

1

EXT. VILLAGE GREEN - DAY

1

A boy's face. There's a thumbprint of paint on the lens of his glasses. He cleans them, then puts them back on. We see his expression, fixed in rapt awe on the pale pink sky. We circle around him as he starts out in a slow jog, the sun rising around him, crowning him in golden light.

This is Eli.

He picks up into a run and we follow him -each footfall on fallen leaves, each breath evaporating into the wind- as the titles appear on the screen.

Eventually, he reaches the green. Moving towards a house, he removes an easel and set of paints already left there, ready for him. He sets them up on the green and begins to paint.

We watch as the painting begins to come together, almost in time to the music - something classical, but subtle, inspirational - a symphony of colours assembling themselves in swirls and dots and stars, each tender brush stroke, till it forms-

A sunrise. Exquisite, beautiful, finely painted. Eli looks almost like he's going to sign it. There's a brief pause as he studies what he has created, then he stands, picking up a bucket of red paint, and throws it on the painting. The paint covers it, hiding the painting below. Peacefully self-destructive. Satisfied, Eli waits a few moments, shakes it off, and carries it inside the house.

CUT TO:

2

INT. GEORGE'S KITCHEN DAY

2

GEORGE is making pancakes. IZZY is hugging him from behind. It's so sweet you could vomit. Eli walks in, carrying the painting.

IZZY

Hey, Eli. Sleep okay?

ELI

Yeah, alright thanks.

This is a lie.

GEORGE

Is that new?

He gestures to the painting.

(CONTINUED)

ELI
Yeah, it's still drying.

GEORGE
Got a name?

ELI
It's called... A Son Rises In
Anger...

Beat. Blank faces will him to continue as he sets up the easel against the wall.

ELI
(CONT'D)
It's kind of a thought experiment
about stuff like Palmyra- You know,
that city Daesh tore down- and all
that stuff we've found out recently
about old canvases with x-rays. The
way artists painted over their own
work and everything we've just-

He turns around and sees the politely uninterested expressions of his friends.

ELI
(CONT'D)
I'm boring you, aren't I?

Beat.

IZZY
(Yawning)
No. It's very interesting.

GEORGE
I'm just worried we might not...
you know, appreciate it enough. Or
understand it. At all.

ELI
Oh, that's okay. I can explain it.

IZZY
It's fine, really...

ELI
(Absurdly excited)
No wait, stay there, I'll get my
laptop! I have a powerpoint!

CUT TO:

3

INT. SPARE BEDROOM - DAY

3

SEB is lying in bed next to SOPHIA. Sophia is reading a PHILOSOPHY BOOK whilst Seb flicks through his timeline on his PHONE. The room is dark all but for a glimmer of sunlight streaming through the window.

SOPHIA
What time is it?

SEB
Ten.

SOPHIA
Oh, that's not too bad.

Beat. She groans.

SOPHIA
(CONT'D)
I feel awful.

SEB
That's because you're a
lightweight, dear.

SOPHIA
I'm an intellectual.

Seb gets up and goes to join the others in the main room.

SOPHIA
(CONT'D)
I really love you, you know?

Seb turns around.

SEB
I know.

Beat. He grins.

SEB
(CONT'D)
I love you too.

SOPHIA
That's more like it. None of that
Han Solo crap, sunshine.

Sophia giggles.

(CONTINUED)

SEB
 (Impersonating Han Solo)
 Laugh it up, fuzzball.

Sophia's giggle turns into a short laugh. She gets up to join Seb, going to kiss him before pausing-

SOPHIA
 Oh, you have a bit of...

She gestures to Seb's nostril where remnants of a white powder lie. Seb rubs it off, kissing Sophia quickly, then they both walk into the next room.

CUT TO:

4

INT. GEORGE'S KITCHEN DAY

4

Izzy and George are sat around the kitchen table. Eli's laptop, with a powerpoint set up on it, is on the table. Eli is stood next to it, explaining.

