# ST. ANYWHERE

"PILOT"

Written and Directed by

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First Draft
February 11, 2019

Second Draft
February 20th 2019

WRITER'S DRAFT
Feb 2nd, 2019

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EXT. BBC STUDIOS - DAY.

We see a shot of the BBC studios in London, one of the last buildings still standing after the BBC's relocation to Manchester.

INT. BOARDROOM - DAY.

We see two people sat in a room with glass walls and a smallish boardroom table, somewhere near the top of a large building in London, **FRANK PARSONS** and his agent **TRACEY SUMMERS.**

The two are sat in silence as the door to the office opens. In walks **PAUL MACKENZIE,** Head of Commissioning at the BBC and **SUSAN WALLACE,** Commissioning Editor.

Frank and Tracey rise to their feet as Paul and Susan walk in.

PAUL:
Frank, lovely to see you again, how are you?

The group all begin shaking hands. Paul and Tracey take a seat on the other side of the boardroom table.

FRANK:
I'm good thanks, yourself?

PAUL:
I'm all good thanks, yeah, busy day as I'm sure you can imagine. Tracey, lovely to see you too.

Tracey smiles weakly at Paul, she's been in enough meetings with commissioners to know what these kinds of meetings are like.

TRACEY:
Paul, you too.

Paul pays no attention and turns back to Frank.

PAUL:
So Frank, I've brought along with me Susan Wallace, she's one of the commissioning editors here and she'll be overseeing the project, okay?

Susan holds up a hand in welcome.

SUSAN:
Pleasure to meet you, Frank.

Frank nods with a small smile.

Back to Paul.

PAUL:
So Frank, we had a look at the pilot that you guys shot for us and it's good news. We like it. In fact, we like it a lot and the commissioning team here have decided to option it for a series.

Frank and Tracey look at each other with a mixture of excitement and shock.

Frank begins spluttering slightly, tripping over his words.

FRANK:
(EXCITED)
I..err..can't...wow..I mean, thank you!

He laughs nervously.

PAUL:
That's alright, that's alright, but we're not in the homestretch just yet. I'm sure Tracey will tell you that just because a show has been optioned for a series, doesn't mean that it gets made. Before we get to popping the champagne, we need to iron out a few details, we have some changes that we need to make to the show, before we can sign off on the dotted line.

Frank and Tracey share a look of "oh what a surprise".

Paul notices

PAUL: (CONT'D)
I'm sure you guys expected this, but don't worry, there aren't many changes here, it's just cosmetic stuff, okay?

FRANK:
(WARILY)
Okay, what changes?

Susan shifts in her seat slightly, she knows these are not small changes at all.

PAUL:
Well, the commissioning team thought it would be best if you wrote the series in collaboration with someone else.

FRANK:
Someone else? Who?

PAUL:
We have a great staff writer here, Davey...(clicks fingers)...Davey, oh what was his surname, Susan?

SUSAN:
MacIntosh.

PAUL:
That was it! Davey MacIntosh, lovely guy, you'll meet him, the two of you are really similar, so we felt that would be a better collaboration for you, someone who's like you, you know?

FRANK:
I'm sorry, why do I need another writer?

A beat.

The smile fades just slightly from Paul's face.

PAUL:
Well, the team feel that the show is a little too...how can I put this? A little too dark for our liking, we think tonally there's some changes that need to be made.

FRANK:
I'm sorry, you think the show is too dark?

TRACEY:
I don't understand, you read Frank's script before commissioning the pilot, how is the tone suddenly a problem?

PAUL:
Well, these things look different on the screen then they do on the page, I'm sure you'll agree, guys. We just feel that the show is too dark for the demographic that we're going after and for the timeslot that the show would have, so we feel that it would be best if Frank worked with another writer, initially, just to air out some teething problems with the tone and then I think we'd be all set.

FRANK:
I'm not interested in writing the show with anyone else, least of all with some dude I've never met before.

Paul and Susan look at each other, they had expected this.

PAUL:
Frank, we're not just going to hand over the reigns of power on a new TV show to someone we've never met. I mean, the pilot was great and all, but it doesn't say to me that you can be a showrunner on your own. We'd need you to run the show with someone else, an executive producer, a "silent Stan" who can keep things running smoothly for you, and a BBC-approved writer would help things and help you capture a better tone with the new show.

Tracey reclines in her seat slightly, she knows what Frank is going to do with these ideas.

Frank chuckles to himself.

FRANK:
Is that it, are those the changes you want to make?

PAUL:
No. We have one more. The team don't think that your lead actor is good enough to carry a show like that, especially with the tone that you have at the moment.
(MORE)

PAUL: (CONT'D)
We're not happy with taking this to series, if he's going to be your leading man.

FRANK:
Oliver?

PAUL:
Right, Oliver. The upside is that he is an unknown actor, so it would keep costs down, but ultimately, it's going to be too hard to sell a TV show with an actor that no one knows in such a demanding role. In fact, your whole cast is too unknown for what you're doing, but your leading man is the main problem.

Frank and Tracey sit there in silence for a little bit.

PAUL: (CONT'D)
Look, I know these notes aren't what you wanted or what you expected, but these are the changes we need. We really did love the show, truly, I thought it was one of the rawest things I'd seen in a while and the talent you have will take you places, but the show needs to change if it has a future, and good shows do change, Frank.

Frank continues to sit in silence. Tracey watching him.

PAUL: (CONT'D)
I'm going to need an answer, Frank.

Tracey intercuts.

TRACEY:
Look, could we have a moment to discuss this before he gives you an answer?

PAUL:
Of course, of course, take your time, take as long as you need-

FRANK:
No.

Everyone goes silent and looks at Frank.

Tracey looks at Frank.

PAUL:
No, to what?

FRANK:
All of it. I can't accept that.

Tracey exhales. She knows nothing is going to convince Frank to accept the offer now, she also knows that these bridges are well and truly burned now.

PAUL:
You can't accept it?

His smile long gone now.

FRANK:
No. You're asking me to write a show with someone I've never met before, you're asking me to replace my leading actor with a celebrity just to get the ratings up and you want me to work with an executive producer that won't know me or the show.

PAUL:
Of course they'll know the show, we don't just assign random people onto shows, Frank. But Oliver just didn't chime with the screening we had or with the commissioning team, we need a new actor.

FRANK:
No, I'm sorry, that doesn't work for me.

PAUL:
Frank, listen mate, think about what you're doing here. We are ready to go, the money is in place for it, the guys you worked with have all said that they're interested in doing the show, if you say no now, you're throwing away all the hard work that everyone has put into this, don't be an idiot.

