

MAN UP

by

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## EXT. COUNTRYSIDE HOTEL - NIGHT

The vague sound of Hawaiian music coming from inside. A man and woman, dressed in party clothes but also wearing Hawaiian leis, stumble out of the entrance, and drunkenly begin to snog. We follow the music inside where we find -

## INT. COUNTRYSIDE HOTEL - NIGHT

C/U on DOM and KATIE, mid-30s, landing a big kiss on each other's lips. Pull out to reveal a huge banner: 'HAPPY ENGAGEMENT, DOM AND KATIE!' and a large party of cheering friends and family. A Hawaiian band strike up their unique version of David Bowie's 'Modern Love'. The party revellers, all wearing leis, Hawaiian shirts etc are getting into the spirit of it all.

We move through the party, past loved up couples, hopeful singles... and then it starts to get a bit messier, with new hook ups chatting each other up after one too many mojitos. We find a particularly amorous couple sneaking out of the party and follow them into the lift. As the doors close on them, they start to kiss. 'Lift going up'.

## INT. COUNTRYSIDE HOTEL/LIFTS - NIGHT

Ping! 'Doors opening'. The lift doors open to reveal the couple now really going for it, rolling out of the lift, heading towards their hotel room, passing by a door that has the 'Do Not Disturb' sign up... which we stop at, letting the couple continue on their journey. For we have reached our destination. The couple stumble into the room next door, but we go inside *this* room, to find -

## INT. COUNTRYSIDE HOTEL/ROOM - NIGHT

... as the camera travels through the hotel bedroom door, where we see the feet of -

NANCY PATTERSON, 34, the heroine of our movie, taking a mini bottle of red wine from the mini bar. The camera tracks with her feet, as she walks around to the dressing table. She plonks herself down in front of the mirror. She is wearing her party dress, hair done, make up on. As we cut to the perspective of the mirror -

NANCY  
(determined/sports like)  
Come on!

Nancy nervously fidgets with her small purse, putting in a lipstick, taking out the lipstick again, stuffing some tissues in, leaning into the mirror to smile - she has lipstick on her teeth - she takes the tissues back out, wipes her teeth down.



NANCY (CONT'D)  
(as she goes)  
And you're gone!

Nancy disappears from view. We hold for a beat on the empty mirror...

... then Nancy suddenly sits back down, taking her lei off and chucking it in the bin.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
(to camera)  
Fuck it.

We hold on the same empty frame, looking out of the bathroom as -

TITLE ON SCREEN: MAN UP

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Nancy, now slumped on the double bed, wearing tracksuit bottoms, a hoody and a pair of cat slippers. Her dress is hung up in the corner of the room and she is munching from a large bag of crisps and drinking from a small bottle of wine.

On the hotel television screen, 'Silence of The Lambs' plays. Nancy is transfixed.

CLARICE STARLING  
*There's a very nice beach, terns  
nest there, there's beautiful -*

Nancy takes another sip of her wine, and starts to quote along with the film -

NANCY  
*Terns? Mmmm. If I help you  
Clarice, it will be 'turns' with us  
too. Quid pro quo, I tell you*

NANCY  
(cutting him off, ushering  
him in)  
Right, yes, good -

Room Service Boy rolls in, forcing Nancy into the room as well.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
Yes, lovely. Great.

She has nowhere else to go but the bed, so sits down in front of the trolley, at the end of the bed.

Room Service Boy reveals Nancy's food - a huge, double decker burger and chips, with all the trimmings - side salad, onion rings, melted cheese, bacon, gherkins etc...

Room Service Boy smiles, politely. Nancy stuffs a chip in her mouth, then clocks Room Service Boy's name tag.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
Tell me, Andrew... Andy, can I call you Andy? How's the party going?

ROOM SERVICE BOY  
Oh, pretty well I think.  
(beat)  
You know there's food down there?

NANCY  
Yeah, I do, I do. I'm just not in the party mood tonight.

Nancy lifts up her burger bun, takes a massive bite. Her phone starts to go. As she answers it, with a mouthful of burger -

NANCY (CONT'D)  
Have you got any ketchup, Andy?  
(down the phone)  
Hello.

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

ELAINE, Nancy's older sister, confused by Nancy's pick up.

ELAINE  
Who's Andy?

NANCY  
A very nice young man who has just bought me dinner.

Andy hands Nancy a pen for a signature.

ELAINE

You're not at the party.

NANCY

(signing for Andy)

I am not at the party, but I am at  
a

ROOM SERVICE BOY  
(handing her the dress)  
She wants you to put some make-up  
on?

Outraged, Nancy gets up and takes the phone from Room Service Boy.

NANCY  
Okay, enough.  
(to Andy)  
Andy, do you have a napkin or  
something?  
(to Elaine)  
I've been ambushed, Elaine. Some  
set up, with a bloke Katie works  
with.

ELAINE  
Excellent. This is good.

Nancy leans on Room Service Boy for her lament -

NANCY  
Come on. It's just all so  
organised, and awkward, you know I  
can't bear it Elaine -

ELAINE  
Yeah I know, Nance but...  
(beat)  
How the hell else are you going to  
meet someone?

NANCY  
Well, I met Andy?

Room Service Boy, scared for his life, legs it.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
Oh no, he's off. Put on the Do Not  
Disturb sign please!

ELAINE  
(shouting out)  
Don't do it, Andy! Take her with  
you!

Nancy flops down on the bed.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
You've gone all the way down there,  
just put your dress on, go and  
show your face, stay, like ten  
minutes -

Nancy interrupts:

NANCY  
The party is themed, Elaine.

ELAINE  
Oh god really? Okay, get your notepad.

Nancy rolls her eyes, rolls over and picks up her notepad.

NANCY  
I'm too old for this shit.

Back with Elaine and Adam:

ELAINE  
You're 34 not 84!

Nancy flips open to a page that used to say 'MANTRAS', but Nancy has crossed the 'M' out so it now says 'NANTRAS'. She sits up straight, determined.

NANCY  
(deep breath)  
Put yourself out there.

ELAINE  
Good -

NANCY  
Take chances...

ELAINE  
Okay, now a little less hollow and robotic...

HARD CUT TO:

INT. COUNTRYSIDE HOTEL/LOBBY - NIGHT

- the lift is coming down from the floors above - PING! - 'doors opening' - and there is Nancy, big game face on, out of her hoody and in her pretty dress -

NANCY  
(looking at the open lift doors)  
Get stronger thighs.  
(she does a little squat - ouch)

A HOTEL GUEST enters the lift just as she's squatting.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
(pulling herself up by leaning on the Hotel Guest)  
(MORE)





Nancy pulls out a pack of peanuts from her back pocket, hands them to Dom.

DOM (CONT'D)  
(mock emotional)  
Oh my god, this is too much -

As KATIE, Dom's 34-year-old, slightly manic wife to be, swoops in -

KATIE  
What's too much? Tell me, tell me!  
Nancy, you look amazing.  
(to Dom, eek!)  
He's going to love her! Come on -

Katie tries to pull Nancy away -

NANCY  
Whoa, whoa, I just need a moment  
longer with this Mojito, please -

KATIE  
He hates Facebook, loves yoga  
and he's *really* creative. He's -

KATIE  
- perfect for you.

NANCY  
- perfect for me, I know, I know.

\*  
\*  
\*

DOM  
(encouraging)  
Oh come on -  
(wrapping his arm around  
Katie)  
- we were a set up, and look at us  
now!

NANCY  
Dom, it's like your single years  
have been totally wiped from your  
pea brain memory -  
(beat)  
Hey, remember that girl who cried  
the whole way through giving you a  
blow job?

A very awkward beat as Nancy realises that it was Katie who cried the whole way through the blow job -

NANCY (CONT'D)  
And look at you now!

Katie glares at Dom who gives her an apologetic smile. He soldiers on.

DOM  
Come on Nancy, give him a chance?

A party guest knocks into Nancy, spilling her drink onto her hands. As Nancy dries her hands off -

NANCY

Alright! Bring it on! Another sad,  
single loser in their mid thirties -

RYAN (O.S.)

- I'm actually a sad single loser  
in my late thirties.

Nancy swivels around to see RYAN, 37 - a generic, handsome guy, smiling away at her. Katie laughs a bit too loudly at Ryan's 'joke' - Looks at Nancy - come on, laugh! She pulls a

RYAN

EXT. TRAIN STATION/TRAIN PLATFORM - MORNING

Nancy on the busy platform. Feeling rougher. In one hand she is carrying a bag from the station cafe, filled with her unique hangover cure. In the background, a poster for a self help book - *6 Billion People and You* - but blink and you'd miss it. Nancy's train arrives.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Nancy makes her way down the aisle, now on the phone.

NANCY

No Elaine, I have pictures of my cats in my wallet, and they're alive and kicking, and I want people to ask me about them.

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

Elaine and Adam, coming out of their flat, carrying canvas bags full of crisps, Prt o6'es Tj0 Tc ET /bags full of crisps,

NANCY

Is she still with that guy? Such a  
fake smile.

Back with Elaine:

ELAINE

(Laughing)

So how long you going to be?

ELAINE  
(ignoring Adam)  
- and whatever you do, don't forget  
the chocolate mousse, Mum's  
obsessed. And have you done your  
speech yet -

Back with Nancy:

NANCY  
Yeah, I mean I've got a rough  
draft...

Back with Elaine:

Opening the passenger seat door -

ELAINE  
- or have you just done a lot of  
doodles and crossing out?

Back with Nancy:

NANCY  
As if!

Back with Elaine:

She waits to get into the car -

ELAINE  
Come on, favourite daughter, you  
know Dad loves it when you do a  
speech. So it needs to be good, and  
special, okay?

Back with Nancy:

NANCY  
Mmmm, fine.

ELAINE  
And Nancy?

NANCY  
Yeah?

Back with Elaine:

Elaine sits down in the passenger seat, door still open.

ELAINE  
Don't seal up just yet.  
(beat)  
It *will* happen for you. Soon. I  
promise.

Back with Nancy:

NANCY

Yeah yeah, fuck off.

Nancy hangs up. She glances back at the Girl on Train, who is now reading a copy of that self help book - *6 Billion People and You - A Guide To Meeting Your Mate In The Modern World*. Nancy looks at it, can't help rolling her eyes to herself. Girl on Train catches her doing it. Nancy looks down at her notepad, flicks back to her mantras. She considers them, dismisses them, remembers something, gets out a pen, writes 'Black Pant Wash' snaps her notepad shut, looking up to find



NANCY

Why do you need a book for a date?

GIRL ON TRAIN

So we can recognise each other.

NANCY

(condescending)

Oh, is it a set up? Well, they always work.

GIRL ON TRAIN

They often work. If the match-maker has done their homework -

NANCY

Yes, yes, because all successful relationships are built on the fact that you're both the 'outdoorsy type' -

GIRL ON TRAIN

(irked, quite loud now)

I really think you should read this.

NANCY

(louder back)

Don't need to.

GIRL ON TRAIN

It was an international best-seller -

NANCY

So was the Da Vinci Code -

GIRL ON TRAIN

Also an excellent book!

NANCY

Not an excellent book.

