SOLACE OF A SOPHIST

by Edward Longden

EXT. DESOLATE BENCHES – DAY

A humid, grey morning. A Fjallraven Kanken backpack rests on a brick parapet, a burning barrel behind it.

A child walks past, taking the bag.

EXT. FLORENCE'S HOUSE – MORNING

We see Florence, a 15 year old caked in smudged makeup with an oversized hoodie. She is smoking, assumed weed, as she traverses her way through the semi-deserted North London streets.

She looks at her phone, and zooms into a photo:

'AQA, GCSE Sociology, paper 2, 8192. The Sociology of Crime and Deviance and Social Stratification. ANSWERS'

She scrolls to the different pages, zooming in. She gives up, turns the phone off and walks away.

EXT. STREET – MORNING – CONTINUOUS

Florence walks down the foggy north London residential streets, smoking.

EXT. HELL – DAY

DILLON, a tall, sometimes clueless boy, is holding a joint to his mouth while his friends, CHARLIE, LOLA and JACK surround him.

CHARLIE
Take it in your mouth. And just *inhales*. Inhale it. *inhales*

Dillon inhales, but coughs profusely.

CHARLIE
You did it too quick.

JACK
Yeah just do a bit. Just-

Dillon inhales once more.

LOLA
Through your teeth.

He holds the smoke in his mouth for a couple seconds, then he coughs it all out once more.

JACK
You'll get it it's just like instinct.

Dillon chucks it away.

Florence eventually reaches the small private space within a public park, where her friends, LOLA, Charlie and Dillon, who just took a seat, are sitting, as well as her boyfriend, Jack. They're in a small spot amongst the trees in a park, with the word 'Hell' spray-painted on a wall behind them. They are all sitting in chairs they probably bought together solely for that spot, blankets as well. Jack rises from his seat at the presence of Florence.

JACK
Flo.

CHARLIE
What the fuck

JACK
What are you doing here? I thought you had sociology?

FLORENCE
I had sleep.

JACK
It's the last test just go and do it.

Florence kisses him, then she takes a seat next to her best friend LOLA and finishes the joint she smoked on the way there.

LOLA is the artistic type, aberrant from the others but similar in so many ways.

JACK
Your dad's gonna kill you.

CHARLIE
Jack, have a day off.

JACK
He will! She fucking did shit on her other tests.

FLORENCE
It's because I didn't go to most of them!

Charlie goes to take a seat.

LOLA (to Florence)
You good?

FLORENCE
Couldn't be arsed to revise for sociology. English lit is only really what I care about.

LOLA
But didn't Bella give you the answers?

Florence pulls out a cigarette, lights it and starts smoking it.

FLORENCE
You're lucky you don't need all those grades, it's fucking torture.

LOLA
I do, it's still a college, just a ballet one.

Florence flashes a smile.

FLORENCE
So fucking lucky. Dancing for a-levels.

While still smiling, Florence takes a puff.

LOLA
The interview's tomorrow, I've got all sorts of things I need to say.

LOLA whips out note cards with various sentences written on them. Florence takes one on the cards from the pile on LOLA's lap and reads one out.

FLORENCE
Pedagogical, virtuosos? What is this?

LOLA
Words I don't know.

Florence takes a puff.

CHARLIE
Pass it.

Florence turns to Charlie slowly.

FLORENCE
You got one.

CHARLIE
I gave this fucking retard my last one. Wasted.

She passes him the cigarette.

DILLON
Shut the fuck up.

FLORENCE
Are we doing something tonight. Should we just go Lola's?

CHARLIE
Calm.

FLORENCE
(to LOLA)
Is your dad alright with that?

LOLA
Yeah should be.

FLORENCE
Calm.

LOLA
But don't leave a mess, he's... sick.

FLORENCE
Still?

LOLA
Yeah, he's a bit shit. He'll be asleep though it'll be fine.

FLORENCE
What about your mum?

CHARLIE
Does your mum even like me?

LOLA
No. But it's fine, she won't care really.

CHARLIE
Get drink though. You man have ID?

JACK
I've got the passport on my phone. I lost my citizen-card

CHARLIE
The shopkeepers aren't accepting the passports any more.

JACK
Swear?

CHARLIE
Well some I think.

JACK
Shit.

A group of around 4 boys enter the park from afar. Charlie sees them and stands.

CHARLIE
Ay shit it's Louis.
(shouting)
AY LOUIS!

They all look, and start walking toward Charlie.

FLORENCE
Is that Emil.

JACK
Guy on the right?

FLORENCE
You know him. You know he asked me out in year 9.

JACK
Oh yeah. He asked out everyone didn't he? What happened?

FLORENCE
You remember Lola? He took us to fucking Zam's and when you went to the toilet he tried to move to me?

LOLA
Yeah. Fucking awkward.

Charlie approaches the boys; Louis, Emil and two others. Louis is holding a plastic bag of drinks

CHARLIE
What you saying, you man? You done with exams?

LOUIS
Yeah we're done. We just got this.

He shows Charlie the bag, filled with spirits.

CHARLIE
You doing something tonight?

LOUIS
Yeah, top field?

CHARLIE
People stepping out top field?

LOUIS
Yeah bare man from over London.

CHARLIE
I never saw.

LOUIS
Check your snap man. Bring drink if you're coming, yeah.

CHARLIE
Yeah. You man getting started early.

Charlie looks back to everyone sitting.

CHARLIE
Love though, maybe I'll see you tonight.

LOUIS
You coming?

CHARLIE
Yeah, man. Love, you man.

He daps them then leaves.

Dillon stands up and leaves with Charlie.

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Dillon and Charlie enter Charlie's house, a million pound semi-detached.

CHARLIE
No one's here it's calm.

INT. CHARLIE'S KITCHEN

Charlie gathers the bins around his house and rummages for empty bottles.

INT. CHARLIE'S DINING ROOM

Dillon opens the drink cabinets by the dining table, removing all bottles with transparent liquid inside.

INT. CHARLIE'S KITCHEN

Dillon arrives with alcohol.

CHARLIE
You need new clothes. We'll go central on your birthday and I'll help you decide.

DILLON
Yeah, I don't want a whole new style. Just some things.

CHARLIE
It's Connor. That fucking faggot. Literally wears like fucking the most default shit. Get out of those tracksuits, man.

Charlie finds an old Listerine bottle, a shampoo bottle and some old water bottles. He opens a bottle of Ouzo and Smirnoff, pouring the contents into the array of disposed bottles. Dillon fills the Ouzo and Smirnoff bottles with water from the sink.

DILLON (CONT'D)
Connor?

CHARLIE
You dress like that because of Connor.

DILLON
I don't talk to Connor any more I fucking told you.

CHARLIE
The guy's fucking wet all those cunts are fucking pricks. He had too much influence on you, obviously. I'll show you.

Charlie places the filled bottles of shampoo and mouthwash into his bag.

INT. CHARLIE'S BEDROOM

Charlie removes clothes from his wardrobe, chucking them onto his bed.

CHARLIE
I don't wear this one often. None of these really. You can borrow them. Or I can sell them for cheap to you.

Dillon looks with a blank expression. Charlie pulls a dusty pair of dark army green cargos.

CHARLIE
These are cold, I've worn these for a while.

MOMENTS LATER

Dillon stands in a mirror, Charlie behind, wearing the cargos.

CHARLIE
These are cold, you look cold. I'll lend them to you.

DILLON
Yeah they're-

CHARLIE
Bin those trackies, bro.

DILLON
They're comfortable.

INT. CORNER SHOP - DAY

Florence and Jack are walking through the isles. Florence has her hood up.

JACK
Is this the first exam you've missed?

FLORENCE
No I've missed a couple.

JACK
Why didn't you tell me?

FLORENCE
Because you're not my house arrest officer.

JACK
Does Robert know?

FLORENCE
Shut up. No he-

JACK
Robert won't be happy that his daughter is missing exams. 'Sibylline princess!'

FLORENCE
Jack.

JACK
What do you want to do?

FLORENCE
What do you mean what do I want to do?

JACK
I mean what do you want to do with your life. What do you want to be?

Florence turns to look at Jack.

FLORENCE
Life?

JACK
Yeah.

FLORENCE
I want to be with you.

She turns back around and they continue walking.

JACK
Really?

FLORENCE
We could live on the street. I'll be fine with that. If you don't know.

JACK
You won't live on the street. You will never be homeless, Flo.

FLORENCE
But it's romantic isn't it?

(beat)

Let's go to Lake Como now.

JACK
What?

FLORENCE
Let's go. It's the end now. We can just... We can go so easily, so quickly.

Florence holds Jack closer.

JACK
We've planned it, Flo. In the summer.

FLORENCE
It is the summer.

He pecks her on the lips and they continue walking.

FLORENCE
That was a peck.

JACK
What?

She grabs him.

FLORENCE
That was a peck.

They share a passionate kiss in the cereal isle.

FLORENCE
Come on, where's the drinks?

JACK
Down here.

Jack leads her to the alcohol isle.

JACK
We need the shit behind the counter.

FLORENCE
We can't jack the shit behind the counter.

JACK
What?

Florence takes a bottle of white wine and stuffs it in her hoodie, or Jack's hoodie.

JACK
What are you doing, I've got ID.
(whispering)
Wine?

FLORENCE
Everyone brings wine now. And Charlie said they don't accept passport photos.

JACK
There's cameras everywhere.

FLORENCE
Then don't look at them, then.

JACK
Fucking hell.

She grabs another bottle and stuffs it down her baggy jeans.

FLORENCE
Why did you think I had the hood on all this time?

JACK
Well what about me I don't have a hood?

FLORENCE
Well get one.

Florence and Jack race out the door. They run together through the streets.

SHOPKEEPERS

HEY!

The shopkeeper walks outside the shop.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The shopkeeper looks to Lola and Jack, running away into the distance.

INT. LOLA'S ROOM

We see the numerous artistic projects LOLA has completed. Surreal art of nature and human emotion. We see her practising ballet on a bar screwed into the wall. She is talking to herself, while a piano ballad plays on a Bluetooth speaker.

LOLA
Not only do I possess a substantial requirement to express every single solitary crevice of my artistic boundaries, but I am also inclined to do so with such fluent panache and fiery clarity. Dance is my home, so I'm at home anywhere. I don't just dance for insipid leisure, but for volatile expression, and my expression is what is most crucial to my being. My constant striving for individuality in my expression. I desire to think of myself as my own beast. That is where I lay. What I provide. A sense of me. A sense of my home.

She stops and turns the music off. She takes a bag of weed out of her stash under her bed and places it in her bag. She looks into her floor mirror and smiles.

Her door then opens and her father, DARRELL, a middle aged, slightly decrepit man, walks through.

LOLA
Dad.

DARRELL
Mum says you want me to do your hair.

LOLA
Yeah. Just a bit.

Darrell looks around his daughter's room. He hasn't been in for ages.

DARRELL
Okay. Come down when you're ready. Wind this up!

LOLA
No dad.

Darrell walks toward her blinds and attempts to open them.

LOLA
It's broken.

DARRELL
I can fix it.

LOLA
You can't, it won't go up.

He tries to see what's wrong with it.

DARRELL
Fuck this. Come downstairs.

He leaves.

EXT. FLORENCE'S HOUSE – NIGHT (6:00pm)

Florence enters her house, a tall 3 storey house (very middle-class), after a day of aimless activity with Jack. She enters the front door.

INT. FLORENCE'S HOUSE – HALLWAY – NIGHT (6:00pm)

As she walks through the door, we see the endless clutter on the floor of coats and shoes. Florence's father just so happened to be in the hallway. He's a highly-educated man with a tongue that's probably extinct.

FLORENCE'S DAD
The Sibylline princess returns! How was the sociology test?

FLORENCE
Good.

FLORENCE'S DAD
That's good. We're going to The Spaniards Inn to celebrate your GCSEs, get ready okay?

FLORENCE
I'm going out now.

FLORENCE'S DAD
What do you mean you're going out? You only just came back!

FLORENCE
Yeah and I'll come back again.

Florence starts walking up the stairs.

FLORENCE'S DAD
No, you're staying here, we've booked the table for all of us. Our nice dinner out.

FLORENCE
Well too bad, I'm going out.

She runs upstairs. Florence's mother walks into the hallway and places her hand on her husbands shoulder.

FLORENCE'S MUM
Robert.

FLORENCE'S DAD
Right.

Florence's father rushes up the stairs.

FLORENCE'S DAD
Florence. Get here this instant.

INT. FLORENCE'S HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT
He sees her slam her door shut, and walks hastily to the door, knocking on it profusely.

FLORENCE'S DAD
Florence! Open this door. Now. Florence!

INT. FLORENCE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Following her locking the door, Florence rushes over to her MacBook which she left on and shuts it. She then grabs her bag and packs several things, while her father is shouting and bashing on the door. She then unlocks it to leave.

FLORENCE
(shouting in her father's face)
Fuck off!

She brushes past him and makes her way downstairs

FLORENCE'S DAD
Florence, dear. Calm down.

He taps her shoulder and she pushes him.

FLORENCE
(shouting)
I don't want to go to fucking dinner.

INT. FLORENCE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT (6:00pm)

Florence's dad follows her down the stairs.

FLORENCE'S MUM
Florence. You know when I was your age I never behaved like this to my parents. Your mother will tell you the same thing.

FLORENCE
I'm not the same as you two! Why can't you just go?

FLORENCE'S MUM
Because it's for you, we thought we'd do something nice.

A tear falls from her eye. She walks straight out the front door and slams it shut. Her mother bursts into tears and her father comforts her, his cheek redder than sin.

INT. LOLA's LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lola is sitting in the kitchen on a chair. Her sick father, DARRELL, is cutting her hair.

DARRELL
How on Earth does your hair grow so quickly?

He cuts a bit.

DARRELL (CONT'D)
Would be better if your hair stayed the same, never grew, never knotted.

LOLA
I can get mum to do it.

DARRELL
No, I like cutting your hair.

Darrell clenches his chest in a fit of sudden pain. He grunts.

LOLA
Dad, let me get mum to do it.

DARRELL
No Lola. I do it better than your mum. What did all the mums at ballet say?

There is a silence.

DARRELL (CONT'D)
I'm the best. The best one, not one strand out of place.

LOLA
Cutting isn't styling though.

DARRELL
I'm good with hair let's just say, even though I have none. It's a lot of work as well. Your hair gets fucking crazy over the week, like you got struck by lightning!

JANE (O.S.)
Darrell!

DARRELL
That good?

Lola looks into the mirror.

LOLA
Yeah. Thank you.

DARRELL
Look Lola. It's good you're leaving the house again.

Lola walks off.

DARRELL
Lola, Lola. Wait.

LOLA
Dad, please.

DARRELL
Lola, I want to trust you.

Lola walks to the living room, to sit on the sofa. Lola sits all done up for her night out. Her father sits on an armchair watching telly after packing up the scissors. Lola is waiting awkwardly for a text and sits holding onto it for dear life. Suddenly, Darrell holds his palm to his chest and grunts in pain. Lola looks over in trepidation.

LOLA
You can. It was exams before I told you, they-

DARRELL
Lola, I want to let you mature, but obviously sometimes that's not an easy thing for me to do. Wherever you're going tonight-

LOLA
I'm just going with friends. Florence...

DARRELL
Okay, okay that's fine, that's fine Lola. I don't want to... control you but-

LOLA
You are.

DARRELL
I need to trust you before I can let you go. I know you're a different person after these... parties you go to-

LOLA
It's not a party.

DARRELL
Okay. As long as you're not around a lot of people, I'm fine.

LOLA
Hm.

Darrell walks off, Lola freezes in her seat.

DARRELL (O.S.)
Jane? Jane! It's going again.

Lola's mother, Jane, comes rushing over with a box of pills and takes one for her husband. Lola looks anxiously, holding her phone even tighter. His grunts then gradually cease.

