

FOREVER ADOLESCENT

Episode One

Midnight In Manchester

Written By

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1 EXT. STREETS OF MANCHESTER - NIGHT 1  
ESTABLISHING SHOT: HEAVY RAIN FALLING OVER THE CITY

2 PORTLAND STREET 2  
EDEN AUSTIN, 24, and FIONA JONES, 25, run hand-in-hand in the rain. Looking for shelter, the two drenched from head to toe find it under an archway of a closed store entrance.  
As they catch their breath the two look at each other laughing; Eden leans towards Fiona, kissing her gently.

3 INT. AUSTIN HOUSEHOLD. EDEN'S BEDROOM - EVENING 3  
SUPERIMPOSE: One Year Later.  
Fresh out the shower, Eden, now 25, opens his wardrobe doors to watch his *jenga-piled* belongings fall to his feet. Clearly a common occurrence, Eden tuts as he throws the various books and notepads back into the wardrobe, refusing to learn from his mistake.

Flicking through the shirts on the rail, Eden grabs one.

4 INT. AUSTIN HOUSEHOLD. STAIRS 4  
Eden heads down the stairs when he suddenly remembers something; tutting, he turns round heading back up.

5 INT. AUSTIN HOUSEHOLD. EDEN'S BEDROOM 5  
Eden opens his wardrobe doors.  
Once again the pile of items and belongings fall to his feet. Eden exhales heavily. He mumbles:

EDEN  
*Fucksake.*

Throwing the belongings to the back of the wardrobe yet again, Eden grabs a coat from the rail before slamming the doors of the wardrobe shut.

6 EXT. TRAM STATION - EVENING 6

A tram is heard approaching in the distance. Eden waits on the platform, mobile in hand. He attempts to call a number

7 INT. TRAIN. BAR (MOVING) - MEANWHILE 7

JACOB 'JAKE' DEMSKI, 24, a sophisticated young man of Polish decent sits at the bar. A young WAITER prepares a martini, shaking the contents in the shaker.

Jake is unaware his phone is vibrating on the bar.

JAKE

*Faster. Put your back into it.*

The Waiter shakes the contents faster.

Jake's still unimpressed.

JAKE

Here. Give it here.

Jake takes the shaker from the Waiter demonstrating how to shake the drink.

JAKE

Like this. Should come naturally to you young guys... all those nights shaking one out.

WAITER

(Sarcastic)

*It's knocking*

After finishing, Jake places the shaker on the bar.

WAITER

Do you want me to finish?

JAKE

That's a personal question.

Pause for a beat.

JAKE

Just pour the fucking drink.

The Waiter pours the drink into the glass.

The phone rings out.

8 INT. TRAM (MOVING) 8

Heading into the city centre of Manchester, Eden sits.  
His phone rings. Looking at the caller, he answers it.

9 INT. BUS (MOVING) - MEANWHILE 9

Also heading into Manchester, HARRISON HODGE, 25, suited and booted, sits on the relatively quiet bus, only himself and an ELDERLY MAN, late 70's, the two riders.

With the phone to his ear using one hand, Harrison holds a bottle of beer in the other.

Eden answers.

HARRISON  
Remind me in future to always  
follow my gut.

EDEN O.S  
You ordered Dixies over KFC?

HARRISON  
Feels that way. Bus over Uber.

EDEN O.S  
Ouch. Sounds like someone's missed  
their bonus.

HARRISON  
Or that someone's got an unwanted  
financial adviser as a girlfriend

10 INT. TRAM (MOVING) 10

Eden sits on the phone speaking to Harrison.

EDEN  
That sounds more accurate.

HARRISON O.S  
Mate it's killing me.

EDEN  
*Nicole?*

HARRISON O.S  
 No, well yeah, but, I dunno. She's  
 like part of a problem. Then  
 there's a bigger problem. And she's  
 part of that too.

EDEN  
 Mate, she'd most likely wicker man  
 you if she heard you saying shit  
 like that.

HARRISON O.S  
 Sounds like Nicole.

Pause.

11 INT. BUS (MOVING) 11

Harrison sniffs, looking at his beer.

EDEN O.S  
 You alright?

HARRISON  
 Can't tell if it's the beer or the  
 bus that smells of piss

EDEN O.S  
 Most probably the bus. Any culprits  
 knocking nearby?

Harrison glances at the elderly man to see a damp patch  
 surrounding his crotch.