GIRL ON TRAIN

I think it's exactly what you need -

The argument (and volume) escalates -

NANCY

Why is everyone always telling me what I need!

GIRL ON TRAIN

Perhaps if everyone is telling you, you should listen -

NANCY

And I think you need to shush, you  
need to shush your mouth -

GIRL ON TRAIN

You want me to -

NANCY

I do, yeah, it would be great -

Girl on Train tries to speak again -

GIRL ON TRAIN

I'm only suggesting -

NANCY

It's time. I think we're done.

Nancy puts her finger to her lips - quiet time now please - and Girl On Train, clearly not quite finished with Nancy, goes back to her book. Nancy takes a bite of her sandwich, munching a bit aggressively, annoyed with how that all ended.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

The train is now pulling into Waterloo Station. Nancy has fallen asleep, her face all squashed up on the seat. She wakes up to find everyone is getting off the train -

TRAIN ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen, we are now  
arriving at our final destination,  
London Waterloo...

Nancy yawns luxuriously awake. But then glances down at her table to see - the Girl on Train's copy of *6 Billion People and You*. There is a napkin with a smiley face drawn on sticking out the top of it - Nancy, infuriated, flicks to the page it's book-marking. The chapter reads **O R NEGA I E  
HO GH ARE R INING O R LIFE (AND E ER ONE EL E )**

As Nancy looks up to see the Girl On Train, waving gaily at her, walking off down the carriage. No way. Nancy is definitely not having that! She furiously picks up all her stuff, including the book, and charges after Girl On Train, who has now picked up her pace. Nancy manages to get off the train -

INT. WATERLOO TRAIN STATION - DAY

- and first we're at the ticket barriers. Nancy tries to get through, to catch up with Girl On Train, but her ticket beeps in denial.

Furious and frustrated, she hands it over to the ticket inspector, as he beeps her through and we go with Nancy as she now legs into the busy concourse of Waterloo Station, searching for the Girl on Train like she's the white rabbit, but to no avail. In a flash, we see Girl On Train striding confidently into WHSmith, where a huge display of 6 Billion People and You sits in the window... and a long queue of people all waiting to pay.

Back with Nancy, still determined not to lose this battle, scanning the crowds for her quarry. In frustration, she flips the book over - reading the tagline on the back - 'what are you waiting for?'. Taking it personally she looks up, suddenly furious -

NANCY  
(shouty)  
Damn it, where the fuck are you?!

JACK (O.S.)  
Blimey, I'm not that late!

Nancy spins around to see - JACK, the hero of our story, 40 and charming as hell.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Somebody threw themselves on the tracks again. I don't blame them, so many delays!

Nancy is totally confused - why is this man talking to her? This rather nice man, who is now holding up his own copy of 6 Billion People and You.

JACK (CONT'D)  
And by the way, great idea for how we'd know each other. Although you would have been pretty hard to miss under this clock.

Nancy looks around - what the fuck is going on? She looks back at the book, the penny drops -

NANCY  
Oh no, I'm not, this isn't -

JACK  
- should we shake hands or kiss?  
Oh come on, we're all adults here!

Jack leans in and kisses her on the cheek. It's a quick kiss, but Nancy feels herself swooning. This man is really nice. Her phone starts to ring. 'ELAINE CALLING'.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Oh my god, is that your emergency exit phone call already?  
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)  
I've barely had a chance to use my  
good lines yet!  
(a beat)  
That wasn't one of them.

He grins at Nancy, who starts to smile back before Jack suddenly swipes the phone from her.

JACK (CONT'D)  
(answering the call)  
Hello there caller! So, I'm not a  
psychopath, we've really hit it  
off, and she'll call you later with  
all the gory details! Bye for now!

And with that, Jack hangs up the call, handing Nancy her phone back -

JACK (CONT'D)  
Right. Book. Check. Clock. Check.  
Blind date... check?

Nancy gulps. She looks at the book, then the clock, and then Jack -

JACK (CONT'D)  
So, after I've spoken, usually you  
speak, we exchange ideas for the  
evening ahead, swap notions of what  
to get up to -  
(Hannibal Lecter  
impression)  
Quid pro quo, Clarice.

Nancy is visibly thrown by Jack's Lecter impression - who is this man, who is tweaking all her verbal nipples?

JACK (CONT'D)  
(misinterpreting Nancy's  
look)  
With hindsight, possibly not the  
best impression to do on a first  
date.  
(another beat)  
Anyway, listen, I'm talking, I'm  
talking a lot, and I know you can  
sense it, so I'm just going to keep  
going with that, and start the  
bidding with a drink on London's  
fashionable South Bank?  
(holding his book up)  
So, er... what are you waiting for?

Nancy looks up at the clock, and at all the couples underneath it, meeting and greeting each other -

NANCY

I am waiting for...  
(she looks down at the  
book, then back at Jack)  
You?

JACK

Good!

A totally bemused Nancy lets Jack lead her away from the clock, the crowds engulfing them... and then we see Girl on Train, hurrying to get to the clock, carrying a WHSmith bag, from which she takes out a new copy of 6 Billion People and You.

INT. WINE SHOP - DAY

BERT, Nancy's Dad, is standing with Adam, looking at the shelves of wine. Their trolley is so far filled with boxes of cheap lager. In another part of the shop - Elaine - looking at her mobile phone, a bit confused.

BERT

What do you think, good stuff for the first few hours, descending in quality as we do?

ADAM

I'd go quality and quantity, Bert. It's a massive night.

Bert thinks.

BERT

You're right, we bloody deserve it.

Bert moves on to the 5.99 shelf. Nods at it.

BERT (CONT'D)

Let's go mental.

They start stocking the trolley.

ADAM

Seriously, you do deserve it, I mean, I don't know how you've done it -

(beat, backtracking)

Not that I don't intend to go the distance myself, obviously -

BERT

I think the trick is get through the first thirty, forty years and then just kind of... give up. From that point on it's a breeze.

Bert gives Adam a cheeky wink to Adam, who returns it.

BERT (CONT'D)  
No, I'm serious.

FRAN, Nancy's Mum approaches, pushing a trolley.

FRAN  
(clocking Bert's trolley)  
How we getting on?

BERT (RE ADAM)  
We are nailing it.

Adam salutes Bert.

FRAN  
Well that's great.  
(To Adam)  
Put two of the boxes of Lager back  
Adam.

Adam salutes Fran. Puts the boxes of Lager back

Elaine wanders over, holding her mobile phone, looking a little perturbed. She is standing the other side of the display unit.

FRAN (TO ELAINE) (CONT'D)  
What did Nancy say, what does she  
want to drink?

ELAINE  
Well I'm not sure if she -

BERT  
She'll want vodka. The only spirit  
she can out-drink me on. But we'll  
see about that later -

FRAN  
No, we won't.

ELAINE  
Guys? She didn't even answer her  
phone, some man did. Sounds like  
she's on a date.

They all look at her - WTF?

FRAN  
With the man from last night? I  
thought it didn't work out.

ELAINE  
No it didn't work out, it was a  
disaster.

ADAM

He was in love with his sister.

Adam shrugs a "what are you gonna do?" to Fran and Bert.  
Elaine looks at him. Idiot.

BERT

So who answered her phone?

ELAINE

I don't know, Dad. He said he  
wasn't a psychopath.

BERT

Well, that sounds quite  
encouraging. We're having a party,  
she's on a date, I'm thinking maybe  
she'll bring him?

FRAN

Bert -

BERT

Well if he's not a psychopath -  
Elaine, did he sound more of a red  
wine drinker or a beer man?

ELAINE

Oh for fuck's sake -

Elaine can't help laughing -

FRAN

(firmer)  
Bert!

Bert is walking off

BERT

What, I am simply getting more  
booze.

FRAN

Course you are.

BERT

A good host is prepared for all  
eventualities.

ADAM

(Looking at his watch)  
Come on Pattersons, clock's  
tickin'.

Adam moves Bert along -

BERT  
 Fran, you walked straight past this offer!

As Adam and Bert move away, leaving Fran and Elaine alone.

FRAN  
 (to Elaine, concerned)  
 What's going on, is Nancy okay?

ELAINE  
 Yeah. Yes. I'm sure she's fine Mum, she's just -

FRAN  
 He's looking forward to her speech.

ELAINE  
 I know.

FRAN  
 She is coming?

ELAINE  
 Course she's coming!

Fran looks worried. Elaine puts her arm around her.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
 Look, do you want me to write a few words? Just in case?

FRAN  
 Not really darling no.

Elaine looks 'faux' upset

ELAINE  
 Oh that cut me deep, that cut me real deep.  
 (gives her a push)  
 I'll call her again! Okay?

FRAN  
 Thank you darling.

As Fran moves away, Elaine turns away, a little concerned, calling Nancy again.

EXT. LONDON'S SOUTHBANK - DAY

Nancy, wide-eyed and no idea what the hell she is doing. She is walking alongside Jack, who notices her expression -

JACK  
 You okay?  
 (Nancy nods)  
 (MORE)



JACK (CONT'D)  
 You just look a little bit, freaked  
 out!

Nancy shakes her head - no, no, not freaked at all/totally  
 freaked out. Her phone suddenly rings -

NANCY  
 Whoops! Bit of a first date no no!

Nancy takes her phone out of her bag, sees 'ELAINE CALLING' -  
 cancels the call, as we momentarily go back to:

Elaine, looking at her phone again - dammit Nancy! As we go  
 back to:

Jack and Nancy. Jack's phone starts to ring -

JACK  
 Er, that's not embarrassing.  
 (reaching into his jacket  
 for his phone, looking at  
 it)  
 Oh, hold up, it's Tom!

Nancy - who the fuck is Tom?

JACK (CONT'D)  
 (answering it)  
 Hey buddy.  
 (he listens)  
 What? Eh? But I'm here? With  
 Jessica.

As Nancy takes this in - My name is Jessica. She mouths it  
 to herself, concentrating her efforts - 'Jessica, Jessica,  
 Jessica -

JACK (CONT'D)  
 (a bit confused, but he  
 winks at Nancy)  
 On the South Bank? Wanna speak to  
 her?

Nancy looks horrified -

JACK (CONT'D)  
 (listening again)  
 Okay -  
 (a pause, then trying  
 not to smile)  
 - we will.  
 (he listens as Tom is  
 clearly saying saucy  
 stuff about Jessica)  
 Yes Tom, totally Tom, I'm hanging  
 up now Tom.  
 (he hangs up)  
 (MORE)

He thought we hadn't found each other.

NANCY

As if!

JACK

Let's turn these things off now, shall we?

They switch off their phones in unison.

JACK (CONT'D)

(smiling)

So. Jessica.

NANCY

(realising she doesn't know his name)

So...

JACK

Tom tells me you work in the city?

NANCY

I do, I do, that's what I do.

JACK

Is that quite stressful?

NANCY

Nah! Lunch is for wimps!  
(a beat, annoyed with herself)

Sorry -

JACK

(American accent)

'If you need a friend, get a dog.' Wall Street. Great movie.

Nancy is visibly delighted at Jack's quoting abilities.

NANCY

(confidently)

And you are a...

