1 **MONTAGE: VARIOUS BIRD'S EYE VIEWS OF TOILET CUBICLES** 1

In each one people are doing anything but what cubicles are meant for.

YOUNG GUYS spill in fighting... a MUM changes her BABY'S nappy... a MAN IN A SUIT yells into his phone... a gaggle of TEEN GIRLS smoke and gossip... a HOMELESS GUY sleeps, half slumped... a DRAG QUEEN pukes as her MATE rubs her back...

In the last cubicle, a MAN is sat on the loo, fully clothed and sobbing. He stares down at a photo on his phone.

2 **INT. ART GALLERY TOILET, PECKHAM - LATE AFTERNOON** 2

This man is DOM. His screen illuminates his tear and snot strewn face. His shoulders heave as he tries and fails to stifle his wailing.

He's 25, black. Good looking in an awkward way. With anxious eyes and a nice smile, which hasn't been used much lately.

As he wipes his tear, we drift down, revealing noise cancelling headphones wrapped permanently around his neck.

And the other hand holding his phone, open on his ex-girlfriend GIA'S instagram: A selfie of Gia and her new man, ERIC, painting a wall. Beneath she's written: *"Be the redecorator of your own life! #blessed #love #painting"*. The photo has 800 likes and counting.

Dom hears somebody enter the toilets.

She confidently struts into the cubicle, drops her pants and sits on the toilet. This is YAS.

She's 25, black. Buoyant and self possessed, with a vivid personal style. More than a hint of carefully-concealed vulnerability just beneath her breezy surface.

We track from our aerial angle of Dom's cubicle to the neighbouring one.

Yas mutters to herself as she pees. Something's gone down and she's trying to retain her composure.

YAS
(shaking it off)
You're being pathetic.

Dom thinks she's talking to him.

DOM
Hello..?

YAS
Er... hi..?

DOM
This is the gents.

YAS
Nah, actually it’s unisex.

Yas wipes, flushes and heads out to wash her hands. There’s a stifled whimper from Dom’s cubicle. Yas stops, torn. She bobs her head down, spotting his pink converse. She knows she should leave it. But can’t.

YAS (CONT'D)
Everything ok in there?

DOM (O.S.)
Yep, fine.

YAS
(doesn’t believe him)
Alright, cool.

Beat. Inside his cubicle, Dom assumes she’s gone and allows himself to sob out loud again.

YAS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Just so you know, I haven’t quite left yet, I can’t workout how this--
(sound of a tap turning on)
--ah there ya go. It was a bit stiff.

Dom holds his breath as Yas dries her hands.

YAS (CONT'D)
Right I’m done. For real this time.

No answer. She heads for the door. Nearly makes it.

YAS (CONT'D)
(turning back)
Hey, just to check, you’re not gonna do anything cray are you? It’s just, I read about this thing in Belgium. People were getting money out of a cash point and they were stepping over this homeless dude, only it turned out he wasn’t homeless, he was just a guy in crusty garms who’d had a heart attack. And all them people got arrested for, I dunno... being cunts? Anyway, I’m not sure if we have the same rule here, so I just wanna make sure.

DOM
You’re covered. Thank you. But I’m trying to have a private moment.

YAS
My bad.
(heading for the door)
Not that private though.

She exits. Beat. Then Dom pops his head out of the door, making sure he's alone.

3 **INT. ART GALLERY - PECKHAM - LATE AFTERNOON** 3

We pull back from a close up of NATHAN'S mouth talking, to slowly reveal an ERITREAN MODEL interviewing him on an iPhone. As we pull back we find the walls lined with blown up photographs of the inside of people's mouths; toothy grins, pierced tongues, scary braces.

NATHAN
Babe, we know more about the planet Jupiter then the inside of our own mouths, that's a fact. Seriously, the mouth is the Stonehenge of the face. Mind fuck, right?

There's a live HIP-HOP JAZZ BAND in one corner playing an instrumental cover of "Buggin' Out" by A Tribe Called Quest.

TRENDY TYPES mingle. A GUY with gold braces grins for a selfie in front of a matching photo of his grinning mouth. An OLD ARTY COUPLE stare up at one of the photos, confused.

Dom enters, cautiously. Nathan spots him and runs over, pulling him into a tight hug.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
My bro! Appreciate you coming.

DOM
'Course. Love the photos man, they're just so... how's sales?

NATHAN
Couple of potential nibbles. See the segway riding mofo?

He points to a 40 YEAR OLD MAN across the room dressed like a teenager, on a one wheel segway.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
He's *this* close to paying a G for a shot of my cousin Calvin's molars.

The Man sees them looking and taps his chest with his fist twice. Nathan does it back.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Yes Wes Anderson, peace! It’s good to see you out and about again, man.

DOM
Good to be out and about.

NATHAN
And everything’s..?

DOM
Everything’s wicked right now... I started pilates.

NATHAN
Is it?

DOM
Yeah, working on my core, working on me, getting positive, y’know.

NATHAN
(glancing around the room)
Good for you, bro.

DOM
Cheers, man... hey so listen...

NATHAN
Fuck me. I was literally *just* about to make my excuses and go mingle with the sockless wonders.
(off his bemusement)
Oh, so you weren’t about to bring up Gia and Eric, no?

Dom drops the pretense. Shoulders sagging.

DOM
Have you seen the latest post?

NATHAN
(sighs)
No.

DOM
They’re painting walls I already broke my back painting! Trying to erase I was ever there.

NATHAN
It’s just paint, D. And if it helps, from what I saw, they were only doing the living room.

DOM
Thought you hadn’t seen the photo?

NATHAN
(cornered)
Shit. Ok, but don't prang out. They had this paint party brunch thing right. But I only popped in for forty-five minutes, did a tiny bit of a door, ate half a croissant and bounced.

DOM
You went to brunch at *our* flat?!

4 **INT. GIA'S FLAT. DAY** 4

SUPER QUICK FLASH: A debaucherous high tea. Like a nightmarish renaissance painting. Nathan, Gia, Eric and friends stuffing their faces and laughing.

5 **INT. ART GALLERY, PECKHAM - LATE AFTERNOON** 5

DOM
Seriously, is nothing sacred anymore?! FUCK!

A few people turn to stare. Dom's immediately embarrassed.

NATHAN
You cool? Cos if you're gonna freak out, I'll throw a tag on you, say it's performance art.

Dom swallows down the emotions threatening to rise.

DOM
I'm cool.

Nathan notices his girlfriend CASS urgently trying to catch his attention from across the room.

NATHAN
Shit, let me go see what's up with my girl real quick.

Nathan hurries off. Dom walks over to a photo of a giant smirking grin. His phone pings. Text from his Mum: **What time you home? Curried goat for my fave KID? (I got jokes) Mum x**

Suddenly Dom's aware Yas is next to him. Her eyes flick up from his TRAINERS. She recognises them from the under the cubicle door.

YAS
How you doin'?

DOM
Yeah. Good.

YAS
(really probing now)
Yeah..?

DOM
(weirded out)
Uh-huh.

YAS
Cool... nice trainers by the way.

DOM
Cheers.

Awkward beat. Dom's thrown by her randomness. Yas gestures round the room.

YAS
So what d'ya think...

DOM
(trying to sound cultured)
The photos? Yeah, amazing. They have a real like, cerebral feel.

YAS
'Cerebral'?

DOM
Yeah. Or maybe 'lyrical' is a better way... or 'expressive'?

YAS
Wow, you know all the adjectives!

DOM
How about you?

YAS
Yeah, cerebral, lyrical and expressive for me too.
(testing him)
Also, quite emotional, don't you think?

DOM
Er... yeah, I guess.

Yas's frustrated she isn't getting anywhere. They shift along to the next photo. Her face falls.

YAS
But to be honest I'm less into this one. I know the model. Total prick.

Yas shifts Dom along to the next photo. A big screaming mouth with a gold grill on the bottom row of teeth.

YAS (CONT'D)
Now *this* one I fucking adore.

DOM
(eager to please)
Definitely my favourite so far too.
(beat)
So d'ya know Nath, or..?

YAS
Mates with his girlfriend.

DOM
Cool! That's cool. I know Cass,
she's... cool.

YAS
She *is* cool.

Beat.

DOM
We met at work-- me and Nath.

YAS
You're an artist?

DOM
Oh, no... KFC. Back in the day.
I don't work there anymore.

Nathan and CASS (23, blunt and unaffected) head over. Cass is shuffling, clearly in discomfort.

NATHAN
What's up my little fuck nuggets?

YAS
Just basking in your genius, Dude.

NATHAN
Oooh please continue. Hey, I didn't
realise you two knew each other?

DOM YAS
We don't. Just met.

CASS
Hey, Dom.

DOM
Hey Cass... you look well.

CASS
Clearly untrue, but cheers.

Dom leans in for a cheek kiss. Cass doesn't budge.

CASS (CONT'D)
Nah, sorry.

He leans back. Denied.

YAS
Not feeling any better, babe?

CASS
Nope.
(explaining to Dom)
Last night *this* joker made me go to some dodgy sushi place. I thought I was eating eel, but apparently it was raw fucking chicken.

DOM
Chicken sashimi? Supposed to be a delicacy.

CASS
Yeah? Well I'm about to explode out of my Michelin star, so...

Nathan cuddles Cass, super gently. Showing his support.

NATHAN
Dunno why you don't just go lay it down here, they got that nice paper. Triple quilt, say wha?

CASS
Y'know I don't do public loos.
(groaning)
Ugh, I need to dust. I'm gonna have to bail on lunch, hun.

YAS
Aw nooooo, and I had this sushi place I really wanted to try.

CASS
(grabbing her belly)
Please don't make me laugh!

YAS
I can go back with you if you want? Shout encouragement through your bathroom door.

CASS
You don't wanna be there for what's coming. Anyway, you've got your thing later!

Yas's smile wavers slightly.

YAS
Right, yeah.

CASS
You are gonna smash it. Seeya Dom.

DOM
Take care.

Out of habit, Dom steps forward to say goodbye.

CASS
Seriously Bruv, stop trying to kiss me.

NATHAN
Au revoir mon amour, I'll be thinking of you the whole time.

Cass snarls at him as she waddles off as fast as she can.

YAS
Love and peace to ya batty crease, darlin'!

Nathan turns to the photo on the wall they'd been admiring.

NATHAN
This one's pretty special, innit.

DOM
We were just saying exactly that.

NATHAN
Why don't you treat yourself.

DOM
Oh-- no, I'm just here to support you, I wasn't gonna--

NATHAN
(turning desperate)
Listen, help ya bruddah out - if peeps see you purchasing, it might inspire them. And I know you're not paying no bills right now. Man must have bare coins saved up!

A squirming Dom looks to Yas for help.

YAS
(playful)
I think it's very you.

6 **EXT. RYE LANE, FRUIT & VEG STALL TO ALLEYWAY TO PECKHAM RYE STATION - LATE AFTERNOON** 6

People spill out from the side lane towards the cucumber stall. Dom among them, his headphones on.

A DOG-WALKER passes. The dog leaps up at Dom, he forces a polite smile, but is clearly spooked. The Dog-walker drags the pooch away and Dom leans down to wipe the paw prints off his trousers. He senses someone in front of him and looks up to find Yas, mouthing something.

DOM
(taking off headphones)
Sorry?

YAS
Did you buy it?

DOM
Oh, yeah - they're sending it to me. Can't wait.

YAS
(amused)
Sorry, I kinda feel like that's my fault.

DOM
It's cool - Nath kinda seemed like he needed the boost. Plus it's an investment - once he blows up, I'll sell it on for a fortune.

Yas smiles, touched by his altruism.

YAS
So, what you got planned for the rest of your day then?

DOM
Oh, nothing special. Few errands.

YAS
Gots to get them errands done. I was thinking about checking out this show in Dalston. It's photos of bum cracks. Just *loads* of arses from all walks of life.

Dom's unsure whether she's joking, but smiles just incase. They lapse into awkward silence. Yas calls out to a SELLER on a fruit and veg stall.

YAS (CONT'D)
Hey Uncle!

The Seller flashes a toothless smile of recognition, clutching his heart.

FRUIT & VEG SELLER
There she is! My mug of steaming tea on a frosty day!

YAS
I'll see you soon, ok!

FRUIT & VEG SELLER
I'll be countin' the seconds!

The Seller starts singing a song as he moves to the other side of his stall. Dom and Yas look at each other awkwardly.

DOM
Well anyway...

YAS
(gesturing)
You going this way?

DOM (CONT'D)
Yeah. I was gonna... yeah.

YAS
Cool. Me too.

They head off tentatively, side by side into Peckham Rye station alleyway. Dom's a little shook by the spontaneity of it all, but tries to go with it.

YAS (CONT'D)
So it's Dom right? I'm Yas.

DOM
Nice to meet you.

He thrusts out his hand and she shakes it, faux serious.

YAS
You too.

6A **EXT: HOLLY GROVE TOWARDS RYE LANE INDOOR MARKET - LATE AFTERNOON** 6A

Yas and Dom cross the road. A car passes, pumping out music.

YAS
Tune!

DOM
Tune!

They share a smirk. A trio of YUMMY MUMMIES in exercise gear march by with their prams. Yas and Dom enter Rye Lane indoor market.

6B **INT: RYE LANE INDOOR MARKET - LATE AFTERNOON.** 6B

Dom and Yas enter frame.

YAS
So, Dom... whaddya do now you've escaped the clutches of the Colonel?
(he doesn't get it)
Like with your post KFC life.

DOM
I'm an accountant.

A COWBOY IN SEQUINS, holding a glittery walking stick, moonwalks by eating a patty.

COWBOY
Boooooooooring.

YAS
Accountant? Ok! No free popcorn chicken, but still... that's like a proper job.

DOM
Yeah, it's not particularly glamorous.

YAS
No.

DOM
But I actually kinda love it.

YAS
The decimal points and the rebates and everything?

DOM
Wow, you know all the lingo.

YAS
So, is that what you always wanted to do, or have you gots yourself some thwarted ambition burning in ya gut son?

