEST END - NIGHT

Jack and Nancy, now sitting with Hilary and Ed. Awkward! As Nancy watches Jack downing his beer.

HILARY
So, how long have you two been seeing each other?

Jack starts to seductively but cack-handedly feed Nancy an olive.

JACK
Oh not long -

Nancy realises there is a stone in it. And nowhere to put the stone. She takes Jack's hand, spits the stone out into it.

NANCY
- not long at all.

ED
How did you meet?

Jack pops the olive stone into Nancy's bag.

NANCY/JACK
At a party/Through work.

JACK
A work party.

NANCY
A party that worked!

HILARY
Are you in online marketing too?

JACK
(imitating her just for the sake of it)
Are you in online marketing too?

Nancy is just about to answer, has no idea what to say, spots a fire extinguisher in the corner of the room.

NANCY
No, I'm a firewoman.

JACK
(what the fuck, Nancy?!)
There was a fire -

NANCY
- at his work party.
(beat)
And *then* in our pants!

Jack looks at Nancy. Seriously?

NANCY (CONT'D)
(attempted polite conversation)
So Hilary, what do you do for a living?

HILARY
(like she's saving the world)
(MORE)

HILARY (CONT'D)
I'm an account manager for a leading PR firm.

NANCY
Mind blowing! And you, Ed?

ED
(like he is also saving the world)
I'm a Merchant Banker.

JACK
Interesting fact, *merchant banker* is cockney rhyming slang for *wanker.*

HILARY
Oh for Christ's sake Jack -

JACK
(feigning innocence)
What? I'm just saying -

HILARY
It's been a year!

ED
It's okay Hil, it's not the first time I've heard that one.

NANCY
(laughing)
I've never heard it before!

ED
(clearly is affected by it)
I'm unaffected by it.

Jack mouths 'Merchant Wanker' at him, does a 'wanker' sign. Nancy tries not to laugh -

JACK
And it's been more than a year Hilary. It's been -
(counting)
- three hundred and sixty eight days! Not that I've been crossing them off my wall calendar of pain and deceit!
(finishing off his beer)
I need a piss!

Jack gets up and walks off, sending the nibbles flying everywhere.

JACK
(apologetic to the waitress)
Shit, sorry -

Jack goes.

ED
(to Hilary, touching her nose)
Don't worry, babycakes -

Nancy - to herself - 'babycakes?!'

ED (CONT'D)
- this was bound to happen sooner or later.

HILARY
(to Nancy, condescending)
You'll find this with him. He's a very emotional man.

Ed puts a protective arm around Hilary. Nancy considers them, then to the waitress -

NANCY
We're going to need some more nibbles.

The waitress nods - no shit - and goes off. Nancy turns to Hilary and Ed once more.

NANCY
So you two had an affair, right?

Hilary and Ed stiffen.

HILARY
We fell in love.

NANCY
But you had an affair?

ED
The marriage was over, anyway.

NANCY
<u>But</u> you had an affair?

Hilary and Ed are forced to nod.

NANCY
Yup, he sure is an 'emotional' man.

As the waiter brings some more nibbles to the table, Nancy scoops them all towards herself, and starts eating them. Jack comes back from the toilets. He's calmed down.

JACK
(about to come clean)
Okay. Sorry about that. The truth is, Hilary -

Nancy suddenly runs her finger seductively down Jack's arm.

NANCY
I missed you, Big Nuts.

Jack looks at Nancy - WTF? Nancy leans in and gives him a seductive kiss on the neck. A pretty sexy one. Jack, mouth open now - Nancy pops an olive from the nibbles tray in it, gives him a wink.

NANCY
(to Hilary and Ed)
What rating are *you two* rabbits on now?

HILARY
Rating?

NANCY
Sexually speaking? We're still in porno land.

Jack spits his olive out. Nancy seamlessly catches it in her hand.

HILARY
Porno land?

NANCY
(to Jack, conspiratorially)
Shall I explain?

JACK
Please do!

With impressive aim, Nancy chucks the olive stone onto a passing waiter's tray.

NANCY
At first, when a woman starts sleeping with a man, she acts like a porn star right?

Hilary and Ed look blank -

NANCY (CONT'D)
Like with me and Jack? Anything goes.
(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)
Maybe some Church of Lesbyterian, some dinner beneath the bridge, a little guided tour of site B, if you know where *that* is...
(re Jack)
He does.

Jack, amused and baffled, is hanging on Nancy's every word. Ed and Hilary still look baffled.

NANCY
(to Jack)
Remember that time when you said we should... and I said I'm not going to do that, and I was just thinking, I'm actually quite scared, because I couldn't see. And then you flipped it, and did that thing, and suddenly I couldn't stop, oh my god, I could not stop, Jack -

Ed nearly chokes on his drink -

NANCY
- yes, Jack, don't stop Jack, do what you do Jack, thank you Jack, I love your work.
(immediately stopping, reverting back to normal)
And you lot -
(she gestures to Jack and Ed)
- are like wow, our sex life is *always* going to be like this. Then, about 6 months in, the ladies ease it down to an 18 - contains some adult material - then a 15 -
(to Hilary)
Maybe a quick 69, but only if we've just had a bath? - and suddenly, whoa, we're a PG13, wearing tartan pyjamas to bed, doing the goodnight roll over before you can say 'missionary position'.

- aaaaaannnd Nancy is finished. Ed looks rather flustered, Hilary totally miffed.

JACK
That, is a brilliant theory.

NANCY
(pleased with herself)
Thank you.
(remembering the point to all this)
(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)
But I think with you baby, we'll be in porno land for a lot longer than usual.

JACK
(getting into it)
I've got a theory too.

NANCY
Hit me.

JACK
If you get a girl back to yours, and you tell her that you don't want to have sex, that you want to take it slow? Guaranteed she'll want to go down on you.

NANCY
(in awe)
The Blowjob Paradox.

JACK
Use it, don't abuse it.

Jack and Nancy clink glasses. But Hilary looks at Ed - he clearly did that to her.

NANCY
I mean, if divorce papers were honest, it wouldn't say 'irreconcilable differences'. It would say 'just not enough blow jobs'.

