

# URINAL VINYL

Written by  
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In memory of Jonathan, my eternally youthful friend...

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INT. TOILET, ROSEBOWL, PASADENA. NIGHT [1987]

Yeah, a toilet cubicle. And yes, 1987. 1-9-8-7. The eighties.

Graffiti'd walls. Scribbled lyrics. Eons of wisdom from Rock Gods and hookers who have performed at the Marquee Club - the likes of Jim Morrison, Elvis and Hendrix.

Right now Rock legend Joe Elliott from DEF LEPPARD is having sex with a supermodel while composing lyrics on a wall. He turns to camera, panting.

JOE ELLIOTT

Yeah, started my education at  
Urinal Vinyl. Summer of 70. Swapped  
Iron Butterfly for The Ramones.  
Enlightenment dawned.

(gets distracted)

Enlightenment dawned. Not a bad  
lyric, that.

(scribbles it down, then  
regains composure)

Wouldn't be here if it wasn't for  
UV. Honestly, one of the proudest  
days of my life when they put  
Hysteria on the Penitence List. God  
Bless 'em.

(to the supermodel)

Don't suppose you got a Nun's  
habit?

INT. TOILET, GAZZARRI'S, SUNSET STRIP. NIGHT (1989)

Slash from Guns n Roses on the pan. Two busty hookers kiss  
and fondle each other while he drizzles Jack Daniels over  
their bodies. He slurps it off then artfully tunes a guitar.

SLASH

Seventy-nine. Baptism of fire.  
Swapped a soulless Sweet single for  
Led Zep's Tangerine. Fuck NME or  
Rolling Stone. Those guys know  
Jack. You wanna get a musical  
education, visit the Urinal.

Slash takes a slug of JD and strums G-chord. Perfectly tuned.

SLASH (CONT'D)

Only remember two khazies. UV and  
Christina Brinkley's commode in  
Manhattan, while Billy was on tour.  
He may be an innocent man, but that  
girl knows a thing or two.

HOOKER #1

I bet she don't know this.

Giggles, some kind of suction noise, shit we can't see, but its enough to know Slash is smiling.

INT. TOILET, GRACELAND. DAY

Yeah, Graceland. That toilet. The room is empty. Nobody on the pan, but the velvet tones of the King reach us anyway.

ELVIS (V.O.)

Been many places, seen many things.  
No better place to find the truth.  
Long live Urinal Vinyl.

INT. URINAL VINYL RECORD STORE. NIGHT

HUNTINGTON BEACH. Summer, 1985. MATT, late 20s, scruffy, handsome, laid-back cool, looks away with the restraint of a saint as a flustered, tearful woman buttons up her blouse.

Matt's eyes betray a haunted man suffocating in the soul-sapping shadow of the mountain of grief. Her eyes just look like shit - all puffy, tear streaked and bloodshot.

Note: the above over-wordy description has been provided by Matt's best friend RAY.

WOMAN

You and I, it doesn't mean I've forgotten about Emma.

MATT

I know.

WOMAN

Four years is a long time.

MATT

I know.

Matt opens the shop door. The woman takes the hint, kisses Matt, then leaves.

WOMAN

I'll be waiting, when you're ready...

Matt locks her out then places a job advert in a window. He kills the lights, leaving the shop eerily backlit.

He lingers by the window, staring out, envious. His POV: the vibrant, sun-drenched, music-stained streets of SO-CAL, a world he hasn't been part of for years.

Matt walks up to an oversized white porcelain urinal on a platform, lit by spotlights, framed pics of Rock Stars posing by the urinal on its base. It has the aura of an altar, a place of worship.

Matt kneels, unlocks a hatch door and pulls out CRAP records.

He takes the offending records to a sales counter. He picks up a phone, snaps discs therapeutically as he dials. Matt puts on COME UP AND SEE ME by STEVE HARLEY AND COCKNEY REBEL.

CD EMPORIUM (O.S.)  
(an answer machine)  
This is CD Emporium. Our office hours are 9 to 5. Please leave a message and someone will contact you during those hours.

MATT  
This is Matt Clay at Urinal Vinyl, leaving a message for Darren Osman. Regarding his third offer to buy me out of my rental lease.

Matt pauses, waits for the song to hit the right lyrics.

MATT (CONT'D)  
You've done it all, you've broken every code. And pulled the rebel to the floor. You spoilt the game, no matter what you say... so kindly tell Darren to go fuck himself and his offer.  
(beat)  
Sorry, that last bit didn't rhyme.

Matt ends the call, smiles, then jogs up a shadowy staircase -

INT. STAIRS/FLAT ABOVE STORE. SAME

- and nearly trips over a white cat asleep on the top step.

MATT  
How many times, Jelly?

Matt picks up JELLY, scratches an ear. They enter an open-plan space - a weird mix of masculine/feminine, walls covered in framed photos and modern-art.

The room's dominant feature is WHITE LABEL records, literally thousands of them, everywhere, even wall-mounted. One has a PRESSED ROSE inside its sleeve.

Matt swipes a mound of red-font final demand bills off a sofa - utility bills, bank loans, invoices - and lowers Jelly.

MATT (CONT'D)

Sofas are for sleeping, stairs are  
for walking. You hungry?

Matt grabs a beer while he feeds Jelly. Jelly purrs, Matt  
smiles. He scratches an ear.

He slumps on a sofa. His eyes draw to a framed photo of a  
stunning, tanned girl posing beside an easel in a bikini.

Close on the framed photo: the beautiful girl paints a  
**picture of a gun shooting a heart.**

Pull back: the picture dominates a wall, impressive art.

EMMA (O.S.)

Don't be such a perv!

Matt grins and heads into the bathroom -

INT. BATHROOM. LATER

- where his VAPOROUS, almost TRANSPARENT DEAD GIRLFRIEND EMMA  
is in a bath. All we see of Emma is a tanned leg draped over  
the side, an ugly purple rash prominent on her smooth skin.

EMMA (O.S.)

Another traitor bites the dust. How  
many does that make?

MATT

Seventeen in four years.

EMMA (O.S.)

Shame, I liked her.

MATT

She was your best friend.

EMMA (O.S.)

Why do they always pick the  
storeroom? It's not exactly  
romantic.

Matt shrugs.

EMMA (CONT'D) (O.S.)

Talking of romance, Doctor Pimp  
still trying to set you up with  
Nurse Slut?

Matt laughs, then sits down on a toilet facing her.

MATT

She's not a slut, she's single.

EMMA (O.S.)

Sluts come in all shapes and disguises. You got rid of that slimy Osman yet?

MATT

No longer a problem.

EMMA (O.S.)

And the bank?

MATT

I said I'll take care of the bank.

EMMA (O.S.)

(sarcastic)

Like you said you'd take care of me?

That hurt. Emma softens, bitter to insecure in a heartbeat.

EMMA (CONT'D) (O.S.)

You haven't told me you love me today.

MATT

I love you. Today and always.

EMMA (O.S.)

We don't need them, you know. We don't need anybody. We're fine just you and me. Right here.

INT. ALLET PROPERTY SOLUTIONS. DAY

Young, impeccably dressed execs, wielding Filofaxes, pile into a conference room and fight for position around a table.

One exec, CHARLIE BLAIR, late 20s, shoulder-length curly blond perm, piercing fyord blue eyes, rushes into the room.

She's the embodiment of 80s go-get corporate professionalism, at least at face value, but dig deeper and you find a woman who can handle anything except real life emotions.

Next, her boss TODD, early 40s, strides in. He's a powerful guy with a weak backbone. He slides folders and Compact Discs across a table at his minions.

TODD

New client, CD Emporium. They intend to sell millions of these Compact Discs and they need prime locations to do that from. They're gambling vinyl records will be obsolete within five years.

One eager exec studies his folder and makes a comment.

EXEC

Aggressive saturation numbers.

TODD

That's just southern California. These guys have enough private equity support to roll out across the country. They're targeting top shelf brand recognition, but given the time frame, they don't have the luxury of grass roots development. On pages 7 to 15, you'll find a list of every independent music store operator in southern California. I need four out of every ten of these to become CD Emporium franchises by the end of the month.

CHARLIE

Impressive.

TODD

Glad you agree. You get Huntington Beach, the flagship. Mike, take Costa Mesa. Grant, Santa Ana. Vin and Kelly can share Tustin and Irvine. Go get 'em team.

(beat, as execs file out)

Charlie, hang back a minute.

INT. CORRIDOR, ALLET OFFICES. LATER

Charlie walks beside Todd, more into her assignment than him.

TODD

Glasgow is a poisoned chalice. The head of CD Emporium grew up there. Must have been a messed up childhood because he's on some nostalgic power trip to tear down his old stomping ground and lay the foundations to a new empire. Problem is tenant won't budge, sitting on a freshly-inked three year rollover. Refused three rental buy-out offers already.

CHARLIE

You got a copy of the latest rental agreement?

TODD

Freeholder died a couple of months ago.

(MORE)

TODD (CONT'D)

Kept everything in an office in his house. Apparently it got misplaced during Estate removal.

CHARLIE

Strategy without tactics is the slowest route to victory.

TODD

I wish I knew what the hell that Chinese voodoo crap actually means.

CHARLIE

It means that trio of stupid offers has just made my job three times more difficult.

TODD

Make me look good, I'll make you look good to the partnership committee.

They walk in silence, something else unresolved between them.

TODD (CONT'D)

We on for tonight?

CHARLIE

You still having sex with your wife?

TODD

(a little too quickly)  
It's over. I'm moving out as soon as I find a suitable place.

CHARLIE

Small detail, but it's important to me.

TODD

Tonight?

CHARLIE

Book somewhere expensive and discreet.

TODD

How about we go for a drink first? Talk, flirt a little.

CHARLIE

How about we stick to food and fornication? Until the divorce comes through.

TODD

That's it? No emotion? I feel like I'm booking a hooker.

CHARLIE

Book somewhere very expensive and very discreet and I'll act like one.

INT. OFFICE. DAY

Charlie is talking on a phone to a solicitor looking after the freehold estate. This is her element. She caresses a worn copy of THE ART OF WAR by SUN TZU as she talks.

CHARLIE

Still no luck on locating the rental agreement?

(listens)

From your recollection Mr. Williams renewed it every three years, correct?

(listens)

And the last one was done six months ago?

(jots down info)

You remember the rate?

(listens intently)

You're sure?

(thinking on her feet)

Excellent. Thanks. Keep looking for the rental agreement, I need it.

As Charlie kills the call, a SECRETARY, late 50s, enters.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Amateurs.

(to the secretary)

Sorry, Jane. Got something for me?

JANE

I'm not sure. Someone called Matt Clay from Urinal Vinyl called. Said he had a reply to your offer.

Jane looks down at a memo pad, pauses then starts reading.

JANE (CONT'D)

Near a tree by a river there's a hole in the ground, where an old man of Erin goes around and around.

(beat, baffled look)

Find that hole and go jump in it...

Jane looks up at Charlie.

JANE (CONT'D)

Either I'm going senile or that's gibberish.

CHARLIE

That's 'the riddle' by Nik Kershaw. Mr. Clay is toying with me.

INT. ALLET PROPERTY SOLUTIONS OFFICE. DAY

Charlie passes Todd in a corridor. He flirtatiously meanders toward her. She walks straight.

TODD

How's Glasgow going?

CHARLIE

No luck tracking down the paperwork and the tenant refuses to talk to me, unless he's quoting obscure music lyrics.

TODD

Wish I never asked. What did the freeholder's solicitor say?

CHARLIE

Tenant signed a three year extension six months ago.

TODD

Two and a half years!

CHARLIE

Don't worry. Once I get my hands on the rental agreement, CD Emporium won't have to wait two and a half months, let alone two and a half years.

TODD

You better be right.

INT. BOXING GYM. DAY

A rundown boxing gym, south side of LA. Sweaty boxers jump rope, lift weights and dodge speed balls. A TEENAGER, TOMMY, smacks a punch-bag with hormonal energy and zero finesse.

Beside Tommy, in a ring, Matt and PHIL, athletic, muscular, mid-30s, train with focus pads. Matt indicates a combo, Phil unleashes stinging punches, mirroring the routine.

PHIL

The word on the ward is the woman  
is enthusiastic in the bedroom  
department.

Matt laughs. He demonstrates another combo with the pads.

MATT

More hips, relax the shoulders.

Phil copies the sequence, whacking the pads, breathing hard.  
Matt glances at Tommy, who inexpertly punishes a heavy bag  
with swinging lefts and rights, fighting invisible demons.

PHIL

And... did I mention the body? Tits  
like... unripe melons... arse like  
your beautiful sister...

Matt shrugs in disbelief, Phil just smirks, digging deep.

MATT

You take her out.

PHIL

Your beautiful sister'd kill me.  
(lyrical, as he punches)  
I made, the date, for eight.

Matt gets inside Phil's guard and smacks him with the pads.

MATT

I will never understand what my  
sister sees in you.

Matt lobbs the pads at Phil, climbs out of the ring. Phil  
towels down, heads for the showers. Matt joins Tommy. He  
studies his technique, smiles. Tommy ignores him.

MATT (CONT'D)

In your mind's eye, hit the bag a  
few inches inside the leather.

The kid turns to Matt, one side of his face burn-scarred,  
angry red.

TOMMY

I ask for advice?

Matt smirks, not bothered by the kid's rudeness.

MATT

A few inches inside the leather.

INT. RECORD STORE FLAT. NIGHT

Toothbrush in mouth, Matt sniffs a T-shirt then puts it on, making zero effort for his blind date. He spits in the kitchen sink, avoiding the bathroom.

EMMA (O.S.)

This morning you tell me you love me, tonight you're getting cosy with some nymphomaniac Florence Nightingale!

MATT

I'm not getting cosy with anyone and I do love you.

EMMA (O.S.)

Florence Nightingale killed more people than she saved, you know.

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Charlie, in underwear facing a mirror, holds two outfits in front of her. She swaps the clothes in front of her body as she speaks, no interest in either of them.

CHARLIE

Expensive. Very expensive.  
Expensive. Very expensive.

Charlie puts the expensive dress on, discarding the other.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

He doesn't deserve the difference.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

Busy street, full of people. Matt drifts among them, stops and tips a guitar-playing busker.

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

A phone rings, gets ignored, goes to answer-phone.

TODD (O.S.)

I can't really speak.

Charlie turns down romantic music, listens as she paints her toenails.

TODD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Something came up. I can't make it.

Despite trying to hide it from herself, that stung a little. Charlie bottles the toenail brush, picks up a glass of wine.

CHARLIE

Who needs men when you got wine and  
vitamin-enriched cereal?

Charlie goes to the kitchen and picks up a box of cereal.

INT. BAR. NIGHT

Matt spots a hot woman, his blind date, among a sea of people  
in a crowded, trendy bar. He hesitates, then approaches her.

MATT

Hello, I'm Matt.

He catches MADDIE, mid-20s (tits like unripe melons and an  
arse like Matt's sister) off-guard, lighting a cigarette. She  
stubs the fag out then turns, sizing Matt up, smiling warmly.

MADDIE

Maddie. How did you know it was me?

Matt shrugs. He speaks with such a lack of ulterior motive  
Maddie knows instantly how she wants the night to end.

MATT

I didn't. You looked like the  
prettiest, kindest, most self-  
assured woman in here. I figured  
you couldn't possibly be single and  
might not be offended if a stranger  
offered to buy you a couple of  
drinks so he wouldn't have to go on  
a horrendous blind date, when a  
couple of hours in the company of a  
beautiful woman such as yourself  
was a much more attractive option.

MADDIE

Wow.

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Charlie grabs a South LA area map, car keys and heads out.

EXT. TODD'S HOUSE, POSH SUBURBS. NIGHT

Inside her car, punishing herself, Charlie watches Todd enjoy  
a candlelit dinner with his wife, for as long as she can.

She gets out, walks up a path and puts a finger on a buzzer.  
Charlie breathes deep, prepares, glances around. She spots a  
girl upstairs, stares. Looks back at Todd, his wife, the  
innocent girl - Charlie takes her finger off the buzzer.

EXT. URINAL VINYL RECORD STORE. NIGHT

Charlie, outside the UV store, head on a window, gazing inside. She looks around, valuing the area. She looks back inside, spots a job advert in the window, smiles, a plan.

EXT. MAGAZINE KIOSK. NIGHT

Charlie buys a copy of ROLLING STONE magazine, skim reads. The cover is a silhouette, tag: UNKNOWN SUPERSTARS BREAK LA?

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Charlie, on the phone to her sister, studies an article about an unknown trio of New York punk rockers transforming the LA Hip Hop scene (The Beastie Boys).

CHARLIE

I don't know, something music-related. Something guys would notice. A music-related-guy-attracting outfit.

(the sister asks a question)

No, not a date. A job interview.

INT. BACK OF BAR, SEATING AREA. LATER

Hours into the date. Maddie leans forward laughing seductively, over a sea of empty glasses and bottles, her voice husky, sexy, deep. Matt sits back, ambivalent, a trait Maddie finds a real turn-on.

MADDIE

Unripe melons?

MATT

His words, not mine.

MADDIE

Your sister?

Matt laughs, trying to shake off the disturbing thought.

MATT

Apparently, although I haven't seen that part of her anatomy since she was nine.

They stare at each other, neither speaks. Maddie unleashes a wonderfully seductive smile.

MADDIE

I'm having a nice time.

MATT

So am I.

INT. BAR. LATER

The midpoint of a date, question time.