ELI
 So you see, it's a statement on poverty and art. But also a reaction against conventional models of beauty and an investigation into the way violence obscures the world, both with economic and self-inflicted violence in the original X-Ray paintings, and artificially, like here, and generally, like in war.

Beat.

IZZY
 Still don't get it.

GEORGE
 No, I really don't get what this means.

IZZY
 Isn't it a bit of a waste of a... What are those things called? A weasel? A canvas, that's it!

GEORGE
 Are you sure you're not overthinking this? I think you might be overthinking this.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

IZZY
Yeah, sorry.

ELI
It's fine.

IZZY
It's very good.

GEORGE
Yeah, it's excellent.

Enter Seb and Sophia.

SEB
Is this Eli's latest abomination
against God and man? Jesus fuck,
Hirst, what is this?

SOPHIA
Oh, that's very good, Eli. You can
see the brush work on the edges
here. Marvellous. What's
underneath?

ELI
(Unenthused)
Pastoral scene. Very pretty.

SOPHIA
Interesting artistic phase you're
in now. A lot of-

SEB
Yes, thank you Sophia, fascinating.
George, have you made breakfast?

GEORGE
Why do you always assume I've made
breakfast?

SEB
Have you made breakfast?

Beat.

GEORGE
Yes.

SOPHIA
Thank you, George.

Seb sits down and puts his feet up on the table.

(CONTINUED)

SOPHIA
(CONT'D)
How was your run, Eli?

ELI
Lovely. Very inspiring.

SEB
You get up too early, darling.

IZZY
Anyone ever told you that you're a
bit of a dick, Seb?

SEB
Yes but I also exude charisma,
hence why you love me.

GEORGE
I don't know how you put up with
him, Soph...

ELI
(To Seb)
I don't need much sleep. Plus, I
never really get hangovers.

SOPHIA
(Under her breath)
Lucky bastard.

GEORGE
It's probably that Russian blood
you get from your mum. Or... wait,
is it your dad that's Russian?

ELI
My dad's french.

Beat.

ELI
(CONT'D)
Mum's from Croydon.

SEB
Well *that* would explain it then.
When's your dad getting back,
George?

GEORGE
I don't know. Not for a few days, I
think. Yours?

(CONTINUED)

SEB

I'll see if he can tear himself away from his new girlfriend before I'm shipped back off to boarding school.

ELI

How very Dickensian.

SEB

The new one used to be a lap dancer, which is nice.

SOPHIA

Not that there's anything wrong with that.

SEB

Not that there's anything wrong with that, but still.

Beat.

SEB

(CONT'D)

It'd be nice if he dated someone who was older than me for once. What about yours, Eli?

ELI

There's a big sales report coming out next week. Mum and Dad are too busy to get down from London. They say they'll come visit me once we're all back at Saint Ives.

IZZY

What's he Patron Saint of?

SEB

Who?

IZZY

Ives.

SEB

I don't know. Google him.

Izzy gets her phone out and starts Googling Saint Ives.

SOPHIA

You know, Freud would say that's why you're gay.

(CONTINUED)

ELI

What?

SOPHIA

Abandonment by your father. Freud was very into that theory of homosexuality.

ELI

Well if that's what made me gay, then Seb must be too.

Long pause.

IZZY

Lawyers.

ELI

Huh?

IZZY

Saint Ives. Patron Saint of Lawyers.

SEB

Probably divorce lawyers, given it's a boarding school.

IZZY

I don't get it.

SEB

You wouldn't.

He winks.

IZZY

It's like the riddle though, isn't it?

ELI

What riddle?

IZZY

As I was going to Saint Ives
I met a man with seven wives.
And each wife had seven kids,
And each kid had seven sacks.
And in each sack was seven cats,

(CONTINUED)

And each cat had seven kits.
 Kits, cats, sacks, kids and wives,
 How many were going to Saint Ives?