JACK

...An online marketing -  
(clears his throat for effect)

Manager.

NANCY

I love online marketing managing!

JACK

But what I really want to do is paint. You know, can't be an online marketing manager forever! Plus, the bots are taking over! They'll manage all the marketing in the future!

NANCY

(enjoying Jack's 'banter')  
Help!

JACK

Sorry, I am actually rather nervous. Not used to this 'dating chat'. And I'll admit, I had a few reservations, but then I thought, you know what Jack -

As Nancy registers this - his name is Jack.

JACK

Huge.

NANCY

It wasn't that big -

JACK

What he did to you.

NANCY

- er deal .

JACK

Had the same thing done to me.

Affairs eh

MAN UP - Tess Morris

Nancy takes a massive gulp of her drink -

JACK

Dead sister!

(he drinks like Nancy)

Anyway, I'm not one to let a failed marriage put me off relationships for good -

NANCY

(getting the D word)

Divorce!

JACK

Just be thankful you and Pete didn't get hitched. It gets way more complicated when you're trying to work out who gets the flat -

(pumping his fist)

Winner!

Nancy spontaneously laughs, as they awkwardly high five -

TIME LAPSE TO:

INT. SOUTHBANK STEPS/MEZZANINE - DAY

Nancy and Jack walking along with their drinks.

JACK (CONT'D)

Yup, I've got big home improvement plans for this year. Going to do up our... my flat, paint the hallway, bleach the sheets -

(beat)

Anyway! Let's not talk about all that shit! All that bad ju-ju! Because I'm so over it.

NANCY

You really sound it.

JACK

It's in the past!

(no idea what it says -)

What does it say in 6 Billion People and You?

NANCY

(no idea what it says either)

Fuck the past?

JACK

The past is so last year!

NANCY  
(opening a packet of  
crisps)  
If that book has taught me  
anything, it's taught me that.

JACK  
Tom says you're a triathlete?

NANCY  
(munching crisps - a  
what?!)  
Uh-uh -

JACK  
Do you have to train a lot?

NANCY  
(re the crisps)  
I need to regularly carb up.

Nancy devours the crisps, offers Jack one who takes one as though he shouldn't.

JACK  
Oh go on then, I worked out today,  
I mean I work out most days. I like  
to, y' know, pump some iron -

Jack performs a vague weight lifting mime. They munch in silence for a few moments. The silence not uncomfortable.

JACK (CONT'D)  
(looking out over the  
Thames)  
Ah, isn't this great? I mean, I  
don't envy my mates with kids. Are  
they here with us now? Hell no.  
They're at home, lying in wait for  
the next nappy change -  
(correcting himself)  
Not that I don't want kids. I'm 40,  
they won't all be swimming in the  
right direction forever! But just  
not right now. Should probably get  
a girlfriend first!

NANCY  
Oh, me too, I definitely want kids.  
But I'm not like, freaking out  
about it yet.

JACK  
Me neither.

As the CUTEST BABY EVER IN A PAPOOSE goes past them, gurgling and smiling at them both. They both physically swoon a bit.

JACK (CONT'D)  
(re-setting himself)  
Well, you've got plenty of time,  
you're only 24.

Nancy nearly chokes on her crisps. Jack checks his watch -

JACK (CONT'D)  
Come on, let's get out of here.

- as Nancy also peeks at Jack's watch, yikes -

JACK  
Unless you've got somewhere better  
to be -

Before Nancy can say anything, Jack starts to take off his scarf -

JACK  
Plus it's fucking freezing out  
here!

He starts to wrap his scarf around Nancy's neck. It's a nice little moment, and she can't help enjoying his touch.

JACK (CONT'D)  
I know a nice little joint over the  
river.  
(he pushes a bit of scarf  
fluff out of Nancy's  
mouth)  
Does your carb regime allow for a  
ten tonne burrito and a couple of  
£2 tequila shots?

NANCY  
(she's so not going home  
yet)  
Yes it does!

EXT. HUNGERFORD BRIDGE/LONDON - DUSK

Jack and Nancy, walking over Hungerford Bridge towards their next destination, which is a -

INT. MEXICAN CANTINA. THE WEST END - NIGHT

Nancy and Jack, at the bar, grimacing a bit, doing their shots of tequila.

The barman, DANIEL, comes over to clear their glasses.

DANIEL  
(to Jack)  
Hey man.







A beat, as Nancy feels over the moon that Jack has asked her about her cats -

NANCY  
Slash and Axl?

JACK  
(Laughing, then)  
Paradise Kitties!

They laugh, and then... some guilt kicks in, and Nancy feels like maybe it's time to come clean -

NANCY  
(deep breath)  
Look, Jack, I've actually got a confession to make -

JACK  
Yeah, me too -

NANCY  
You have?

JACK  
Yeah. Let me go first. I've never heard of Black Pant Wash...

Nancy finds his honesty appealing and is momentarily distracted from her own giant deception.

JACK (CONT'D)  
...and I think it's important to be honest about that - because honesty is so important, right?

Nancy nods and shakes her head simultaneously.

JACK (CONT'D)  
I mean, I guess those lists are a good ice breaker -

NANCY  
(not totally convincing)  
The best!

JACK  
But you don't actually believe that just because we both like spag bol, we're going to end up together forever -

NANCY  
Well, depends on the spag bol -

JACK  
Depends on the spag bol, yeah, might be a really good spag bol!  
(MORE)



Nancy stretches her legs out on the semi-luxurious seats, watching Jack's hands weighing up two bowling balls, which could well be her breasts in her mind.

Jack pokes his fingers one by one into a bowling ball. Nancy lets her beer bottle linger a little bit too long over her lips. Jack takes his shot, and then drops down to the floor, lying on his side in a nonchalant position - yup, it's another strike.

Nancy takes a shot, and as she does, she slides onto her knees, and then on to all fours, y'know, to see if she gets a strike. She does. Still on all fours, she turns her head to wink at Jack. It's sexual cliché heaven and they're loving it. Unbeknownst to them, a bowling party of young kids has witnessed the whole thing.

As our hot and steamy bowling montage comes to an end, Jack and Nancy, now pretty drunk, and clearly digging each other...

JACK

Who says blind dates don't work?

NANCY

(a beat of drunken reality)

I'm going to go get us a drink.

INT. BLOOMSBURY BOWLING LANES/BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Nancy swiftly heads for the bar, glancing round to clock Jack watching her go. He looks away. Too late! Nancy leans on the bar, pretty pleased with herself. One of the barmen, SEAN, 34, tall, dark and kinda handsome, notices her, and does a double take.

SEAN

(disbelief)

Nancy?

NANCY

(confused)

Yes?

SEAN

Nancy Patterson?

NANCY

(trying to place Sean)

Do we know each other?

SEAN

Sean Bellamy? Class 5G, St. Andrews Comprehensive, '88-'93, I sat next to you in Chemistry for five years?

Nancy so wants to remember him.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I gave you a Valentine's Card in year nine, you tore it up in front of everyone? Your mum ran me over that time.

NANCY

(as the penny drops)  
Oh God, yes. I'm so sorry about that.

SEAN

Don't worry, I glued it back together. It was only in about 57 pieces.

NANCY

No, I meant... but you were so -

SEAN

Fat! I know. Yeah, that was me, Big Fat Sean, Lord of The Pies, Emperor Boom Boom -

NANCY

And now you're so -

SEAN

Uh-huh, I went on the 5:2 diet. 5 days on Chocolate Nesquik, 2 days on Strawberry Nesquik. I lost it all from here -

(his stomach)

Here -

(his face)

But luckily not from here -

(his cock)

NANCY

(cringing)

Can I just get two beers, please?

SEAN

Hell yes.

(to himself but loudly)

Nancy fucking Patterson. WOW!

Sean goes to the fridges, he cannot believe this is happening. Nancy checks to see if Jack is looking over at them. He's not. Sean puts two beers down in front of her.

SEAN (CONT'D)

(winking at her)

They're on me. It is so good to see you.

NANCY  
(unsure)  
Li kwi se?

Nancy takes the beers, and walks quickly back to -  
- Jack, still on the sofa. She hands him his beer.

JACK  
Flirting with the barman?

NANCY  
(horri fi ed)  
What? No!

JACK  
It's okay. I'm like the least  
jealous person ever.

NANCY  
Me too.

A beat, as they drink, and consider this. They clearly both  
are.

NANCY  
(re the bowling)  
So, let's ramp this up a bit! Not  
that I'm competi tive.

Jack grins and stands up, starts to choose a bowling ball as  
Nancy turns to glance back at the bar again but - WHOA - Sean  
is right there.

SEAN  
Nancy!

NANCY  
Sssshh!

SEAN  
(confused)  
But I brought you some nachos? On  
the house.

NANCY  
(pushing them away)  
I've got a wheat allergy.

SEAN  
No you don't.  
(beat)  
Hey, remember this?

Sean shows Nancy a photograph. Nancy leans in, confused -

NANCY  
Where the hell did you get that?

SEAN  
It was in my wallet.

NANCY  
Who took it?

SEAN  
I did.

NANCY  
That's in my bedroom? I don't remember you ever being in my bedroom?

SEAN  
I wasn't in your bedroom, silly. I was outside - in a tree.

Nancy is horrified, but then -

JACK  
(shouting over)  
Jessica? Watch and weep.

SEAN  
Why is he calling you Jessica, you're not called Jessica, you're called Nancy, Nancy Patterson -

As Jack steps up to bowl, Nancy quickly puts her arm around Sean in an attempt to lead him away -

NANCY  
Look...

SEAN  
Sean. Sean Bellamy.

NANCY  
Sean... Seanie B! I'm in a bit of situation here -

SEAN  
(nestling his head on her shoulder and smelling her hair)  
You still use Pantene Pro-V.

Nancy looks at him. He removes his head.

NANCY  
That guy is not my boyfriend. He's not even my date. I stole him from... from under the clock at Waterloo Station. And I'm pretending to be the girl he should be on a date with.

SEAN  
Ki nky!

JACK (O. S. )  
Hey. . .

Nancy and Sean turn around to see Jack,

JACK (CONT' D)  
I 'm Jack.

SEAN  
And I am Sean.

JACK  
You two know each other then?

NANCY/SEAN  
No/Yes!

NANCY  
We di d know each other. We went  
to school together.

SEAN  
Ol d fri ends.

NANCY  
Ol d, ol d fri ends.

SEAN  
(nonchal ant)  
We had a bi t of a thi ng goi ng on.

Nancy looks at Sean - we di d?

JACK  
Good for you.

SEAN  
I t was.

NANCY  
I t really wasn' t, that good -

SEAN  
(wi ggl i ng hi s hi ps  
suggesti vel y)  
You never forget your fi rst.

NANCY  
So anyway! Lovely to see you  
after all these years Sean! All  
the best yeah?

JACK  
Good to meet you, Sean. I 'll take  
it from here.





NANCY  
(relieved)  
Thank you.

SEAN  
If you give me a blow job.

NANCY  
What?!

SEAN  
Take it or leave it!

NANCY  
Are you out of your fucking mind?

SEAN  
Oh come on, wouldn't hurt! Just a tiny little blow job, and I won't dismantle your web of deceit, Little Miss Muffet.

