INT. RAPE SUPPORT GROUP. DAY

It is 8 months after Jan 22nd - late September.

LORETTA
It’s hard to stop it when it starts off so small? Steve’s like that he’s-

THEO
Remember; all aggressors should (be referred to -)

LORETTA
Bob, Bob, sorry- Bob is, insidious.

SARAH
Yep, with mine too, so I didn’t pay mind to it, but now it’s been a year.

BRIA
Then it’s like “How come you never said anything then, I always do that you didn’t” Yeah mind before”. Ugh.

MANDEEP
I don’t like his nickname for me, I don’t like his smile, his stupid jokes, his whole face just makes me... I used to like him. It’s driving me mad.

LORETTA
I’ve tried the other way, I took Bob aside; and said ‘Can you stop?’ Barely finished talking before he was looking all horrified and said he’ll never talk to me again coz ‘It’s safer’.

THEO
He’s worried about looking like he’s done something wrong, not about the fact that he has.

LORETTA
Looking at me like I’m crazy.

ARABELLA
Well.

They look at Arabella.
ARABELLA (CONT'D)
Bob does think you're crazy. He thinks it's all a little uncalled for, and this personal thing is going too far. And he's very confident in his view, because he's gone exploring to see what boundaries and violations women might be banging on about because Bob's thorough. On his travels through boundaries and borders, he found the line that separated him, from everything else. He looked at the line in detail, and tiptoed on it, and Bob experienced the feeling of being on the border, boundary, right on the line; of being neither in one place, or another, neither one thing or the other, and saw how in this grey, where nothing is quite clear, no one can be... clear, we can't articulate, we fuddle our words we can't pinpoint exactly what it is. So yeah, Bob thinks you're crazy, Bob thinks he's the smartest man in the room who knoweth all things because he's observed the details. We have to start observing Bob, and telling him we too see the detail; We see you Bob, and if we see you it means we're with you, tiptoeing in the line right behind you, and in that place where rules, clarity, law, and separation cease to exist we will explain exactly what we mean, by violation.

INT. HACKNEY LEISURE CENTRE. DAY

A swimming pool of around 10 women with water dumbbells, many elderly, follow Kwame's instructions. He slowly instructs, stretching his hands into poses- light, minimal movements, elegant, and natural. Arabella and Terry are in the pool - they both wear headscarfs to protect their hair from the water. They're in the shallow end.

KWAME
And fifteen, fourteen, thirteen, twelve, eleven, ten more till climax, nine, eight, seven, six, five.

Arabella peacefully follows instructions. She has a FLASHBACK.
**INT. OSTIA BEACH. DAWN**

Biagio’s looking at Arabella as she opens her arms out to the sky in the middle of the water.

**INT. HACKNEY LEISURE CENTRE SWIMMING POOL. DAY**

KWAME
Four three and two and-

Terry flicks her with some water. She squirms and they laugh.

**INT. HACKNEY LEISURE CENTRE LOBBY. DAY**

Arabella is reading. We see the title and author: “The Sundial – Della Croy-Dickie”. We see the Henny Publishers’ logo. As Kwame arrives, Arabella puts her book down on the table.

TERRY
Bubba, look at you, getting toned and shit.

KWAME
You know. Feel ‘em.

He puts one arm out for Terry, she feels.

TERRY
Mm.

He puts one arm out for Arabella, she feels.

ARABELLA
Mm. Okay.

Damon walks by with a man, the closeness of their physical proximity indicates they are in a relationship. They watch Damon, scathing.

Damon suddenly turns around and begins walking towards them. Terry instinctively puts her hand on Kwame’s arm as if to shield and protect him. Arabella gives Kwame The Sundial. He holds it as if he’s reading. As Damon arrives and stands over their table, they eyeball him quizzically.

DAMON
Look I know that you may have beef with me... I know and, I get that, I just wanna say one thing..?

KWAME
What?
Damon’s boyfriend hangs back in the distance, talking to Damon’s grandmother. Kwame appears impatient and nonchalant. Arabella and Terry slurp on their milkshakes.

**DAMON**
I just wanted to say thank you for being so cool, yu’nah? You let me be, and figure a lot of shit out. I think that helped, helped me be okay with who I am. So, thanks.

Terry chews and slaps her lips together. Arabella looks at Damon as if there is sun in her eyes.

**KWAME**
Aw, all the best with your journey.

**DAMON**
And how are you doing, how you (been?)

**KWAME**
I’d love a chat but we’re really busy.

Arabella and Terry nod and slurp on their drinks.

**EXT. HACKNEY LEISURE CENTRE. DAY**

They walk away from the leisure centre. Kwame kisses his teeth.