Everyone looks at each other, slightly weirded out by Izzy's perfect recitation of the riddle. George walks into the kitchen and Eli starts gathering his paints.

ELI
 I'm going to go paint for a bit.
 See you all later.

Eli exits. George starts looking through cupboards.

GEORGE
 Does anyone know what happened to
 the icing sugar?

A panicked look of realisation from Seb, wiping his nostril, a "Not again" look from Sophia.

GEORGE
 (CONT'D)
 I wanted to make cupcakes.

CUT TO:

5 INT. ELI'S ROOM - DAY

5

ELI fades into view. He's almost out of focus as he stares at something just beyond us. He raises his earphones - we can hear the tinny music - to his ears and puts them in. The music subsumes and drowns us as we follow the motion of the paintbrush. We watch him slowly dip the tip of the brush into the small lump of paint on his pallet, moving it like a conductor would his baton, each detail rising and falling in time to the music. Just as the music reaches the climax, Eli gently presses the brush to the canvas.

SMASH CUT TO:

A little way away from Eli, just outside the door. It's later now. Mid-afternoon, that terrible, awful time of day where productivity and self-belief go to die. Four or five o'clock. He's sat, trance like, on his phone. The canvas is blank. Well, almost...

A single dot of red on the canvas. Tiny, almost imperceptible. Sophia enters.

(CONTINUED)

SOPHIA
You not going to finish that?

ELI
It is finished.

SOPHIA
It's blank.

Without looking up from his phone, Eli gestures to the dot.

SOPHIA
(CONT'D)
That can't seriously be it. Do I
need to have an intervention?

Eli gets up and signs the painting.

SOPHIA
(CONT'D)
What's it called?

ELI
'Ennui'. Or maybe 'Indecision'. I
haven't decided.

Sophia laughs and Eli can't help but join in. The tension
dissipates. The room brightens.

ELI
(CONT'D)
How've you been?

SOPHIA
Fine, I'm fine. Seb's being
difficult again.

ELI
Yeah, well, he does that. You knew
what you were getting into when you
started dating him.

SOPHIA
I have made my bed and now I must
lie in it.

ELI
You're infected with that strangely
addictive disease of his. Seb-itis.

SOPHIA
You've known him longer than me.

(CONTINUED)

ELI

That is true. I am Patient Zero.

SOPHIA

Has he always been like this?

ELI

Like what?

SOPHIA

Over-dramatic, irritating, truly
astounding levels of commitment
issues...

ELI

Oh yeah, he always had those.
Believe me.

SOPHIA

I thought he must. It couldn't have
all been caused by boarding school.

ELI

Saint Ives: Like Hogwarts, but with
abandonment issues.

SOPHIA

Does that make Seb's parents the
Dursleys?

ELI

Or it makes him the Chosen One.

SOPHIA

Oh god, that's terrifying.

ELI

Yeah, I think I've freaked myself
out a bit with that.

Beat.

ELI

(CONT'D)

He's a sweet guy, sometimes.

SOPHIA

Yeah, he is. I do love him, despite
his difficulties. He brings a
certain light with him.

(CONTINUED)

ELI
Yeah.

Beat.

ELI
(CONT'D)
I remember what that was like.

Seb enters, somewhat dramatically.

SEB
(Like he's on stage)
What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis, whose
phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and
makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This
is I,
Sebastian The Dane!

ELI
The devil take thy soul.

SOPHIA
And on that note...

Sophia kisses Seb before exiting. Eli looks away slightly, avoiding eye contact.

ELI
What's up, Seb?

SEB
I've been making a list of
Communist dictators I would have
sex with.

ELI
Again?

SEB
Stalin is obviously top of the
list. Young Stalin was one fine
piece of Soviet ass.

(CONTINUED)

ELI

I've always thought Trotsky was hotter than Stalin.

SEB

That's because you're in idiot, Eli, with no judgement in men.

ELI

I'm the gay one?

