



Written by

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Draft 5
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Out in a cold winter night, we open on a close up of a young white woman's mouth as she utters an obscenity.

MICHELLE
(Bradford accent, aggressive)
You're a cunt.

We now see more of her nose and the dead certainty in her eyes.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
(still aggressive but almost
matter of fact)
You. Are. A. Cunt.

Just a few inches from her nose is a young British Asian man. He is face to face with her. Aggression etched in to his eyebrows.

ASIF
(Bradford, accent aggressive)
No, you're a cunt.

MICHELLE
(stifling a little laugh)
No, you're a cunt.

ASIF
(trying to hold himself together)
No, you're a cunt.

Michelle's eyes soften. She looks affectionately at him.

MICHELLE
(like saying a sweet nothing in
his ear)
You... are a cunt.

ASIF
(affectionately as if it was
poetry)
No, you are a cunt.

MICHELLE
(she sings it, as if she was in a
church choir)
No, you arreeee a cuunt.

ASIF
 (bad Italian accent)
 You are a cunt McCuntface.

MICHELLE
 (impressed)
 Wow... that's a new one.

Her lips kisses his. His lips kisses her back.

2 INT. LIVING ROOM HOUSE PARTY - EVENING

2

A tribal dance track plays out at a house party during a game of beer pong. Michelle is on the opposing team to Asif. Michelle can't really throw to save her life. Her friend Jane isn't impressed, as they are already a few cups down.

Asif on the other hand is the perfect player. He throws. He gets it in the cup. He casually high fives his mate Daniel.

Throw after throw, he doesn't miss.

He gives Michelle an 'in your face' gesture.

We can't quite hear her over the music.

MICHELLE
 (barely audible over the music)
 You're such a cheat!

Being a good sport, she downs the last drink. She naturally does a little petit burp, before affectionately throttling him.

3 EXT. URBAN CANAL - NIGHT

3

Asif gives Michelle a piggyback along a canal. There's graffiti on the walls and the pathway is narrow. Having had a few drinks, Michelle does her best impression of Rose and Jack on the bow of the Titanic. Her arms are spread out wide. In her own drunk little way, it's majestic. She nudges him to follow suit. He puts his arms out too. Before spinning her around.

4 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

4

Michelle and Asif are in bed together, face to face. It's a tender moment. It looks like Michelle is about to tell him she loves him.

5 EXT. URBAN CANAL - NIGHT

5

Still in piggyback mode, Michelle has her hands over Asif's eyes. It doesn't seem to affect his movement one bit. She releases her hands and does a mock pica boo.

Down the pathway, TWO SKINHEADS look on, while sharing a cigarette. They seem disgusted by the couple, particularly Asif, who is laughing at his loveable idiot.

One Skinhead takes a final drag of the cigarette, and flicks it onto the floor. He stamps on it, as the couple approach.

Asif and Michelle, seem oblivious to the danger until they pass them by. The other skinhead spits on the floor in their direction.

The fun and games have stopped. Michelle slips off Asif's back and they walk quickly into the night.

6 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT (CONT'D)

6

Michelle looks like she is about to say those magical words. But instead, she takes the cover and brings it over the two of them, so that they're cocooned.

She holds her loving gaze. Asif stares back at her.

ASIF

What?

She keeps a straight face, still giving him the googley eyes.

Asif sniffs. He sniffs again.

ASIF (CONT'D)

Ah, you're disgusting!

Michelle lets out a devilish cackle. Asif tries to fan away the fart with his hand and lifts up the duvet.

7 EXT. MICHELLE'S PARENTS HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - LUNCHTIME

7

An imposing farm house just outside of Bradford. It's pretty but ominous too as dark, grey clouds gather. Asif is holding Michelle's hand very tightly as they approach the front door.

MICHELLE

(whispering to Asif)

Not so tight.

He slightly loosens his grip.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
They're lovely, really.