HARRISON  
 Looks like we've found our criminal

Pause.

HARRISON  
 Murder weapon: a piss poor catheter

12 INT. TRAM (MOVING) 12

Eden smiles

EDEN  
*Literally.*

HARRISON O.S  
 Make sure I'm dead and buried by  
 the time I'm 45 will you?

EDEN  
 I'm sure Nicole's working on that.

HARRISON O.S  
 She'll be having a *plot* rehearsal,  
 spending the night diggin'

Eden laughs.

EDEN  
 You nervous?

HARRISON O.S  
 Part of me wishes I wasn't going.

EDEN  
 It'll be good to get to know your  
 team better. Embrace it, what's the  
 worst that could happen?

13 INT. BUS (MOVING)

13

Harrison sips his beer.

HARRISON  
 End face down, arse up, slapped  
 with a disciplinary come Monday  
 from a snapchat gone viral of me  
 motor boating fat Beryl

EDEN O.S  
 Who's fat Beryl?

HARRISON  
 HR.

Eden laughs.

EDEN O.S  
 Just enjoy it.

HARRISON  
 You too. But do me *one* favour?

Pause.

HARRISON  
Don't buy it.

14 INT. TRAM (MOVING) 14

Eden shakes his head as he pauses.

HARRISON O.S  
You still there?

EDEN  
I'm still here.

HARRISON O.S  
You know what I mean, right?

EDEN  
Yes, I wasn't born yesterday, I  
know what you mean.

HARRISON O.S  
Sometimes he gets you and he hooks  
you...

EDEN  
Okay, okay I get it, you're his  
biggest fan. I'll make sure to get  
his autograph.

15 INT. BUS (MOVING) 15

Harrison glances across at the elderly passenger:

HARRISON  
*Great*, I think someone on here  
needs something to wipe up with

16 INT. TRAM (MOVING) 16

Smiling, Eden ends the call.

TRAM O.S  
This is the Piccadilly service. The  
next stop is Victoria.

Standing, Eden walks over to the doors. As the tram comes to  
a stop, the doors open and Eden steps off.

## OPENING TITLE CARD - FOREVER ADOLESCENT

17 INT. FAZENDA (SPINNINGFIELDS). BAR - THAT NIGHT 17

Glass of red in hand, Eden casually works the busy bar looking for his "friend" who he is meeting, trying to draw as little attention to himself as possible.

A WAITER approaches.

WAITER

Are you looking for a table?

EDEN

Oh, no, just my friend. Thanks.

Eden smiles as he walks past the waiter.

18 EXT. FAZENDA (SPINNINGFIELDS). PATIO 18

Eden sits at the table alone. Taking his phone from his pocket, he dials a number. Holding the phone to his ear, he listens as the phone rings out.

Muttering:

EDEN

Prick.

19 EXT. FAZENDA (SPINNINGFIELDS). PATIO - HALF HOUR LATER 19

Clearly nursing his wine, Eden waits patiently yet getting somewhat agitated.

As he sips, he notices Jake approaching in the distance talking to two MIDDLE AGED STRANGERS.

Muttering to himself:

EDEN

*Oh come on.*

Outside, Jake parts ways with the couple before heading onto the exterior patio with a glowing smile. Eden is far from amused.

JAKE  
The messiah has returned bitches

EDEN  
Are you fucking kidding me?

JAKE  
Oh shut the fuck up and hug it out  
Eden stands; the pair hug - Eden is unenthusiastic.

JAKE  
At least like you fucking mean it  
Eden tries a little harder.  
Breaking apart the pair sit - obvious silence.

JAKE  
Okay, get it out. Get it all out.

EDEN  
You really telling me your data  
plan won't stretch to a text?

JAKE  
I'm like a couple of minutes late.

EDEN  
You're forty minutes late.

JAKE  
So a couple of minutes. Dude, forty  
minutes in London is on time.

EDEN  
Well we're not in London, were in  
Manchester where twenty minutes  
means you've been stood up, and  
forty means you're just to  
embarrassed to admit it.

JAKE  
You're such a hypocrite

EDEN  
I am not a hypocrite. How am I a  
hypocrite?

JAKE  
Turnip's funeral.

Eden tuts:

EDEN

Oh come on. Don't be so ridiculous

JAKE

Fifteen minutes late to the funeral, first up to the buffet. And what was it you said? "The buffet's the most interesting part"

EDEN

*Wrong.* If you actually listened to me what I said was "the buffet of a wake defines the person who's died" and in Turnip's case I think his buffet summed him up perfectly: a little bland and stale.