Dom's never thought about this.

DOM
You know, you're very...

YAS
Peng, gregarious, refreshingly disarming?

DOM
You ask a lot of questions.

YAS
(shrugs)
I'm interested in people's messes.

DOM
What makes you think I've got a mess?

Yas tries not to glance at his trainers.

YAS
(with a smile)
Everyone has a mess.

Beat. Dom racks his brain. Yas grabs a pair of epic shoes off a stall and sits, slipping off her trainers to try them on like it's totally normal.

DOM
Y'know, I think I did always wanna be an accountant. Is that weird?

YAS
Don't ask me, I wanted to be Prince when I was little. Specifically Purple Rain Prince.

DOM
Yeah?

7 **INT. YAS'S PARENTS HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)** 7

QUICK FLASH: 7 YEAR OLD YAS poses, dressed as Prince. She's wearing her Mum's frilly shirt, holding a guitar made out of a cereal box and has a moustache drawn on with felt tip.

Little Yas talks, but it's adult Yas's voice that comes out:

YAS (V.O.)
Yeah man, I made myself a little costume and everything.

7B **INT: RYE LANE INDOOR MARKET - LATE AFTERNOON** 7B

They exit, Yas now wearing her new shoes.

8 **EXT. CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND - LATE AFTERNOON** 8

Yas and Dom walk past some TEENAGERS doing wheelies on bikes.

YAS
So, I'm gonna go out on a limb and guess you were probably the only wannabe accountant in your crew?

DOM
All my mates thought they were gonna be footballers or YouTube sensations, chilling on private jets, living extraordinary lives...

YAS
Private jets not your ting?

Yas experiments sitting on a see-saw.

DOM
Do you know how much they cost to run? Teeeerrible investment.

Dom joins her on the see-saw.

DOM (CONT'D)
So what do you do anyway?

YAS
Me? I'm a YouTube sensation.
(he laughs)
Nah, I work in fashion.

DOM
Hence the Prince costume.

YAS
Exactly.

DOM
So you're like a designer?

YAS
(faux annoyed)
You saying I couldn't be a model?

DOM
No... you... I just assumed cos...

YAS
I'm fucking with you. I'm a Buyer. For an online brand you won't have heard of. But I wanna design costumes. That's the end game.

DOM
Costumes?

YAS
Yeah man - TV, film, music videos. Ball gowns to alien queens and everything in between!

DOM
That's awesome. So what kinda stuff you working on at the moment?

YAS
(falters, a little defensive)
Well like I said, I'm doing this other thing right now. Making some young money cash money.

DOM
Right.

Yas gets up from the see-saw, Dom does too.

YAS
Like, d'ya know how much a bottom level costume assistant earns?

DOM
I'm guessing not a lot?

YAS
Not a lot divided by fuck all. Plus with your thing, the square root of ten's always gonna be...

DOM
3.16... ish.

YAS
I'll take your word for it. But *I* can't just say I'm a costume designer and go do it. I have to pay my dues. And paying my dues means not paying my rent, or being able to afford cute cocktails. And I like paying my rent and I <u>love</u> cute cocktails, so...

DOM
Yeah, no, that makes sense.

She smiles, letting it go.

YAS
But I'll get there eventually.

DOM
I've known you about twenty minutes and I already have no doubt.

Yas looks over, assuming he's fucking with her. But he's totally genuine. She smiles. That means a surprising amount.

8A **EXT. CHOUMERT ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON** 8A

Yas and Dom enter frame.

YAS
So where you off to? What errands has your Mum got you out here running?
(off his surprise)
Nathan mentioned you weren't paying bills, so I figured you live at home?

DOM
Back at home. The 'back' is important, otherwise it sounds like I never left. And I did.

YAS
Fair enough.
(beat, prompting him)
Soooo?

DOM
(uncomfortable smile)
Didn't Cass say you had a thing?

YAS
Trying to get rid of me?
(brushing it off)
Cass's always chatting random shit.

They pass a WOMAN wearing a 'THE EARTH IS FLAT' t-shirt who looks at them knowingly.

YAS (CONT'D)
Onwards they go, each step taking them closer to their mystery destination...

Dom, unsure whether to get into it.

DOM
Ok, but no judgements, yeah?

YAS
Ooo, sounds juicy!

DOM
I'm not running errands.

YAS
Yeah, we're past that, babe.

DOM
I'm going to meet my ex... for the first time since the break up.

YAS
Shit! And you're still calling it the break up, meaning it's fresh..?

DOM
Three months. But we were going out for six years.

YAS
(stops, floored)
MATE! Six years? You could've become a fully qualified architect!

DOM
Yeah. It was pretty bad. *It is* pretty bad. I'm kind of just starting to almost, begin to, nearly get my shit together.

YAS
Not a lot of certainty in that sentence, Dom.

Dom gives her a thin smile. Beat.

YAS (CONT'D)
I went through the same sorta thing a while ago. We were only together for a year and a bit though.

DOM
Yeah? And did you wake up every day and just lie there trying to muster the energy to breathe?

For a beat it seems like Yas might be about to agree. Then she switches on an apologetic smile.

YAS
Like, not really, cos I finished with *him*, so I just felt relieved and kind of empowered afterwards. He was tryna dilute my squash, so I was like 'not today satan'. Sorry.

DOM
No. I'm happy for you. Must be nice being on that side of it. Not that I'll ever know.

YAS
Ah, don't say that. I believe in your future ability to completely destroy somebody's life.

DOM
(smiling)
Aww thanks!

YAS
Aight, spill the tea.

DOM
Wow, you are on this!

YAS
She broke up with you, I know that much already.

DOM
(faltering)
Actually, it's still kinda hard, to talk about the details...

YAS
Oh. That's cool, we don't need to--

Dom can't help himself, he launches into it. Hard.

DOM
The bit that really hurts is I thought we were fine. Better than fine. We'd moved in together. We had Hamilton tickets. Stalls!

YAS
Serious commitment.

DOM
Right?

Yas and Dom walk across the zebra crossing, Abbey Road style.

8C **EXT. OUTSIDE PERSOPOLIS - LATE AFTERNOON** 8C

Dom and Yas stop next to the shop PERSEPOLIS. Dom summoning courage.

DOM
Ok. So we were going to the cinema...

Dom pushes open the door to the shop and they step inside.

MATCH CUT:

9 **INT. RITZY CINEMA, BRIXTON - EVENING (FLASHBACK)** 9

In one seamless shot, Dom and Yas step through the doors into the cinema foyer. Like Dom's leading her into his memory. They head towards the confectionary counter, flashback Dom is already there, ordering.

DOM
I get there first, as usual, and go to buy the snacks.

YAS
Stunting on em!

DOM
And you don't even understand how picky this girl is.
(flashback Dom saying at same time)
A number three with sweet and salt popcorn and a diet coke please, but can the sweet be on the bottom so it's like pudding.

YAS
I'm already raging.

Dom and Yas are stood to one side. Flashback Dom's arms are full of snacks.

DOM
So, I wait... and you gotta understand, I take cinema etiquette seriously. I won't go in once the film's started.

YAS
You *have* to respect the code.

DOM
I call Gia...

Flashback Dom balances the snacks, pulls out his phone and dials. GIA pops up ON SCREEN in her bedroom, half dressed and taken by surprise. (She's 25, poised and acerbic. Always perfectly styled to look like she hasn't tried)

GIA
Shit-- I didn't mean to-- I was just sending you a message.

A flustered Gia pulls on a t-shirt.

GIA (CONT'D)
Look, I know how anal you get about missing the dumb trailers, so just go in, I'll get there as soon as.

Yas pulls a face.

DOM
I figure maybe she'd had a bad day, so I'm just like...
(to Gia)
Ok. See you in a bit. Love you.

GIA
Uh-huh.

Distracted, Gia leans down to pick up an item of clothing.

DOM
And that's when I see it.

Flashback Dom squints, spotting something.

Present day Dom and Yas stand behind him in the corridor. Watching as his face goes from sweet to devastated. They walk towards him, peering over his shoulder.

Gia goes to hang up, but Dom manages to take a screenshot *just* before she disappears.

YAS
See what?

Dom brings up the screen grab, zooms in. Yas leans in to see. In the grainy reflection of the mirror behind Gia, a naked figure is half visible across the room. The mirror perfectly framing... their monstrous penis.

YAS (CONT'D)
Wait-- is that a dick?

DOM
It gets worse. Cos even though it was low res, I knew that dick, I'd *seen* that dick before in my peripheries, every time I stood at a urinal next to...
(beat)
My... best... mate... Eric.

10 **NOW SCENE 13A** 10

11 **INT. TOILET - DAY (FLASHBACK)** 11

7 YEAR OLD DOM and ERIC, in school uniform now, pissing at urinals, while dancing and singing along to "What Would You Do" by City High.

DOM (V.O.)
I've know that cheef since reception!

12 **INT. TOILET - DAY (FLASHBACK)** 12

DOM and ERIC, now aged 11, at urinals dressed in full Crystal Palace kit, singing and dancing to the same tune.

DOM (V.O.)
He was over at my house *every day* busting a two step to MTV Base.

13 **INT. TOILET - DAY (FLASHBACK)** 13

Gawky teenage Dom and Eric, in baggy GAP hoodies at urinals, continue bopping to their song.

DOM (V.O.)
Maybe you pull that kind of betrayal on a new friend but not one of your day ones!

Dom happens to glance down at what Eric's packing. His eyes bug in shocked admiration.

13A **INT. PUB TOILETS - NIGHT - FLASHBACK** 13A

Dom banters and laughs whilst pissing at the urinals next to Eric (26, looks like he's permanently trying out for Love Island, but has a dopey charm that makes him hard to hate)

ERIC
(turns to camera, smug)
Whassup?

14 **EXT. HOLLY GROVE SHRUBBERY - PECKHAM - LATE AFTERNOON** 14

We're back in the present day. Dom telling Yas his tale sitting on a bench eating popcorn, surrounded by pigeons.

YAS
That is dead. So, what'd you do?

DOM
What d'ya think I did?

15 **INT. BEDROOM, GIA'S FLAT - DAY** 15

In a scene straight out of Bad Boys, Dom kicks the bedroom door off its hinges, storms past Gia and slams her wardrobe open to reveal Eric hiding. Dom pulls him out.

ERIC
No-- please, D-- we're homies.

Eric holds up a trembling fist for Dom to bump. Dom PUNCHES HIM hard in the face.

DOM
Fist bump, homie.

16 **EXT. HOLLY GROVE SHRUBBERY, PECKHAM - LATE AFTERNOON** 16

YAS
YAAAS! PLOT TWIST! That's some next level Omar Little shit! I can't believe you did that!

Dom enjoys the adoration for a beat. Then his face falls.

DOM
Yeah, I didn't...

17 **INT. SCREEN, RITZY CINEMA - EVENING (FLASHBACK)** 17

A devastated Dom's sat in the dark cinema, holding all the snacks and sobbing. Present day Dom and Yas are sitting in the row behind him.

YAS
(whispering)
That is one of the worst stories I've ever heard. Not from an entertainment point of view, obviously, it's a wonderful anecdote.

OTHER PEOPLE watching the film SHUSH them. Sobbing Dom sinks down apologetically, Present Day Yas shoots them a look. Then goes to put a supportive hand on Flashback Dom's shoulder.

MATCH CUT:

18 **EXT. HOLLY GROVE, SHRUBBERY - LATE AFTERNOON** 18

Yas with one hand takes a bite of popcorn while using her other hand to comfort Dom's shoulder.

YAS
And you're just casually off to see this girl now?

DOM
They wanna clear the air.

YAS
'They'?

DOM
Yeah, Eric's gonna be there too.

YAS
SHUT YOUR WHOLE RASSSCLART!

A TOPLESS MAN with a backwards cap pops his head out of the window, he's smoking.

YAS (CONT'D)
They're still together??

DOM
Together and currently redecorating our old flat.

YAS
Seriously, is nothing sacred?

They stand up to leave...

18A **EXT. CAR PARK, CHOUMERT GROVE - LATE AFTERNOON** 18A

Dom and Yas walk by still chatting.

DOM
Today's pretty much the first time I've been out the house in four months. Besides work. And Gregg's sausage--

YAS
(IN)
--rolls? You're preaching to the choir, babe.
(then, clarifying)
Me and my girls are addicted.

DOM
Work, Gregg's and this. That's it.

YAS
And now you're gonna sit down and make nice so they can go on smashing their treacherous genitals together without the irritation of feeling like total pricks?

DOM
It's a bit more layered, but I guess that's the general gist, yeah.

They pause to watch TWO GIRLS practicing a Tik-Tok dance, filming themselves on an iPad they've propped up. We hear 'Savage' as they dance. Dom and Yas walk on.

18B **EXT. BLENHEIM GROVE - LATE AFTERNOON** 18B

Dom and Yas enter frame.

YAS
And where is this summit of doom taking place?

DOM
The Brazilian place up the road. Used to be ‘our’ place.

Yas stops him.

YAS
(seething on his behalf)
No. Absolutely not. Text her something came up. We’ll go to Laser Quest, merk up some eight year olds.

DOM
Tempting, but I think this is something I kinda need to do. Like, I get what they did was peak... but I have to take *some* responsibility, y’know?

YAS
(flummoxed)
Like not at all. You’re gonna let them off the hook after how they treated you?

DOM
I don’t think you’re getting it. See, this is part of the process--

YAS
The process of you rolling over like a bitch?!

Yas immediately regrets being so harsh. Dom stiffens, hurt.

YAS (CONT'D)
Sorry, that was a bit--

DOM
Nah, it’s cool.

YAS
Hey, why don’t I come in with you? We’ll get tun up on caipirinhas, show them you don’t give a shit.

DOM
This is like a proper, actual life thing, so no offense, but I’m not about to take some random with me am I.

It grows a little frosty.

YAS
Ok, fair...

DOM
(trying to salvage it)
But it was nice chatting. Good luck with not being a YouTube sensation.

YAS
Good luck with not having an extraordinary life.

DOM
(half smile)
Clearly I don't need luck with that.