NANCY  
(a bit too loudly, people  
look at her)  
I am not going to give you a blow job!

SEAN  
Hand job? Pearl Necklace?

NANCY  
No! Stop it, Sean!

SEAN  
Okay, a kiss.

Nancy wrestles with this, slightly.

SEAN  
Oh come on! I just want to fulfil a life long ambition! Remember when you did it with Jason Aspinall in the H Block toilets?

NANCY  
How did you -

SEAN  
I was in the adjoining cubicle.

NANCY  
Sweet baby Jesus.

SEAN  
Yup, that's what you said.

Nancy glances nervously over at Jack, who is pretending not to be impatient, or indeed jealous.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I remember sitting there,  
listening, thinking, why can't I  
have that too?

(he grabs Nancy by the  
shoulders)

What's so wrong with me, Nancy,  
what's so wrong with me?

NANCY

Okay, one kiss!

SEAN

With tongues.

NANCY

No tongues.

SEAN

(immediately, and  
suspiciously calm  
again)

But in the toilets?

NANCY

Yes. In the toilets.

SEAN

And it has to be tonight or I'll  
never find you again. You have no  
online presence.

Nancy takes this in. PSYCHO ALERT.

NANCY

Can I go now?

SEAN

Yes! But I'll be watching you.

NANCY

I don't doubt that.

As Nancy walks back to Jack, Sean makes fake binoculars with his hands, training them on her. She is so in his sights.

INT. NANCY'S PARENTS' HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Elaine and Adam tentatively taking out some vol-au-vents from

They do look a *l i t t l e* flat -

ADAM  
It's fine. They're fine. Everyone  
will just get drunk -  
(gorging action)  
- and shove them down!

Elaine looks at Adam dubiously -

ADAM  
They will!

He takes a piping hot vol-au-vent off the tray, stuffs it in his mouth, immediately spits it out.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
ARGHH!

Fran enters, in her party frock, carrying two signs that read 'RED WINE SOFA' and 'WHITE WINE SOFA' - Adam springs up guiltily, trying to obscure the spitty food tray from view.

FRAN  
Any word from Nancy?

ELAINE  
(evasive)  
Not eeeeeeeexactly -

Elaine puts down the tray, steers Fran into the front room, as Adam looks down at the kitchen table where all the booze is now laid out - he cracks open a beer, chugs it down, ticks 'Booze' off the list.

INT. NANCY'S PARENTS' HOUSE/FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fran and Elaine find Bert, also in his party clothes, relaxing on one of the sofas with a glass of red wine. There is one main round table, and lots of other smaller tables and chairs. A long table nearby, covered over for now.

FRAN  
(clocking Bert, this won't  
do)  
No no no no no -

ELAINE  
- but in her defence, it does sound  
like she's got a very good reason  
for her tardiness -

Fran pulls a confused Bert up, placing the WHITE WINE SOFA sign on the sofa he was sitting on. She gravely hands him the RED WINE SOFA sign, directing him over -

BERT  
(putting the RED WINE SOFA  
sign in its place)  
She's right, Franny -  
(nudging her  
affectionately, then  
teasing)  
And who knows, maybe today will end  
up being not just our anniversary?

A moment of softening for Fran -

ELAINE  
(nudging Fran as well)  
Yeah, imagine that Mum -  
(mock panic face)  
Oh my god, but who would you worry  
about then?

~~BERT~~ Both jostle her affectionately, as she gives in to their  
teasing but then -

FRAN  
~~FRAN~~ In Fran's sake Bert, you' ' RPe Tj 0 Tc ET BT -0.016700

WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU...

INT. BLOOMSBURY BOWLING LANES. SHOE EXCHANGE - NIGHT

A very flushed and drunk Nancy is leaning provocatively on the Shoe Exchange counter, as a similarly high on life Jack returns his shoes. There is a distinct frisson in the air, as Nancy hands her shoes over -

NANCY  
(to the bowling shoe  
boy)  
Aw, can't I keep them?

The not amused Bowling Boy snatches them away.

JACK  
Do you honestly think that's the  
first time he's heard that?

Nancy grins -

NANCY  
Tonight, maybe.

- she has something stuck in her teeth.

JACK  
Saving it for later?

Nancy doesn't know what he's talking about. He motions to her teeth -

JACK (CONT'D)  
You've got...  
(he taps his own mouth,  
scrutinizes hers)  
Jal apeno?

NANCY  
(baring her teeth)  
Oh god, where?

Nancy runs her finger along her teeth -

JACK  
Up a bit? No. Left. Left a bit  
more. Right. It's sort of...  
wedged... nearly... no!

NANCY  
I'm just going to nip to the -

She motions to the Ladies' toilets.

JACK  
I'll wait here.  
(winks)  
Think about what we can get up to  
next.

Nancy looks at the clock on the wall. 8.45pm. Yikes. Jack tightens his scarf around Nancy's neck again - Nancy swoons.

NANCY  
(re the toilets)  
And I'll go in there.  
(winks)  
Think about what we can get up to  
next.

Jack's eyes light up, as Nancy skips into -

INT. BLOOMSBURY BOWLING LANES. LADIES TOILETS - MOMENTS  
LATER

- the ladies toilet, a sexy spring in her step. She goes over to the mirror, next to a couple of other girls, who are immaculately reapplying their lipstick. Nancy leans in to the mirror, picking at the jalapeno in her teeth. The girls look at her sympathetically, and exit. Nancy gets the Jalapeno out of her teeth - result - looks around, checks there's nobody else in there to see her -

NANCY  
(to herself, mimicking  
Jack's sexy tone)  
What do you want to do next, what  
do I want to do next -

She pretends to dry hump the sink when suddenly, from underneath the cubicle nearest to her - a hand grabs her ankle. Nancy screams as she looks down to see... Sean  
Looking up at her.

NANCY

SEAN

Not yet!

(a pause)

I left my socks on, because it's  
always a strong look on a man.

NANCY

Always.

As Nancy turns on her heel to leg it -

SEAN

Okay, well I'll just put my clothes  
back on and go outside and have a  
little chat with 'Jack' about  
'Jessica' -

Chastened, Nancy turns back.

SEAN

(puckering up)

Where do you want to land those  
luscious lips?Sean gyrates around a bit. Nancy looks around the toilets.  
Somebody help? No, nobody.

NANCY

We're leaving the door open.

SEAN

Now you're talking!

Nancy takes in Sean's physique. It could be worse.

SEAN

(pumping his guns)

From fat to fit, right?

Nancy pokes one of his arms, actually quite impressed.

SEAN

- and these babies have had  
15 years of dating Pamela Handerson-  
(Nancy doesn't react)  
Going Hans Solo on Darth Vader's  
helmet -  
(still nothing from Nancy)  
I have been wanking a lot.Sean throws Nancy's scarf over his shoulders, wrapping it  
around the back of his head, pulling the scarf so that Nancy  
is pulled towards him. He starts to sing Phyllis Nelson's  
'Move Closer'.

SEAN

Will you hold my face?





JACK (CONT'D)

I thought we had a connection,  
but you know, you obviously still  
have feelings for Sean and...

NANCY

No no no, you don't understand,  
please, don't go!

SEAN

(putting Jack's scarf on,  
thinking it's Nancy's)  
Jack, chill man.  
(he puts his arm around  
Nancy territorially)  
Don't be so harsh on Nancy -

JACK

Who's Nancy?

Sean looks at Nancy. Oops!

JACK

Why is he calling you Nancy?

SEAN

It was my other pet name for her!

NANCY

(grateful)  
Yes!

SEAN

Like Nancy Reagan.

NANCY

Like Nancy Sinatra.

\*  
\*

They look at each other. Then put their arms around each other, a united front.

SEAN

Nancy Sinatra.

NANCY

Nancy Reagan.

\*  
\*

Nancy suddenly can't help nearly laughing. The absurdity of the situation is finally getting to her.

JACK

I am gonna go.

NANCY

(trying not to laugh)  
No, don't -

And now Nancy is really starting to laugh. And not thinking that what she's about to say will have any major effect on the evening now anyway -

NANCY (CONT'D)

(trying to compose  
herself)  
(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)

Wait, Jack, let me tell you the truth! Now seems as good a time as any to confess -

JACK

Confess what?

NANCY

(pulling herself together)

The reason Sean just called me Nancy.

(smiling at the ridiculousness of it all)

It's because I'm not called Jessica! And the reason I am not called Jessica is because I am not actually Jessica.

Sean puts his arm around Nancy again.

SEAN

She's Nancy. Nancy Patterson.

NANCY

Okay, you can put your clothes back on and leave now Sean.

SEAN

But my kiss -

NANCY

Go!

Sean grabs his clothes and exits, inhaling Jack/Nancy's scarf to his face as he does. A beat as Jack realises Sean is going off with his scarf, and then -

NANCY (CONT'D)

(chatting away)

Anyway, I was in here with him because he said he wouldn't tell you who I really was if I kissed him. Because I'm not really your blind date, Jack. But you thought I was, what with the book, and the clock and quid pro quo...

(off Jack's confusion)

I was watching it last night! So sue me, I went with it! And then we started having such a nice time -

JACK

- hang on. You're not actually the girl I was supposed to meet earlier?

NANCY

No.

JACK

Whoa.

NANCY

I know, it does sound a bit mad!  
But don't think mad, think...  
impulsive!

JACK

- what kind of lunatic woman  
stands waiting under a clock in  
order to steal someone else's  
blind date?

NANCY

(overlapping with Jack)  
I wasn't waiting under the clock  
and it wasn't stealing in the  
conventional sense of the word,  
that girl gave me her book! Which  
is why you thought I was her -

JACK

- I thought you were her because  
you said you were her!

NANCY

But did I actually say that?

JACK

- and when were you planning on  
telling me the truth about this  
frankly quite psychotic decision of  
yours?

NANCY

Well, there wasn't really a plan in  
place per se -

JACK

(incredulous)  
Because who would have a plan for  
something like this!

NANCY

Exactly!

JACK

- something so fucked up!

NANCY

I think people have done worse  
things in the world... and  
anyway, she wasn't right for you -

JACK

Perhaps you would have allowed me  
to come to that conclusion myself?

NANCY

I was merely trying to meet my mate  
in the modern world -

JACK

Who the hell are you anyway?!

NANCY

I am Nancy, Nancy Patterson -

JACK

Are you even really a triathlete?

NANCY

That's the next thing you ask?

JACK

And where the hell is Jessica?

NANCY

I would have thought she's  
probably gone home by now.

As some YOUNG LOOKING GIRLS enter the toilets -

NANCY

Past her bedtime.

JACK

(as Jack realises)  
Are you even 24?

NANCY

Add another 10.

JACK

Whoa!

NANCY

Fuck you, Grandpa!

JACK

Not in 6 billion years.

NANCY

That was so un-called for!

JACK

So was derailing my date!

Nancy turns to the Young Looking Girls, who are giggling at  
them both.

NANCY  
Laugh it up girls. I am your  
future.

JACK  
34?!

NANCY  
40!