Ed shifts uncomfortably in his seat. Hilary has had enough. It's time to shut this down.

HILARY
(she knows this is going to hurt)
Ooh, that reminds me Jack. Have you signed everything yet?

JACK
Ooh, yes I have, Hilary! And conveniently, I have them with me -

Jack swiftly reaches into his bag, angrily whacking the divorce papers down on the table.

JACK (CONT'D)
Although I did it with a pen - stupid Jack! - because you'd probably prefer I signed them <u>with my blood</u>!

Nancy, wanting to diffuse the situation -

NANCY
Hey Jack, it's our song! Maybe we should dance!

Jack looks at her - WTF - as she swiftly pulls him up, dragging him onto the dancefloor, where the DJ is currently playing 'Move Closer' by Phyllis Nelson.

JACK
What are you doing?!

NANCY
Stopping you from making a twat of yourself using the medium of dance.

Nancy puts her arms awkwardly around Jack's neck, who looks at her, WTF?

NANCY (CONT'D)
I'm going to *slow dance* you into submission. It's called 'school disco therapy'. You need to put your arms around my waist for it to work properly.

Jack goes with it, responds accordingly. They awkwardly dance together, as Jack glances back at Hilary and Ed.

JACK
(annoyed with himself)
I'm such a dick.

NANCY
You're not a dick.
(beat, looking over at Hilary and Ed)
You know it's always better to be the one who's dumped though, right? You never have to regret anything then. They made the decision. And they have to live with that for the rest of their lives.

JACK
It's not as simple as that.

NANCY
It will be. Just takes time. Your hands are slipping down to my arse.

JACK
(embarrassed)
Sorry. Old habit.
(moving his hands back up)
Everybody knew they were at it. But nobody told me.

NANCY
Okay, that's tough.

JACK
- but you know, I was kind of traditional about the whole 'don't sleep around when you're married' thing -

NANCY
Hands. Arse.

Jack moves his hands again.

NANCY (CONT'D)
I bet you proposed on the top of a Tuscan hill -

JACK
Kefalonian, actually -

NANCY
- and then you spent a year planning your 'big day'?
(Jack nods)
120 guests?

JACK
(he thinks)
130?

NANCY
And what, about twenty grand, all in?
(Jack motions it was much more)
Oh, and let's not forget the ring!

JACK
(remembering)
Four grand! But we had to get it re-sized. She got very thin.

NANCY
You spent <u>twenty four thousand pounds</u> on a party and some jewellery!

JACK
It's a grand gesture! What's the point of life if you're not up for stuff like that -

NANCY
A grand gesture that amounted to nothing! Hands! Arse!

In the background, Daniel The Barman has relieved the DJ from his post, and begun to spin 'The Reflex' by Duran Duran. Nancy and Jack both note the song playing, and clearly love the song, but -

JACK
You're such a fucking cynic!

NANCY
Er, realist?! And you're such a fucking romantic!

JACK
Er, optimist!

In total unison as the song plays -

JACK	NANCY	
(double hand flash movement at Nancy)	(double hand flash movement at Jack)	*
- flex, flex, flex, flex, flex.	- flex, flex, flex, flex, flex.	*

The song continues, as does the argument, which is fast-paced and frenetic -

NANCY
You put *so* much emphasis on one day and forgot about whoops! - <u>the rest of your life</u> -

JACK
What's wrong with having a big day?! That doesn't mean it's all going to go tits up! Look at your parents! I bet they had a party, and some guests and a Wishing Tree -

NANCY
6 guests, registry office, drinks in the pub afterwards! They were more concerned with the promises they were making than how many vegetarians there were -

JACK
Do you not think that's what I wanted to! When you get married, you make a promise you have no idea if you can keep, but I intended to at least try! And I'll never, ever regret that. Which is more than you can say, sitting up there on your single perch, with all your judgements -

They both can't help singing along and doing the same dance mimes at each other to the next bit of the song -

JACK
So why don't you use it, try not to bruise it, buy time don't lose it -

NANCY *
So why don't you use it, try not to bruise it, buy time don't lose it - *

Small instrumental drum section, that Jack and Nancy can't help dancing around each other to, and then the repeat of -

JACK
So why don't you use it, try not to bruise it, buy time don't lose it -

NANCY *
So why don't you use it, try not to bruise it, buy time don't lose it - *

NANCY
They're not judgements! They're theories, it's different -

And then the chorus of 'The Reflex', that both Jack and Nancy now really start to dance to, unable to contain their love for the song, but determined to carry on the debate. It's basically a dance-fight-off.

JACK
You know what your problem is? You stand around on the sidelines, 'theorising' on what does and doesn't work, never experiencing it for yourself, never taking any chances -

NANCY
I think my actions today could be considered quite 'chancey' -

JACK
(dancing around Nancy)
- you need to man up Nancy! Yes, I married that woman over there, and yes she tore my heart out, but I'm still standing, still offering myself up to the world! Who are you to say that the girl I met under the clock tonight - the girl I was *supposed* to meet under the clock tonight - wouldn't have ended up being the love of my life?

Jack does one final dramatic dance move. Nancy, totally chastened.

JACK
(getting a bit upset)
So why don't you just let me get on with my sad single man crisis, and you keep your cynical theories and wisecracks to yourself!

An upset Jack storms off into the men's toilets, leaving a shocked Nancy, alone on the dancefloor with 'The Reflex'. She looks around at everyone having a great time, forgetting their worries, dancing away, and suddenly feels very bad. She looks over to the Men's Toilets - The Hombres...

INT. MEXICAN CANTINA/THE TOILETS - NIGHT

Nancy pops her head into the HOMBRES'S TOILETS. A row of men standing up against the cisterns. The men all turn to look at her, confused by her presence.

NANCY
Hola, I'm new here.

Nancy starts to casually clean the very smeared mirror with her sleeve. The men turn back to their cisterns.

NANCY (CONT'D)
(cautiously entering)
Jack? Are you in here?

JACK (O.S.)
No!

She dips down, looking under the cubicles.

NANCY
Oh come on...