SEB

And yet you've never gone after this-

(Gesturing to himself)

- beautiful specimen? Not even once, Eli. As I said, terrible taste. Oh, and Trotsky wasn't even a dictator, you revisionist, bourgeoisie scum.

Beat.

SEB

(CONT'D)

Having said all that, I need someone to help me decide, so:

(Producing two photos with a magician's flourish)

Castro or Mau?

CUT TO:

6 INT. GEORGE'S ROOM - DAY

6

Music. Somber. Hypnotic. Halfway between a funeral and a drug overdose. George is staring at the black screen of his phone. Enter Izzy.

IZZY

You alright?

George throws up.

IZZY

What the fuck, George? What's wrong?

GEORGE

Just... the hangover.

(CONTINUED)

IZZY
That's a lie, what's wrong?

Beat.

GEORGE
My dad's been arrested.

IZZY
What? Why?

GEORGE
Embezzlement. Tax fraud. The whole
fucking kit and caboodle.

He laughs.

IZZY
Oh God. George... How did you-

GEORGE
The police called me. Jesus Christ.

IZZY
It's all going to be okay. Do they-

GEORGE
He's going to admit it. Plead
guilty. Fucking hell-

IZZY
Just stay calm.

GEORGE
I AM CALM.

Izzy flinches. *Beat.*

GEORGE
(CONT'D)
Mum's going to fly in from New York
on Sunday. We're going to lose the
house.

IZZY
Don't think about that. Focus on
the here and now. What do we do?

GEORGE
There's nothing we can do. My
family's ruined, Izzy.

IZZY

Do you want to tell the others?

GEORGE

No! No, we can't. I can't...

SOPHIA

(O.S.)

George. You're going to want to see this.

CUT TO:

7

INT. NEWS ROOM & GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

7

A blonde reporter sits at a desk in the news room. Breaking News flashes across the bottom of the screen.

NEWS REPORTER

Our top story tonight.

We slowly zoom out as she talks, taking in the whole room, and the back of everybody stood around watching the TV.

NEWS REPORTER

(CONT'D)

The arrest of Damien Mayling, the owner of private security company NJ7, who has been accused of embezzlement, tax avoidance, and corporate malpractice. It's also claimed he was aware of human rights breaches at NJ7 detention facilities, and did nothing to stop it. I'm joined in the studio by Opposition Spokesman George Aylett, to discuss the scandal which is being called 'The greatest financial crime since Enron.' So, what do you think George-

George switches off the TV. *Beat.*

SEB

Your dad's trending on Twitter. Which'd be quite cool, under other circumstances.

GEORGE

I need a drink. There's some stuff in the cellar.

(CONTINUED)

IZZY

I don't think we're meant to-

GEORGE

Well it's all going to be sold off anyway. Might as well drink it now, before somebody else does.

Izzy exits. *Beat.*

GEORGE

Fuck it.

SOPHIA

What?

GEORGE

Fuck it. Let's have a party.

ELI

What do you mean?

GEORGE

Let's wreck the place, burn it all to the ground.

SEB

George...

GEORGE

DON'T YOU FUCKING LECTURE ME, SEBASTIAN. DON'T YOU FUCKING DARE.

SEB

Mate, it's going to be-

GEORGE

It's the end of the world. It's the end of my world. Of this world.

SOPHIA

Grow up.

Beat.

SEB

No, screw it. A party might be fun, right?

Izzy re-enters, carrying a bottle. Seb takes it and pours everyone a glass.

(CONTINUED)

SEB
(CONT'D)

Let's have a party. Carpe Diem, right? A little party to celebrate our time together, while we can. A little... Goodbye bash, hey? That'll be fun, won't it? We can invite Izzy's friends from state school, they'll be amusing. Come on, let's drink to it.

He raises his glass.

SEB
(CONT'D)

Vox populi vox *fucking* Dei.