Frank looks at him, defiantly.

FRANK:
We're done here.

He gets up and walks out.

Tracey stands up and extends her hand to Paul.

TRACEY:
I'm sorry, Paul. I'll try and talk to him.

Paul stands up and shakes her hand.

PAUL:
Don't bother, consider the offer withdrawn. If he can't work with creative input, he's not going anywhere.

Tracey shakes Susan's hand too.

PAUL: (CONT'D)
It's a shame really, because he's very, very talented. But if he doesn't play well with others, he'll never make it in this business.

Tracey smiles politely at him and takes her leave too.

Susan and Paul sit back down and begin to talk to one another.

END COLD OPEN

INT. CALL CENTRE - EVENING.

A year-and-a-half later, we see Frank working in a call centre, wearing a headset, sat a a computer. It is the middle of the day, overcast and the chatter of telemarketers can be heard in the background.

Frank finishes his last call of the day.

FRANK:
...Thank you Mrs. Delafour, our representative will see you Sunday, okay?
(Beat)
Okay thank you bye.

He clicks his mouse and takes his headset off. He looks over at the clock on the wall and sees it strike 17:00pm, at that moment he and everyone else stands up and begins to file out.

Frank grabs his jacket and bag and walks out.

EXT. STREET - EVENING.

Frank is walking down a lonely suburban street, listening to music, suddenly, his phone starts ringing, his headphones are plugged into his phones, so he unplugs the phone and answers the call.

FRANK:
Hello?

INT. CAR - SAME TIME.

Frank's friend **OLIVER** is sat in his car by the train station waiting for his girlfriend **SAMANTHA.**

OLIVER:
Hey man, you alright?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION.

FRANK:
Yeah I'm good man, you?

Frank continues walking down the road.

OLIVER:
Yeah, I'm good, just waiting for Sam, been waiting here for twenty minutes. How was work?

A man dressed in a Superman costume is sat on the floor crying hysterically.

Frank comes to a stop and watches him as he cries. He stares at the man for a few seconds, before eventually just walking on as though he cannot see the man.

FRANK:
Alright I guess, how was yours?

OLIVER:
Yeah, it was alright, spent the whole day auditing the system. We had a bunch of books that we massively overstocked on, that no one's gonna buy.

Frank looks back behind him to see if the man is still crying and sure enough, he is.

FRANK:
Oh right, like what?

He continues to walk.

OLIVER:
We have twenty six copies of the novel of the last *Grand Theft Auto* game.

FRANK:
(Groans)
Who buys shit like that?

OLIVER:
That's what I said. Although, we do have a collection of all of Donald Trump's tweets all in one book.

A beat.

FRANK:
Why would anyone buy that?

OLIVER:
What?

FRANK:
Why would you spend £9.99 on that?

OLIVER:
£7.99 and because it's funny.

FRANK:
But why would you buy a book of something that you can just find online in like two seconds?

OLIVER:
Because this book has all of his tweets, but they're written in child's handwriting.

FRANK:
Again, you can find that online, there's literally a Chrome extension that does all of that.

OLIVER:
Is there?

FRANK:
Yeah, *Make Trump Tweets Eight Again*, again prompting the question of why you would buy this book.

OLIVER:
Shit. That's going to sell even less than the *GTA* book.

FRANK:
(Chuckles)
Probably. So you guys going to the restaurant now then?

OLIVER:
Yeah, once Sam pulls her finger out, we'll head there, we're already...
(He checks the clock on the dashboard)
...Ten minutes late.

FRANK:
They'll hold the table though, won't they?

OLIVER:
They said they have a thirty minute grace period, so we should be alright. You at Molly's tonight?

FRANK:
Only for dinner, she got called into work tomorrow, so I might stay there tomorrow night, I don't know yet.

OLIVER:
Cool...listen man, I gotta go, Sam's just come out.

FRANK:
Okay man, see you later, have a good time. Oh by the way, tell Sam that, that new track she did was pretty good, but it needs less bass on the second part.

OLIVER:
Cheers, will do, 'bye.

Oliver hangs up.

END OF PHONE CALL.

INT. CAR - SAME TIME.

Oliver hangs up his phone and puts it in his pocket as Samantha gets in the car.

SAMANTHA:
Sorry, I'm late, babe.

She kisses him and puts her seat belt on.

OLIVER:
S'alright, everything okay?

They drive off.

SAMANTHA:
Yeah, it was alright, printers went down just as my shift ended, so I had to sit there while Steve sorted them all out. How was your day today?

OLIVER:
Fine, boring really, I spent the whole day auditing the order system, so I am sick and tired of staring at computer screens all day.

SAMANTHA:
Are we going to be alright for the reservation? We said seven, it's now ten-past.

OLIVER:
The person on the phone said we have a grace period, so we should be okay. What you feeling tonight then?

Samantha takes a moment to think.

SAMANTHA:
Pasta.

OLIVER:
Pasta? You could have that any night!

SAMANTHA:
I know, but I've had it in my head that I want pasta and I haven't been able to shake the feeling all day. You?

OLIVER:
Steak.

SAMANTHA:
You have a go at me for not being creative with my meal selection and you order the same thing you order every time we go for a meal?

OLIVER:
Exactly, we don't get the chance to go out often, so I want some steak.

SAMANTHA:
You're so predictable.

OLIVER:
I am not!

SAMANTHA:
Yes, you are, I bet, I bet you were going to order it with a side of chips, ask them to take the tomato off the plate, order it medium-rare and I bet you were going to ask for a Peroni, which you would only drink half of.

OLIVER:
(Stammering, clearly found out)
That's not what I...I don't...I never...I hate you.

SAMANTHA:
(Playfully)
No, you don't, you love me.

OLIVER:
Yeah, maybe. Maybe you're lucky I do.

Samantha smiles at him as they drive.

INT. MOLLY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT.

Frank at his girlfriend, **MOLLY COOPER**'s flat.

She is stirring a pot with a small spoon and is about to serve up food. A chicken pesto pasta. Frank is helping, but is proving more of a hindrance than a help.

MOLLY:
Lucky? How am I lucky to have you cooking dinner? You basically emptied the pesto into the pot, this is almost inedible.

FRANK:
Oh come on, it's not that bad! You have to stir the pasta with the chicken and then the pesto sauce will be in it all.

MOLLY:
Yeah, I know how to cook a pesto pasta, Frank! I'm saying that you've put too much in it, now it'll only taste of pesto.

FRANK:
Isn't that the whole point of a pesto pasta?

MOLLY:
Yes, but I would like to be able to at least taste *some* of the other ingredients. I don't just want to east pesto.

