

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

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Based on, If Any

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FADE IN:

EXT. REMOTE COUNTRYSIDE. EARLY MORNING

A stone-built detached house with adjoining garage sits among bucolic splendor.

INT. HALLWAY. EARLY MORNING

A large cardboard box, with 'Hayley' magic marked on the side supports a life-size homemade alien-like creature head.

INT. BEDROOM. EARLY MORNING

A bedside radio alarm clock flicks from 2:29am to 2:30am and the ALARM sounds.

A man's hand presses stop.

INT. BATHROOM. EARLY MORNING

MIKE, 55, an accountant who looks like an accountant, wrapped in a towel tied at the waist snips his nose hair, flosses his teeth and considers the amount of ear wax collected on the ear bud just removed from his ear.

INT. HOME OFFICE. CONTINUOUS

A road map fills the PC screen as Mike hits print.

He collects up the pieces of paper from the printer and begins laminating them looking fed up.

INT. KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS

The cat watches Mike weigh out the cat food, adding a little until he gets the precise amount.

Mike considers the contents of his neatly packed lunch.

MIKE

Drink, protein, carbohydrates..

Mike fits the Tupperware lid to the box.

EXT. HOUSE. EARLY MORNING

Mike steps out carrying the cardboard box from the hall and places it by the side of the wheelie bin.

Mike returns to the house and reappears carrying the alien head and places it on the wheelie bin.

Mike closes the door, locks it, checks it is locked and then checks again.

Mike makes his way, travel bag in hand, to his car, a Volvo V60, and stops dead when something catches his eye.

Mike detours to the point of interest and stares down at the glass recycling box. A large number of wine bottles are neatly stored except a couple that have fallen over.

Mike adjusts the fallen bottles so everything is neat and tidy.

Mike places his bag in the boot of the car, extracts the laminated sheets, zips it up and closes the boot.

Mike opens the driveway gates.

INT. CAR(NOT MOVING). CONTINUOUS

Mike checks his laminated schedule against the cars satnav calculations. Illuminated by the cars interior light he leans in close and with his finger he takes in the six hours figure on the small screen.

MIKE

What am I doing? This is mad. I'm not doing this.

EXT. HOUSE. CONTINUOUS

Mike exits the car.

Mike gets back in the car.

Mike exits the car.

Mike gets back in the car.

Mike starts the engine.

Mike cuts the engine.

Mike starts the engine.

Mike cuts the engine.

Mike exits the car.

Mike closes the driveway gates.

Mike opens the driveway gates.

Mike gets back in the car.

Mike starts the engine.

Mike drives forward five yards and stops.

Mike cuts the engine.

Mike starts the engine.

Mike drives back five yards.

Mike cuts the engine.

Mike exits the car.

Mike opens the boot and snatches at his bag as his phone PINGS.

Mike looks at his phone and reads the message, 'Do you want to view your photos from this day last year?'

Mike drops the bag and he turns to perch on the open boot.

Mike's fingers flick across the screen that illuminates his face.

In close we see the pictures of Mike and HAYLEY celebrating Mike's birthday.

PHOTO 1 - Mike opens a 55th birthday card.

PHOTO 2 - Mike holds up a partially unwrapped present, some Sage accounting software, big smile.

PHOTO 3 - Another present, an obscure football shirt, big smile.

PHOTO 4 - Another present, 'I am a W-H-O Finder' t-shirt, forced smile.

Mike sits for a moment soaking in the solitude and the emotion.

Standing he replaces the bag in the boot, slams it shut, climbs in the car, starts the engine and drives off.

Ten yards later he stops, exits the car and rushes into the house for a pee.

MOMENTS LATER

Mike reappears and is just about to exit the house when he remembers one more thing.

MOMENTS LATER

Mike reappears holding a white t-shirt and repeats the locking of the door routine.

Mike walks to the car and opens the boot.

Mike unzips his bag and lays out the t-shirt on the floor of the estate car boot.