She sees Jack's shoes. She moves towards his cubicle -

JACK (O.S.)
Just go home. I'm fine.

NANCY
You're fine?

JACK (O.S.)
Absolutely fucking fine.

Nancy pushes open the cubicle door but -

It's not Jack. It's a RANDOM MAN taking a crap.

NANCY
Whoa! Sorry!

She dips down again, sees a pair of exactly the same shoes. She tentatively pushes this cubicle door open to find -

Jack, who has clearly been crying.

NANCY (CONT'D)
(mock disappointed)
Oh, I was hoping for the socks and pants look.

Jack attempts a weak smile. Nancy slides into the cubicle with Jack, closing the door. She crouches down on the floor.

NANCY (CONT'D)
This is cosy.

Jack pulls some toilet roll off the roll and blows his nose loudly like a proper old man. As he's sitting on the toilet, he has nowhere to put the dirty tissue. Nancy puts her hand out, and he drops it into her palm.

NANCY (CONT'D)
(earnest)
Sorry. I've had a bad relationship run over the last few years. It's made me... not the most positive person. I over-analyse, come up with elaborate theories, make monumentally bad decisions -

JACK
I've just got to move on. She's out there, happy with someone else, and I'm still holding on.

NANCY
Okay, A) I wouldn't say 'happy'. And secondly, you're not holding on *to her*, you're just holding on to a feeling that will eventually pass.
(she looks at Jack's sad face)
And maybe I was wrong, maybe dating 24-year-olds is exactly what you need right now.

JACK
You've changed your tune.

NANCY
(shrugs)
Unlike the older lady, they do have less baggage.

Nancy throws Jack's dirty tissue between her two palms. Jack watches her -

NANCY (CONT'D)
I mean, I am way over my baggage allowance! 4 years single. 4 fucking years!
(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)
Prior to that, 6 years with supposed love of my life, then he ended it out of the blue, said he wanted to go to China and find himself, but somehow 'found himself' shacked up in Shepherd's Bush with a new girlfriend six months later. I'm over it though.

JACK
(wry)
You really sound it.

NANCY
Apart from one thing. One thing I will never get over. He deauthorised me from his iTunes.

JACK
That is unforgivable.

Nancy looks at Jack, who is smiling at her.

JACK
What do you really do for a living?

NANCY
Journalist slash wannabe literary polymath.

JACK
Figures. You've got good theories.

NANCY
Oh so you like them now? Maybe don't take them too seriously though. I'm not exactly the poster child for the dating industry.

JACK
Well I'm 40, divorced and crying in a toilet.

NANCY
You're just an emotional jigsaw at the moment. You'll piece yourself back together again.
(she squeezes his hand)
Just start with the corners. Look for the blue bits.

Jack smiles, squeezes Nancy's hand back.

JACK
And where do I find these blue bits?

They lock eyes. Oh my god, are they going to kiss? Maybe? Yes? Nearly -

TOILET MAN 1 (O.S.)
Took me 3 years to get over my ex.

They look up to see TOILET MAN 1, looking down at them from the next cubicle.

TOILET MAN 1
(to Jack and Nancy)
Jungian Therapy. Two hours, every day, for six weeks.

Suddenly, another man pops up next to him -

TOILET MAN 2
(madness in his eyes)
I burnt her clothes. Twice.

Jack and Nancy's 'moment' is over.

INT. MEXICAN CANTINA - NIGHT

Hilary and Ed are at the bar, waiting to be served. They are mid-argument.

ED
I just think it's interesting -

HILARY
'Interesting'?

ED
(exasperated)
I'm not saying her porn star theory is correct!

HILARY
But you did blow job paradox me!

As a helpless Ed notices Nancy and Jack -

ED
(bizarrely relieved to see them)
Where did you two get to, eh?

HILARY
(slightly hysterical)
Probably 69-ing in the toilets no doubt!

As Jack and Nancy share a bemused look -

ED
(also a bit hysterical)
Who's up for a shot? Come on, let's all do some shots!

Ed motions to Daniel, who comes over.

NANCY
Do you know what, I think I've had enough to drink.

JACK
Yeah, me too actually...

ED
(grateful for the distraction from angry Hilary)
Nonsense! This is a seminal night! We need to mark it somehow.

As Ed leans in to give Daniel his order -

HILARY
(to Jack)
You look like you've been crying.

JACK
I was actually crying -

NANCY
- with laughter! Have you ever tried to do it in a cubicle that small? Ooh, hang on, did I leave my knickers in there?

Nancy deftly turns Jack away from Ed and Hilary, who continue their argument. Behind then all, Daniel starts to lay out the equipment to do flaming sambuca shots. Liquor, shot glasses and one of those long clipper lighters. He starts to fill up the shot glasses.

NANCY (CONT'D)
(in cahoots with Jack)
She does not need to know the real reason for your tears.

JACK
(sexy)
Did you want to leave your knickers in there?

NANCY
Focus, Jack. Repeat after me. After this shot, you will be stronger, wiser, and finally moving on.

JACK
After this shot I will be stronger, wiser and finally moving on.

Nancy grins. Behind them, Daniel starts to light the shot glasses. But before he can get to the last two, Nancy picks them up, not realising they're meant to be alight.

NANCY
(to Jack)
Fuck the past!

Jack grins back -

JACK
Fuck the past!

- takes the shot swiftly and determinedly. Nancy sniffs hers, nearly pukes, and decides to throw it over her shoulder. It lands straight in Ed's eyes.

ED
(clutching his face, over dramatically)
Aaaargh! It burns! It burns!

Nancy and Jack turn around to see - Ed, flailing around, unable to open his eyes. He leans forward on the bar, his sleeve dipping into one of the flaming shots and WHOOSH! His sleeve is now on fire.

HILARY
(panicked)
Do something!

Nancy doesn't realise Hilary is talking to her.

HILARY (CONT'D)
You're a firewoman, put the fucking fire out!

NANCY
(remembering she's a firewoman)
Right! That's my job!