DARRELL
Sorry Lola. I now know why you want to leave the house all the time.

She looks to the telly.

DARRELL
I remember when I was your age. I hated my father too then.

LOLA
I don't hate you.

DARRELL
That's good.

He flashes a smile. Lola's phone then pings, her father knows.

DARRELL
Go on then. Enjoy yourself.

Lola gets up from the sofa and leaves into the corridor.

Lola leaves the house.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

Florence sits on the bus next to Lola. Jack sits on his own, holding the bottle of stolen wine. Charlie and Dillon sit, Charlie holds a bag of the alcohol.

Lola looks out the window to see kids like her, probably walking to the motive.

EXT. TOP FIELD — NIGHT

We see many kids, all from different areas of London, all gathering around a large bonfire.

We see kids drinking heavily and smoking heavily. We see a group of older kids snorting ketamine off of skateboards.

Off to the side, we see kids hanging in small groups, hugging, some kissing.

Florence, Lola, Jack, Charlie and Dillon emerge from the bushes to the event.

EXT. MAINTENANCE BUILDING ROOF – NIGHT

Dillon is talking to TIGER, a skimpy-dressed, lifeless but hopeful young girl of a similar age to Dillon. Beside her is Maddy, a girl more tame than Tiger.

DILLON
Remember when I made that Photoshop of fucking, what's her name – Ms Peshki?

TIGER
Peshka.

DILLON
Peshka and she fucking called everyone's parents cause some snake, I still don't know who it was, showed it to her.

TIGER
What was it again, it was like, from Little Britain?

DILLON
It was Bubbles De Vere. Bubbles De Vere from Little Britain, and with like a hot dog and hamburger in her hands.

TIGER is laughing uncontrollably.

DILLON (CONT'D)
And that is... I couldn't even go to classes after that I was so embarrassed.

TIGER
Oh my God I remember she kept pressuring everyone in the group, I started crying in the room.

DILLON
Ah, she was a bitch though. Fucking deserved it. Then all the

parents ganged up on me because they didn't want their children taking the blame.

TIGER
That was actually so jokes.

CHARLIE
Dill!

Charlie is below them holding a black plastic bag with alcohol in it. He climbs up and sits between Dillon and TIGER.

CHARLIE
How are you? What's your name?

DILLON
This is Tiger, she was from my Russian class in year 6.

CHARLIE
Want a beer?

TIGER
Nah.

He drinks the bottle of Listerine. She drinks from her own bottle.

EXT. MAINTENANCE BUILDING ROOF – MOMENTS LATER.

They all sit overlooking the crowds of young children. Tiger is holding a lucozade filled with a mysterious liquid.

CHARLIE
I was born in Archway yeah.

TIGER
The Whittington?

CHARLIE
Yeah.

TIGER
Me and my friends was in Archway, you know the guy that plays the accordion by the tube station?

CHARLIE
I think yeah.

TIGER
He fucking got rushed by like three big guys in ballies. One of them was a guy from St Aloyisus, another was some guy from fucking North Bridge and the other was the guy's brother from fucking Mill Hill. Bare fucking moving nuts, all to just impress me and Maddy and two other girls we were with.

CHARLIE
You knew them?

TIGER
We was chatting with them, I was tryna buy some bud because there was a drought. Remember, Maddy? We barely paid for shit, they gave it to us and then we were like trapped there we didn't know what to do.

MADDY
They kept drinking and then they rushed that fucking guy and we ran.

TIGER
That's my only experience with Archway, I don't step out there much.

Tiger takes a sip of the mysterious liquid.

TIGER
(to Charlie)
Try this.

CHARLIE
What is it?

TIGER
Go on.

He takes the bottle and takes a small sip. He gags and spits.

CHARLIE
Fucking petrol. What is it?

TIGER
Odds on drinking it all.

CHARLIE
What-

TIGER
I don't want it any more.

DILLON
Go on Charlie.

MADDY
Do it.

TIGER
I was drinking shit like this since I was 12. 12 years old.

CHARLIE
(to Dillon)
You take a fucking sip of that shit. It's not vod-

DILLON
Fuck off.

CHARLIE
It's not vodka.

TIGER
Odds on. 1 to 10. 3...2...1.

TIGER	CHARLIE
6	2

TIGER
Fuck!

Charlie drinks the bottle anyway, spitting most of it out afterwards.

CHARLIE
There.

Tiger laughs.

TIGER
You fucking pussy.

EXT. TOP FIELD/CRICKET COURT - NIGHT

Holding a bottle of drink, Lola walks alone, traversing the chaos and a large fire in the centre. People of all walks of life talk with each other. A group of boys catch her eye; they're holding up a younger speccy child in the air.

GROUP OF BOYS
ONE OF US. ONE OF US. ONE OF US. HEAVEN KNOWS HE'S ONE OF US.

They place the boy down, one boy pushing him away. They pick another boy up who was waiting, and hold him in the air.

GROUP OF BOYS
ONE OF US. ONE OF US. ONE OF US. HEAVEN KNOWS HE'S ONE OF US.

Lola walks over as they place the boy down. She didn't have to say anything. As she got closer they all picked her up.

GROUP OF BOYS
ONE OF US. ONE OF US. ONE OF US. HEAVEN KNOWS HE'S ONE OF US.

She laughs free-ingly in the air.

BOY 1
She's a girl you mongs.

BOY 2
Shut it you cunt.

They put her down abruptly, so much so that she falls to her feet. A rugged, 19 year old – VINCENT, approaches her

VINCENT
You alright?

She gets up and starts laughing. She looks at him and grabs his arm, laughing once more.

EXT. DESOLATE BENCHES, TOP FIELD – NIGHT

Lola is talking to Vincent. Her knees are dirty and she is trembling. He is on an old sofa upon piles of rubbish, she is on a measly stool.

VINCENT
What do you do?

LOLA
School.

VINCENT
Ah.

Vincent laughs.

VINCENT
What kind?

LOLA
Ballet.

VINCENT
Yeah I don't know many professional ballerinas.

LOLA
Yeah it's not so common.

VINCENT
I think that's so cool. Do what you want innit. I mean I wouldn't do it.

LOLA
Yeah, yeah.

VINCENT
I had a friend who wanted to make films. He was from the Czech Republic. He said, "don't let fantasies blind greatness". Be a fucking glass-blower, like his family, his family had a glass company. Anyway, he always said to me, later, later. I'll make films when I've made my first fucking mason jar. It's been three years and I haven't seen a film or mason jar from him yet.

LOLA
He's probably not working hard enough.

VINCENT
He was thinking of going LSA. You know, the film school.

LOLA
Yeah I've heard of it.

VINCENT
I went there with a mate for the tour day. I pretending to be his cousin. I remember seeing. In the costume design block, the dress Margot Robbie wore in that film, Mary Queen Of Scots.

LOLA
Oh.

VINCENT
It was so small. The dress, she's a very small woman.

Vincent takes a puff of weed.

LOLA
What do you do?

VINCENT
I'm a student. UCL

LOLA
Is that it?

VINCENT
What do you want? I run an anarchy-syndicalism gathering. Kentish Town.

Lola stares blankly.

VINCENT
It's not that good of a club. We just do nothing. But we say that to people so we've got some credibility.

LOLA
What's an anarchy-syndicalism?

VINCENT
Drugs and art.

LOLA
What do you do?

VINCENT
Drugs and art... and a gentrified Camden lunch. We just chill, really.

LOLA
Was it your idea?

VINCENT
Yeah.

LOLA
Can I join?

Vincent filters through his pockets to find a small flyer for his club. He whips it out: 'MOTHER MERCEDE'S SOCIALIST GATHERING'

LOLA
Who the fuck is mother Mercede?

VINCENT
It's a character from my favourite film. I-Be Area by Ryan Trecartin.

LOLA
Yeah never heard of it.

VINCENT
It's on YouTube.

LOLA
Yeah I'll watch it.

Vincent laughs, taking another puff.

VINCENT
No you won't.

Lola looks down.

LOLA
Are you on drugs?

VINCENT
Are you not?

LOLA
What is your favourite?

VINCENT
I don't know.

LOLA
Why don't you know?

VINCENT
You ask a lot of questions.

Vincent takes out a small bag of pills.

LOLA
Fucking hell.

VINCENT
Look.

LOLA
You look like an addict. What's your name?

VINCENT
Vincent.

LOLA
You seem mature.

VINCENT
Do I? Are you mature?

LOLA
Maybe.

VINCENT
Well you seem bored.

LOLA
I am.

VINCENT
Why you sitting there. Come.

Lola walks to Vincent and sits on the edge of the sofa, too afraid to get closer to Vincent.

Vincent feels over her tights. He looks at her then wraps his arm around her and leans closer to hug.

EXT. PARK OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

Jack and Florence are lying on a filthy, old mattress surrounding by others with their significant others, drunk and high. Florence is smoking a joint, Jack is drinking a small bottle of Smirnoff.

FLORENCE
Bella did it twice. Most her friends from south do it every night I think. Mia's done it. Mill's done it. Why can't we do it now?

JACK
I want it to be special. And by the time we go to Como we'll both be sixteen and-

FLORENCE
Sixteen? Such a fucking pussy – you know in Italy the age of consent is 14?

JACK
We're not Italian.

FLORENCE
Oh my-

JACK
Look, look, look.

There is a pause. They kiss passionately on the mattress.

FLORENCE
Shut up.

She takes a puff, Jack takes a swig.

JACK
I don't want to be some fucking retard who's like yeah- I- I fuck all the time. It's like scary.

FLORENCE
It's not a big thing, why is it scary?

JACK
What would Robert think if his daughter-

FLORENCE
(laughingly)
Shut up about Robert.

JACK
My dad's worse. He hates me. Fucking piece of shit.

She looks at him.

FLORENCE
Any more than he hates me?

JACK
No he probably hates you the most.

FLORENCE
My parents probably wish you were dead.

JACK
My dad wouldn't care if I was dead... just sends me fucking money and that's like being a dad.

FLORENCE
I'm sorry, Jack.

JACK
Shut up man.

They stare up to the sky. She passes the weed to him and he passes her the bottle. They swig and puff simultaneously.

JACK
Robert doesn't wish death on anyone, he's a pure soul.

Florence starts bursting out laughing.

FLORENCE
Shut up you prick.

JACK
What?

She moves in closer to him.

FLORENCE
When we get married, you won't be like this will you?

JACK
Like what?

FLORENCE
An annoying cunt.

JACK
Yes.

FLORENCE
We can have a honey moon in Vietnam. A stilt house. We can sail on those like round boats to get there.

(beat)

Jack?

(beat)

Do you love me?

Jack laughs.

JACK
Last week it was Bora Bora.

FLORENCE
Say it.

JACK
Bora Bora.

(beat)

I feel fucking sick.

They both lift their heads.

FLORENCE
Don't do it on me okay.

Florence is still giggling every now and then. Jack gets up from the mattress.

JACK
Oh God I'm going to. Going to.

FLORENCE
Go! Into the bushes, babe.

Jack is retching, stumbling through the trees.

FLORENCE
Away from you babe, away from you.

He chunders into a bush, Florence patting his back.

We see Dillon in the distance, standing in front of the large fire in the middle.

EXT. DESOLATE BENCHES - NIGHT

Lola and Vincent sit and talk, random things. Vincent's friends surround Lola.

Lola sees something in the bushes. She stands and walks to it. Reaching her arm in, she pulls out the Fjallraven Kanken backpack,

VINCENT
What's that?

She gets up and walks over to it. Vincent follows. She picks it up and is about to unzip, before Vincent snatches it off her.

LOLA
Hey!

VINCENT
Don't open it!

LOLA
Why what is it?

VINCENT
I don't know.

They look at each other. Vincent paces off back into the crowd, Lola chases after him.

EXT. BIG FIRE - NIGHT

They run toward a crowd of children surrounded by a bonfire, with chairs and bits of wood thrown into it.

They stand before it. Vincent turns to Lola.

VINCENT
Should we open it?

Lola goes to grab the bag but Vincent throws it into the fire.

LOLA
What the fuck? Why?

VINCENT
Funny innit.

LOLA
What could've been inside?

Vincent shrugs his shoulders.

VINCENT
Everything or nothing.

He laughs like a drugged bonehead. They look into the fire. We see school books and school uniforms burning, along with the bag.

VINCENT
The minute you forget about what could've been inside, you'll be mature.

LOLA
I've forgotten.

He laughs once more.

LATER ON...

The party has died down. The fire has tamed, there are less people, rubbish is scattered everywhere.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREETS, OUTSIDE SCHOOL – NIGHT

Florence, Lola, Charlie, Dillon and Jack are walking, out of breath from running. Vincent, his friends, Tiger and Maddy are there, with two boys they know.

TIGER
Where the fuck are we?

CHARLIE
You'll see.

Vincent leads them to a school.

CHARLIE
Come everyone.

FLORENCE
No fucking way.

CHARLIE climbs over the gate. Others follow, people hold out their hands to let others climb.

LOLA
(to Vincent)
Come on.

VINCENT
Nah you're alright.

CHARLIE, TIGER, MADDIE, JACK, FLORENCE, LOLA, DILLON and the two boys are inside the school. Vincent and his mates stay outside.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND – NIGHT

Everyone walks through the dark playground, some wear hoods, others wear hats, except Jack who gave his hoodie to Florence. Some lights are on.

Most film the school with their phones. Charlie is one.

CHARLIE
Nah bro on God don't show anyone this, ahahaha.

FLORENCE
Oh my fucking God, oh my fucking God.

JACK
Ay come let's go to our class.

DILLON
They're might be alarms inside, man.

JACK
Nah there would've been alarms at the gate.

Charlie finds a door inside. He forces it open.

CHARLIE
Guys come. Tiger.

Everyone goes in.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Everyone walks with their phone flash-lights on. Charlie takes a bottle of listerine from his pocket and finishes it.

Everyone runs around, going into classrooms and so on, all filming. People tip chairs over, slip on the floor, shout.

Charlie sees a door.

CHARLIE
I never been in here.

DILLON
I swear that's where the teachers shower.

He opens the door. It's a small electrical room.

INT. ELECTRICAL ROOM

Charlie wonders into a room with built in electrical appliances. In a state of excitement, he rips the electricals from their sockets and places some of the cables, bits of metal and other miscellaneous items in his bag. He scurries off, looking above him for cameras.

INT. SCHOOL CANTEEN - NIGHT

Everyone explores the school canteen. Jack and Florence kiss in the corner, Charlie stays with Tiger and Maddie smashing shit, drinking. Dillon explores.

Dillon hears something faint amidst the cacophony of sound.

DILLON
AY SHUT UP, SHUT UP.

It's a siren. He looks to a small alarm. It is flashing red.

DILLON
Fuck.

CHARLIE
That's the feds man.

DILLON
Fuck man, come.

Everyone rushes out.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR – NIGHT

Charlie forces open the door he entered from. Everyone leaves.

EXT. SCHOOL GATE – NIGHT

While police sirens grow closer, everyone attempts to climb over the fence.

They all make their way out except for Charlie, who falls.

DILLON
Oh fuck. Come on Charlie, upper body strength man.

Jack, Florence, Tiger, Maddie, Lola, the two boys, Vincent and his mates all rush off. Dillon waits.

JACK
Fuck, come on!

Jack looks at his hand, there is a large cut bleeding a lot.

Dillon picks up Charlie and holds him as they all run away, as sirens can be seen from a distance.

DILLON
Hey! Wait for us!

CHARLIE
(slurring)
I can walk, fucker. Where is Tiger?

DILLON
No but can you run? Come on.

Florence, Jack, Lola and Vincent run off while Charlie and Dillon are close to being caught.

CHARLIE
For fuck sakes you useless cunt.

Dillon takes Charlie behind the corner of a warehouse.