**KWAME**
You know what I clocked the other day?

**ARABELLA**
What?

**KWAME**
We were both abandoned by people we never thought would leave us and then sexually assaulted.

Terry looks plagued.

**ARABELLA**
Mad.

**KWAME**
Interconnectedness.

**ARABELLA**
Quantum entanglements.
EXT. HACKNEY PARK. DAY

They sit on a dead tree that is used as a bench (or a statue of a dead tree in an area). Kwame ponders.

KWAME
You know I’ve always thought we might have sex one day.

TERRY
Who?

KWAME
The three of us.

TERRY
Hahn? Oh God.

ARABELLA
Who three?

KWAME
(To Terry)
Me and you (for sure)-

TERRY
Hahn?

KWAME
Why not?

Terry cuts her eye, heartbroken.
KWAME (CONT’D)
As an experiment.

Beat.

KWAME (CONT’D)
Bella?

ARABELLA
Yo?

He looks at her.

ARABELLA (CONT’D)
I’m just... working it out.

ARABELLA (CONT’D)
Okay. If you and I are entangled by
the laws of quantum mechanics, I
can see us fucking, I can see
another you and another me, and
those two people have chemistry and
they’re fucking, but the thing is
with all that spooky action at a
distance, is that it’s at a
distance, I’m struggling to imagine
a version of you in this reality
that would ever want to suck my
tits.

Kwame winces.

KWAME
‘Coz yours are a bit droopy, maybe
I could do it on more...

ARABELLA
Perky boobs?

Kwame nods.

ARABELLA (CONT’D)
Perky boobs that protrude like a
double dick?

KWAME
We’re all on a spectrum. Sexuality
is a spectrum.

ARABELLA
Really? Oh God I had no idea, let’s
all have sex.

KWAME
It wouldn’t even be a big deal for
you, you’re straight.
ARABELLA
I’m not straight, I just love dick.

KWAME
I have dick.

ARABELLA
So does my brother Kwame, what’s the point in hand?

KWAME
That sex with men is not safe for me right now, and I wanna have sex with a female and I don’t wanna be judged while doing that.

TERRY
A “female…” I’m tired.

ARABELLA

TERRY
A female... I used.

ARABELLA
Boobs and a vaj. Boobs and a vaj. Boobs and a vaj, boobs and a - your nostrils just flared, you’re disgusted.

He winces, Terry bowls over laughing.

TERRY
Wank, wank Kwame, I beg you just wank until the mandem are safe again, leave the women alone. Kwame really moved to gang? I’m dying.

Kwame squirts his water bottle at her playfully.

KWAME
What? You said wank, you never said in what direction.

Arabella laughs at Terry who squirms at the water and runs. Kwame’s phone begins to ring; a video call. He answers.

KWAME (CONT’D)
Yo what’s good?

NILUFER (O.S.)
...hey.

At the sound of a woman’s flirtatious giggle Terry freezes.
TERRY
Oh my god...

KWAME
Hey. Are you ears itchy? I was just thinking about you.

NILUFER
Really? They’re not itchy haha, hmm... are yours?

KWAME
No.

NILUFER
And you crossed my mind so I guess the ear thing is nonsense.

KWAME
F*ck. Heartbroken.

NILUFER
Gutted.

They smile at one another through the phone.

NILUFER (CONT’D)
Just saying hi... I’m on lunch break.

KWAME
Oh cool. How’s it going today?

NILUFER
Let’s just say it’s good to see a face that makes me smile and not cry, ha.

Arabella and Terry stand behind the camera, gobsmacked.

NILUFER (CONT’D)
Are you with people or?

Arabella and Terry freeze.

NILUFER (CONT’D)
Your eyes are sort of darting around.

KWAME
Yeah sorry I’m with some friends at the moment.

NILUFER
Right, uhm, I’ve got to get back to work anyway. So, text me?

KWAME
Definitely.
NILUFER

Cool.

Nilufer giggles again, Terry is gobsmacked.

KWAME

By any chance do you wanna go out tonight? I’d really like that.

NILUFER

You would? Me too, yeah I’ll be free, I’d love to.

Terry and Arabella run around the park. Terry pretends to faint, Arabella catches her. They collapse on the grass laughing.

TERRY

I’m dead! Who is this man? Who is this man?

Kwame laughs, they roll around on the grass laughing. Arabella’s phone rings.

INT. METROPOLITAN POLICE STATION. DAY

Arabella and Terry sit in the station. There are two large bin bags in the corner of the room. Officer Beth is visibly pregnant. A little silence lingers, Arabella smiles.

ARABELLA

Congratulations, hello!

BETH

Thank you.

TERRY

Girl or boy do you know yet?