MADDIE

First record I ever bought?

(thinks, lights a  
cigarette)

Should quit, but you gotta die  
somehow, right?

(thinks)

Toto Coelo, I eat Cannibals.

MATT

I bought that one too.

MADDIE

Really?

MATT

No, they were shit. With a capital  
S.

MADDIE

Actually, it was a bootleg tape. I  
don't even own a record player.

Maddie has no clue, but she just ruined any chance she had of  
being '**the one**'.

INT. BACK OF BAR, SEATING AREA. LATER

Matt, drunk, raises a shot glass and toasts.

MATT

To Phil, the only fruit-obsessed,  
pugilistic doctor brother-in-law I  
know. Thank God!

Matt downs his shot, swaying slightly despite sitting down.  
Maddie picks up a full shot glass of tequila.

MADDIE

(hotly flirtatious)

A few more of these and your powers  
of seduction will be useless.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

Matt holds onto a vomiting Maddie as he tries to hail a CAB.  
Surprisingly, none are willing to stop. By way of apology...

MADDIE

I think it was the eighth. Or ninth shot. Maybe ten. Did we have ten?

MATT

You can crash at mine. Under no circumstances are we going to have sex.

MADDIE

I smell of vomit.

EXT. URINAL VINYL RECORD STORE. NIGHT

With difficulty Matt leads a drunken, happy Maddie through the store towards the stairs at the rear.

MADDIE

You have a toilet in the middle of the store.

MATT

I know.

MADDIE

What's it for?

MATT

Sinners.

INT. OPEN PLAN FLAT. SAME

Matt lowers Maddie onto a bed. As her body hits the sheets, she sobers up, hormones overpowering the booze in her veins.

MADDIE

You got mouthwash in the bathroom?

Matt grabs a couple of beers from a fridge and points.

INT. TOILET. SAME

Maddie locks a door and pees quickly. She studies herself in a mirror, makes a decision, then does a nervous-excited pre-sex weapons check women do before the first time with a guy.

EMMA (O.S.)

Get out of my flat, bed pan changer!

Maddie doesn't react, obviously unable to hear Emma.

MADDIE

I should go.

EMMA (O.S.)

Damn right, you should go. Didn't you bloody hear me, ashtray breath?

Maddie rinses her mouth out with mouthwash.

MADDIE

What if he turns me down? He's obviously still into his ex. Rejection at this point of the evening would be embarrassing, Maddie.

EMMA (O.S.)

Not as embarrassing as you talking to yourself in a mirror with vomit in your hair.

MADDIE

He is gorgeous though. Sex versus ex?

EMMA (O.S.)

Ex, if you had an ounce of decency.

Maddie smiles, feeling incredibly sexy and confident.

MADDIE

Sex. You look good. Go get him, Minx.

EMMA (O.S.)

You look like shit. Go home, slut.

INT. OUTSIDE BATHROOM. SAME

Maddie opens the door, hormones raging but finds Matt asleep.

MADDIE

Typical.

Cackling, wicked laughter escapes from the bathroom.

EMMA (O.S.)

Like a light-switch, when he's drunk, Minx! Jesus couldn't revive him.

Maddie sighs and strips down to sex underwear. She snuggles up next to Matt in bed. Her time'll come, she figures.

INT. MATT'S FLAT. MORNING

Maddie wakes up alone with an awful hangover. Her arm searches for Matt but all she finds is a note on a pillow.

The note reads: *'I meant what I said last night, sorry. Matt'*

Maddie gets dressed and grabs a pen off a table. Under Matt's note she writes: *'To be continued. Maddie. XXX. 555-2308'*

INT. URINAL VINYL RECORD STORE. MORNING

Matt's best friend RAY, mid-20s, tall, foul-mouthed, not as clever as he thinks, lover of words he doesn't understand, storms into the store in a foul mood.

RAY

My future wife has devastatingly lousy taste in men.

MATT

Hi, Matt. How was your weekend?

RAY

Dull and uneventful, as usual. Unless you had a real close encounter with your sister's body double? So, how can I marry a woman who dates idiots? And I'm talking plural, as in repeat offender.

MATT

We had a nice sex-free night.

RAY

Nice sex-free night? That's the most moronic oxymoron I've ever heard. Maybe I could get my memory erased the night before the wedding, so on the day I think she's a virgin, not a stupid -

MATT

- I passed out while she was talking to herself in the toilet.

RAY

Weird and pathetic. Her, weird, you, pathetic.

MATT

She smokes.

RAY

(teasing)  
Before or after sex?

Ray leaps the counter, knocks Matt out of the way and puts on HEY JOE by HENDRIX.

RAY (CONT'D)

Blow your impossibly sad hang-ups.  
Time for Hendrix. I dedicate this  
classic, which soothes a troubled  
man's soul, to you, Romina, my  
Brazilian fantasy.

Ray takes a sip of coffee, chills as Hendrix croons.

RAY (CONT'D)

At least it's only been three  
weeks. It must be four years since  
you last tasted a woman's cu -

Just in time, Ray spots BUNKER, a shy 15-year-old, who spends  
more time at UV getting a musical education than he does at  
school, hence his nickname. Ray changes the C word to

RAY (CONT'D)

- culinary delights! Hey, Bunker.  
How's puberty? Any hair on that nut  
sack yet?

BUNKER

Hey, Ray. No.

INT. URINAL VINYL RECORD STORE. DAY

Matt is at the counter ordering stock from a WHOLESale AGENT.  
Ray, beside him, a phone to his ear, stares outside, bored.  
Radio station Q96 plays over a store PA.

WHOLESale AGENT

I should have that delivered by  
Tuesday. Might be Thursday for  
Frankie. Can't keep up with demand.  
You want 50/50 on the crossovers?

Ray takes a crumpled piece of paper out of a pocket. It's a  
list, with TEN items on it, headlined by the words...

**THE WAY TO ROMINA'S HEART [AND OTHER PLACES]**

*1. Make me laugh 2. Good in bed (great at make-up sex) 3.  
Element of surprise 4. Jealous/protective 5. A good listener  
6. Cares what I think 7. Thoughtful 8. Someone who can cool  
my Latino temper 9. A good dancer 10. MY BEST FRIEND*

Ray has put ticks against 1, 4, 5 and 6.

RAY

How the McCartney am I going to do  
a number two when I rarely do  
number ones?

The salesman looks baffled and a little disgusted.

SALESMAN

Head Office reminded me to remind you about the invoices.

MATT

Oversight. Check's in the post.  
(to Ray)  
Trust me, you do enough number ones, girls will help out with number twos.

The salesman now looks shocked and very disgusted.

MATT (CONT'D)

Keep it 100 percent vinyl. No CDs.

As the salesman leaves, a K-ROQ DJ's voice distorts overhead.

JED THE FISH

Turn the radio down a notch caller.

Matt reaches under the counter and lowers the volume.

JED THE FISH (CONT'D)

Caller 97, you're live on the world famous K-ROQ, so no swearing.

RAY

World famous! Fuck off.

An uncomfortable silence as the DJ regains his composure.

JED THE FISH

So... caller 97, for two tickets to the So caller 97, for two premiere tickets to the new John Cusack movie 'The Sure Thing', who plays the role of the sure thing?

RAY

Nicollette horn-monster Sheridan.

JED THE FISH

Congratulations 97, I guess we'll be seeing you there. Stay on the line, we'll get your details. By the way, who you gonna take?

RAY

Hopefully, a Brazilian Sex Go -

The flustered DJ cuts him off. Ray, oblivious, turns to Matt and circles number 3, showing Matt a half complete list.

RAY (CONT'D)

If I can't follow up number three with a good number two, I must be even sadder than you.

INT/EXT. URINAL VINYL RECORD STORE. LATER

Matt serves a customer, who leaves. Ray lectures Bunker on the back catalogue of LED ZEPPELIN and Brazilian women. He holds their debut album with the iconic Zeppelin on fire.

RAY

When the Rock Gods consummated  
their heavenly union -

Ray looks to Matt to complete the line.

MATT

- they created Led Zeppelin.

OUTSIDE, seen from INSIDE, a pretty GOTH, 16, wearing headphones, leans against the store window smoking a cigarette, a palpable aura of stropiness around her.

Goth flicks the stub away then enters the shop, setting off an entrance chime. Ray and Matt glance over but Bunker, with a bad case of hero worship, is too engrossed to look up.

RAY

Tonight, instead of fiddling with  
yourself thinking about Goth  
starkers, you're gonna listen to  
this ground-breaking debut, cover  
to cover. While I figure out how to  
keep my South American princess  
chaste enough to win an abstinence  
Nun of the Year award. The phallic  
symbol won't help either of us.

MATT

(indicating Goth)  
Wanker sign.

This is obviously a daily ritual, a bet, played by all.

RAY

The middle finger.

Goth storms through the store, blows Matt a kiss and blasts Ray a 'wanker' sign then disappears upstairs. Bunker stares with love-struck longing.

MATT

Five Scottish, not English pounds,  
pay up. Bunker, musical baptism's  
over for today. Off to school.

Ray slaps Bunker on the back, as Matt puts his arm around Bunker's shoulder and walks out of the store with him.

RAY

Catch you later bald eagle.

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE URINAL VINYL. DAY

Charlie, dressed as a sexy Rock Chick, passes Matt and Bunker in the street. Matt notices her but Charlie just walks by.

INT. URINAL VINYL RECORD STORE. DAY

Charlie walks into the store, confident and flirtatious.

CHARLIE

I've come about the job posted in the window.

GOTH

The manager -

Ray cuts Goth dead mid-sentence.

RAY

- the manager has deputized me in his absence. I have the power of attorney to offer week-long trial apprenticeships.

Ray hops over the counter and takes Charlie's arm.

RAY (CONT'D)

Please, repair with me to the interview boudoir. Miss?

CHARLIE

Charlie.

INT. STOREROOM. DAY

The cramped room doubles as an ad hoc interview room. Ray pats a pile of records.

RAY

Make yourself comfortable.

Charlie sits, Ray stands uncomfortably close, holding a scrap of paper and a broken pencil.

RAY (CONT'D)

Over the years, I've devised a very successful alternative recruitment interview technique which dispatches with the usual tedious questions associated with these ubiquitous types of employment application.

Charlie smiles, not in the least bit phased.

RAY (CONT'D)

Do you have a boyfriend?

CHARLIE

No.

RAY

That concludes the formal part of the interview process. You're doing very well so far.

Charlie smiles flirtatiously, knowing she's in control.

RAY (CONT'D)

Do you have any debilitating prejudice against dysfunctional stropky Goths, morbidly depressed widows, underage truants or an aversion to work-related romances?

CHARLIE

No.

RAY

Almost there, the rest is barely a formality. Are you available for immediate commencement of employment, female, of bigger than average breast size and definitely not a lesbian, although bisexual is allowed under certain extraneous circumstances?

Charlie nods. Ray hands her a tight Urinal Vinyl T-shirt.

RAY (CONT'D)

Welcome to Urinal Vinyl. I hope you'll be very happy here.

INT. URINAL VINYL RECORD STORE. DAY

Ray shows Charlie the counter, the cash till and the door.

RAY

Money goes in there. Customers come in there. Beware of shoplifters, and more importantly, repeat offenders.

CHARLIE

Repeat offenders?

RAY

I'll explain later.

Ray points to Goth and Bunker.

RAY (CONT'D)  
Dysfunctional stropopy Goth.  
Underage truant, Bunker. She  
apparently works here. He doesn't.

Goth nods coldly, giving Ray the middle finger. Bunker smiles and waves. Matt returns and can't take his eyes off Charlie.

RAY (CONT'D)  
And this is our morbidly depressed  
widow and esteemed boss Matt. Matt,  
this is Charlie, our newest on  
probation trainee.

MATT  
Hi... hi.  
(pregnant pause)  
Matt. I hope you enjoy working  
here. I need to check something  
upstairs, excuse me.

INT. BATHROOM. LATER

Matt sits on a toilet, getting a grilling from an irate Emma.

EMMA (O.S.)  
You practically undressed her with  
your eyes!

MATT  
You're exaggerating.

EMMA (O.S.)  
Sack Ray and sack her.

MATT  
You know I can't do that.

EMMA (O.S.)  
You would if you loved me.

MATT  
I have to get back to work.

EMMA (O.S.)  
Piss off then. Just don't expect me  
to be here when you get back.

INT. URINAL VINYL RECORD STORE. LATER

Matt heads to Charlie, who competently rings up a sale on the till under the watchful eye of Ray. She senses him approach.

CHARLIE

Twelve inch picture disc is out next week. I'll put a copy by for you.

SHOPPER

Thanks.

MATT

I'm sorry about earlier. Ray has a habit of recruiting people without consulting me. Usually unattached girls with no record shop experience.

RAY

Unlike some people, I don't like to dwell on the past. Unless of course, it's Romina. With her, I'm with Einstein. Time has no meaning.

Matt shows Charlie around the store, pointing out sections.

MATT

Rock. Soul. Synth. Electro. Chart.  
(pointing to the urinal)  
And that is where we change people's lives.

EXT. ALLEY BY RECORD STORE. DAY

Goth smokes a cigarette, eyeing the world with contemptuous distaste. Charlie walks over, offers a welcoming hand.

CHARLIE

Hi, I'm Charlie.

GOTH

Mess with my man, I'll mess with your face.

Goth exhales lavishly, ignoring Charlie. She scrapes ash on a wall, another brush-stroke in an ash wall mural, a good copy of the GUN SHOOTING A HEART picture in Matt's flat.

GOTH (CONT'D)

Shoulda asked for a medium. Small makes you look easy.

Goth walks off, leaving Charlie a little shocked.

INT. URINAL VINYL RECORD STORE. LATER

Charlie is alone at the counter, sticking labels on albums. She searches for official looking paperwork, glancing up every few seconds. Goth walks up, unnoticed, startling her.

GOTH

Hunting for official secrets,  
Blondie?

CHARLIE

(slightly flustered)  
Price labels. I ran out.

GOTH

Second drawer down.

INT. COFFEE SHOP. DAY

ROMINA, Brazilian, fiery, 20s, serves customers. Ray queue-jumps and slams a couple of PREMIERE tickets to ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS on a counter.

RAY

(forceful)  
Me, you and John Cusack, Thursday night. Tell your latest unsuitable suitor, you're busy.

Ray exits the shop, leaving Romina blushing, lost for words.

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE URINAL VINYL. DAY

Ray circles #3 on Romina's LIST - *element of surprise*.

INT. RECORD STORE. LATER

Ray lectures Bunker. Bunker, distracted, stares longingly at Goth. Goth, replacing records, shoots daggers at Charlie. Charlie and Matt are behind the counter.

CHARLIE

Is it always this quiet?

MATT

Not usually, but lately yeah,  
things have been a little slow.

Ray points out killer tracks on a Led Zeppelin album.

RAY

Tangerine. Embed this gem in your soul. If this song were a Pagan God I'd worship her. In fact she wouldn't even have to be a God. A human deity would do. A female Pagan Pope. Like that cross-dressing weirdo from the Middle Ages.

MATT

You're going to hell.

RAY

The point is the mesmerizing allure  
of the lyrics would make married  
men cheat on their wives.

Romina walks in with coffee, smiling. She catches the wrong  
end of the conversation 'married men...' and the smile fades.

RAY (CONT'D)

Obviously this is all  
metaphorically hypothetical and in  
no way reflects my true feelings or  
disposition towards the sanctity of  
marriage or religion.

BUNKER

What?!

Romina slams the coffees on the counter.

ROMINA

Tell Don Juan I'm probably busy  
Thursday.

Romina smiles at Charlie like women do when they meet a  
rival, like squaring-off boxers. She hands Charlie a coffee.

ROMINA (CONT'D)

Romina. I work across the street.  
You like it tall and weak, help  
yourself.

A handsome kid, curly brown hair, approaches the urinal  
holding an album. Matt smiles, knowingly, approaches the kid.  
Ray, sensing a chance to impress Romina, joins him.

MATT

Goth, the lights please.

Goth flicks a switch, semi-darkness. Bunker joins her, takes  
a deep breath, before going for it.

BUNKER

If you were my wife, I'd never  
cheat on you.

GOTH

Uurrggghhhh. I'd kill myself.

The kid and the toilet are illuminated, everything else in  
shadow. The kid looks a bit daunted. Matt approaches.

TEENAGE KID

I may have placed my faith in the  
wrong hands.

MATT  
(mock-serious, like a  
preacher)  
Name sinner?

TEENAGE KID  
Edward Louis Severson, the third.  
My friends call me Eddie.

MATT  
You play?

EDDIE  
I sing.

RAY  
(even more mock-serious)  
Lead singers aren't called Edward  
Louis Severson, the third, the  
second or the first. You might as  
well call yourself Horatio Golden  
Bollocks. What's your mother's  
moniker, pre-wedlock?

EDDIE VEDDER  
Vedder.

MATT  
Eddie Vedder. Sounds much better.  
What's that sacrilegious vinyl in  
your hand, Eddie?

EDDIE VEDDER  
Now that's what I call music 6!

RAY  
Holy shit, we got a compo. A  
worshipper of multiple false Gods.

Ray snatches the album off Eddie. Lists the tracks out loud.

RAY (CONT'D)  
Cliff Richard. Baltimora. Mai Tai.  
There's hell time in these grooves,  
Brett.

MATT  
Are you ready to repent?

EDDIE VEDDER  
Yea... yeah... yes.