DILLON
Come on, we'll walk.

Charlie and Dillon walk away, they're far enough from the police.

CHARLIE
Where are we going?

DILLON
Can I stay at yours?

CHARLIE
Yeah.

DILLON
That's where we're going?

CHARLIE
Where's Tiger?

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Lola had followed Vincent and his mates, running from the police. Vincent looks back and sees Lola.

VINCENT
Should I take you back?

LOLA
Where are you going?

Vincent laughs.

LOLA
I'm going where you are.

Vincent's friends laugh.

EXT. FLORENCE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Florence and Jack stumble down the road.

JACK
I guess I'll see you then.

FLORENCE
No silly, you're staying here tonight.

JACK
Am I?

FLORENCE
Yeah.

JACK
Not a fan of your bedroom floor.

FLORENCE
Well too bad.

They arrive at the front door.

INT. FLORENCE'S HOUSE – HALLWAY- NIGHT

Florence opens the door as quietly as she can and places the keys on a table.

FLORENCE
(whispering)
Come on.

They walk upstairs and into her room.

INT. FLORENCE'S BEDROOM – NIGHT.

They fall, exhausted, on her bed and smile at each other.

INT. KENTISH TOWN – NIGHT

Lola and Vincent exit the station to a bustling street. His drunken friends stumble along.

LOLA
Where are we going?

VINCENT
Kentish Town.

LOLA
Yeah but where.

VINCENT
Kelly Street. You know the street with all the different coloured houses?

LOLA
No but it sounds pretty. Do you go to Camden a lot. This is close.

VINCENT
Nah it's a bit wank. Just tourists innit.

FRIEND
You ever been here before.

LOLA
Yeah of course.

FRIEND
You'll see how uni life is like. It's fucking tragic man.

She laughs, then they all do.

She falls back to Vincent, pulls him in and kisses him passionately. They then retract from one another, still burrowing themselves deep in each others complex eyes.

Vincent laughs. All his friends do too.

LOLA
You're hot.

Lola's phone rings. She turns it off

EXT. KELLY STREET - NIGHT

Lola and Vincent walk down the street, to a house that sticks out horrifically, with loud music and men resting on the window sills.

INT. HOUSE ON KELLY STREET - NIGHT

Vincent opens the door to the small house. Around three men, similar age to Vincent, are present. Two seem to be cutting a bar of soap by the fireplace, with one holding a pipe. Blaring music plays as the rest get drunk.

VINCENT
Alright cunts.

JUNKIE
Where the others?

VINCENT
Don't know, don't care.

JUNKIE
Want a bit?

VINCENT
Nah mate, I'm off to bed. Take care.

Vincent leads Lola upstairs, traversing through the filth of desired hedonism.

INT. BEDROOM (KELLY STREET) - NIGHT

Vincent leads Lola to a room with a mattress on the floor and high amounts of spray paint on the wall.

VINCENT
Drink?

LOLA
What are you having?

VINCENT
A drink.

MOMENTS LATER:

Lola and Vincent rest on the mattress under the moonlight, music still blaring through the house.

LOLA
This music's shit.

VINCENT
I mean you probably listen to 70s punk and rock. Year 9 white girl thing to do.

LOLA
What? How is that a year 9 white girl thing?

VINCENT
Just is.

LOLA
I don't listen to- where the fuck did you get that from?

VINCENT
You listen to clash? Smiths?

LOLA
My dad likes 70s punk.

VINCENT
Most dads do. Just cause, you look like the girl to listen to her dad's music.

LOLA
That's not true.

VINCENT
Edgy girl. Effy!

LOLA
Fuck off man.

They walk for a bit then Vincent remembers the pills.

VINCENT
Oh yeah!

He takes out the pills from his pocket. As well as pills, the bag has a card inside.

VINCENT
You want one?

LOLA
No, no. No, I can't.

VINCENT
It's the end of your a-levels isn't it?

LOLA
GCSEs.

VINCENT
Oh. Anyway. Look wait.

He takes out a marker and writes on the bag, "LOLA", then gives it to her. She takes it and reads it out.

LOLA
Oh I don't need-

VINCENT
Maybe you will later. My gift. You said I'm an addict, if so you'll be doing me a favour.

LOLA
You remember that?

Vincent laughs. Lola gets a call again and turns off her phone.

VINCENT
Who is it?

LOLA
Don't know, don't care.

She snuggles into his arms.

VINCENT
This is what's uni like. You like it? Hahaha.

LOLA
Yeah. You don't seem very mature.

VINCENT
I'm still a child. I don't know shit.

LOLA
You know more than me.

Vincent laughs, almost manically. They lie on the mattress, embracing one another.

VINCENT
Yeah you know more than a six year old. Probably. Who cares?

Vincent laughs. Lola plants her face into his chest. He strokes her hair.

EXT. LONDON – MORNING

The sun rises of a bustling city.

INT. FLORENCE'S ROOM – MORNING AFTER GCSEs

Florence is sleeping in her cluttered bed, while Jack sleeps on the floor by the bed, hidden away from the door so no overlooker could see him when looking in. Jack actually isn't sleeping, but wide awake, looking at a large cut on his hand, dried blood all around.

He filters through a pile of rubbish and finds a mouldy half loaf of French bread. He looks back to Florence, and sticks his hand up on the bed to wake her.

JACK
Flo. What the fuck is this?

Florence awakes.

FLORENCE
What?

JACK
Fucking disgusting.

Florence looks, eyes weak.

FLORENCE
Don't touch it. We bought that, remember? It was funny.

JACK
It wasn't

FLORENCE
Was at the time.

JACK
It was but now you've got fucking rotten shit on your floor.

There is a silence then suddenly, then Jack hears footsteps approaching Florence's door. The door swings wide open. Jack immediately ducks down and is unseen. It is Florence's father.

FLORENCE'S FATHER
Florence, darling?

She is already awake, but doesn't act like it.

FLORENCE
What?

FLORENCE'S FATHER
I'm going to the NHM, your mother's just gone to work.

FLORENCE
Okay.

FLORENCE'S FATHER
I'll be back by lunch okay?

FLORENCE
Okay.

FLORENCE'S FATHER
You sure you'll be fine?

FLORENCE
Yes!

FLORENCE'S FATHER
Okay, take care.

He shuts the door. Jack takes a deep inhale.

JACK
No Sibylline princess today. Bastard.

Florence snorts, then Jack.

EXT. CHARLIE'S BACK GARDEN - MORNING AFTER GCSEs

Charlie and Dillon are smoking, basking in the sun. Charlie is wrapped in a blanket.

CHARLIE
I might ask Tiger to meet soon.

DILLON
You didn't tell me you got her snap.

CHARLIE
Maddy can come.

DILLON
I don't find Maddy that good looking.

Charlie looks to Dillon.

DILLON
She's boring.

CHARLIE
What do you mean boring?

DILLON
Just boring. Everyone is like her.

CHARLIE
Everyone is like everyone, who cares?

DILLON
Maddy is boring, man. What does she do she just stands there, nodding and nodding, whatever the fuck Tiger says, 'yes', 'yes'. Fucking bitch. They don't care about you, they only hang around olders.

CHARLIE
Look Dillon, I'm going to teach you something.

Dillon leans closer.

DILLON
Fucking-

CHARLIE
They don't have to be interesting, they just have to be you know ready for anything, that's all you need. Don't be a fucking pussy. Don't be a fucking idiot.

DILLON
Yeah? What if you want a wife? You want a boring wife?

CHARLIE
They're beanies, not wives.

DILLON
Beanies who only link olders. I bet she was laughing at you the whole night.

CHARLIE
Nah man I patterned it.

DILLON
What do you mean you patterned it?

CHARLIE
She's leng man, and you have no game. She'll link someone her age if they act like an adult.

DILLON
Yeah and can you do that?

CHARLIE
I can probably act like it.

Charlie takes a puff of weed.

INT. BEDROOM (KELLY STREET) – MORNING

Lola awakes to the bright sun on the mattress, music blaring through the house. She is alone. She gets up, rubs her eyes.

INT. LANDING (KELLY STREET) - MORNING

Lola enters the landing, where she sees an inebriated man lying against the wall.

LOLA
Where's Vincent.

He doesn't reply, instead shrugs his shoulders.

LOLA
(shouting)
Vincent? Vincent?

INT. LIVING ROOM (KELLY STREET) – MORNING

Lola enters to a room filled with four or so guys lying on the sofas; some unconscious, others barely conscious. She approaches one, almost dead on the sofa.

LOLA
Have you seen Vincent?

Again, the man shrugs his shoulders.

EXT. HOUSE ON KELLY STREET – MORNING

Lola exits the house.

EXT. LOLA'S HOUSE – MORNING

Lola enters her front porch, taking her keys from her pocket and approaching the front door.

INT. LOLA'S HOUSE – MORNING

Lola enters her house.

DARRELL (O.S.)
Lola?

Jane rushes down the stairs, followed by Darrell.

DARRELL
Lola.

JANE
Lola, where've you been?

DARRELL
Lola, are you alright?

JANE
Darrell, go back to bed.

LOLA
I'm fine. I slept over at Florence's

DARRELL
Why don't you pick up your phone? I was worried sick, I told you.

LOLA
It ran out of battery.

JANE
We have your interview, Lola. Get ready.

LOLA
I'm fine!

INT. STAIRS – MORNING

Lola is putting her shoes on. Her mother stands by the railing.

JANE
You can't do that Lola. You can't worry Dad like that.

LOLA
I'm sorry.

JANE
Don't say sorry to me. It's not nice. He was pacing up and down all night, you know how he's like.

LOLA
I still can't be trusted.

JANE
Lola.

LOLA
I'm not in school any more. I'm not a child.

She ties her laces.

INT. FLORENCE's KITCHEN – MORNING

Florence and Jack, home alone, are lying on the kitchen island, looking upward through the dirtied glass kitchen ceiling. They are smoking a joint. Jack is rolling a skateboard on the ground with his leg hanging over the counter.

JACK
It must take a while to clean.

FLORENCE
What?

JACK
The ceiling. Must have to clean it often.

FLORENCE
Not really. I guess it cleans itself. Like with rain.

JACK
What if there's a drought?

FLORENCE
Cleaning it too much is pointless.

JACK
Not many people get to look into the sky from their kitchen, you take it for granted.

FLORENCE
Shut up.

JACK
I'm serious, you should clean it. We should clean it.

FLORENCE
When I can be arsed.

JACK
I'll do it then.

FLORENCE
No, stay here.

She holds him closer.

JACK
I need breakfast.

FLORENCE
Go get it then.

JACK
You get it I don't know where shit is.

FLORENCE
You can look you know?

JACK
It's your house.

FLORENCE
Do you not feel welcome?

JACK
Fuck off then.

Jack looks around, in the cupboards, drawers. He finds a box of cereal.

FLORENCE
Get me something.

MOMENTS LATER:
Jack and Florence are both sloppily eating cereal beside each other. They slurp and chew like young infants.

Florence wears Jack's oversized hoodie.

JACK
Did you wash?

FLORENCE
I'll wash later.

JACK
This is your house!

FLORENCE
I'll wash later! You'll wash as well?

JACK
I ain't got no clothes here.

FLORENCE
Yeah you do. You probably do, in the drawers.

JACK
Mine?

FLORENCE
Yes.

Florence laughs.

FLORENCE
You're gonna wear my clothes? You can if you want, they probably don't fit.

JACK
Nah I'm not gonna shower.

She slurps her bowl and spits the milk out at Jack.

JACK
Oh you fucking bitch.

She starts laughing.

JACK
Give me my fucking hoodie.

FLORENCE
NO, NO ,NO!

Jack attempts to remove the hoodie, playfully.

FLORENCE
There's nothing under, there's nothing under.

He walks away.

FLORENCE
You're coming in with me.

EXT. BENCHES - MORNING

Charlie and Dillon are sitting on the bench, going through Charlie's bag filled with the stolen electricals. Dillon takes out an iPad and turns it on.

DILLON
They still work man. Are you going to sell them?

CHARLIE
Yeah. Course man.

DILLON
Do it quick, they might have tracking on them

CHARLIE
What.

DILLON
You know like find my phone.

CHARLIE
oh fuck man. Fuck. I wasn't actually going to sell them, fuck.

DILLON
What why?

CHARLIE
Fuck man we have to get rid of them. Come.

Charlie takes the bag.

EXT. STREET – DAY

Charlie and Dillon are walking down a street, Charlie holding the bag and holding his phone to his mouth..

CHARLIE
(on Phone, sending voice message)
Nah it was so fucked like we dashed it. You lot should've told me where you was going, I would've come.

He stops recording, but continues checking it. After an awkward silence, Dillon finally speaks up.

DILLON
I carried you.

CHARLIE
What?

DILLON
I had to carry you, you could barely walk, you weren't gonna go to some after party if you wanted.

CHARLIE
Shut up.

DILLON
It's not embarrassing it's just you were wasted.

CHARLIE
I'm not fucking embarrassed

Charlie spots a nursery, with kids playing in a small playground.

CHARLIE
Give it to those kids?

DILLON
What do you mean give it?

CHARLIE
Chuck it over.

DILLON
Go on then.

Charlie chucks the bag into the playground.

CHARLIE
Come on.

The kids all gather around, looking inside the bag. They take out the electronics and stare at them like they're alien artefacts.

INT. BALLET SCHOOL INTERVIEW ROOM - MORNING

Lola is dressed formally, with slightly dishevelled makeup but it's not entirely noticeable. She looks tired but tries her hardest to maintain a smile and perform what she had practised.

INTERVIEWER (O.C.)
We're impressed with the dance reel. We're just going to ask you a couple of questions, probably nothing you can't handle, and if you have any questions please don't be afraid to ask.

There is a silence, Lola is not unaware of what is asked of her, then she realizes.

LOLA
Oh no, no questions thanks.

INTERVIEWER(O.C.)
We also want to remind you that this is not a serious interview, we just want to know a bit about you, from you, not from a piece of paper. I trust you can attend the open day here tomorrow?

LOLA
Tomorrow, yeah definitely.

INTERVIEWER(O.C.)
Okay, let's get started. When did you start dancing?

LOLA
I kind of always danced. Anywhere I could. No but if I had to give an age I'd probably say... three.

INTERVIEWER(O.C.)
What are you hobbies?

LOLA
Well dancing-

INTERVIEWER(O.C.)
Not dancing.

LOLA
Well... I'll do anything, I- I don't really have a hobby yet.

INTERVIEWER(O.C.)
Right, and final question, what do you get from danc-

LOLA
I get myself. Not only do-

Lola shuts up, the interviewer probably placed their finger on their lips to tell her to shush so that they could finish the question she was already answering

INTERVIEWER(O.C.)
What do you get from dancing?

There is a long pause, then Lola continues.

LOLA
Something I hope.

There is a long silence, she looks down.

INT. CAR DRIVING HOME - MORNING AFTER GCSEs

Lola's mum is driving home. Lola seems depressed, looking out of the window.

JANE
So... How did the interview go?

Lola doesn't respond and continues looking out the window.

JANE
Lola?

(beat)

I think we need to get you a new curtain.

LOLA
Why?

JANE
We'll go to Brent Cross and get one.

LOLA
I don't need one.

JANE
Lola, it doesn't work! You don't get any sunlight in there. It'll make you depressed.

LOLA
No mum.

JANE
It's making you depressed.

LOLA
It'll make me depressed or it's making me depressed?

JANE
It's making you depressed.

(beat)

We'll get you a new one.

LOLA
No mum, please. I'm not depressed.

JANE
Why do you never speak to me? Or dad? I do everything for you. I love you Lola.

(beat)

I never treated my mum like this. I'd always tell her what was wrong. She was my best friend. I'm too boring for you? Me and dad.

INT. LOLA'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Lola is on the sofa, teary-eyed. She is tapping her fingers on her knees in trepidation, shivering also.