Pause; Jake lowers his head in shame.

EDEN

And telling his Mum we nicknamed him Turnip-Head against his will wasn't the most convenient timing

Jake smiles.

JAKE

I've missed you.

EDEN

I've missed you too.

Eden and Jake lean over the table and hug.

EDEN

*Better?*

JAKE

Much better.

20

EXT. SLATER FAMILY HOUSE - MEANWHILE

20

Hale, Manchester.

ESTABLISHING SHOT: A GRAND DETACHED PROPERTY

Various cars are parked outside.

21 EXT. SLATER FAMILY HOUSE. BACK-GARDEN

21

In the breathtakingly stunning back-garden, DOMINIC 'DOM' SLATER, 25, sits, deep in thought as he stares at his laptop screen, almost studying what he is looking at: Australian travel sites.

Voices are heard chatting and laughing from inside.

Dom is playing his own music quietly outside.

Footsteps approach; Dom watches his father ALFIE SLATER, walk over to him carrying an open bottle of red wine as well as his own wine glass. Slyly, Dom shuts his laptop and collects his almost finished wine glass. He sips.

Alfie holds the bottle in front of Dom.

DOM

Thank you.

Alfie tops up Dom's glass:

ALFIE

Quiet night in? Thought Jake was back

DOM

I'm seeing him tomorrow. Len couldn't make it tonight.

Alfie begins to pour himself a glass:

ALFIE

And when did you start relying on other people?

DOM

When Uber rates took an inflated surcharge. No Len, no split fare.

ALFIE

(Sarcastic)

So that's you homeward bound from now on?

Dom raises an eye at his Dad.

ALFIE

What? Only saying what you're too afraid to admit.

Pause:

DOM

Anyway, Eden can have him tonight,  
and tomorrow he's mine.

ALFIE

The boy's in demand.

DOM

Well that's what London does to you

ALFIE

Don't be fooled kid. London's not  
all that.

DOM

This where you tell me how much of  
a better city Manchester is?

ALFIE

History can do that. Home of the  
greatest band in the world...

DOM

(Interrupts)

Who can't stand to be in the same  
room as each other, not even for  
charity.

ALFIE

(Continues)

The best football club...

DOM

(Interrupts)

*Debatable*. Have you seen table?

ALFIE

It's a blip.

DOM

It's a sign.

ALFIE

Which is?

DOM

Nothing stays the same. Not  
forever, anyway.

ALFIE

Christ, someone's depressed to be  
staying in on a Friday night. You  
could join us. Taxi's picking us in  
ten.

DOM  
 Passing on a night with my *youth* to  
 channel my inner *pensioner*? *Please*.

Alfie smiles.

ALFIE  
 At least us *pensioners* don't bail.

DOM  
*Dick*.

Dom and Alfie laugh; Dom playfully punching his Dad.  
 Turning, Alfie begins walking away.

DOM  
 Oh, how's Mum? Feeling any better?

Alfie, a little dazed and confused:

ALFIE  
 Hm, oh yeah, yeah, slight headache.  
 That's all.

Awkward silence as Alfie smiles:

DOM  
 Enjoy your night.

ALFIE  
 And you... *loner*.

Dom smiles watching Alfie head back into the house. As soon  
 as he's gone, Dom reopens his laptop picking up where he  
 left off, sipping his wine as he browses.

22 EXT. FAZENDA (SPINNINGFIELDS). PATIO - AN HOUR LATER 22

A WAITRESS exits onto the patio carrying another bottle of  
 red wine. Walking over to a laughing Jake and Eden she holds  
 it offering the pair to taste.

Two used wine glasses and an empty wine bottle are on the  
 table in front of the pair.

JAKE  
 Oh no, just go for it.

The waitress pours the two a glass before placing the bottle  
 on the table, taking away the empty bottle.

JAKE

I can't believe it's almost 5 years that we were all in that house. I mean, I'd never blame you guys because there's nothing to blame for where my life's taken me, but the reason I had to drop out of the whole thing was because I was so scared I'd become so comfortable with that lifestyle.

EDEN

Foam party Mondays.

JAKE

Take-Away film night Tuesday's.

EDEN

The usual Venue playlist Wednesday. Dom's favourite.