BETH

Girl.

ARABELLA

Yaaaaas first one?

BETH

Yeah!

ARABELLA

Amazing!

BETH

Funmi will be here any minute. Here we are.

Funmi enters, she is also pregnant.
FUNMI
Hello, thanks for coming in today-

ARABELLA
Oh, double congratulations!

TERRY
Oh my God!

Funmi laughs

ARABELLA
Please tell me you get to leave?

Officer Beth confirms with a nod.

FUNMI
We do, bless you. How are you?

ARABELLA
Doing good yeah!

TERRY
Girl or boy?

...Boy.

ARABELLA
Cuuute, a girl and a boy!

TERRY
I want a boy

ARABELLA
This is goals. We need to be pregnant baes-

TERRY
Literally my birth is your birth

ARABELLA (CONT'D)
Goals.

TERRY
We’ll make a YouTube channel and Insta-page “pregnant baes” oh my gosh do it-

ARABELLA
Film each other’s births.

FUNMI
Us? Oh I don’t know if that’s our...

ARABELLA
Yeah that’s our shit we’re kinda trashy like that.
TERRY
But what if we go into labour at the same time?

ARABELLA
Hoh...

TERRY (CONT'D)
Deep.

ARABELLA
If we’re both pregnant and there’s only one seat on the train..?

TERRY (CONT'D)
Who gets up for who? Who gets up for wow...

TERRY
You guys probably have other friends. In the movies the detectives are never friends. Are you friends?

Funmi and Beth look at each other.

ARABELLA
Very personal. You don’t have to answer.

FUNMI
Yeah we probably...

ARABELLA
No of course, okay sorry let’s...

FUNMI
Bless you, yeah so I said thanks for coming today. I’m just going to read you a summing up of what we’ve done. I appreciate it’s been a long time since your interview.

Funmi reads from a notebook.

FUNMI (CONT’D)
...The initial inquiries we made were to find out ‘where’ the crime took place, we did manage to trace you quite successfully on CCTV. We scrutinised that CCTV and potentially identified an unknown male likely to be the perpetrator. We circulated his image through London police forces to try and see if we could get an identification. Uhm, we identified a possible suspect who was already on remand for a very similar offence in a nearby area. He was interviewed, and his DNA was taken.
Arabella listens in hopeful anticipation.

FUNMI (CONT’D)
We had numerous conversations with forensic scientists to decide which items of your personal belongings were best suited to examine, bearing in mind what we think actually took place and where we might find any kind of evidence. Subsequently forensics detected semen on the flannel. In a normal case, we could just upload the sample onto a DNA database and wait for a match to come along but unfortunately the DNA detected wasn’t substantial enough to conduct a mass comparison so our only option was to directly compare individual DNA profiles with the sample. Subsequently we asked about any consensual partners at the time of the assault.

ARABELLA
Yeah, Biagio.

FUNMI
Yes, he did go into a station and had his DNA taken in Italy.

Funmi seems reluctant to communicate away from the page.

FUNMI (CONT’D)
It didn’t match, it was a negative match. Subsequently we compared the DNA results with the suspect already under arrest. That was also negative so unfortunately that line of investigation didn’t go anywhere.

Terry looks at Arabella with worry as Funmi looks for her place on the page to begin reading again.

Funmi keeps her head down and avoids eye contact.

FUNMI (CONT’D)
So, it’s no longer an active investigation. I’m really sorry to give you that kind of information.

They wait for Arabella to speak.

BETH
We have your belongings back from forensics, do you want them back?
INT. POLICE STATION LOBBY. DAY

Arabella sits in the lobby with Terry. Her bin bags.

TERRY
How you doing boo?
Beat.

TERRY (CONT’D)
What do you wanna do?
Beat.

TERRY (CONT’D)
I’m up for anything, you wanna chat we can chat, you wanna cry we can cry, you wanna leave the station, we can leave the station.

Beat. Arabella begins to walk in circles in the lobby.

TERRY (CONT’D)
‘Coz you know I don’t know how healthy it is to be here. For any longer. Just a thought. Yu’nah’mean, ‘coz I’m looking around at people’s faces? And noticing that everybody looks like they’re in a mode of regression...

Terry looks around.

TERRY (CONT’D)
...and slight self-destruction...
Hm... I’m gonna ask Auntie Google.

Arabella looks out pensively as Terry googles.

TERRY (CONT’D)
‘Coz I’m like ‘hm, the news hasn’t been sweet, we’re still lingering here an hour later, let’s transport Arabella out of a police station into an environment that ‘ignites elation’...

ARABELLA
I need to leave...

TERRY
I’m the taxi, destination; self-care.