DARRELL
What were they, Lola?

LOLA
I don't know.

DARRELL
They had your name on them.

(beat)

I want to help you.

LOLA
They were probably for sleeping I told him I had trouble sleeping recently.

DARRELL
You're lying.

LOLA
Diet pills.

DARRELL
Lola.

She takes a deep breath.

Lola looks to her mother, whose facial expression translates to 'listen to your father'.

LOLA
You were looking through my shit.

DARRELL
Look, I don't care. Did you take any?

She shakes her head.

DARRELL
From now on, I want to know exactly where you're going and what you're doing, okay?

Lola looks up.

DARRELL (CONT'D)
So I'll promise not to intrude too often. Obviously I didn't try as hard as before. But you are still my daughter and I want to know if you're safe. Is that okay with you?

She hesitantly nods.

DARRELL
Good.

LOLA
I'm going out now.

DARRELL
What?

JANE
Where you going?

LOLA
Out.

She gets up and walks to the front door.

She grabs her phone and opens the door.

DARRELL
Lola. Get home early.

She slams the door shut.

EXT. LOLA'S HOUSE - MORNING

She walks away from the front door and opens the gate. Before she walks through it, she decides to check the bin for the pills. She opens the lid and there they are. She contemplates whether she should take them, and she does. She then walks through the gate.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Lola walks down the street looking at the bag of drugs. A man passes; before he could see what she was staring at, she hid it with her palm as he walked past, then trading the pills for a joint in her bag. As she walks, she lights it and takes a puff. She coughs. A couple steps down the road and we see Charlie and Dillon walking by, Dillon has a can of Dr. Pepper in his hand. They meet at a crossroad, she finally stops walking.

CHARLIE
Lola!

LOLA
Charlie.

CHARLIE
Alright? How are you.

LOLA
(stuttering)
I'm fine I'm just going to Florence's.

CHARLIE
Sick, is Jack there?

LOLA
Probably.

Lola continues walking, Charlie follows and Dillon follows Charlie.

CHARLIE
You feel alright from last night? Where did you go?

LOLA
Someone's house in Kentish Town.

CHARLIE
What? You didn't tell us you just ran off. Was it that man's house?

LOLA
Yeah.

She stops strolling, therefore the others do too.

CHARLIE
He was calm.

DILLON
He seemed nice. I remember you lot talked all night.

LOLA
Yeah he was nice.

CHARLIE
How old was he?

Lola shrugs her shoulders.

Charlie looks to Dillon, baffled.

She then continues walking.

EXT. FLORENCE'S HOUSE – MORNING

The three arrive at Florence's street, then to her front door. Lola rings the doorbell. Florence answers, she in bewildered by their strong appearances.

FLORENCE
Hey guys.

LOLA
Want to come out?

EXT. TUBE STATION – DAY

Charlie, Dillon, Lola, Florence and Jack all approach the turnstiles.

CHARLIE
Dill, can you get the family one?

They both look to the security, who are looking away.

DILLON
Come.

Dillon taps his card (in his phone-case) for the family turnstile, Charlie and him enters.

EXT. TUBE - DAY

Jack, Florence, Lola, Charlie and Dillon sit at an empty tube.

The tube stops. In the other carriage, we see a group of fully covered people, some wearing balaclavas. Only Charlie notices.

The tube sets off. Everyone chats as usual; Charlie looks at the group of people on the next carriage.

The tube stops at the next stop, Jack stands as to get off.

CHARLIE
Nah, wait.

JACK
What?

CHARLIE
Bro look at those man.

JACK
They're gonna mug us.

CHARLIE
Nah don't take the chance. We'll go next stop.

FLORENCE
They're not gonna mug us.

CHARLIE
Trust me man next stop.

The group of people get off. Jack sits back down. The tube sets off and we see the group of people waiting at the platform, looking at Charlie.

CHARLIE
They were fucking looking at us.

JACK
Fucking hell.

EXT. SOUTHBANK - DAY

Florence, Charlie, Lola and Dillon are all sitting together. Jack is skateboarding.

They hear the scream, think nothing of it.

FLORENCE
You know I'm actually so late to it.

LOLA
What do you mean?

FLORENCE
Most people in our school were in relationships in like year 8.

LOLA
Those are like all the messed up ones though. Because you get people who are like neglected from their parents at a young age. So they do like drugs and stuff at a young age.

CHARLIE
Drugs?

LOLA
Yeah, well. You know like Bella's dad, he was a drug dealer. Bella lost her virginity at 13, I remember she told us, remember Flo?

FLORENCE
Yeah.

LOLA
I swear she's doing like coke now.

FLORENCE
I love her but she does it too fast.

LOLA
No but that's the thing. Those things are the only things in her life.

FLORENCE
Yeah.

LOLA (CONT'D)
Her dad's never home, he leaves the house to her for weeks. Her mum's not well. You know she's home alone for weeks, doing all these different things we won't be doing for at least the next five years. That makes her wise, doesn't it. Like a philosopher, she knows- you know like- how everything moves, works.

CHARLIE
You're trying to do coke?

FLORENCE
No but. You know- if I were I know who to ask about it. You know.

There is a long pause.

FLORENCE
Charlie can you get us some drinks? Please?

CHARLIE
Alright. Come on Dillon

DILLON
Calm then.

Charlie and Dillon get up and leave. Lola and Florence sit.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Charlie and Dillon walk down an unknown road to find a corner shop.

CHARLIE
Here looks good.

They approach a corner shop, two people in balaclavas sit outside.

Charlie and Dillon enter.

INT. CORNER SHOP - DAY

They make their way to the drink section.

CHARLIE
Cherry B?

DILLON
I don't care. It all tastes like shit.

In the background, the two men enter the shop and walk to the drink section.

MUGGER 1
What should I get.

Dillon takes notice but subtly.

DILLON
They won't serve us anyway, we should go.

CHARLIE
Calm.

Charlie and Dillon squeeze past the two men and exit the shop.

EXT. ROAD – DAY – CONTINUOUS

Charlie and Dillon both walk in synchronization at an increasing pace away from the shop. After a short while, we see the two men leave the shop in the background.

Dillon takes a subtle peek behind him and stars running. Charlie follows. The two men start running also.

Charlie and Dillon run from the men down deserted back streets and take cover behind a bin.

DILLON
(panting)
Where the fuck are we? I don't know South London.

CHARLIE
(panting)
Fuck man. Should I call them.

DILLON
We need to keep going.

The two masked men approach Charlie and Dillon by surprise.

MUGGER 1
Why are you running?

MUGGER 1 grabs Dillon's neck. MUGGER 2 grabs Charlie's shirt.

MUGGER 1
What phones you got?

CHARLIE
Ur...ur... iPhone.

MUGGER 1
iPhone what?

CHARLIE
11

MUGGER 1
Give it.

MUGGER 2 takes Charlie's phone.

MUGGER 2
I got a fucking knife here.

MUGGER 1
You?

DILLON
Here.

MUGGER 1
What's the code?

DILLON
2332

MUGGER 1
You?

CHARLIE
0091

Dillon gives his phone to the mugger. They both check the pass codes and let them go and walk off swiftly. Charlie and Dillon partially collapse and pant intensely.

DILLON
What we gonna do?

(beat)

We need to go home.

CHARLIE
No.

DILLON
Well we need to find the others.

CHARLIE
Where the fuck are they, where the fuck are we?

DILLON
We ran from there we'll just run back.

CHARLIE
And then what? Oh fuck!

EXT. SOUTHBANK - DAY

Florence and Lola are seated. Jack, all sweaty, goes to sit beside Florence. Lola has been trying to call Charlie and Dillon.

JACK
No response, still?

LOLA
No.

JACK
Should we just go? It's boring here.

LOLA
They're probably coming back.

JACK
It's boring.

FLORENCE
Yeah, there's no one here.

JACK
Come let's go. They'll find their way to us.

They all walk away.

EXT. LONDON BRIDGE – EVENING

Jack, Florence and Lola are walking over the Thames, north.

EXT. BUS (TOP FLOOR) - EVENING

Jack, Florence and Lola are seated at the back of a double decker bus. Florence sits beside Lola.

They are both laughing while Jack is looking out the window.

EXT. SOUTHBANK – EVENING

Jack and Dillon make it back to the spot, panting and sweating.

DILLON
They're gone.

CHARLIE
Fuck sake. Are they around?

DILLON
Fuck knows. What are we going to do?

Dillon looks to the distance, panting.

DILLON
My fucking card was in my phone-case.

CHARLIE
We'll bump it.

DILLON
Why don't you fucking take your card, man fuck.

CHARLIE

Because I can bump it. It's fine.

EXT. WATERLOO STATION - EVENING

Charlie and Dillon hesitantly enter the station. There is security.

CHARLIE
Fuck I'm not doing that.

DILLON
We could ask someone.

MOMENTS LATER:

Charlie and Dillon are approaching people.

CHARLIE
Hi, we've just been mugged could we use your oyster-

DILLON
We've got no money, we've just been mugged can we use your card please?

A worker watches the boys.

DILLON
Someone's coming.

The worker approaches the boys.

TUBE WORKER
You boys alright?

CHARLIE
We just need to get through. We've just been mugged.

TUBE WORKER
You haven't got anything?

CHARLIE
Nah.

TUBE WORKER
Have you been to the police?

CHARLIE
They won't do anything.

TUBE WORKER
Yeah you're right. But we can't have you standing here.

CHARLIE
Allow it man. Come on.

TUBE WORKER
No I'm sorry.

CHARLIE
Since when is it a crime?

TUBE WORKER
It's not a crime, I'm sorry-

CHARLIE
Fuck you man.

TUBE WORKER
I'm sorry.

CHARLIE
Nah fuck you man. You literally the same age as us and you're acting like a fucking neek, shut up man.

TUBE WORKER
Leave.

CHARLIE
You literally said I'm right. I'm right about the police. You know where I'm coming from! You know!

TUBE WORKER
Please.

CHARLIE
I hope you found your fucking calling in life. Cunt.

Charlie and Dillon leave.

TUBE WORKER
(under breath)
Cunt. Fucking cunt.

EXT. LONDON BRIDGE - EVENING

Charlie and Dillon walk across a seemingly desolate London bridge.

DILLON
It's fucking annoying, especially when they just act like it's nothing the next day.

CHARLIE
I know. She's corrupted him.

DILLON
That's true. I like Jack but yeah.

CHARLIE
Oh yeah no I love Jack. But he pisses me off sometimes. It's at the point where I couldn't hang out with him alone any more. It's too awkward.

(beat)

Like I could never ask him to meet.

DILLON
But before you could?

CHARLIE
Yeah.

DILLON
How about Florence or Lola?

CHARLIE
Nah you know they hate me. They fucking despise me for some reason.

DILLON
I missed when it was just us and Jack.

CHARLIE
Yeah. He's never even fucked her as well. How does he have a girlfriend he's never hit.

DILLON
Maybe he has he's just not telling you.

CHARLIE
Nah he would have.

DILLON
Before or now?

EXT. CAMDEN MARKET - EVENING

Florence, Lola and Jack are walking through a bustling Camden market. Jack holds a bottle of spiced rum, which he passes to each of the girls to drink. Tourists surround them, druggies, general public.

They see a man holding his phone as a microphone with another man filming by the bridge over the canal. They approach a woman.

INFLUENCER
What's one thing you won't let your child do?

She walks past him.

JACK
Come let's see him.

A man walks past the influencer.

INFLUENCE
What's one rule you'll force on your child?

MAN
Um, no heroin.

He walks away. Jack walks up to the influencer, holding Florence's hand. Lola stays back.

JACK
Hey.

INFLUENCER
What's one thing you won't let your child do?

JACK
Um..

FLORENCE
No alcohol before 16.

JACK
Anything. I'll let my child do anything.

INFLUENCER
Really? Drugs, alcohol?

JACK
Yeah. Any age, any-

INFLUENCER
Are you two a couple.

FLORENCE
Yeah.

INFLUENCER
Okay, what's your biggest red flag in a relationship?

FLORENCE
When he-

JACK
When she doesn't shower. When she wears the same thing ever day.

Florence laughs, an angry laugh, too subtle to be outwardly noticed.

INFLUENCER
Alright, thank you.

JACK
Ay man what's your Tik Tok.

INFLUENCER
Here.

The influencer shows their phone to Jack, while Florence stands there with a blank expression.

EXT. CANAL - EVENING

The three eat food by the canal. Florence is checking her snapmaps.

FLORENCE
Bella is at Primrose.

JACK
Who else is there?

FLORENCE
No one I know.

JACK
Do you want to go?

FLORENCE
Yeah.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Charlie and Dillon sit on a pavement, looking lost or homeless.

CHARLIE
I'm surprised you haven't moved to Lola. She seems like your type.

DILLON
She's weird man. I don't think she'll ever get a boyfriend.

CHARLIE
I'd fuck her. Florence too. I swear Lola's had sex.

Dillon shrugs his shoulders.

DILLON
Wouldn't be surprised either way. Maybe she's asexual. Or just really sexual.

CHARLIE
She's weird yeah. But you can still fuck her.

DILLON
No way man. If she'll fuck anyone it'll be some older we've never heard of.

CHARLIE
You know why? Because you're like a pet to them. They will never fuck you because you're too immature. You're cute, you don't take control.

DILLON
That's not my fucking fault.

CHARLIE
Just act like you know what you're doing, but not to the point where you're in your own world, if you know what I'm saying.

There is a long pause.

CHARLIE
The group is holding me back, man. No offence though, obviously I like you. I haven't got with a girl for months though and it's the group. Cause when I go sixth form, and I turn 18, I'll just go club with the all man there and we can chat to girls. Or when I go uni I can go club with my flatmates.

DILLON
Hm.

CHARLIE
It's nothing about you, it's just they're all holding me back, man. It's been so long.

There is another pause.

DILLON
Let's just go police station man.

CHARLIE
No. I'm not fucking going there. Come let's go.

DILLON
Go where? I wanna go home, it's fucking getting dark. Fuck sake.

CHARLIE
We will. We'll get back.

EXT. CHINA TOWN - EVENING

Dillon and Charlie walk down China Town, people of all walks of life walking either side. Charlie sees a group of 10 twenty-something women. They all leave a restaurant. Charlie rushes up to them.

DILLON
Charlie! Fuck!

CHARLIE
(to Ladies)
Hey. Where are you lot going?

They all start cooing over him, pissed as shit, touching his face. Dillon follows after him.

CHARLIE
Are you going somewhere? Can we come?

HEN PARTY GIRL 1
He's so cute!

BACHELORETTE
We're going to a club. How old are you?

CHARLIE
Can we come with?

HEN PARTY GIRL 1
Come let's take him. Oh my God!

CHARLIE
This is my friend.

They all start cooing Dillon.

CHARLIE
Who's getting married?

They all talk incomprehensibly. There is no coherent answer.

INT. LIMOUSINE – EVENING

Charlie and Dillon sit in the back of limousine, both holding glasses of prosecco. The hen party is shouting incomprehensibly.

DILLON
Where the fuck are we going?

CHARLIE
Hopefully near home.

DILLON
Fucking dumbest shit you've ever done.

A couple of girls sit surrounding the boys, touching their hair.

HEN PARTY GIRL 1
You're handsome boys.

CHARLIE
Yeah.

HEN PARTY GIRL 1
'Yeah'. Oh so cute.

EXT. PRIMROSE HILL - EVENING

Jack, Florence and Lola walk along the path, kids like them scattered around the park. A group of adults sitting in a circle with balloons and a crowd surrounding a person freestyling are standouts.

FLORENCE
Why do you never want to meet new people?

JACK
It's not that, babe. I just know these people will be fucked. I like Bella but I hate the people she's around.

FLORENCE
Why?