Nancy has no idea what to do. Daniel the barman hands Nancy the fire extinguisher! A determined Nancy takes hold off it, pulls down on the nozzle - whoa, that is tougher to control than she thought - and her first attempt goes all over Hilary. Jack is cracking up -

NANCY
(to Hilary)
Sorry! Standard safety testing protocol!

Nancy resets, aims at Ed, blasting him with water. The fire goes out -

NANCY (CONT'D)
Woooo-hooo! Firewoman skills to pay the fire woman bills!

Nancy is so clearly not a firewoman - she tries to turn off the extinguisher -

NANCY (CONT'D)
I can't turn it off!

She turns to Daniel, drenching him. She turns away from a furious Daniel, drenching the dancefloor. She turns to Jack, who is cracking up, and ducks down just in time. Daniel wrestles with her, finally turning the goddamn thing off. Everyone, apart from Nancy and Jack, are left drenched, smoky and a total mess.

EXT. HUNGERFORD BRIDGE - NIGHT

Nancy and Jack, walking nay skipping across Hungerford Bridge in a delighted fashion.

EXT. HUNGERFORD BRIDGE - CONTINUED

Nancy and Jack, on the bridge.

JACK
And I think that's closure!

NANCY
That's the dictionary definition, right there!

JACK
Denial, depression, acceptance -

NANCY
- fire!

They high five, sharing a victorious and lovely moment.

EXT. WATERLOO STEPS - NIGHT

Nancy and Jack walking along.

JACK
What's next then?

NANCY
What's the time?

JACK
10 o'clock.

NANCY
Shit! I should really check in at home.

Nancy gets her phone out, as does Jack. Their phones start coming back to life -

INSERT: C/U on Nancy's phone - we see she has a missed call from Elaine and a message. She looks confidently up at Jack, whose phone is coming back to life with much vigour - a cacophony of messages, noises and alerts.

NANCY
So. I think I'd better finally head to my folks anniversary party, but, and here's a crazy idea, I was thinking maybe you would like to -

JACK
(distracted by his phone)
Hold up a minute...

He carries on looking at his phone, slowing down his walk. Nancy follows suit -

NANCY
(lightly but -)
- because, you know, it would be nice to take someone along for a change -

JACK
(totally distracted, looking up from his phone)
Huh? Sorry. She's called. And texted.

NANCY
Who has?

JACK
Jessica.

NANCY
(confused)
She has?

JACK
Said she'd spoken to Tom, there had obviously been some confusion, and she still wants to meet up -

NANCY
But you stood her up? Looooooser.

JACK
Technically *I* didn't stand her up. You did. Plus she's young, remember? So not a total cynic like you... us... yet -

NANCY
Of course! Your 24-year-old obsession.

Jack slows down a bit -

JACK
Well *you* said I should keep it simple -

NANCY
When?

JACK
In the toilets, about half an hour ago!
(tentative)
So what's your theory on this one?

NANCY
(a bit thrown)
My theory?

JACK
What should I do? Boy meets girl...
(he pauses, tentatively)
- or boy doesn't meet girl?

Nancy looks at Jack. Oh my god, he is actually asking her this. She takes a deep breath.

JACK
(lightly)
Come on, now you tell me what to do, and then we argue about it, and then -

Unbelievable. Nancy starts to speed up.

JACK (CONT'D)
(giving chase)
Oi! Wait!

NANCY
(almost to herself)
What for -

JACK
All night, you've had opinions and theories on everything, and now suddenly you've got nothing to say?

NANCY
What do you want, Jack? My permission?

JACK
No, I -

NANCY
Fine, go and meet Jessica! Boy meets girl, that's what you want, isn't it -

JACK
Well, yeah but -

NANCY
There you go then. What are you waiting for?

They stand in silence for a moment. As Nancy looks up and realises they are underneath the clock - the final nail in her confidence coffin.

NANCY
(starting to root through her bag, back to business)
I presume you're meeting her here?

Thrown, Jack looks up, noting the clock himself.

JACK
(a bit embarrassed)
Um, yes -

NANCY
(holding up 6 Billion People and You)
You can give her this back then.

JACK
She bought another one.

NANCY
Of course she did.

JACK
I haven't really read it.

NANCY
Maybe we should have.

A beat. They look at each other.

JACK
So... that's everything then?

NANCY
(it clearly isn't)
Yes.
(softly)
Sorry for derailing your date.

JACK
(softly)
I'm glad you did.
(trying to be cool)
Otherwise I'd have nothing to talk about on this next one!

NANCY
It *is* a great anecdote. I'm sure I'll use it in the future myself.

A beat, as they both respectively take this in.

JACK
Well. Look. After. Yourself.

NANCY
It's what I'm best at!
(beat)
Bye then!

Nancy puts her hand out to shake Jack's -

JACK
Bye then!

- but Jack leans in, kisses Nancy's cheek. They have come full circle - it is agony most exquisite. Nancy starts to walk away -

JACK (CONT'D)
I'll Facebook you -

NANCY
- I'm not on Facebook!

As Nancy walks away -

JACK
(shouting out at her)
Idiot!

NANCY
(shouting back)
Idiot!

Jack watches Nancy go.

JACK
(to himself now)
Idiot.

NANCY
(also to herself)
Idiot.

She turns, to look at him, but the crowd suddenly engulfs him - poof! And he's gone. Like he was never, ever there in the first place.

INT. WATERLOO TRAIN STATION. PLATFORM 11 - NIGHT

Nancy is getting on her train. As she does, she hands her copy of Six Billion People and You to a passing girl, who takes it, confused. Nancy collapses into a seat, starts to root around in her bag for her note-pad, pulls it out - but of course, it's actually Jack's note-pad. They forgot to swap. Dammit. She opens it up to find a doodle Jack has done - it's of the clock at Waterloo Station, and a boy and girl meeting underneath it. The speech bubbles say 'swoon' and 'hubba hubba'. A totally gutted Nancy stares out of the window as her train begins to leave the station -

EXT. QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL/SOUTH BANK - NIGHT

Jack is sitting outside Queen Elizabeth Hall, by the heaters, with of course, the Girl on Train, AKA -

JESSICA
What kind of nutter pretends to be someone else's blind date!

JACK
(trying to go along with it)
I know!