Awkward beat. They part ways. Dom nods and slopes into the restaurant. Yas watches him go. Torn. Then heads off the way they came.

19 **INT. BRAZILIAN RESTAURANT, PECKHAM - LATE AFTERNOON** 19

Tatty tables crammed together. A rustic, no frills vibe. There's an ANCIENT SINGER in the corner playing a guitar and crooning the contents of the menu in Portuguese.

Dom spots Gia and Eric at the back, posing for a pouty selfie. A mezze of starters spread across their table. SWEATY CHEFS grill meat in an open kitchen hatch behind them.

QUICK FLASH DETAILS (Gia): Clean white shirt done up to the top button. Perfect gel nails. A phone case featuring a photo of her and Eric.

QUICK FLASH DETAILS (Eric): Diamond stud earring. Muscles bulging through a too-tight white polo neck. Woven tassled loafers and no socks. He has 100% been dressed by Gia.

They spot Dom approaching and immediately jump up.

GIA
Heeeeeeeeey baaaaaabe!

They make a big fuss of hugging him. Eric squeezes him way too hard.

ERIC
My broooooo! So great to see you!

GIA
We got here a bit early and Eric was hungry so we ordered some bits for the table.

DOM
Ok.

ERIC
My tummy was rumblin' so loud, people were like 'is that a stampede of animals'?

Gia shoots Eric a look - *calm down.* Dom sits. There's some kind of religious shrine behind him. Jesus on a crucifix, candles and miniature statues. For a second Gia and Eric just stare at him, then...

GIA
So how have you been?

DOM
(covering)
Yeah. Good. You?

ERIC
Amazing!

GIA
Yeah, really, really amazing.

Horribly awkward beat.

ERIC
(like it's a secret)
Oh shit bro, see that flag thing next to you? If you leave it on green they just keep bringing food over. It's mad!

DOM
(looking at Gia)
Yeah I know. I've been here before.

Gia looks away. Eric doesn't sense the awkwardness.

ERIC
I am never turning mine red. Swear down, they'll have to carry me out of this place. Ooo try a croquette ting man, they will make you cream!

DOM
Maybe in a bit.

GIA
We're *so* happy you agreed to come today, D - obviously this isn't easy for any of us. You must have a million questions.

DOM
Um, no... not really.

The Waiter appears with a skewer and no hint of a smile.

WAITER
Thigh.

ERIC
Pile it on Irmo.

The Waiter scrapes chicken onto Eric's plate.

GIA
That means 'brother' in Portuguese. We went to Lisbon for a long weekend. So lit.

ERIC
You should go man - we saw bare solo travelers actually.

The Waiter holds out the skewer to Dom.

WAITER
Thigh.

DOM
I'm good, cheers.

The Waiter disappears.

ERIC
G, next time just get it and then forward it to my plate, yeah?

GIA
So maybe I should start... I guess what *we'd* really love to come out of today, is for us all to properly move forward.

ERIC
Preach, babe.

GIA
Cos there has to be a shelf life on guilt. Or for the rest of our lives, whenever we see something that reminds us of you are we meant to be like...
(exaggerated sad sigh)

Eric nods eagerly in agreement. Dom tries to fight the emotions bubbling to the surface. He wants to be cool. To save face. But it's not in him.

DOM
Ok, I think I do have a question.

GIA
Great. Go for it.

DOM
(more pathetic then he'd like)
Why?
(off her confusion)
Like why did you cheat on me?

GIA
Cos we weren't happy, Dom! People grow up, grow apart, change.

DOM
I didn't change.

GIA
Yeah. I was talking about me. This whole thing took me by surprise too y'know? One day I just realised that this...
(gestures to her and Dom)
Didn't make sense any more.
(gestures to her and Eric)
But *this* did.

Eric gives him a consoling smile, mouth full of food.

ERIC
Y'can't mess with destiny, bro.

Behind them in the kitchen hatch, a chef turns some meat on the grill. Flames shoot up, perfectly framing Eric and Gia. Like the fires of hell. All fight goes out of Dom.

DOM
Yeah, I'm starting to think maybe this wasn't... (a good idea)

Before he can finish, Yas strides over, planting a kiss on Dom cheek. Gia's aghast.

YAS
Sorry! I was on a call with the New York office. I'm like 'I gotta go' and they're like 'noooo'. Anyway!

Dom's speechless. Yas slides in next to him.

YAS (CONT'D)
You must be Gia-- wow girl, your profile pics do not do you justice! I'm Yas.

Gia shakes Yas's hand, in shock. Eric waves, chowing down.

ERIC
What's happening - Eric.

YAS
Ah! He of the low res monster cock.

Gia nearly chokes on her wine.

ERIC
My rep proceeds me, sick!

As one Waiter places a plate for Yas, another arrives with a skewer.

YAS
Thank you!

WAITER
Beef.

YAS (CONT'D)
Hell yes. Smells amazing.

The Waiter serves her up some meat.

GIA
Sorry, I'm a bit lost... you're--?

YAS
Yas. Dom's... well we're not really labelling it yet, are we?
(Dom's speechless)
I guess it's just kind of low key fucking at the moment, but we're vibing so who knows.

A reeling Dom is still gold-fishing wildly.

ERIC
Good for you man! Moving on up!
(quickly to Gia)
Not up.

The Waiter tries to slip away, but Eric stops him, pointing down at his green flag. The Waiter scrapes him some steak.

DOM
(to Yas, shook)
Erm, I thought we agreed--

YAS
Yeah I know I said I might not make it, but I missed you.

ERIC
Aaw.

YAS
You guys don't mind, right..?

GIA
No! I love that you're here! We ordered some stuff for the table, so help yourself. Try a croquette ting, they'll make you cream!

Gia grimaces at herself. Seeing her struggling, a small smile flickers on Dom's lips.

GIA (CONT'D)
So, anyway... wow... I wanna know everything... how'd you two meet?

Gia leans over and plays with Eric's neck, putting on a show. Yas mirrors the couple-y behavior with a reeling Dom.

YAS
It's actually a pretty cute story. You wanna tell it, bub?

DOM
No... you go for it... bub.

YAS
You guys heard of 'Nuthin But A Bou-G Thang'?
(blank faces)
It's this fire hip-hop karaoke night. Me and my gyal dem were there one night a few weeks back...

20 **INT. HIP HOP KARAOKE - NIGHT (FAKE FLASHBACK)** 20

Yas and her MATES, including Cass, are on the dance floor, avoiding the RANDOM SWEATY MEN gyrating aroud them.

Gia and Eric are there too, stood over by the bar, listening to the story. They're wearing the same clothes from the restaurant.

YAS (V.O.)
I was chilling with my dons, whilst fighting off an onslaught of dead blokes. And just as I'm thinking...

Yas turns to Cass, shouting above the music.

YAS
There ain't a single decent man in this entire place!

On stage, the MC takes the mic.

YAS (V.O.)
I hear...

MC
Right, humans, people, homies... now... Aha! We have Yas with a little Gangster's Paradise!

Yas reacts, glaring at Cass, faux-angry.

YAS (V.O.)
Turns out my bad b had put my name down as a joke.

Yas reacts as Cass ushers her towards the stage.

MC
Know what, we got two requests for the same tune, so how's about we have ourselves a duet? Where's Dom?

Yas is still beefing her mates as she backs onto stage. She turns to the centre spot and comes face to face with Dom. There's an immediate electricity.

21 **INTERCUT - INT. BRAZILIAN RESTAURANT - LATE AFTERNOON / HIP HOP KARAOKE - NIGHT (FAKE FLASHBACK)** 21

Dom is LOVING the story. Eric's enthralled. Gia can't help but burn with jealousy.

YAS
It was this immediate, deep, animal attraction. Palpable sexual energy crackling. Everyone in the room could feel it.

GIA
Really.

Spurred on by Gia's incredulity, Dom chimes in.

DOM
Yeah really. But calling it 'a room' kinda makes it sound small.

KARAOKE FAKE FLASHBACK:

Yas and Dom perform for about ten people.

DOM (V.O.)
The stage was HUGE.

As Dom embellishes, the stage WIDENS and DEEPENS.

DOM (V.O.)
And we lit that place up. People were losing their minds.

Crash zoom on a HYSTERICAL WOMAN is wearing an ‘I HEART DOM’ t-Shirt. She flashes her boobs at Dom.

DOM (V.O.)
And there was just a sea of people. Like a mini concert.

Cut wide to the HUGE AUDIENCE freaking out at the genius on stage. Over by the bar, Eric’s getting into the performance. Gia folds her arms, unimpressed.

Yas and Dom finish, taking a bow to rapturous applause.

DOM (V.O.)
When we finish, the crowd start chanting our names...

CROWD
DOM AND YAS! DOM AND YAS!

Eric joins in with the chant. Gia glares at him.

DOM (V.O.)
And they start screaming...

BRAZILIAN RESTAURANT:

DOM
ENCORE! ENCORE! like they’ll tear the place down if we don’t go again.

Yas grins, loving that he’s cranking it up.

KARAOKE FAKE FLASHBACK:

The Crowd is on the verge of rioting.

CROWD
ENCOOOOOOORE!!

BRAZILIAN RESTAURANT:

DOM
So we did like, five or six more songs. It was wild.

The others are staggered. Yas is seeing a different side to Dom, and she’s digging it.

ERIC
Well that is hands down the greatest hook up story of all time.

YAS
Innit just?

GIA
Ok, I have a question--

ERIC
Who was Coolio and who was LV?

KARAOKE FAKE FLASHBACK:

A snarling Gia, spotlit at the bar.

GIA
No. You did karaoke?

BRAZILIAN RESTAURANT:

DOM
Guess you were right, people change.

The Waiter heads over with a new skewer.

WAITER
Lamb.

ERIC
Yea--

GIA
NO!

Gia leans over and snatches Eric's meat flag, turning it over to red. The Waiter slinks off. Eric's gutted. Awkward beat.

ERIC
(remembering, gassed)
Oh shit, D, guess what - I got fired from The Sports Bar.

Dom grins, forgetting his animosity for a second.

DOM
No!

GIA
Why you bringing that up now?

ERIC
It's crease! Y'know how the staff loos in the basement? Well it was long going down there every time, so I started slashing in Oasis bottles. Big rim, innit.

DOM
Cos of his massive penis.

Yas nods-- *gotcha*.

ERIC
I'd stick the bottles in my locker. I kept meaning to empty them. But one day my manager caught me and they found eighteen bottles of piss in there.

Yas and Dom crack up. Gia is mortified.

YAS
I can't believe they'd sack you for that!

ERIC
Place is *super* political.

YAS
Sorry, I'm struggling with something here... you cheated on Dom with *him?!*

Suddenly the atmosphere turns SUB ZERO.

GIA
Excuse me?

FLAMES.

DOM
Er, Yas--

YAS
Nah, I have to figure this out, cos it's <u>baffling</u>. You dumped this funny, clever, successful accountant, for *this* jobless human bin-fire?

ERIC
Deeeep!

Dom's in total awe as Yas forges on.

YAS
I mean I get the arms are nice, but whaddya even talk about? Wait-- oh-- it's the mega cock innit? Personally, I can't deal with that shit. Don't get me wrong, I'm down for some girth, but if it's a choice, I'll take pretty over back-breaker all day long.

GIA
(fuming to Eric)
You just gonna sit there and let her say this shit to me?

ERIC
She's sort of just stating a preference, and some of it was pretty complimentary...

DOM
Right, so in hindsight, this was definitely a terrible idea.

GIA
I was just trying to get some harmony and let everyone live their own truths, but *whatever*...

YAS
But *you are* living your truth, babe. You cheated on him with his best mate from primary school!

ERIC
St. Johns, brap brap!

Yas is on a roll now, channeling all her rage.

YAS
You tricked him into believing he'd found a person who wanted to know him. Like *properly*. And instead of realising what a gift that is, someone baring their actual soul to you... y'got scared. So, you hit factory reset and moved on with the closest and least complicated option. *That* is your truth.

They all gawp. Yas quickly adds...

YAS (CONT'D)
And by the way your man swiped me on Tinder like a week ago.

GIA
What?!

ERIC
I never swiped her! Or anybody.

GIA
Give me your phone. Now.

ERIC
The battery's proper low.

As they continue to argue, Dom nudges Yas and gestures to the door. They slip away.

23 **EXT. BRAZILIAN RESTAURANT - PECKHAM - CONTINUOUS** 23

Dom and Yas bundle out. If there were walls, Dom would be bouncing off them. Yas seems a little shaken.

DOM
I can't believe you just did that! Did you see Gia's face when we were tag-teaming the karaoke story? She was shook. I feel good, man! Where'd that come from - all the stuff about it getting too real for her?

YAS
Um, dunno, I guess just everything you told me...

DOM
Well you nailed it. It's exactly what I've been wanting to say, but I haven't, cos I've been too busy rolling over like a bitch.

YAS
I shouldn't have said that.

DOM
S'true though!

Yas sees something over his shoulder. Dom turns to find Eric heading out of the restaurant.

ERIC
(shifting, uncomfortable)
Yo. Yeah, so that didn't really go the way we wanted it to.

DOM
How'd you think it was gonna go?

ERIC
Yeah true dat... but you gotta know that man is properly sorry, yeah. And I hope we can be boys again eventually, D. For real.

Dom can't help but feel a pang of affection. He glances at Yas, trying to stay strong.

DOM
Yeah, well no promises.

ERIC
(brightening)
I'll take that, still.
(beat, squirming)
One other thing...
(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)
Gia wanted me to ask you to throw in for the mezze, since we ordered it for everyone.

DOM
Are you-- I ain't paying shit towards your food! Fuck your mezze!

ERIC
Alright man, chill!

Eric scurries inside. Shocked at his own audacity, Dom speed walks, putting space between them and the restaurant. Yas has to hurry to keep up.

DOM
Was that too much?

YAS
Hell no. "Fuck your mezze" - imma get that on a t-shirt.

DOM
(beaming)
WOOO! I'm hungry. You hungry?