Mike flattens the t-shirt, it is the t-shirt in the photograph, and then folds it meticulously.

Mike ever so carefully attempts to navigate the folded t-shirt into the bag. As he maneuvers it into the bag it comes unfolded, just a little.

Mike starts again with the folding technique and this time successfully packs it away.

Mike climbs in his car and it will not start. He tries the ignition a number of times but the car won't even turn over.

INT. CAR(NOT MOVING). CONTINUOUS

Mike tries one more time but still it refuses to start. Head in his hands he looks towards the garage.

MIKE

Oh no, please, not that.

EXT. GARAGE. CONTINUOUS

Mike opens the garage doors and enters the darkness.

A car door opens and closes followed by an engine coming to life.

A bright yellow Austin Allegro estate rolls out into the morning darkness. Body work stickers have been used across the whole car to provide the illusion it is in fact a spaceship.

Mike closes the garage doors and drives off out through the gates, then stops.

Mike exits the car, attempts to close the gates but struggles with the task.

Mike calmly stands back to consider the problem and extracts his phone from his pocket and makes a recording.

MIKE

Note to self, address issue with driveway gates on return, today's date, Sunday 12th July, 3:23am.

A quick grimace and disappointed he climbs back into the car and drives away.

INT. HALLWAY. EARLY MORNING

The phone rings and the answerphone kicks in.

ANSWERPHONE (V.O.)

This is Mike and Hayley's, please leave a message.

NATALIE (V.O.)

Hello, Mike. Not sure what time you're planning to leave but we've now got one more along for the ride. Just wanted to tell you before I see you. Not everybody likes surprises do they? Not a surprise like this. So you might be best leaving a bit earlier. Hayley said you were a stickler for the time. Anyway, be seeing you later and if you have any Gaviscon, bring it, I'm all out. Oh, it's Natalie, the pregnant one. See ya.

EXT. HOUSE. EARLY MORNING

The alien head wobbles and then falls off the wheelie bin to the ground.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE. EARLY MORNING

Mike negotiates the Allegro along a pot-hole heavy single track.

INT. CAR(MOVING). CONTINUOUS

Mike carefully zig zags around the worst holes but is thrown around by those he is unable to avoid.

Mike peers into the darkness as the satnav sounds.

SATNAV

(HANS SOLO VOICE)

You have reached your destination.  
You know sometimes I even amaze  
myself. Laugh it up fuzball.

MIKE

Right now Harrison I'm not in a  
laughing mood. Where is it?

Through the darkness arrives a single building comprising of two semi-detached houses.

EXT. HOUSES. EARLY MORNING

Mike stands by two adjacent gates that both have the number 64 on them.

Mike notices the light on in one of the houses.

Mike knocks on the door of the house with the light on.

Nobody answers so Mike continues to knock and knock.

A tired and very PISSED OFF MAN answers.

PISSED OFF MAN

What, you can't take a hint. Maybe  
if nobody comes on the twentieth  
knock, they're trying to tell you  
something. Can you guess what that  
might be?

MIKE

Look, I'm ever so sorry. I'm  
looking for Julie. Clearly this is  
the wrong house.

PISSED OFF MAN

And what gives you that impression,  
twat?

The door is slammed in his face.

Mike reluctantly knocks on the door and winces as it is ripped open.

PISSED OFF MAN (CONT'D)  
What could you possibly want now?

MIKE  
Do you know if a Julie lives next door? I really don't want to wake anybody else up if I can help it.

The man sighs as the logic sinks in and trumps his anger.

PISSED OFF MAN  
Yes, I do believe a woman called Julie lives next door.

MIKE  
But, you're not sure?

PISSED OFF MAN  
No, I'm not sure. I've never met her. And do you know why I've never met her?

Cowed, Mike shakes his head.

PISSED OFF MAN (CONT'D)  
Because she's mental. If I was you mate I would turn around and leave before it's too late. And you can have that for free. Is there anything else I can help you with at a quarter past four in the morning? Maybe you would like to use the toilet?