JESSICA
(smugly)
Although it does prove what a publishing sensation 6 Billion has become. Anyway! Let's just pretend it never happened and start again.

She raises her glass of wine to Jack's bottle of beer. They clink. Jessica takes a small sip of wine. Jack takes a rather long glug of his beer... and keeps glugging with a slightly wild look in his eye. Jessica patiently waits for him to finish. He finally does. Off her confused look:

JACK
Sorry. Very thirsty. Done a lot of... walking today.
(resetting)
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
So! I hear you work in the city, Jessica?

JESSICA
Correct! And I love it.

JACK
Lunch is for wimps!

Jessica doesn't get the reference.

JACK (CONT'D)
It's from Wall Street.
(Jessica still doesn't get it)
'If you need a friend, get a dog.'

JESSICA
Ooh, is that the one with Leonardo Di Caprio?

JACK
No.

An awkward pause, as Jessica continues to smile brightly at Jack, who looks down at the packet of crisps, takes a handful, starts to munch away -

JACK (CONT'D)
Tom says you're a triathlete?

CUT TO:

INT. NANCY'S PARENTS' HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is a bit of a mess now, everyone is perhaps a little worse for wear, all seated around the various ad hoc tables, eating the food from the now uncovered long table - big salads, a huge lasagne, tabbouleh, cheese, ham, french bread etc...

Adam stands up, taps his wine glass -

ADAM
(a bit drunk now)
Attention -
(French accent)
Attention!
(Italian accent)
Attenzione!
(German accent, motioning to Bert)
Achtung!

BERT
Yes, thank you Adam. Well, here we are then. I was rather hoping our youngest daughter Nancy would be here to do the speech, but she's been a little...
(at Elaine)
...delayed?

Elaine, standing in the corner of the room with a plate of food, nods confidently.

BERT (CONT'D)
- so it falls to myself to find some suitable words... but I mean, seriously, what's left for us to say to each other after 40 years, hey Fran?

Fran, seated on a nearby table -

FRAN
(heckling)
Take the fucking recycling out!

Everyone laughs. A tired and awkward Nancy sneaks into the room -

BERT
Still as foul mouthed as the day I met her. And still as beautiful -

Everyone 'aws'.

BERT (CONT'D)
And although I doubt very much we have *another* 40 years ahead -

FRAN
I bloody hope not.

BERT
- or will ever agree that you can park on double-yellow lines on a Sunday...

ELAINE
(muttering to herself)
I think you can actually -

BERT
- or she'll ever fully trust me with the big weekly shop -

FRAN
Not a hope in hell, my darling -

BERT (CONT'D)
...but here's to spending whatever years we've got left, together. Franny, I am an empty shell on the beach without you.

ADAM
Oh that's good -

BERT
I am a laundry disaster waiting to happen!

Fran softens - you big wally -

BERT (CONT'D)
An old pear left to soften -

ELAINE
Okay Dad, I think that's enough metaphors -

BERT
- in the fruit bowl -
(he clocks Nancy)
A ha! Darling! You're here -

FRAN
(spinning around to see -)
Nancy!

Everyone turns, delighted to see Nancy.

NANCY
(bravely)
Hi everyone!
(ta-da!)
I remembered the chocolate mousse!

She holds up loads of chocolate mousse - and promptly bursts into tears.

EXT. QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL/SOUTH BANK - NIGHT

Jack and Jessica are finishing up their first drink.

JACK
Yup, I've got big home improvement plans for this year. Going to do up *my* flat, paint the hallway -

JESSICA
Oh yes, Tom said you're a bit of an *artiste*?

JACK
Oh I dabble... who am I kidding.

JESSICA
(charging on regardless, chuffed to find something in common)
I got an A in Art A Level!

JACK
I can't remember what I got for my A Levels.
(Jessica laughs)
I can really. I'm not that old.
(a beat)
Two B's and a C.
(another beat)
No, one B, two C's.
(shit, he actually can't remember)
I passed them all anyway.

JESSICA
(bit bewildered)
Well done.
(determined to be positive)
Anyway, I'm so glad you're a fan of *6 Billion People and You* as well. And sorry I was late to meet you, but actually the reason I had to buy *another* copy was because I left *my* copy for this woman on the train. She *so* needed to read it.

As Jessica continues to talk, Jack suddenly perks up.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
She was a *very* unhappy soul, one of those lost hope, clock ticking kind of women -

As Jack takes this in... Jessica suddenly whips out a girly, multi-coloured notepad from her bag.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Anyway, let's do the lists!

JACK
(disorientated)
The lists? Oh right, yeah -

He reaches into his bag, and suddenly smiles. Yes, there it is - Nancy's notepad. As Jessica starts to efficiently flick her notepad over.

JESSICA
I can't wait to see what your favourite food is.

JACK
(strained)
Me neither!

Jack takes a massive gulp of beer, flips over Nancy's notepad - finds MUM AND DAD'S 40th WEDDING ANNIVERSARY SPEECH. He looks up at Jessica, who is offering her notepad over to him -

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Ready?

EXT. A WATERLOO STREET - NIGHT

An elated Jessica is trying to hail a cab, with a flustered Jack by her side.

JACK
I'm so sorry about this -

JESSICA
What are you talking about? It's amazing! If I hadn't left her the book, oh my god... it's like the most epic love story ever -
(so triumphant)
- and it means I was right, and she was wrong!
(screaming)
Taxi!

A taxi screeches to a halt. Jessica swings open the door, gets Jack in. As she goes to the driver's window -

JESSICA
(to Jack)
Where to?

As it suddenly dawns on Jack that he has no idea -

JACK
Shit. I have no idea.

JESSICA
Just call her -

JACK
I don't have her number.
(off Jessica's look)
I have *your* number.

As the Taxi Driver flicks the meter on, and Jack helplessly realises this could be a hopeless mission -

JESSICA
Well, what's her name?

JACK
Nancy. Nancy Patterson.

JESSICA
We'll just look her up on Facebook -

JACK
(ruefully, to himself)
She's not on Facebook -

JESSICA
(as if someone wouldn't be on Facebook)
Don't be ridiculous -
(getting her iPhone out)
Everyone is connected, you'll have some mutual friends or something -

As Jack realises something. He leans out of the window, grabs Jessica's face, kisses her firmly on the cheek.