FRANK:
We could always syphon it out?

MOLLY:
And how exactly are you planning on siphoning a sauce?

FRANK:
The same way you syphon anything?

MOLLY:
Have you ever, once, in your entire life, siphoned anything before?

FRANK:
Well, when I was younger I once-

MOLLY:
Obviously, I didn't actually want an answer to that question, did I!?

FRANK:
Well, alright, maybe "syphon" was the wrong word, maybe just pick it out?

Frank reaches into the pot, to pull out the sauce, but Molly slaps his hand away.

MOLLY:
No, you've done enough damage here, go and sit down and don't move until it's served up.

Frank sits down somewhat bashfully.

MOLLY: (CONT'D)
By the way, pro-tip: if you're looking to become a chef, don't.

FRANK:
Wow, that's cold.

MOLLY:
Only because you left it out too long.

She chuckles at her own joke.

FRANK:
Pro tip: don't-

MOLLY:
Finish that sentence. Finish that sentence and you will be eating through a straw.

FRANK:
-ever stop being so lovely.

Molly chuckles, sarcastically.

She serves up the food onto plates and brings it over to the table that Frank is sat at.

FRANK: (CONT'D)
What time's her dad picking her up?

The doorbell rings.

MOLLY:
Speak of the devil and he shall appear.

Molly gets up and leaves the room.

Frank sits there, not eating his food until Molly comes back. He listens to the conversation that Molly is having with her ex-boyfriend **SPENCER STEWART.**

MOLLY: (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You were supposed to be here half an hour ago, where have you been?

SPENCER: (O.S.)
Alright, alright, calm down, I'm here now, aren't I?

MOLLY: (O.S.)
Don't tell me to calm down in my own house Spencer, you said you'd be here at half six and it's now seven! If you're gonna to pick Charlotte up, you need to be here on time, she's been asking after you! Charlotte! Dad's here!

Molly walks back into the kitchen, Spencer following behind her, with a small child's backpack in his hands.

He and Frank share a look, it's not hatred, but they don't like each other, there's a respect, but it's tenuous at best.

SPENCER:
Frank.

FRANK:
Spencer.

SPENCER:
You guys having dinner?

Molly resumes her seat opposite Frank again.

MOLLY:
Yeah, we were hoping to have dinner after Charlotte had gone, but I forgot that you can't ever keep to any kind of schedule.

SPENCER:
Can I have some?

MOLLY:
No you can't! You can cook for yourself and your daughter, I feed her every other night!

SPENCER:
Come on, you've got loads left in the pot.

MOLLY:
Spencer, not tonight please, I'm really not in the mood.

**CHARLOTTE COOPER**, Molly and Spencer's four-year-old daughter runs into the room.

CHARLOTTE:
Frankie, can you help me do my coat up?

FRANK:
Yeah, come here.

Charlotte walks over to Frank and he does her coat up for her.

CHARLOTTE:
Thank you.

FRANK:
You look lovely in your coat, don't you? Is this the one daddy bought you for Christmas?

CHARLOTTE:
(Happily)
Yes!

He looks up at Spencer.

FRANK:
Where did you get it from?

SPENCER:
Why? You want one?

FRANK:
Yeah, I was hoping to buy one, it'd go really well with the Ugg Boots and skirt I just bought.

Molly laughs.

SPENCER:
You're such a fucking douchebag.
(To Charlotte)
You ready to go, princess?

CHARLOTTE:
Yes.

SPENCER:
Okay, say bye to your mum.

Charlotte rushes over to Molly and hugs her very tightly.

CHARLOTTE:
Bye mummy! I'll miss you lots and lots.

MOLLY:
I'm missing you already.

Charlotte rushes back to Spencer, who picks her up, backpack still in his free hand.

SPENCER:
Right, we're off, see you Sunday.

MOLLY:
See you Sunday, try not to give her too much sugar, she's been a bit cranky this week.
(To Charlotte)
Bye munchkin, you be good for daddy, okay, I'll see you Sunday.

CHARLOTTE:
By mummy, bye Frankie!

FRANK:
Bye!

Spencer and Charlotte leave the room, the front door closes a few seconds later.

MOLLY:
(Under her breath)
Dickhead.

She and Frank begin to tuck into their dinner, finally.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF RESTAURANT - NIGHT.

Oliver and Samantha leave the restaurant and begin to walk back to the car. Walking a little slow because of all the food they ate, they are arm-in-arm as they walk.

SAMANTHA:
See, I told you, you wouldn't finish your Peroni.

OLIVER:
That's because Peroni's disgusting.

SAMANTHA:
So why you do you order it every time we go out?

OLIVER:
It's the only beer I can get back without throwing up.

Samantha chuckles.

OLIVER: (CONT'D)
We didn't get the chance to talk about it, in there but are you excited for tomorrow?

SAMANTHA:
I guess so, I mean, I'm not expecting anything.

OLIVER:
Yeah, but they liked you enough to give you a meeting, so that's gotta be a good sign, right?

SAMANTHA:
I suppose so. I mean, this is the perfect label, they do all the stuff I like, they work with the producers I like and they have a crazy track record when it comes to new artists.

OLIVER:
Oh yeah, who have they found?

SAMANTHA:
Apple Martini.

OLIVER:
Who?

SAMANTHA:
You know “Love Never Left”?

OLIVER:
Uhhmmm...

Oliver struggles to recall the song, so Samantha starts humming it, signing some lyrics as well, which Oliver joins in on, finally getting it.

OLIVER: (CONT’D)
Oh wow, her? That’s crazy.

SAMANTHA:
Right? They’re doing all the exec work her new EP and they have Roxly Jacobs working with her at the moment, that would be awesome, to be able to work with him.

OLIVER:
Is he a producer?

SAMANTHA:
Yeah, he did the last ZAYN album, he did work with Tinie Tempah, he’s even done some stuff with A$AP Rocky, so it would be cool to work with him.

OLIVER:
Do you need a producer though, don’t you make all your own beats and stuff?

SAMANTHA:
I mean, yeah, but I feel like I’m missing something. If I worked with a super-talented producer, I could really carve out a sound for myself. I mean, Michael Jackson had Quincy Jones, Justin Timberlake has Timbaland, Drake has ‘40 and Childish Gambino has Ludwig Göransson.

OLIVER:
Who’s Childish Gambino?

SAMANTHA:
Donald Glover?

OLIVER:
Wait, the guy from *The Martian*?

SAMANTHA:
Yeah.

OLIVER:
And who was in *Community*?

SAMANTHA:
Yes!

OLIVER:
He’s a rapper?