Jack turns and storms out, as does Nancy -

INT. BLOOMSBURY BOWLING LANES - CONTINUOUS

- and now they are both trying to storm off together, towards  
the cloakroom.

NANCY  
I think you're over-reacting just a  
little bit -

As they get to the cloakroom window -

JACK  
How would you feel, Nancy? You've  
been set up to meet someone who  
is meant to be absolutely perfect  
for you -

As a HOPEFUL LOOKING TEENAGE BOY appears at the cloakroom  
window.

JACK  
- but you don't get to meet them,  
because some psycho pretends to  
be them instead?

Jack aggressively takes a ticket out of his back pocket,  
handing it over to a now slightly crest fallen Hopeful  
Teenage Boy, who is transfixed by their conversation.

NANCY  
Firstly, 'set ups'? They never  
work out, and 'b' -

JACK  
Tom said we matched!

NANCY  
Oh pl eeeeeeease. She reads self-  
help books and the Da Vinci Code,  
and works in the city. What does  
that even mean??

JACK  
It means she's a high-flying, 24-  
year-old business woman!

NANCY

You really liked the 24 part,  
didn't you?

JACK

Ah, the classic retort of a  
lonely, 34-year-old woman  
desperate for somewhere to put  
her eggs -

NANCY

Well, at least I'm nearly at my  
sexual peak! It's all downhill  
for you now, Hefner! Knock knock,  
who's there, Viagra!

As they both look at the now horrified Hopeful Teenage Boy,  
who scurries off to get their stuff.

JACK

Wow. The bitter look really suits  
you. No wonder Pete slept around  
on you... Oh wait... there is no  
Pete.

NANCY

And there is no wife. Because she  
left you. 'Oh, I'm so wounded,  
and rejected, please help me  
young woman who is nearly half my  
age' -

JACK

This, from a girl who had to  
steal someone else's date in  
order to even get one -

NANCY

At least I'm not walking around  
thinking I'm the catch of the  
century. Ooh, look at me, with my  
own flat, and my online marketing  
management job, but what I really  
want to do is paaaaaiiint.

JACK

I am going to paint!

NANCY

Sure you are!

Hopeful Teenage Boy comes back with two jackets, and  
Nancy's bag for them.

JACK

Well, it was simply lovely not  
getting to know you.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)  
And big congratulations on a  
massive pack of lies.  
(to the Hopeful Teenage  
Boy)  
Where's my bag?

HOPEFUL TEENAGE BOY  
Um, that was all that was on the  
ticket, I'm afraid.

JACK  
(to Nancy)  
Where's my bag?

NANCY  
How should I know?

Nancy goes into her own bag... confused, she pulls out one of  
the notepads from her bag -

NANCY  
Why have I got your notepad?

JACK  
(oh no)  
We left my bag in the bloody  
Cantina.

NANCY  
(shoving the notepad at  
him)  
Your bag Jack, not mine. How many  
tequilas did you have?

JACK  
(another penny drop)  
It's got my divorce papers in it!

NANCY  
Ooh, sexy.

JACK  
I came straight from the lawyers!

NANCY  
Ooh, sexier!

As Jack starts to walk off -

NANCY  
Wait, your divorce papers - and my  
notepad... and my speech!

JACK  
What fucking speech?



EXT. BLOOMSBURY BOWLING LANES - NIGHT

Nancy and Jack charging outside - Jack still holding his notepad. Nancy is at the tail end of telling Jack the rest of the truth -

NANCY  
- for their 40th wedding anniversary -

JACK  
Oh this just gets better and better! Not only do you steal someone else's blind date, you stand up your parents on one of the most important milestones of their lives! You need to seriously look at your motivations for doing, and not doing things -

NANCY  
(contrite, walking off)  
I need my speech.

Jack starts to hail a taxi -

NANCY  
(stopping, totally confused)  
What are you doing?

JACK  
Getting a cab back to the bar.

NANCY  
It's only a 10 minute walk?

JACK  
No it's not, it's like 20 minutes -

NANCY  
What are you talking about, it's 10 minutes!

JACK  
(challenging)  
You seem pretty confident about that, Nancy?

NANCY  
Because it's a fact, Jack.

As a taxi pulls up -

JACK  
Oh it's a fact is it? Like the fact you're a triathlete?

NANCY  
Great, brilliant -

JACK  
I tell you what, here's an idea.  
Why don't you run, swim and cycle  
to the bar, and we'll see who gets  
there first?

Nancy looks at him, confused.

JACK  
You don't even know what a  
triathlon is!

NANCY  
Yeah I do!

JACK  
Oh you do, do you? Well, ready,  
steady -

Jack jumps into the taxi.

JACK  
Go!

Nancy, taking her cue, immediately starts to run. The taxi starts to pull away. Having some fun with this, Jack waves at Nancy lightly - bye bye! - then turns to look out the back window, tapping his watch - tick tock, tick tock! As 'Bust a Move' by Young MC starts to play -

NANCY  
(as she runs, determined)  
Get. Stronger. Thighs.

Nancy starts to run. And not just any old run. A focussed, almost triathlete like run. Steady, eyes on the prize, through the side streets of London. Nancy gets to a main road - a group of girls - a hen party! - block her way - she starts to wade through them, in a breast stroke fashion. She's basically swimming now. She gets through the crowd, picks up her running pace again, a little tired, but not deterred.

Jack, in the taxi, triumphant at first... then hitting some late night Soho traffic.

Nancy goes down an alleyway, pops out the other side - sees a row of bikes locked up, various owners milling around - bingo! As she saunters over with purpose, and next -

- Nancy is now on one of the bikes - she clearly used all her charms - and cycling furiously through London town.

EXT. MEXICAN CANTINA. THE WEST END - NIGHT

As the taxi pulls up, Jack is impatient to get out. He walks briskly towards the cantina, still carrying his notepad -

- just as a dishevelled, sweaty, puddle-splashed Nancy comes cycling around the corner, pulling up right by Jack - wheel screech!

Jack puts his notepad down on the bar, looks up and down the bar, seeming satisfied about something -

JACK  
It's a satchel. And I'm not used to carrying it.

DANIEL  
Let me go check.

Daniel goes off. Nancy looks down at herself, aware she is a right mess. She starts to walk off -

JACK  
Where are you going?

NANCY  
To the toilets.

JACK  
Meeting someone?

NANCY  
No! So you don't need to follow me in there.

JACK  
No intention of ever doing that again, thanks!

We go with Nancy as she barges into -

INT. MEXICAN CANTINA. TOILETS - SAME TIME

- the toilets, and heads straight for the mirror where she -

NANCY  
(wailing with frustration)  
Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuck!

Nancy gets her phone out of her bag - 10 missed calls and messages from Elaine. She dials her back, clocking what a state she looks in the mirror. She gets a tissue, wipes some bike mud off her face.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
(softer)  
Fuck.

Elaine's phone starts to ring.

INT. NANCY'S PARENTS' HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT

The party really underway now, music playing loudly, everyone enjoying themselves, drinking red and white wine on the correct sofas, and a small child casually drinking a glass of Prosecco... which is quickly swiped away by a breezy Elaine, who downs it herself, smiling over at Fran, who is laughing at Bert, eating a mini pizza, proudly demonstrating that his change of jumper is still slob-free.

- Adam moonwalks over with a fresh tray of sausage rolls, which he presents to Elaine. He pops one in her mouth, she pops one in his mouth, they high-five, hip bump and return to their nibbles duties, as we see Elaine's unanswered ringing phone, on a nearby table switching to answer machine -

INT. MEXICAN CANTINA/THE TOILETS - NIGHT

- as Nancy hears the voice of her sister's answer phone, and sadly hangs up. She chucks her phone in her bag, gets out her

NANCY  
(eyes ahead, not looking  
at him)  
I love bowling.

JACK  
Oh so you haven't been faking it  
the whole night then?

NANCY  
And I bet you've said that line  
before.

Jack looks at her - whoa! Nancy sighs -

NANCY (CONT'D)  
Look, for the record, I realise  
this isn't my finest hour. And in  
hindsight, agreeing to Sean's...  
demands was possibly not the best  
decision I've made all evening -

JACK  
You could have just told me the  
truth.

NANCY  
I was going to, it was just -  
Jessica was doing so well.

Daniel appears with Jack's manbag.

DANIEL  
(winking at Nancy)  
One manbag.

Relieved, Jack starts to root around in his bag for Nancy's  
notepad.

JACK  
(chuckling)  
Black Pant Wash.

NANCY  
(sarcastic chuckle)  
Funky.

As Jack takes out Nancy's notepad, placing it alongside his  
notepad on the bar -

JACK

NANCY  
(half smiling back)  
Idiot!

A dark-haired woman standing behind Jack suddenly turns at the sound of Nancy saying 'idiot' -

DARK-HAIRED WOMAN  
(to the back of Jack's  
head)  
Jack?

Jack spins around, his smile totally fading as he sees HILARY, 37, a precise looking woman who carries herself well and knows it.

HILARY  
What are you doing here? I thought  
we'd agreed.

JACK  
(feigning innocence)  
What am I doing here, what are you  
doing here?

Nancy, confused by what's going on, as ED, 39, handsome and overly manly, steps in.

ED  
Hello Jack.

JACK  
Fuck off Ed.

Hilary suddenly whips a small Smythson diary out of her bag.

HILARY  
I get this place, between 5 and  
10pm on a Saturday.

JACK  
(fake covering)  
Oh, I thought it was on a Sunday -

Hilary shows her clearly marked diary to Jack. Nancy also looks at it, surprised by this information.

HILARY  
I think we all know that you know  
it's not on a Sunday -

JACK  
(Looking at Hilary's diary)  
Oh how I miss that pissy little  
diary. Do you still write 'M'  
when it's moustache dyeing week?

As Hilary instinctively touches her top lip.

JACK (CONT'D)  
(Looking at a shocked  
Ed, then mock  
apologetic)  
Oh. He didn't know.

Ed puts his arm protectively around Hilary. Jack suddenly puts his arm around Nancy.

JACK (CONT'D)  
This is Nancy by the way.  
(beat)  
Nancy my girlfriend.

Nancy looks at Jack - WTF?

JACK (CONT'D)  
Nancy, this is Hilary. My soon to  
be ex-wife. And Ed, the man she  
left me for.

ED  
Come on, Jack -

As the penny drops for Nancy -

JACK (CONT'D)  
(a bit manic)  
So! We're in the same bar, with our  
new partners, but we're all adults,  
right? Mature, wise, stable adults.



HILARY  
Just go with it -

JACK  
(to Ed)  
Yes! Go with it, Edward!

Jack, about to follow, is held back by Nancy -

NANCY  
Oh my god you knew they were going to be in here earlier! That's why you brought me here -

JACK  
Actually, that's why I brought Jessica here but I came to my senses. Then because you left my bag -

NANCY  
You left your bag -

JACK  
- we walked right back into it! And then you came out of the toilets, looking a bit -  
(he mimes 'sexy')  
- and I just thought -

As Nancy takes this in. Looking a bit sexy, huh?

JACK (CONT'D)  
(pointed)  
- people have done worse things in the world?

Nancy balks at this -

JACK (CONT'D)  
And you're excellent at pretending to be women you're not.