JACK
You bloody genius.
(as the taxi pulls away)
Keep up the triathleting!

INT. BLOOMSBURY BOWLING LANES - NIGHT

It's quiet at the bowling alley now, and Sean is bowling on his own. He is wearing Jack's scarf around his neck. He lovingly kisses the bowling ball he is holding, and is just about to take a shot when -

JACK
(out of breath)
Sean.

SEAN
(hopeful)
Where's Nancy?

JACK
(realising he's going to have to play this one a bit)
Sean, Seany Seany, Seanathon!
That's what I was hoping *you* could tell *me* -

Jack tries to take his scarf from Sean, but Sean is having none of it. Jack backs away from the scarf, okay then -

JACK (CONT'D)
Any chance you know where her parents live? She's at their house. It's their 40th wedding anniversary.

Sean, as he takes this in, moving the bowling ball between his hands.

SEAN
I know the exact Google Map coordinates.

Sean flings his bowling ball across three lanes.

EXT. A RUN DOWN OLD CAR - NIGHT

On the back, a bumper sticker that reads -

'GRASS, CASH OR ASS - NO-ONE RIDES FOR FREE'.

The car is burning some rubber through suburbia, the bright lights of Central London behind it. Whose car could it be?

INT. SEAN'S CAR - NIGHT

It is of course, Sean's car. And sat next to him is Jack, holding on for dear life as Sean blatantly runs a red light. As Sean dramatically swerves to dangerously over-take someone.

JACK
(terrified)
I really don't mind getting the train, Sean -

SEAN
So what's your plan?

JACK
My plan?

SEAN
To win her heart?

JACK
This isn't a power ballad -

SEAN
Well it should be. Grand, romantic gestures Jack. That's what it's all about.
(Jack smiles ruefully)
Declarations. Heart on the line. Life changing kind of stuff. That's what I was going for in the toilets earlier. Action. You know, more than words.

As Sean takes a sharp left hand turn, using just his left hand, Jack looks aghast, visibly blanching.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Taught myself to drive with just my left hand. Pretty useful, I can tell you.

Jack is visibly appalled. Sean overtakes another car, putting his foot down on the accelerator. Screeeeeeeeech -

INT. SEAN'S CAR - NIGHT

Sean takes an abrupt sharp left hand turn onto a quiet, street lamp lit row of Victorian terrace houses. He brings the car to a halt, looks around.

JACK
(relieved)
Are we here?

SEAN
(tapping the wheel)
Yup. We're here.

JACK
What number?

SEAN
(thinks, then with conviction)
74.

Sean revs the engine.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Go, go, go! Bon chance, my friend!

Jack gets out. Sean speeds off down the road. Jack looks at the houses. Take a deep breath. Heads for number 74.

INT. NANCY'S PARENTS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Nancy, still sobbing, surrounded by Elaine, Adam, Bert and Fran. They are trying to work out what she is saying, but she is practically indecipherable throughout this scene -

NANCY
Idiot. Idiot. Idiot! Why didn't I just say 'don't go and meet her, come to the party with me?'. But as if he was going to say yes! Because why would he not go and meet her and come to the party with me -

Nancy starts to bang her head against the wall -

ADAM
(putting his hand out block Nancy's head)
Go easy Nancy, it's only a partition wall -

BERT
(deciphering)
Something about a party?

FRAN
(to Nancy)
This party?

Nancy nods through her sobs -

NANCY
And you put a chair out for him and everything -

ELAINE
- for the man on the phone?

ADAM
The strange man you were on a date with!

Nancy nods again, still sobbing.

BERT
It didn't go well?

NANCY
Noooooo, it did, it did go well -

ELAINE
Hooray!

BERT
Hooray!

Nancy cries again. Adam looks drunk/perplexed.

ELAINE
Not hooray!

BERT
Boo? Boo!

ADAM
I am deeply confused.

He starts to bang his head on the wall, a la Nancy.

FRAN
Come on Nancy Pants, take a deep breath -

BERT
- tell us what happened my lovely.

Nancy takes a deep breath, composes herself, opens her mouth and... RRRRRRRIINNNNNGGGGG!

EXT. NUMBER 74 - SAME TIME

Jack rings the doorbell -

INT. NANCY'S PARENTS' HOUSE - SAME TIME

- Nancy and her family jump at the sound of it.

ADAM
(emphatic)
I will get that!

Adam opens the front door. We don't see who it is, but Nancy does.

NANCY
(flummoxed)
What are you doing here?

EXT. NUMBER 74 - SAME TIME

JACK
(confused)
Is Nancy here?

ESSIE and SOPHIE, 15 going on 25, off their teenage faces on something good -

SOPHIE
(excited)
Are you a stripper-gram?

ESSIE
Old Man Stripper Gram!

JACK
(panic)
What, no -

As Essie and Sophie pull Jack into the house - a house that does not appear to be Nancy's parents' house, and does not feel like a 40th Wedding Anniversary Party. Instead, it's a total teenage free house party, and it's in full swing.

INT. NANCY'S PARENTS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Where we find Sean and a very baffled Nancy -

SEAN
(confident)
Nancy. I had to come and find you. After what happened tonight -

NANCY
(disorientated)
How did you -

SEAN
I couldn't just leave it like that.

ELAINE
(penny drop)
Oh my god, Nancy is this -

Sean grins at all the family - yup, it is.

FRAN
Oh how marvellous!

ADAM
We've got a chair for you!

BERT
(so relieved)
We bloody have you know!

NANCY
(exhausted)
No, wait, you don't understand -

But Nancy clocks the look of hope and relief in her family's faces - her man has finally shown up - as they welcome Sean into the house. Sean grins at her, slamming the door shut on us. And we see that the house number is not 74, it's number 47.