JACK
They think they're fucked man. Dating youngers. When did Bella first fuck?

(beat)

Exactly.

FLORENCE
IT'S EMBARRASSING! IT'S FUCKING EMBARRASSING!

JACK
What is?

FLORENCE
You're so fucking dumb. You're like a child.

JACK
It's fucking happening I told you.

FLORENCE
You don't care about me, do you? It either that or you're a fucking child.

JACK
I love you.

(beat)

We're going to Lake Como. I don't want it to be some shit thing you'll regret.

Florence sees a commotion, and hears music. She walks toward the group of people, without warning.

JACK
Florence?

Florence approaches the group of people, 10 or so boys with 4 girls sitting. There is a microphone connected to a speaker and the boys are freestyling. Bella is among them.

FLORENCE
Bella!

BELLA
Flo!

They approach each other and hug.

BELLA
Are you alright? What are you doing here?

FLORENCE
I'm just here with Jack and Lola.

Jack and Lola approach.

BELLA
Hey, hey, hey!

MOMENTS LATER:

Florence sits beside Bella and Lola next to Florence. They watch a man freestyling.

BELLA
Did you get the answers for the test?

FLORENCE
Yeah.

BELLA
I didn't do any of them.

FLORENCE
Who gave you the answers?

BELLA
Someone I know's mum works at AQA.

FLORENCE
You fucking know everyone.

A group of boys approach the girls, from the small crowd. One, JAMES, sits in-between Lola and Florence.

JAMES
Wagwan.

BELLA
This is James.

James wraps his arms around Lola and Florence.

LOLA
Hey.

Florence looks to Jack, who is standing by the tree checking his phone.

JAMES
Ay man if you gyal want booj, cally, cake, light, dark, man can link still.

BELLA
They don't do stuff like that.

JAMES
Ay still. Where you from?

FLORENCE
Crouch-

LOLA
Crouch End.

JAMES
Crouch End. You gyals ever link a guy from East?

LOLA
You're from East London?

JAMES
Yeah.

LOLA
No I haven't.

JAMES
Say nothing.

Florence looks to Jack once more. He is smoking a cigarette. Another boy, FRANK, sits next to Florence.

FRANK
Ay who's this?

FLORENCE
Florence.

BELLA
This is Frank.

He wraps his arm around Florence, compressing her.

FRANK
Florence. That's a nice name.

James rubs his face on Florence.

FRANK
Ya know I'm a rapper. F-Hudz. I did a song with 5EB like 2 years back, you know 5EB?

FLORENCE
Yeah I do. Can I hear?

FRANK
Nah not now you know.

FLORENCE
Why, is it shit?

She starts laughing.

FRANK
Ay who is this bitch, yeah?

Bella starts laughing.

Lola looks over to the group of people standing in a circle with a balloon.

She focuses on a young woman who is restless. The woman holds her balloon, tensing it. It pops. A man speaks to her, but Lola does not know what he says. The woman twitches and looks to the ground. Out of no where, she paces away. The man shouts her name, 'CLAIRE, CLAIRE!' She runs to the bushes.

Meanwhile, Florence is talking to James and Frank, both are very close to her. She looks to them seductively, then to her

boyfriend, who sits cross-legged, smoking. He looks up and they share a brief glimpse. He looks back down. Florence exhales.

INT. LIMOUSINE – EVENING

Charlie and Dillon look out the window to a tall East London, parties roaming the streets and business people minding their business. The women shout out the window at passer-bys.

Charlie takes a video of the limousine with his flash on.

DILLON
Who's that for?

Charlie says nothing and begins to type on his phone.

CHARLIE
Say something to Tiger.

Charlie holds the phone up to Dillon's mouth.

DILLON
Hi Tiger, we're in a limousine for some reason, I don't know how we got here-

Charlie stops the recording.

CHARLIE
Wait, say it again.

He holds the phone to Dillon.

DILLON
We're in a limousine in- where are we? Some place-

Charlie stops the recording.

CHARLIE
Calm.

He waits a bit, then sticks his head out the window and records himself. He screams, he then gets back in.

Charlie sees an unattended bag and searches through it, while the girls are not watching. He finds a packet of cigarettes and a purse, which he retracts 20 quid. He tips the packet of cigarettes into the palm of his hand. He throws the purse away, Dillon looks to him.

DILLON
What did you take?

CHARLIE
Fags.

A hen party girl crawls her way to the boys.

HEN PARTY GIRL 2
Hey boys, how are you?

She wraps her arm around Charlie and twirls his hair.

HEN PARTY GIRL 2
You enjoying yourselves?

She giggles. Another girl sits beside the boys.

HEN PARTY GIRL 3
Do you boys know how cute you are?

She pinches Dillon's check.

The limousine stops in traffic.

HEN PARTY GIRL 2
(to Charlie)
(giggling)
Are you single?

CHARLIE
No.

HEN PARTY GIRL 2
(giggling)
You're lying.

CHARLIE
I'm not.

HEN PARTY GIRL 2
You're boring. Come on liven up!

Charlie sits enduring it for a couple seconds, then jumps to the door and opens it.

CHARLIE
Come on, Dill.

EXT. OLD STREET ROUNDABOUT - EVENING/NIGHT

Charlie and Dillon exit the limousine while in traffic. They run off.

CHARLIE
That was fucking horrible.

DILLON
Fucking crazy bitches.

CHARLIE
Nah that shit was boring.

EXT. BRICK LANE - EVENING/NIGHT

The boys run through the bustling streets of East London. They cross a street, not paying attention. A cyclist swerves past them and shouts an obscenity. Charlie gives a smile.

They sit on the side of the road, watching drunk office workers and general night crawlers stroll by.

Charlie takes two cigarette out from his pocket and hands one to Dillon. Charlie puts the cigarette in his mouth.

DILLON
Bruv I can't smoke.

Charlie gets up and approaches a man walking.

CHARLIE
Got a lighter?

He shakes his head. He walks to a person smoking outside a pub.

CHARLIE
Light?

The person nods and lights the cigarette in Charlie's mouth. He goes back to sit with Dillon.

DILLON
What about mine?

CHARLIE
You shoulda asked.

DILLON
You gave it to me.

CHARLIE
You're fucking sheltered, Dillon. How didn't you end up in private school?

EXT. PRIMROSE HILL - EVENING/NIGHT

Some time passes, Lola and Florence now sit alone together.

Bella and the boys are some spaces away, listening to music on the speaker.

A boy is photographing the others, all seem to be wearing the same brand.

LOLA
Did you know I stayed at Vincent's house last night?

FLORENCE
What? You didn't tell me this. What the fuck?

LOLA
Yeah.

FLORENCE
What was it like?

LOLA
Weird. We could probably go there, it's like a communal thing. It's like everyone's doing their own thing.

FLORENCE
What did your parents think?

LOLA
I slept at yours.

FLORENCE
NO!

Lola starts laughing.

FLORENCE
Fuck sake!

LOLA
What?

FLORENCE
Stop doing that, they could ask my parents about it.

LOLA
Who cares?

Jack is still far from the group of people. He sits by himself, not giving a single glance to Florence.

She looks at him.

FLORENCE
Let's go.

LOLA
Go where?

FLORENCE
Come.

She gets up and walks away, not paying any mind to Jack who sits by himself.

LOLA
What about Jack?

Florence looks back to Jack. Jack catches the glance and gets up to follow Florence. She starts running, holding Lola's hand.

FLORENCE
Come.

They run into the trees.

Jack stops running as they disappear.

JACK
Fuck.

EXT. CANAL - NIGHT

Florence and Lola are walking along the canal, barges parked.

FLORENCE
I love Bella but she's strange. Who the fuck were those people?

LOLA
F-Hudz.

Florence starts laughing.

LOLA
Florence.

FLORENCE
What?

LOLA
Jack.

The girls see a barge, filled with university students dancing.

FLORENCE
Come.

Florence runs to the barge. Lola follows.

INT. BARGE - EVENING/NIGHT

The girls board the crowded barge. Florence walks to the cupboards, checking the counter-tops.

Lola sees CLAIRE, the young woman from the park, sitting at the front, outside. Her face drops and she slowly approaches the woman. Claire is fiddling with a small knife, poking the tips of her fingers with it. Lola stands before her, in awe, and she does not take notice.

LOLA
Claire.

Claire doesn't flinch, ignoring Lola.

LOLA
Does this boat move?

CLAIRE
Does it need to?

LOLA
Well it's a boat.

CLAIRE
It's a barge.

Lola crouches through the door way and sits opposite to Claire.

CLAIRE
I don't want you to talk. I want you to listen.

LOLA
I don't want to talk.

CLAIRE
I'm not meant to be here... I ran away. It's not as bad as you might think. Running away from responsibility. I'm not running away from responsibility. I'm running from a life I don't want. Hm?

LOLA
Hm. What happened?

CLAIRE
Don't fucking talk. You've got your whole life to talk! Dominic Nilsson, Swedish immigrant, £34.50 to his name, had jumped off Archway bridge last August.

The water wades, the sound overcomes the party.

CLAIRE
He taught me everything I know about everything I'm doing with my life now, or used to. I don't wanna get a job. I know I'm not that sort, I knew since I were fucking fourteen. There's no sound when you're born, only a crescendo at the tipping point... and then silence because there's nothing more to hear. Central Saint Martin's, ceramic design, and this Swedish fucker spouts something like that to me before he splatters on the A1... actually he fell close to St Aloysius', to the side, in the bushes.

(beat)

He didn't put me on this fucking barge. I did, because I listened. I listened because I know who I am. I'm not a sheep nor a sheep of the other herd.

Claire pokes the small knife to a bandaged area of her arm. She rips it off, revealing an infected injection area.

CLAIRE
You should love yourself enough to start running.

Lola looks up to balloons in the sky, with notes attached to them. Claire looks as well, and takes a popped balloon with a note attached from her pocket.

LOLA
What does it say?

Claire looks at it. She starts laughing manically, then starts crying. She throws it into the water.

The balloons continue to rise into the evening sky.

EXT. BRICK LANE - NIGHT

Charlie and Dillon traverse the nightlife of a busy East London. Charlie holds a bottle of spiced rum.

Kids like them, business men that are diametrically opposed to them.

They come across a jazz band playing a song. One singer with a microphone, one trumpet player, one saxophone player and one drummer. Charlie, almost sleep delirious, ad-libs.

JAZZ SINGER
A locust crawled up Edward the V's privy one September.
A plague of them he thought he could remember.

CHARLIE
Yeah!

JAZZ SINGER(CONT'D)
'He could have done so much' the locals done uttered.
As he grew all grey and his wings done fluttered.

CHARLIE
Come on!

JAZZ SINGER(CONT'D)
Edward the V got got that day
And everyone's nails grew pointed
He could have been, the greatest king
If his youth was not appointed.

CHARLIE
Ahhhhhh!

Charlie jumps onto a tired Dillon, almost falling asleep on the pavement. He runs to the jazz singer.

CHARLIE
Can I have a go? Can I have a go?

He takes the microphone.

CHARLIE
AHHHHHH! Hello, hello, hello. Who can give us an Uber? Who can get us home? Uber? Uber?

Charlie points to uni students walking past on nights out. Some yell back pointless words.

JAZZ SINGER
Are you lost?

Charlie tilts his head back and takes a breath. He sits beside the jazz singer.

CHARLIE
We was mugged.

JAZZ SINGER
What do you not have on you?

CHARLIE
Phone, money.

JAZZ SINGER
They took your phone? Your friend's too?

CHARLIE
Yeah.

JAZZ SINGER
And you're lost?

CHARLIE
Yeah.

JAZZ SINGER
Why didn't you go to police?

The jazz singer sits beside Charlie.

JAZZ SINGER
You don't look lost. Lost implies you don't know how to become un-lost.

CHARLIE
I hate police.

JAZZ SINGER
Yeah.

(beat)

Well one thing you could do. The clock method. You know the clock method? 12:00.

The jazz singer points forward.

JAZZ SINGER
Walk. Keep walking. Straight line. Not where you're meant to be? Walk back, straight line. 12:01.

The jazz singer shifts his hand to the right slightly.

JAZZ SINGER
Keep walking. Not where you're meant to go? Walk back, same route. 12:02. Same thing. 1 out of 720 times, you're exactly where you want to be.

CHARLIE
Take ages though won't it?

JAZZ SINGER
Of course. Or... you could pick a random time, keep walking, don't look back. Hope for the best. Your choice.

The jazz singer smiles. He then laughs.

JAZZ SINGER
Use your head. Soak it up. Don't be stupid.

EXT. RANDOM STREET - NIGHT

Jack is walking alone. He records a voice message for Florence.

JACK
I'm sorry, please. Where are you? I love you. I'm sorry, I'm sorry, Florence.

INT. POLICE STATION – NIGHT

Charlie and Dillon sit in the presence of a police officer.

CHARLIE
Around 6, 6:30.

POLICE OFFICER
Pm?

CHARLIE AND DILLON
Yeah.

POLICE OFFICER
And there were two of them? Both masked.

CHARLIE
Yeah.

POLICE OFFICER
South bank, that's quite far. How did you get here from there?

Charlie looks fed up, Dillon is almost asleep.

INT. BARGE – NIGHT

Lola approaches Florence, sitting alone, almost falling asleep.

LOLA
Flo? Come let's go.

Florence gets up slowly. They exit the barge.

EXT. ARCHWAY BRIDGE – NIGHT

Archway bridge stands tall over the motorway. Jack is there and he looks through the bars, over London. He sees a lanyard with keys attached tied to the bars. He rips it off.

While looking at the keys, the W5 bus halts in his background. Florence and Lola exit it.

Florence sees him and runs toward him. She hugs him and they embrace each other.

Lola stands watching, a glimpse of despair and envy in her eyes.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. LOLA'S SECOND STOREY LANDING – NEXT MORNING

Lola leaves her bedroom, all ready for the open day at her new college. She creeps over the clothes on the walkway, all with a gelled bun and a sports bag. She opens her parents room and looks in. Her father and mother are fast asleep.

LOLA
(whispering)
Mum, dad. I'm going to the open day. I'm taking the bus.

Her mother awakes. Her father is dead still.

JANE
(half-asleep)
Okay darling. Have a good day.

She shuts the door.

INT. JANE AND DARRELL'S ROOM – MORNING – AFTER LOLA SHUTS DOOR (CONTINUOUS)

Jane stretches and yawns after Lola awakes her and taps her husband on the shoulder.

JANE
Come on Darrell. We overslept again.

Darrell is again dead still.

JANE
Darrell. Come on.

She keeps nudging him.

JANE
Darrell?

INT. JACK'S LIVING ROOM – MORNING

Jack is sitting in his living room, flashing lights through his window. His faceless mother sits next to him.

POLICE OFFICER (O.C.)
Do you know why you're here, Jack?

Jack steers away from eye contact and looks down.

POLICE OFFICER (O.C.)
You broke into Oxygen trampoline park, Jack. Is that you?

Jack looks to the right, presumably at a snapshot of him and his friends at the trampoline park. Jack does not respond.

POLICE OFFICER(O.C.)
Who were the other people you were with?

JACK
Just... people.

POLICE OFFICER(O.C.)
Well I know that. Do you remember what you did in there?

Jack shrugs his shoulders.

POLICE OFFICER(O.C.)
Did you know eight-thousand pounds worth of electrical equipment was stolen that night? And there severe damage to other equipment.

Jack looks up.

JACK
What?

POLICE OFFICER(O.C.)
We don't think it was you that stole the electrical equipment.

JACK'S DAD(O.C.)
Jack just tell them who it was.

JACK
I don't know. No one stole shit.

JACK'S MUM
Jack.

JACK
What?

POLICE OFFICER(O.C.)
Jack just tell me.

JACK
Tell you what? I don't know. No one I know stole shit. I don't know these fucking questions you're asking. What the fuck?