ARABELLA
I’ve maxed out all my cards...
TERRY
I haven’t, I’ve got you, what do you wanna do…? Massage, paint, yoga, meditation, sleep (that’s free), could try something new; I see acupuncture and life drawing?

ARABELLA
You’ll pay for me?

TERRY
Not a problem.

ARABELLA
There is something.

TERRY
Go on.

ARABELLA
I can’t say it…!

TERRY
What is it? Is it kinky?

ARABELLA
Uhhm…

TERRY
Whisper it.

Arabella whispers something inaudible to Terry.

TERRY (CONT’D)
What??

Arabella whispers something inaudible to Terry.

TERRY (CONT’D)
Bae, I can’t hear you-

ARABELLA
I need a plane ticket to Italy.

Beat. Confused and curious, Terry squints her eyes.

TERRY
What for?

ARABELLA
I need a plane ticket to Italy.

TERRY
What for?

ARABELLA
The beach?
TERRY
Oh, let’s go Margate.
ARABELLA
Doesn’t ignite elation.

TERRY
Spain?

ARABELLA
Doesn’t ignite elation.

Bae?

ARABELLA
What?

TERRY
What is it about Italy?

ARABELLA
You know what is it about Italy, T.

TERRY
Bella...

ARABELLA
Why not?

TERRY
Bella, I understand that his dick game was strong; you fell hook line and sinker it happens to the best of us but now we need to sink him. Hook, line, sink him. This is the same guy who told you you have a drug problem and sold you drugs, in the same breath, Bella.

ARABELLA
It wasn’t in the same (breath)

TERRY
Bella, he’s a hypocrite, he’s controlling, is being around controlling hypocrites in line with your recovery, let’s open the recovery toolbox;

As she goes into her phone again...

TERRY (CONT’D)
“Surround yourself with people who affirm you”.

ARABELLA
That’s you.

TERRY
Yes.
ARABELLA
And if you were to suddenly not affirm me when I needed affirmation the most, it would make you a liar, and someone I should stay away from.

Terry thinks.
INT. ARTILLERY STREET - ARABELLA’S BEDROOM - DAY

We move from day to night as we jump through the action in this scene:

Arabella stuffs the evidence bags under her bed.

Then drags out a suitcase. She fishes into the front pocket and retrieves a passport and crumpled-up euros.

She goes into additional bags and fishes out more euros from zip pockets. She counts her euros. She makes to leave then quickly stops; she looks in the mirror and touches her head.

Arabella looks at her pink wig on the mannequin...

She puts her wig on her head...

She looks at her phone. Takes a deep breath.

Her phone pings. A message from her Uber driver – ‘I have arrived’.

EXT. ARTILLERY STREET - NIGHT

Arabella walks towards the camera as she drags her wheely case down Artillery Street.

INT. SAHIF’S. EVENING (7PM)

Kwame waits in a barely-occupied snooker/shisha bar. NILUFER (mid 30s) enters.

NILUFER
Hi, oh God you’re seeing my face up close for the first time I’m shitting myself.

KWAME
What for you’re stunning.

NILUFER
Oh you know how it is, it’s nerve-wracking when the veil is gone.

KWAME
You’re gorgeous, I love your hair.
NILUFER
Do not say you like my hair that is the only thing that I know cannot be liked by anyone. It’s awful.
KWAME

What?
NILUFER
I have a hat in my bag, that’s how much I hate my hair.

Kwame laughs.

KWAME
You carry the hat in your bag.

NILUFER
On every one of these things, dates, yes.

KWAME
Ha, so how does it work?

NILUFER
I sit across from you and if I see your eyes darting up to my hair I excuse myself to the toilet and I come back like this.

She puts it on, Kwame laughs.

KWAME
No you don’t.

NILUFER
I swear, I like to do what I can to make sure it’s a pleasurable experience for both parties.

KWAME
A pleasurable experience we should drink to that, what are you having?

NILUFER
A G&T would be amazing, thank you.

Kwame goes to the bar whilst Nilufer gazes at him, she fluffs her hair and blushes. He returns with two glasses.

KWAME
Cheers to your hair.

NILUFER
Specifically my hair line.

They chink.

KWAME
You also have incredible eyes. They’re very, what’s the word? ‘..Arresting’.

NILUFER
Oh yeah?
GWAME
I actually mean it- I know what it
sounds like but I mean it;
objectively, not, as a way of- your
eyes are amazing, there’s no agenda
behind-

NILUFER
No agenda then? Disappointing.

She sips her drink and looks at him flirtatiously. Kwame
averts his eyes as he laughs nervously.

14a  EXT. SKY. NIGHT

Night has fallen, Arabella’s plane arrives in Italy.

