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# I May Destroy You

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## EPISODE 8 'Line Spectrum Border'

# SALMON AMENDED SHOOTING SCRIPT

Written by

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a1

**INT. RAPE SUPPORT GROUP. DAY**

a1

*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 mind before". Ugh.

HANNAH

Yeah

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.

3

**INT. HACKNEY LEISURE CENTRE. DAY**

3

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.



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.

7

**EXT. HACKNEY LEISURE CENTRE. DAY**

7

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.

7A

7A

9

**EXT. HACKNEY PARK. DAY**

9

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 Kwarms, 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

My brother's dick. My brother's dick. My brother's dick. My brother's dick.

KWAME

What are you doing? Ha.

Arabella scrutinises his face once more.

ARABELLA

Boobs and a vaj. 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. Kwarms 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  
Fuck. 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.

10

**INT. METROPOLITAN POLICE STATION. DAY**

10

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

Yaaaas 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?

FUNMI

...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

Who gets up for who?

ARABELLA (CONT'D)

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?

10a INT. POLICE STATION LOBBY. DAY

10a

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

Uhm...

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.

TERRY  
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.

12 **INT. ARTILLERY STREET - ARABELLA'S BEDROOM - DAY** 12

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'. \*

12aaA **EXT. ARTILLERY STREET. NIGHT** 12aaA \*

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

12a OMITTED 12a \*

12b OMITTED 12b \*

13 **INT. SAHIF'S. EVENING (7PM)** 13

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-racking 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?

KWAME

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** 14a

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** 14b

Arabella gets up and walks out of shot.

14c **INT. AIRPORT OSTIA. NIGHT** 14c

Shots of Ostia airport.

14d **OMITTED** 14d

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

Arabella hails a taxi down.

ARABELLA

Per favore, mi porta in Via dei Romagnoli?

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

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.

16a

**INT. TAXI IN OSTIA. NIGHT**

16a

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.

16b **EXT. BIAGIO'S APARTMENT BUILDING STREET ENTRANCE. NIGHT** 16b

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.

16c **INT. BIAGIO'S FRONT DOOR. NIGHT.** 16c

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.

17

**INT. NILUFER'S BEDROOM. NIGHT**

17

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.

18a **EXT. BIAGIO'S APARTMENT BUILDING STREET ENTRANCE. NIGHT** 18a

Biagio enters.

18b                    **INT. BIAGIO'S FRONT DOOR/HALLWAY. NIGHT**                    18b

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.

18c                    **INT. BIAGIO'S APARTMENT. NIGHT**                    18c

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.

19                    **INT. NILUFER'S BEDROOM. NIGHT**                    19

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.



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  
sorrays 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** 20b

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.** 20c

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.

21 **INT. NILUFER'S BEDROOM. NIGHT**

21

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.

22 OMITTED 22

22a **EXT. OSTIA BEACH. NIGHT** 22a

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.

22aa **EXT. LONDON STREET. NIGHT** 22aa

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.

22c OMITTED 22c

22d OMITTED 22d

22e OMITTED 22e

22f OMITTED 22f

22g **EXT. OSTIA BEACH. MORNING** 22g

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.**