SAMANTHA:
Yeah, he did “This is America”?

OLIVER:
Wait, that’s the same dude!?

SAMANTHA:
Yes! Wait. Who did you think that was?

OLIVER:
I didn’t think he was anyone, I didn’t know they were the same people!

SAMANTHA:
How do you not know that? He doesn’t exactly keep his identity a secret, does he?

OLIVER:
No, not like those guys in Gorillaz, you know the lead singer sounds like that guy from Blur, you ever notice that?

SAMANTHA:
(Under he breath)
Jesus Christ.
(Normal volume)
The point is, if I could work with someone who can really get my sound to where it needs to be, then I think I could make some awesome stuff.

OLIVER:
Are you taking any of your demos in tomorrow?

SAMANTHA:
Yeah.

OLIVER:
Nice.

They continue to walk along the promenade of restaurants, still arm-in-arm.

There is a nice period of silence as they walk, enjoying each others company.

OLIVER: (CONT'D)
Wait, so who's *Danny* Glover?

SAMANTHA:
Oh for f-

INT. WAITING ROOM: TRANSFORMER RECORDS - DAY.

Samantha is sat on a small chair, a table in front of her, complete with copies of music magazines. NME, Mojo and Rolling Stone litter the table.

A receptionist is at her desk, typing away on her computer.

Telephones ring in the distance.

Soon the door opens and in walks **MICHAEL HAWKINS**, the Head of A&R at Transformer Records walks in.

He spots Samantha and walks over, hand extended. Samantha stands up and shakes it.

MICHAEL:
Hi, Samantha?

SAMANTHA:
Yeah, hi.

MICHAEL:
Hi, Michael Hawkins, Head of A&R here at Transformer, we spoke on the phone?

SAMANTHA:
Yeah.

MICHAEL:
Great, so do you wanna come with me?

SAMANTHA:
Sure, that'd be great.

Samantha follows Michael through a series of corridors before walking into a brightly lit office.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE: TRANSFORMER RECORDS - DAY.

Michael walks behind a large desk.

MICHAEL:
Please have a seat.
(Samantha sits)
Is there anything I can get you, water, tea, coffee or anything like that?

SAMANTHA:
No thanks, I'm good.

MICHAEL:
Alrighty then.
(Michael sits down)
So did you have any trouble finding the place?

SAMANTHA:
No actually, I did a piece about the label about eight years ago for my school newsletter, so I've been here before.

MICHAEL:
Oh nice, okay then, so you know a lot about what we do here then?

SAMANTHA:
Yeah, I know all the acts on your roster.

MICHAEL:
Oh yeah?

SAMANTHA:
Yeah, like Apple Martini, she's awesome.

MICHAEL:
(Intrigued)
Oh okay.

SAMANTHA:
Yeah, I've been following her since her YouTube days, back when she was doing acoustic tutorials and then when she did covers of stuff as well.

MICHAEL:
Oh really? What was your favourite cover?

SAMANTHA:
Ummm...I think when she did the acoustic cover of "When Doves Cry". That was amazing.

MICHAEL:
I loved that cover! The way she did the second verse with the banjo was fantastic, I'd never seen anything like that.

SAMANTHA:
Yeah, the way she incorporates the beatboxing for the percussion as well is awesome, she did the same thing on the "Gimme Shelter" cover as well.

MICHAEL:
Well, I'm the man who found her, so I'm especially glad you liked her.

SAMANTHA:
Oh nice! I know you guys are doing the exec work on her new EP as well, so I'm really excited to be in the same building as the people who found her.

Michael laughs and reclines in his chair slightly.

MICHAEL:
So, Samantha, let's talk about you, shall we? I took a look at your stuff on SoundCloud. Tell me, do you work with anyone?

SAMANTHA:
No, I make it all myself.

MICHAEL:
Nice, nice, what equipment are you on?

SAMANTHA:
I use Ableton or Logic, they're the best for the music I make, I demo on Audacity, but then I build out on the others, but if I ever did anything with sampling I use a standard MPC.

MICHAEL:
Nice, what one?

SAMANTHA:
(Chuckles)
Uhh, it's quite an old one, it was my brother's, from back when he was a DJ.

MICHAEL:
That's a very old school way of doing it though.

SAMANTHA:
Yeah, well, my boyfriend and my housemate both have a ton of old vinyl laying around and they let me use it and it gives a much better sound. How did you find my stuff?

MICHAEL:
Well, like I said on the phone, I'm usually on the lookout for new talent, and being the Head of A&R, you have a development pot for small artists, and I'm always drawn to artists who can make their own music and don't rely on outside producers.

SAMANTHA:
Yeah, I've been making my own music on and off since I was about twelve, when we had Fruity Loops at school, but I've upgraded a bit since then.

MICHAEL:
(Chuckles)
Great, that's great. So, let me tell you a little bit about what I do. Basically, as the Head of A&R, I'm in charge of developing new talent.
(MORE)

MICHAEL: (CONT'D)
I also do a spot of production here and there and I always have a hand in our label's records, so I'm always around, so the acts always get to know me better when I've been in the studio with them.

SAMANTHA:
Right.

MICHAEL:
I usually work with artists on everything, their artwork, their tracklist, the producers that they'll use, collaborations, all that kind of stuff.

SAMANTHA:
So you're like a creative director?

Michael shifts a bit awkwardly, but chuckles so as to hide it.

MICHAEL:
A little bit, yeah, but I'm more like Riccardo Tisci, than Coco Chanel, God rest him.

SAMANTHA:
Err...

MICHAEL:
The point is, I deal with everything with new artists and I'm responsible for developing new acts, and when I found your stuff on SoundCloud, I was...I was shocked.

SAMANTHA:
Shocked?

MICHAEL:
Oh in a good way, in a good way! I thought it was fantastic.

SAMANTHA:
Really?

MICHAEL:
Yeah.

SAMANTHA:
Well, that means a lot, coming from the guy who discovered Apple Martini.

Michael laughs.

MICHAEL:
Well, I mean it, I thought it was fantastic, the way the production was layered and the way you used certain instruments, like the acoustic guitar.

SAMANTHA:
Well, I don't play the guitar that often, I'm more into Hip-Hop than acoustic stuff. I can do other things than just white girl acoustic stuff.

MICHAEL:
Don't knock white girl acoustic, that's a huge market. That's where I think your strengths are.

SAMANTHA:
Well, I'm looking to branch off more into Hip-Hop, I mean, I saw what you guys did with Troy Davis and with Lukas Keystone and I thought I could really tap into what they've done.

Michael sighs slightly.

MICHAEL:
Hip-Hop?