PILOT (O.S.)
Our flight is now descending into
Ostia, where the time is now 2200
hours 8 minutes, one hour ahead.

14b  INT. PLANE BUILD. NIGHT

Arabella gets up and walks out of shot.

14c  INT. AIRPORT OSTIA. NIGHT

Shots of Ostia airport.

14d  OMITTED

14e  EXT./INT. STREET NEAR AIRPORT. NIGHT

Arabella hails a taxi down.

ARABELLA
Per favore, mi porta in Via dei
Romagnoli?

15  EXT. STOKE NEWINGTON STREETS. NIGHT (11.30PM)

Nilufer leads Kwame down a residential street. She’s drunker
than we saw her last.

NILUFER
So, what’s your type?
KWAME
What do you mean?

NILUFER
White girls, black girls, do you have a particular thing for Greek girls?

KWAME
Erm, I'm pretty open. I like everything.

NILUFER
But you're here with me...

KWAME
Yes.

NILUFER
Walking me home...

KWAME
Yes, uhm, what about you do you have a type?

NILUFER
I like guys with some edge, I'm into black guys.

She laughs. Wobbling as she leads the way.

NILUFER (CONT'D)
Could you tell?

KWAME
Uhm, well, you're letting me walk you home so...

NILUFER
I'm really into black guys...

KWAME
Well yep, that's me.

Kwame is penetrated by the sound of Nilufer's drunken giggle. The sound of an intercom door opening. Nilufer dangles her fob and smiles.

INT. TAXI IN OSTIA. NIGHT

Arabella looks around the car windows, lost.

ARABELLA
We should have arrived by now are we-- è la strada più veloce? Mi scusi?
DRIVER
Viale dei Romagnoli?

ARABELLA
Yeah so where the fuck are- (we?)

She recognises something.

ARABELLA (CONT’D)
Si si si, destra! Destra? Si giri a destra.

DRIVER
Destra?

ARABELLA
Si.

He turns left. Arabella’s anxiety is noticeable.

ARABELLA (CONT’D)
And straight down and yeah si vada in quella... uhm, si vada dritto.

She looks at the meter then at her euros.

ARABELLA (CONT’D)
I’ll walk from here please. I’ll walk from here. I know the way from here. End? Terminate? Ferma? Fermati? Si fermi...

The driver stops. She looks at the meter.

ARABELLA (CONT’D)
(to self)
Fuck sake.

She hands him cash.

EXT. BIAGIO’S APARTMENT BUILDING STREET ENTRANCE. NIGHT

Arabella runs to Biagio’s apartment block. She buzzes his door. No answer. An elderly lady enters with a key/fob. Arabella holds her foot in the door.

She watches the elderly lady use her fob to enter another security door ahead and just before it closes she runs through both doors.

INT. BIAGIO’S FRONT DOOR. NIGHT.

Arabella knocks on the door. After a beat she goes into a hidden discreet place (eg under doormat) and retrieves a key, unlocks the door and enters Biagio’s apartment.
INT. NILUFER'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Kwame sits on a bed. Candles lit, soulful hip hop plays from the radio. Nilufer casually takes off her clothes and puts on a kimono while Kwame looks to the floor.

She sits by him. After a moment.

NILUFER
So...hi..?

She tugs at his top. He doesn’t move.

KWAME
I don’t know if...

She puts her hand on his thigh. She takes his hand higher up her thigh and into her crotch. She uses the palm of her hand to turn his face towards hers.
She kisses him, they kiss. She lies down slowly bringing Kwame on top of her.

**EXT. BIAGIO’S APARTMENT BUILDING STREET ENTRANCE. NIGHT**

Biagio enters.
INT. BIAGIO’S FRONT DOOR/HALLWAY. NIGHT

Biagio looks at his door through the gap. He sees it’s unlocked. He goes into the place he hides the spare key and sees it’s empty. He gets out a gun from his inside ankle, slowly opens his door.

INT. BIAGIO’S APARTMENT. NIGHT

A cautious Biagio takes silent steps through the corridor, armed.

Now with a full view of the front room he sees Arabella writing on a piece of paper. She hasn’t seen him. He discreetly puts his gun in his back pocket, inwardly freaking out and horrified as Arabella, still blind to his presence, writes.

BIAGIO

Bella?

Startled, she jumps.

ARABELLA

FUCK. SHIT. Hi, ciao.

An awkward silence. Jennifer Page - Crush playing from an iPhone. They look at each other.

After a beat she stops the track and plays Daft Punk – Something About Us.

An awkward and sustained silence.

INT. NILUFER’S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Kwame and Nilufer have sex in dog position.

NILUFER

Harder, harder. Come on, harder.
Yes, yes.