YAS
Actually, I--

DOM
Come on! It's the least I can do after you just rode to my rescue. Whatever you want, it's on me.

There's something about his hopeful expression...

24 **INT. BRIXTON MARKET - LATE AFTERNOON** 24

A cute, tiny, old Jamaican woman points at a fish to the fishmonger. She turns to camera.

JAMAICAN WOMAN
Snapper!

The fishmonger grabs the fish and slaps it into a plastic bag.

Dom and Yas are browsing the fruit and veg.

YAS
So moving back home wasn't your first choice then?

DOM
Nooo. I did the sofa thing for a while. But it turns out I am a man who requires sheets.

YAS
Ah, so you're in it for the quality bedding?

DOM
Honestly, it's like they never want me to leave!

INT. DOM'S BEDROOM, DOM'S PARENTS HOUSE - DAY

SUPER QUICK FLASH: Dom in a gaming chair playing COD and shouting into a headset.

DOM (V.O.)
They bought me a PS5.

Dom blinks, blank.

25A **EXT. DOM'S PARENT'S HOUSE - DAY** 25A

SUPER QUICK FLASH: DOM'S DAD preparing his mountain bike for a ride. His too-tight lycra one piece leaving nothing to the imagination.

DOM (V.O.)
My Dad forces me to go on bike rides the whole time--

Dom blinks, blank.

25B **INT. KITCHEN, DOM'S PARENT'S HOUSE - DAY** 25B

SUPER QUICK FLASH: DOM'S MUM beams as she holds out a plate of boiled eggs and soldiers.

DOM (V.O.)
And my Mum literally can't stop making me boiled eggs and soldiers.

Dom blinks, blank.

26 **INT. BRIXTON MARKET - LATE AFTERNOON** 26

Dom and Yas are outside a party shop, Yas grabs a helium balloon.

YAS
You poor thing!

DOM
I swear I'm devolving.

YAS
I can see you as a Mummy's boy y'know.

Dom walks off, turns back to her with a smile. Yas pays for the balloon.

DOM
And my already fragile ego takes another blow.

They walk onwards, Yas holding her helium balloon proudly.

26A **INT. LOVE GUAC'TUALLY, BRIXTON MARKET - LATE AFTERNOON** 26A

They join the back of a queue for a burrito stall 'Love Guac'tually'.

YAS
Why's that bad? For me, having a good relationship with your Mum is the man equivalent of checking a dog's got healthy gums on Crufts.

DOM
In that case I'll own in - I am a Mummy's boy.

YAS
Ok, it's less hot when you say it.

DOM
I could probably afford a room somewhere, but it's like... if I go, either I'm gonna fuck up and have to move back again, or I won't, and then this whole new part of my life starts...

She nods, understanding. They reach the front of the queue.

DOM (CONT'D)
(scanning the menu)
Shit, I haven't looked yet.

YAS
You trust me?

Dom nods. Yas turns to the BURRITO MAN.

YAS (CONT'D)
Yes Bossman! We will have two spicy porks with everything please.

BURRITO MAN
Hot sauce?

YAS
Y'know it.

DOM
Actually none for me. And how hot is the spicy pork? Like out of ten?

BURRITO MAN
You like spicy food?

DOM
Strong no.

BURRITO MAN
Then an eight.

DOM
In that case I'll change mine to the chicken, please. Although, it says mild - is that mild-mild?

Yas has to stifle a laugh.

27 **EXT. BROCKWELL PARK - LATE AFTERNOON** 27

CU Dom bites into his burrito.

Dom and Yas are walking up the hill finishing their burritos. Yas hands her balloon to a kid on a micro scooter.

YAS
So how was the blandest burrito ever?

DOM
Delicious!

YAS
(disbelief)
Ok.

EXT. WALLED GARDEN, BROCKWELL PARK - LATE AFTERNOON

Dom and Yas stroll into the garden.

DOM
So, you and your ex...

YAS
(with a smirk)
My favourite subject.

DOM
Were you two living together before you...
(slices throat)

YAS
Nah, we weren't quite there yet.

DOM
Makes it easier I guess. Not having to chainsaw the flat-screen in half.

YAS
(with a smile)
There's that. Plus, I doubt there'd be a lot of bike rides and boiled eggs if I rocked up home.

They stop and sit to watch some OLD WOMEN in an alfresco exercise class.

YAS (CONT'D)
That's gonna be me one day, man. Couple of rich ex-husbands, menstruation a distant memory, out in the middle of a park with both my legs behind my head. Beautiful.

DOM
That'll be me.

He nods to a PERVY OLD GUY, watching on a nearby bench.

DOM (CONT'D)
Old but still thirsty.

Yas snorts with laughter. The OLD WOMEN look up.

YAS
So, before the Eric stuff, you had no clue you and Gia were done..?

DOM
Nope. I thought we were all set.

YAS
Really? There wasn't one moment? A tiny crack in the beautiful pottery that was you and her?

DOM
(racking his brains)
I'm gonna need to think about that. You go first, when did you know you and your ex were done?

Yas ponders this and shrugs, nonchalant.

YAS
There was probably a shit load of alarm bells I was snoozing through.
(MORE)

YAS (CONT'D)
But I guess one that sticks out is... he don’t wave at boats.

DOM
Say again?

SFX: A boat HOOOOONKS.

28 **EXT. MILLENIUM BRIDGE - DAY (FLASHBACK)** 28

Yas and Jules (30, black, pretty, bohemian, oozes cockiness) stand on the bridge hand in hand.

Another HOOOOONK. Over the side of the bridge we see an approaching tourist boat. The PEOPLE on the boat wave up enthusiastically.

And Yas waves right back. Until she senses Jules watching her, unwaving and disgruntled.

JULES
Tourism funds sex trafficking.

He walks on. Yas lowers her hand, suddenly super self conscious. She hurries after Jules.

29 **EXT. WALLED GARDEN, BROCKWELL PARK - LATE AFTERNOON** 29

They stroll along. The sun and sky looking evening-y and epic.

YAS
So apparently there are two types of people in life, the ones who wave at boats and the ones who hate joy.

DOM
Which one am I?

Beat. They grin at each other as she sizes him up.

YAS
Haven’t decided yet.

DOM
Ok, I’ve thought about my writing on the wall moment. This still wakes me up cringing...

YAS
Oooh this is gonna be good.

DOM
A while back, for our anniversary, I wanted to do something special, so I booked the place we ended up at on our first date...

30 **INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)** 30

A small table laid out for a dinner somewhere FANCY. Tablecloth on. Candles lit. Cutlery polished. Dom's at the table in a smart suit, smiling hopefully. Opposite him, Gia's dressed to the nines in all her finery. She gives him a thin smile back, half hiding her face with her menu.

Beat. Then we go wide to reveal they're actually in a high street chicken shop. Dom's clearly shut it down for the night. Their corner table is the only one dressed up posh.

The BOSSMAN appears in an apron and serves them up a single nugget each.

DOM (V.O.)
Like, I get we were wasted the first time, but still, I thought it'd be cute.

Outside, some angry CUSTOMERS including a 'chicken connoisseur' type cameo start banging on the door.

CHICKEN CONNOISSEUR
Bossman! Set me some chips!

Mortified, Gia sinks further behind her menu.

GIA
(almost to herself)
I can't believe I filled my eyebrows in for this.

EXT. WALLED GARDEN, BROCKWELL PARK - LATE AFTERNOON

Yas pulls a shocked face.

YAS
Are you serious?

DOM
(shrugs)
That was the last grand gesture I tried.

This resonates for Yas as they keep walking.

32 **EXT. BROCKWELL PARK - LATE AFTERNOON** 32

They take in the view. London stretched out before them. The Gherkin glistening.

YAS
Wow. Beautiful.

Dom glances up at her, turning a little serious.

DOM
Yeah.

It’s a moment. If ever two people were gonna kiss it would be now. Then--

YAS
Hey, do I have anything in my teeth?

She grins, her teeth completely coated in food.

DOM
Nope. All clean, how about me?

He smiles too, teeth covered.

YAS
Fresh.

They laugh, looking back at the view. And the moment passes.

YAS (CONT'D)
We should go get a drink somewhere...

DOM
Definitely.

He catches her checking her watch.

DOM (CONT'D)
Or... not?

YAS
Nah, let’s do it.

DOM
You sure? My parent’s place is in the proper suburbs, so I need to keep an eye on trains anyway.

YAS
Don’t tell me you’re out of zone?

DOM
You can tap in but you ain’t tappin’ out.

YAS
Breathing that good air!
(a mischievous thought)
D'ya know what... imma make you miss your last train today.

DOM
Is it now..? Nah but seriously, I can't.

YAS
But if you're having a sick time, you won't realise.

DOM
If I miss it, I have to get the night bus and *if* I survive that, it's a taxi. Not an uber, a taxi.

YAS
But sometimes you have to just say *"I'ma see what happens"* innit. Like fuckit, no planning, go where the breeze takes you.

DOM
"I'ma see what happens..?"

YAS
It's good for the soul, I swear.
(beat, she gestures off)
So, shall we..?

Dom smiles, trying to act nonchalant.

DOM
Yeah, I'm good for a bit.

YAS
(grins)
Good.

33 **INT. EFFRA HALL PUB, BRIXTON - LATE AFTERNOON** 33

A busy, fun atmosphere. Dom is ordering at the bar. Yas is stood to one side, next to a Buzz The Wire game. Her phone rings, an unknown number.

YAS
(answering)
Yas speaking?

We hear the other side of the conversation--

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)
Hey, this is Theresa from Berwick Films.
(MORE)

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.) (CONT'D)
So sorry to do this, but we're gonna have to shift you back half an hour this afternoon.

YAS
Oh, right...

Yas glances up and finds Dom coming back from the bar carrying a pint for him and a cranberry juice for her. He gets stuck behind a GROUP OF LADS and has to flatten himself out to squeeze through. It's awkward and adorable. Yas smiles to herself and makes a decision.

YAS (CONT'D)
D'ya know what, that's not gonna work for me unfortunately. Is it ok if I give you a call to reschedule?

RECEPTIONIST
Of course.

YAS
Thank you.

She hangs up. Dom reaches her, handing over her drink.

YAS (CONT'D)
(RE Buzz The Wire)
Do you have any idea how many passive aggressive people tried to take this from me?

He laughs and they start playing. Yas starts moving the handle along the metal course, very steady.

DOM
Ok, it's like that?

YAS
I don't play!

DOM
I keep meaning to ask, did you really recognise Eric from Tinder?

YAS
Ha! No. But you just know he's still on there, hunting. Guessing you're not on the apps, no?

DOM
Nah. Think I'm too old fashioned.

YAS
(faux annoyed)
So what you sayin' - I'm a strumpet for being on there?

DOM
Ha no! Ok, I tell you what my main beef is... it's just Valentines Day at primary school.

YAS
Don't just drop that like I know what you're talking about.

DOM
Remember how your teacher would get you to make cards and put them in the drawer of the person you like?

Yas in doing well, getting the handle along the wire.

YAS
Kind of. Wait, lemme guess - little Dom didn't get any cards?

DOM
Nope. But you know who did? Lewis Younge, who had pubes at nine and used to punch people in the nuts for fun.

YAS
They were *always* called Lewis, yo.

The wire BUZZES.

DOM
Every year, my drawer'd be empty and Lewis's would be overflowing.

She pulls an 'aw' face. Dom grins, telling his story with glee.

DOM (CONT'D)
Nah, I'm not fishing. I get it. The kid was dreamy. One year though our teacher sees my little crestfallen face and tells me *"in a few years, those fools will realise they deserve more than the Lewis Younges of this world"*

YAS
Sis was speaking the truth.

DOM
Maybe that used to be the truth. But now everything's based on profile pics, not personality, and we're back to that dickhead Lewis and his drawer full of cards.

She smirks.

YAS
You sure you're not using your analogy as an excuse?

DOM
Strong possibility.

Dom picks up the handle to start his turn.

YAS
Y'know you fill in a whole bio about yourself too.

DOM
So you're saying if someone's a bit butters but happens to wave at boats...

YAS
Can he handle spicy food though? Cos that's the deal breaker.

Dom glares faux-hurt.

Yas bends down and blows in his ear, putting him off.

YAS (CONT'D)
Did you feel a breeze..?

He smirks and tries to hold steady but BUZZES the wire.

DOM
Y'know you still haven't told me your break up story.

Yas picks up the handle for her turn.

YAS
It really isn't that deep.

DOM
Doesn't matter. Allow me to live vicariously - you dumped him and didn't look back. That's iconic.
(probing the tower)
Besides, you know my entire sorry tale. You met my ex!

She's doing well in the game.

YAS
You kinda met mine too. Y'know the photo at Nathan's thing that I wasn't in to?

DOM
No! That was him?

YAS
I genuinely thought about buying it so I could wake up every morning and be reminded what an excellent decision I made.

DOM
See, now I have to hear the story!

Yas BUZZES the wire.

YAS
Shit. Ok, fine...

The light suddenly changes on Yas' face to a dark and theatrical.

YAS (CONT'D)
I broke up with him cos of A Tribe Called Quest.

We pull wide to reveal Yas is now in...

34 **INT. THEATRE SET - DAY (FLASHBACK)** 34

'Flashback Yas' is dressed up for a night out and stood in the middle of a stage that looks like a scaled down version of Jules's flat. A few abstract sculptures are dotted around.

In the audience, Dom settles down into a seat in the balcony area at the rear of the theatre.

DOM
Wait - you like Tribe?

FLASHBACK YAS
Wow, you really thought you were the only fan of 90s hip hop, innit?

He grins, settling into his seat.

FLASHBACK YAS (CONT'D)
I hadn't officially moved in, but I was at Jules's most nights. He didn't like staying at mine - apparently the feng shui of my flat made him anxious.

DOM
Jules? Nathan's mate-- the sculptor-- that's your ex?

Flashback Yas ambles over to the on set dining table. Spread out across it are sketches of costume designs she's working on. Yas pours herself a glass of prop wine.