MIKE  
That would be very ki..

Pissed Off Man slams the door closed.

Mike, chastened, turns and walks to the other 64.

Mike knocks and knocks but there is no answer. Unsure what to do he walks back to the car and drums his fingers on the roof.

He makes his way behind a tree and begins to pee.

A figure appears through the darkness and surprises Mike. In a fright he spins and stumbles as he fumbles with his trousers.

Mike hastily returns to the car, yanks open the door, climbs in and locks it.



Bloody great deep breathes of fright begin to subside when like a flash a body appears at the window.

JULIE

Boo!

Mike is spooked once again.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Got you.

JULIE, mid-fifties, a tough face because of a tough life, she laughs so hard she can hardly keep the ciggie in her mouth still long enough to light it.

Dressed as her cosplay character, probably best suited to a woman half her age and half her size, Mike takes a second before unlocking the car.

Mike climbs from the car.

JULIE (CONT'D)

I thought you were going to piss yourself..

Mike and Julie look at the large stain decorating his trousers.

MIKE

Julie, I hope?

JULIE

At your service, Captain.

MIKE

Mike.

JULIE

Captain Mike.

MIKE

Just Mike.

JULIE

Hayley said you would be like this.

MIKE

Did she. And what else did she say?

JULIE

Don't get your cob on with me. I'll sit in the back and keep my mouth shut for the rest of the journey. You'll not get a word out of me.

MIKE

Can I have that in writing?

JULIE

There you go. That's more like it.  
A bit of spirit at last. We might  
just get along.

MIKE

Don't count on it.

JULIE

Easy. Don't push your luck.

Julie drops her ciggie in the dirt and walks around to the  
passenger side door and climbs in.

INT. CAR(NOT MOVING). CONTINUOUS

Mike slumps down into his seat.

JULIE

So this is the x-450 from planet 5T  
is it?

MIKE

It's an Austin Allegro with some  
shit stickers.

JULIE

That's the spirit. Mind if I smoke?

MIKE

Yes.

JULIE

Trust me, you'll prefer me with a  
fag in my mouth.

MIKE

It's not my car.

JULIE

It kind of is.

MIKE

But I don't want it to be.

JULIE

And I never wanted to be a size 16  
divorced with only line dancing for  
company but we rarely get what we  
want.

She adjusts her costume as its riding high.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
What is that smell?

She casts a look around the car and settles on Mike's lap.  
Mike is already there.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
You can't wear those.

MIKE  
I haven't got anything else.

JULIE  
You need to sort something because  
I'm not letting you drive me with  
that smell.

MIKE  
Problem solved then.

JULIE  
You cheeky bugger. We have to get  
there today and you well know why.  
So less of the sarcasm and more of  
the solutions.

MIKE  
Have you got a washing machine?

JULIE  
That's clearly the solution of  
someone who has never washed his  
own clothes. You don't even do your  
own washing?

Mike looks away.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
Just take your trousers off and  
when we get to Karen's maybe she  
knows someone who can lend you a  
pair.

MIKE  
And what if she doesn't?

JULIE  
Then we'll deal with it then. But  
we need to get going or we're going  
to be late and it's really  
important we're not late picking up  
Karen.

MIKE

And why would that be?

JULIE

It's not my place to say.

MIKE

What was Hayley thinking?

JULIE

She's just trying to do a nice thing. None of us have ever met in person before and she thought this would be a good reason to do it.

Mike sits looking repentant as Julie looks out of the window.

JULIE (CONT'D)

I have an idea. You could ask the fella who lives next door?

MIKE

That's clearly not going to happen.

EXT. HOUSE. EARLY MORNING

JULIE'S POV

Julie sits in the car, window down leaning out so as not to get any ash or smoke in the car.

Mike stands on the doorstep minus his trousers.