Another beat as Nancy examines her nails, not engaging.

JACK (CONT'D)  
You owe me, Nancy.

Nancy looks up. She glances over at Hilary and Ed, sitting together now, waiting for Jack to come over. She feels Jack's pain.

NANCY  
What exactly are you hoping to achieve?

JACK  
I believe they call it "closure".



ELAINE  
- a strange, man off the street.

ADAM  
- having a lovely time, just like  
when we first met -

ELAINE  
We met in the safety of a pub.

ADAM  
Oh, but what a romantic pub -

ELAINE  
It was a Yates's Wine Lodge.

ADAM  
Remember the first thing you ever  
said to me?

ELAINE  
Vodka and tonic please?

ADAM  
And I said?

ELAINE  
(can't help  
smiling/softening)  
Pint or a half?

They kiss.

ADAM  
What is the worst case scenario?

ELAINE  
We never see her again!

ADAM  
- and the second worst case  
scenario?

Adam smiles, and gently pushes Elaine back into the party.

INT. MEXICAN CANTINA. THE WEST END - NIGHT

Jack and Nancy, now sitting with Hilary and Ed. Awkward! As Nancy watches Jack downing his beer.

HILARY  
So, how long have you two been  
seeing each other?

Jack starts to seductively but cack-handedly feed Nancy an olive.

JACK  
Oh not long -

Nancy realises there is a stone in it. And nowhere to put the stone. She takes Jack's hand, spits the stone out into it.

NANCY  
- not long at all.

ED  
How did you meet?

Jack pops the olive stone into Nancy's bag.

NANCY/JACK  
At a party/Through work.

JACK  
A work party.

NANCY  
A party that worked!

HILARY  
Are you in online marketing too?

JACK  
(imitating her just for the sake of it)  
Are you in online marketing too?

Nancy is just about to answer, has no idea what to say, spots a fire extinguisher in the corner of the room.

NANCY  
No, I'm a firewoman.

JACK  
(what the fuck, Nancy?!)  
There was a fire -

NANCY  
- at his work party.  
(beat)  
And then in our pants!

Jack looks at Nancy. Seriously?

NANCY (CONT'D)  
(attempted polite conversation)  
So Hilary, what do you do for a living?

HILARY  
(like she's saving the world)  
(MORE)

HILARY (CONT'D)  
I'm an account manager for a  
leading PR firm.

NANCY  
Mind blowing! And you, Ed?

ED  
(like he is also saving  
the world)  
I'm a Merchant Banker.

JACK  
Interesting fact, *merchant banker*  
is cockney rhyming slang for  
*wanker*.

HILARY  
Oh for Christ's sake Jack -

JACK  
(feigning innocence)  
What? I'm just saying -

HILARY  
It's been a year!

ED  
It's okay Hil, it's not the first  
time I've heard that one.

NANCY  
(laughing)  
I've never heard it before!

ED  
(clearly is affected by it)  
I'm unaffected by it.

Jack mouths 'Merchant Wanker' at him, does a 'wanker' sign.  
Nancy tries not to laugh -

JACK  
And it's been more than a year  
Hilary. It's been -  
(counting)  
- three hundred and sixty eight  
days! Not that I've been crossing  
them off my wall calendar of pain  
and deceit!  
(finishing off his beer)  
I need a piss!

Jack gets up and walks off, sending the nibbles flying  
everywhere.

JACK  
(apologetic to the  
waitress)  
Shit, sorry -

Jack goes.

ED  
(to Hilary, touching her  
nose)  
Don't worry, babycakes -

As the waiter brings some more nibbles to the table, Nancy scoops them all towards herself, and starts eating them. Jack comes back from the toilets. He's calmed down.

JACK  
(about to come clean)  
Okay. Sorry about that. The truth  
is, Hilary -

Nancy suddenly runs her finger seductively down Jack's arm.

NANCY  
I missed you, Big Nuts.

Jack looks at Nancy -

NANCY (CONT'D)

Maybe some Church of Lesbyterian,  
some dinner beneath the bridge, a  
little guided tour of site B, if  
you know where that is...

(re Jack)

He does.

Jack, amused and baffled, is hanging on Nancy's every word.  
Ed and Hilary still look baffled.

NANCY

(to Jack)

Remember that time when you said we  
should... and I said I'm not going  
to do that, and I was just  
thinking, I'm actually quite  
scared, because I couldn't see. And  
then you flipped it, and did that  
thing, and suddenly I couldn't  
stop, oh my god, I could not stop,  
Jack -

Ed nearly chokes on his drink -

NANCY

- yes, Jack, don't stop Jack, do  
what you do Jack, thank you Jack, I  
love your work.

(immediately stopping,  
reverting back to normal)

And you lot -

(she gestures to Jack and  
Ed)

- are like wow, our sex life is  
always going to be like this. Then,  
about 6 months in, the ladies ease  
it down to an 18 - contains some  
adult material - then a 15 -

(to Hilary)

Maybe a quick 69, but only if we've  
just had a bath? - and suddenly,  
whoa, we're a PG13, wearing tartan  
pyjamas to bed, doing the goodnight  
roll over before you can say  
'missionary position'.

- aaaaaannnd Nancy is finished. Ed looks rather flustered,  
Hilary totally miffed.

JACK

That, is a brilliant theory.

NANCY

(pleased with herself)

Thank you.

(remembering the point to  
all this)

(MORE)



But I think with you baby, we'll be in porno land for a lot longer than usual.

JACK  
(getting into it)  
I've got a theory too.

NANCY  
Hi t me.

JACK  
If you get a girl back to yours, and you tell her that you don't want to have sex, that you want to take it slow? Guaranteed she'll want to go down on you.

NANCY  
(in awe)  
The Bl owj ob Paradox.

JACK  
Use it, don't abuse it.

Jack and Nancy clink glasses. But Hilary looks at Ed - he clearly did that to her.

NANCY  
I mean, if divorce papers were honest, it wouldn't say 'irreconcilable differences'. It would say 'just not enough blow jobs'.

Ed shifts uncomfortably in his seat. Hilary has had enough.  
clearly did that to her. (CONT'D) 1670000 Tc 12 0 0 12 252 665 Tm /TT1 1 Tf1 (than usual.)

HILARY  
(she knows this is going to hurt)  
Ooh, that reminds me Jack. Have Blowjo1 Tf1 (Use it, don Tc Elink swly Hilreach6suTc ET) Tjbag, glgriHilwh Tc E

NANCY

Hey Jack, it's our song! Maybe we should dance!

Jack looks at her - WTF - as she swiftly pulls him up, dragging him onto the dancefloor, where the DJ is currently playing 'Move Closer' by Phyllis Nelson.

JACK

What are you doing?!

NANCY

Stopping you from making a twat of yourself using the medium of dance.

Nancy puts her arms awkwardly around Jack's neck, who looks at her, WTF?

NANCY (CONT'D)

I'm going to *slow dance* you into submission. It's called 'school disco therapy'. You need to put your arms around my waist for it to work properly.

Jack goes with it, responds accordingly. They awkwardly dance together, as Jack glances back at Hilary and Ed.

JACK

(annoyed with himself)  
I'm such a dick.

NANCY

You're not a dick.  
(beat, looking over at Hilary and Ed)  
You know it's always better to be the one who's dumped though, right? You never have to regret anything then. They made the decision. And they have to live with that for the rest of their lives.

JACK

It's not as simple as that.

NANCY

It will be. Just takes time. Your hands are slipping down to my arse.

JACK

(embarrassed)  
Sorry. Old habit.  
(moving his hands back up)  
Everybody knew they were at it. But nobody told me.

NANCY  
Okay, that's tough.

JACK  
- but you know, I was kind of  
traditional about the whole 'don't  
sleep around when you're married'  
thing -

NANCY  
Hands. Arse.

Jack moves his hands again.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
I bet you proposed on the top of a  
Tuscan hill -

JACK  
Kefaloni an, actually -

NANCY  
- and then you spent a year  
planning your 'big day'?  
(Jack nods)  
120 guests?

JACK  
(he thinks)  
130?

NANCY  
And what, about twenty grand, all  
in?  
(Jack motions it was much  
more)  
Oh, and let's not forget the ring!

JACK  
(remembering)  
Four grand! But we had to get it re-  
sized. She got very thin.

NANCY  
You spent twenty four thousand  
pounds on a party and some  
jewellery!

JACK  
It's a grand gesture! What's the  
point of life if you're not up for  
stuff like that -

NANCY  
A grand gesture that amounted to  
nothing! Hands! Arse!



JACK  
 So why don't you use it, try  
 not to bruise it, buy time  
 don't lose it -

NANCY  
 So why don't you use it, try  
 not to bruise it, buy time  
 don't lose it -

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Small instrumental drum section, that Jack and Nancy can't help dancing around each other to, and then the repeat of -

JACK  
 So why don't you use it, try  
 not to bruise it, buy time  
 don't lose it -

NANCY  
 So why don't you use it, try  
 not to bruise it, buy time  
 don't lose it -

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

NANCY  
 They're not judgements! They're  
 theories, it's different -

And then the chorus of 'The Reflex', that both Jack and Nancy now really start to dance to, unable to contain their love for the song, but determined to carry on the debate. It's basically a dance-fight-off.

JACK  
 You know what your problem is? You  
 stand around on the sidelines,  
 'theorising' on what does and  
 doesn't work, never experiencing it  
 for yourself, never taking any  
 chances -

NANCY  
 I think my actions today could be  
 considered quite 'chancey' -

JACK  
 (dancing around Nancy)  
 - you need to man up Nancy! Yes, I  
 married that woman over there, and  
 yes she tore my heart out, but I'm  
 still standing, still offering  
 myself up to the world! Who are you  
 to say that the girl I met under  
 the clock tonight - the girl I was  
 supposed to meet under the clock  
 tonight - wouldn't have ended up  
 being the love of my life?

Jack does one final dramatic dance move. Nancy, totally chastened.

JACK  
 (getting a bit upset)  
 So why don't you just let me get on  
 with my sad single man crisis, and  
 you keep your cynical theories and  
 wisecracks to yourself!

An upset Jack storms off into the men's toilets, leaving a shocked Nancy, alone on the dancefloor with 'The Reflex'. She looks around at everyone having a great time, forgetting their worries, dancing away, and suddenly feels very bad. She looks over to the Men's Toilets - The Hombres...

INT. MEXICAN CANTINA/THE TOILETS - NIGHT

Nancy pops her head into the HOMBRES'S TOILETS. A row of men standing up against the cisterns. The men all turn to look at her, confused by her presence.

NANCY  
Hola, I'm new here.

Nancy starts to casually clean the very smeared mirror with her sleeve. The men turn back to their cisterns.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
(cautiously entering)  
Jack? Are you in here?

JACK (O.S.)  
No!

She dips down, looking under the cubicles.

NANCY  
Oh come on...

She sees Jack's shoes. She moves towards his cubicle -

JACK (O.S.)  
Just go home. I'm fine.

NANCY  
You're fine?

JACK (O.S.)  
Absol utel y fucki ng fi ne.