FLASHBACK YAS
He doesn't just sculpt - he calls himself an 'artistic polymath', which is another term for being a 'cunt'. But yeah, him.

DOM
This makes *so* much sense now. You and Jules.

FLASHBACK YAS
Why do I feel like that's a cuss?

DOM
I'm just saying I get it. He looks like Michael B Jordan playing Basquiat. Like he could create a masterpiece, but also beat you at Fifa.

FLASHBACK YAS
Well, get ready for ya man crush to be crushed, my friend. Things between me and your fantasy boi had been getting stale, so I decided to try and reawaken the magic.

Jules enters through a door at the back of the stage. He's wearing dungarees with no top, his skin and clothes splattered in clay and carrying a four pack of artisan beers.

Jules kicks off worn-out crocs and flaps his limbs like he's shaking off water, roaring loudly:

JULES
Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck.

FLASHBACK YAS
Hey babe! How was your day?

He slopes over.

JULES
Mediocre with a sprinkling of the entire universe tryna fuck with me.

FLASHBACK YAS
If it's any consolation, mine was--

Without thinking, he places the beers down on her designs. Flashback Yas quickly grabs them, wiping away the wet rings.

JULES
(oblivious)
This new curator is under the impression that I can just knock up an opus after lunch.

FLASHBACK YAS
Sounds like a cock.

JULES
Actually he's kind of a genius.
(noticing her outfit)
Why you so dressed up, you going out?

Jules collapses on to the sofa.

FLASHBACK YAS
(a little deflated)
No babe, it's date night. Remember?

JULES
Oh shit, I thought you were joking! Y'know 'date night' isn't a real thing? It's a construct for married couples who reckon sharing a salmon en croute will prevent their inevitable divorces.

Flashback Yas turns to the Audience, we reveal all the seats are filled with multiple Doms, murmuring to each other angrily or shaking their heads.

FLASHBACK YAS
I know, I know. But candles were lit, a bottle of wine was breathing, and I was looking all types of fine, even if I do say so myself. So I made my move anyway.

Jules is cycling through Youtube on TV. Yas saunters over behind him, starts kissing his neck. He flinches away.

JULES
Yikes, man... your breath!

More murmurings of displeasure from the Audience.

FLASHBACK YAS
That'll be the homemade hummus. Took long, but it kinda bangs. Here have a proper taste.

She goes to kiss him. Jules pulls away again.

JULES
Listen, you know how my head gets when I've been working on something new. I just need to chill and realign my shit. But, if you're offering, I will take some of that hummus on a cracker. You the best.

He jokingly pinches his nose, gives her a quick kiss.

35 **INT. THEATRE, BALCONY - LATE AFTERNOON** 35

Present day Dom, is now sitting with present day Yas, both with their drinks from the pub.

DOM
Please tell me you dumped his arse right there and then?

YAS
(disappointed in herself)
Nope, I took a big L and got the prick some fucking hummus.

36 **INT. THEATRE - FLASHBACK** 36

Jules is sprawled on the sofa, munching some hummus flatbread and watching a Youtube video of TABBY doing ASMR. She runs her fingernails across a hairbrush.

TABBY (ON SCREEN)
You're relaxing now... your shoulders sinking down...

Across the room Flashback Yas peruses a shelf of records. She picks out "Low End Theory" by A Tribe Called Quest, slips out the vinyl and places it onto a record player.

FLASHBACK YAS
I figured a few sips of wine, some tunes, maybe I could still get him on board.

She places the needle down and the song 'Buggin' Out' starts to play.

DOM
Classic.

FLASHBACK YAS
Right..?

JULES
(calling over)
Er, babe, I'm actually feeling a bit sonically sensitive right now, so do you mind turning that shit like waaaay down for me?

The audience of Doms explodes into BOOS. There's a Dom Stage Hand on the side of the stage holding up a "BOO" sign, riling them up.

36A **INT. THEATRE, BALCONY - DAY** 36A

Back to present day Dom and Yas.

DOM
He called Tribe “that shit”?

YAS
The man only listens to ambient techno. Also, ya might wanna ration your disdain, cos there’s more. Disclaimer, I’m not particularly proud of what happened next, but I had some jerk cod marinating, so shit needed salvaging.

36B **INT. THEATRE SET - DAY (FLASHBACK)** 36B

Flashback Yas strides over and stands in front of Jules.

JULES
Hi. You’re blocking the TV.

Flashback Yas kneels down in front of him , starts to undo his trousers.

JULES (CONT'D)
Ok, interesting.

On TV, Tabby is rustling a pillow.

TABBY (ON TV)
Take a deep, nourishing breath....

Jules’s eyes clamp shut as she tugs his trousers down.

JULES
Y’know I’m gonna forward you an article about how hip-hops promotion of violence continues to perpetuate problematic black stereotypes.

Flashback Yas stops, in the midst of a full epiphany. The chorus of the song plays, as if it’s in her mind: *“Buggin’ out, buggin’ out, you’re buggin out...”.*

FLASHBACK YAS
And that’s when it hit me...

In the audience, all the Dom’s turn round to look up at present day Yas and Dom on the balcony.

36C **INT. THEATRE SET, BALCONY - DAY** 36C

Present day Yas is looking down at her previous self in disgust.

CRASH ZOOM.

YAS
I had become basic. Not only did I let that twat talk crap about Tribe, I'd allowed our relationship to become completely one sided. There and then, I came up with a simple ethos I now use to help guide me in all aspects of life... if you make the hummus, you should get the head.

36D **INT. THEATRE SET - DAY (FLASHBACK)** 36D

Flashback Yas (on stage) stands.

JULES
What you doing?

She grabs the bowl of hummus off the side and dumps it into Jules's lap. He SCREAMS and the audience of Dom's leap to their feet, CHEERING. The Dom Stagehand holds up an "APPLAUSE" sign.

MATCH CUT TO:

37 **INT. EFFRA HALL PUB, BRIXTON - LATE AFTERNOON** 37

Dom shouts and pumps the air in celebration. The pub quietens and punters look at him like he's a weirdo.

DOM
YES!

38 **INT. THEATRE SET - DAY (FLASHBACK)** 38

Flashback Yas takes a bow in front of her adoring audience of Dom's. A shocked, angry Jules is behind her.

YAS (V.O.)
While he was washing smushed up chickpeas from his pubes, I packed any shit I had round there and bounced.

39 **INT. EFFRA HALL PUB, BRIXTON - LATE AFTERNOON** 39

DOM
Hell yeah.

YAS
There was only one snag. In my rush to escape, I left--

DOM
Don’t say it.

40 **INT. THEATRE - FLASHBACK** 40

The Low End Theory vinyl spins silently on Jules’s player.

YAS (V.O.)
Only thing I regret about breaking up is that knobhead got to keep my copy of ‘The Low End Theory’.

The album spinning. Taunting her.

41 **INT. EFFRA HALL PUB, BRIXTON - LATE AFTERNOON** 41

Dom has a thought.

DOM
Know what, you helped me with Gia, so I wanna do this for you- let’s go find a record shop right now and I’ll buy you a new copy.

YAS
That’s very sweet. But I don’t want a new copy, I want *my* copy.

DOM
(not quite following)
O... k.

YAS
Why should that prick get to keep it - especially since he doesn’t appreciate how fire it is!

DOM
Have you asked him for it back?

YAS
And let him make me jump through all them hoops? Nah.

DOM
I could go round, ask for you.

YAS
Thank you, but he’d love that even more, plus he’s on holiday, so...

She stops. A mischievous smile spreading across her face.

DOM
What?

42 **EXT. BOVRIL BUILDING, BRIXTON - LATE AFTERNOON** 42

Yas and Dom head past the Bovril building.

DOM
And you’re definitely sure he’s away?

Yas takes out her phone, opens Instagram and shows Dom a photo of Jules and Tabby looking indifferent on a beach.

DOM (CONT'D)
Who’s the girl?

Yas bristles, but forces nonchalance.

YAS
She was his meditational guru. Apparently she opened his mind and then her legs...

43 **EXT. JULES'S FLAT, BRIXTON - LATE AFTERNOON** 43

As they approach the front door, Yas is getting her bunch of keys out.

YAS
She’s got some dumb name like Tabby, or something. That’s a pretty dumb name, right? Maybe not for a cat.
(off Dom’s look)
What?

DOM
Nah, nothin’.

YAS
I’m just saying it’s a dumb name that’s all!

Dom waits while Yas looks through a MASSIVE bunch of keys, trying to find the right one.

DOM
How come you still have a key for his place anyway?

YAS
(like it’s no big deal)
I’ve still got the key for my year eight locker on here!

Yas can’t make the key fit.

YAS (CONT'D)
DAMN. He must've changed the locks. Like I'm gonna break in?!

DOM
Fiona and Steve!

YAS
Who?

DOM
My parent's next door neighbours. They've got a spare key for their place in case of emergencies. Someone must have a key for Jules's gaff?

Yas has a thought and grins mischievously, she rushes off.

44 **INT. NOUR CASH AND CARRY, BRIXTON MARKET - LATE AFTERNOON** 44

Yas marches through the market, Dom behind. She slips into Nour Cash and Carry. He hurries in after her.

INT. NOUR CASH & CARRY - CONTINUOUS

They head for the chilled drinks cabinet. Yas notices a WOMAN at the counter, dressed up fancy for dinner.

YAS
Babes, that outfit? 10's across the board!

The Woman beams, blushing.

WOMAN
Aaw, thank you so much!

The Woman heads out, smiling from ear to ear. Dom and Yas grab 2 SUPERMALTS and head for the counter.

DOM
D'you know her?

YAS
Nah. But she looked fierce, right?

DOM
You made her day.

YAS
(brushing it off)
She feels good, I feel good for making her feel good. Shit's mutually beneficial innit.

A GUY walks in. Caught up in the moment, Dom calls to him.

DOM
Hey mate, I like your kicks.

GUY
Suck your Mum, dickhead.

DOM
Yep.

Dom hurriedly pays for his drink. Yas is doubled over in hysterics. Close up on Yas's feet as she exits the shop.

46 **EXT. JULES'S MUM'S HOUSE, BRIXTON - LATE AFTERNOON** 46

Yas and Dom still walking fast, dump their empty bottles into a recycling bin as they walk.

YAS
Sure you're down for this?

DOM
Yeah! Mum's love me, trust.

They head up the path of a terraced house, Yas rings the bell.

YAS
Ok, well just chill and keep them chattin', I'll look for the key.

DOM
(suddenly panicked)
Wait, I thought you were just gonna ask them for it?

YAS
I can't rock up and just demand--

Jules's Mum JANET opens the door. She's wearing a Jamaican flag t-shirt, matching Crocs and some TINY pink shorts.

YAS (CONT'D)
Hi Aunty!

Janet SQUEALS in delight.

JANET
Are you joking me? YAS! Tanice look who's here!

Jules's other Mum, TANICE, appears behind her. She sees Yas and SQUEALS too. Janet and Tanice wrap her up in a big group bear hug, bouncing her up and down. Dom waits, grin fixed in place.

TANICE
You are a sight for sore eyes girl!

YAS
We were coming back from somewhere and I was suddenly desperate for the loo and I realised we were right near your street...

TANICE
(ushering them in)
Say no more darlin', come in and do your business.

47 **INT. JULES' MUM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS** 47

As they step inside.

TANICE
But then you're staying for a drink. No arguments.

JANET
(noticing Dom)
Who's this then?

YAS
Oh, my friend, Dom.

DOM
(arms wide, trying a joke)
Room for one more?

Janet and Tanice glare back at him with pure contempt.

TANICE
(to Yas)
You remember where it is. And make sure you use the good soap!

Yas heads upstairs. Tanice turns to Dom, less welcoming.

TANICE (CONT'D)
Come, boi.

They lead Dom away, past a table of condiments and salads. With the coast clear, Yas doubles back down the stairs.

48 **EXT. YARD, JULES'S MUM'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON** 48

Janet and Tanice lead Dom out into a small YARD, where 10 or so PEOPLE and a DOG are chilling. Reggae's playing. The grills on. A game of dominoes is in full flow. A nice vibe.

JANET
Guess what - Jules's Yas is here!
(gesturing at Dom)
Oh. And she bought this person too.

DOM
What's good everyone?

Tanice half gestures to a table set up with drinks.

TANICE
Help yourself.

JANET
But not the Wray and Nephew.

DOM
That's ok, I'm not a big...

But Janet and Tanice are already walking off. Dom sucks in some courage and heads into the midst, smiling. Everyone immediately seems to be having seventy percent less fun. He hovers over the dominoes game, feigning interest.

DOM (CONT'D)
Dominoes. Awesome.

The PLAYERS are frozen, glaring up at him. Beat.

DOM (CONT'D)
I'll let you... (carry on)

Dom takes a seat. Hoping for a swift death. He realises an unsmiling man (BIG TREV) is stood over him.

BIG TREV
You in my seat.

DOM
And that was obviously a mistake.

Dom scrambles off. He finds a tiny kid-size chair on the peripheries and folds himself into it.

49 **INT. KITCHEN, JULES'S MUM'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON** 49

Yas searches through a key tidy on the wall. All the keys have labels: *Allotment. Shed. Sanaa Spare.* But no Jules. She switches her attention to drawers. Hunting through one filled with random batteries, bulbs, booklets... no sign of a key.

Yas pulls back the blinds, covertly checking outside. She finds Dom, sat to one side in his kid's chair, trying to bop along to the music, as if he's fitting in.

50 **EXT. YARD, JULES'S MUM'S HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON** 50

A man, PETER (60s, thin natty moustache, clearly takes pride in his appearance), sidles up to Dom. Peter silently hands him an empty glass and then pours in some Wrey and Nephews.

DOM
Ooh, Aunty said-- ok maybe a little one then. Cheers.
(has a sip, almost dies)
Mmmm.

Peter sits down next to him.

PETER
Like the tunes?

DOM
Definitely. This is a bop.

PETER
Wouldn't think it'd be your ting.

DOM
Oh no, I'd say this is specifically my ting, like a Sunday morning in Kingston type vibe. Jamaica. Not... Upon Thames.