He sees a QUICK FLASH of himself in the same position, Malik from Grindr. He imitates Malik’s body movements. While Nilufer smiles, Kwame looks petrified.

Nilufer makes sounds of pleasure.

Kwame sees another QUICK FLASH of Malik from Grindr, he inhabits Malik’s force, and puts his hands over Nilufer’s hands as Malik did his in episode 4, Nilufer and Kwame climax at the same time. Both now breathless. Nilufer briefly kisses Kwame. She swings upwards, lets out a sigh of exhaustion and leaves. Kwame sits confused.
NILUFER (O.S.) (CONT’D)
I’ve got gin is that alright?

INT. BIAGIO’S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

ARABELLA

Uhm

BIAGIO

Che cazzo ci fai qui?
(What the fuck are you doing here?)

ARABELLA

No... capisco? Uhhh...

BIAGIO

Avrei potuto farti del male.
(I almost hurt you)

What?

ARABELLA

What are you doing? Come here.

He hugs her.

ARABELLA

I wanted to say sorry that’s why
I’m here. I want to apologise.

BIAGIO

To me?

ARABELLA

Yeah. I’m sorry I lied about it,
when you’ve always told me the
truth. For making you go to the
police.

BIAGIO

The forensic?

ARABELLA

Yeah.

BIAGIO

So you break into my house for
this?

ARABELLA

I didn’t break in I remembered
where you kept the key.
BIAGIO
I could have hurt you bad.

ARABELLA
You never hurt me. That’s why I wanna be near you, that’s why I’m turning up at your apartment with sorrys and songs and la pillola.

BIAGIO
La pillola?
(morning after pill)

Arabella nods. He laughs.

BIAGIO (CONT’D)
You’re crazy. The only thing you remember.

ARABELLA
I also remember your favourite ‘Pizzeria il tempio’.

BIAGIO
It is.

ARABELLA
I ordered...’coz I was hungry and I didn’t know if you were gonna turn up but there’s enough for two!

BIAGIO
You’re crazy.

ARABELLA
You know that, it’s why you like me. Liked me. You probably hate me now--

BIAGIO
I can never hate you. Never.

ARABELLA
Ignoring my calls for no reason at all then!

BIAGIO
Sorry for this.

He picks up the paper she was writing on.

BIAGIO (CONT’D)
What is this?

She grabs it and puts it in her pocket.
ARABELLA
I started working on it whilst I was waiting on you.

BIAGIO
Read it to me.

ARABELLA
No I haven’t even read it back.

BIAGIO
I want to hear some.

ARABELLA
It won’t make sense.

BIAGIO
You never make sense. I’m listening.

They smile. She gets out the paper from her pocket and reads:

ARABELLA
It froze us with fear the day the story broke; monsters in our homes. Lying right under our beds; under our perfect, angelic bodies. Terrified. We screamed. And how relieved we were to hear our parents declare it a myth......a fantastical piece of fiction. We said “phew”. “Phew, a tale, just to taunt.” We like thrills, we asked our parents for the story one more time, the one about our angels, our beds and our monsters, we asked to hear it again and again, forever. We dedicated ourselves to hearing this story forever. To be mesmerised by the monster its myth its legacy. To dismiss it as just fiction fantasy and fallacy. To look under the sheets one day and find it, in HD. A monster under where we lay, keeping our backs straight so we could dream. Unbearable to see, but all made better with filters. We take selfies, and filter them to seem a lil more bearable. To who? Who to? Are we looking for each other? In constant communication and complete isolation, looking and filtering. Here we all are, and no-one is here. Here we all are, and none of us can help.

She shrugs.
ARABELLA (CONT’D)
Finished.

BIAGIO
I miss a lot of the English -

ARABELLA
I’m so sorry.

BIAGIO
Your voice sounds nice.

ARABELLA
Sorry for everything else, I think this might be about you.

BIAGIO
Yeah?

ARABELLA
Yeah the DNA stuff, to do that for me, you risked your life and your freedom I could have got you arrested.

BIAGIO
I’ve been arrested many times before.

ARABELLA
Okay that’s new information. But it only adds to my point, how can you be bad for me, when you’ve protected me more than anyone I know, when you tell me the truth even when it hurts, because you believe in me, and you care.

BIAGIO
I’m happy you say this.

ARABELLA
I’m happy you’re happy. I stopped smoking.

BIAGIO
You did?

They hi 5.

BIAGIO (CONT’D)
You came alone?

Arabella nods. The doorbell rings. She gets up.

BIAGIO (CONT’D)
How long do you stay?
ARABELLA
However long you want me to.

BIAGIO
You good for cash?

Arabella counts her crumpled papers again.