He drinks. Izzy picks up her glass and drinks. Sophia picks up her glass and drinks. Eli, the same. George picks up the bottle. Time almost slows as the alcohol is consumed, almost going out of focus. The red liquid bleeds across the screen. From somewhere far away, children can be heard playing.

FADE TO:

8 INT. GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

8

The red of the alcohol bleeds into the red of a painting. We zoom out to see Eli, brush in hand. Seb is sat watching him. Eli pauses.

SEB
What's wrong?

ELI
Nothing. It's just... not flowing.

SEB
How so?

ELI
It's... stilted. Staccato. Not wrong, just... Not what I want.

SEB
What do you want?

Eli looks at Seb. George enters. His eyes are red.

GEORGE
You two wanna come help get things ready for the party?

(CONTINUED)

ELI

I'll just finish this bit of the painting, then I'll come through.

George looks to Seb.

SEB

I can't go till he's finished. I'm his muse.

Seb drapes an arm over Eli.

GEORGE

Screw you, Seb.

Seb blows a kiss mockingly. George sighs and walks out.

ELI

What do you think will happen to him?

SEB

I don't know. I don't like not knowing. Especially when it comes to the very select few people I call friends.

ELI

How select is this group?

SEB

Well, as ever I remain my own best friend. And then there's you four.

ELI

Me, Sophia, George and... Izzy? Izzy's part of your select few?

SEB

Of course! She's nice girl, I like her. She may be new, but she's alright. Don't tell her I said that though.

ELI

Sebastian Monroe has a heart. Who'd have thought it.

Beat.

SEB

It's a shame, I liked him. Damien was a far better father to George

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SEB (cont'd)
than either of our dads have been
to us.

ELI
He's not going to jail for his
parenting, he's going to jail for
stealing a shitload of money from
people.

SEB
Swings and roundabouts... What do
you think will happen to us?

ELI
Why would it change anything
between us?

SEB
No, not the two of us. I mean the
group.

ELI
Oh. Well, I don't know. Sophia will
still be around, of course. And I
guess Izzy might stay our friend,
even if she and George... But I
don't know what will happen to
George.

SEB
I think we should make the most of
this. Of our last few days together
before it all goes tits up. Do all
the things we've always wanted to
do, y'know?

ELI
Don't they say that about being
young anyway?

Beat.

SEB
I've had an idea.

ELI
Uh oh.

Seb lies down on the sofa, propping himself up.

SEB
 (CONT'D)
 Paint me like one of your French
 girls.

ELI
 (Laughing)
 Fuck off.

SEB
 I'm serious! You're lacking
 inspiration, so use me. What could
 be more inspiring than this?

Seb gestures to himself. *Beat.*

Resignedly, Eli starts to paint.

FADE TO:

9 EXT. PATIO - EVENING

9

Eli's painting fades out of focus as cigarette smoke washes across us. Izzy and Sophia are stood smoking. We go from the deep, rich colours of Eli's palette, to the grey of outside. Their breath mixes with smoke.

SOPHIA
 How are you holding up?

IZZY
 I'm... I'm alright. You?

SOPHIA
 Yeah.

Beat. A drag.

SOPHIA
 (CONT'D)
 How's your mother?

IZZY
 She's still... I mean, I'd rather
 not talk about her, if that's okay.

SOPHIA
 Sure, sure. Sorry.

Beat. A drag. Izzy coughs.

(CONTINUED)

IZZY
I should really give up smoking.

SOPHIA
Yeah, me too.

Beat. Another drag.

IZZY
I've been reading Aphra Benn.

SOPHIA
(Surprised)
Really? What do you think?

IZZY
She's good. Funny. Some of her stuff is a bit unfortunate, but on the whole it's pretty subversive. I like it.

SOPHIA
Fascinating woman. At least, I've always thought so.

IZZY
She was a spy before she became a playwright, wasn't she?

SOPHIA
(Surprised again that Izzy knows this)
Yeah, that's right.