SAMANTHA:
Yeah, I mean, that's what the majority of the songs on SoundCloud are, they're Hip-Hop demos.

MICHAEL:
Yeah...see, I didn't like those that much. I preferred the other stuff.

A beat.

SAMANTHA:
Right. What stuff?

MICHAEL:
The acoustic stuff you did.

SAMANTHA:
There's only three acoustic songs on there! One cover and two demos.

MICHAEL:
And they were perfect. See, I'm putting together a band a band that- you ever hear of The Staves?

Samantha's heart sinks. She knew exactly what Michael was referring to and how this was going to play out.

SAMANTHA:
(Exasperated)
Yeah, I've heard of The Staves.

MICHAEL:
Well, I'm putting together a band like that, an all-girl acoustic band, I've already got three other girls in the band and I need a fourth.

SAMANTHA:
I really don't think-

MICHAEL:
(Interrupting)
Basically, I have three other female vocalists, who all play the guitar, they're called Maxine Roberts, Alison Davids and Alex Salmond.

SAMANTHA:
Alex Salmond?

MICHAEL:
Yeah, we're changing her name to something else, we don't need that kind of attention, but the key part of the band, is that all these girls are guitar players and can all sing, which is why we're putting the band together.

SAMANTHA:
Yeah, that doesn't interest me, I'm more interested in being able to choose my own genres and right now, Hip-Hop is what I wanna make.

A beat.

MICHAEL:
Great, that's really great, but we feel that we need to play more to what you do best, or rather, what *we feel* you do best. You see Hip-Hop just isn't a place for a female producer, actually very few genres are interested in female producers right now.

SAMANTHA:
What? What about people like Grimes? She makes her own stuff!

MICHAEL:
She does but that's really more of an exception than a trendsetter.

Samantha sits there for a second, stunned.

MICHAEL: (CONT'D)
I mean, how many women do you know in Hip-Hop, right now it's intimidating.

SAMANTHA:
Intimidating?

MICHAEL:
Yeah, intimidating. People don't like outspoken women, they don't like women that go off on their own, they don't like women who want to sit around and talk about feminism and all the stuff you talk about on your songs, they want girls who are sexually provocative, have sex appeal and are quiet on these issues, that's not to say that you can't grow on those as your profile grows, but in those early days, the less said, the better.

Samantha sits in angry silence, the full wave of what has just been said to her washing over her as she tries to regain composure.

MICHAEL: (CONT'D)
There's no real place in Hip-Hop for a female producer, they just don't exist. So you're only option is to be a rapper or performer.

SAMANTHA:
Why can't I just pick my own stuff to do? I don't understand why I have to be pigeon-holed.

MICHAEL:
Do you know many female multi-hyphenates? Those that can do it all? There aren't many female acts who can do white girl acoustic and Hip-Hop, in fact, I don't think I can even name one. You know why people like Cardi B, Nicki Minaj or Eve succeed? Because they play the game.

SAMANTHA:
What game is that?

MICHAEL:
Sex sells.

Samantha rolls her eyes.

MICHAEL: (CONT'D)
Plenty of female artists want to break into this genre, but guess what? It's not happening, so you need to sell yourself a little bit, I mean, not like that, but you have to show it off a bit and I'm not sure if you've got the right body to-

He stops himself just short.

Samantha stares at him in silence.

MICHAEL: (CONT'D)
Look, I need a fourth person to make this band and I can't sign you, unless you agree, Transformer aren't going to take on any female Hip-Hop acts, it's suicide, in fact, I can tell you for a fact that no record label will be doing that, so
(MORE)

MICHAEL: (CONT'D)
(He gets up and walks around the table and sits on the corner)
What's it going to be?

EXT. STREET - DAY.

Oliver is walking along a deserted road, there is building work in the background, a low rumble of cars from the street behind him and the sound of a train going past.

Oliver rounds the corner and walks straight into someone. **MILES BEAKER.**

Miles pushes back, annoyed.

MILES:
Watch where you're going for fu-

Miles stops shirt after he sees who he'd bumped into. Oliver also sees who he bumped into, but he is far less happy to see Oliver, than Oliver is to see him.

MILES: (CONT'D)
Ollie Davies, how the devil are you!?

He grabs Ollie's hand and begins shaking it rigorously.

OLIVER:
Hi, Miles.

MILES:
I haven't seen you for...how long has it been?

OLIVER:
I'm not sure.

MILES:
I haven't seen you since that God-awful play you were in, what was it?

OLIVER:
(Stammering, trying not to be too rude)
Uhhh...I don't remember.

MILES:
*What We Talk About When*...ahh...what was that play called?

OLIVER:
(Helping him)
*What We Talk About, When We Talk About Love*, Raymond Carver.

MILES:
That was it, God, that play was awful, wasn't it?

Oliver looks a little insulted, but he knows that Miles is like this, no filter. He manages to hide his disappointment. Miles carries on, little care about the effect that he's had on Oliver, but decides to cover out of politeness.

MILES: (CONT'D)
I mean, you were great, obviously, but that play was terrible, wasn't it?

OLIVER:
I dunno, I thought it was alright.

MILES:
Oh come on, Carter isn't even a match for someone like Shakespeare. Give me '*Taming of the Shrew* any day of the week over some dumb old Yank.

OLIVER:
Carver. Right, well, it was good to see you again, Miles.

Oliver makes to walk off, but Miles hops into step alongside him.

MILES:
So, where you off to then?

OLIVER:
Oh, I'm just heading to the shop, we've run of orange jui-

MILES:
(Interrupting)
So what are you doing at the moment then, man?

OLIVER:
You mean, like what do I for a job or...?

MILES:
No, I mean, have you got any offers or anything?

OLIVER:
Uhh...no, not right now, well, I'm doing a performance in London at the end of next month, which I have an agent going to, but it's not paid.

MILES:
So, what are you doing for money? You're not still at that bookshop, are you?

OLIVER:
Yep.

MILES:
Oh bro, you gotta get out of there!

OLIVER:
Thanks, Miles.

Miles slaps his head in mock incredulity.

MILES:
Oh my God, I can't believe I didn't think of it before?

OLIVER:
Immigrating to Nigeria and for the love of God, never coming back?

Miles is so caught up in his own world that he doesn't even notice the remark.

MILES:
Why don't you do some voiceover work?

OLIVER:
Voiceover?

MILES:
Yeah! You've gotta pretty good voice, you'd be perfect for it.

OLIVER:
I'm not sure, I'm looking to do acting, I'm not really interested in doing voiceover stuff.