Mike knocks and the door is opened by the irate neighbour. Mike recoils at the aggressive body language and obvious verbal aggression.

The irate neighbour listens to Mike, disappears inside his house and returns holding a bag which he hands to a slightly shocked Mike.

END JULIE'S POV

INT. CAR(NOT MOVING). CONTINUOUS

Mike climbs in the car holding the bag.

JULIE

See, that wasn't so bad. I know he once killed a fella but he's always been nice as pie to me. Right get them on and lets get off.

(MORE)

JULIE (CONT'D)

Karen will already be worrying  
where we are.

Mike looks in the bag.

MIKE

Can this day get much worse?

Julie looks confused and looks in the bag.

JULIE

He really doesn't like you does he.

EXT. ROADSIDE. MORNING

KAREN, forty-ish, birdlike and cowed by life, sits on a roadside bench in her outfit and full make-up. She taps her foot continuously and bites her nails, her eyes glued in one direction.

INT. CAR(MOVING). MORNING

Julie sleeps in the front passenger seat, drool hanging from her mouth. Her lit cigarette is expertly balanced in one stationary hand in spite of her head lolling to one side.

Mike begins to wind down the window to clear the smoke when someone steps out into the road. He applies the brakes in time and screeches to a halt.

EXT. ROAD. CONTINUOUS

Karen stands in front of the car wearing a smile and waving.

KAREN

Hi. It's me, Karen.

Julie exits the car and makes her way to Karen, they hug.

JULIE

That was quite an entrance. You  
could have texted you know, it's  
safer.

KAREN

Malcolm doesn't think I need a  
phone.

JULIE

Does he not?

Karen looks sheepish and is unable to keep eye contact.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
Has he got a phone?

Karen nods.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
Of course he does. He needs one for  
work.

Julie can see this conversation is heading towards Karen becoming visibly upset.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
Anyway, I think you gave Mike the  
fright of his life.

They both look to the car but Mike refuses to climb out.

KAREN  
Does he not want to say hello?

JULIE  
He pissed himself earlier and has  
had to borrow some clothes. Between  
you and me where we're going he'll  
fit right in but I don't think he  
sees it that way.

Julie signals for Mike to get out and come and say hello. The car door opens and Mike steps out wearing green fluorescent lycra shorts, socks, moccasins, tank top and short sleeve shirt.

He walks to the front of the car with the word Golddigga emblazoned across the rear of the shorts. He reaches out to shake Karen's hand and stunned by his appearance takes a moment to gather her thoughts and shake hands.

MIKE  
Mike. You must be Karen. It's a  
pleasure to meet you.

KAREN  
Nice to meet you too. Hayley told  
me all about you. It's really nice  
of you to do this for us.  
Especially as Hayley said you  
weren't into sci-fi yourself.

MIKE  
No, football is my passion.

KAREN

Same for my Malcolm. Who do you support?

MIKE

Norwich City.

JULIE

I thought you said you liked football.

Mike is late on the uptake but eventually chuckles along.

MIKE

Okay then, greetings dispensed with, shall we set off.

Julie and Mike walk to the car and stop when they notice Karen has not moved.

JULIE

What's up?

KAREN

I've got a problem. I left my inhaler at home and I really need it. I was rushing to get out of the house and well you know how it is?

Mike clearly doesn't and before he can express his irritation Julie whispers in his ear.

JULIE

If you lived with a Malcolm you'd rush to get out of the house.

Karen finishes rooting through her bag and holds her hands out to show she has come up empty.

JULIE (CONT'D)

That's okay, Mike will get it. We can wait here. It won't take him a minute.

Julie guides Karen towards the bench where they share a short confab. Meeting over Julie makes her way to Mike who leans against the car shaking his head.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Here's the key.

Julie hands over a single front door key.

JULIE (CONT'D)

The inhaler is in the kitchen drawer by the cooker. You can't miss it. She reckons he'll still be asleep but probably best not to wake him.