ARABELLA
Yeah just about-

BIAGIO
Here.

He gives her 20 euros. She presses the intercom microphone.

ARABELLA
Hello?

PIZZA DELIVERY MAN
Pizza.

ARABELLA
Coming!

Biagio looks down at his spare key.

20b

INT. BIAGIO’S APARTMENT BUILDING STREET ENTRANCE. NIGHT

Arabella has held the two entrance doors open as she takes the pizza and hands over the cash.

ARABELLA
Grazie.

20c

INT. BIAGIO’S FRONT DOOR. NIGHT.

She tries the door.

ARABELLA
Hey it’s locked. Biagio? Are you okay?

She tries the door.

ARABELLA (CONT’D)
Biagio the door is locked. Hello? Biagio open the door.

She tries to call and remembers she has no data.

ARABELLA (CONT’D)
Biagio? Are you okay?

She takes a deep breath.
ARABELLA (CONT’D)
Okay, so I’m thinking you’ve locked me out on purpose, it’s a guess but. Feeling confident.

She hears no response.

ARABELLA (CONT’D)
Can you at least tell me what I did? Preferably not with a door in between us? Biagio can you open the door please?

ARABELLA (CONT’D)
I’m just thinking back and I’m realising I might have come across a bit intense by saying I’d stay as long as you wanted me, I do have a return, I’m not...

Silence.

ARABELLA (CONT’D)
If you open the door I’ll show ya. It’s crack of dawn Ostia to Heathrow.

She feels around her pocket for her passport. It’s not there.

ARABELLA (CONT’D)
Okay so it’s looking like I’ve left my passport and ticket in there, so now I actually am here as long as you want me to be, I can’t leave unless you open the door and give it to me.

The passport appears from under the door. Arabella looks at it.

ARABELLA (CONT’D)
Cool, rah, wow. Really Biagio? Are you that kinda prick yeah?

Instead of picking it up she kicks the door with the full force of her boot.

ARABELLA (CONT’D)
You fucking prick, you fucking little bitch, you’re a piece of shit for that Biagio. You fucking piece of-- You’re a fucked-up cunt. You mother fucking son of a crack bitch prick. You’re a piece of shit.

She picks the passport up, walks away then turns back.
ARABELLA (CONT’D)
FUCK YOUR WHOLE LIFE. Biagio? Spero
tua madre crepi!
(Your mum should be dead)
Figlio di un cane!
(Son of a bitch)
YOU SON OF A FUCKING BITCH.

She repeats her shouts, booting the door. The door begins to
show signs of damage. She continues with more force. The door
looks like at any moment it will be broken open.

Suddenly Biagio opens the door with the gun to his side.

BIAGIO
Get away from my door.

A terrified Arabella scurries off in an instant.

INT. NILUFER’S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Time has passed.

We look down on Nilufer and Kwame laid down on the bed
smoking. Music plays from her sound system. They’re at ease
with each other’s bodies, platonic with their playful
sensuality. As Kwame traces his finger along a tattoo on her
collarbone; “26.06.10"

KWAME
Nice. What’s this one?

NILUFER
I saw it on that graffiti wall
outside Cargo Club, I just loved
it, so took a picture of it and-

KWAME
...carved it into your skin.

They laugh. He runs the tip of his finger along a tattoo on
Nilufer’s collarbone.

KWAME (CONT’D)
And this one?

NILUFER
That’s my first. I’d been begging
for a tat for ages, then my dad
died.

KWAME
Sorry.
NILUFER
Thanks, and two days later I told
my mum I wouldn’t be able to
recover from the grief unless I got
a tattoo of the date. Was the only
thing she couldn’t really argue
with.

They smoke. The mixtape plays Kojey Radical - Eleven.

KWAME
Sociopath flex.
(lyrics)
We were sposed to be Rockafella
like Jay and Dame...
Nilufer smiles. Kwame nods his head to the music.

NILUFER
Yeah, I actually do say I have a
sociopath lying dormant inside my
brain.

KWAME
Whatever it is you’re really
fucking cool so I wouldn’t worry
about it.

NILUFER
(song)
Say you’re destined for greatness
if you just settle in and settle
down
(she begins to rap)
You’ve been a king, without a
crown.

KWAME
Okay!

They laugh and rap the lyrics.

NILUFER
I used to want enough money
so I don’t owe nobody/
Now I got me some money feel
I don’t know nobody/
Now they’re asking for
favours that I don’t owe
nobody/
I need strength, I see them
fold like origami/
Plenty women and alcohol in
the hotel lobby/
Plenty nijjas that claim they
with us, what we know, they copy

KWAME (CONT’D)
...don’t owe nobody/
...don’t know nobody/
...fold like origami/
...in the hotel lobby/
...what we know, they copy
KWAME (CONT’D)
What did you say, ‘nijja’?