Ray hands the album back to Eddie and points at the urinal.

MATT  
Make an offering.

Eddie Vedder, future lead singer of PEARL JAM, tosses the album in the urinal. As he pulls the chain, thunder booms over a PA system and yellow smoke spews from the urinal like brimstone.

Matt looks over at a list on a wall. It's a list of iconic albums, headed by the title PENITENCE. He studies Eddie.

Then, like a magician, shrouded in smoke, Matt pulls albums out of the toilet - THE DOORS, DAVID BOWIE and NEIL YOUNG - and a bottle of half-empty JACK DANIELS.

MATT (CONT'D)

With these albums comes knowledge.  
Listen and repent.

With mock religious pomp Matt hands the albums to Eddie. He swigs from the JD bottle and passes it to the teenage kid.

MATT (CONT'D)

Take a swig. Become a man reborn.

Eddie Vedder takes a swig and winces.

MATT (CONT'D)

(invigorated)  
May the Rock Gods have mercy on  
your musical soul, Eddie Vedder.

Shell-shocked, Eddie leaves, clutching records and coughing.

CHARLIE

(incredulous)  
You gave a school kid alcohol.

MATT

Take a sip.

Charlie does and winces.

MATT (CONT'D)

Matt's rock n roll baptism juice.  
Flat McDonald's root beer, a dash  
of Dr. Pepper and mouthwash.  
Alcohol free mouthwash.

For the first time Charlie actually notices Matt. She smiles.

INT. URINAL VINYL RECORD STORE. EVENING

Closing time. Goth gathers her stuff, gets ready to go home. Charlie lingers by the counter, in no rush to leave.

GOTH

Got any crazy plans for the night,  
Blondie?

CHARLIE  
(still irritated by the  
verbal abuse earlier)  
I thought I'd have a few drinks  
with the boss, see where the night  
takes us.

That shut Goth up. Goth considers hanging about, decides this would lose face, settles for an acidic Goth stare. She grabs her stuff and storms out.

INT. ALLET PROPERTY SOLUTIONS. EVENING

Late evening. Charlie walks through an office still buzzing with work-obsessed corporate drones in suits. They all look up as Charlie passes among them, dressed in a UV T-shirt and cut-down jeans. One worker, MIKE, early 40s, makes a comment.

MIKE  
I can't believe you went and got a  
job there, Charlie. That's extreme,  
even for you.

CHARLIE  
Secret operations are essential in  
war.

INT. OFFICE. LATER

Charlie is on the phone to the Freeholder's solicitor as Todd knocks on her office door. He enters uninvited, sits down on her desk, uninvited. He picks up ART of WAR, skim-reads.

CHARLIE  
I really need that rental  
agreement...

Charlie pauses, unhappy to see Todd and even unhappier he's sat on her desk. She snaps the book back from him.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Hold on a minute.

Charlie covers the receiver, looks questioningly at Todd.

TODD  
Sorry about the other night,  
something came up.

CHARLIE  
I can imagine.

Ouch. Todd tries to regain control of the situation.

TODD

Rain-check. How about later this week, somewhere extravagantly expensive?

CHARLIE

Tonight. Unless your wife's cooking you another candlelit dinner?

Todd swallows hard, struggles to find a modicum of pride.

TODD

It was more a last supper, than a candlelit dinner, trust me.

Charlie exerts control, but doesn't really care too much.

CHARLIE

Eight. Don't be late or busy.

INT. FLAT ABOVE URINAL VINYL. NIGHT

Matt sits on the floor, contemplative, surrounded by WHITE LABEL vinyl. He picks up a specific record, a bittersweet smile to himself as he recalls the memory of getting it.

INT. RUNDOWN ROCK BAR. NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Matt and a very drunk, giggly Emma - stunningly beautiful like in the photo - make out in a mosh-pit among sweaty revellers as a baby-faced singer belts out unknown hits.

They're so deliriously in love they hardly notice anyone else. The singer lifts WHITE LABEL records above his head.

SINGER

We cut just five of these last week. Worth a fortune some day. Who wants a part of history?

EMMA

If you loved me, you'd get me one of those.

The singer frisbees records over the crowd. Nobody catches one, which causes a stampede. Matt squats down, nudges a reveller aside, grabs a record, gets to his feet and drags Emma to safety as the stampede turns into an ugly riot.

SINGER

(to his band mates)  
We're gonna be huge!!

INT. FLAT ABOVE URINAL VINYL. PRESENT

EMMA (O.S.)  
Good times.

MATT  
Best of times.

INT. GYM. NIGHT

Yoga class. Charlie and Brittany contort their bodies in an overcrowded, mirrored room within earshot of other people.

CHARLIE  
I think I'm starting to find the  
guy I'm screwing cute.

BRITTANY  
Shouldn't that have happened the  
other way around?

CHARLIE  
At work.

BRITTANY  
Your married boss?!

CHARLIE  
No. That's just work-out sex. And  
he's got delusions he's getting a  
divorce. The record store owner on  
Argyll Street.

An eaves-dropping yoga practitioner turns to her friend.

YOGA PRACTITIONER  
Prostitutes.

FRIEND  
(concerned)  
My friend's daughter works there.

INT. FLAT ABOVE URINAL VINYL. PRESENT

Matt tries not to, but can't avert his eyes from a record sleeve pinned on an opposite wall with a PRESSED ROSE inside.

INT. FLAT ABOVE URINAL VINYL. DAY [FLASHBACK]

Emma lies on a sofa, while Matt hovers over her.

MATT  
Come on, it's just a cold.

EMMA

I feel weird. I don't want to go.

MATT

This band are gonna be huge.

EMMA

I don't feel like going, Matt. It's just a white label.

MATT

I hate going by myself. It's never the same without you.

Emma gets up off the sofa, a little unsteady on her feet.

EMMA

I'm going to take a bath. I really don't feel well.

Matt hardly hears her, as he is halfway out of the flat.

MATT

I promise I won't be late. I'll take proper care of you when I get back.

INT. FLAT ABOVE URINAL VINYL. NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Matt rushes into the room, elated and alive, brandishing a precious white label record in his hand.

MATT

Emma? Emma, you should have seen them, they were awesome!

As Matt calls out and hunts for Emma, LOVE WILL TEAR US APART by JOY DIVISION begins (the vinyl version, complete with feedback and scratches). It overplays the following scenes.

MATT (CONT'D)

Emma? Emma!?

INT. BATHROOM. SAME [FLASHBACK]

Matt rushes into the bathroom and stops dead. Lifeless hands drop the record as Matt finds Emma dead in a bath, a tanned leg, covered in an ugly purple rash, draped over the edge.

EXT. CREMATORIUM. DAY [FLASHBACK]

Holding a rose, Matt falls on his knees, wailing as Emma's casket rolls under purple curtains towards the flames.

INT. FLAT ABOVE URINAL VINYL. NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Matt returns to an empty flat. He places the service rose inside a record sleeve and hangs it on a wall. He stares at it for eternity, hating himself. He doesn't notice blood run down his arm as he flattens the rose against the wall.

INT. CHARLIE'S FLAT. NIGHT

Todd hands Charlie an elaborately packaged rose as she opens her door in just knickers and her UV T-shirt.

TODD

I like a girl who takes her work home with her.

CHARLIE

Shut up, take your wedding ring off and follow me.

Charlie discards the rose and drags Todd towards the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM. LATER

Mid-sex. Todd rests his body on his elbows, staring down at Charlie, desperate for intimacy.

TODD

I'm sorry about the other night.

CHARLIE

Shut up.

TODD

It's just -

Charlie rolls out from underneath Todd, flips over and pins him down like a wrestler. She starts grinding and moaning.

CHARLIE

(deadly serious)  
- one more word on that subject and I promise you this'll never happen again.

TODD

(severely misguided,  
thinks work talk is OK)  
Any closer to tracking down the rental agreement?

Charlie, exasperated, just stops.

INT. FLAT ABOVE URINAL VINYL. NIGHT

Matt sits alone in the darkness, haunted by his bitter memories, as LOVE WILL TEAR US APART by JOY DIVISION ends.

Matt picks up a phone and calls Ray. As he speaks we hear a hint of desperation and self-pity in his voice.

MATT

I need beer, women and song.

INT. STRIP BAR. NIGHT

A rundown bar where over-the-hill strippers writhe on pool tables for small change. Matt finds a seat, facing away from the action, while Ray, an admirer of the female form, gawps.

MATT

This isn't what I had in mind.

RAY

This may not exactly be what you had in mind, but trust me, this is exactly what you need.

INT. BOXING GYM. MORNING.

Matt and Phil spar in a boxing ring, going at it hard. Matt steals a glance at the burn-scarred kid who whacks a punch-bag sweeter, hitting it a few inches inside the leather.

PHIL

Maddie keeps pestering me for a second date.

Matt catches Phil with a head-body-shot combo, but Phil rides it well and uses his jab to keep Matt at distance.

MATT

You never went on a first.

Phil goes on the offensive, Matt steps back, guard high.

PHIL

She likes you.

Matt drops his guard, opening up.

MATT

I like her -

Phil takes the bait, throws a hook. Matt sidesteps, counters with a hard body shot, knocking the air from Phil's lungs.

MATT (CONT'D)

- just not enough.

INT. LOCKER ROOM. DAY

Matt gets changed close to the burn-scarred teenager.

MATT  
Bag work looking better.

TEENAGE KID  
Natural ability shone through.  
(then begrudgingly)  
The advice helped.

Matt extends a hand.

MATT  
Matt.

TOMMY  
Tommy.

MATT  
You got a girlfriend Tommy?

TOMMY  
I'm not gay if that's what you're  
asking.

Matt grins, he likes the kid more than the kid likes himself.

INT. URINAL VINYL. DAY

Charlie enters and nearly barrels into Ray as he drags a screaming, kicking, spotty TEENAGER to the exit. Bunker, acting all protective, stands by an unimpressed Goth.

TEENAGE KID  
I never been here in my life, shit  
breath! Get your stinking hands off  
me.

Ray grins, ignoring the vocal kid's protest.

RAY  
Heathen.

Charlie joins Bunker and Goth.

CHARLIE  
What's going on?

GOTH  
Idiot got caught.

BUNKER  
(solemn serious)  
He's a repeat offender.  
(MORE)

BUNKER (CONT'D)

He was baptized a few months ago,  
but refused to accept the true word  
of The Ramones and Janis Joplin.

CHARLIE

Where's Matt?

BUNKER

Bank. Loan application.

CHARLIE

UV doing that bad?

Goth shoots Bunker a venomous look.

GOTH

Nice one, big mouth.

INT. URINAL VINYL. LATER

Ray helps an old lady pick out Jazz classics. Charlie  
restocks near Bunker, who watches Goth serve a customer.

CHARLIE

You like her, don't you?

BUNKER

(staring longingly)  
What's the difference between love  
and lust?

CHARLIE

Not sure. My Nan used to say love  
felt like 'Butterflies on toast' in  
your stomach.

As Charlie refills a rack Bunker tugs his pants discreetly.

BUNKER

The feeling I got is lower down.

Romina strolls in with coffee, catches Ray talking to the old  
woman, smiles, impressed.

RAY

Eighty?! You don't look a day over  
seventy-nine.

The old woman enjoys the banter. Ray winks at Romina.

RAY (CONT'D)

Grover Washington Junior. He'll  
make you feel giddier than your  
first sweetheart.

Romina accidentally steps on Jelly's tail, sends the  
terrified cat off towards the stairs in a hissing fit.

GOTH

Nice footwork, Maradona.

Romina glances coldly at Goth, hands coffee to Charlie.

ROMINA

He's Argentinian and about as clever as you.

(to Charlie)

Tell him Thursday hangs in the balance.

RAY

(playing the crowd)

Najee. Advisable to pop some blood pressure pills before you unleash the smooth grooves of this wild man.

Goth checks the CAT FEEDING ROTA, opens a till, grabs a key.

GOTH

Looks like I'm down to feed the bitch again. Stuff reeks. Makes me wanna puke.

CHARLIE

The bitch?

BUNKER

(naive)

Fuck Jelly.

Goth pierces Bunker's ego with a single acidic stare.

BUNKER (CONT'D)

That's what Ray calls her. Fuck Jelly.

Charlie sticks out a hand.

CHARLIE

I'll do it. I don't mind the smell of cat food.

Goth hesitates, then drops the key in Charlie's hand.

GOTH

Moggy chow's in the fridge or the cupboard. I'd hurry before she does a dirty protest on the stairs.

Charlie heads in the direction of the meows.

INT. STAIRS/FLAT. SAME

Charlie picks Jelly up off the stairs and unlocks a door.

She grabs cat food, feeds the cat and puts Jelly down on a sofa. Charlie jogs back to the stairs, looking down, making sure the coast is clear, then gently closes the door.

Charlie turns detective, looks at any paperwork left lying around - utility bills, invoices, credit card statements.

She glances at the door as she searches, then moves over to a filing cabinet. A quick search and she's located the RENTAL AGREEMENT, a bulky file held together by ribbon. She rolls the file then stuffs it down the back of her jeans.

CHARLIE  
(whispers to Jelly)  
Our little secret.

INT. URINAL VINYL. DAY

Charlie walks down the stairs, quick, then jogs to the exit. As she passes Goth at the counter, the file almost slips out of her jeans. Charlie, sure Goth has seen, pushes the file down and rushes out.

CHARLIE  
We're outta cat food. I'll go.

Charlie smiles at Goth, it comes across as overacting.

INT. PRINT SHOP. SAME

Charlie rushes into a print shop along the street and copies the stolen papers. She jumps out of her skin when a stoned, white Rastafarian, taps her shoulder, forces a flyer on her.

RASTAFARIAN  
When yo finished cooking da books  
UV Mumma, tell Ray or Matt, if he  
come outta retirement, da Lizard  
Lounge hosting some New York white  
boys wit' real soul tonight.  
Calling demselves dee Beastie Boys.  
Mixing rap and de meh-tall Mumma!  
Fuuusssiiiiiooonnnnn.....

Charlie sweats nervously as the copier seems to take forever. She stuffs the papers in an envelope, seals it, then hands it to an employee.

CHARLIE  
Can I leave this here and pick it  
up later?

RASTAFARIAN  
Yo white mumma, tell dem boys heard  
em giving out da white label  
promos. Gold dust man.

INT. URINAL VINYL RECORD STORE. SAME

Matt drags Ray aside, pulls him towards the stock room.

MATT

The money situation is worse than I thought.

RAY

How much worse?

MATT

Thirty thousand worse. We need to cut down on costs, including wages. Especially new wages.

RAY

You only just hired her.

MATT

**You** only just hired her.

INT. LOCAL SUPERMARKET. LATER

Charlie rushes into the store and buys cat food.

INT. URINAL VINYL. LATER

Charlie jogs back into the store, finds everyone huddled in a group, whispering furiously. When they spot Charlie, they break up the circle, walking off in different directions, suddenly very busy. Matt walks straight up to Charlie.

MATT

We need to talk.

Charlie freezes. Paranoid adrenaline turns her legs to stone.

MATT (CONT'D)

You're working here under false pretences.

A wave of embarrassing nausea washes over Charlie.

CHARLIE

Yeah, about that...

Charlie reaches behind and pulls the rental agreement from her jeans. She goes to hand the stolen documents to Matt. But Matt isn't looking at her, he's fighting to accept how much unsold stock is accumulating in the overcrowded shop.

MATT

I'm sorry this had to happen.

For once, Charlie doesn't even try and worm her way out.

CHARLIE

So am I.

Matt runs a finger over some records, then turns to her. He forces a weak smile, trying to appear more confident.

MATT

Maybe this will be a blessing in disguise.

Matt takes the cat food and the flyer from Charlie.

MATT (CONT'D)

I'm really sorry, I should have said something when Ray hired you. I can't afford to employ you. I'll pay you until the end of the week.

Matt walks off to give the key to Goth. Charlie exhales sharply. It takes a while to figure out what happened, then compose herself. She stuffs the rental agreement back in her jeans and pulls Matt around, snatches the cat food off him.

CHARLIE

While I'm still on the payroll, I don't mind taking my turn.

Charlie jogs off praying Matt doesn't call her back.

INT. FLAT/RECORD STORE. LATER

Unnerved, Charlie replaces the documents quickly then returns downstairs, where Matt and Ray, argue behind the counter.

RAY

This is fate telling you to come out of retirement. These guys will be huge by next year. Can you imagine how priceless a white label would be from their only LA gig before the album goes platinum, which I guarantee you it will?

MATT

I'm not going.

RAY

You can't keep putting this off. Tonight is the perfect chance to kick-start your life again, Matt.

MATT

I said I'm not going.

RAY

Fine, I'll cancel Cusack, ruin whatever chance I had of cracking Romina, and go myself.

MATT

Even you're not that stupid.

Ray looks at his best friend defiantly, pushing him.

RAY

Try me.

MATT

I got paperwork to hide.

A weird silence descends over the store as Matt walks off.

RAY

You can't keep running away, Matt. Sooner or later, you gotta face the music!

INT. BATHROOM. LATER

Matt sits on the toilet, looking for comfort from Emma.

MATT

I know he means well. It's just -

EMMA

- he's a selfish loud-mouthed wanker.

Matt smiles, she always knew how to comfort him.

MATT

He's not selfish.

EMMA

(insecurely)  
Do you think you're ready to go hunting again?

Matt looks away, ashamed of the answer buried in his heart.

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Charlie studies the rental agreement documents, searching for a legal needle in a 20-page haystack.