PETER
(amused)
So, what else you into?

DOM
Hip hop, grime, trap, bit of Motown after one too many of these.
(holds up his glass)

PETER
Sounds like you know your music. Pass your phone.

DOM
Hm?

PETER
Let's put some of your joints on.

Cold panic courses through Dom's body.

DOM
Nah, that's... people seem to be enjoying this...

PETER
(calling out)
Anyone mind if we change the tunes?

Everyone murmurs their nonchalance. Dom reluctantly hands over his phone. Peter unplugs the sound system jack from his phone and plugs in Dom's. It HUMS to life.

PETER (CONT'D)
Pin?

DOM
Right, yeah... what is it again...
(withering under Peter's stare)
Two one seven three. But listen, my tastes are pretty eclectic, so you might have to search around--

PETER
I'll just put it on shuffle.

Peter hits shuffle. "Total Eclipse Off The Heart" by Bonnie Tyler comes on. Loud. Dom wants the ground to swallow him.

DOM
This is obviously... it doesn't really have a 'party' feel...

Peter hits shuffle again. "Love Is All Around" by Wet Wet Wet starts up.

DOM (CONT'D)
See I listened to this one playlist a lot after-- try again.

He hits shuffle and "Kiss From A Rose" by Seal comes on.

DOM (CONT'D)
This is ridiculous.

Dom leans over to hit skip.

BIG TREV
(calls over)
Let it play.

To Dom's astonishment, Big Trev joins in on the first line in a beautiful baritone:

BIG TREV (CONT'D)
"There used to be a greying tower alone on the sea"

Yas heads out, thrown to find everyone in the yard listening to Big Trev sing along by find Seal.

BIG TREV (CONT'D)
"You became the light on the dark side of me..."

51 **EXT. YARD, JULES'S MUM'S HOUSE - EVENING** 51

LATER: Yas shuffles her own kid-sized chair over to Dom's for a clandestine chat. Janet and Tanice's dog ambles over to Yas, she pets it.

DOM
Did you find it?

YAS
They've got bare keys in a little cupboard thing, but none of them are--

SOMEONE drifts past. Yas and Dom act cool, but just come across as weird. The person walks on.

DOM
Leave it with me ok.
(off her surprise)
I reckon I've got a lead.

Peter heads over with a drink for Dom and himself. Yas takes the hint and drifts off to mingle.

DOM (CONT'D)
So Peter. My guy. As I was saying a second ago, we just need to get into Jules's flat for like a quick minute.

PETER
To liberate Yas's vinyl.

DOM
Exactly. See you get it - you're old school.

PETER
(face falling)
Old?

DOM
Good old. Like fine wine or...
(struggling)
Pickles.

Peter smiles through gritted teeth.

PETER
Y'know what, I think I remember Tanice mentioning somewhere special they keep valuables like keys and such.

Dom lights up, not realising Peter is fucking with him.

Across the Yard, Yas is chatting to Tanice and Big Trev.

TANICE
This marga boy you brought round...

YAS
Here we go.

TANICE
He isn't your type, baby!

Yas glances over at Dom, who does an awkward fist bump with Peter and hurries across the yard.

YAS
(clearly a little smitten)
Nah, he isn't.

52 **INT. STAIRS, JULES'S MUM'S HOUSE - EVENING** 52

Dom creeps up the stairs, passing framed family photos on the wall. He falters, spotting a photo of a loved up Yas and Jules next to a particularly goofy picture of Jules as a Toddler with Janice and Tanice in matching jumpers. Dom heads on.

53 **INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BEDROOM, JULES'S MUM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS** 53

An uneasy Dom skulks over to a chest of drawers at the top of the stairs. Opens a drawer-- filled with underwear -- He slams it shut again.

DOM
(under his breath)
What the fuck am I doing?

Against his better judgement, he slowly pulls the underwear drawer out again. Tries to summon the courage to rifle for the key.

Then, from down stairs, he hears...

TANICE (O.S.)
There must be some way you and Jules can work things out? Real talk, you always made it a lot easier to like our son.

Curiosity piqued, Dom covertly listens over the bannister.

YAS (O.S.)
(laughing)
It's not gonna happen Aunty.

TANICE (O.S.)
But why? Oh I see, you've set your sights elsewhere..?

Dom, even more interested now.

YAS (O.S.)
(protesting too much)
You're hilarious. I've known him one day! Anyway, we're only hanging out cos I heard him crying and I felt sorry for him!

Dom frowns. But before he can hear anymore-- Janet starts coming up the stairs. Dom panics, trying to close the drawer, but it's stuck.

JANET
(storming over)
What the hell you doing?

Her eyes fall to the open underwear drawer and Dom's stomach drops straight out of his body.

DOM
Oh-- no-- I wasn't--

JANET
TANIIIIIICE!

DOM
I totally get how this must--
(Janet keeps staring)
See Peter said-- but nah, that's besides the-- respect is respect-- and trust me I'm usually all about the R-E-S-P-E-C-T, to quote Aretha. You an Aretha fan, Aunty?

Tanice hurries upstairs to see what the emergency is. Yas comes up behind her, followed by a delighted Peter.

TANICE
Wa'gwan?

JANET
I just caught this boy going through your knicker drawer.

Behind them, Peter is bopping enjoying every awkward second.

TANICE
WHAT? I knew there was something off about you, ya little perve.

DOM
(panic struck)
No-- that is not what I was doing. At all. See, I was tryna find a key.

TANICE
What key?

54 **EXT. JULES'S MUM'S HOUSE, BRIXTON - EVENING** 54

Dom and Yas hurry away from the house, like two naughty school children. Tanice and Janet shut the door behind them.

Dom and Yas reach the pavement, sit down and then burst into nervous laughter.

DOM
Wow, so that got--

YAS
Real.

DOM
Yeah.

YAS
Sorry.

DOM
It's my bad - I actually *was* tryna steal some of Tanice's pants, so...

YAS
(laughing)
I knew it!

It turns a little bit more serious. A sense that their adventure might be over. Something's playing on Dom's mind.

YAS (CONT'D)
We were so close.

DOM
(distracted)
Like *so* close.

YAS
I really thought they'd have a key--

He interrupts, blurting out--

DOM
I heard you ok!

YAS
Huh?

DOM
When I was upstairs, I heard you chatting. That was you in the toilet back at Nathan's thing?

She grimaces, nodding.

DOM (CONT'D)
And that’s why we’ve been chilling today, cos you felt sorry for me?

YAS
No!
(then)
Kind of.

DOM
That makes a lot of sense

It’s hard to gauge whether Dom’s upset or just shook.

YAS
(quickly)
But that’s not the *whole* reason! See, I was supposed to have an interview this afternoon. For a job doing costumes on a low budget film. I didn’t know whether I wanted to go and then they called to say they needed to push me back and we were having a such a nice time--

DOM
Wait. Why would you not wanna go? A film? That’s amazing.

YAS
(struggling)
This would be my fifth interview since I finished my course. I guess I wasn’t really in the mood for another no.

DOM
Might’ve been a yes.

YAS
(smiles despite herself)
Maybe.
(beat)
So are we cool. About the whole--

DOM
Crying thing?
(she nods)
Look, I don’t really care why today happened. I’m just gassed it did.

Yas beams. There’s a moment. Then...

DOM (CONT'D)
(pulling out his phone)
Hey, if I get your number, maybe we could chill again sometime, or...

She takes his phone, puts in her number.

YAS
Definitely.

DOM
Next time Laser Quest though.

YAS
You didn't enjoy kicking it at my exes Mum's gaff no?

They laugh. She hands back his phone. Beat.

YAS (CONT'D)
I'm gonna order an Uber if..?

DOM
Think I'll walk to the tube.

YAS (CONT'D)
Cool.

They stand. They have a quick, awkward hug. Linger for a second. Then Dom smiles and walks away out of frame.

Yas sits back down and looks at her phone, about to order an uber. Lights flash.

TANICE
Yas!

We cut back to wide to reveal Janet and Tanice standing in the gateway with a bright pink vespa, and 2 helmets.

JANET
We just had a thought - that eediat Mona feeds Jules's succulents while he's away, she's gotta have a key.

Yas brightens.

TANICE
Ya wanna borrow The Beast?

Yas beams and turns to share the news with Dom. But he's already nearing the bottom of the road. If she hurried she could just about stop him. Beat. Beat.

55 **EXT. LONDON - NIGHT** 55

"Vossi Bop" by Stormzy comes in as...

Yas rides into shot driving a moped. She accelerates and we reveal Dom, squeezed in behind her, arms tight round her waste, holding on for dear life. They're wearing matching Jamaican flag helmets.

They zoom along the streets of south London. Terrified Dom closes his eyes as Yas weaves in between traffic. Pure joy etched on her face.

55A **EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HIP HOP KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT** 55A

The moped pulls up outside the bar.

56 **EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HIP HOP KARAOKE BAR - NIGHT** 56

Dom and Yas climb off the moped, taking off their helmets. Dom's shook.

YAS
You're sure you're alright?

He clearly isn't.

DOM
Yeah man!
(swallowing hard)
So this Mona who might have a key runs the night here?

YAS
Yep. And I weren't hypin' earlier, this place goes off.
(smirks)
I mean, I can't promise they'll be dropping any Seal...

Dom grins, a little embarrassed. They head inside.

57 **INT. HIP HOP KARAOKE BAR - SECONDS LATER** 57

It's the same 'Nuthin' but a Bou-G Thang' karaoke night from Yas's fake flashback. A cool CROWD bop to a JAMES BLUNT type on stage performing "Vossi Bop". Dom and Yas make their way through the melee.

They reach a roped off VIP area. Yas spots MONA inside, chatting to some POSER TYPES. Mona sports a rainbow mullet and a string vest.

YAS
(calling over)
Yo, Mona!

Alarmed, Mona shouts over to a BOUNCER.

MONA
Er, Dean, can you bounce this girl please, she is maaaaad.

The Bouncer moves towards Yas. Mona breaks, grinning.

MONA (CONT'D)
Jokes! Jokes! Let her in.

The Bouncer lifts the rope.

DOM
So Mona seems nice.

LATER: Yas and Dom are squeezed next to each other on a sofa beside Mona who, although slight, is taking up A LOT of space.

MONA
(weighing it up)
Ugh, I just dunno...

YAS
We'll be in and out. He'll never even know we were there.

MONA
And what if you can't help yourself and do something crazy, like cut all the crotches out of his jeans, or take a shit in his sink...

YAS
Would I do anything like that?

Mona laughs knowingly. This throws Dom.

MONA
Ok, ok, but here's the thing - I'm just struggling to see what it is I get out of this..?

DOM
How about the chance to do the right thing?

MONA
Alright, this ain't the fucking Avengers darlin'.

YAS
What do you want?

MONA
That is on you, Yasmine. And be creative yeah, cos I am so unbelievably BORED.
(MORE)

MONA (CONT'D)
Stuck here with these posers, dying of inertia, while you two get to go off and shit in sinks. What entertainment will you be providing Mona in exchange for this favour?

Yas is at a loss. The crowd start BOOING and JEERING a performer on stage.

MONA (CONT'D)
Damn, this lot are *mean* tonight!

Mona's suddenly hit by inspiration, an evil grin growing.

YAS
(twigging)
Nah. No. I ain't even drunk.

MONA
Do you want those keys, or not?

Yas thinks about it, then relents. Mona grabs the karaoke book. Gleeful as they run their finger down the list of songs.

MONA (CONT'D)
Oh my days, this is gonna be amazing! Say stop.

YAS
(super reluctant)
Stop.

They lean in to see what song Mona stopped on. Yas brightens.

YAS (CONT'D)
Ok, I guess we can fuck with that.

DOM
'We'?!

58 **INT. HIP HOP KARAOKE BAR - SIDE OF THE STAGE/STAGE - CONTINUOUS** 58

The James Blunt type has finished... slow claps.

Dom and Yas are in the wings waiting to be called. Yas is trying to keep calm, whilst inwardly panicking. Dom isn't even attempting to hide his nerves.

DOM
Have they just let loads more people in, cos I swear the crowd wasn't this big when we arrived.

YAS
(reassuring herself)
It’s four minutes of our lives, that’s it.

DOM
You’ve done it before and you’re still here to tell the tale, so...

YAS
I’ve never done this before!

DOM
What?!

YAS
I come here to watch, not go on stage...
(swallowing fear)
In front of bare people.

DOM
(psyching himself up)
Four minutes and then it’s over. And y’know what, it doesn’t even matter if we’re shit...

Yas looks like she might faint, but swallows it down.

The MC comes on stage.

MC
Ok, ok, who’s our next victim?
(reading)
Ah! By special request, we got Yas and Dom. Where you kids at?

DOM
This is actually happening...

Dom takes a breath and slopes onto stage. He gets to the MC, takes the mics off him and turns to hand one to Yas.

But she’s not there.

Dom finds her, frozen to the spot at the side of the stage. He gives the crowd a panicked smile.

DOM (CONT'D)
Uh, one sec.

He darts over to Yas.

DOM (CONT'D)
(urgent)
What’s going on?

YAS
I can’t do this.

He thrusts the mic in her hand.

DOM
Course you can! You’re the person who compliments random people in shops.

YAS
I’m also the person who ducked out of a job interview today cos I was too prang!

DOM
(with a smile)
Thought it was cos we were having a nice time?

She glares at him-- *you’re seriously flirting <u>now</u>?*

MC
(calling over)
Yeah don’t worry we got all night!

The crowd’s getting restless.

YAS
(imploring him)
Seriously, fuck this mad shit, Dom. Fuck getting the key. Let Jules keep the dumb record.

Something comes over Dom. A catharsis. He drops his shoulders, a new found confidence overtaking him. He smiles at her, reassuring.

DOM
It’s cool. I got this.

To Yas’s shock, Dom staggers back to centre stage.

DOM (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuckfuck.

MC
Ok! Looks like it’s gonna be more of a solo thing!

The song starts up: ‘Shoop’ by Salt n’ Peppa.