IZZY
(Agreeing with Sophia)
Fascinating woman.

Beat. A drag.

IZZY
(CONT'D)
I've been reading some Ovid as well. Heroides. It's excellent.

SOPHIA
That's nice. I always preferred Metamorphosis, though.

IZZY
I guess you read that in Latin?

(CONTINUED)

SOPHIA
I don't even know 'hello' in Latin.
They don't actually teach that at
Saint Ives.

IZZY
But Seb said-

SOPHIA
Don't believe a word Seb says.
Trust me.

Beat. A drag.

IZZY
Salve.

SOPHIA
What?

IZZY
'Hello', in Latin. It's Salve. I
may not know much, but I know that.

Sophia smiles slightly. They both take another drag.

SOPHIA
Let's go inside.

IZZY
Yeah, let's.

Neither of them move.

CUT TO:

10 INT. GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

10

Seb is still lying there, looking bored. Eli is still painting.

SEB
Are you nearly finished yet?

ELI
I'll be finished when I'm finished.

Beat.

SEB
Are you nearly finished yet?

(CONTINUED)

ELI
I'm finished, I'm finished! Come
have a look.

Seb jumps up and looks at the painting.

SEB
Oh.

ELI
Oh? What do you mean, oh? Do you
not like it?

SEB
No, it's... It's beautiful.

Beat.

ELI
You hate it, don't you?

SEB
Hate is a strong word.

They both burst out laughing.

ELI
Oh God, you're such a snob.
Honestly, modern art is a
legitimate art form-

SEB
But what the fuck is this? Is this
my mouth?

ELI
That's your smile! Can't you tell
that's a smile?

They laugh again. There's a second of tension, where
something might happen, but then the others enter.

SOPHIA
It's getting cold out. It's late.

IZZY
The sunset was beautiful, you
should have come seen it.

ELI
Oh, I didn't realise it was going
down already.

SOPHIA

That's my one moral problem with the sun, it sets and rises at inconvenient times.

SEB

Personally, I have more of a problem with their Hillsborough coverage.

A doorbell rings.

GEORGE

Can someone else get that please?

No one goes to get it. George sighs and goes to get the door.

CUT TO:

11 INT. GEORGE'S HALLWAY - EVENING

11

George opens the door. Standing on his doorstep is a JOURNALIST.

JOURNALIST

Excuse me, Mr Mayling's house?

GEORGE

Who are you?

JOURNALIST

You must be his son, George, right?

GEORGE

(Agitated)

Sorry, who are you?

JOURNALIST

Relax, I'm a journalist, I'm with the Daily Post-

GEORGE

Well I mean, you can be one or the other, you can't be both.

JOURNALIST

I was just wondering if I could have a quick chat with you-

The journalist tries pushing past George into the house.

(CONTINUED)

JOURNALIST

(CONT'D)

- Maybe have you tell your side of the story?

GEORGE

How the fuck do you know where I live?

George, getting slightly aggressive, pushes her back.

IZZY

(O.S)

Who is it?

JOURNALIST

Come now, George, be friendly. I'm here to help you.

George tries to slam the door shut, but the journalist blocks him, wedging a foot between the gap.

JOURNALIST

(Angrily)

How about we start again and you try treating me with a bit more respect?

GEORGE

(Through gritted teeth)

I don't want to fucking talk to you.

The journalist is getting desperate. She starts shouting through the gap.

JOURNALIST

Listen, George, let's not be rash. I am not an enemy to be made lightly. I can make your life hell with the touch of a button. I just want to have a little talk with you, and then I'll fuck off. But if you keep behaving like a *child*, I will harass you, and chase you, and follow you until it drives you insane. You won't be able to move without it being in the papers.

Beat. She breaths.

(CONTINUED)

JOURNALIST

(CONT'D)

But all of this unpleasantry can be avoided if you simply-

George opens the door. Seb comes into frame, sat on the stairs behind him.