INT. LEGAL DEPARTMENT, ALLET PROPERTY SOLUTIONS. DAY

Charlie walks up to an overweight middle-aged man in a suit, circling horses in THE LA TIMES racing section.

CHARLIE  
Molly Malone, 3-15, on-the-nose.

MAN  
Nag. Each-way at best.

They smile warmly at each other as Charlie slams documents on his desk, some sections are highlighted.

CHARLIE  
Have a look at this.

The man puts the newspaper aside.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Section 22, 2. General business solvency provision. If I can demonstrate the guy isn't running a solvent business, I think we got an odds-on favorite shot of getting him out.

INT. RECORD STORE. DAY

Matt and Goth are busy with customers down various aisles. Bunker listens intently to a Ray sermon on THE DOORS.

Alone at the counter, Charlie seizes the chance to hunt around for useful paperwork. She grabs a few invoices and utility bills and stuff them in a pocket.

INT. RECORD STORE. LATER

Matt walks in the store, drinking a coke, and finds Phil, leaning on a counter, flirting innocently with Charlie.

PHIL  
Angels or Chocolate Factory?

CHARLIE  
Probably more like Chaplin or Parker, knowing my dad.

MATT  
Stop flirting with the staff. Shouldn't you be playing doctors and nurses?

PHIL  
I'm not due in surgery until three.

RAY  
Kill time here before killing patients there, hey Phil?

Ray laughs at his own joke. No one else does. Goth frowns.

PHIL

We have unresolved Maddie issues.

MATT

No.

PHIL

Just dinner and sex, nothing else.

MATT

No.

PHIL

Just sex then.

MATT

No!

PHIL

If I knew you were gonna be so uncooperative, I wouldn't have sworn on your sister's life you'd take her out to dinner... tonight.

RAY

Low blow. Respect to Dr. Phil.

MATT

I can't do tonight. I'm hunting white label at the Apollo.

PHIL

Bullshit! You haven't hunted white label in four years.

Matt looks to Ray for back up. Ray shrugs, unwilling to help. Too quickly, Matt shoves a flyer into Phil's hand as proof.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Fine, take Maddie.

Surrounded by enemies, Matt is low on friends. Panicking...

MATT

I promised Charlie I'd let her tag along. She's a huge Hip Hop fan.

Matt begs with his eyes. Something strong passes in the look. A spark, a connection. Guilt? She knows it's wrong, but...

CHARLIE

The Beastie Boys rock my world.

INT. CHARLIE'S FLAT. NIGHT

A dishevelled Charlie, in just her underwear, kneels on a bed strewn with clothes, pleading down a phone to her sister.

CHARLIE

I know I shouldn't be doing this,  
but I got an hour to find something  
that looks like I can't be bothered  
to make an effort.

Her sister says something down the line.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

The Lizard Lounge.

EXT. CHARLIE'S FLAT. NIGHT

BRITTANY, Charlie's older sister, late 30s, holds up bags of clothes and boxes of shoes. She gives a semi-naked Charlie a judgmental, disapproving older-sister frown.

BRITTANY

This is cold, even by your low standards.

Charlie speaks softly, genuinely, as she grabs the outfits.

CHARLIE

Can you save the Mother Theresa sermon for another time?

BRITTANY

This year's look is 'de-constructed'.

CHARLIE

Thank you.

Brittany judges her sister with a scathing look.

BRITTANY

You do know this is all going to end in tears?

CHARLIE

I know. I hate myself. And I don't, if you know what I mean.

BRITTANY

Classic Charlie.

Brittany softens, slightly, gives Charlie a supportive hug.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

Don't have sex with him in the toilets, they're disgusting.

INT. ROMINA'S FLAT. NIGHT

The place is a shrine to Brazilian football and footballers. Photos, banners, flags everywhere, walls covered.

All except one wall, which is covered with mugshots of non-famous men, including Ray, attached to lists.

Romina, applying lipstick, walks over to Ray's photo. She draws a red circle around number 3 -- element of surprise -- and number 7 -- **thoughtful** -- on the list below.

INT. RAY'S FLAT. SAME

Ray sprays aftershave down his pants, sniffs armpits and hand-tests his breath.

He kisses a photo of Romina, stuck over the face of a swimwear model on a poster. Pull back to reveal the model is racing other models waist-high in a sack, over a finish line.

A caption reads, MALE WISH LIST: (1) CRACKING TITS AND (2) GREAT IN THE SACK.

INT. MATT'S FLAT. SAME

Matt, staying clear of the bathroom, makes a real special effort getting ready for this non-date.

EMMA (O.S.)

You're taking the new girl?

MATT

It was either that or the psychopathic nurse with the crush.

EMMA (O.S.)

Do you like her?

MATT

The nurse?

EMMA (O.S.)

Don't joke about this, Matt.

MATT

I don't know her.

EMMA (O.S.)

That's not what I asked.

MATT

I practically forced her into it.

EMMA (O.S.)

(upset)

Very convenient. I thought I was  
the only one you went hunting with.

MATT

You were. You are.

Matt grabs his things and walks out. The conversation feels  
wrong tonight, like something has altered, he is changing.

MATT (CONT'D)

I love you. Today and always.

EMMA (O.S.)

You haven't answered my bloody  
question Matt!

INT. OFF LICENCE. NIGHT

Matt pays for a six-pack at a service counter.

EXT. CHARLIE'S FLAT. NIGHT

Matt feels a long-dormant rush of hormones as he watches  
Charlie exit her apartment, in a short, dusty-yellow dress  
and massive Dr. Martins boots.

She smiles nervously, shocking herself as the briefest  
flutter of butterflies hits the pit of her stomach.

CHARLIE

I have no idea what to wear hunting  
white label. In fact, I have no  
idea what hunting white label is.  
If I look ridiculous, tell me I  
look amazing.

To Matt, amazing is an understatement. He smiles honestly.

MATT

Amazing would be an understatement.

A lovely lingering silence as they look at each other.

CHARLIE

So, how do we do this?

MATT

It's usually a four-stage  
operation. But as you're a novice,  
we'll stick to the first three.  
Eat, drink and hunt.

CHARLIE

Great, I'm starving.

MATT

I've booked a restaurant with the best menu and most amazing view of the ocean.

Charlie looks down at her de-constructed look, grimaces.

MATT (CONT'D)

Relax. You might be a little overdressed!

Matt and Charlie walk down a street, comfortably close.

CHARLIE

So, what exactly is white label hunting?

MATT

Unsigned bands don't have recording contracts, so they have to cut their own demos on vinyl or tape. They use them to promote their music at gigs. Kind of like a calling card. They're called white label because there's no printing on them, just blank white labels. As they only cut a few, any band that makes it, they become collectors items. The bigger the band, the more valuable the white label.

CHARLIE

What's the most valuable one you've got.

MATT

(pang of self-loathing)  
The one that means the most isn't worth a penny.

EXT. ROMINA'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Ray gets out of a stretch limo, dressed in ordinary clothes, holding a bunch of cheap supermarket roses.

Romina glides out of her apartment dressed in a figure-hugging, little black number. One look at Ray kills the moment and makes it impossible to hide her disappointment.

RAY

Good evening my future wife, your carriage awaits.

ROMINA

I changed seven times. I didn't want to embarrass you.

EXT. EXCLUSIVE VIEW RESTAURANT. EVENING

The sun kisses the horizon. Matt looks at Charlie as he buys hamburgers from a street vendor on a pier walkway.

He passes two drunk tramps ignoring the BEST VIEW in Southern LA. He gives them some coins, then slouches down by Charlie, who rests her chin on railings, admiring the view.

Matt hands her a burger and a beer, they eat in silence.

CHARLIE

So this is the most amazing view in Southern California?

MATT

Second most amazing view.

Matt points at the inebriated tramps, one falls off a bench.

MATT (CONT'D)

I tried to bribe them, but apparently some locations just aren't for sale.

Charlie winces at the irony, reminded of her actions.

CHARLIE

You always eat here?

MATT

I used to come here with my wife.  
This was our place.  
(an awkward beat)  
How about you? Married?

CHARLIE

I kind of went off guys for a while.

Charlie gazes at her dangling feet, the memory an unpleasant one.

MATT

Sorry...

CHARLIE

No big deal. Usual story. Girl meets guy. Girl falls in love with guy, gets pregnant, guy fucks off then girl has misca -  
(stops herself, another awkward beat)  
I kissed a prince and got a frog.  
(really painful silence)  
So, what do you want to do when you grow up?

MATT

Cure Meningitis, invent time travel  
and earn enough money to save my  
father's failing legacy of a record  
store from becoming a soulless CD  
franchise.

CHARLIE

Jesus, could either of us be more  
depressing?

A really, really, really awkward silence.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

AIDS. Famine. Genocide. Fascism.

Matt smiles.

MATT

Nuclear war. Ronald Reagan.  
Yuppies.

They both laugh, finally lifting the unbearable mood.

CHARLIE

Your father started UV?

MATT

1965. Would be a fitting 20th  
anniversary if I lose it in 85. How  
about you, big plans for the  
future?

CHARLIE

World domination.

EXT. PIER WALKWAY. LATER

Matt stands, grabs Charlie by the hand and pulls her up.

MATT

Come on, hunting while sober is  
dangerous.

INT. BAR. NIGHT

O'Malley's Irish Bar and Pick-Up Joint. Shamrocks and sliced  
in-half American pick-ups where seats and tables should be.

Matt leads Charlie to a 57 Chevy cab, then heads to the bar,  
where O'Malley, a heavily-tattooed, heavy-set biker-type with  
a huge ZZ Top beard smiles and extends a hand.

O'MALLEY

(scratching his beard)  
Fuck the hand.

O'Malley vaults the bar and bear-hugs Matt. O'Malley looks at Charlie. He returns behind the bar and grabs some bottles of beer then pours three shots and slides them towards Matt.

O'MALLEY (CONT'D)  
(slamming a shot)  
To Emma, the prettiest girl in  
heaven. And the only girl I ever  
shaved for.

O'Malley and Matt pick up the remaining shots and shoot in silence. O'Malley steals another look at Charlie.

O'MALLEY (CONT'D)  
Finally hunting again.

MATT  
Just a friend.

O'MALLEY  
Body language says different.

MATT  
What do you know about body  
language?

O'MALLEY  
Obviously more than you. Besides,  
you wouldn't have brought her here  
if she was just a friend. Mind if I  
put Emma's favorite ZZ on? Ease the  
pain.

MATT  
You don't need to do this.

O'MALLEY  
Irish Catholic. Can't break  
promises. I shaved for Emma, and I  
said I'd shave her off when you  
started hunting again. So off she  
will come. You want the same  
charity?

MATT  
(nods a yes)  
No tears this time.

O'MALLEY  
No shame in shedding a tear for an  
angel.

Matt nods, lump in his throat. O'Malley takes a dust-covered fund-raising bucket off a shelf. He wipes away cobwebs, revealing a label: YOU FILL HER UP, I'LL SHAVE HER OFF. As Matt walks off I NEED YOU TONIGHT by ZZ TOP starts.

CHARLIE

The bartender's crying.

MATT

He's going to lose something he's very attached to. Literally and figuratively.

(beat, suddenly sad)

A toast. Here's to happy hunting.

CHARLIE

To happy hunting.

Later, when both are drunk.

MATT

Come on, we need to test your mental and physical dexterity.

INT. STRETCH LIMO. NIGHT

Ray and Romina in the limo's rear, having an awful time. Ray slugs champagne from a bottle, then pours a glass for Romina.

RAY

On the red carpet, can you walk in front of me, so I can stare at your arse while you upstage the celebrities?

Romina downs half a glass of bubbly, hurls the rest at Ray.

ROMINA

Why go to all this effort if all you planned to do was ruin this night anyway?

RAY

I need to kill as many birds as possible with one stone. Just in case I don't get a second chance.

ROMINA

What?

Ray pulls Romina's perfect 10 list from a pocket.

ROMINA (CONT'D)

Where'd you get that?

RAY

The identity of my informants is sacrosanct.

That means nothing to Romina.

RAY (CONT'D)

I paid Janice, your morally  
unscrupulous work colleague, a  
couple of dollars for a copy.

Ray holds up the list and points at number five.

RAY (CONT'D)

Number five, a good listener.  
Number seven, thoughtful. Numero  
oche, 'someone who can cool my  
fiery Latino temper'.

Romina snatches the list off Ray.

ROMINA

You don't know me at all.

RAY

I watch and listen to everything  
you say and do.

ROMINA

Obviously not well enough, or you'd  
know I hate roses, champagne and  
tacky stretch limos.

Romina whacks Ray around the face with the roses. Ray leans  
forward and raps on a window.

RAY

Angus.

Angus, the driver, pulls over and lowers a black partition.

RAY (CONT'D)

Good call on the clean-up waiver  
insurance.

ANGUS

All part of the service.

Angus, smiling, hands Ray two bottles of Brazilian beer and a  
bunch of lilies. Ray offers Romina a Brazilian beer.

RAY

Do you have any idea how difficult  
it is to get Brazilian beer in  
Glasgow?

Romina accepts a beer, shocked, softening. Ray offers lilies.

RAY (CONT'D)

The flowers on the other hand, were  
a piece of piss.

Romina accepts the flowers, a hint of a smile in her eyes.  
Romina, curious, puts him to the test.

ROMINA

What was the first thing I said to you tonight?

RAY

You said, "I changed seven times because I didn't want to embarrass you." You meant, "thanks a lot for making fuck-all effort."

ROMINA

(the killer question)

Why us?

RAY

Because I'm jealous of every person who has made you want to kiss them. Because I'm jealous of every person who makes you smile. Because you think I fucking swear too much and I think you've slept with too many fucking people. But most of all, because I want to be number ten -

Ray holds the list up to her face, points at number 10.

RAY (CONT'D)

- your best friend - so badly that I'm willing to risk destroying everything we have so that after tonight I never again have to prove my prowess at number three, part two -

Ray indicates number 3, part 2.

RAY (CONT'D)

- great at make-up sex - because we'll never argue, fuss or fight and I'll be too busy trying to make the rest of your life perfect.

Romina looks at Ray for a long time, studies him, then slaps him hard in the face. Twice, harder the second time.

ANGUS

We're here. Mann's Chinese Theatre.

ROMINA

I don't want to see this film with you tonight. In fact, I don't even want to put one foot on that red carpet with you.

Angus winds up the partition window, avoiding the shrapnel.

ROMINA (CONT'D)

I want you to walk behind me and check out my ass while I figure out a place we can have make-up sex while the upstaged celebrities are watching the movie.

Romina smiles, genuinely impressed and deeply moved.

ROMINA (CONT'D)

The argue, fuss and fight line was Simply Red. I love that song.

RAY

I take back everything I said.

Romina raises a hand, Ray catches it. They kiss passionately.

EXT. MANN'S THEATRE. LATER

Bulbs flash and high-energy rock music bombards Ray as he follows Romina up a red carpet, eyes locked on her ass.

INT. ARCADE. PIER

Matt scouts a video game arcade for a specific machine. He gets anxious unable to find it and grabs an attendant.

MATT

Where's Missile Command?

ATTENDANT

How should I know? Try the museum.

Matt continues his search and finds Charlie at SPACE ACE, a laserdisc machine. Drunk, the game captivates her.

MATT

Room for another player, Ace?

Charlie shuffles over. Later, engrossed in SPACE ACE neither has kept track of time. Matt glances at his watch.

MATT (CONT'D)

I'm beginning to sober up.

EXT. HUNTINGTON BEACH. SUNSET

Matt and Charlie drink beer dodging crashing waves, reliving the game. Booze has drowned guilt and clouded judgement.

CHARLIE

I think I make a very good ACE.

Charlie zaps imaginary foes with an imaginary laser gun, then sprints after Matt, attempting a dramatic mock-rescue, but all she manages to do is trip over her feet and collapse in the surf.

A cold-water shock jolts her out of the surf. She struggles to her feet, but heavy, waterlogged boots make standing difficult and she stumbles against Matt.

He pulls her up and wraps his arms around her, giving her warmth. For a moment, neither breaks the embrace, happy where they are. Charlie gives into her emotions and kisses Matt.

A sloppy, romantic embrace as shivering bodies send lips off target until Matt pushes her away, body language unreadable.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Something wrong?

MATT

The opposite.

(beat)

You're shivering.

Matt takes Charlie's hand and drags her up the beach.

EXT. FIRE PITS, BEACH. LATER

Fighting emotions, Matt puts a shirt around Charlie and busies himself lighting a fire. He sits opposite her. Sensing sudden distance, Charlie leans into the flames for warmth.

They sit, together, staring at the flames, mesmerized.

CHARLIE

I find flames mesmerizing. Always  
have done.

Matt hardly hears her. He starts hallucinating, making angry, dancing flames morph into Emma's face.

EMMA

Eat. Drink. Hunt. Fuck.

Charlie teases the fire with a stick, like a little kid.

CHARLIE

In your flat, the girl in the  
photos, was she your wife?

Matt looks at Emma in the flames, he can barely speak.

MATT

Her name is Emma.

CHARLIE

She was beautiful.

MATT

She IS beautiful.

CHARLIE

When...

MATT

Four years ago. Meningitis.

That kills the conversation for a long while. Finally...