JAKE

Spare the liver Thursday. God it was amazing. I remember my Mum constantly asking, "what the fuck are you doing with your life". I think it only hit me when we binge watched a full series of The Hills on MTV for the simple reason no one could reach the remote

EDEN

Yeah, doubt the most watched show for 20 year old guys

JAKE

Gotta admit it was kind of addictive. And that *lifestyle*? I mean who doesn't want to be driving around in Lamborghini's with the only worry on your mind being what martini to drink next.

The two laugh.

JAKE

Manchester University's got a good reputation you know?

EDEN

Really?

JAKE

Gets a lot of hype down South.

EDEN

I'd say that says more about Southerners considering word on the grape vine most likely tips in favour of the outrageous. Remember when we cling-filmed Len's toilet and he came back from that camping weekend?

Jake laughs.

JAKE

Oh my god, the smell. That poor boy. I mean we really fucked him up. You put an oxo cube in his milk right?

EDEN

In retaliation for him raping my laptop with meat spin. Vomited everywhere apart from the bowl.

The two laugh.

JAKE

Me, you, Dom, Len... who'd have thought he'd be the first to settle?

Eden goes a little quiet, almost getting his back up:

EDEN

Well, I dunno if I'd say *settle*.

JAKE

He's about to become a parent, I'd say that's as close to *settling* as you can probably get.

EDEN

I mean he still comes out. Still see him all the time.

JAKE

Then why's his seat empty?

Pause as Jake points towards a spare chair:

JAKE  
Eden, it's not a dog, it's a baby.

EDEN  
I know, I'm not fucking stupid.

JAKE  
Not stupid, but a little in denial

Eden shakes his head as he sips his drink.

JAKE  
Really think Olivia's gonna let him out when she's got a baby, shitting and screaming all day and night?

EDEN  
(*Bitter*)  
Well, Len needs to stop being so pussy whipped and grow a set.

JAKE  
I can see you and Olivia have clearly patched things up.

EDEN  
I just don't know why she hates me

JAKE  
(*Sarcastic*)  
You don't?

EDEN  
Oh come on. It's like every time she sees me, her inner Smaug starts breathing fire. I mean I don't get it. She's cool with Dom. I've not done anything to her.

JAKE  
Sometimes it's what you do to others that has a domino effect

Pause; Eden seems to understand where Jake is coming from calming his attitude:

JAKE  
I never said at the time but I am sorry for what happened. You and Fiona seemed to be, I dunno, on to something.

Pause.

EDEN

Well, that's just it, we weren't.  
And my choice of finding happiness  
shouldn't offend anyone else, let  
alone someone who had no direct  
connection to the relationship

JAKE

Welcome to the world of today.  
Where the most insignificant thing  
can offend the masses.

Eden and Jake tap glasses.

Suddenly, banging on the exterior furniture is heard. Jake  
and Eden turn to see Harrison walking with THREE COLLEAGUES  
from his work who he is drinking with.

HARRISON

Isn't this all *civilised*?

EDEN

How'd I know you'd sniff us out?

HARRISON

I could smell the Paco Rabanne from  
Piccadilly you basic bitch.

As Jake and Eden smile, Harrison turns to his colleagues.

HARRISON

I'll meet you guys up there.

The colleagues agree to continue as Harrison walks around  
and sits beside Eden facing Jake.

Facing Eden:

HARRISON

Thank fuck I've found you two.  
Cunts have been hoovering cocaine.  
Jaws'll be like playground swings  
come twelve

Turning to Jake, Harrison takes a deep breath:

HARRISON

*Jacob*. Great to see you *pal*.

JAKE

(*Bitter*)  
And you, Harrison.

The two shake hands civilly.

HARRISON  
 Ooh, bottle of red, romantic  
 candle-light; people'd think it's  
 someone's lucky night.

Harrison catches the eye of the waiter.

As he points to a wine glass:

HARRISON  
*Chalice.*

23 EXT. FAZENDA (SPINNINGFIELDS). PATIO - HALF HOUR LATER 23

The three now with wine are in conversation:

HARRISON  
 So I have just started at a  
 recruitment company, well moved,  
 more of a specialist firm. Better  
 salary, better benefits. *Bonuses.*

JAKE  
*Great.*

HARRISON  
 Guys I was with are part of the  
 team. First night out. Testing the  
 waters. Filtering the cunts from  
 the champs you know?

JAKE  
 (*Sarcastic*)  
 I'm sure the cocaine will be a good  
 factor in that.