POLICE OFFICER(O.C.)
Calm down.

JACK
What? I don't fucking know man. You expect me to know all your fucking answers, no one stole shit. Fucking stupid cunt.

Jack gets up and leaves the room.

JACK'S MUM
Jack, come back. Jack!

POLICE OFFICER(O.C.)
Jack! Come sit down please?

Jack leaves the house.

INT. FLORENCE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Jack is sitting on Florence's bed, while she lay in her bed. He is visually anxious with his eyelids exposing more of the white, like an owl.

JACK
They said someone stole electrical equipment

FLORENCE
Who?

JACK
I don't know.

FLORENCE
We didn't steal anything, we don't know anyone who did.

JACK
There was bare people there man we don't know who they were.

FLORENCE
There wasn't many.

JACK
Fuck, fuck, fuck.

FLORENCE
You should've worn a hood, or a hat, or a mask or anything.

JACK
You had my fucking hoodie. I didn't even fucking give it to you.

FLORENCE
I have to ask before I wear your clothes, I thought we were together?

JACK
I'm fucking done man.

FLORENCE
Say it wasn't you, because it wasn't.

Jack breaths heavily, showing signs of a panic attack.

Florence gets closer to Jack.

FLORENCE
Let's go. It's the perfect time. We're on our own now.

Florence smiles.

FLORENCE
Just me and you.

JACK
Do you think they can send us to prison?

FLORENCE
Probably not. We'll never know.

She kisses him.

INT. BALLET HALL – MORNING

Lola is at her open day, practising ballet stances on a metal bar with around five other girls. Ballet music is being played on a piano.

Lola looks presentable like the others, as she and they practice their stances along with the ballet teacher's directions.

INT. LUNCH ROOM – MORNING

All the girls are eating lunch, many are chatting with other girls they know. Lola takes note of this, while sitting on her own.

INT. BATHROOM – MORNING

Lola stands in the bathroom crowded with girls. She is on the phone.

LOLA
(on Phone)
When did it happen?

BALLERINA 1
Has anyone got lip-balm?

BALLERINA 2
Here.

A girl passes lip-balm from her bag to a girl.

LOLA
(on Phone)
I'll come.

(beat)

No I want to go.

BALLERINA 3
Can I have some please?

The girl passes the lip-balm to the other girl.

BALLERINA 3
(to Lola)
Do you want some?

Lola shakes her head.

LOLA
(on Phone)
Okay.

Lola hangs up. She looks at herself in the mirror. A girl accidentally barges her, Lola looks to her in minor annoyance.

EXT. SCHOOL HALLS - MORNING

Lola rushes down the corridor. She passes a hat rack, which she throws on the floor, then spotting a small plant by the window, which she throws to the floor. She exits the hallway with haste.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - MORNING

Lola walks down a hospital hallway. She stops outside a hospital room, when she hears her parents conversing over the sound of innocuous beeps.

JANE (O.C.)
I can go downstairs, get you something.

DARREN (O.C.)
The shop is shit. Leave it.

(beat)

I love you.

JANE (O.C.)
I love you too.

Lola hears them kiss. Her father starts tearing up.

DARREN (O.C.)
(tearful)

I want you to be here with me.

JANE (O.C.)
I will always. I will.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

Jane hugs her husband, who is helpless in bed, tied to tubes and machines. He cries into her arms.

Lola walks in, but her parents do not notice her. She starts crying while watching her parents embrace one another.

JANE
You're safe.

Darren notices Lola in the doorway.

DARREN
Lola!

JANE
Lola?

Jane gets up to hug her daughter.

JANE
What are you doing here? You can't leave the audition.

LOLA
Yeah I can.

DARREN
Come here Lola.

JANE
Dad's fine.

DARREN
Dad's fine.

Lola sits on her dad's bed, he holds her hand. She looks forward, then out the window.

INT. LOLA'S DINING ROOM - EVENING

Jane serves dinner to her and Lola, who is seated at the table. Jane sits opposite.

JANE
I'm going to your grandparents tomorrow.

LOLA
What?

JANE
Granny and grandad. They're worried about dad.

LOLA
Why didn't you tell me this before?

JANE
What?

LOLA
You never tell me anything. You're gone for the whole day?

JANE
I'll sleep at theirs, then I'll drive them here the next day.

LOLA
Why can't they drive?

JANE
Grandad sold his car, remember?

LOLA
Why?

JANE
Didn't need it any more I assume.

(beat)

Ask him.

LOLA
I thought you said dad was fine?

JANE
He is. They just want to see him. They're old.

They eat their dinner, Lola only hesitantly. She props her chin up.

LOLA
Did I do it to him?

JANE
Don't say that Lola.

LOLA
He was angry that day. Because of me. Did I do it?

JANE
Lola. Don't say that.

LOLA
Why?

JANE
Because nothing good comes from it. There's nothing you can do. Guilt only harms you further.

Jane continues eating, Lola can only sit there and watch.

INT. JANE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jane sleeps with Lola, hugging her tight. Lola is half asleep, squirming around in discomfort. She lifts her bed sheets and she is covered in blood.

LOLA
Mum? Mum?

She shakes her mother, waking her. Jane looks at the mess.

JANE
Oh. It's okay, Lola.

She gets up.

JANE
Get up.

She removes the bedsheets to observe the mess.

JANE
Did you forget?

Lola sits.

LOLA
I'm sorry, mum.

JANE
It's okay, Lola.

EXT. FLORENCE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Florence sits on her bed, Jack is beside her. She is rubbing cream onto Jack's elbows.

JACK
It flares up when I don't wash.

FLORENCE
Why don't you wash then?

JACK
I don't have time.

FLORENCE
You have all the time.

JACK
Why don't you wash?

FLORENCE
I don't have eczema.

Jack snickers.

FLORENCE
I'm bored. We should do something today.

JACK
I'm tired, Flo, please.

FLORENCE
Come on. You'll regret it when we're old and we won't have time.

JACK
You want kids?

FLORENCE
We're having kids. Not now, in our 20s.

JACK
Should I see if Charlie and Dillon want to do anything.

Florence stops rubbing and she looks at Jack with a disappointed expression.

JACK
What?

She continues rubbing.

JACK
They're my friends.

FLORENCE
They're not really mine though.

JACK
Florence. Where this come from?

FLORENCE
They're not good for you.

JACK
What the fuck do you mean? Did you never like them?

FLORENCE
I like them.

JACK
Is it why we left them yesterday? You don't like them.

FLORENCE
I like them, but I like you better. You'll never see them again after a certain point, you'll see me forever.

JACK
How do you know that?

FLORENCE
Do you not want to see me forever?

JACK
Course I do, doesn't mean it'll happen.

FLORENCE
But that's the goal isn't it?

INT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Charlie and Dillon enter the house. There is filth on the floors and mould on the walls

DILLON
Can your dad pattern you?

CHARLIE
Yeah, he's got fuck ton of money.

Charlie places a ten pound note and several coins onto a table.

EXT. CHARLIE'S GARDEN - MORNING

The boys are sitting in the garden. They are both tired and dirty.

DILLON
You think the police will find them?

CHARLIE
Fuck off Dillon.

DILLON
What?

CHARLIE
You're so fucking stupid man.

DILLON
What.

CHARLIE
They're not gonna find the phones man, fuck off. Fucking idiot

DILLON
Fuck off.

(beat)

Just stop it man.

CHARLIE
Stop what.

DILLON
Why do you think you're better than me?

CHARLIE
What?

DILLON
Think you're so street smart. You think I'm hopeless.

CHARLIE
Yes because you said that yourself! I try and help you, man.

DILLON
You don't. You're just as hopeless as me.

CHARLIE
Yeah, but you're a virgin. You're a fucking virgin you have nothing to say.

DILLON
Okay.

CHARLIE
And you're so wise, 'okay(!)' You think you're fucking sick because you're fucking so pure.

DILLON
When did I fucking say that, you're the one that treats me like shit for no fucking reason.

CHARLIE
You know I'm joking right? It's all a joke.

DILLON
Is it?

CHARLIE
Yes it fucking is! So wet man, so sensitive.

(beat)

We need to do something today.

DILLON
What? We've got no fucking phones.

CHARLIE
I know. Come let's go shops.

Charlie takes a large exhale.

INT. LOLA'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Lola is lying on the sofa with a blanket on top of her.

JANE(O.C.)
The credit card's on the mantle, if you need anything just order it. Please try and stay at home but if you need to leave remember to lock the door twice, when you leave and when you come back yeah? Try and eat 3 meals. I know you can get lazy but please okay? Try not to have too many people here as well. Your close friends are fine but no one else please. I don't want this place to be a mess when I come back. If you light the fire always remember to put it out before you go to bed. I love you.

Jane reaches in to kiss Lola on the cheek. Lola doesn't move a muscle.

JANE(O.C.)
Okay. Call me if you have any problems, or call Auntie and she'll come right away. Take care, darling. I love you.

Jane walks out with her suitcase and shuts the front door.

Lola takes out her phone and calls someone.

LOLA
Hey can you come over. My mum's gone for the day.

INT. LOLA'S LIVING ROOM - MIDDAY

Lola, Florence and Jack sit in the living room conversing, music playing on speakers. They are drinking.

LOLA
I fucked some Alexander last year. You know...

CHARLIE
Who's that.

FLORENCE
Oh yeah you told me this.

LOLA
From APS, he's missing a tooth.

CHARLIE
Oh yea.

LOLA
Yeah, well he was doing work experience in a cigar shop and he called me to come and we fucking in like the stock room. Someone walks in, it's his employer, and he looks and goes, "You're still hooded, while erect".

JACK
That's fucking nasty. I thought the foreskin retracted.

LOLA
Some of them do, not his.

JACK
What did it look like, flaccid?

LOLA
It's like, wrinkly.

JACK
That's fucking disgusting.

FLORENCE
How many people have you told that to?

LOLA
Quite a lot. He probably doesn't care. We both just wanted sex nothing else, anything else is just nothing.

FLORENCE
He doesn't mind?

LOLA
No. There are probably got worse stories about myself.

EXT. LOLA'S STREET - MIDDAY

Charlie and Dillon are walking. Dillon looks to Lola's house and sees Jack, Florence and Lola in the window.

DILLON
Charlie.

Charlie looks.

CHARLIE
What.

He walks closer.

CHARLIE
Fucking pricks.

Charlie storms to the front door and knocks.

DILLON
Charlie! Fuck sake.

Lola answers.

LOLA
Hi guys.

CHARLIE
Hi Lola.

Jack approaches behind Lola.

JACK
Charlie, Dillon. How are you, guys? Come in.

Charlie and Dillon enter.

INT. LOLA'S LIVING ROOM - MIDDAY

Jack, Florence, Lola, Charlie and Dillon all sit.

CHARLIE
We got mugged yesterday. We don't have phones.

JACK
Shit. Do you have insurance?

CHARLIE
Nah.

DILLON
I do but I haven't told anyone yet.

CHARLIE
Can I sign into Snap on your phone, Jack?

JACK
Yeah calm.

Jack hands his phone to Charlie. He begins typing.

JACK
Do you need it, Dill?

Dillon shakes his head.

A heavy silence plagues the room as Charlie checks his snap. Florence looks at Jack, Lola looks to the ground and Dillon looks at both of them.

DILLON
Why did you guys leave yesterday?

FLORENCE
What do you mean?

DILLON
You know what I mean?

FLORENCE
We left because you thought you'd gone.

DILLON
Why would we go?

FLORENCE
I don't know you were gone forever.

DILLON
That's fucking bullshit.

FLORENCE
What?

DILLON
You think you're fucking better than us.

JACK
Dill.

DILLON
Shut up. I'm fucking sick of this shit.

LOLA
Dillon.

DILLON
Tell me. Why did you leave?

LOLA
You're so sensitive, Jesus.

DILLON
I'm not.

JACK
Dillon man leave it.

DILLON
Shut the fuck up Jack.

FLORENCE
Dillon stop.

Dillon leaves the room, then leaves the house. Jack gets up and follows.

EXT. LOLA'S STREET - MIDDAY

Dillon sits on the side of the pavement, Jack goes to sit next to him.

JACK
Dillon. What's wrong?

DILLON
I can go.

JACK
Don't go.

(beat)

The police came to my house.

DILLON
Why?

JACK
When we broke into Oxygen.

DILLON
What? How did they know it was you?

JACK
ID.

DILLON
Do they know about us?

Jack shakes his head.

DILLON
Why are you here then? Did they arrest you?

JACK
They checked my room.

DILLON
They don't know about me?

JACK
No.

(beat)

Life's ending soon, come inside.

EXT. LOLA'S LIVING ROOM - MIDDAY

Lola, Florence and Charlie sit. Charlie is still on Jack's phone.

FLORENCE
(to Charlie)
What are you doing?

CHARLIE
What?

FLORENCE
What you doing on his phone.

CHARLIE
I told you, I need my snap.

FLORENCE
For what?

CHARLIE
What the fuck is your problem?

FLORENCE
There's no problem. What are you even doing here?

CHARLIE
What?

FLORENCE
How did you know we were here?

CHARLIE
Shut the fuck up.

FLORENCE
You're a fucking cunt.

CHARLIE
What the fuck is wrong, Florence. What's wrong with you?

FLORENCE
Give me the phone.

CHARLIE
Fuck off.

FLORENCE
Fuck you!

Florence attempts to snatch the phone off Charlie. He resists.

LOLA
Guys!

The phone drops to the ground, they don't look at it.

FLORENCE
No one fucking likes you, Charlie! Fuck you, why are you here? Why are you here?

CHARLIE
What the fuck have I done to you? What the fuck have I done, why are you acting like this?

FLORENCE
Because you're a cunt! Fucking narcissist. You're always just there no one asks you to be there.

Florence starts crying.

FLORENCE
Just fuck off.

There is a silence. Charlie moves away from Florence as she weeps.

LOLA
My dad had a heart attack.

Florence looks up, teary-eyed. She walks over to Lola and hugs her. Charlie gets up and approaches the front door before he is stopped by Jack and Dillon, who have just entered. They look at each other competitively.

JACK
What happened.

INT. LOLA'S ROOM – AFTERNOON

Lola is lying on her bed. Jack and Florence and lying on the floor, smoking.

FLORENCE
You know you asked me. A long time ago. What do I want to do in the future?

JACK
Yeah.

FLORENCE
I want to be a philosopher.

JACK
Philosopher?

FLORENCE
Yeah. I'm very wise.

JACK
Are you?

FLORENCE
Yes! Or I can be.

Lola reaches under her bed.

JACK
You can't just do philosophy a-level and be a philosopher.

FLORENCE
No. You just have to know things. Know enough things to see patterns in them.

JACK
Isn't that like psychology?

FLORENCE
No in life. Experience.

Lola pulls the bag of pills given to her by Vincent from under her bed. She stares at it in awe. She empties the bag onto her bed and takes two in her hand.

LOLA
Have one guys.

She hands one to Florence and one to Jack.

FLORENCE
What is it?

LOLA
Pills.

FLORENCE
What kind?

Lola shrugs her shoulders.

FLORENCE
Where did you get it from?

LOLA
Vincent gave them to me.

Lola takes one without water.

FLORENCE
(to Charlie)
Do you have a drink?

CHARLIE
You're doing it?

FLORENCE
Come on. Who cares?

He takes a Lucozade from his band and hands it to Florence. She takes the pill and sips. He goes after, hesitantly.

Lola scrounges through the pills she dropped on her bed and picks out two. She leaves her room without a word.

INT. LOLA'S LIVING ROOM – AFTERNOON

Charlie and Dillon sit on the sofa. Lola enters.

LOLA
Take this.

She hands one pill to Charlie and Dillon.

CHARLIE
What the fuck is this?

LOLA
Pill.

Lola leaves the room.