CHARLIE

When I was a little girl, my young nephew and I used to get shipped off to my Grandmother's for Christmas, so my sister could have a break and our parents could destroy each other in festive peace. She was a real character. Old, frail, but bursting with life. She had a huge fire, just like this one. We'd sit in front of it for days, listening to her stories. She used to describe love feeling like eating butterflies on toast. She'd talk and we'd tease the flames. Bending them to our will.

Charlie teases the fire some more, mesmerized by the beauty.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

She'd constantly warn us, 'don't sit too close, you'll get taught a painful lesson'.

Matt can't take his eyes off Emma as flames engulf her. Hands blacken. Skin spits. Flames chase hair up her blistered face.

EMMA

Traitor, tell the whore her sob story won't work.

Charlie looks at Matt as she speaks, but he's miles away.

CHARLIE

Then one day we proved her right.

EMMA

Boo hoo fucking ooo...

MATT

Shut up, Emma!

Charlie can't believe, after that revelation, he called her Emma. She gets up, walks off, doesn't look back.

EXT. LIZARD LOUNGE. NIGHT

Matt walks into the Lizard Lounge alone to a high-energy music blast, which seems alien and downbeat.

Later, Matt drifts through the club surrounded by ecstatic BEASTIE BOYS fans. He couldn't be more isolated.

EXT. CHARLIE'S FLAT. NIGHT

Matt leans a BEASTIE BOYS white label against her door.

EXT. CHARLIE'S FLAT. NIGHT

Todd knocks (unannounced). Charlie answers in her pyjamas. She looks at Todd, his body language begging for sex, then notices a WHITE LABEL leaning against milk bottles.

TODD

Can I come in?

Charlie picks up the vinyl record. She turns and walks back inside her flat, Todd follows her.

INT. CHARLIE'S FLAT. LATER

Charlie studies the record. Todd studies Charlie, looking at her longingly, his mind fixated on sex, very little else.

TODD

I need a drink.

Charlie pours him a glass of wine, barely puts a drop in her own glass. It takes a moment for Todd to pick up on her body language.

TODD (CONT'D)

Bad day?

CHARLIE

I'm tired, that's all.

INT. FLAT. NIGHT

Matt walks in, avoids the bathroom. He slumps on a bed.

EMMA (O.S.)

(nervously, jealous)

How did the hunt go?

MATT

I don't want to talk about it.

EMMA (O.S.)

I do. Matt. Talk to me. Matt!

Matt puts his head under a pillow, trying to drown her voice.

INT. URINAL VINYL. DAY

The next day and Charlie hasn't shown up for work, a fact given life by Matt's hang-dog, down-trodden demeanor.

Which is in complete contrast to Ray, who looks absurdly happy and Goth, who stands flirtatiously close to Matt, actually smiling!

Bunker is a little put off by the weird scene as he enters and grabs Ray, pulling him out of earshot of Goth.

BUNKER

I want to make her a mixtape.

RAY

(smiling)

I think she'd like that.

Bunker shoots Ray a concerned look.

BUNKER

What's the matter with you?

RAY

Love.

BUNKER

Fuck.

RAY

(imitating Donna Summer)

"I feel loveeeeeee..."

Bunker kicks Ray in the shins, surprisingly hard.

BUNKER

I need you to cut that shit out for a start. This is my virginity we're talking about here.

Ray looks at Bunker in a new light.

RAY

Won't happen again. Sorry.

Ray, for Bunker's sake, regains his old misanthropic values.

RAY (CONT'D)

Unlike sexual partners, you never forget your first mixtape.

(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)

You sure she's the one you want to lose it to?

BUNKER

Two words. Lennon and Yoko.

Ray has major concerns, but can't deny the conviction in Bunker's eyes.

RAY

It's gonna cost you.

BUNKER

My world is black without her colour. Name your price.

Ray pulls Romina's champagne-stained list from a pocket and points to number 9 -- **a good dancer**. That's all that remains un-ticked.

RAY

Tell anyone and I'll kill you.

INT. STOCK ROOM. LATER

Matt finds Ray in the stockroom, searching through a pile of records. Grim-faced, Matt hands Ray some letters.

MATT

The banks all politely told me to piss off.

RAY

So, that's why you're moping round like a grown up version of Goth? I thought it was because Charlie hasn't come within a mile of this place ever since you took her hunting.

MATT

I'm being serious.

RAY

So am I, Matt. At the eighteenth time of trying I finally get a woman in here who makes you forget, just for a second, that Emma died four years ago. And who also made you remember you got a dick in your pants. Somewhere. And what do you do? You cock up so badly, she can't face the prospect of stepping foot in this mausoleum ever again.

MATT

We have three weeks to find \$30,000  
or the rental agreement gets  
terminated.

RAY

You just renewed the rental  
agreement.

MATT

I've been late on the odd payment.  
Apparently, that triggered a clause  
in the contract which allows the  
freeholder to financially protect  
himself. We don't find the money, I  
lose this place. Flat and all.

RAY

Maybe that would be a good thing!

MATT

Don't expect a glowing reference.  
And for your information, she  
didn't make me forget Emma, she  
made me remember.

Ray feels the pain in the words and smiles at his friend.

RAY

I was right about your dick,  
though, wasn't I?

MATT

(lying)  
You don't know me as well as you  
think. I screwed Maddie. In the  
plural. As in repeat offender.

Matt relishes Ray's jaw dropping then leaves the storeroom.

INT. ALLET PROPERTY SOLUTIONS. DAY

Charlie looks up as Todd sticks his head around a door.

TODD

Boardroom. Two minutes.

INT. BOARDROOM. DAY

Charlie walks into a large room where a group of businessmen  
are sat around an oval table. Todd shares a lewd joke with a  
standing businessman as Charlie approaches him.

TODD

Ah, Charlie. This is Darren Osman,  
chief executive and founding member  
of CD Emporium.

DARREN OSMAN, a smarmy 35 year old public school type, smiles  
at Charlie as he looks her up and down like a piece of meat.

OSMAN

I understand you're personally  
responsible for catering to my  
deepest, darkest desires.

Charlie is deadpan. Todd smiles with servitude towards Osman.

TODD

The flagship. Argyll Street. I was  
telling Darren you're really  
fighting in the trenches on this  
one.

CHARLIE

Why do you want Argyll Street so  
badly?

OSMAN

Stupid really. I used to sell  
records to kids at boarding school.  
The record store on Argyll was my  
easy pick-up. Sent younger kids  
there for months. They'd carry in a  
few rubbish albums and the idiots  
in the store would give them the  
latest cool ones for free. Some  
kind of daft musical baptism  
ritual. Anyway, one day they  
realized my scam, banned me from  
the store. Never forgot that  
moment. Seriously dented my bottom  
line that summer.

INT. URINAL VINYL STORE. DAY

Ray waits until Matt is busy serving a customer before  
walking up to Goth and Bunker.

RAY

Employee and full-time loiterer  
meeting, stockroom. Now.

INT. STOCK ROOM. LATER

Bunker takes a seat beside Goth as Ray paces around the  
cramped room. Goth instinctively edges away from Bunker.

RAY

(to Goth)

The fiscal situation at your  
current bastion of employment -

(to Bunker)

- and your public school satellite  
annex, is precarious.

GOTH

Speak fucking English idiot.

RAY

The store closes down in three  
weeks unless we find 30 thousand,  
so you

(to Goth)

better start scouting local morgues  
for receptionist work

(to Bunker)

and you find a way to come to terms  
with private school kids taking the  
piss out of your ironic nickname.

BUNKER

I can't go to school. I have  
unfinished business here.

RAY

Then we need to come up with a get  
rich quick plan.

INT. BATHROOM. NIGHT

No lights, just flickering shadows from hundreds of candles.  
Matt enters the room naked and gets in a bath behind Emma.  
She leans back. He strokes her wet hair and kisses her neck.

EMMA

You like her, don't you?

Matt remains silent, stroking Emma's hair.

EMMA (CONT'D)

You don't have to tell. I can read  
your thoughts.

MATT

I love you.

EMMA

I know you do. That's why it hurts.

Matt's emotions surge and plunge, he grabs hold of Emma's  
body tightly, desperate to be close to her.

MATT

I'm struggling with...

EMMA

- shush. It's OK. I can feel your struggle.

Emma stands. Her form solidifies, almost solid. She puts her hands on a wall and offers herself to Matt doggy-style.

MATT

I love you.

EMMA

I love you too. Today and always.

Matt grabs Emma, but from a new angle we see Matt, back to us, alone, masturbating. It's a gut-wrenching, pathetic sight, interrupted - **by Ray**.

RAY

Bog ..... Paper .....

Ray, shielding his eyes, grabs a toilet roll and leaves.

INT. FLAT, LOUNGE SECTION. LATER

Ray joins Matt on a sofa and hands him a bottle of tequila. He smiles warmly at Matt, comforting and supportive.

RAY

It's OK. That initial shock reaction thing. Over. Forgotten. We can talk about this in a rationale, dignified and non-childlike manner.

MATT

Can we?

RAY

Fuck, no! Are you shitting me? That was like watching 3-D soft porn.

Ray takes a slug of tequila from his bottle.

RAY (CONT'D)

You didn't... with Maddie, did you?

Matt shakes his head. Ray takes another gulp of tequila.

RAY (CONT'D)

Get power drinking. We need to consume enough tequila to obliterate every image of that candle-wank-fest from my memory. And yours.

MATT

Shit, I need help.

Ray thumps Matt hard in the leg, twice.

RAY

One for the image. Second because you don't need help. You need sex. With a living female. I would offer Romina, but I don't think our relationship has matured enough yet.

Ray guzzles tequila like water. Matt smiles, but it's just a crease on his lips. Ray pushes Matt's bottle into his mouth.

RAY (CONT'D)

This is your final warning. Close the deal with a living person, or I'll tell everyone you wank with candles.

INT. URINAL VINYL STORE. DAY

Ray, nursing a huge hangover, stands beside Goth and Bunker.

GOTH

I have a plan.

Bunker and Ray look at Goth, one in awe, the other impassive.

GOTH (CONT'D)

We utilize our assets.

RAY

Not much of a market for stroppy teenage Goth prostitutes.

Goth offers Ray the middle finger.

BUNKER

I'd -

GOTH

- you say it, I'll cut your hairless balls off!

Goth points at photos of Rock Stars posing by the urinal on a wall of fame and the PENITENCE list.

GOTH (CONT'D)

We call in our markers.

(a beat)

If you stage it, they will rock.

EXT. CREMATORIUM. DAY

Matt walks in the building, head low, eyes wet.

INT. URINAL VINYL STORE. DAY

Goth removes the PENITENCE LIST from a wall, takes it to the counter. POV: the list...

LED ZEPPELIN IV by LED ZEPPELIN/DAMN THE TORPEDOES by TOM  
PETTY/THE DOORS by THE DOORS/SCARY MONSTERS by DAVID  
BOWIE/THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON by PINK FLOYD/ARE YOU  
EXPERIENCED by JIMI HENDRIX

The list goes on...

Later, after a few agents and managers have been called, we join Ray and Goth, on the phone to PR people. Bunker serves customers. Ray, looking at SPEAK AND SPELL by DEPECHE MODE.

RAY  
(into receiver, charming  
inoffensive)  
I'll put Mode down as a definite  
maybe.

GOTH  
(into receiver, abrasive,  
rude)  
You wanna keep the album on the  
list, you get the band here or fuck  
off, loser.

Ray and Bunker turn to Goth, curious who she's abusing. Goth points at PYROMANIA by DEF LEPPARD on the PENITENCE list.

GOTH (CONT'D)  
Joe Elliott's PR monkey. Vomit  
jockey.

BUNKER  
\$4.99. Tell your friends we're  
staging a huge concert next  
Saturday.

Ray puts his hand over the receiver and whispers to Bunker.

RAY  
Sell it.

BUNKER  
Hopefully, Simple Minds and Depeche  
Mode are playing.  
(in desperation)  
And there's free booze and hookers.

GOTH  
(into receiver)  
I understand they're playing Berlin  
on Sunday. But the wall's not  
exactly gonna come down if they're  
a few hours late, is it moron?

EXT/INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT. DAY

Matt, holding takeaway chicken and beer knocks on a door and waits.

IN KITCHEN

Brittany, mid-30s, dark hair, sits at a table eating pasta, speaking to her son Tommy on a phone -

BRITTANY

If she can't see past the scars  
Tommy, forget her. I'm sure there's  
plenty of other girls there you  
like.

- when she hears knocking. She hops down off a work top.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

There's someone at the door. Be  
good. Don't let Ethan vomit in the  
bath again. And if the Police get  
called, I'll kill you. I love you.

OUTSIDE DOOR

Matt almost gives up, then Brittany opens the door.

MATT

Hi...

BRITTANY

Hey...

MATT

I was looking for Charlie.

BRITTANY

Men always are. She's... out.

MATT

I came to apologize.

BRITTANY

Right... for what?

MATT

You live with her?

BRITTANY

I'm crashing for a few hours, while  
my son and his friends wreck my  
house.

(extends a hand)

Brittany, sister. What do you need  
Charlie for?

MATT

I kind of dragged her into a delicate situation.

BRITTANY

Charlie's usually very adept at getting in and out of difficult situations.

MATT

I kissed her and called her Emma.

BRITTANY

(smiling)

Ouch! It could have been a lot worse?

MATT

How?

BRITTANY

You could have kissed her and called her Brittany.

Matt laughs.

MATT

Just tell her ACE called.

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Charlie walks in, slumps down on a sofa, exhausted. She presses play on an answer-phone. No messages. Charlie picks up a note left by Brittany. ANGLE ON NOTE, WHICH READS:

*Don't forget! Tommy, Thursday, final consultation appointment before the surgery. Call him. I mean it this time, call him.*

IN BOLD RED LETTERED SCRAWL

***If you forget again, he'll... I'll, never forgive you.***

INT. ALLET PROPERTY SOLUTIONS, CORRIDOR. DAY

Scanning a folder, Charlie doesn't notice Todd approach with an attractive, cold-eyed woman, who shoots daggers at her.

Almost comically, Todd pleads with his eyes, but doesn't get Charlie's attention until they are all just metres apart.

TODD

(flustered)

This is my wife.

Hannah smiles icily and turns to Todd, all sickly sweet.

HANNAH

I'm feeling queasy again. I left some ginger snaps in my bag. Would you mind fetching them and some water?

Todd doesn't want to but shuffles off leaving the women alone. That deliciously cold moment when women just know.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I wanted... needed to see what you look like.

Hannah scrutinizes Charlie. A wickedly uncomfortable moment. Then unexpectedly Hannah undoes a button on Charlie's blouse.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

He was right. You have nice tits.

Charlie swipes her hand away, forcing a self-deprecating laugh from Hannah. She offers a hand, sadly weak and human.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

It hurts more when the ones he sleeps with are prettier than I am. Hannah.

Charlie reluctantly takes her hand and shakes it.

CHARLIE

Charlie.

HANNAH

I take it he didn't mention the pregnancy.

CHARLIE

He didn't mention the sex before the pregnancy.

Hannah rubs her belly, protective instincts empowering her.

HANNAH

(icily)  
Then this must be morally unsettling for you.  
(beat)  
Do you want the lying cheat?

CHARLIE

Not again.

This remark throws Hannah slightly off track.

HANNAH

I intend to hurt him financially. I was hoping you'd take care of the physical pain.

Todd sprints up with a biscuit and half a cup of water. A pact agreed, Hannah and Charlie hide behind poker smiles.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

The physical pain, I'm reliably  
told, leaves mental scars.

Hannah snaps the biscuit in half. They both crunch angrily.

INT/EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY CENTRE SHOPS. DAY/SUNSET/NIGHT

Montage shots of Ray and Romina, Goth and Bunker, putting up flyers and cheap posters advertising the gig.

Bunker enters an art gallery, approaches a middle-aged woman.

BUNKER

Can I put a flyer in the window?  
We're organizing a fund raiser to  
save UV.

WOMAN

Shouldn't you be at school?

BUNKER

There are better places to get an  
education.

WOMAN

Not for two thousand pounds a term  
I hope not, Michael.

The woman turns back to a customer, ignoring Bunker, her son.

INT. URINAL VINYL STORE. DAY

Matt serves customers with no enthusiasm. He checks the answer-phone. Nothing from Charlie, just a call from Maddie.

MADDIE (O.S.)

Matt, hi. It's Maddie. I've been  
thinking a lot about our unfinished  
business. Call me.

INT. ALLET PROPERTY SOLUTIONS. DAY

Charlie strides down a corridor unbuttoning her blouse. She pokes her head, then her cleavage, into Todd's office.

CHARLIE

I seem to have dropped a button in  
the dimly-lit filing room. I was  
wondering if you could help me find  
it?

INT. DIMLY LIT FILING ROOM. DAY

Todd enters and finds Charlie in a shadowed recess. As he walks up to her, he tries to worm out of a shit storm.

TODD  
About my wife -

Charlie cuts off his protests by slamming him against a filing cabinet and kissing him. She rubs his hand inside her blouse, then sucks his wedding ring off his finger unnoticed.

POV: From the doorway, just a pair of shadows. One shadow kneels down, we hear a zip being lowered, then a groan.

More groans, heavy sensual breathing, then a blood-curdling scream as one shadow, Todd, reaches full arousal.

ZOOM IN on Todd, the face of a man screaming in agony.

INT. ALLET PROPERTY SOLUTIONS, OFFICE. DAY

The blood-curdling scream is heard by every office worker in the building. Three male workers debate the noise.

WORKER #1  
Staple gun in the scrotum.

WORKER #2  
Paper cut and lemon juice on the bell-end.