SEB

You're a piece of work, you know that?

The journalist takes a step back in shock, slightly disheveled after the commotion, hair ruffled.

JOURNALIST

Who are you?

Seb jumps up. His moment of fun.

SEB

You may call me... Sebastian.

Seb bows royally. The journalist sees an opportunity.

JOURNALIST

Maybe you can talk some sense into this friend of yours, unless you want to end up in the papers too?

SEB

I would suggest, for your won sake, that you vacate these premises and leave us in peace. You high-heeled, arrabella bitch.

The journalist looks disgusted.

JOURNALIST

Are you threatening me? Do you have any idea who I am? Who I work for? I will ruin you.

SEB

By all means. But, um... y'know, my father...

Seb sighs. He's enjoying it.

SEB

(CONT'D)

He owns the Daily Post. And I don't know how well he would react to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SEB (cont'd)
 seeing his family and friends
 slandered in his own paper. I weep
 for the journalist who hands him
 that article.

Beat. They revel in the shocked look on the journalist's face. George slams the door.

Another beat.

GEORGE
 Does your dad actually own the
 Daily Post?

SEB
 What's it to you?

He winks.

CUT TO:

12 INT. GEORGE'S ROOM - DAY

12

George is sat in his bedroom. He's ringing his dad, again and again. We hear the beep of the answering machine before each message.

GEORGE
 Hey there Dad. Look, it's okay- I
 get that- Ah, fucking... Look, just
 call me back when you...

CUT TO:

GEORGE
 Dad, I don't know if you'll get
 this or if you're okay or where you
 are or- Look, just call me if- Does
 mum know what's- Fuck...

CUT TO:

GEORGE
 Look, Dad. Mum isn't answering.
 You're not answering. I don't
 actually know what's going on. A
 reporter came yesterday, asking
 about you... Can you just call me
 and tell me what the fuck's
 actually happening? Use your- One
 fucking phone call or whatever,
 just, just call- Just...

(CONTINUED)

He hangs up and throws his phone down.

Beat.

The phone rings. He snatches it up and answers.

GEORGE

Oh. Hi Dad.

CUT TO:

We're looking down on George. He's lying on the floor. The phone is on the bed still. Izzy opens the door and comes in, lying next to George. She starts stroking his hair and gently sings to him.

IZZY

As I was going to Saint Ives

I met a man with seven wives

And each wife had seven kids

And each kid had seven sacks

And in each sack was seven cats

And each cat had seven kits

Kits, cats, sacks, kids and wives

How many were going to Saint
Ives...

FADE TO:

13 INT. GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

13

Izzy and Eli are setting things up for the party.

ELI

Is this the quiet room or the
dancing room? I can't remember.

IZZY

Dancing, I think. Hey George!

George enters.

GEORGE

What?

(CONTINUED)

IZZY
Is this the quiet room or the
dancing room?

GEORGE
Dancing.

IZZY
Cool.

George exits.

ELI
How has he been?

IZZY
How do you think?

ELI
Right. Sorry. And your mum?

IZZY
Fine.

Beat.

ELI
You do philosophy, right?

IZZY
Not on Sophia's level.

ELI
Yes, but I can't talk to Sophia
about this.

Beat. Izzy is flattered.

IZZY
I do a bit. Ethics, mostly.

ELI
What would you say about
prioritising your own happiness
over others?

IZZY
Dangerous road to go down, Ayn
Rand.

ELI
No, but seriously. If there was
something you wanted- Something you
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ELI (cont'd)
 needed- would you take it? Even if
 it meant hurting someone you loved?

IZZY
 I don't know. That's the thing
 about philosophy. It's all just
 talk. You can never know what you'd
 really do unless you were in that
 situation. You never know your
 strength until you're tested.

Izzy glances to where George was stood. *Beat.*

IZZY
 What's this about, Eli?