Nancy pushes open the cubicle door but -

It's not Jack. It's a RANDOM MAN taking a crap.

NANCY  
Whoa! Sorry!

She dips down again, sees a pair of exactly the same shoes. She tentatively pushes this cubicle door open to find -

Jack, who has clearly been crying.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
(mock disappointed)  
Oh, I was hoping for the socks  
and pants look.

Jack attempts a weak smile. Nancy slides into the cubicle with Jack, closing the door. She crouches down on the floor.

NANCY (CONT'D)

This is cosy.

Jack pulls some toilet roll off the roll and blows his nose loudly like a proper old man. As he's sitting on the toilet, he has nowhere to put the dirty tissue. Nancy puts her hand out, and he drops it into her palm.

NANCY (CONT'D)

(earnest)

Sorry. I've had a bad relationship run over the last few years. It's made me... not the most positive person. I over-analyse, come up with elaborate theories, make monumentally bad decisions -

JACK

I've just got to move on. She's out there, happy with someone else, and I'm still holding on.

NANCY

Okay, A) I wouldn't say 'happy'. And secondly, you're not holding on to her, you're just holding on to a feeling that will eventually pass.

(she looks at Jack's sad face)

And maybe I was wrong, maybe dating 24-year-olds is exactly what you need right now.

JACK

You've changed your tune.

NANCY

(shrugs)

Unlike the older lady, they do have less baggage.

Nancy throws Jack's dirty tissue between her two palms. Jack watches her -

NANCY (CONT'D)

I mean, I am way over my baggage allowance! 4 years single. 4 fucking years!

(MORE)

NANCY (CONT'D)

Prior to that, 6 years with supposed love of my life, then he ended it out of the blue, said he wanted to go to China and find himself, but somehow 'found himself' shackled up in Shepherd's Bush with a new girlfriend six months later. I'm over it though.

JACK

(wry)

You really sound it.

NANCY

Apart from one thing. One thing I will never get over. He deauthorised me from his iTunes.

JACK

That is unforgivable.

Nancy looks at Jack, who is smiling at her.

JACK

What do you really do for a living?

NANCY

Journalist slash wannabe literary polymath.

JACK

Figures. You've got good theories.

NANCY

Oh so you like them now? Maybe don't take them too seriously though. I'm not exactly the poster child for the dating industry.

JACK

Well I'm 40, divorced and crying in a toilet.

NANCY

You're just an emotional jigsaw at the moment. You'll piece yourself back together again.

(she squeezes his hand)

Just start with the corners. Look for the blue bits.

Jack smiles, squeezes Nancy's hand back.

JACK

And where do I find these blue bits?



They lock eyes. Oh my god, are they going to kiss? Maybe? Yes? Nearly -

TOILET MAN 1 (O.S.)  
Took me 3 years to get over my  
ex.

They look up to see TOILET MAN 1, looking down at them from the next cubicle.

TOILET MAN 1  
(to Jack and Nancy)  
Jungian Therapy. Two hours, every  
day, for six weeks.

Suddenly, another man pops up next to him -

TOILET MAN 2  
(madness in his eyes)  
I burnt her clothes. Twice.

Jack and Nancy's 'moment' is over.

INT. MEXICAN CANTINA - NIGHT

Hilary and Ed are at the bar, waiting to be served. They are mid-argument.

ED  
I just think it's interesting -

HILARY  
'Interesting'?

ED  
(exasperated)  
I'm not saying her porn star  
theory is correct!

HILARY  
But you did blow job paradox me!

As a helpless Ed notices Nancy and Jack -

ED  
(bizarrely relieved to  
see them)  
Where did you two get to, eh?

HILARY  
(slightly hysterical)  
Probably 69-ing in the toilets no  
doubt!

As Jack and Nancy share a bemused look -

ED  
(also a bit hysterical)  
Who's up for a shot? Come on,  
let's all do some shots!

Ed motions to Daniel, who comes over.

NANCY  
Do you know what, I think I've  
had enough to drink.

JACK  
Yeah, me too actually...

ED  
(grateful for the  
distraction from angry  
Hilary)  
Nonsense! This is a seminal  
night! We need to mark it  
somehow.

As Ed leans in to give Daniel his order -

HILARY  
(to Jack)  
You look like you've been crying.

JACK  
I was actually crying -

NANCY  
- with laughter! Have you ever  
tried to do it in a cubicle that  
small? Ooh, hang on, did I leave  
my knickers in there?

Nancy deftly turns Jack away from Ed and Hilary, who continue their argument. Behind them all, Daniel starts to lay out the equipment to do flaming sambuca shots. Liquor, shot glasses and one of those long clipper lighters. He starts to fill up the shot glasses.

NANCY (CONT'D)  
(in cahoots with Jack)  
She does not need to know the  
real reason for your tears.

JACK  
(sexy)  
Did you want to leave your  
knickers in there?

NANCY  
Focus, Jack. Repeat after me.  
After this shot, you will be  
stronger, wiser, and finally  
moving on.

JACK  
After this shot I will be  
stronger, wiser and finally  
moving on.

Nancy grins. Behind them, Daniel starts to light the shot  
glasses. But before he can get to the last two, Nancy picks  
them up, not realising they're meant to be alight.

NANCY  
(to Jack)  
Fuck the past!

Jack grins back -

JACK  
Fuck the past!

- takes the shot swiftly and determinedly. Nancy sniffs

Nancy resets, aims at Ed, blasting him with water. The fire goes out -

NANCY (CONT'D)  
Woooo-hooo! Firewoman skills to pay  
the fire woman bills!

Nancy is so clearly not a firewoman - she tries to turn off the extinguisher -

NANCY (CONT'D)  
I can't turn it off!

She turns to Daniel, drenching him. She turns away from a furious Daniel, drenching the dancefloor. She turns to Jack, who is cracking up, and ducks down just in time. Daniel wrestles with her, finally turning the goddamn thing off. Everyone, apart from Nancy and Jack, are left drenched, smoky and a total mess.

EXT. HUNGERFORD BRIDGE - NIGHT

Nancy and Jack, walking happily skipping across Hungerford Bridge in a delighted fashion.

EXT. HUNGERFORD BRIDGE - CONTINUED

Nancy and Jack, on the bridge.

JACK  
And I think that's closure!

NANCY  
That's the dictionary definition,  
right there!

JACK  
Denial, depression, acceptance -

NANCY  
- fire!

They high five, sharing a victorious and lovely moment.

EXT. WATERLOO STEPS - NIGHT

Nancy and Jack walking along.

JACK  
What's next then?

NANCY  
What's the time?

JACK  
10 o' clock.

NANCY  
Shit! I should really check in at  
home.

Nancy gets her phone out, as does Jack. Their phones start  
coming back to life -

INSERT: C/U on Nancy's phone - we see she has a missed call

NANCY

But you stood her up? Loooooser.

JACK

Technically I didn't stand her up.  
You did. Plus she's young,  
remember? So not a total cynic like  
you... us... yet -

NANCY

Of course! Your 24-year-old  
obsession.

Jack slows down a bit -

JACK

Well you said I should keep it  
simple -

NANCY

When?

JACK

In the toilets, about half an hour  
ago!

(tentative)

So what's your theory on this one?

NANCY

(a bit thrown)

My theory?

JACK

What should I do? Boy meets girl...  
(he pauses, tentatively)  
- or boy doesn't meet girl?

Nancy looks at Jack. Oh my god, he is actually asking her  
this. She takes a deep breath.

JACK

(lightly)

Come on, now you tell me what to  
do, and then we argue about it, and  
then -

Unbelievable. Nancy starts to speed up.

JACK (CONT'D)

(giving chase)

Oi! Wait!

NANCY

(almost to herself)

What for -

JACK

All night, you've had opinions and theories on everything, and now suddenly you've got nothing to say?

NANCY

What do you want, Jack? My permission?

JACK

No, I -

NANCY

Fine, go and meet Jessica! Boy meets girl, that's what you want, isn't it -

JACK

Well, yeah but -

NANCY

There you go then. What are you waiting for?

They stand in silence for a moment. As Nancy looks up and realises they are underneath the clock - the final nail in her confidence coffin.

NANCY

(starting to root through her bag, back to business)

I presume you're meeting her here?

Thrown, Jack looks up, noting the clock himself.

JACK

(a bit embarrassed)

Um, yes -

NANCY

(holding up 6 Billion People and You)

You can give her this back then.

JACK

She bought another one.

NANCY

Of course she did.

JACK

I haven't really read it.

NANCY

Maybe we should have.

A beat. They look at each other.

JACK  
So... that's everything then?

NANCY  
(it clearly isn't)  
Yes.  
(softly)  
Sorry for derailing your date.

JACK  
(softly)  
I'm glad you did.  
(trying to be cool)  
Otherwise I'd have nothing to talk  
about on this next one!

NANCY  
It is a great anecdote. I'm sure  
I'll use it in the future myself.

A beat, as they both respectively take this in.

JACK  
Well. Look. After. Yourself.

NANCY  
It's what I'm best at!  
(beat)  
Bye then!

Nancy puts her hand out to shake Jack's -

JACK  
Bye then!

- but Jack leans in, kisses Nancy's cheek. They have come full circle - it is agony most exquisite. Nancy starts to walk away -

JACK (CONT'D)  
I'll Facebook you -

NANCY  
- I'm not on Facebook!

As Nancy walks away -

JACK  
(shouting out at her)  
Idiot!

NANCY  
(shouting back)  
Idiot!

Jack watches Nancy go.



JACK  
(to himself now)  
I idiot.

NANCY  
(also to herself)  
I idiot.

She turns, to look at him, but the crowd suddenly engulfs him - poof! And he's gone. Like he was never, ever there in the first place.

INT. WATERLOO TRAIN STATION. PLATFORM 11 - NIGHT

Nancy is getting on her train. As she does, she hands her copy of Six Billion People and You to a passing girl, who takes it, confused. Nancy collapses into a seat, starts to root around in her bag for her note-pad, pulls it out - but of course, it's actually Jack's note-pad. They forgot to swap. Dammit. She opens it up to find a doodle Jack has done - it's of the clock at Waterloo Station, and a boy and girl meeting underneath it. The speech bubbles say 'swoon' and 'hubba hubba'. A totally gutted Nancy stares out of the window as her train begins to leave the station -

EXT. QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL/SOUTH BANK - NIGHT

Jack is sitting outside Queen Elizabeth Hall, by the heaters, with of course, the Girl on Train, AKA -

JESSICA  
What kind of nutter pretends to be  
someone else's blind date!

JACK  
(trying to go along with  
it)  
I know!

JESSICA  
(smugly)  
Although it does prove what a  
publishing sensation 6 Billion has  
become. Anyway! Let's just pretend  
it never happened and start again.

She raises her glass of wine to Jack's bottle of beer. They clink. Jessica takes a small sip of wine. Jack takes a rather long glug of his beer... and keeps glugging with a slightly wild look in his eye. Jessica patiently waits for him to finish. He finally does. Off her confused look:

JACK  
Sorry. Very thirsty. Done a lot  
of... walking today.  
(resetting)  
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)  
So! I hear you work in the city,  
Jessica?

JESSICA  
Correct! And I love it.