WORKER #3  
Hole punch on the foreskin.

LATER, medics push a gurney carrying a whimpering Todd through the office, flanked by a shamefaced Charlie.

As the gurney speeds by, a female worker, holding a banana, turns to the three male workers, who debated the injury.

FEMALE WORKER  
The Golden Garrotte. Wedding ring orally inserted on cheating bastard's flaccid penis. Killer blow-job. Hey presto!

The woman squeezes the banana until mushy pulp oozes out.

FEMALE WORKER (CONT'D)  
(staring at Worker #2)  
An invaluable lesson to us all.

EXT. STREET. DAY

An ambulance hurtles down a street, sirens blaring.

INT. HOSPITAL. DAY

Trauma room. A nurse tries to pacify a foul-mouthed Todd, while others restrain him and inspect his swollen penis.

TODD

Don't just stare at it, get the bloody thing off!

Charlie looks on, digging deep for remorse, but finding none.

NURSE

Is he allergic to anything?

CHARLIE

Monogamy.

NURSE

You better wait outside, this is going to be painful.

The nurse pushes Charlie gently out of the room.

INT. WAITING ROOM. LATER

Charlie sits and waits. Now remorse sets in, made worse by the appearance of a doctor she recognizes, Matt's brother-in-law Phil. This isn't a happy moment for either of them.

PHIL

Charlie, if that's your real name.

CHARLIE

It's Charlie.

PHIL

Your friend is going to be OK. Apart from a few burst blood vessels and a bruised ego, he'll be fine. Unfortunately we couldn't save his wedding ring.

CHARLIE

I met his pregnant wife today.

PHIL

Revenge for a non-immaculate conception?

Charlie nods, contemplating the consequences of her actions.

CHARLIE

This mistake happened before I met Matt.

PHIL

I don't know you, so I'll make this simple. Hurt whoever you want. Beyond a medical capacity, I couldn't give a shit. Hurt Matt, that's a different matter.

Todd turns to walk off.

CHARLIE

I stopped having sex with him before the date with Matt.

He turns back and hands Charlie a two-piece wedding ring.

PHIL

Apparently not.

INT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT. DAY

Alone at last, Charlie shuts a door on the world and loses it. She screams and argues with herself like a mad woman.

CHARLIE

How could you be so bloody stupid?  
(beat)  
Don't answer that. You always give yourself shitty advice.

Charlie pours a big glass of wine, drinks some and calms down, slightly. She tries to take her mind off things by tidying up, then she checks her answer-phone for messages.

BRITTANY

(shouting over speaker)  
What part of Thursday didn't you remember? Selfish bitch. How the hell could you forget after what you did to him?

CHARLIE

SHIT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! FUCK, FUCK,  
FUCK, FUCK... FUCK.

Charlie hurls a wine glass, it smashes against a wall.

BRITTANY

(quieter through speaker)  
Not that you give a toss, but Tommy's fine.  
(beat)  
The only person you give a crap about is yourself.

Charlie stops the message, she's heard enough. She deletes the message, then sits in silence. After a moment, she allows herself a self-indulgent cry, which just makes things worse.

CHARLIE  
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

INT. URINAL VINYL STORE. DAY

Ray and Bunker are at the sales counter dissecting the mixtape playlist. Matt is beside them but light years away.

RAY  
Mixtapes, unlike sex, require delicate foreplay. You gotta start with something that gets the girl in the right mood. Right Matt?

MATT  
Yeah.

RAY  
Final warning - candles!

MATT  
She didn't call?

RAY  
She didn't call. She didn't come in. She didn't do anything, Matt. Don't wait to fuck another ghost.

Matt picks up the phone. He dials, slyly keeping a finger on the CALL QUIT button. Ray is too preoccupied to notice.

RAY (CONT'D)  
With sex, it's easy. A scenic drive. Romantic lighting. Alcohol. It all works. Even rabbits fucking on a hard shoulder!

Bunker's blank stare registers too much information.

RAY (CONT'D)  
Melanie Thomas. Save that one until you're a little older.  
(beat)  
Mixtapes are different. It's all about the sequence. Fuck up the foreplay, sex is off the menu.

BUNKER  
I just want her to like the music and hopefully me, Ray.

Ray pats Bunker hard on the back and picks up a pen.

RAY  
Spoken like a true virgin. Show me the list.

Bunker hands Ray a list of titles, with just a hint of pride.

RAY (CONT'D)

Behind blue eyes, The Who. I need a man to love, Janis Joplin. Love and affection, Joan Armatrading.

(beat)

Scrap Leo Kottke, too folksy for Goth.

MATT

(reluctant, into receiver)

Maddie. Hi. It's Matt. About that unfinished business...

RAY

Let's get it on, Marvin Gaye. Tuesday's gone, Lynyrd Skynryd. Maybe I'm amazed, Wings. The letters, Box Tops. Angie, the Stones. I melt with you, Modern English. And finishing off with Let's stay together, Al Green.

Ray smiles, impressed.

RAY (CONT'D)

If those ageless classics don't soften Goth's black heart, she's either deaf or emotionally barren.

Bunker beams with pride. Matt puts his hand over a receiver.

MATT

You have a title?

BUNKER

As Roger Daltry said, "Love is vengeance".

Matt smiles, seriously proud, then returns to his call.

MATT

Saturday is no good, we got a fundraiser for the store. How about Sunday at eight?

Ray ruffles Bunker's hair and writes LOVE IS VENGEANCE on a tape card. Matt kills a nonexistent call, turns to Bunker.

MATT (CONT'D)

The apprentice teaches the masters.

RAY

Check those pants tonight, there might be a hair or two on that maturing sack of yours.

INT. GOTH'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Goth pushes food around a plate as her parents, Todd and Hannah, fight without saying words. FOR THE FIRST TIME WE SEE THE CONNECTION: CHARLIE WORKS FOR TODD, GOTH'S FATHER!

GOTH

I'm organizing a fund-raiser for the music store. I put you down for twenty.

HANNAH

Put him down for fifty.

TODD

Hannah!

HANNAH

A hundred.

GOTH

What happened to your wedding ring?

Hannah gets up from the table, deeply upset.

TODD

How many times? It didn't mean anything. It was a mistake.

GOTH

What is he talking about?

HANNAH

Our marriage.

INT. URINAL VINYL STORE. DAY

The store is empty. Bunker and Matt watch Ray slink off down an aisle and try out some dance moves unnoticed. He's awful.

BUNKER

Deaf people have more rhythm than he does.

MATT

Dead people have more rhythm than he does.

BUNKER

Anyone who dances that badly doesn't deserve to blackmail you. Especially when you like Charlie.

MATT

The problem is that Charlie doesn't like me, Maddie does.

BUNKER

How do you figure that?

MATT

I called round her place a few days ago to apologize. I haven't heard a thing from her since.

BUNKER

Would you make a mixtape for Maddie?

Matt's expression says it all, NO!

BUNKER (CONT'D)

Then apologize again. And again and again, if you have to.

(beat)

Perseverance pays off. Look at me and Goth.

Matt winces and hands some dance records and a key to Bunker.

MATT

Put him out of his misery.

Bunker nods and walks past Ray on his way to the stairs.

BUNKER

We better not do this in public.

INT. FLAT. NIGHT

Bunker puts on HIP HOP BE BOP by MAN PARRISH. He shows Ray some simple footwork -

BUNKER

Watch and copy.

- then grimaces as Ray tries to copy him.

BUNKER (CONT'D)

This is going to be harder than Rocky 3.

EXT. STREET. DAY

Bunker rides a BMX down a street, searching for Charlie's place.

EXT. CHARLIE'S APARTMENT. DAY

Bunker knocks, waits. He shoves a flyer in Charlie's hand when she answers.

BUNKER

(blurting it out)

You gotta come. Matt really wants you there. He needs you there. Ray's blackmailed him into having sex with Maddie on Sunday after the concert because he caught him masturbating with candles.

Charlie smiles. She reads the flyer then sighs.

CHARLIE

Too much information, Bunker.

BUNKER

Sorry. The candles bit was meant to be a secret. But the rest is something you need to hear.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry, Bunker. I can't.

BUNKER

Why are you punishing him? He's tried to apologize. Isn't that enough?

CHARLIE

I haven't heard from Matt.

BUNKER

He spoke to your sister.

CHARLIE

He spoke to my sister?

BUNKER

Yes.

Charlie digests the information, then starts closing a door.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry. It's complicated.

EXT. ARGYLL STREET. SUNRISE

The sun breaks the horizon, painting the waking city and makeshift stage orange. Yawning Roadies connect speakers on the stage, while others sound-check mics, guitars, drums.

INT. GOTH'S HOUSE, BEDROOM. DAY

Goth applies normal make-up at a vanity mirror - in contrast to her usual black war paint. She looks older, yet oddly more vulnerable. Muffled voices carry into her room from below.

HANNAH (O.S.)  
I want a divorce!

TODD (O.S.)  
Please Hannah, Charlie was -

HANNAH (O.S.)  
- don't you dare mention that  
stupid blond whore's name in this  
house.

Goth listens intently, intrigued, slowly piecing together a puzzle in her mind. She scrawls "CHARLIE" with lots of question marks in red lipstick on a vanity mirror.

INT. POSH HOUSE, SUBURBS. DAY

LET'S STAY TOGETHER by AL GREEN finishes on a turntable. Bunker, in just a T-shirt and underpants records the track to tape, then shoves it in a pocket.

As he pulls down his underpants and grabs something from a shopping bag, his STEP-FATHER sticks his head into the room.

STEP FATHER  
Turn it up and stick it on again,  
Michael.

BUNKER  
(trying to cover up)  
Shit, don't you ever knock?

STEP FATHER  
Sorry, Michael. One day you'll be  
proud of that weapon.

BUNKER  
Get out. Get out!

Bunker's step-father leaves. Embarrassed, Bunker waits a while before pulling CALVIN KLEIN boxer shorts out of a bag.

EXT. STREET. DAY

Outside the offices of ALLET PROPERTY SOLUTIONS. Unseen, Goth watches her father enter the building, then a few minutes later spots Charlie enter the same building.

GOTH  
Conniving bitch.

INT. DRUG STORE. DAY

Bunker approaches the counter, nervous but resolute.

BUNKER

I'd like to buy some contraception.

CHEMIST

What size?

BUNKER

She's about 1.2 metres tall.

CHEMIST

Firstly, she is a he, trust me. And secondly, even taking into account teenage exaggeration, that number needs some downward revision.

The chemist hands Bunker a box of contraceptives.

CHEMIST (CONT'D)

Start off small, work your way up!

INT. ALLET PROPERTY SOLUTIONS OFFICE. DAY

Goth storms into her father's office, followed by a flustered secretary.

SECRETARY

She said she was your daughter.

TODD

She is. Thanks, Anne.

Anne the secretary looks disapprovingly at Goth, then leaves.

GOTH

Why are you and Mum getting divorced?

TODD

Mandy -

GOTH

- no one calls me that.

TODD

I made a mistake.

GOTH

With another woman?

Todd can't meet her acidic stare. He looks down, ashamed.

GOTH (CONT'D)

Is her name Charlie Blair? Is she working for you on the CD Emporium thing?

TODD

Mandy, whatever your mother told  
you -

GOTH

- bastard! I loathe you.

Goth storms off. At the door she turns.

GOTH (CONT'D)

You know where I work, right?

Todd clearly doesn't know.

EXT. STREET. DAY

Charlie, in a fiery rage, approaches Brittany's car as she opens the driver's door. She slams it shut.

CHARLIE

Nice punishment, the whole Matt  
never called thing. Why didn't you  
tell me?

Brittany coolly responds with ice-cold rage.

BRITTANY

Why did you forget Tommy's  
appointment?

CHARLIE

I was busy. I forgot.

BRITTANY

Well, maybe I did too.

Brittany goes to open her door again. Charlie slams it shut.

CHARLIE

You got something to say, say it.

The sisters stare defiantly at each other. No one gives an inch. Then Charlie looks down and lets her shoulders slump.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Why do you hate me?

Brittany opens her car door.

BRITTANY

For the same reasons you should  
hate yourself.

CHARLIE

I was at the hospital. Todd's  
wife's pregnant. I nearly severed  
his penis with his wedding ring.

Charlie's self-pitying manner tips Brittany over the edge. Years of pent-up aggression manifest in words.

BRITTANY

You say it, like I'm supposed to feel sorry for you. Like everything bad that happens in your near perfect life has nothing remotely to do with you. Don't you get it? Don't you see? You create this shit. You make it happen. You. Bloody you! No one else. You coulda stopped yourself from fucking a married guy. But you didn't. You coulda stopped yourself from stealing every guy I've ever been really interested in. But you didn't. I left you in charge. For a few hours. Tommy -

Brittany just went too far.

CHARLIE

- should have been with you.

BRITTANY

I was twenty. I deserved a little bit of freedom.

CHARLIE

And I was twelve!

Brittany doesn't have an answer for that. She gets in her car, then drives off a few yards, then stops. A long beat before she opens a window, tears running down her face.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I was twelve, Brittany. Not an adult. You need to stop punishing me like one.

EXT. URINAL VINYL STORE. NIGHT

A heaving crowd gathers around a makeshift stage erected outside the URINAL VINYL store. Energy and volume build.

Behind the crowd, outside the shop front window, Matt sells Rock n Roll memorabilia to eager fans. Littering a line of tables are posters, artwork, signed and framed 12 inch discs, life-size cutouts of lead singers...

Matt takes in the crowd. He spots couples laughing and dancing, which makes him sad. He seriously thinks about walking off when Ray arrives clutching a wad of money.

RAY

Shit, I hope that kid can string a note.

Ray notices Matt's sour demeanor.

RAY (CONT'D)

Candle-man. Get your smile on.

MATT

I'm not sure I can handle this.

RAY

Bunker's about to make a fool of himself, he needs -

MATT

- support?

Ray puts a supportive arm around Matt's shoulder.

RAY

Bollocks to support. That kid needs professional heckling.

BACKSTAGE

A very young EDDIE VEDDER and his band-mates tune guitars.

ON STAGE

Bunker walks on stage and grabs a mic. He nervously coughs, taps a mic and gazes out over the crowd, spotting Matt, Ray, Romina and Goth among a sea of unfamiliar faces.

BUNKER

My name is Michael. I'm 15. My friends, who all work here, call me Bunker, because for the last year I've ditched school and come here to get an education.

(beat)

In that time, I've learnt more about music, love and most importantly, life, at Urinal Vinyl, than I have done during my entire time at school.

(beat)

But unless we find 30,000 dollars within three weeks and save this place from becoming a soulless CD Emporium, my education here will cease.

(looks straight at Goth)

If that happens, I will go back to learning nothing of consequence and the woman I love will disappear from my young life forever.

(MORE)

BUNKER (CONT'D)

(beat)

So, dig deep, donate some note and help me save the only place I call home. And in doing so, know that you are also helping me lose my virginity in a dignified manner!

The mostly young crowd holler, clap and shout approval, especially a pretty girl standing next to Goth. Bunker thrusts a mixtape aloft like He-Man shoving a sword skyward.

BUNKER (CONT'D)

This tape contains everything I know about music. I intend to give it, along with my heart, to my future wife in exchange for everlasting love.

The crowd go wild. But to Bunker it could be the vacuum of space as he locks eyes with Goth - and she turns away.

BUNKER (CONT'D)

(devastated, but heroically trying to cover it)

And now...

(beat, composes himself)

Two wise men, well one is wise, the other is a dickhead, once told me, that when the Rock Gods, you know, DID IT, they created Led Zeppelin.

More applause and screams. Bunker points backstage.

BUNKER (CONT'D)

I don't know if that is true, but I like to hope it is. Anyway, if Led Zep and Janis Joplin had a child, it would probably sound like the next person to walk on this stage...

(beat)

People of Huntington, and surrounding suburbs, I give you the future of Rock music... Eddie Vedder... and his band, BAD RADIO!

Eddie Vedder leads his band on stage. Even at this age, he has star quality. That gravelly voice...

EDDIE VEDDER

A little while back, the people at UV taught me a valuable lesson and introduced me to one of my heroes.

Eddie starts singing THE WAITING by TOM PETTY, perfectly.

EDDIE VEDDER  
"Oh baby don't it feel like heaven  
right now..."

HALFWAY THROUGH THE SONG

EDDIE VEDDER (CONT'D)  
Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Tom  
Petty.

TOM PETTY walks on stage and starts duetting with Eddie.

EDDIE/TOM  
"Well yeah I might have chased a  
couple women around..."

THROUGHOUT THE NEXT SEQUENCE WE CUT BETWEEN THE STAGE AND THE  
MEMORABILIA STAND OUTSIDE URINAL VINYL.

ONSTAGE WE HEAR LOCAL BANDS PLAYING, SOME GOOD, SOME NOT!  
NOT SURPRISINGLY, GIVEN THE LACK OF TIME AND GOTH'S PHONE  
MANNER, NONE OF THE BIG NAMES ON THE LIST HAVE SHOWED UP.

AT THE MEMORABILIA STAND WE SEE GOTH AVOID BUNKER, GOTH STARE  
LONGINGLY AT MATT, MATT LOOKING LOST, RAY AND ROMINA FLIRTING  
LIKE TEENAGERS...

INT. URINAL VINYL. LATER

In the background, we hear an awful band doing their best to  
kill the gig, so much so that customers have spilled inside  
the shop, shopping, rather than listening the terrible din.