HARRISON  
 Eden says you're still in London.

JAKE  
 Yeah. Going on four years now.

HARRISON  
 Making any money yet?

EDEN  
*Harry!*

HARRISON  
*What?* It's London. Tough nut to  
 crack. You move to London you make  
 a lot of sacrifices, *right?*

JAKE

Yeah. You're right. But like your place, there's a lot of bonuses.

HARRISON

*Money?*

JAKE

There's more to life than KPI's and keeping managers in pocket

Harrison rolls his eyes as he drinks.

Jake turns to Eden:

JAKE

What about you?

EDEN

What do you mean?

JAKE

You went to uni with a dream. You came out of uni with that very same dream. What's happened?

Eden meanders an answer quick:

EDEN

I dunno... *life?*

JAKE

You mean working the un-stimulating 9-5 allowing you to extend your outlook to the next "let's get shit-faced" weekender? And before you disagree social media warrior, I do check in time to time.

EDEN

It averages to every other weekend

JAKE

Instagram tells a different story

HARRISON

You are a social media whore

EDEN

I'd say I'm a regular user and wouldn't call my work *un-stimulating*

HARRISON

Last month you *checked in* at the dry cleaners

JAKE

And when I asked you what you actually do at work you told me you smooth edges for a living.

EDEN

It's an accounting firm, I deal with a variety of tasks.

HARRISON

*Tasks?*

EDEN

Well no one's job role is two dimensional in today's generation

Eden becomes flustered.

EDEN

Anyway, why the focus on me? I mean, I'm getting by. I enjoy my work. It allows me to live. I mean, what about you? Tell us about the music career.

JAKE

It's going good. We're getting a bit of recognition here and there

HARRISON

When does one get *fully recognised* because after four years to only be recognised "*here and there*", I'd start questioning my talents.

JAKE

Well at least you've got to be brave enough to put yourself out there to be recognised.

Silence. Jake turns to Eden:

JAKE

I always thought you had potential

24 SPINNINGFIELDS. STREETS - MIDNIGHT 24

It's a quiet evening on the streets.

25 TOWN HALL/ALBERT SQUARE 25

Eden and Jake stroll alone towards the Town Hall.

JAKE

He hates me.

EDEN

He doesn't hate you.

JAKE

He *totally* hates me.

EDEN

Okay, maybe just a little.

Jake and Eden laugh it off.

JAKE

I just don't get it. We talk about Len settling but the two of you studied something you loved and then you've *settled* on a life so irrelevant to your dreams.

EDEN

But is a dream not just a dream?

JAKE

A dream is never *just* a dream.

Jake leads the way to the Albert monument where he sits on a step facing the Town Hall; Eden joins.

Pause.

JAKE

What gets you up in the morning?

Eden thinks. As he goes to speak, he falls speechless

JAKE

What *used* to get you up in the morning?

Eden thinks.

JAKE

Maybe it was the idea of the red carpet event? Having your name in massive letters over a billboard in L.A? Or maybe it was just writing something that inspired people, challenged people, connected with people...

Pause.

EDEN

Why'd you think I had potential?

Pause.

JAKE

Remember when you left your room open in second year?

EDEN

And Dom put a glow in the dark hand print on my wall?

Jake smiles.

JAKE

I'm not a thief, but I saw your copy of "Far From Home"

EDEN

You read it?

Pause.

JAKE

I was going to read it whenever I could but once I got going, I couldn't put it down.

EDEN

Oh shut up.

JAKE

I'm serious. I'd never read a screenplay before. Took some adjusting. But to be brave enough to write something so raw, I knew if you put your passion in the right place, well... you wouldn't be in accounts anyway.

Eden nods, understanding Jake.

JAKE

And I suppose, that's why when you told me about Fiona, I wasn't surprised. You're a fuck up who channels his emotions into his writing; *that* shouldn't be kept under lock and key. To be brave enough to put pen to paper is enough to tell you you're ready.

Long moments silence.

EDEN

Perhaps some of us jumped ship while the time was right?

JAKE

A dreamer can make it anywhere. They just need to reignite the spark.

EDEN

Rich, coming from the guy who moved 200 hundred miles to pursue a career in music.

JAKE

You don't think Manchester has anything to offer musically? Bee Gee's, Courteeners, Joy Division, The Smiths...

EDEN

(*Interrupts*)

Ok, I get it, Jesus. Last thing I need right now is a Pub Quiz.