Dom looks over at Yas and pulls a *here I go* face. She hates herself for not being out there with him.

Doing his best to cover his discomfort, Dom tries to sell the intro:

DOM
Ooh, how you doin', baby? No, not you... you, the bow-legged one, yeah. What's your name? Damn, that sounds sexy, uh...

The rap kicks in properly and Dom nails the first part:

DOM (CONT'D)
Here I go, here I go, here I go again. Girls, what's my weakness?

CROWD
Men!

Dom's no Hova, but he's hitting every word on beat and winning the crowd over. Surprised, Yas starts to clap along.

DOM
Okay then, chillin', chillin' Mindin' my business. Yo, Salt, I looked around, and I couldn't believe this. I swear, I stared, my niece my witness, er.....
(losing his flow)
.....wicked, wicked had to kick it... er...

Murmurings of displeasure from the crowd. He's losing them. Mona sits sipping a cocktail cringing.

DOM (CONT'D)
(trying to find his place)
.....asked for the digits.....

Panic's overtaken Dom. He's dying a death. And the crowd can taste it. They start to BOOOO! At the side of the stage, Yas grips her mic a little tighter. Her mind racing.

DOM (CONT'D)
Slip slide..... felt it in my hips..... back to my bag of tricks.

Suddenly, YAS BURSTS ONTO STAGE, mic in hand, picking up the next line--

YAS
Then I flipped for a tip, make me wanna do tricks for him. Lick him like a lollipop should be licked!

She locks eyes with Dom and grimaces-- *what the fuck am I doing?* He beams back. Shocked and grateful.

YAS (CONT'D)
Came to my senses and I chilled for a bit.
(MORE)

YAS (CONT'D)
Don't know how you do the voodoo that you do. So well it's a spell, hell, makes me wanna shoop.

Fear dissipating, Dom joins back in.

DOM/ YAS
Shoop, shoop ba-doops, shoop ba-doop, shoop ba-doop ba-doop ba-doop, shoop ba-doop shoop ba-doop shoop ba-doop, ba-doop, ba-doop.

And now Yas and Dom are enjoying themselves. And it's infectious. The Crowd cheering them on.

YAS/ DOM
Umm, you're packed and you're stacked 'specially in the back Brother, wanna thank your mother for a butt like that. Can I get some fries with that shake-shake boobie? If looks could kill you would be an uzi. You're a shotgun, bang! What's up with that thang? I wanna know how does it hang?

SLOW MO: Yas glances over at Dom as he spits, deadly serious-determinedly putting his all into it. And now Yas is grinning from ear to ear.

59 **INT. HIP HOP KARAOKE, SIDE OF THE STAGE - CONTINUOUS** 59

The songs over. The crowd's half clapping. The MC's intro-ing the next victim. Dom and Yas spill offstage, BUZZING.

DOM
Erm, I think we might've just been a hundred percent lit.

YAS
(genuine)
Seriously, I can't believe you did that.

DOM
(brushing it off)
You're the one who came on and completely smashed it--

Fueled by adrenaline and gratitude Yas quickly kisses him. Dom's shook.

YAS
(half lying, awkward)
That was meant to be on your cheek, but you kinda moved.

DOM
Did I? Sorry.

Weird, loaded beat.

SMASH CUT TO:

60 **INT. TOILET, HIP HOP KARAOKE - NIGHT** 60

Yas and Dom burst into a cubicle. It's frantic and passionate. She swipes blindly at the door and finds the lock. They kiss. Dom's hand moves to her boob, pawing away.

YAS
(out of the corner of her mouth, amused)
You checking for lumps, bruv?

DOM
(going gentler)
Sorry, it's been a while.

Hands start to undo belts and buttons. Suddenly there's a BANG BANG BANG on the cubicle door. Yas and Dom freeze.

BOUNCER (O.S.)
(bored)
You two can't be in there together.

Dom and Yas shush each other as they stifle their laughs, amused, but also a little mortified.

BOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Yeah, I can hear you giggling.

This just makes them silent-laugh harder.

61 **EXT. LONDON - NIGHT** 61

Yas and Dom, back on the moped. Buzzing from their performance and the kiss, Dom's feeling more confident now. Holding on a little less tight.

Yas accelerates and he lets go fully, pumping the air.

DOM
WOOHOOOOOO--

They hit a pot hole and loses his balance.

DOM (CONT'D)
--OOOOOAAAHHHHH.

YAS
What you doing?!

Shaken, Dom grabs hold of her, even tighter than before.

DOM
I got over excited!

Yas laughs as they speed away.

62 **INT. JULES' FLAT, BRIXTON - NIGHT** 62

Dark. Lights switch on. Yas struts in confidently, followed by a nervous Dom. Tentative beat, then...

YAS
HOLLA!

Dom nearly has a heart attack.

YAS (CONT'D)
(laughing)
I told you, he ain’t here.

Dom wanders into the centre of the room. The place is curated to seem unpolished and accidentally cool; bare brick walls, bric-a-brac, a bare minimum of home comforts, but what there is, is high end. There’s art everywhere. Huge, abstract sculptures full of sharp angles.

DOM
(impressed)
Y’know how they say dogs look like their owners? This is exactly how I imagined Jules’s place to look.

YAS
Pretentious and vacant?

DOM
HA. That was quick.

YAS
Cheers.

It grows charged. A feeling like they might kiss again.

DOM
(with a smile)
I’m aware that some guys might find kissing in your exes flat hot, but I just wanna state that I’m not one of them.

YAS
(amused)
Oh, then I’ll try to control myself.

DOM
I'd appreciate that.

Yas heads for the bathroom. Dom's desperate to get out of here asap.

DOM (CONT'D)
Are you going to get the record?

YAS
I gotta wee!

DOM
Ok, but just don't touch anything yeah-- finger prints.

Yas salutes like she understands. Then purposefully touches everything as she walks on. He can't help but smile.

63 **INT. TOILET, JULES' FLAT - NIGHT** 63

Yas is having a wee. She glances around, her face falling as she spots something.

64 **INT. LIVING ROOM, JULES' FLAT - SAME TIME** 64

Dom leans in and smells a candle.

DOM
Yum. Smells like Obama.

Yas shouts through from the toilet--

YAS (O.S.)
You have to be fucking with me!

Yas comes back in from the toilet waving a Mooncup.

DOM
What is that?

YAS
A Mooncup.

DOM
It's probably Tabby's..?

YAS
Yeah, I guessed that much. Jules used to make me hide my tampons in a makeup bag. He has a thing, says it puts him off brushing his teeth.

DOM
That is wild!

YAS
One of the *many* reasons I got rid. But apparently Tabby's welcome to just leave her shit on display! And it's organic too. What, is her fanny a vegan? I need a drink.

Yas storms over to the fridge.

DOM
We probably shouldn't...

Too late, she whips open the door, smushes the mooncup into some leftover jollof rice and takes out a Kombucha. Dom quickly wipes the fingerprints off the fridge door with his sleeve.

DOM (CONT'D)
(noticing)
That is a sexy coffee machine.

YAS
I get it, you've got a boner for his gaff.

Yas cracks her Kombucha and glances around, noticing things around the flat-- throw cushions, Glade plugins, framed photos of Jules and Tabby... She puts down her beer and storms off towards the bedroom.

DOM
Where you going now?

YAS
Just need to check something.

65 **INT. BEDROOM, JULES' FLAT - CONTINUOUS** 65

Yas whips open a clothes rail to reveal 2 hemp mini dresses.

66 **INT. LIVING ROOM, JULES' FLAT - CONTINUOUS** 66

Dom, more than ready to leave.

YAS (O.S.)
I knew it. She's fucking moved in!

DOM
So..?

YAS (O.S.)
Three months they're together. *Three months* and LOOK!

Yas stomps back in, wearing one of Tabby's hot pink thongs <u>over her jeans</u>. Embarrassed, Dom doesn't know where to look

YAS (CONT'D)
All of her underwear looks like this! You'd have to sew fifteen of these things together to make the pants I'm wearing right now.

DOM
Why d'you care?

Yas covers.

YAS
I don't! If that waste gyal wants to live here *and* be plagued by yeast infections, s'none of my business.

Dom isn't sold, but before he can question further - they hear a key going into the front door.

JULES(O.S.)
Nepalese or Peruvian..?

The colour drains from Yas's face. She and Dom race into the bedroom, just as the door opens and Jules and Tabby step in (Tabby's early 20's, posh, lives to tell you about whatever food fad she's currently obsessed with)

Tabby; Hemp pants tucked into uggs. Oversized urban Outfitters band T-shirt.

TABBY
I could actually murder a Ceviche. Hun, did you leave the lights on..?

67 **INT. BEDROOM, JULES' FLAT - SAME TIME** 67

A panic-struck Dom searches for a hiding place.

JULES (O.S.)
Must've been Mona.
(opens the fridge)
Oooo, what the fuck is in my rice?

TABBY (O.S.)
Is that my mooncup?

Dom turns to Yas, horrified. But she's frozen to the spot.

68 **INT. KITCHEN, JULES'S FLAT - CONTINUOUS** 68

Jules picks the mooncup out of the joloff.

TABBY
Ok, I do not get Mona's sense of humour.

They hear a CRASH in the other room. Tabby and Jules freak.

TABBY (CONT'D)
Someone's here!

JULES
Get your rape spray.

TABBY
They made me chuck it - it was over a hundred mils!

She quickly grabs a kitchen knife and hands it to him.

JULES
I'm not about to stab someone am I?

TABBY
(panicked)
I don't know!

JULES
(loud Gangster voice)
Yo! Don't lemme catch you in my crib, cos I'll straight up end you.

TABBY
Try and sound more scary.

Beat. Yas and Dom slowly slope in, shamefaced. Yas is still wearing Tabby's thong.

YAS
(flat)
Surprise.

JULES
Yas?! Wow!

TABBY
As in your ex Yas! What is she doing here, Julian?

Yas shudders at Tabby using his full name.

JULES
Putting mooncups in my joloff and trying on your thongs apparently!

Mortified, Yas quickly slips off the thong. Tabby snatches it off her.

TABBY
Perfect, now they're stretched.

Yas has to swallow her rage.

JULES
I have to give it to you man, you are tenacious in your madness. I change the locks and you *still* find a way to break in and bring your drama into our flat?

YAS
(under her breath)
Our flat now.

TABBY
Yes actually. This is our safe space, which you've literally invaded.

DOM
Hi-- sorry, this is all a massive misunderstanding. We didn't break in - we got the key off Mona. And we only came to get Yas's album. The jollof was an error.

JULES
(trying to place him)
I know you. You're Nathan's mate.

DOM
Yeah, whassup - Dom.

Dom puts his hand out for Jules to spud. Jules just stares at it-- *really?* Dom lowers his hand.

TABBY
I'm confused, what album..?

YAS
(glaring at Jules)
He knows.

DOM
'The Low End Theory'

TABBY
Never heard of it.

YAS
(under her breath)
Yeah, they probably don't drop it much on Basic FM.

TABBY
Wow, that was uncalled for. Babe are you calling the police, because I am done with this toxic energy.

DOM
No, wait -- look the record has sentimental value, so if we could just have it then we'll bounce--

JULES
You seem like a nice guy, ok, so let me give you some free advice... run. Because *she* will ruin your life, trust me.

Yas, looks down. It's like she's suddenly shrunk a foot in height, all her fight gone.

DOM
That's unnecessary, man.

JULES
Nah, you should hear this. That girl is a human quagmire.

Tabby backs him up like she's his hype man.

TABBY
That's like a bog.

JULES
People know what a quagmire is babe, can I... (finish)
(to Dom)
She will drag you down into all her petty shit til you're struggling to breathe.

YAS
(angry disbelief, to Jules)
Are you actually-- *my* petty shit? When we were together *everything* was about you! How many gallery openings did I go to? Or dead poetry nights? Smiling along as you and your wanky artist mates chat shit about how under appreciated you are.

Jules rolls his eyes. Dom glances over and spots a record player. A few vinyls lent up against it. He edges over.

JULES
(irked)
Yeah but you wouldn't understand the creative struggle though.

Dom, cycles through the vinyls, finds what he's looking for.

JULES (CONT'D)
(to Tabby, amused)
Y'know she thought she was gonna be some big time costume designer. Used to stay up all night doodling away in her little pads.
(to Yas, with a shady smirk)
How's that going by the way?

This is a body blow for Yas. Dom hurries over to her. A vinyl tucked under his arm.

DOM
Let's go.

TABBY
(spotting the record)
Babe! He's stealing from you!

Jules steps in front of Dom.

DOM
Come on man, you don't care about this, just let her have it.

Jules grins, a realisation.

JULES
Oh snap! You're properly into her aren't you? Mate, she's already got you breaking and entering, y'really think this is gonna end well?

Dom glances at a crestfallen Yas. Then looks back to Jules.

DOM
Not just breaking and entering either, she had me rapping to a room full of people earlier.
(Yas beams)
And speeding around town on the back of a moped-- ya Mum's moped actually.

JULES
(face falls)
What?

DOM
They lent it to us after they caught me sneaking around their underwear drawer.

Jules is speechless.

TABBY
Seriously, what is it with you two and other people's underwear?!

DOM
Yeah that is a bit weird.
(glancing at Yas)
In answer to your question, I dunno how this is gonna end. But what I do know is that as random as today's been, it's also kind of been one of the greatest days ever, so...

YAS
Even being on the back of the moped?

DOM
Nah, I really hated that.

Yas laughs.

TABBY
That is actually quite cute.

Jules shoots Tabby a look, shutting her down.

JULES
Are you done? Cos I'd like my property back now.

Jules reaches for the record and Dom takes a step back.

DOM
It's not yours though.

Jules steps forward, darkening.

JULES
Seriously, don't be confused - just cos I know how to rock a kimono, doesn't mean I can't fuck you up.

Dom swallows his fear, trying to sound calm.

DOM
See, I don't think you wanna fight me. Your hands are your tools and I have notoriously boney face.
(Jules relents, thwarted)
So, we're gonna be leaving now... with the record. But it was really lovely to meet you both.