INT. LOLA'S BEDROOM – EVENING

Lola enters the room and jumps onto her bed. Florence and Charlie are now lying on each other on the floor.

FLORENCE
Lola? Do you want some more people to come over?

LOLA
I thought that's what we're doing.

FLORENCE
Should I ask people?

LOLA
I'm going to stay here. I don't want to see all the mess.

Florence starts messaging people.

EXT. LOLA'S HOUSE – AFTERNOON

A group of children arrive outside the house and are let in. Music is playing in the house but is barely audible from the outside. Florence greets everyone entering.

INT. LOLA'S BEDROOM – EVENING

Lola sits on her bed. She looks at her hands and at the wall. She picks up a pill from the pile on her bed and takes one, again not with water. She coughs. She lies on her bed as she hears the loud conversations of people below.

INT. LOLA'S HALLWAY – EVENING

There is a knock at the door. Dillon goes to answer it. A group of people arrive, carrying bottles of alcohol. Dillon welcomes them.

INT. LOLA'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Drum and bass blares through the house, and not through a shitty speaker this time. Lola's room is 75% more filthy, with general clutter scattered everywhere. A ringing noise lingers in her noggin. Her lips are peeling, her eyes are purple.

She tries to get a record player in her room working. She slaps it and shakes it with a record from her collection on the turnstile. She gives up and leaves the room.

INT. LOLA'S SECOND STOREY LANDING – NIGHT – CONTINUOUS

Lola opens her bedroom door to an infestation of kids, all clones of themselves. They plague the landing. A couple can be seen kissing violently by the bathroom door, a boy can be seen urinating in the corner. We swerve around to catch Lola's face, too numb to express emotion, although hers are very potent.

LOLA
(murmuring)
What are you all doing? In my house?

Lola carries on murmuring to herself as she makes her way down the stairs. She quivers her lip to cry but she can't.

LOLA
(murmuring to herself)
Mum won't like this guys. Please? Why are you all here?

We see a kid snorting a substance on the stair handrail. Lola makes her way down the stairs and into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM – NIGHT – CONTINUOUS

She traverses through all the teenagers and makes her way to a vinyl cupboard. She lightly barges the kids out the way and opens the cupboard, taking around 10 vinyls from her dad's collection. She then turns around and makes her way back. Just before she leaves the living room, someone grabs her buttocks, she barely flinches.

INT. BOTTOM FLOOR LANDING – NIGHT – CONTINUOUS

Someone is sick right beside her. She tries not to turn and look; her neck is in immense pain. She walks up the stairs.

INT. LOLA'S SECOND STOREY LANDING – NIGHT – CONTINUOUS

She rushes to her room with the vinyl in hand and slams the door.

INT. LOLA'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

She throws herself and the vinyl on her bed. She looks through her pickups: Andy Warhol by The Velvet Underground Featuring Nico, The Transformer by Lou Reed, Never Mind the Bollocks here's the Sex Pistols and other miscellaneous 70s punk records. She carelessly takes Transformer out of it's cover and places the vinyl recklessly onto her portable record player next to her bed. She lies on her bed like she had just run 800 miles carrying a double decker bus on her back. She smiles as the record plays.

EXT. LOLA'S GARDEN – NIGHT

Maddy is standing with a group of people, arguing.

MADDY
I didn't say shit.

BOY AT PARTY 1
Why you chatting shit like that then.

MADDY
I didn't.

GIRL AT PARTY 1
You didn't, we heard the messages why are you accusing my boyfriend of that shit. Disgusting.

MADDY
I didn't accuse anyone.

GIRL AT PARTY 1
Pull it up, pull it up.

MADDY
I didn't fucking do anything.

GIRL AT PARTY 1
Shut up.

BOY AT PARTY 2
You're a stupid bitch, fucking whore. He knows so many people they can make you nothing. Nothing.

MADDY
Who the fuck are you, why are you getting involved.

BOY AT PARTY 2
He's my friend.

A boy starts filming.

MADDY
Fuck off.

Maddy strops away.

BOY AT PARTY 1
Yeah fuck off!

GIRL AT PARTY 1
Fucking whore!

Maddy traverses through the crowd to the back door. She sees Dillon sitting on the ground, on his phone. She approaches him, confidently.

MADDY
Dillon!

(beat)

Dillon!

He turns around.

DILLON
Alright.

There is a silence. She goes to sit next to him.

MADDY
Do you remember me?

DILLON
Maddy innit. How's... Tiger?

MADDY
I'm hungry.

(beat)

Do you want to eat?

DILLON
What now?

MADDY
I wanna go.

DILLON
Really?

MADDY
Come.

She gets up and holds her hand out to Dillon. He grabs it and gets up. They leave.

INT. CHICKEN SHOP - NIGHT

Maddy and Dillon enter a chicken shop. The lights pierce the night sky. They walk to the counter.

MADDY
Number 12 please, large. And a Sun Exotic, tropical. Thanks

Maddy moves out the way, Dillon walks forward.

DILLON
Number 12, small please. Thanks.

He moves to the side. Maddy searches through her bag.

DILLON
You got money?

MADDY
You're paying for yours.

DILLON
I don't think I've got money.

MADDY
Too bad.

Dillon reaches into his pockets and looks for coins.

INT. CHICKEN SHOP - LATER

The pair are sitting with their food at a table. Maddy is opening a ketchup packet and Dillon watches.

MADDY
Do you like parties?

DILLON
Yeah.

MADDY
Do you get invited to loads?

DILLON
N... nah.

MADDY
Are you upset?

DILLON
Sometimes if I'm honest, but I like it quiet. I've gotten used to it.

Maddy scoffs.

MADDY
I've been invited to six since the end of GCSEs.

DILLON
Are you going to them?

MADDY
Not all. Probably not any. I'm too busy.

DILLON
You want a fucking medal?

Maddy laughs.

MADDY
And what do you want, a trophy?

DILLON
Why would I want a trophy?

MADDY
'I'm so, quiet and introverted'.

DILLON
How's that a good thing?

MADDY
How's being busy a good thing?

DILLON
What? Things to do, it's fun.

MADDY
So is being alone.

There is a silence. Maddy starts eating.

DILLON
What happened? In the garden?

Maddy's face goes dry, her joy vacated.

MADDY
Lies.

DILLON
About what

MADDY
No I was lying.

(beat)

Something happened a couple days ago. The person who I think did it... I can't say anything.

DILLON
Who is he?

MADDY
The last thing I want is more people knowing who he is.

DILLON
He's popular.

(beat)

That's the thing. The more you know, the more you listen, the more... people you know; the more free you are. You can do anything.

MADDY
That's why I'm jealous of you. You're not... not free. You're just a different type of free. A simple freedom.

DILLON
I'm not free. I'm like... a... sheep.

MADDY
Oh everyone's a sheep. Everyone wants to make everyone else like them. It's human nature.

DILLON
You can make shit though. You can make people do shit. People copy what people like you do.

MADDY
Yeah and I copy that off other people. I don't know everything, Dillon.

DILLON
More than me.

MADDY
That's why I'm jealous.

EXT. CHICKEN SHOP - NIGHT

The pair exit the shop and stand outside.

DILLON
Are you going back?

MADDY
Obviously.

Dillon contemplates to himself.

MADDY
Bye Dillon. Thanks for coming with me.

DILLON
Oh... bye.

Maddy walks away, toward a street light. Dillon watches, then accepts his fate and walks in the opposite direction, toward the night.

INT. LOLA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

The party has grown gloomy and more packed. People have started smashing glasses and plates on the ground and lighting bonfires in the garden. Charlie and Tiger are lying on the floor, drinking. Charlie, a lightweight, is visibly drunk.

CHARLIE
Are you here with other people?

TIGER
What?

CHARLIE
(shouting)
Are you here with other people?

TIGER
Yeah!

CHARLIE
Can we go upstairs?

TIGER knows instantly.

TIGER
No.

CHARLIE
Why not.

TIGER
My friends are down here. I like it here.

CHARLIE
Are you a virgin?

TIGER
(laughingly)
No.

A silence plagues the conversation. Tiger takes note of Charlie's inebriation.

CHARLIE
I am.

TIGER looks the Charlie, disoriented confusion. Charlie readies up his emotional face, and smiles knowing his cover is blown.

CHARLIE
I lie. No one likes me. I don't know why.

TIGER
Have you ever done nos?

CHARLIE
What?

TIGER
Loons?

TIGER takes out a nos cannister.

TIGER
Someone gave it to me.

CHARLIE
Who the fuck would give you that?

TIGER
Someone.

CHARLIE
So you bought that?

TIGER
No he gave it to me for free. Try and get me hooked.

CHARLIE
Have you ever tried it before?

TIGER
Yeah. That's how I know I won't get hooked.

She takes out a balloon and empties the canister into it. She takes a large puff.

CHARLIE
How the fuck are you just pulling that out out of no where?

TIGER
Go on.

CHARLIE
I've had enough.

TIGER
What have you had?

CHARLIE
I don't know.

TIGER
Just fucking do it. Maybe we can go upstairs later.

She looks around, seeming occupied. Charlie takes a large inhale.

TIGER
That good?

CHARLIE
Ah, I don't cunting know.

We hear someone shout to TIGER.

She kisses Charlie on the cheek and walks off. He gets up and looks at Tiger walking to her friends, a group of around six people. He realizes he's not what he wants to be, and watches in disappointment.

INT. LOLA'S SECOND STOREY LANDING – NIGHT

The toilet door opens to reveal a dishevelled Jack. As he walks away from the bathroom door, he grabs his groin. He opens the pantry door, where two people are fornicating.

JACK
Florence? Florence?

The moans from the closet grow louder. He enters a bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

Jack sees a couple, boy and girl, making out passionately. He walks in chillingly and sits on a chair facing the bed. He watches the couple not with voyeurism, but almost with an itch to gain wisdom.

INT. SECOND STOREY LANDING – NIGHT – CONTINUOUS

Someone shouts from downstairs. Someone is overdosing.

Kids are rushing downstairs to see the drama at the rings of the bells. We hear murmurs in the background as we make it to Lola's room, her door locked shut.

INT. LOLA'S ROOM – NIGHT

Lola plays 'Space Oddity' by The Langley Schools Music Project on her record player. She breathes heavily, gaining some placebo from the dud pills.

She picks them up and chucks them at the wall. With fear and wrath in her mind, she opens her wardrobe and takes out a ballet outfit.

She pulls apart the outfit, ripping it and chucking the rags away. She takes her ballet shoes out and throws them across the room. A tear falls from her eyes as she groans in panic.

She breathes heavier. With determination, Lola runs to her curtain and with stride rips the whole thing off the wall.

EXT. BIG FIRE – NIGHT

The Fjallraven Kanken backpack burns brightly.

INT. LOLA'S ROOM – NIGHT

Her eyes are now full streaming, looking over London finally from her window; a beautiful dark landscape with bright lights like stars emanating from buildings.

With one final scream, she punches the window.

EXT. BIG FIRE – NIGHT

The Fjallraven Kanken backpack burns even brighter, the flames rising higher.

INT. LOLA'S ROOM – NIGHT

Glass falls into her room and down the house.

Lola solemnly walks toward the open gate and without hesitation, places her knee on the sill, cut glass piercing her legs. With zero care, she kneels on the sill and holds onto the sides, perking her body out the window.

Looking over the landscape, now with the wind blowing on her face and the night-sky under her command, she yells with joy and anger in her voice.

EXT. BIG FIRE – NIGHT

The Fjallraven Kanken backpack starts burning to pieces.

INT. LOLA'S ROOM – NIGHT

An unsettled expression. She then grows scared and realizes what she had done, looking at her bleeding knees and hands.

Lola moves back into her room, walking backwards to her bed.

EXT. BIG FIRE – NIGHT

The burning Fjallraven Kanken backpack starts coming back together, the flames start to die down.

As one would, she gets light-headed and starts breathing even heavier, holding her bloody hands to her face.

She looks onto the new night-sky from her bed and turns away in disgust.

EXT. BIG FIRE – NIGHT

The Fjallraven Kanken backpack has now relinquished any flames.

EXT. LOLA'S HOUSE – NIGHT

Havoc is seen from the garden. Kids from the window sills.

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

The couple kissing before Jack stop.

The boy takes note of Jack and moves away without a mention. Jack takes his shirt off and walks to the girl, who looks at him with wanting eyes.

Jack sits beside the girl, the boy nudges him. The girl initiates the kiss and Jack complies.

The kiss is sloppy and the boy watches, proud. Jack stops, the girl pulls him in and the boy pushes him.

Jack looks to the window and stares to the night sky. He gets up and runs away.

INT. SECOND STOREY LANDING – NIGHT – CONTINUOUS

Jack enters the landing to a rush of kids. Ambulance and police sirens blare out as all the children rush to evacuate the house. Still terrified and shocked, Jack moves with them slowly.

INT. STAIRCASE – NIGHT – CONTINUOUS

He rushes down the staircase along with the mass amounts of people.

INT. BOTTOM FLOOR LANDING – NIGHT – CONTINUOUS

Jack rushes to the front door when he sees Florence, for real this time. She's just as inebriated as he is. He traverses through all the kids and makes his way to Florence.

JACK
Florence! Where were you?

Florence struggles to keep her head up. The two stand amidst the chaos.

FLORENCE
(slurring)

Where were you?

JACK
Let's go. Away. Now.

FLORENCE
(slurring)
Now? I haven't packed.

JACK
We don't need to pack. Let's just go. Now. Come on.

Jack grabs her hand and they both make for the front door. They see a child shout, 'FEDS, FEDS!', and the crowd run the other way, to the back garden. Jack and subsequently Florence does too.

EXT. LOLA'S GARDEN – NIGHT – CONTINUOUS

They both make it to the garden, where kids are seen jumping over fences.

EXT. STREET – NIGHT

Jack jumps a fence into a residential street and helps Florence do the same. They run off.

INT. LOLA'S ROOM – NIGHT

Lola is on her bed, almost passing out. Her thigh is bloody and so are her bed sheets. The lights from the services blare through her window. She struggles to keep awake. She takes a deep breath.

EXT. HELL – NIGHT

Jack and Florence run to hell. They sit down on a patch of leaves and embrace one another.

FLORENCE
(slurring)
I love you.

JACK
I love you too.

She looks up to kiss him to which he initially hesitates but soon embraces it.

JACK
I'm cold we need blankets.

FLORENCE
You have me.

She hugs him tighter.

JACK
You know how you said you want to be a philosopher?

FLORENCE
Hm.

JACK
You should.

FLORENCE
No. I went back to my original choice.

JACK
Original choice?

FLORENCE
I don't know.

He looks off into nature as he strokes her head. He grows emotional.

JACK
Where were you?

She shrugs her shoulders.

He kisses her forehead.

FLORENCE
Would you consider yourself strong?

JACK
What?

FLORENCE
I'm stronger than you. Arm wrestle.

JACK
No.

Jack holds her tighter.

FLORENCE
Weakling. Ha!

JACK
Are you okay? Are you going to be sick?

FLORENCE
We're going to go to Lake Como?

JACK
Yes.

FLORENCE
And we'll go to the same uni?

JACK
Yes.

FLORENCE
And we'll get married in a hot place and have two kids.

(beat)

Do you want that?

JACK
Do you know what that question is?

FLORENCE
Yes.

JACK
I don't.

FLORENCE
Do you love me?

JACK
I love you.

FLORENCE
Then why didn't you say yes.

JACK
I just did.

FLORENCE
No to the question before. You don't know the answer?

JACK
It's not that I don't know the answer. I can't even comprehend the question.

FLORENCE
Do you care?

JACK
Stop.

FLORENCE
Do you love me?

JACK
Florence.

Florence yawns. She falls asleep in Jack's arms.

JACK
Florence?