MIKE

Are you not coming?

JULIE

I need to stay with Karen. She's had a pretty rough night.

MIKE

What do you mean?

JULIE

Let's just say she has her clown face on at five in the morning for a reason. And that reason is no laughing matter.

Mike catches on and then really catches on.

MIKE

What happens if he wakes up?

JULIE

Just count yourself lucky you've got your running shorts on.

MIKE

I don't think I want to do this.

JULIE

What would Hayley say?

MIKE

Look, you can't keep playing the Hayley card every time you want something.

JULIE

I can and I will. And do you know why?

Mike shakes his head.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Because I know how much you love her.

They share the briefest of smiles.



INT. CAR(MOVING). MORNING

Mike arrives at a crossroads and stops. He reads the road signs to get his bearings.

MIKE'S POV

The road-sign options are North or South.

MIKE'S POV ENDED

Fed up he signals to turn to the North.

He begins banging the steering wheel in frustration, changes the signal and heads South.

INT. CAR(NOT MOVING). MORNING

Mike is parked across the road from Karen's house and scans the road for people. Seeing nobody he exits the car.

EXT. STREET. MORNING

Mike dashes across the road and rushes to the front door. Pressing his ear against it and satisfied he is alone he inserts the key, twists and opens the front door.

INT. KAREN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY. MORNING

Stepping inside the hallway Mike leaves the door ajar with the key still in the lock.

Spying the kitchen straight ahead he tiptoes towards it.

INT. KAREN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN. MORNING

Mike moves to the drawer and discovers there are three drawers not just the one he was expecting. He opens the first one and it contains cutlery.

The second drawer is opened and Mike is slightly confused to discover dog paraphernalia but casually shakes his head and closes the drawer.

He looks up and out of the kitchen window that is directly in front of him. Looking through the window and standing with its paws on the window ledge is a large Rottweiler, staring at Mike.

Anxiety appears on Mike's brow.

The dog begins to bark.

Mike rips open the final drawer, locates the inhaler, and turns to go.

MALCOLM (O.S.)  
 Karen you dozy cow, you left the  
 key in the door.

The front door is slammed shut.

Mike spies the back door, unlocks it, opens it and runs.

EXT. KAREN'S HOUSE - GARDEN. MORNING

Catching the dog unaware Mike heads for the fence, reaches it and begins to scramble up it.

The dog is now upon him and has his shoe but goes back for more. In Mike's haste to scale the fence he loses his other shoe and rips his tank top.

EXT. ALLEYWAY. CONTINUOUS

Mike lands on the other side of the fence and adrenalin pumping he rushes along the alleyway.

EXT. ROAD. MORNING

Mike stops the car by the bench and Julie and Karen climb in.

INT. CAR(NOT MOVING). CONTINUOUS

Mike looks like he has been for a long run as sweat pours from his brow.

JULIE  
 So?

Mike signals to be allowed a moment to get himself together.

MIKE  
 You didn't say anything about a  
 dog?

KAREN  
 So you met Dudley? Did he like you?

MIKE  
 I think so, he kept my shoes.

Julie and Karen look towards Mike's shoeless feet.

JULIE

Not to worry. I'm sure Natalie's husband can lend you some.

Mike nods and hands Karen her inhaler. Her smile of thanks is rueful as she extracts an inhaler from her pocket.

Mike's explosion is extinguished by Julie's look that dares him not to go there.

MIKE

You have a lovely home, Karen.

Julie reaches across and pats Mike's leg.

He starts the engine.

INT. CAR(MOVING). MORNING

Mike drives, eyes fixed firmly on the road not wishing to engage in conversation.

Julie reaches for the radio.

MIKE

Don't.

JULIE

Still upset?

MIKE

What do you think?

JULIE

You wouldn't like to know what I think?

MIKE

Don't tell me, could it be about Hayley and the importance of doing this in her memory?

KAREN

I don't think sarcasm is your thing, Mike.