8 INT. PARENTS HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LUNCHTIME

8

The dining room is slightly frozen in time. With stag antlers on the wall, and a painting of a victorious fox hunting trip, it wouldn't look out of place in the 1940s countryside.

It's also the setting of the most awkward Sunday roast you have ever seen. The GRANDMOTHER (80) just stares at Asif. Michelle's MUM (52) and the DAD (60) take awkward glances at him before returning to the comfort of their roast dinner on their plate. Their youngest SON (11) doesn't really take much notice and devours his roast beef. Asif uncomfortably toys with his food without eating it. He hasn't touched his glass of orange juice either. Other than the clanging of knives and forks, the silence is deafening.

Michelle isn't happy. She wasn't expecting such a cold shoulder from her family. She attempts to break the silence, but her mum beats her to it.

MUM
(nervous, false friendly)
Asif, you don't have nearly enough potatoes. Have an extra Yorkshire pudding too.

She picks up a bowl of potatoes.

ASIF
(polite, but reserved)
Sorry, I don't have much of an... appetite today.

She puts the bowl down with a little thump.

MUM
Oh, right...

The mother, attempting to be the perfect host, offers Asif some wine.

MUM
How about some wine?

She is about to pour him a glass but Michelle stops her.

MICHELLE
Mum, Asif doesn't drink.

MUM
(a little embarrassed)
Yes, of course.

Michelle attempts to change the subject.

MICHELLE
So, Mum! Where's Ali and our little bear.

MUM
(exuding nervous energy)
She wouldn't... she couldn't come.
Marley has chicken pox.
(disingenuous)
The poor thing.

Michelle doesn't quite buy it, but resigns herself to clanging at her food as she glances at an empty chair.

Dad tucks in to a delicious looking Yorkshire pudding and has an announcement to make.

DAD
(awkwardly jovial)
Good old Yorkshire puddings eh...

He turns to Asif.

DAD (CONT'D)
Where would you say you're from
Asif... originally?

A CLANG of a fork hits a plate. The mother stops eating and looks furiously at her husband. Michelle squirms awkwardly in her seat.

Asif is lost for words. He doesn't know how to answer.

9 INT. PARENT'S HOUSE - STUDY - EARLY AFTERNOON

9

Family photos take pride of place, including one with Michelle as a nine year old with her father. Mum and Dad are attempting to have a 'quiet' argument, away from everyone else in a backroom of the house.

MUM
(hushed)
You said you would be supportive!

DAD
I was... I'm trying my best to be open minded. But, can you honestly ask yourself, this is what you want for Michelle?

She looks him dead in the eye. Reluctantly, she softly shakes her head. He comforts her, putting his arms around her.

DAD (CONT'D)
We're not bad people... and we're not wrong... him. Her. It isn't right. It's not -

MICHELLE
Natural?

Michelle overheard the whole conversation. She's welling up by the door.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
(to dad)
You're a fucking caveman!

She turns to leave.

MUM.
Michelle! Wait-

10 EXT. PARENT'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - EARLY EVENING

10

Michelle storms through the front door. She takes Asif by the hand and holds him tightly, as she leaves in a hurry. She has a couple of tears rolling down her face. Asif is stoned-faced.

As Michelle and Asif storm past us, in the distance Michelle's mum is devastated, slumped against the open front door.

11 INT. MICHELLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

11

In bed, Michelle nuzzles in to Asif. She's asleep, but it's a restless sleep.

A polaroid on her wall, shows the couple being at their silly best in a much happier time.

In bed, Asif's eyes are wide open. He doesn't even blink.

SFX. Our electronic tribal score comes back in.

We move down, from his face to his chest, down to his torso. He doesn't appear to be breathing.

We stop just before we get to his genitals.

Almost like a tattoo on his skin, a glowing battery - resembling a phone battery - is charging. It's in the red. It goes from 19% to 20%. Now, it's in the green.