MILES: OLIVER: (CONT'D)
Not full-time Brobama, just a Carver.
little something on the side
to keep the wolves from the
door, save you lugging around
Raymond Cavalier's
autobiography, doesn't it?

OLIVER: (CONT'D)
How much?

MILES:
The pay is more than enough to get
you through a month.

Miles reaches into his wallet and produces a small business card and hands it to Oliver.

MILES: (CONT'D)
Here, e-mail this guy, Scott, with
a demo of your voice reading
something like a poem or an extract
from Raymond Carvalho-

OLIVER:
Carver.

MILES:
-record it on your phone or
whatever and then just badger the
hell out of him until he gives you
something.

OLIVER:
Is that what you do?

MILES:
Yeah man! I'm going for an audition
right now *Les Mis*, you know how it
is, but I'm doing all these
voiceover jobs and getting paid to
do that.

OLIVER:
Don't you have an agent?

MILES:
No, no, no, you just do it through
the company. I mean, I do have an
agent, but I don't tell him about
it...
(He leans in and whispers)
(MORE)

MILES: (CONT'D)
...trying to keep it a little hush, hush, save the ten percent, 'know what I mean?
(He leans back out and speaks at normal volume again)
Yesterday, I did a voiceover for an instructional video on scuba safety.

OLIVER:
Okay, maybe I will.

MILES:
Do it man, you won't regret it.

OLIVER:
What did you do for your demo?

MILES:
*Rivers of Blood*.

OLIVER:
Oh right okay then, well, I'd probably- wait, hang on, did you say *Rivers of Blood*?

MILES:
Yeah.

OLIVER:
The Enoch Powell speech?

MILES:
That's the one, so look, just record yourself on voice memos or something and then e-mail it to the guy and then just badger him. Look, I gotta go, my audition's in forty minutes and I want to grab a sandwich or something before, you wanna come with?

Oliver is still a bit stunned.

OLIVER:
Uhh...no, I'm good thanks, I have to pick up some orange ju-

MILES:
Great, see you around dude, say hi to Sam and Frankie for me, okay?

Miles walks off.

Oliver is left looking at the business card that was handed to him.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY.

Frank is stood in the hallway of a block of flats, he has rung the doorbell of one and is waiting for a reply.

The flats are run down and look awful, like no one has spent anytime trying to make them look nice or anything and there is a bad smell in the air, which Frank wrinkles his nose at slightly.

The man dressed in a superman costume from the first scene, is seen sat on the floor, crying again. Frank looks at him.

The voice of his mother, **AMANDA PARSONS**, can be heard behind the door.

AMANDA : (O.S.)
Who is it?

FRANK:
It's me.

Amanda opens the door a crack, her head just poking out of the crack between the door and the door frame.

AMANDA :
Frank.

She closes the door. The sound of a lock being unlocked can be heard. Eventually, the door opens fully.

FRANK:
Hi mum.

Amanda wanders off into the flat, Frank enters.

The man dressed as superman continues to cry as the door closes.

INT. AMANDA'S FLAT HALLWAY - DAY.

Frank walks through the hallway and into the living room.

INT. AMANDA'S FLAT LIVING ROOM - DAY.

Amanda is stood by the window, lighting up a cigarette, not acknowledging Frank entering the room.

Frank flicks the light switch, it doesn't turn on. He flicks it a few more times, no power at all.

FRANK:
I thought you were going to pay the electric bill, mum.

Amanda ignores him and keeps looking out the window.

AMANDA:
There he is, that cocky little shit.

FRANK:
What?

AMANDA:
Yeah, you keep talking to her you little prick, I know your little game.

FRANK:
Mum!

Amanda turns around startled.

AMANDA:
What?

FRANK:
The electric bill, I thought you were going to pay it?

AMANDA:
Never got round to it.

She turns back to the window and begins staring out of it intently, her cigarette now lit.

FRANK:
Mum, what are you doing?

Amanda points out the window.

AMANDA:
It's that little shit.

Frank walks over to the window.

FRANK:
What little shit?

AMANDA:
That one there.

FRANK:
The one talking to Mrs. Philbin?

AMANDA:
Yeah him, that disgusting little shit stole nearly five hundred quid from me.

FRANK:
Wait, isn't that Steve, your landlord?

AMANDA:
Landlord, he's no landlord, he's a vicious little thief.

She walks away from the window and sits on the sofa.

FRANK:
When did the money get taken?

Amanda takes a drag of the cigarette.

AMANDA:
About four days ago.

FRANK:
That's when your rent's due.

AMANDA:
I don't pay rent Frank, you fucking idiot. I own this flat and that little shit just stole five hundred of my money.

FRANK:
No, mum, you don't. You don't own this flat, you rent it.

AMANDA:
Whatever.

The two sit in silence for a little bit.

AMANDA: (CONT'D)
So, what are you doing at the moment?

FRANK:
Working still, still writing.

AMANDA:
(Chuckles)
Oh yeah, right, your “screenplay”, how’s that coming along?

FRANK:
Okay, I guess.

AMANDA:
Sure you’re not just gonna give up on this one as well?

FRANK:
I didn’t give up on the last one, I shot a pilot for it.

Amanda gets up from the sofa and goes and stands in the doorway.

AMANDA:
(Cackling)
‘Course you did. The pilot that no one ever sees.

FRANK:
That’s the point of the pilot, people aren’t supposed to see it, they’re supposed to see the series, not the pilot.

AMANDA:
Oh, so what’s with that disc that you have in that draw below your bed then?

FRANK:
You went through my shit?

AMANDA:
That creepy girl let me in when I came over last month to give you the last of your stuff.

FRANK:
So your solution was to go through my stuff?

AMANDA:
I was just looking.

FRANK:
For what money? So you can stick more of that up your nose than on the electric bill that you haven't paid for the third month straight?

Amanda stands up, anger flooding through her.

AMANDA:
Fuck you Frank, you have no idea what I'm going through right now.

Frank stands up as well.

FRANK:
Oh I think I do actually. See I have ambitions, remember those? I want to make stuff, you on the other hand want to sit in your flat all day, living off benefits from the council and shoving anything you can get up your nose, and rather than confronting that, you'd rather bring other people down.

Amanda's lip curls as she stares at her son, anger coursing through her.

AMANDA:
(Quietly)
Get out.

FRANK:
What?

AMANDA:
Get out. I don't want you here, fuck off and don't talk to me again.

She storms off and walks into the bedroom and slams the door.

Frank looks around the living room. He gets up and leaves.

EXT. FLAT BUILDING - SAME TIME.

Frank walks outside, upset, as he crosses the road, he is stopped by a **HOMELESS MAN.**

HOMELESS MAN:
Spare change?