EXT. HELL – SUNRISE – ABOUT AN HOUR LATER

The sky is darker. Florence is fast asleep on Jack's lap. Jack is still awake, eyes wide open.

He carefully places her head off his lap and onto the floor. He gets up and walks away, leaving Florence. He's trying not to cry and failing.

He walks OFF CAMERA, we see a resting Florence, unknowing of her boyfriend's absence.

EXT. ALEXANDRA PALACE – SUNRISE

Charlie is with a group of boys sitting on the grass overlooking the sun rising behind London.

The boys all talk while Charlie sits out, only him and the new dawn are alive.

He looks over to them and empties his pockets, throwing all the random objects away.

We see the sun rise on a new day.

INT. LOLA'S PSYCH WARD – BRIGHT DAY – END OF SUMMER HOLIDAY

Birds tweet over the whispering leaves and breeze outside Lola's window.

She sits up on her bed in her room, staring at herself in the mirror.

She's wearing an oversized t-shirt with a baggy tracksuit. She has a patient wristband on.

There is a detailed image of a red macaw hanging up on her wall.

She's looking blankly at herself, with tired eyes, then to her calender, today marks the day she can leave for the afternoon. She crosses it off.

INT. ART WORKSHOP – DAY

Lola is painting among the other inmates of the hospital. There is nothing on her canvas. A psychiatric technician walks past.

PSYCHIATRIC TECHNICIAN
No inspiration today?

(beat)

Do you want to be here? You can do something else.

LOLA
I want to stay.

She continues looking at the canvas.

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

We see Lola seated on a comfortable-looking chair. She is facing her therapist, Robert, who is behind us.

WESTON
Hello Lola. My name is Weston.

LOLA
Where's James?

WESTON
James left. Abruptly. He went to St. Albans.

LOLA
I liked James.

WESTON
What have you done this week then Lola?

LOLA
Nothing.

Lola looks to a book on a desk named, 'The Indictments of Being' by Gloria Floral. Weston catches on.

WESTON
Don't you want to ask what that book's about.

Lola stays silent, looking down. Weston picks the book up.

WESTON
Well it's a series of pontifications, aphorisms, moral stories written by a very interesting woman called Gloria Floral. She was a primary school teacher who fled from Algeria amidst the Algerian War of Independence in 1961. She writes a lot about the science of being, the science of thought, both socially engineered and biologically engineered. She was known for her stories on

independence and original thought, which is what this book was based upon. She wrote it in 1972 but what was ironic was that in 1975 she had joined a church called the People's Temple run by the charismatic Jim Jones, and in 1978, all of the members of that cult had moved to a remote settlement in Guyana and from the command of one man, all members killed themselves with poison. Some were shot, but most willingly drank the poison. Some would like to believe Gloria ran, but some pessimists would like to think she had abandoned her liberated image and drank the poison. I personally... don't care.

Weston starts laughing.

WESTON
Here let me read.

He picks up the book and flicks to a random page.

WESTON
'Character understanding and self-indulgence.' You can interrupt if you're bored. I love this one.

(beat)

'There's a mathematician who's currently working on a big book filled with every possible equation in the perceivable universe. Undertaking a seemingly unfeasible task, he expeditiously becomes disgruntled, stressed, agitated so he takes his bicycle and rides around the park close to his home. He rides along a quiet path, temporarily relaxed, away from his monstrous task. Suddenly, during his ride, a rock tangles his bike chain and falls off the bike. He returns home angry, disgruntles, even more stressed than he was prior. When will the mathematician ever seek peace? When he's solved every equation in the universe, or when he's solved just enough to be able to fix his bike?' What do you think, Lola?

She shrugs her shoulders.

WESTON
Go on.

LOLA
Solved every equation in the world.

WESTON
Why?

LOLA
If he fixes his bike, the bigger problem will still be there.

(beat)

Is that the correct answer?

WESTON
There's no correct answer.

LOLA
What kind of person am I then?

Weston laughs pretentiously.

WESTON
You're a child.

Weston laughs once more.

INT. LOLA'S PSYCH WARD

Lola is sitting on her bed, daydreaming as she does 70% of the day. We hear the door open. It's Jane.

JANE
Hi Lola. Are you alright.

LOLA
I'm normal.

JANE
Normal? What's normal?

LOLA
Normal.

Jane hugs her daughter even tighter, then lets go. She's tearing up.

JANE
Dad's just replaced the curtains. I've got lovely red ones, like the house you were in when you were born. I know you like red. You would've loved that house if you saw it now. It was like a fairy tale house.

Jane looks at Lola and smiles.

JANE
Where did my baby go?

Lola does a half smile back.

Jane smiles, then gets all teary-eyed again. Lola knows her mother desires her affection as well as just her, so she leans her head into her mother. Jane holds her tight.

LOLA
Can I go out with my friend today?

JANE
Which one?

LOLA
Florence.

Jane nods hesitantly.

INT. FRONT DESK - DAY

Lola walks to the front desk, with typical London outing attire on. She stares at the receptionist.

RECEPTIONIST
Can I help you?

LOLA
Oh, I'm Lola. It's my leave day. I can leave for 5 hours.

RECEPTIONIST
Ah yes.

The receptionist types, then takes out a phone from a drawer.

RECEPTIONIST
Here you are.

The receptionist hands Lola a phone in a clear plastic wallet. After receiving, she takes it out violently, leaving the wallet on the desk and walking away while holding down the on button.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Lola stands outside the hospital on here phone. Beautiful, vivid green trees surround her. She scrolls, then holds the phone to her ear.

LOLA
Florence?

INT. FLORENCE'S ROOM - DAY

Florence is at home, surrounded by around five new girls, all laughing. She is wearing makeup, a different style to hers prior. She hears the phone ring and picks it up. Her face turns surprised.

FLORENCE
Lola!

EXT. HOSPITAL – DAY

Lola smiles at Florence's voice.

LOLA
Flo. Alright?

INT. FLORENCE'S KITCHEN – DAY

FLORENCE
Are you alright? How's hospital?

EXT. HOSPITAL – DAY

LOLA
Yeah good. Look, I'm outside now. I have a leave day where I can leave for the afternoon. Do you want to meet?

INT. FLORENCE'S KITCHEN – DAY

FLORENCE
Yeah, of course. Where do you want to-

EXT. HOSPITAL – DAY

LOLA
Hell? The old spot?

INT. FLORENCE'S KITCHEN – DAY

FLORENCE
No. Don't like that place any more.

Florence looks up at her dirtied kitchen glass ceiling.

EXT. HOSPITAL – DAY

LOLA
Ally Pally? In an hour?

INT. FLORENCE'S KITCHEN – DAY

FLORENCE
Okay. Yeah

Florence hangs up the phone.

FLORENCE
Girls I have to go somewhere.

The girls moan.

FLORENCE
Come on. It's important. Quick.

The girls get up to leave.

EXT. KITCHEN ROOF – DAY

We see the dirtied kitchen ceiling from the first storey roof. Florence makes her way up there with a cleaning device. She stares at it and checks her watch; she's going to be late. She throws the window cleaner down and leaves the way she came.

EXT. ALEXANDRA PALACE – DAY

Florence awaits Lola's presence. She sees the many kids like her around; all naive, she's matured a small bit.

She looks at a group of kids of a bench, resembling Dillon's new friendship group.

She then looks to the skaters being loud cunts. She sees someone who resembles Jack skating with the group. Maybe he is Charlie.

EXT. STEPS TO ALEXANDRA PALACE – DAY

Florence is still awaiting Lola.

She's smoking a cigarette like a classy Parisian, but she looks nothing like the sort; still grimy like her a couple months back.

We hear the chatter of the public, so does she, she indulges in it. She sees two older skaters from a distance. They seem to be talking about her

We then see a figure, Lola, enter the scene and sit next to Florence.

She turns her head to Lola and hugs her.

FLORENCE
Hi. How are you?

LOLA
I'm good.

One of the skaters walk up to Lola and Florence. Lola sees.

SKATER
Yo. How old are you lot?

They both look up, uneasy.

LOLA
Uh, sixteen.

SKATER
You?

FLORENCE
Sixteen.

SKATER
Ah say nothing, say nothing. Have a nice day.

The boy walks away. Lola and Florence laugh to themselves.

LOLA
If this was fucking four months ago I would've lied.

FLORENCE
I would've said eighteen if you did.

They laugh.

EXT. CROUCH END - DAY

Florence and Lola are walking. They hadn't talked for ages but their spirits still adhere.

FLORENCE
I didn't have a good summer I think. I mean not compared to you obviously, but my parents rarely let me leave the house. Fucking annoying

LOLA
Do they know you're here?

FLORENCE
No. I don't know where they've gone. I wake up and they're just sometimes not there.

LOLA
Work?

FLORENCE
No it's not work it's... I don't care anyway. I don't feel comfortable around them. I prefer living on my own.

LOLA
I wish I lived on my own.

FLORENCE
Do you drink still?

LOLA
No.

FLORENCE
Do you want to?

Lola looks at Florence.

EXT. PRIMROSE HILL - EVENING

Lola and Florence have Desperados in their hands, sitting on a brick wall. They are laughing hysterically, looking at a phone.

FLORENCE
Why the fuck did we do that?

LOLA
I don't know.

FLORENCE
What the fuck were we thinking, why the-

LOLA
My fit was awful what the fuck.

FLORENCE
Don't even fucking, I looked straight out of year 7.

LOLA
Look at those shoes, horrible. Horrible.

FLORENCE
Nah you loved them when you first got them. I remember.

LOLA
That is so embarrassing.

FLORENCE
Nah you actually looked stunning, me on the other hand. I look like a fucking tramp.

LOLA
Wait look at the next one.

Lola takes Florence's phone and scrolls.

LOLA
No, no, no. What is that?

FLORENCE
What?

Florence looks.

FLORENCE
Nah what the fuck give it back.

Florence attempts to get the phone back but Lola reaches her arm our with it.

LOLA
What is that? Is that a harness? A harness?

FLORENCE
Nah, nah please just.

They both laugh. Florence takes her phone back.

FLORENCE
It's just something I put on at Bella's house for Grace's birthday.

LOLA
Wait was that a couple-

FLORENCE
Like a month ago.

Lola looks off into the distance as if she's just been hit with a severe wave of de-realisation.

LOLA
Oh.

FLORENCE
You were in hospital.

LOLA
To be honest I'd rather be there than around Bella while she's fucking whiteying, nah.

Florence giggles a bit.

LOLA
Did she whitey there.

FLORENCE
Yeah of course, she's addicted imagine a party with her.

LOLA
I'd rather not.

FLORENCE
Nah she's nice she's just fucking insane.

They giggle.

LOLA
I know.

EXT. KELLY STREET - AFTERNOON

Florence and Lola are walking down the colourful road, filled with little pastel-coloured houses. They're a little bit drunk.

FLORENCE
What the fuck are we doing here?

LOLA
I like this street. It's pretty

Lola looks at all the house numbers. There is a heavily awkward silence.

FLORENCE
It's nice.

Lola looks into a house, the same house she entered with Vincent back in the summer.

It has completely changed; a presentable coffee table, nice carpets, clean sofas.

It had turned from crack-den to a millennial couple's dream house.

LOLA
Do you remember, when we all broke into school?

FLORENCE
Oh my God that was... crazy. We got away with it as well.

LOLA
Well Jack didn't.

Florence tilts her head down.

LOLA
What happened to him, do you see him?

Florence hesitates.

FLORENCE
Oh God.

LOLA
What? What happened?

FLORENCE
Don't want to talk about it.

LOLA
What? You have to. I didn't know about this you never mentioned it.

FLORENCE
Yeah and there's a reason I didn't. He fucking literally left me alone.

LOLA
What were you doing?

FLORENCE
I don't know, don't really remember.

LOLA
Did you call him or?

FLORENCE
Yeah. Never picked up.

Florence goes to sit on the side of the road, Lola follows.

FLORENCE
After like 2 weeks, he came back. He was like begging to take me back, telling me he loved me and he was sorry. He was too late.

She shrugs her shoulders.

LOLA
What about the others? Charlie and... Dillon, Dill.

FLORENCE
I never heard from them. Don't really care.

LOLA
Weird how we used to know everything about everyone and now, we still know everything about everyone if everyone lived 5 months ago. Like they don't even exist now.

FLORENCE
Well it's just them. I don't talk to people like that now.

EXT. BENCH NEAR KENTISH TOWN – EVENING

The two are sitting on a bench, slightly far apart.

LOLA
I'm sorry about Jack. I know how much you loved him.

FLORENCE
I haven't had a boyfriend since. I'm staying away from boys.

LOLA
Because of Jack.

FLORENCE
When Jack left, I thought I was going to die alone.

LOLA
Do you still think that?

FLORENCE
Yes, but hopefully one day I won't

EXT. NEAR ARCHWAY BRIDGE – LATE EVENING

Florence and Lola are taking their final steps together, in the dark streets of North London.

LOLA
I should've been back two hours ago. Three actually

FLORENCE
You're a free person. You do as you please.

LOLA
I feel sick.

FLORENCE
You haven't drunk for a while you'll get used to it.

LOLA
Fuck.

FLORENCE
What?

LOLA
Nothing. I'm fine.

FLORENCE
You know I could come visit you if you want. At the hospital

There is a long awkward silence.

LOLA
I'm moving to Devon.

They both stop walking.

FLORENCE
What?

LOLA
My mum's doing our house to sell it right now.

FLORENCE
We'll still see each other.

LOLA
I don't know.

EXT. ARCHWAY BRIDGE – LATE EVENING – CONTINUOUS

We see the girls walk on Archway Bridge.

They look over the shining London landscape through the metal bars of the bridge.

LOLA
Do you think we'll ever know everything?

FLORENCE
Like what?

LOLA
Like when we die, we'll know everything. How we lived, why we lived.

FLORENCE
I think whatever you believe is what will happen to you.

LOLA
That's boring.

There is a pause as they soak in the visual and audio of the city.

LOLA
It's sad.

FLORENCE
What?

LOLA
We have nothing new to talk about.

FLORENCE
I was going to clean my kitchen roof before I came out. I think the wind might get the dirt though.

There is a silence. Lola grows emotion and hugs Florence.

LOLA
I love you. You were always kind. Always loved me, in everything I tried to do. You're a true person. I love you Flo. Forever.

She tears up, Florence is complete and utterly confused.

FLORENCE
I love you too Lola.

Lola kisses her and lets go hesitantly.

FLORENCE
You take care okay? Hopefully we can do this again, yeah. Before you go away.

LOLA
Everything will be different. Not normal. I hope you become a philosopher, Flo.

Florence chuckles flippantly.

FLORENCE
Bye Lola.

Florence nods and heads off.

EXT. STAIRWAY BESIDE ARCHWAY BRIDGE – LATE EVENING – CONTINUOUS

Florence enters the dimly lit stairway from the top of the bridge down to the main road. The path is green with trees, although hard to see in the dark.

She initially seems confused to Lola's goodbye.

She takes out a cigarette and begins to smoke. She gets happier and eventually a smile is plastered on her face; Maybe everything is better now than it was when summer started – she's starting to realize that.

When she reaches the main road through the long stairway, she walks toward Archway, away from the bridge. Her smile pertains for a while until we see the whole bridge. She puts earphones in her ears but we still hear the outdoors.

As she walks away from the bridge, we hear a large smack on the ground, like a gunshot, from behind Florence. She obstructs the bridge.

Her music shields her from the outside noise. We hear shouts and screams from pedestrians and motorists, only mild nothing over-the-top.

Small amounts of people barge past Florence to follow the commotion, she doesn't take notice initially; too absorbed in herself.

People are chattering around her, unintelligible chatter but not chatter that can be interpreted as good.

She takes a deep breath and takes out her headphones to hear the beeping and commotion. She turns around, and waits.

She attempts to look over the commotion, standing still, but she gives up and continues walking forward.

The End.