MIKE

How would you know that? You've never met me.

KAREN

But I do know you. Hayley talked about you all the time.

MIKE

You never even met her. None of you have ever met. All you have in common is an inexplicable love for a crap science fiction film that no one has ever seen. And because of that you dress up like children and live in a world of make-believe.

Julie reaches out, turns on the radio and turns up the volume to drown out Mike.

Karen reaches forward and puts her hand on Julie's shoulder. Julie lifts her hand to connect with Karen's and offers a reassuring squeeze.

EXT. NATALIE'S HOUSE. MORNING

Julie, Karen and Mike stand on the doorstep as the door is opened by GEOFF, Natalie's husband, who is a very large man.

He ushers them inside and smiles at the women's costumes but is unsure what to make of Mike's attire.

INT. NATALIE'S HOUSE - LOUNGE. CONTINUOUS

Mike sits in an armchair as Julie and Karen peruse the sci-fi memorabilia scattered across the walls.

GEOFF

I'm making tea, anyone?

Two shakes of the head.

JULIE

I don't think we've got time. Maybe another time.

Geoff nods and exits as NATALIE, mid-thirties, a woman for whom hair dye was invented, heavily pregnant but still in her costume that is struggling with the burden of her weight gain and shape, comes down the stairs.

NATALIE

Hiya.

She greets Julie and Karen with air kisses and an embrace that is a little too artificial. Mike offers his hand and nods.

NATALIE (CONT'D)  
Geoff offered you a beverage I  
hope?

Karen nods.

NATALIE (CONT'D)  
I've got him well trained. Took me  
a few years but we got there in the  
end. So then, are we ready for the  
off?

Mike sends a look Julie's way that Natalie can't ignore.

NATALIE (CONT'D)  
Is there a problem?

JULIE  
There is one thing.

MOMENTS LATER

Karen, Julie and Mike wait in the lounge listening to Natalie and Geoff speaking next door in the kitchen.

GEOFF (O.S.)  
No, way.

NATALIE (O.S.)  
Why not? You must have something.

GEOFF (O.S.)  
No. Just stop somewhere and buy  
some.

NATALIE (O.S.)  
We won't have time.

GEOFF (O.S.)  
Why?

NATALIE (O.S.)  
Kimberley.

GEOFF (O.S.)  
Who is Kimberley?

NATALIE (O.S.)  
You know who Kimberley is. I told  
you all about her.

GEOFF (O.S.)  
The one with...

NATALIE (O.S.)  
That's the one.

GEOFF (O.S.)  
And you're planning to take her  
with you?

NATALIE (O.S.)  
Of course.

GEOFF (O.S.)  
You haven't told that lot yet, have  
you?

Geoff starts to laugh.

NATALIE (O.S.)  
So can you help Mike with his  
footwear problem or not?

GEOFF (O.S.)  
Yeah, I'll find something. What  
size is he?

NATALIE (O.S.)  
Seven.

GEOFF (O.S.)  
Seven. Do they even make men's  
shoes that small?

NATALIE  
Why, what size are you?

GEOFF (O.S.)  
Thirteen.

Geoff can't stop laughing as he enters the lounge and heads  
up the stairs watched by Julie, Karen and Mike.

Mike, his goodwill exhausted, exits the house in a strop.

MIKE  
I'll see you at the car.

Natalie enters the lounge with her bag and a small inflatable  
ring.

EXT. CAR. MORNING

Mike stands leaning against the car running his hands through his hair as Karen, Julie and Natalie approach.

Natalie hands Mike the size thirteen cowboy boots.

NATALIE

It's the best he could do.

She watches as Mike puts the boots on and considers his appearance.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

I've seen worse.

MIKE

Really? Where? In a mental home.  
I'm sorry, I can't do this anymore.  
I'm driving three sad middle aged  
women in a car made to look like a  
spaceship to a convention full of  
other sad pathetic people who also  
like to dress up as characters from  
comic books to escape their sad  
little lives. It's ridiculous, the  
whole thing is completely  
ridiculous. Look at the state of  
you, look at the state of me. None  
of this makes any sense. What am I  
even doing here?