JAKE

No. But you know what you do need?

Eden looks at Jake anticipating the answer.

JAKE

A reason to get out of bed again.

Eden walks through the crowds of people making their way up and down Market Street. Walking, he counts his change. In the distance, he sees a McDonalds.

Walking past a closed bank, a HOMELESS MAN sits on the floor, wrapped warm with a blanket; with him is his dog, slightly shaking in the cold. A cup for change is in front of the Man but he doesn't beg as people pass.

Like many others, Eden passes, ignoring the Man.

Stopping, Eden turns, looking at the man and his dog.

27 INT. MORRISON'S (MARKET STREET) - MOMENTS LATER 27

On the pet food aisle, Eden browses the various pouches of dog food available. A group of loud and drunk late-teen lads draw attention to themselves at the front of the shop; Eden watches in disbelief as he watches them cause issues with the SECURITY GUARD.

28 MARKET STREET 28

Eden kneels beside the homeless man, feeding one of the pouches to the cold dog. Reaching into his pocket, Eden hands over another five food pouches for the dog. Eden strokes the dog as the Man smiles.

EDEN

What's his name?

The homeless man makes Eden aware he is deaf. Eden notices the man has a small whiteboard and pen. Taking it he writes: "what is his name?"

The man takes the whiteboard and pen and answers: "Ben"

EDEN

Ben?

Ben, instantly recognising his name looks up at Eden after finishing the food in record time.

EDEN

Ben?

Ben rests his paws on Edens knees. Eden smiles as he continues to pet the dog. Looking at the man, Eden slowly says:

EDEN

He's beautiful.

The man recognises Eden's words and nods. Taking the whiteboard and pen, the Man writes before showing Eden: "for him, I have purpose"

Eden smiles. He is interrupted by his phone alerting him with a message. Taking his phone from his pocket, he looks at the message.

He mutters:

EDEN  
You're fucking kidding me

The homeless man recognises Eden's words. He mumbles:

HOMELESS MAN  
Girlfriend?

EDEN  
Worse.

The two smile at each other. Using the blanket, Eden wraps Ben up nice and warm, shielding him from the cold.

Taking the board and pen he writes: "look after yourselves" before handing the board back to the man and dropping various pound coins into his cup.

Giving Ben one final stroke, Eden stands and walks away.

29 EXT. EMPORIO ARMANI SHOP (DEANSGATE) 29

Harrison sits slouched over himself on the floor, asleep. Eden takes a quick picture before helping Harrison to his feet. Drunk, Harrison is surprised to see Eden.

HARRISON  
You brought chicken?

Eden tuts as he walks Harrison over to the Uber.

30 INT. UBER (DRIVING) - MOMENTS LATER 30

An Indian UBER DRIVER sits behind the wheel.

Eden and Harrison sit on the back seats; Harrison slouched against the door, slurring his words.

HARRISON

You're a dick.

EDEN

*I'm a dick?* Why am I a dick? I've just saved you sleeping in your own sick and being physically assaulted by Nicole, and now I'm a dick?

HARRISON

You buy into *his* shit.

EDEN

What're you talking about?

HARRISON

The spiel, the fucking bottom vomit

EDEN

Oh you have literally lost your mind. Remind me again who was hoovering the cocaine because I recon if we set a police dog on you right now it'd maul you to death.

HARRISON

I'll let you know I've had no cocaine just six tequilas, and I can still smell the scent of shit

EDEN

Oh good, I'm glad you can recognise the halitosis you're firing my way.

HARRISON

Oh fuck you

EDEN

*Fuck me?* No, fuck you. You know I have no idea why I even offer to help. Nicole messages me, no doubt she'll blame me. When are you going to take responsibility for your own actions?

HARRISON

When are you going to realise the difference between people like *us* and people like *him*?

EDEN

*Polish?*

HARRISON  
No you idiot!

EDEN  
I don't know why you're so  
offended, he's simply following a  
passion

Harrison, in his drunk state comes looser at the tongue:

HARRISON  
I may be a cunt, let's say eighty  
percent of the time...

EDEN  
Ninety... ninety-five...

HARRISON  
Subject to situation.

EDEN  
Now being a *perfect* situation.

HARRISON  
(Interrupts)  
But at least I'm honest. I am a  
realist. *He* is a dreamer. This  
world we're in, is built for  
realists. What are you?

Pause; Eden contemplates.

HARRISON  
What the fuck are you?