NILUFER
Mhm ‘nijja’, it’s my substitute.

KWAME
Ha, ha ha. You have a-?
NILUFER
Substitute, yeah.

KWAME
For...?

They laugh, he looks at her teasingly.

NILUFER
I’m never going to say it.

KWAME
What’s gonna happen? If you say it three times in the mirror does the ku klux klan leader appear in the mirror?

Kwame laughs.

NILUFER
I have a lot of black friends, I would never say it, go fuck yourself.

KWAME
You know it was never an offensive term here until the 1960s? It was actually a term of endearment.

NILUFER
Was it?

KWAME
Yep, well, ‘matrimonial ownership’, Charles Darwin would call his wife ‘Dear Mammy’ and she’d call him ‘darling nigger’.

NILUFER
I’m still not gonna say it.

KWAME
All I’m saying is ‘nijja’, is fucking weird. I don’t think you need to be so antsy.

Kwame laughs at her.

NILUFER
Fuck you.

Nilufer laughs. They smoke in silence for a while.

NILUFER (CONT’D)
It’s complex isn’t it?

KWAME
It is, fucking confusing.
NILUFER
Everyone’s terrified to speak.

KWAME
Mm.

They smoke.

NILUFER
I can’t even get out a fucking fag in public without being paranoid some fucking gay guy’s gonna have a seizure.

KWAME
You won’t say nigger but you say the F word?

NILUFER
Yeah is that weird? That’s not weird.

KWAME
Yes it is.

NILUFER
Did you just sub faggot for “F word”? I thought I was the antsy one?

Kwame looks mortified. Nilufer laughs, unaware of Kwame.

NILUFER (CONT’D)
It’s really complex. Also on a personal level, how much sympathy do I actually really have with like major appropriators of the female identity? I don’t know.

Nilufer laughs.

KWAME
I’m gay.

Nilufer laughs.

NILUFER
You’re joking right?

KWAME
No.

NILUFER
You’re gay?

KWAME
I’m gay.
NILUFER
What?

KWAME
Yeah.

NILUFER
Okay... uhm.

Nilufer gets up.

NILUFER (CONT’D)
This isn’t a joke?

KWAME
No.

NILUFER
If you’re gay, why are you on a
dating app looking for uhm, ha...
what the fuck..?

She re-wraps her kimono.

KWAME
You can change your search
settings... You can do that on--

NILUFER
I’m not asking how you did it, I’m
asking why? Why you’d be doing
that?

KWAME
I-- because I could.

NILUFER
You didn’t think to mention that?
’Coz we shared a lot, like a lot,
and you sort of just kept that bit
back. That’s...

KWAME
I wasn’t even sure if--

NILUFER
Can you- leave?

He begins to dress.

NILUFER (CONT’D)
Have you done something like this
before? Do you do this regularly?

KWAME
No I don’t fucking do it all the
time.
NILUFER
Have you ever had sex with a woman?
(beat)
You’re a virgin. Great.

Kwame’s eyes well up. She goes to the window and smokes a cigarette. She looks at him through piercing eyes.

KWAME
Can you just stop--

NILUFER
...Are you crying? Waterworks?
Really?

She chuckles as she watches him leave.

NILUFER (CONT’D)
In case you don’t know, you’re a fucking dick.

The door slams. She takes a pull from her cigarette.

Omitted

EXT. OSTIA BEACH. NIGHT

Arabella breaks into the same beach Biagio had taken her to in the flashback of episode 3. She sits on the beach, looking around nervously. The loneliness is terrifying. Her phone has no network. She looks around, there is no one to be found, but there are strange sounds.

EXT. LONDON STREET. NIGHT

Kwame changes his status to “FUN NOW”. He swipes on Grindr. His phone pings; a message from “Oliver”: ur gorgeous, wanna fuck u, send pic of ass”

Kwame sends a picture of his ass.

“Oliver”: horny?

Kwame sends “yes”

“Oliver”: 4 Gorinder Avenue

Kwame heads off into the night.

Omitted
EXT. OSTIA BEACH. MORNING

Sometime later. Arabella is upright and asleep. Morning has broken. A man opens beach umbrellas. It wakes her.

The Sundial, a page of writing and a pencil in her lap. She checks her phone: 2 hours till flight. She looks blankly at the water. She wraps her things inside her jacket. And walks into the water. We can no longer see her.

Suddenly she re-emerges from the water and walks back to the shore with her lace wig in hand. She picks up her things and leaves her lace wig, stropping off of the beach.

END.