FRANK:
Uhh...yeah.

Frank reaches into his pocket and hands over three pounds.

The homeless man takes it without thanks and looks at Frank up and down.

HOMELESS MAN:
Does it hurt?

FRANK:
Does what hurt?

The homeless man looks at him.

HOMELESS MAN:
Does it hurt when you give it everything you got?

Frank stares at him, unsure of how to respond.

A pause.

HOMELESS MAN: (CONT'D)
What do you want?

Frank thinks for a second, long in thought.

FRANK:
To be happy.

HOMELESS MAN:
Did you earn it?

FRANK:
No.

HOMELESS MAN:
What does it cost?

FRANK:
I don't know.

The homeless man counts the coins Frank gave him.

HOMELESS MAN:
Three pounds. Is that happiness?

FRANK:
It's all I have.

HOMELESS MAN:
Then is that all it's worth?

Frank is silent again, unable to answer.

The homeless man slinks off, he turns back after a few paces.

HOMELESS MAN: (CONT'D)
Maybe you don't deserve it.

He walks off.

Frank stares after him, he turns around and begins to walk in the other direction.

Suddenly he realises.

FRANK:
Oh shit, that was my bus fare!

He turns around, but the homeless man has vanished.

FRANK: (CONT'D)
Shit.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY.

Samantha walks into the living room, she sees Oliver sat on the sofa, reading from a piece of paper on the coffee table.

She walks in and slumps onto a neighboring sofa.

OLIVER:
Everything okay?

A beat.

SAMANTHA:
No.

OLIVER:
What's up?

SAMANTHA:
I don't think I can do this anymore.

OLIVER:
They knocked you back?

SAMANTHA:
Yep. Another one bites the dust.

Oliver begins to scat the next few lines of Queen's "Another One Bites the Dust".

Samantha looks at him coldly.

OLIVER:
Sorry, inappropriate. So, what you gonna do now?

SAMANTHA:
I don’t know. I thought I had it all figured out, you know? I thought I had some good stuff, decent demos, good ideas, but they weren’t interested.

OLIVER:
I thought they liked your stuff, why else would they call you in?

SAMANTHA:
Turns out they just basically want me to be the female Ed Sheeran, singing a bunch of acoustic songs with two girls and the former leader of the SNP.

OLIVER:
Why don’t you just release stuff yourself?

SAMANTHA:
What do you mean?

OLIVER:
Like a mixtape or an EP or something? Rather than having “demos”, why don’t you develop them a bit and make a mixtape or an EP? Start collaborating with people and show what you can do?

SAMANTHA:
You need a following to make that happen.

OLIVER:
Well, yeah, but why not get a following? Start playing a few open mic nights and give your shit out there, or put it on SoundCloud or whatever and just spam it to people on Twitter?

Samantha thinks for a second. Oliver has a good point, but is that something shes’s confident enough to do?

SAMANTHA:
I'm not sure, I mean, I don't know what I have to say, like...what do I talk about?

OLIVER:
Well, why don't you just talk about what's bothering you? You like singing or rapping, so why not just do that?

SAMANTHA:
I guess I could.

OLIVER:
Sam, do you know how many agents have rejected me over the past month? Fourteen. Every single one of them said no and yet, here *I* am, still trying to make it, I'm even having to take that prick Miles' advice on voiceover work, because I believe that I can do it, and if I can do it, you can, you just have to stick with it, if this is really what you want to do.

Samantha sits up.

SAMANTHA:
You got rejected by fourteen agents?

OLIVER:
Yeah, and Frank, Frank got rejected by three production companies for his last script but he still keeps going.

SAMANTHA:
Frank has an agent though.

OLIVER:
Probably not for much longer, anyway, the point is you need to stick with this. So many artists have gone through what you've gone through, probably, so just stick with it. If you actually want to do this, like, if this is something you really want to do, then you need to stick with it.

Samantha looks somewhat comforted, Oliver always knows what to say.

SAMANTHA:
I know.

Oliver moves over to her and puts an arm around her.

OLIVER:
Look, you were talking to me last night about finding a producer or something to help you out, why don't you see what you can do on your own first? Make a song today and see how you do.

Samantha nods in understanding. She hugs him back.

SAMANTHA:
Alright, I think I know what I need to do, can I borrow your vinyl?

OLIVER:
Just use Frank's, he's staying at Molly's tonight.

The two of them stand up, Samantha is about to leave the room, when she realises she hasn't even asked Oliver how he is, she's been so wrapped up elsewhere, that she didn't realise.

SAMANTHA:
You said that you spoke to Miles today about voiceover work, is that what you're doing?

Oliver stands up and walks over to the sofa he was previously sat on and shows Samantha what he's been doing.

OLIVER:
Yep! I've been working on a voice demo reel for this guy Sebastian, I just need to send it to him.

SAMANTHA:
And this tip came from Miles?

OLIVER:
Yep.

SAMANTHA:
So, why are you taking it?

OLIVER:
Because it’s the best lead I have right now and waiting for a fifteenth agent to call me and reject me is going to take some time, so I might as well get rejected by someone else for a change, bring a bit of variety to the party.

Samantha chuckles.

OLIVER: (CONT’D)
Listen, I’m sorry to ask but, would you listen to what I have so far? I mean, I have it on Voice Memos, I just wanna make sure I’m sending over good stuff, you know?

SAMANTHA:
Sure, play me what you got.

They both sit down.

OLIVER:
Okay, bare with me a second.

Oliver begins fiddling with his phone and then presses play.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

As the montage takes place, we hear Oliver read Rudyard Kipling’s poem “If”.

A.) INT. SAMANTHA’S BEDROOM - DAY - Samantha begins to start pulling instruments out of various places, drawers, cupboard and from the other side of the room etc. She also fires up her laptop and loads up some music making software and begins playing.

B.) INT. FRANK’S BEDROOM - DAY - Frank begins to write things on a large whiteboard in his room. We then see him typing away furiously on his laptop on Final Draft, writing his screenplay.

C.) INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY - Oliver is sat at his laptop, sending over the file on his computer to the e-mail address on the business card that he was given.

OLIVER: (V.O.)
If you can keep your head when all about you, are losing theirs and blaming it on you, If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you, but make allowance for their doubting too. If you can wait and not be tired by waiting, or being lied about, don't deal in lies, or being hated, don't give way to hating, and yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise: If you can dream—and not make dreams your master; If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim; If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster and treat those two impostors just the same; If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools, or watch the things you gave your life to, broken, and stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools: If you can make a heap of all your winnings and risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss, and lose, and start again at your beginnings and never breathe a word about your loss; If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew to serve your turn long after they are gone, and so hold on when there is nothing in you except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!" If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue, or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch, if neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you, if all men count with you, but none too much; if you can fill the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds' worth of distance run, Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it, and—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

**END OF MONTAGE**

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME.