Yas smiles in awe at Dom as he turns for the door... and accidentally walks straight into an abstract sculpture.

It teeters for a second-- then CRASHES to the ground-- smashing into pieces. The air's sucked out of the room.

DOM (CONT'D)
Shit.

TABBY
I posed for that for weeks!

Dom turns to Jules:

DOM
I am so, so, sor--

Before he finishes Jules SLAPS HIM hard across the face. Yas gasps, then goes for Jules, furious. All this happens at once:

YAS
What are you doing?!

Tabby steps in the way, pushing her back--

TABBY
Don't touch him you freak!

YAS
Did you just lay hands on me?

Dom, hand clutched to his face, tries to calm things.

DOM
Ok, let's not--

Too late. It's on. Yas and Tabby fly at each other--

TABBY
You're an actual psycho!

YAS
Nah, I'm just from the endz dickhead.

They knock Dom into Jules-- who grabs him. The four of them brawl-- messy, sprawling and comically ineffective. The dialogue breakneck and overlapped.

DOM
Ok, you're actually pinching me!

JULES
Don't stretch my top then dickhead, it's vintage!

Tabby and Yas, with fistfuls of each other's hair--

TABBY
Ow! Ow! Ow! Let go!

YAS
(in shock)
If you fuck up my braids, I swear to God --

Jules trying to grab hold of a fleeing Dom--

JULES
Stop running away.

DOM
Who's running away!

They almost knock over another sculpture. It wobbles as Jules looks at it.

JULES (CONT'D)
Can everyone please just watch the fucking art!

They fight peters out. Jules takes in his trashed flat, turning to Yas, seething--

JULES (CONT'D)
Y'know, I actually felt guilty about how it went down between us, but now, *I know* I made the right decision dumping your arse.

Yas avoids Dom's shock. She grabs the record from the floor and races out.

69 **EXT. SIDE ALLEY, JULES' FLAT - NIGHT** 69

Yas hurries out of Jules's flat. She reaches into the 'The Low End Theory' sleeve to find the record's been broken in the melee. Dom, storms out behind her, reeling.

DOM
I don't understand - he dumped you?

YAS
Yeah.

DOM
But you told me--

YAS
I know what I told you!
(defensive)
Come on man, you loved that I dashed him. You called me iconic!

As they argue they slowly make their way towards the parked moped.

DOM
Cos I thought it's what actually happened!

YAS
Me and you had literally just met, I didn't think you'd wanna hear my whole fucking sob story--

DOM
But you made me tell you mine?

YAS
You didn't take much persuading.

DOM
(biting)
Sorry - you're tryna turn this around on me for being too truthful?!

She relents, angrily.

YAS
Fine! You really wanna hear all the grimy details? How I sat around in my joggers for weeks, crying over Gregg's bakes and leaving cringey, begging voicemails. How that prick told all our mates I was a stalker, and how every single one of them, except Cass, believed him.

DOM
And that's really shit. But knowing all that wouldn't have made me feel any different about you!

She absorbs this. The fight going out of her slightly.

YAS
(struggling)
I'm not good with this stuff, alright... how was I meant to know this might be something?
(trying to bring it back)
Can we just go get a drink and start over, please?

DOM
I can't.

YAS
Why not?

DOM
Because you lied to me from the jump, at least Gia waited a while!

YAS
I'm not Gia.

DOM
I get that.

YAS
So I curated my shit a little bit. Big fucking deal. You should try it y'know. Maybe there'd be a few more cards in your drawer.

He bristles, making sure this lands--

DOM
Maybe. But at least I'd still be real.

YAS
You win. There's *nothing* realer than being in your twenties and still wanking away in a single bed at your parent's house, too scared to move on with your life.

DOM
Coming from the girl who just committed a burglary so she could see her ex again?

YAS
HA! This is WILD. You're tryna make out I'm not over Jules when Gia is still living in your head completely rent free.

DOM
Today was just a big fat waste of time then?

YAS
Er, YUP. Hey, maybe we should go find a toilet and have a big cry about it.

DOM
Or, maybe I should go thank Jules for the heads up.

This is a gut punch for Yas, but she covers with a scowl.

YAS
Fuck you, man. Have fun on your last train.

She puts her helmet on.

DOM
(churlish)
I will, thanks!

Dom walks off. He glances at his watch-- *SHIT, he's not gonna make it*. Yas gets on her bike.

70 **INT. NIGHT BUS - NIGHT** 70

A vexed Dom is sat on the night bus, clearly having missed his train.

Behind him MATES throw chips at each other, a GROUP OF GIRLS drunkenly sing ‘happy birthday’ at the back, SOMEONE ELSE is slumped over asleep and snoring loudly.

A DRUNK GUY slumps down next to him, chowing down on a kebab.

DRUNK GUY
Night bus, whoop-whoop!

DOM
(miserable)
Whoop!

71 **EXT. STREET - NIGHT** 71

Yas, riding the moped alone she is HONKED and looks annoyed.

72 **INT. DOM’S PARENT’S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT** 72

A despondent Dom slopes in. He finds his dinner on the counter covered with a lid, and a note from his Mum: **“Hope you had fun! PS We watched Bakeoff without you, soz x”**

73 **INT. YAS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT** 73

Yas enters, chucking her phone on her desk and stares out of the window.

74 **INT. DOM’S BEDROOM, PARENT’S HOUSE - DAY** 74

Dom is slumped down in a gaming chair and playing Call of Duty and looking sorry for himself.

His mum steps through the door offering egg and soldiers, he spins the chair away from her.

75 **INT. YAS'S BEDROOM - DAY** 75

Overhead shot-- Yas is on her bed, her room is a tip, bed covered in snacks... she’s in her comfies taking a slow bite out of a Greggs sausage roll.

75A **INT. DOM’S BEDROOM, PARENT’S HOUSE - DAY** 75A

Overhead shot. Dom is lying on the floor. He takes a sad bite of a soldier.

75B **INT. YAS'S BEDROOM - DAY** 75B

Yas finished her sausage roll and quickly eats a swiss roll.

76 **EXT. TRAINING CAR PARK - DAY** 76

CU DOM PUTTING ON A HELMET.

Overhead shot - Cones are set out on the floor in a slalom. Dom wobbles into shot, driving an 'L' plated moped, dressed in full hi vis. He ploughs through cones.

77 **INT. RECORD SHOP - DAY** 77

Overhead shot - Yas browses the vinyls, cycling through the 'A's'. She stops at A Tribe Called Quest and pulls out a new copy of The Low End Theory. Taking it up to the till.

78 **INT. DOM'S BEDROOM, SHARED HOUSE - DAY** 78

Dom's unpacking boxes in his new, box room. He hangs Nathan's teeth photo up over a patch of black mould and steps back to admire it. Satisfied.

Behind him Eric enters, struggling under a box.

79 **INT. BAR - NIGHT** 79

Yas is at a table, waiting for someone. Behind her, people shuffle around the bar.

80 **INT. BAR - NIGHT** 80

Dom sits down with a beer, laughing...

we reveal the person opposite him, mid-anecdote is his date AMANDA. Candle lit dinner.

We see them sitting opposite each other laughing.

81 **INT. BAR - NIGHT** 81

Now we reveal that Yas is actually at a boujie speed dating night, sat waiting for her next suitor. A LOVE ISLAND WANNABE slumps down opposite. Her eyes drift down to his name tag: Lewis.

82 **INT. BAR - NIGHT** 82

Dom on his date with Amanda. It's clearly going okay. Not the same energy as him and Yas, but still nice.

His phone buzzes with a text. A message from Nathan with a link to click. Subject: Art Show.

83 **INT. FILM SET - DAY** 83

A busy set of a low budget film. Yas is on the WARDROBE TEAM. She hands a costume over to an EXTRA.

Yas's phone PINGS on the prop table. She finds the same text from Nathan and clicks the link.

An invite opens up for Nathan's next art show "Backside Story" featuring a giant, flabby monochrome arse.

Yas's mind races.

84 **INT. SOUTHWARK ART GALLERY - DAY** 84

Every wall is covered in photos of different bottoms of all shapes, sizes and qualities. Nathan's chatting to a SWEDISH MALE MODEL.

NATHAN
This is gonna blow ya mind, but we know more about Neptune then we do the human anus. True fact.

Dom enters frame, sees someone off screen, smiles and waves.

We reveal Amanda as she waves back and continues chatting with the Wes Anderson type from the first gallery.

Cass approaches and notices Dom glancing around the gallery.

CASS
Yeah, I thought she'd be here too.

DOM
(trying to sell it)
Who?

Cass shoots him a knowing look.

85 **INT. SOUTHWARK ART GALLERY - LATER** 85

Later. The same cool Jazz/ Hip Hop group from the opening scene groove in one corner.

Dom and Cass are standing having a drink in front of a giant bum photo, Dom has some canapes. Nathan comes over with Amanda.

NATHAN
Yo, Amanda was just giving me some very insightful criticism.

AMANDA
(no self awareness)
I was just saying bums are quite sad aren't they, but if you turned the photos on their side, some of them might look smiley.

No one knows what to do with this.

NATHAN
We should probably go mingle.

CASS
Yeah.

Nathan and Cass head off.

AMANDA
(with a smile)
You're friends are... different.

DOM
Yeah, I guess.

Dom munches one of his canapés. He forces a smile, his teeth covered in food.

DOM (CONT'D)
Hey, do I have any food in my teeth?

Amanda tries to cover her disgust.

AMANDA
Yeah, loads actually. Do you want to borrow my mirror?

She digs around in her bag.

DOM
(a little disappointed)
No, I'm cool.

His phone rings: **YAS**. Dom's surprised.

DOM (CONT'D)
(to Amanda, RE call)
I'm just gonna really quickly...

Amanda shrugs, not bothered. Dom heads over to the gallery window for some privacy. A view of St. Pauls across the river. He answers.

DOM (CONT'D)
Hello?

YAS (V.O.)
I think I can see you!

There's a faint HONK from down below. He spots a boat on the river, at the front is YAS waving up at him. He instinctively waves back, shocked--

DOM
Is that you?!

YAS
Come and meet me?

Dom falters, torn. He turns and spots Amanda, happily howling with laughter with the Wes Anderson guy.

YAS (V.O.)
Please?

Beat.

86 **EXT. SOUTHWARK ART GALLERY/RIVER BOAT - MOMENTS LATER** 86

A determined Dom bursts out into the sunshine and heads past the posters of different bottoms in the direction of the Millienium Bridge, still on the phone to Yas.

DOM
(floored)
So you hired a boat..?

YAS
(grinning)
Er, I caught a boat, but the thought was definitely there.

They laugh.

YAS (CONT'D)
I figured you deserved the grand gesture for once.

Dom's touched.

YAS (CONT'D)
(more serious)
Listen, I'm really sorry, about all the shit I said.

DOM
I was a dick.

YAS
I was a bigger dick.

He rushes out of frame.

87 **EXT. MILLENIUM BRIDGE/RIVER BOAT - CONTINUOUS** 87

Dom hurries on to the bridge heading for the middle. Yas's boat is approaching.

Desperate to get their apologies off their chests they start unloading, a-hundred-to-the-dozen, their excuses overlapping each other.

DOM
I think I was using what Gia and Eric did as an excuse not to trust anyone--

YAS
After Jules I got really good at pretending I was ok--

DOM
Like if I didn't try, I couldn't get hurt again.

YAS
He'd made me feel like my mess wasn't worth the effort, y'know?

DOM
Well for the record, I like your mess.

She beams. Dom reaches the middle of the bridge.

DOM (CONT'D)
I wish I'd said yes to going for a drink that night. You have no idea how many times I've replayed that in my head.

YAS
Nah, it's good you said no. I wasn't ready then.

DOM
Yeah, I guess I wasn't either.
(hopeful)
How about now?

YAS
(grins)
Mate. I'm on a fucking boat.

Dom beams. The boat goes under the bridge.

YAS (CONT'D)
Here I go...

Dom crosses to look over the other side. The boats starting to turn back.

DOM
What's happening?

YAS
(a realisation)
Right, yeah - I didn't really have time to look at the route.

The boat almost fully turned now, heading the opposite way.

DOM
I'm coming to you ok, stay where you are.

YAS
Yeah, don't really have a choice.

Dom sets off running back across the bridge the way he came..

88 **EXT. SOUTHWARK RIVERSIDE/RIVER BOAT - DAY** 88

He races alongside the river. Barreling through a TOUR GROUP.

DOM
Sorry! Sorry!

He passes by STREET PERFORMERS: A DOUBLE BASSIST... then a GUITARIST... and finally a TRUMPET PLAYER, each playing their own versions of "Buggin Out" by a Tribe Called Quest. We hear a couple of chords from each one, building the track...

89 **EXT. BANKSIDE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER** 89

A steel band is playing somewhere nearby picking up the track from where it left off in previous scene.

Dom skids in, sweaty and out of breath. He stops in front of the Bankside Ticket Office and scans the crowd - no sign of Yas. He pants into his phone--

DOM
Yas? Hello..?

Then a TOURIST steps out the way and there she is, standing outside the ticket office.

Dom beams and heads over.

YAS
(standing up)
Hey.

DOM
(dying)
Hey.

Impulsively, they go in for a hug. And pulling back, they stay there in each other's arms, looking into each other's eyes, not wanting to let go. It's cute and a little awkward.

YAS
So...

YAS (CONT'D)
Do you wanna--

DOM
D'ya fancy--

They laugh.

DOM (CONT'D)
You go. I think my lung's collapsed.

YAS
I was just gonna say, we could go for a stroll..?

DOM
Yeah. Or we could get a really bland burrito somewhere?

YAS
(grins)
I could eat. So you don't have any errands to run, no?

DOM
Nope, no errands.

YAS
But you are getting the last train though, right..?

DOM
(shrugs)
Nah... think I'ma see what happens.

She smiles, impressed.

WE PULL WIDE and aerial to reveal a steel band as they start playing "Buggin Out" by a Tribe Called Quest... and wider still as London fills the frame under a hopeful blue sky.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.