INT. HOUSE NUMBER 74 - NIGHT

Jack is now at the very the epicentre of the teenage party - the kitchen. Shots being done at the breakfast bar, joints being lit and one couple getting off with each other up against the fridge, which one of the teenagers needs to get into for more booze. Essie and Sophie have their arms around Jack as they lead him through the carnage -

ESSIE
(shouting)
Everybody, this is Jack!

SOPHIE
And he's looking for - who are you looking for again?

Jack scans the room.

JACK
Nancy?!

A group of teenagers are doing rainbow body shots. They all look at him in unison.

JACK
This is definitely not a 40th wedding anniversary party.

ESSIE
Nancy! Nancy, are you here, Nancy?

A random girl, who was just having her face snogged off, stops being snogged -

RANDOM GIRL
I'm Nancy!

Then another girl, who is leaning over the sink about to be sick -

SICKY GIRL
I'm Nancy!

And then a teenage boy -

TEENAGE BOY
I'm Nancy!

And finally, a whole chorus of teenagers, Spartacus style.

TEENAGE CHORUS
I'm Nancy!

Sicky Girl starts to be sick. Jack charges over, immediately holding her hair back for her -

JACK
None of you are Nancy! Nancy Patterson is 34, not 16 -
(he rubs Sick Girl's back)
That's it, get it all out -
(back to his mission)
- and she's got nice hair, and a lovely face -
(back to Sicky Girl)
2 paracetamol and a pint of water before bed. One leg in, one on the floor.

SICKY GIRL
I love you.

HARRY, a blonde loved up god of a teenage boy -

HARRY
Wait, Nancy Patterson? She was my old babysitter!

JACK
Can you take me to her?

HARRY
Yes I can!

Huge cheers, as the whole party follows Jack outside -

MUSIC UP - 'HERE I GO AGAIN' by Whitesnake.

We go out into the street with Jack, Harry and the teenagers. Harry points up the road. Jack starts running up the middle of the road, the teenagers immediately following him. They're a jogging/on a mission/take no prisoners sight to behold. As Jack intently focuses on the mission ahead -

- Nancy, with a very large glass of wine and Sean - sitting in the chair Bert got earlier - now at the party. Nancy's beaming family and friends look on. The only thing Nancy can do is... attempt a pathetically sad smile back. Everyone around her is happily chatting now, onto their puddings... Sean looks like the cat who's got the cream - or rather, the chocolate mousse. As he takes a spoon, and tries to start feeding Nancy some -

- Jack and the teenagers, still running up the middle of the road. They are a force to reckon with. Various bemused reactions from people walking past, and a couple of disapproving neighbours looking out of their windows. But Jack is still focused, and the teenagers are loving every minute of it.

- Sean, trying to force-feed a very depressed Nancy some chocolate mousse. She is trying to keep her mouth shut, but Sean is determined -

- Jack and the teenagers still running. Wider shots of them running round corners and junctions. Their journey isn't quite as linear as we first thought, and there is growing confusion/frustration from Jack. He looks to Harry - wtf? - and Harry starts to doubt he knows *exactly* where he's going.

Wide portrait shot of Jack leading the teenagers through frame at a T-junction. They exit frame and then run back, around the junction towards camera. Jack glares at Harry. This boy really isn't helping.

- back to Nancy, and Sean is *still* trying to get his chocolate mousse spoon into her mouth. Sean discards the spoon suddenly - Nancy looks at him, fearful of his next move, as we hard cut back to -

- Jack and his teenagers, all gathered around an iPhone in the middle of a crossroads - Jack is very frustrated with his teenage charges. Very blank confused looks from them all. Jack - 'you have no idea where we are, do you?'. Errr no - they have no idea where the house is or where we are now! Sicky girl throws up in the background. (She shouldn't have come, really).

Jack looks around in desperation. He turns and starts sprinting, the teenagers following - they won't desert him!

- jump cut out to an ever widening top shot to see the whole of a suburban grid of roads and houses, and Jack and his hapless group snaking up a road. Their task looks truly helpless...

- Nancy and Sean, the chocolate mousse action has really ramped up now, and Sean is now using his finger. The guests have started to notice. Hard cut back to -

- Jack, running down a narrow alley between houses, teenagers still behind, trying to keep up. Jack is desperate - trying to look over tops of walls, fences - 'Where is this house!' - he reaches the end of the alley - desperately looking around - he suddenly spots Sean's car in distance.

His confusion doesn't take long to turn to fury, as he realises Sean has tricked him - and that the house where his car is parked is Nancy's parents' house.

As Jack dashes the final 100 yards towards the car, and more importantly Nancy's parents' house, with the teenagers scrambling to keep up with him.

INT. NANCY'S PARENTS' HOUSE - NIGHT

- Sean has succeeded in getting his finger into Nancy's mouth(!) and has smeared chocolate mousse all over it. She is just letting him do it now, staring into space. The sound of Bert, clinking his glass -

BERT
Ladies and gentlemen, your attention please?

Everyone quietens down as. Bert moves to stand next to Fran, who is sitting down - he tops up her wine glass in readiness for the toast - and they both look at Nancy expectantly. Nancy - oh my god, shit, yes - she wipes the chocolate mousse from her mouth. Attempts to reset. Elaine sits up, excited. Nancy rises slowly from her chair.

NANCY
I just wanted to say, um, a few words.
(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)
I actually had prepared something, but then I lost it - long story - actually, fuck it, I'm going to condense it for you, because it's the reason I was late, thus the reason this speech is going to be so lame. Right. I met a man today -

SEAN
(smiling, waving)
Hello!

NANCY (CONT'D)
Not this man.

Everyone is confused -

NANCY (CONT'D)
I was standing underneath the clock at Waterloo, this afternoon, when a man called Jack mistook me for his blind date. And instead of saying 'you've got the wrong girl', like a normal person, for some reason I decided it would be a good idea to pretend I *was* his date.

Elaine - sharp intake of breath - oh my god Nancy you didn't! Nancy - yes I did.

NANCY (CONT'D)
So we went out, and for the first time in ages I put myself out there, I took a chance, I even got stronger thighs -

Everyone is a bit confused now. But Elaine smiles.