The montage ends and we are back in the living room. Samantha sits in the same place she was before, tears in her eyes as she stares at Oliver, full of pride, adoration and admiration.

OLIVER:
What do you think?

Samantha still stares at him.

A beat.

SAMANTHA:
(Choked up)
I loved it.

OLIVER:
Really?

SAMANTHA:
(Full of pride)
Yeah.

INT. MOLLY'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING.

We cut to Molly's living room, she and Frank are cuddled up on the sofa, watching TV. ITV's TV show *The Chase* is playing.

The two of them are watching without really watching, answering questions sporadically, but carrying on their own conversation.

BRADLEY WALSH:
What C is a type of fruit commonly found in palm trees?

FRANK:
Coconut!

MOLLY:
Coconut!

CONTESTANT:
Coconut.

BRADLEY WALSH:
Correct.

MOLLY:
We're pretty smart, aren't we?

FRANK:
Very, I reckon I'm smarter though.

Molly looks at him mock offended.

MOLLY:
Are you sure you wanna back that up, little man?

FRANK:
Alright, whoever gets the next one is the smartest, okay?

MOLLY:
Alright, you're on.

The watch the show.

BRADLEY WALSH:
What is the name of the actress who started in *Hollyoaks* and *The Fast and the Furious* franchise?

MOLLY:
Errr...is it...oh, what's her name?

FRANK:
Oh, fuck, I know this one.

CONTESTANT:
Pass.

BRADLEY WALSH:
Nathalie Emmanuel.

MOLLY:
Well, at least give us a chance to answer the question.

FRANK:
Well, who's gonna know the answer to that? I mean, it's that's just ridiculous.

The two of them stare at the screen for a bit longer, as the show plays out.

FRANK: (CONT'D)
So what time is Charlotte back then?

MOLLY:
Her dad said he was bringing her back at about eightish.

Frank checks his watch.

FRANK:
We still got three hours then.

MOLLY:
Yeah. It's nice to just spend time, just the two of us.

FRANK:
It’s usually just the two of us, to be fair. We just don’t have that many opportunities to just sit down and be quiet, you know?

MOLLY:
Yeah.

The two enjoy a bit more of the TV.

MOLLY: (CONT’D)
Do you ever wonder what it would be like if we...you know?

FRANK:
Did it, right here and now in the middle of *The Chase*? Yeah, I think about that a lot.

Molly playfully hits him and chuckles.

MOLLY:
No, I mean, me and you, like...moving in together at some point.

A beat.

FRANK:
Yeah, I’ve thought about it.

MOLLY:
Do you think it’s something we should look into?

Frank stares at her. He’s so ready for this and so is she, but is it the right time? So many questions running through their minds and showing in each other’s faces as they look at each other, but before he can answer her, his phone rings.

Frank pulls the phone out and sees a call from his agent, Tracey.

FRANK:
What’s she calling at five on a Saturday for?

Molly gets up.

MOLLY:
You take your call, I’m going to the loo, pause it!

She leaves, irritated that they can't continue their conversation, but happy, for the first time in ages, Molly can be herself and Frank can be himself.

Frank pauses the TV and answers the phone.

FRANK:
Hello?

INT. TRACEY'S OFFICE - SAME TIME.

Tracey is stood up at her desk, one hand on the phone and the other signing all sorts of documents and shuffling papers.

A lot has changed since we saw them in the prologue. Tracey is now quite short-tempered with Frank as he fails to create any business for her.

TRACEY:
Frank?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION.

FRANK:
Hi Tracey.

TRACEY:
Hi, just looking to get an update from you on the script, it's been nearly six months now.

FRANK:
Yeah, I know, I just, I need more time, you know?

TRACEY:
No, I don't and you've had plenty time to write this, it's time to shit or get off the pot.

FRANK:
I've started a new one now, I started it yesterday, I swear!

TRACEY:
(Exasperated)
Another one? Fucking hell, Frank, commit to something or don't bother wasting my time! What happened to the one you were writing when I saw you last?

FRANK:
That one was shit, this one is new, it's fresh, it's original and it's about everything wrong wi-

TRACEY:
(Interrupting)
Listen, Frank, I haven't gotten anything from you for six months, I can't keep you on as a client, if you're not going to write anything.

FRANK:
Well, you're my agent, aren't you supposed to find me work?

TRACEY:
I can't find you work, if you don't tell me what you want, maybe you could try responding to some calls or e-mails every once in a while?

FRANK:
Alright, let's not play the blame game, I just need to write more.

TRACEY:
Look, Frank, you aren't going to get another pilot, not after what happened at the BBC.

FRANK:
I don't get it, Ricky Gervais and Stephen Merchant got to run *The Office* with no experience!

TRACEY:
No, they didn't! They wrote for shows before they made *The Office*. You need to write for other TV shows before you can get that kind of power, you need a track-record.

FRANK:
Could you get me one of those jobs?

Tracey stops what she's doing.

TRACEY:
What like a writing gig?

FRANK:
Yeah, who's looking?

TRACEY:
I don’t know, I’ll have to put some feelers out and see who’s looking, can you get me over some material by Monday?

FRANK:
Yeah, whatdoya need?

TRACEY:
Jokes, send me over some topical jokes and whatever you’ve written of the new one so far.

FRANK:
That’s not really far a long enough yet, I can send over some sketches?

TRACEY:
Perfect, send them over and I’ll get on it, first thing on Monday, okay?

FRANK:
Okay, thanks Tracey.

TRACEY:
Don’t thank me yet, just send the stuff over, Frank.

She hangs up.

FRANK:
Charming.

INT. MOLLY’S BATHROOM - SAME TIME.

Molly is staring into the bathroom mirror. She is sprucing her hair up slightly and making herself look nice before she heads back out to Frank.

Her phone is on the table top in front of her and she unlocks it and opens up Instagram.

From there, she scrolls through, before noticing her friend’s story, she loads it up and watches it.

The story is her friend out with six or seven other girls all enjoying a night out, screaming with laughter.

Molly closes the story in disgust.

She looks across the room to a framed picture of her and Charlotte, she looks at it longily, deep in thought. She loves being a mother and she loves Charlotte with all her heart, but she misses the freedom of being able to go out, a single tear rolls down her cheek as we...

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.