He turns and points at Julie.

MIKE (CONT'D)

And don't you dare mention Hayley.  
Emotional blackmail won't work this  
time. Because I don't care. I  
really don't. You all clearly live  
in a fantasy world and you are  
welcome to it. But count me out.

Julie drops her cigarette to the floor and grinds it into the dirt.

JULIE

Finished?

Mike holds his hands up in surrender and turns his back on them.

JULIE (CONT'D)

So you don't get it. That's fine.  
Nobody said you had to.

(MORE)

JULIE (CONT'D)

You don't think we know some people think we look ridiculous. And yet we still do it. Why? For the same reason you dress up in your football top and go and watch grown men, also dressed up, kick a piece of leather around a rectangular piece of grass. Then when it's over you sit and talk about it for hours and hours as if it matters and you know what, it doesn't. The sun will still come up if there was no football. So we're all living sad lonely lives and this is how we choose to get through them. You're no different to us, you just don't see it.

MIKE

I'm nothing like you.

JULIE

Oh, you so are. You just refuse to accept it. So how about you come over to the dark side.

Julie, Karen and Natalie open their arms.

JULIE (CONT'D)

That's a Star Wars reference by the way.

Mike wipes away some tears as he joins the group hug.

MIKE

Yeah, I know. I have seen Star Wars.

NATALIE

Then you're a better person than me because I have never seen a football match in my life.

MIKE

Really?

KAREN

Me neither.

They all begin to climb into the car.

MIKE

How is that even possible?



KAREN  
I've never tried humous.

NATALIE  
Waxing.

JULIE  
Really?

NATALIE  
It's like an overgrown forest.

KAREN  
You could always do what I do..

MIKE  
Maybe later, heh?

Karen nods.

NATALIE  
Mike, I do have a favour to ask.

MIKE  
Would this favour be called  
Kimberley by any chance?

Natalie looks to Julie and Karen.

NATALIE  
You told him?

JULIE  
No, you told him. Well, actually I  
think it was Geoff, when you were  
in the kitchen with the door open,  
talking, loudly.

MIKE  
Why did Geoff find it funny that  
Kimberley was coming along?

Natalie shakes her head.

NATALIE  
I have no idea.

Mike looks at Natalie who averts his gaze.

EXT. CARE HOME. MORNING

The car pulls into a designated parking space.

INT. CAR(NOT MOVING). CONTINUOUS

Mike pulls on the handbrake, cuts the engine and then turns to look at the others.

MIKE

Two words, I think we all saw them,  
Residential, School. Is there  
something you need to tell me?

NATALIE

You didn't get my phone message did  
you?

MIKE

What do you think?

NATALIE

Gaviscon?

Natalie remains tight lipped and looks at Julie and Karen sat  
in the back.

MIKE

You all planned this, didn't you?

JULIE

Yes.

MIKE

Great, now you start being honest.  
Just give me one reason why I  
shouldn't start the engine and  
drive off now?

NATALIE

She really needs this. She's having  
a tough time since her mum died.

Mike stares at Natalie.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Okay, her mum didn't die.

Mike turns and waves at something out of the window.

MIKE

And there goes honesty, a flying  
visit wouldn't you say.

KAREN

You'll like her, Mike.

MIKE

From what you've said she sounds great. But I'm pretty sure you can't just take a child out of a school without permission. Do you have permission?

NATALIE

I want to say yes.

MIKE

And you didn't think to ask?

KAREN

We thought it might be rude.

MIKE

Did you?

NATALIE

There is one more thing.

MIKE

I thought there might be. Go on, surprise me.

Natalie looks to Julie.

NATALIE

You did tell him, right?

Julie shakes her head.

MIKE

So how do we get her out?