EDEN  
I don't fit into a category.

HARRISON  
Oh so are you the one that breaks  
the mould now? Give me a break. You  
know, I knew how this'd go tonight.  
I just need chicken and a tactical  
*chunder* and I will be good to go

UBER DRIVER  
Is he going to be sick?

EDEN  
Um, no

UBER DRIVER  
You need to tell me now if he's  
going to be sick.

EDEN  
He's not.

Harrison shuts his eyes, slurring:

HARRISON  
Nuggets. Just get me nuggets.

UBER DRIVER  
Am I going to have to pull over?

EDEN  
Sir, please, he's fine, he's just  
shutting his eyes, or possibly  
dying, please God.

UBER DRIVER  
He good?

Eden looks at the sleeping Harrison.

EDEN  
Well he's shut the fuck up, so  
we're good.

Pause; Eden shakes his head in disbelief.

UBER DRIVER  
Fun night?

EDEN  
Can you tell?

Pause

EDEN  
How's it been for you?

UBER DRIVER  
Quiet. Ticking over.

EDEN  
*Ticking over.* That like standard  
taxi talk? Every time I tend to ask  
it's just *ticking over.*

Pause.

EDEN

Suppose you get it a lot.

UBER DRIVER

People like to fill silence. And they like to act like they care.

EDEN

You got a book of common questions asked by most riders?

UBER DRIVER

Busy night? Time you finish?  
Working the weekend?

Pause.

EDEN

Want a new one?

UBER DRIVER

Doubt it'll be new but go on.

Pause as Eden considers asking:

EDEN

Growing up what was your dream?

Pause.

EDEN

Don't mean to offend but you don't hear many with a passion for driving *fuckers* like this one around town.

The Uber Driver smiles.

UBER DRIVER

I wanted to play hockey.

Eden is amazed.

EDEN

*What?*

UBER DRIVER

A hockey player.

EDEN

Really?

UBER DRIVER  
I used to play as a kid.

Pause for a beat.

UBER DRIVER  
You seem surprised.

EDEN  
No, I mean it's just different.

UBER DRIVER  
Expected me to play cricket?

EDEN  
That'd be profiling. But still it's  
bats and balls. Suppose you're a  
ground man; play to your strengths.

The Uber Driver smiles.

EDEN  
When'd you play?

UBER DRIVER  
School, college.

EDEN  
Why'd you not see it through?

Pause.

UBER DRIVER  
Dreams are meant for some and not  
for others. But I'm happy.

EDEN  
Happy not following your dreams?

UBER DRIVER  
Life's a bigger picture than that.  
I have a wife. I have a daughter.  
We live well. We love each other.  
What more could I want? I'll leave  
the dream for someone who really  
needs it. I'm happy.

Eden smiles understanding the sincere words of the driver

31 INT. AUSTIN HOUSEHOLD. LOUNGE - THAT NIGHT 31

Eden helps carry a drunken and half sleeping Harrison inside his house and over to the settee. Eden throws Harrison on the couch before lighting the fire.

Eden sits in front of the fire staring into the flames

Harrison sleeps on the couch.

32 INT. AUSTIN HOUSEHOLD. EDEN'S BEDROOM - MORNING 32

Eden wakes in his bed.

Sitting up, he stares at the closed wardrobe doors.

33 INT. AUSTIN HOUSEHOLD. KITCHEN 33

Still in his PJ's, Eden stands pouring two coffees. Harrison, a little zombie-like, stumbles into the kitchen.

HARRISON

Feel like I've slept on the streets

EDEN

You were pretty close to doing

Eden slides a coffee Harrison's way.

HARRISON

Where's the folks?

EDEN

Gone to some spa weekend.

HARRISON

*Shagging?*

EDEN

Probably.

HARRISON

Lucky Greg.

EDEN

Unlucky Shell.

Pause.

HARRISON  
You find us in Manchester House?

EDEN  
No, I found you outside the Armani  
shop, where you'd made your bed

Eden shows Harrison the picture he took.

HARRISON  
Fuck

EDEN  
Fuck indeed

HARRISON  
Did I ring you?

EDEN  
Guessing you called Nicole, who  
messed me, meaning there's no way  
of getting out the shit you've  
buried yourself in.

HARRISON  
Well we did say she was digging  
that plot in the garden.

EDEN  
At least she's now got a valid  
reason.

Pause.

HARRISON  
How was Jake?

Eden is confused.