Ray exits the storeroom dressed like a skier. He walks behind  
the counter, then serves a customer as if nothing is amiss.

Goth watches Matt serve a customer then disappear into the  
storeroom. She makes sure the others are busy then follows  
him. Bunker waits a moment then follows her.

INT. STOREROOM. SAME

Goth walks in and quietly locks the door from the inside.  
Matt has his back to her, hunting for a particular record, so  
he pays no attention as she strips.

When he does turns around, Goth stands before him in  
provocative underwear, nervous yet resolute. She fidgets with  
a blond wig, cut to the shape of Charlie's hairstyle.

GOTH  
It's for you. It all works, just  
never been used.

Matt looks Goth squarely in the eyes as he walks up to her,  
pulls off her wig and puts his arms around her.

MATT

This was never going to happen.

Anger, acute embarrassment, heart-piercing loss and every other emotion a teenage virgin experiences after rejection can only have one outcome. Goth violently pushes Matt away.

GOTH

That conniving bitch has ruined everything. I warned her.

MATT

This has nothing to do with Charlie.

GOTH

This has everything to do with her.

Goth gathers her clothes. She spits venomous looks at Matt as she dresses quickly. Matt looks at her with genuine pity.

MATT

I know what it's like to want someone you can't have.

GOTH

(trying to save face)  
I lied about the virginity thing. I thought it might turn an older guy like you on.

Goth continues dressing, getting angrier, more spiteful.

GOTH (CONT'D)

This whole stupid charade is a waste of time. CD Emporium have got some insolvency court ruling, which allows them to buy the freehold for this place whether you raise \$30,000 or not.

MATT

How do you know that?

GOTH

Because the bitch you're stupidly infatuated with is shagging my father as well as working for him. And he works for Allet Property who work for CD Emporium. You're so stupid, you never even saw it coming.

Goth relishes the effect the words have on Matt before storming out -

EXT. STOREROOM. SAME

- and walks into Bunker, who holds a mixtape in his hand.

BUNKER

I love you.

Numbly, Goth takes the tape and reads the inscription, which angers her even more. She shoves it back into Bunker's hand.

GOTH

I'm wearing lose-my-virginity underwear for someone other than you. The person who has just seen said lose-my-virginity underwear has this minute rejected me. I'm so horny and emotional right now, if you had zero dignity and still wanted to give me that mixtape, I would probably shag your dumb brains out. So you better get out of my way.

Bunker processes the info. With zero dignity he hands Goth the mixtape.

BUNKER

My love is stronger than my dignity!

That shocks Goth. Her anger dies. She lustily kisses him, then whispers in his ear as she puts the tape in his pocket.

GOTH

Nothing you ever do will make me remember you. I don't feel like that. Give it to someone who will.

EXT. STREET. LATER

Bunker hunches down on pavement, numb. He turns the mixtape over in his hands. He doesn't notice a pretty girl watching him curiously. He sits there with his lost innocence and a broken heart.

INT. URINAL VINYL STORE. SAME

Matt walks out of the storeroom, also a broken man. He heads to the stairs, to sanctity, to Emma.

As he passes the illuminated urinal, he shoves it violently. It hits the floor and disintegrates into a thousand pieces.

EXT. STREET. SAME

A group of breakdancers, up on stage, entertain the crowd. Ray appears from behind a curtain dressed like ICE-T, ski goggles, puffa jacket. LOOKING RIDICULOUS is understating it.

He shakes with bone-chilling nerves, but somehow holds it together. The breakdancers move aside as Ray...

... moonwalks on stage, locking and popping out of synch.

Think LITTLE MISS SUNSHINE or NAPOLEON DYNAMITE... the difference being that RAY CANNOT DANCE.

Romina, mortified yet absurdly impressed, jumps up on stage and drags him to safety, away from the heckling crowd.

ROMINA

Is this about the list?

Ray nods. Romina pulls a copy of the list from a pocket and rips it up in front of Ray's eyes.

ROMINA (CONT'D)

Never, ever, dance in public again,  
unless it's at our wedding.

Ray removes his ski goggles, grabs Romina by the waist. He twists her around in an exultant twirl like a ballerina.

INT. FLAT ABOVE URINAL VINYL. SAME

Matt rushes into the bathroom, calling out Emma's name, repeatedly. His voice rises and quickens with the silence.

MATT

Emma? Emma! Emma?!

INT. BATHROOM. SAME

Matt searches frantically for Emma. She's nowhere to be seen.

MATT

Emma! Emma, I need you. Emma,  
please!

Matt slumps into the bath where he curls up into a ball.

MATT (CONT'D)

Please don't leave me. Please.  
Please!

EXT. STREET. DAY

Charlie barges her way through the crowd and grabs Goth.

CHARLIE

Where's Matt?

GOTH

Upstairs.

(smiling sourly)

He's expecting you.

Goth watches Charlie disappear in the crowd with the tiniest hint of a revengeful smile on her mascara-streaked face.

EXT. STREET. LATER

The PRETTY GIRL approaches Bunker and smiles sweetly at him. Her eyes light up when she sees he still holds the mixtape, but his remain fixed on the cassette rotating in his hands.

PRETTY GIRL

You're Bunker, right?

BUNKER

(without looking up)

I used to be.

PRETTY GIRL

My name's Christy. Christy Turlington.

BUNKER

Michael.

CHRISTY

You mean what you said? About dignity, your heart and everlasting love?

Bunker gazes up at the most beautiful girl in the world - future supermodel Christy Turlington. He's so heartbroken it could be Medusa.

BUNKER

No, that was bullshit. I just wanted to impress a girl in the crowd, so she'd make out with me.

CHRISTY

It worked.

Christy jumps on Bunker and starts making out. (Years later they get married and Christy plays the tape on their wedding night). After a raunchy snog, Christy jumps off Bunker.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Hmmmm. Nice.

Christy writes a number on Bunker's arm in lipstick.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Call me tomorrow if you want to be  
my boyfriend.

BUNKER

There's no way I -

Christy puts a finger to Bunker's lips and smiles.

CHRISTY

Tomorrow. Surprise me.

INT. URINAL VINYL STORE. NIGHT

Charlie rushes through the store and up the stairs.

INT. FLAT ABOVE URINAL VINYL. SAME

She darts into the flat but the sight of Matt in a rage  
smashing up his WHITE LABEL vinyl collection stops her dead.  
He continues smashing even when he notices her.

MATT

Come to gloat?

CHARLIE

I came to see you. What happened?

Matt stops smashing records and turns his anger on Charlie.

MATT

I know. CD Emporium. You.  
Everything.

Charlie tries to meet his gaze, but can't. She's too ashamed.

MATT (CONT'D)

You made her disappear.

CHARLIE

Matt -

Matt hurls a record at Charlie. It smashes on the ceiling  
just above her head.

MATT

- get out. Get the hell out!

EXT. STREET. LATER

Charlie rushes out of UV, overcome with self-loathing. She  
blindly pushes through the crowd and passes back by Goth.

GOTH

See you around, bitch.

Charlie's head spins. She bounces off people and crashes into Bunker, sending him sprawling. He looks up, a bit dazed.

BUNKER

What happened?

CHARLIE

I'm sorry.

BUNKER

What? Why!?

Charlie runs off, leaving a dumbfounded Bunker oblivious to what just happened.

**TITLE: WEEKS LATER**

EXT. STREET. DAY

An asteroid-sized wrecking ball blasts through the front window of Urinal Vinyl, annihilating everything in its path.

INT. GYM, BOXING RING. SAME

A massive boxing glove whips through the air and connects savagely on Phil's jaw.

INT. URINAL VINYL. DAY

The venomous wrecking ball obliterates row upon row of now-empty record stands, then rips through the sales counter.

INT. SMALL FIGHT VENUE. SAME

Phil unleashes a flurry of punches into his opponent's ribs and head, gaining the upper hand in a vicious fight.

EXT/INT. STREET/MATT'S FLAT. DAY

The unstoppable wrecking ball bursts through a wall, destroying the bathroom. Seconds later the building is nothing but a crumpled heap of smoke-clogged rubble.

INT. SMALL FIGHT VENUE. SAME

Phil whips a sickening upper cut through his opponent's guard, knocking the guy out stone cold.

Ray, Romina, Matt and Maddie cheer hysterically as Phil drops to his knees, making sure his opponent is OK.

INT. BATHROOM, RENTED FLAT. DAY

Matt walks in a toilet and is shocked to hear Emma's voice as he urinates. She has purposefully waited until he starts.

EMMA (O.S.)

Concentrate.

(beat, let's him finish)

This is getting out of hand.

MATT

I don't like being watched.

EMMA

How do you think I feel? You see me dead in a bath. Naked.

MATT

You shouldn't be here. I'm happy.

EMMA

Sometimes the easiest person to fool is yourself.

MATT

You sound like Yoda.

EMMA

I'm serious. If I'm ever going to be forgotten, it needs to be someone memorable.

MATT

I'll never forget you.

EMMA

You'll never forget me, or that you loved me, but trust me, you will forget how much.

Emma's image starts to blur. She smiles lovingly.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Wash your hands and hurry up, idiot!

Matt just stares at her, naked.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Turn around. Even dead girls like a bit of privacy some of the time.

INT. SCHOOL, BIOLOGY LAB ROOM. DAY

Michael endures the juvenile hell which is sex education class FOR PLANTS. Giggling kids nudge each other as a teacher points at the female sex organs of a TULIP.

TEACHER

Plants either self-pollinate or cross-pollinate. Nonflowering plants, like ferns or moss, use other forms of sexual reproduction.

Michael draws a flaming Zeppelin crashing into a CD Emporium store in a notepad. This, sadly, is his only means of escape.

INT. BAR. NIGHT

Matt, Maddie, Ray, Romina and Phil are in a lively bar, loudly drunk, celebrating Phil's victory.

RAY

To Phil. The boxer doctor from Utoxeter.

PHIL

To the other guy!

Everyone raises a glass, drinks and salutes. Matt looks happy, he grabs Phil around the neck and mock-wrestles him.

MATT

I take back what I said about my sister.

Matt releases Phil and grabs Maddie, giving her a huge kiss. He's trying to convince himself and Maddie that they work... he's certainly convinced Charlie, who watches unseen from the other side of the bar, devastated.

A rugged, handsome guy, early 30s, JAKE hands her a drink.

LATER

Matt heads off to the toilets. As he walks through the crowded bar, he spots Charlie, passionately kissing Jake.

Matt walks right by them, close, too close. As he passes, his fingers brush against Charlie. Matt reaches a toilet door, turns back, looks at Charlie and Jake, still kissing.

Matt disappears into the toilet, devastated.

INT. PUB TOILET, DISABLED CUBICLE. LATER

Men urinate, eavesdropping on Matt arguing with a girl in a disabled toilet, although nobody can hear a woman's voice.

INSIDE DISABLED CUBICLE

Emma is upset with Matt, de-briefing his pathetic attempt.

EMMA

I don't give a shit who she was kissing. If it wasn't you, it was the wrong guy.

MATT

It didn't look like the wrong guy. It looked like the right guy. It looked like THE guy.

EMMA

Trust me, it was the wrong guy.

MATT

How can you tell?

EMMA

I can tell because women study body language like men study football or porn.

FLASHBACK: We cut-back to the earlier kiss, a slow-mo shot like a memory replayed in a dream sequence.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Tell me what her pupils are doing?

We zoom in on Charlie's deep fjord blue eyes, dilating.

MATT (V.O.)

Dilating.

EMMA (V.O.)

OK. That happens involuntarily sometimes. What about her neck? Is she tilting it? Any change in colour?

We zoom in on the skin on Charlie's neck, which darkens.

MATT (V.O.)

Yes and yes.

EMMA (V.O.)

She's good. OK. OK. What about her hands? What are they doing?

Charlie's hands are all over Jake.

MATT (V.O.)

(devastated)

I'd say she had her hands full.

The final seconds of the kiss. Charlie pulls away from Jake, smiles, breathing normal, heartbeat unchanged.

EMMA (V.O.)

What about her breathing?

MATT (V.O.)  
She looks happy, relaxed.

EMMA (V.O.)  
Faker! I knew it.

We snap back to Matt, heartbroken and Emma, triumphant.

MATT  
I need to stop this. This is sick.

Emma's form solidifies. She pulls Matt to her, kisses him. It's slow, sensual, almost achingly passionate. We see how much love they shared and lost in that moment. As the kiss finishes and they pull away, both their chests are heaving, both are breathless, like they just ran a marathon.

EMMA  
That's how you kiss someone you love.

This is too strange for Matt. He loses it.

MATT  
I can't do this anymore. Please, just stop...

Matt runs out of the cubicle, trying to escape her voice.

INT. TOILET, SINKS. SAME

Blokes stare at Matt, like he is a total weirdo. Some visibly move away from him as he splashes water on his face at a sink. But now Emma's voice is loud and insistent, everywhere.

EMMA (O.S.)  
You think I want to do this? I'm supposed to be resting in peace. In heaven. Dead. Not studying women's necks and lips. Newsflash! This isn't fun for me either.

Matt looks at his reflection. He is alone, no Emma.

MATT  
I'm going to make this stop.

BLOKE  
Shit, mate, you must be tripping something stupid.

EXT. ROW OF GARAGE/STORAGE SHEDS. DAY

Matt opens a garage door, enters a garage/storage area. He grabs some old tea chests and fills them with every memento he has kept of Emma - easels, paintings, sculptures.

INT. BANK, SERVICE COUNTER. DAY

Matt is with a cashier, leaning over a counter.

MATT

My business account, last Thursday.

The cashier checks the account.

CASHIER

You paid in 22 thousand, two hundred and thirty eight pounds.

MATT

I'd like to withdraw all of it.

CASHIER

We don't keep that kind of money in the branch. It'll have to be a banker's draft.

MATT

Fine.

CASHIER

Who'd you want it made out to?

MATT

Leave that blank, I'll fill that in later.

EXT/INT. MENINGITIS TRUST CHARITY SHOP. DAY

Matt dumps the tea chests full of Emma's artwork/sculptures outside a charity shop. He takes a prize canvas inside and offers it to a rather sour-faced volunteer behind a counter.

MATT

My girlfriend painted this before she left me. I need to get rid of it, and all that shit outside, before I get rid of her.

VOLUNTEER

Doesn't she want to take it with her?

MATT

I couldn't fit it in the coffin.

The volunteer looks shocked.

MATT (CONT'D)

That came out wrong.

VOLUNTEER

(nervous)

It's... lovely. Sorry.

Matt writes MENINGITIS TRUST on the banker's draft, which is made out for \$22,238 - all the proceeds from the charity gig. He hands it to the charity worker with a relieved smile.

MATT

If you get rid of all that stuff outside for me, you can bank that.

EXT. STREET. DAY

Matt walks hand-in-hand with Maddie. She lights a cigarette. Matt pulls it out of her mouth and throws it away.

MADDIE

Killjoy.

They pass a CD Emporium, right where Urinal Vinyl once was. A wave of sadness washes over Matt, made worse when he spots Goth working in the soulless CD franchise.

MADDIE (CONT'D)

Go talk to her. Smooth things out.

MATT

(unconvincing)

Ancient history.

MADDIE

She'll listen.

MATT

She's getting on with her life. I should get on with mine.

INT. BAR. NIGHT

Matt and Maddie get drunk in a bar (not O'Malley's).

INT. APARTMENT. LATER

Maddie is like a wild, crazy, sex-craved animal, playfully hunting Matt. She drives her prey towards the bathroom. Matt starts to panic.

MATT

Not the bathroom.

INT. BRITTANY'S APARTMENT. MORNING

Brittany walks into a bedroom and flings curtains open, streaking brilliant sunshine onto a very hungover Charlie.

BRITTANY

Good night?

CHARLIE

Everything hurts too much to remember. You mind creating a solar eclipse, so I can die in peace?

BRITTANY

Sooner or later, you need to have sex with him.

CHARLIE

Why?

BRITTANY

Oh, I don't know Charlie. Maybe it'll stop you mopin' around and stinking out my spare room. Not to mention it might stop you spying on people who will most probably have nothing to do with you for the rest of their lives.

CHARLIE

I don't stink.

BRITTANY

You smell like a brewery. Sleep with him and get it over with.

CHARLIE

It's not that easy.

BRITTANY

It is, if you want it to be. Close your eyes and think of Nick Kamen. That's what I do.

Brittany sadistically opens the curtains further.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

Tommy'll be here in ten minutes.

INT. APARTMENT. LATER

Tommy breezes in late. Brittany, eating toast, feigns annoyance, which aggravates Tommy. He snatches the toast.

BRITTANY

You're late.

TOMMY

Great to see you too, Mum.

Tommy spots Charlie and his mood sours even more.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Shit you doing here, Peanut?

Tommy looks to Brittany for answers.

BRITTANY

It's just temporary. Don't say  
shit.

TOMMY

Well, aren't we one big,  
dysfunctional, guilt-ridden happy  
family? You coming too, Peanut?

CHARLIE

Stop calling me that.

TOMMY

Sorry, Peanut.

EXT. RIVERBANK. DAY

Michael and Christy float hand in hand along a river path.

CHRISTY

I got a friend putting on a fashion  
show tomorrow, you wanna help me  
choose some outfits?

MICHAEL

I have to be back at school in 30  
minutes.

CHRISTY

I thought your name was Bunker?

MICHAEL

It's Michael. That chapter of my  
life has already been written.