NATALIE

The plan was to send you and Julie in. You say your family and then you just wheel her out.

MIKE

Wheel? You just said wheel.

NATALIE

Did I?

KAREN

That's because her legs don't work.

MIKE

Yes, I worked that out for myself.  
But just to clarify so we're all on  
the same page, for once, we are  
going to help a young woman..

JULIE

She's fifteen.

MIKE

Of course she is. And she's  
probably got ADHD as well...

Natalie nods.

Mike holds his head in his hands.

The car remains silent as the women dare not speak.

Mike exits the car and proceeds to pace back and forth  
seemingly having an angry conversation with himself. Julie,  
Karen and Natalie watch from the safety of the car in  
silence.

Mike stops pacing and now calm he returns to the car and  
leans in through the open window.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Change of plan.

Julie, Karen and Natalie wait for the bad news.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I can't go in dressed like this. So  
here's what we'll do.

EXT. CARE HOME - CAR PARK. MORNING

Mike and Karen perch on the kerb, their gaze fixed on the  
main entrance.

MIKE

I still think you should have gone.

KAREN

The make-up would have looked  
funny.

MIKE

Oh, but the outfit would have been  
fine?

KAREN

I know what you think of me but I do know sarcasm when I hear it.

MIKE

What do you mean, what I think of you? I hardly know you.

KAREN

Anyway, Natalie needed a wee.

MIKE

You got any kids?

KAREN

Just Dudley.

Karen flashes a sad smile Mike's way.

MIKE

I'm really sorry, I didn't mean to be so tactless. It is one of my many faults.

KAREN

Got many of those have you?

MIKE

Still counting. You?

KAREN

Depends who you ask I suppose.

MIKE

And what if I asked you?

KAREN

Maybe another time.

MIKE AND KAREN'S POV

Julie and Natalie appear pushing KIMBERLEY out of the main entrance.

They race towards Mike and Karen as Kimberley eagerly cheers them on.

END MIKE AND KAREN'S POV

MIKE

Action stations.

Like a military operation they begin to take their places in the car.

Mike places the wheelchair in the boot, closes the door and jumps in to cheers from the others.

INT. CAR(MOVING). CONTINUOUS

The car full, the engine revved, they race from the car park as cheers of success fill the car.

Mike looks back to see if they have been spotted or followed.

MIKE

I think we made it. London here we come.

The cheers erupt again.

MIKE (CONT'D)

So you must be the famous Kimberley? It's nice to meet you, I'm Mike.

KIMBERLEY

Do you always dress like that?

MIKE

Why, don't you like it?

KIMBERLEY

They didn't tell me you had learning difficulties?

JULIE

It's a cry for help, ain't that right, Mike?

NATALIE

I don't want to spoil the party but could we pull over, I'm feeling a little woozy?

MIKE

As soon as it's safe I will.

NATALIE

I'm not sure I can...

Natalie leans forward and vomits over Mike.

EXT. ROADSIDE. CONTINUOUS

The car is up on the verge, its hazard lights flashing. The group busy themselves cleaning the car and Mike who stands topless.

JULIE

I think that's most of it gone.  
We'll need to stop at a services to  
get something to take the smell  
away.

NATALIE

I'm so sorry Mike. I did try and  
warn you.

MIKE

Don't worry about it. As long as  
you're feeling better?

NATALIE

Much better thanks. But that is the  
last time I have burritos for  
breakfast.

Karen appears from the back of the car carrying a bag.

KAREN

Who's is this?

She extracts the t-shirt and holds it up for everyone to see.

MOMENTS LATER

The car pulls into traffic.

INT. CAR(NOT MOVING). CONTINUOUS

The wind blows through the open windows as Mike and his  
passengers, relax into the journey.

Kimberley considers Mike in his new t-shirt.

KIMBERLEY

Now I like it.

MIKE

Me too.

KIMBERLEY

Can I smoke?

FADE OUT.