EDEN  
Sorry, just how many drugs did you  
take last night? You have no  
recollection of meeting us in  
Fazenda where the pair of you were  
like Gladiators pitted against each  
other?

Harrison thinks.

EDEN  
And for the record it wasn't one of  
your proudest moments.

HARRISON  
Was I a dick?

EDEN  
You were a bit of a dick.

HARRISON  
I'm sorry if I made it awkward.

Pause.

EDEN  
He'll probably forget all about it  
once he gets back to his *wonderful*  
life in London.

HARRISON  
Meow.

Eden becomes frustrated.

EDEN  
I didn't mean it like that. I don't  
want to come across like that. It  
was a great night. It was nice.  
Just puts things into perspective

Long moments silence.

HARRISON  
Wanna do something?

EDEN  
Well we've got the full day. And it  
gives Nicole enough time to debate  
all the ways to kill you.

The two think.

34

INT. MORTON FAMILY HOUSE - LEN'S BEDROOM - MEANWHILE

34

A heavily pregnant OLIVIA MAMET, 26, gently wakes from a peaceful sleep. Hearing the door to the bedroom open, she watches as her boyfriend LEN MORTON, 25, an athletic and tall mixed race guy dressed in running joggers, enters carrying a tray with toast and tea.

OLIVIA  
Wow, this is a first.

LEN

Push it and it'll be the last

Len winks as he places the tray beside Olivia. Lying in the bed next to her, he kisses her.

OLIVIA

Now I'm suspicious.

Pause; Len laughs.

LEN

Okay Jane Bond. Can't a guy make a cup of tea and a round of toast without the seven nation army on his ass?

Olivia laughs; she kisses Len before offering him toast. He takes a bite before she continues eating.

OLIVIA

I don't want you to think I'm stopping you from going out. I know you wanted to go. I just wasn't feeling up to being alone.

Len rests his hand on Olivia's stomach:

LEN

I've got everything I need right here, within these four walls.

Len kisses Olivia's stomach before jumping up.

OLIVIA

Dressed for a run?

LEN

Doing 5k around Heaton Park with a couple of the lads from the office. Picked a good day for it.

Grabbing his belongings, Len leans over and kisses Olivia

LEN

Back before you know it.

OLIVIA

Have fun.

Len winks, leaving.

Moments later Olivia stands at the window watching Len jog down the street; rubbing her pregnant stomach she smiles.

35 EXT. STREET

35

Len jogs away from his home. Coming up to a hedge at the end of the street, Len leans in and grabs a bag he's clearly placed there. As he turns a corner, he comes to a parked taxi that appears to be waiting for him.

Len gets in the taxi via the back seats.

36 INT. TAXI

36

Dom sits on the backseats, smartly dressed for the occasion of meeting Jake in the heart of Manchester. Len sits beside Dom; Dom instantly notices Len's clothes:

DOM

I see you got my message about smart casual.

LEN

Think I'm a virgin to the dress code in this city?

Len opens his bag, pulling out his smart clothes.

DOM

Are you serious?

LEN

Drastic measures call for drastic actions.

DOM

Jesus, she really does have you.

TAXI DRIVER

We ready?

DOM

I dunno: would you call this shower of shite ready?

Len begins to change

37 INT. AUSTIN HOUSEHOLD. LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

37

Eden and Harrison slouch in front of the TV. The pair are watching the James Bond film Skyfall. The scene is of Bond and Severine in the casino. As they watch, the pair quote:

EDEN

"Would you mind if I asked you a  
business question?"

HARRISON

"Now would seem an appropriate  
time"

EDEN

"It has to do with death"

38 INT. AUSTIN HOUSEHOLD. PORCH - HOURS LATER 38

Eden and Harrison stand at the door.

HARRISON

Been nice knowing you

EDEN

I'll make sure Nicole puts a good  
spread on at the wake.

The two hug before Harrison leaves.

Eden closes the door behind him.

**MUSIC STARTS:** *Midnight by Royce Wood Junior*

39 INT. AUSTIN HOUSEHOLD. EDEN'S BEDROOM 39

Eden stands at his closed wardrobe doors. Opening them, he  
watches the items and belonging fall to his feet as usual

This time he doesn't get frustrated.

Kneeling, he begins to sift through the belongings; the  
majority of which being various text books and notepads from  
when he was at university.

Eden takes hold of a ring-binded item by his feet: it is his  
screenplay titled "Far From Home"

THE END.