JACK  
Lunch is for wimps!

Jessica doesn't get the reference.

JACK (CONT'D)  
It's from Wall Street.  
(Jessica still doesn't  
get it)  
'If you need a friend, get a  
dog.'

JESSICA  
Ooh, is that the one with  
Leonardo Di Caprio?

JACK  
No.

An awkward pause, as Jessica continues to smile brightly at Jack, who looks down at the packet of crisps, takes a handful, starts to munch away -

JACK (CONT'D)  
Tom says you're a triathlete?

CUT TO:

INT. NANCY'S PARENTS' HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is a bit of a mess now, everyone is perhaps a little worse for wear, all seated around the various ad hoc tables, eating the food from the now uncovered long table - big salads, a huge lasagne, tabbouleh, cheese, ham, french bread etc...

Adam stands up, taps his wine glass -

ADAM  
(a bit drunk now)  
Attention -  
(French accent)  
Attention!  
(Italian accent)  
Attenzione!  
(German accent, motioning  
to Bert)  
Achtung!

BERT

Yes, thank you Adam. Well, here we are then. I was rather hoping our youngest daughter Nancy would be

BERT (CONT'D)  
...but here's to spending whatever  
years we've got left, together.  
Franny, I am an empty shell on the  
beach without you.

ADAM  
Oh that's good -

BERT  
I am a laundry disaster waiting to  
happen!

Fran softens - you big wally -

BERT (CONT'D)  
An old pear left to soften -

ELAINE  
Okay Dad, I think that's enough  
metaphors -

BERT  
- in the fruit bowl -  
(he clocks Nancy)  
A ha! Darling! You're here -

FRAN  
(spinning around to see -)  
Nancy!

Everyone turns, delighted to see Nancy.

NANCY  
(bravely)  
Hi everyone!  
(ta-da!)  
I remembered the chocolate mousse!

She holds up loads of chocolate mousse - and promptly bursts  
into tears.

EXT. QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL/SOUTH BANK - NIGHT

Jack and Jessica are finishing up their first drink.

JACK  
Yup, I've got big home improvement  
plans for this year. Going to do up  
my flat, paint the hallway -

JESSICA  
Oh yes, Tom said you're a bit of an  
artiste?

JACK  
Oh I dabble... who am I kidding.

JESSICA  
(charging on regardless,  
chuffed to find something  
in common)  
I got an A in Art A Level!

JACK  
I can't remember what I got for my  
A Levels.  
(Jessica laughs)  
I can really. I'm not that old.  
(a beat)  
Two B's and a C.  
(another beat)  
No, one B, two C's.  
(shit, he actually can't  
remember)  
I passed them all anyway.

JESSICA  
(bit bewildered)  
Well done.  
(determined to be positive)  
Anyway, I'm so glad you're a fan of  
*6 Billion People and You* as well.  
And sorry I was late to meet you,  
but actually the reason I had to  
buy another copy was because I left  
my

JACK  
(strained)  
Me nei ther!

Jack takes a massive gulp of beer, flips over Nancy's notepad - finds MUM AND DAD'S 40th WEDDING ANNIVERSARY



Sean, as he takes this in, moving the bowling ball between his hands.

SEAN  
I know the exact Google Map  
coordinates.

Sean flings his bowling ball across three lanes.

EXT. A RUN DOWN OLD CAR - NIGHT

On the back, a bumper sticker that reads -  
'GRASS, CASH OR ASS - NO-ONE RIDES FOR FREE'.

The car is burning some rubber through suburbia, the bright lights of Central London behind it. Whose car could it be?

INT. SEAN'S CAR - NIGHT

It is of course, Sean's car. And sat next to him is Jack, holding on for dear life as Sean blatantly runs a red light. As Sean dramatically swerves to dangerously over-take someone.

JACK  
(terrified)  
I really don't mind getting the  
train, Sean -

SEAN  
So what's your plan?

JACK  
My plan?

SEAN  
To win her heart?

JACK  
This isn't a power ballad -

SEAN  
Well it should be. Grand, romantic  
gestures Jack. That's what it's all  
about.  
(Jack smiles ruefully)  
Declarations. Heart on the line.  
Life changing kind of stuff. That's  
what I was going for in the toilets  
earlier. Action. You know, more  
than words.

As Sean takes a sharp left hand turn, using just his left hand, Jack looks aghast, visibly blanching.





ADAM  
(putting his hand out block  
Nancy's head)  
Go easy Nancy, it's only a  
partition wall -

BERT  
(deciphering)  
Something about a party?

FRAN  
(to Nancy)  
This party?

Nancy nods through her sobs -

NANCY  
And you put a chair out for him and  
everything -

ELAINE  
- for the man on the phone?

ADAM  
The strange man you were on a date  
with!

Nancy nods again, still sobbing.

BERT  
It didn't go well?

NANCY  
Noooooo, it did, it did go well -

ELAINE  
Hooray!

BERT  
Hooray!

Nancy cries again. Adam looks drunk/perplexed.

ELAINE  
Not hooray!

BERT  
Boo? Boo!

ADAM  
I am deeply confused.

He starts to bang his head on the wall, ala Nancy.

FRAN  
Come on Nancy Pants, take a deep  
breath -

BERT  
- tell us what happened my lovely.

Nancy takes a deep breath, composes herself, opens her mouth  
and... RRRRRRRRI NNNNNGGGGG!

EXT. NUMBER 74 - SAME TIME

Jack rings the doorbell -

INT. NANCY'S PAPA'S HOUSE- SAME TIME

SEAN  
(confident)  
Nancy. I had to come and find you.  
After what happened tonight -

NANCY  
(disorientated)  
How did you -

SEAN  
I couldn't just leave it like that.

ELAINE  
(penny drop)  
Oh my god, Nancy is this -

Sean grins at all the family - yup, it is.

FRAN  
Oh how marvellous!

ADAM  
We've got a chair for you!

BERT



HARRY

Wait, Nancy Patterson? She was my old babysitter!

JACK

Can you take me to her?

HARRY

Yes I can!

Huge cheers, as the whole party follows Jack outside -

MUSIC UP - 'HERE I GO AGAIN' by Whitesnake.

We go out into the street with Jack, Harry and the teenagers. Harry points up the road. Jack starts running up the middle of the road, the teenagers immediately following him. They're a jogging/on a mission/take no prisoners sight to behold. As Jack intently focuses on the mission ahead -

- Nancy, with a very large glass of wine and Sean - sitting in the chair Bert got earlier - now at the party. Nancy's beaming family and friends look on. The only thing Nancy can do is... attempt a pathetically sad smile back. Everyone around her is happily chatting now, onto their puddings... Sean looks like the cat who's got the cream - or rather, the chocolate mousse. As he takes a spoon, and tries to start feeding Nancy some -

- Jack and the teenagers, still running up the middle of the road. They are a force to reckon with. Various bemused reactions from people walking past, and a couple of disapproving neighbours looking out of their windows. But Jack is still focused, and the teenagers are loving every minute of it.

- Sean, trying to force-feed a very depressed Nancy some chocolate mousse. She is trying to keep her mouth shut, but Sean is determined -

- Jack and the teenagers still running. Wider shots of them running round corners and junctions. Their journey isn't quite as linear as we first thought, and there is growing confusion/frustration from Jack. He looks to Harry - wtf? - and Harry starts to doubt he knows exactly where he's going.

Wide portrait shot of Jack leading the teenagers through frame at a T-junction. They exit frame and then run back, around the junction towards camera. Jack glares at Harry. This boy really isn't helping.

- back to Nancy, and Sean is *still* trying to get his chocolate mousse spoon into her mouth. Sean discards the spoon suddenly - Nancy looks at him, fearful of his next move, as we hard cut back to -









NANCY  
Oh, he's at the window.

Everyone immediately turns to see -

Jack, like Dustin Hoffman in *The Graduate*, at the window -

JACK  
Naaaaaaaaaancy!

- and also all of the teenagers, who join in -

TEENAGERS  
Naaaaaaaaaancy!

Nancy can't believe it, shrugging Sean off her shoulder, as Jack opens the window and climbs in -

JACK  
(like this is all totally normal)  
Hello!  
(to the teenagers)  
Wait there.  
(to Nancy)  
Nancy, I thought you might want your speech?

NANCY  
(confused)  
It's too late now -

JACK  
(firm)  
Do you want your speech, Nancy?

NANCY  
(tentative)  
Yes?

JACK  
Well shut up and let me give it to you then!

Nancy shuts up. Her family look at her - WTF?

NANCY  
(mouthing to them)  
*This is Jack.*

Jack chucks his bag on the floor. He clears his throat.

JACK  
Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, friends and Nancy's family who I have never met before in my life. I met a girl today. The wrong girl.  
(MORE)

Except she turned out to be the  
*right* girl. And this girl, who took  
a chance on me, in the most bizarre

The whole party, and all the teenagers outside, are enraptured, willing this to happen. Nancy, grinning from ear to ear now, but suddenly trying to be all solemn -

NANCY

But what does it say in Six Billion  
People and You?

Nancy holds up her glass. Jack swipes Bert's glass from him. He knows what's coming -

NANCY

Fuck the past!

JACK

Fuck the past!

\*  
\*

Everybody else raises their glasses.

EVERYBODY

Fuck the past!

Nancy walks around the table towards Jack. Jack takes Nancy's face in his hands. Sean's face suddenly appears alongside them. Jack shoves Sean away, taking his scarf back. Jack and Nancy start to kiss. Everyone cheers. The party is back on.

NANCY

Hands. Arse.

JACK

My hands aren't on your arse.

NANCY

(but they should be?)

I know.

Jack does as he's told. They grin at each other, kissing again, as Nancy leads Jack out of the room, grinning at her family, who are cracking open a bottle of champagne. - away from our dancing 40th anniversary party crew, and our slightly crazy teenagers now all dancing on the front lawn, and we go into -

INT. NANCY'S PARENTS' HOUSE/BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

- where Jack and Nancy are properly getting it on -

NANCY

To confirm, this is my favourite  
bathroom experience of the evening -

JACK

(wrapping his scarf around  
Nancy's neck)

Maybe I'll just keep just my socks  
and pants on -

NANCY

Always a strong look on a man.

JACK

Now, is there anything I need to know before we begin? Any theories on kissing, or the first time, do's and don'ts in the bedroom/bathroom -

NANCY

Idiot.

JACK

Idiot.

Things start to heat up, and we move out of the hot and steamy bathroom, into the corridor, where Sean has his ear pressed to the door, straining to hear what is going on in there. He is finally rewarded as he overhears -

NANCY (O. S.)

Sweet baby Jesus.

Sean, triumphant and grinning from ear to ear to have heard this, sniffing the scarf he thinks is Nancy's. The camera tracks through the house now, along the hallway and into the main party scene, where we see happy vignettes of everyone dancing, celebrating, having fun: Elaine and Adam, Bert and Fran, all our crazy teenagers.

The camera backs away through all the guests, wiping into a crane shot that pulls through the open window Jack has just climbed through. And now we're outside the house, pulling away all the time, as we pull up and away into the night sky, because guess what? Yes, it's...

THE END.