NANCY (CONT'D)
- but then Jack found out I wasn't who I said I was - a 24 year old triathlete! - so he went off to meet his real blind date, blah blah blah, the end...
(everyone is sad)
Don't be sad! I'm not sad! I mean, I am sad, but I'm also quite proud of myself. Because I tried. I did open myself up to stuff, and yeah, it didn't quite work out, but at least I got a hint of what *could* be out there for me -
(she turns to her parents)
(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)
- a fun, loving, interesting, crazy, contradictory, long and happy life with someone, something these two have had ever since they first laid eyes on each other 40 years ago -
(feeling a bit emotional)
- and I admire them so much for that, and I love them even more for all the support they've given me, and Elaine -

Elaine on the verge of tears, Adam putting his arm around her.

NANCY
(also on the verge of tears)
So please join me in toasting them tonight, and wishing them a very happy anniversary! To Mum and Dad! To Bert and Fran!

Everyone toasts.

SEAN
(standing up, the loudest)
To Bert and Fran!

Nancy's family walk across the room to each other -

BERT
Well, I liked that speech, I liked it a lot.
(gently)
Much better than last year's.

Nancy smiles at her Dad, emotional.

FRAN
And you just keep on going my girl, you'll get there in the end, we never, ever doubt that -

ELAINE
Stronger thighs. I'm so proud of you.

Sean stands up and puts his arm casually around Nancy -

ADAM
(chin up Nancy, his loss)
And where is this 'Jack' now anyway, hey?

As Nancy looks out to see -

NANCY
Oh, he's at the window.

Everyone immediately turns to see -

Jack, like Dustin Hoffman in The Graduate, at the window -

JACK
Naaaaaaaaaancy!

- and also all of the teenagers, who join in -

TEENAGERS
Naaaaaaaaaancy!

Nancy can't believe it, shrugging Sean off her shoulder, as Jack opens the window and climbs in -

JACK
(like this is all totally normal)
Hello!
(to the teenagers)
Wait there.
(to Nancy)
Nancy, I thought you might want your speech?

NANCY
(confused)
It's too late now -

JACK
(firm)
Do you want your speech, Nancy?

NANCY
(tentative)
Yes?

JACK
Well shut up and let me give it to you then!

Nancy shuts up. Her family look at her - WTF?

NANCY
(mouthing to them)
This is Jack.

Jack chucks his bag on the floor. He clears his throat.

JACK
Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, friends and Nancy's family who I have never met before in my life. I met a girl today. The wrong girl.
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
Except she turned out to be the *right* girl. And this girl, who took a chance on me, in the most bizarre and romantic way possible, wanted me to take a chance on her too. But I didn't. I blew it, like the 40-year-old mid life crisis dickhead I am. Which is why I have sought help from 'old beaus' -
(he looks over at Sean)
- admittedly not the most reliable source, but still -

Sean holds up his hands - all's fair in love and war.

JACK
- and ended up at a teenage house party instead! But I commandeered those crazy, drunken youths and together we went on a journey, through the mean streets of suburban London, because nothing was going to stop me from finding this girl again, and telling her what I should have just told her earlier...
(deep breath)
Nancy. I am so bloody glad you pretended to be my blind date today. Because if you hadn't, then I never would have heard all your amazing sex theories, or watch you try to get jalapeno out of your teeth, or witnessed your instinctive firewoman skills, your tactical vomit. I would never have got to know your muddy beautiful, Triathlete face, hear your surprisingly dirty laugh, or watch your awesome, competitive arse when you're about to get another strike. If you hadn't pretended to be my date under the clock Nancy Patterson, then my day would have been utterly rubbish...
(deep breath)
- and so would the rest of my life.

Everyone aws - Jack silences them, not yet!

JACK (CONT'D)
(to Nancy)
You said to me earlier that I was an emotional jigsaw. And that I should look for the blue bits. Well. I think *you* might be the blue bits. So what do you reckon Nancy? Quid pro quo?

The whole party, and all the teenagers outside, are enraptured, willing this to happen. Nancy, grinning from ear to ear now, but suddenly trying to be all solemn -

NANCY
But what does it say in Six Billion People and You?

Nancy holds up her glass. Jack swipes Bert's glass from him. He knows what's coming -

NANCY JACK *
Fuck the past! Fuck the past! *

Everybody else raises their glasses.

EVERYBODY
Fuck the past!

Nancy walks around the table towards Jack. Jack takes Nancy's face in his hands. Sean's face suddenly appears alongside them. Jack shoves Sean away, taking his scarf back. Jack and Nancy start to kiss. Everyone cheers. The party is back on.

NANCY
Hands. Arse.

JACK
My hands aren't on your arse.

NANCY
(but they should be?)
I know.

Jack does as he's told. They grin at each other, kissing again, as Nancy leads Jack out of the room, grinning at her family, who are cracking open a bottle of champagne. - away from our dancing 40th anniversary party crew, and our slightly crazy teenagers now all dancing on the front lawn, and we go into -

INT. NANCY'S PARENTS' HOUSE/BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

- where Jack and Nancy are properly getting it on -

NANCY
To confirm, this is my favourite bathroom experience of the evening -

JACK
(wrapping his scarf around Nancy's neck)
Maybe I'll just keep just my socks and pants on -

NANCY
Always a strong look on a man.

JACK
Now, is there anything I need to know before we begin? Any theories on kissing, or the first time, do's and don'ts in the bedroom/bathroom -

NANCY
Idiot.

JACK
Idiot.

Things start to heat up, and we move out of the hot and steamy bathroom, into the corridor, where Sean has his ear pressed to the door, straining to hear what is going on in there. He is finally rewarded as he overhears -

NANCY (O.S.)
Sweet baby Jesus.

Sean, triumphant and grinning from ear to ear to have heard this, sniffing the scarf he thinks is Nancy's. The camera tracks through the house now, along the hallway and into the main party scene, where we see happy vignettes of everyone dancing, celebrating, having fun: Elaine and Adam, Bert and Fran, all our crazy teenagers.

The camera backs away through all the guests, wiping into a crane shot that pulls through the open window Jack has just climbed through. And now we're outside the house, pulling away all the time, as we pull up and away into the night sky, because guess what? Yes, it's...

THE END.