CHRISTY

If you don't bunk off with me, help  
me choose clothes, you, Michael  
Turner, can call the next chapter,  
the Celibate Years, 1985-1987.

INT. CHARITY SHOP. DAY

Bunker watches as Christy tries on clothes in a charity shop  
cubicle. She purposefully leaves a gap so he can see her  
change. She looks a million dollars in second-hand clothes.

CHRISTY

How do I look?

BUNKER

Great.

Christy goes through multiple changes, having fun. Bunker feels his hormones bubbling over like Mount Vesuvius.

He needs a distraction, so he walks around the shop. Bunker spots Emma's artwork - all of it, most of it in tea chests. Bunker runs back to a changing cubicle, pokes his head in.

BUNKER (CONT'D)

I know how to make things better.  
How to make them the same again.

Christy flirtatiously covers herself up with her hands.

CHRISTY

Is it urgent?

BUNKER

Life and death.

CHRISTY

Is it more important than me in my underwear, bearing in mind I have to go back to New York in two weeks?

BUNKER

No.

Christy pulls Bunker into the cubicle and pulls a curtain across the entrance.

EXT. APARTMENT. DAY

Bunker knocks at Charlie's apartment, then waits. And waits. Finally a middle-aged man answers.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

I help you, kid?

BUNKER

I'm looking for Charlie.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Charlie?

BUNKER

Blond. Pretty. In love with Matt.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

(chuckling)  
Lucky man.

(MORE)

MIDDLE-AGED MAN (CONT'D)

I think she moved in with her  
sister or brother or something.

INT. PHONE BOOTH. DAY

Bunker works his way through every BLAIR in the directory.  
Wrong number after wrong number. Bunker keeps trying.

BUNKER

Can I speak to Charlie please?/I  
speak to Charlie?/Is Charlie there?

INT. SWEET SHOP. LATER

Bunker buys a Dr. Pepper and pays a cashier with a \$5 bill.

BUNKER

Can I have the change in quarters?

INT. RED PHONE BOX. DAY

Bunker pushes in another coin and keeps slogging through the  
directory. He's running out of change.

BUNKER

Can I speak to Charlie  
please?/Charlie?/You don't happen  
to have a Charlie Blair living  
there, do you?

Another wrong number. Bunker dials a number he knows.

BUNKER (CONT'D)

Hi, soulmate. How was the girl on  
film?

INT. HOSPITAL. DAY

A painful wait in a quiet room. Tommy stares at Charlie,  
giving her the silent treatment. Charlie studies a magazine  
article. Uncomfortable with the silence, she blurts out...

CHARLIE

It says here, according to a recent  
study by the University of Iowa,  
that "a facial scar, preferably one  
that looks like it was inflicted in  
anger, increases men's  
attractiveness to woman looking for  
a short-term relationship".

Tommy can't believe he heard that. As a nurse calls his name  
he smiles venomously at Charlie, all cold eyes and teeth.

TOMMY

You should feel proud of yourself,  
you did me a real big favour then,  
Auntie.

The put-down stings. Charlie heroically waits for Tommy to round a corner before showing just how much.

CHARLIE

If ignorant both of your enemy and  
yourself, you are certain to be in  
peril.

BRITTANY

Sun Tzu say anything about when to  
open your mouth and when to keep it  
firmly shut?

INT. CAR. DAY

A painful, silent journey home from the hospital, Brittany driving, Charlie and Tommy in the back. After a while, Tommy gently takes Charlie's hand. Gives it the smallest squeeze.

INT. PHONE BOX. DAY

An hour later... maybe even two. Bunker and Christy are still on the phone, same conversation. Kids in love, eh?

BUNKER

Gotta go. Save that thought until  
I'm legally old enough to attempt  
it. Call you tonight.

Bunker nudges a hard-on aside then gets back to the list.

BUNKER (CONT'D)

Charlie Blair there?

BRITTANY (O.S.)

She just got back from the  
hospital. Can I take a message?

Bunker slams the phone down, underlines an address, then rips the page out of a directory. He has to wait three minutes before his hard-on subsides so he can leave the phone box.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

Bunker waits outside Brittany's place. He spies Brittany and Tommy leaving. Later, Charlie arrives, holding hands with Jake, happy. Heroically, Bunker walks up and confronts them.

BUNKER

You're with the wrong guy.

JAKE

I know you like them young, but  
this is ridiculous.

CHARLIE

Bunker...

BUNKER

You belong together.

CHARLIE

I'm with Jake now.

Bunker looks deflated, then Jake speaks, patronizingly.

JAKE

It's getting late, shouldn't you be  
at home, little man.

BUNKER

I had phone sex with my supermodel  
girlfriend, today. I think I'm big  
enough to be out past six.

Charlie looks at Jake, disapproval in her eyes.

CHARLIE

(changing the subject)  
How's it going with Goth?

Bunker puts a hand on his stomach.

BUNKER

I had butterflies on toast, she  
didn't.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry.

BUNKER

Don't be. It was a sex thing. I'm  
with Christy, my soulmate, now.

Bunker walks off, then turns back.

BUNKER (CONT'D)

Things change, you know where to  
find me.

INT. APARTMENT. LATER

Charlie and Jake, with his eyes closed, sprawl on a sofa,  
legs intertwined. Charlie studies him. He's gorgeous. She  
puts a hand on her stomach and presses lightly. Nothing.

CHARLIE  
(resignedly)  
Shit.

EXT. BUNKER'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Charlie knocks at Bunker's house. His step-father answers.

CHARLIE  
Is Bunker in?

INT. BUNKER'S HOUSE. SAME

As the step-father leads Charlie up some stairs...

STEP FATHER  
You better knock. Sometimes he can  
be a little... busy.

Charlie knocks on the door and Bunker answers immediately.

BUNKER  
I can't believe you said that.

INSIDE BUNKER'S LAIR

CHARLIE  
I suppose you have a plan?

INT. PRINT SHOP. DAY

Charlie runs off a load of leaflets on a copier.

EXT. CHARITY SHOP. DAY

Charlie strolls into the charity shop, a woman on a mission.  
The walls are covered in Emma's artwork.

CHARLIE  
(pointing at the artwork)  
A guy came in a good while back and  
donated that stuff. It was a  
mistake. I need to buy back  
everything he gave you.

WORKER  
Impossible. We sold a painting.

CHARLIE  
Shit! Any idea who to?

WORKER  
(shouts to a colleague in  
a back room)  
(MORE)

WORKER (CONT'D)

Any idea who bought the gun and  
heart painting?

CO-WORKER

Dillon.

CHARLIE

Dillon?

WORKER

Lives up on Southview.

CHARLIE

Any idea what he looks like?

WORKER

(shouts back again)

Any idea what he looks like?

CO-WORKER

Fat, bald, ugly. A bit like your  
husband.

EXT. ART GALLERY. DAY

Charlie enters the art gallery and approaches Bunker's Mum.

EXT. SOUTHVIEW. DAY

Charlie spots a fat, bald ugly guy going into a house.

CHARLIE

Are you Dillon?

DILLON

Yep.

EXT. RUNDOWN HOUSE. DAY

Charlie and Dillon enter a rundown house.

DILLON

Must be very important, you want it  
so badly.

CHARLIE

Sentimental value.

DILLON

Sentimental value, the most  
expensive kind.

They enter in silence, Dillon can't help but eye up Charlie.

DILLON (CONT'D)  
You got a boyfriend?

CHARLIE  
No.

DILLON  
Both art lovers, both single. We  
got a lot in common.

They share an innocent laugh.

INT. RUNDOWN HOUSE. LATER

Dillon leads Charlie into a squalid living room, where the walls are covered in cheap mismatched pictures in frames.

Dillon points out the GUN SHOOTING A HEART picture.

DILLON  
That's the one. Knew it was worth  
something, moment I clocked eyes on  
it. Got a nose for art.

CHARLIE  
How much do you want?

DILLON  
That depends on how much  
sentimental value it has to you,  
lassy.

After much haggling...

DILLON (CONT'D)  
Four hundred.

CHARLIE  
Two.

DILLON  
Three and I'll throw in dinner.

Reluctantly, Charlie hands over \$400, passes on dinner.

EXT. HOSPITAL. DAY

Charlie catches Phil by the entrance. He doesn't even give her the courtesy of stopping, so she has to walk to talk.

CHARLIE  
I need to talk about Matt.

PHIL

You might as well save your breath.  
Nothing you have to say will change  
my opinion about you.

CHARLIE

I don't care about your opinion of  
me. I care about Matt.

PHIL

You have a strange way of showing  
it.

Charlie jumps in front of Phil, making him stop.

CHARLIE

Is he happy? Tell me he is and I'll  
leave you alone.

PHIL

He's happy.

CHARLIE

He told you that? Those words.

PHIL

Verbatim.

CHARLIE

I don't believe you.

Phil shrugs, pushes Charlie out of the way and walks off.

PHIL

Like I said, I don't really give a  
toss, so...

(trying for a rise)

... unless you have a physical,  
rather than mental problem, I  
suggest you stop harassing me or  
I'll have security throw your cute  
little body out of my hospital.

Charlie doesn't take the bait. She simply shoves a flyer in  
the chest pocket of his doctor's coat and walks off.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry I wasted your time. And  
thanks for the compliment.

EXT. RAY'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Charlie knocks, waits. Ray answers and like Phil he's less  
than happy to see her. Ray uses fewer words to let her know.

RAY

Fuck off!

He slams the door in her face. Charlie shoves a flyer through a letter box, shouts.

CHARLIE

It starts at eight. Bring Matt.

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Ray slumps down on a sofa beside Romina who celebrates a Brazilian goal from the 1970 World Cup. He watches her, a momentary distraction, then turns the flyer over in his hand.

ROMINA

Who was that?

RAY

Charlie.

ROMINA

What could she possibly want?

RAY

Matt.

INT. CD EMPORIUM. DAY

Charlie marches up to Goth, who is wearing even more black war-paint than ever, and shoves a flyer on the counter.

CHARLIE

I really think you should be there.

EXT. STREET. DAY

A throng of people gather outside an art gallery. Above their heads is a banner 'THE ART OF LOVE AND WAR by EMMA CLAY'

INT. ART GALLERY. SAME

Hip twenty-somethings drink champagne and ponder Emma's artwork. A few canvasses have SOLD signs on them.

Bunker, holding hands with Christy, spots Goth gazing up at a picture of a gun shooting a heart. It has a \$4,000 price tag on it, with a pre-sold sign marked with a number 6 on it.

Bunker gives Christy a kiss, she squeezes his hand.

BUNKER

Give me a minute, my future wife.

Bunker joins Goth. They stand in silence, admiring the art.

BUNKER (CONT'D)

You always did like this one.

GOTH

She paints how I feel.

He shoves a receipt with a number 6 on it into her hand.

BUNKER

Maybe now, you'll remember me.

And with that he walks off and takes Christy's hand back.

EXT. PIER WALKWAY. NIGHT

Charlie strolls on the pier in a dull yellow dress and Dr. Martins. She looks equal-parts stunning and apprehensive.

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Ray sits on a sofa, torn, turning a flyer with a GUN SHOOTING A HEART logo on it, over and over. Romina comes up behind him, wraps her legs around him and kisses him tenderly.

ROMINA

It's his choice, not yours.

EXT. MATT'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Ray knocks and waits, fidgeting nervously with the flyer. Finally Matt answers. Ray looks at the floor then at Matt.

RAY

Amigo.

MATT

Hombre. What's up?

RAY

You happy?

MATT

Yeah. Sure. Why?

RAY

I mean real happy. Led Zep's fourth album happy?

MATT

She's not pregnant already?

RAY

No. No! Shit, I hope not. No. Why, she said something to you?

MATT

No.

A long, painful silence, this conversation is going nowhere.

RAY

Shit, I'm crap at this.

Ray hands the flyer to Matt and turns to leave.

RAY (CONT'D)

I can't believe I'm saying this,  
but if it was up to me, I'd go.

INT. BATHROOM. LATER

Matt, in shock, stumbles into the bathroom. He slumps down on a toilet seat and holds his head in his hands.

MATT

Emma? Emma!? We need to talk.

Silence.

MATT (CONT'D)

Doesn't desert me Emma. You caused  
this.

Then, one final time, Emma appears. She takes the flyer from Matt's trembling hand. He can't meet her gaze.

EMMA

I like the name.

MATT

You said we don't need any of them.  
Just you and me, that's all we  
need. You said that.

EMMA

I've moved on. You should do too.

MATT

Well maybe I don't want to.  
Factored that equation into your  
grand scene of things?

EMMA

You wouldn't be so upset if that  
was true.

MATT

Why are you so certain she's the  
right one? She tried to destroy me.

EMMA

I'm certain because you are. No matter how much it hurts, you need to admit that to yourself and let me go.

Matt closes his eyes, finally accepting the truth. When he looks up Emma is gone and a flyer drifts lazily to the floor.

EXT. MADDIE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Matt knocks and waits. Maddie answers, teary eyed.

MADDIE

I quit smoking.

Matt looks away, her pain is hard for him to see.

MADDIE (CONT'D)

We're good together. We work. We can work.

(beat)

You want to finish with me, you're going to have to do it. I won't.

MATT

When I look at you, I see the prettiest, kindest, sexiest, most self-assured woman I know. I just don't see us.

MADDIE

Wow. You even make breaking up make we want to have sex with you.

INT. ART GALLERY. SAME

Brittany drags a bored Tommy around the gallery. His face looks much better, the reconstructive surgery covering a lot of scar tissue. Tommy, now with an air of confidence, looks for a cocktail waitress, then Wham! He spots Goth.

EXT. ART GALLERY. LATER

Matt walks up to the entrance and looks through the window at Emma's art, finally able to admire the beauty of it without wanting to burn it on a funeral pyre.

INT. ART GALLERY. SAME

Matt plucks up the courage to enter. Once inside, he stands rooted to a spot, overwhelmed by emotion and pride. Then a wave of happiness washes over him.

MATT

Goodbye, Emma.

He grabs a drink off a waitress and looks around. He spots Goth flirting with Tommy, Brittany being chatted up and Bunker snogging Christy. The world is a better place.

After a while, Bunker comes up for breath and spots Matt.

BUNKER

She wasn't sure if you'd come.

MATT

Neither was I. Where is she?

BUNKER

She said something about the second best view in Scotland.

EXT. PIER WALKWAY. NIGHT

Matt buys greasy hamburgers from a vendor and joins Charlie gazing out over the ocean. He sits beside her. She hands him a beer and he hands her a hamburger.

As he does, his arm brushes her skin. A long beautiful silence.

CHARLIE

I was going to hunt some white label. You fancy coming along for the ride?

INT. O'MALLEY'S BAR. NIGHT

Matt leads Charlie up to the bar, smiling warmly at O'Malley, who beams back a huge grin from a clean-shaven face. O'Malley pours three tequila shots and lifts one to his lips.

O'Malley slams his shot down and grimaces.

O'MALLEY

The story continues, thank the Lord!

Leaning towards Charlie, smiling, heartfelt joy on his face.

O'MALLEY (CONT'D)

Don't die on him. I don't know you well enough to shave for you yet.

INT. LIZARD LOUNGE. NIGHT

A dark, dingy, cool live-band bar. An unknown band belts out as-yet-unheard-of hits. The lead singer grabs white label singles and throws them off stage.

CHARLIE

If you loved me, you'd get me one of those.

Matt dives headfirst into the crowd, fighting like a man possessed to get his hands on a record.

AT THE BAR LATER

Charlie holds up for inspection a dirty, footprint-marked record sleeve with a smashed up white label inside.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

It's the thought that counts.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

Matt and Charlie walk down the street hand-in-hand, like a couple of star-struck lovers.

CHARLIE

Now that I'm not a novice anymore, what's the fourth stage?

INT. MATT'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Matt and Charlie rip each other's clothes off, then, well you can guess the rest.

TITLE: 3 MONTHS LATER

INT. URINAL VINYL 2. DAY

A sprawling record store, complete with a majestic oversized urinal in the middle. Goth, Bunker and Ray are behind the counter serving customers.

MATT

(to Bunker)

Mastered the trans-continental phone relationship thing yet?

BUNKER

My step-dad has an off-putting habit of entering my room unannounced.

RAY

No bone on the phone. Classic.

GOTH

The trials and tribulations of a long distance relationship, you'll get used to it.

BUNKER

She's back in two months, shooting a Duran Duran video. We'll consummate our union then.

Charlie, in the background, suddenly puts a hand over her mouth. She sprints up to the toilet, in the middle of the store, and vomits loudly, unable to hold it back.

GOTH

First time I ever saw it used for that.

INT. HOSPITAL. DAY

Phil puts an ultrasound scanner on Charlie's belly.

PHIL

Twins, one of each if I'm not mistaken.

Charlie looks lovingly at Matt, squeezes his hand and smiles.

GOTH

Sid and Nancy.

BUNKER

Sonny and Cher.

RAY

Ike and Tina.

Everyone looks at Ray, unimpressed.

CHARLIE

Emma. Her name is going to be Emma.

RAY

You need a strong name for a boy. How about Ray Archibald Clay?

BUNKER

Cool kids aren't called Ray Archibald Clay. You might as well call him Horatio Golden Bollocks!

MATT

Jimmy, Robert, John Clay.

CHARLIE

Led Zeppelin!

Everyone laughs. Matt kisses Charlie, she truly is the ONE.

RAY

May the Rock Gods have mercy on  
their musical souls.

FADE TO BLACK.