ELI
 (Like he's trying to convince
 himself)
 I think there comes a point where
 we're not responsible for our own
 actions. If we need something,
 truly need it, I think it's
 understandable if we hurt others to
 get it. It's just human instinct to
 push others out of the lifeboat to
 make room for ourselves. Isn't it?

IZZY
 That's animal instinct. And we're
 not animals, Eli.

CUT TO:

14 INT. GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

14

Shots of Absinthe are lined up on the table. The bright
 green liquid glows against the darkness behind them. The
 colours are off, and strange. It's all very hedonistic and
 odd. It feels like some ancient Bacchic ritual, a sacrifice
 to Dionysus. Everything is wrong. Each member of the group
 takes a shot, except for Eli, who sits to the side watching
 Seb.

CUT TO:

15

INT. GEORGE'S HALLWAY & LIVING ROOM - EVENING

15

People are arriving and milling about. George and Eli are talking to some people. Seb is welcoming some state school girls.

SEB

Whose idea was it to invite the working classes?

ELI

Yours, you snob. "That'll be amusing". Remember?

SEB

It's not that I dislike the lower orders of mankind, it's just... they're like pennies. You don't know where they've been.

One of the state school girls slams a shot down onto an expensive looking table.

SEB

Be careful! That table's worth more than your house!

STATE SCHOOL GIRL

You don't know how much my house is worth.

SEB

You go to state school, we all know exactly how much your house is worth.

The girl sticks her middle finger up and glides off.

ELI

George got that table from IKEA.

SEB

She doesn't need to know that.

CUT TO:

16

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE, MULTIPLE ROOMS - NIGHT

16

The chaos blurs and merges into the party in full swing. We move through the house, seeing the guests who have arrived. Some people are already way too drunk. There's icing sugar on the floor. People are dancing, taking shots, sat on stairs or making out on the sofa. An empty bottle is smashed

(CONTINUED)

against a wall. George is the happiest he's been for days. We follow each of the five, match cutting between them in time to the music -Seb's theatrics, Eli's quiet drinking, George's tentative smiles, Sophia's dancing and Izzy's careful hosting-

Eli heads outside for a cigarette. Seb, noticing him leaving, follows.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

17

Eli is trying to light a cigarette but failing. He gives up when he sees Seb enter.

SEB

You want to go for a walk?

ELI

What?

SEB

It's too stuffy in there. They're all passing out on each other. I wanna go take a look at the stars and get away from the smell of vomit.

ELI

You're such a romantic.

Seb shrugs and walks off.

Beat.

ELI

(Shouting after him)
We really shouldn't.

Beat.

Eli follows.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. FOREST - NEARLY MIDNIGHT

18

Eli and Seb are out walking. They walk slowly, almost solemn. Like some kind of religious procession.

(CONTINUED)

ELI
It's beautiful, isn't it? The
night.

SEB
It is.

Beat. They stand there, awkwardly for a second. Eli looks up
at the stars, Seb looks at Eli. They walk on.

ELI
You remember when we went up to
South Kensington with George's dad?

SEB
Yeah?

ELI
When we were up there... You
remember when we slept on the roof
of his flat? Well, I spent the
whole night looking at the sky, and
you couldn't see a single star...
But you could see the night. The
rich and varying tones and colour
scales of the blacks and blues and
greys. The darkness has a beauty of
it's own.

SEB
I didn't look at the sky that
night.

ELI
I guess your eyes were always on
Sophia.

SEB
Not always.

Beat. Eli tries again to light a cigarette, fumbles. And
suddenly Seb is kissing him. They stop.

SEB
(CONT'D)
I should go back to the-

ELI
Yeah, no, so should I... I think I
left stuff-

SEB

I'm sorry, I'm just drunk, I'm not trying to take the piss-

ELI

It's fine, I know, these things happen. It's okay...

Seb walks off.

Beat. We linger with Eli, the sound ringing like after a blast. It builds, until:

SMASH CUT TO:

19

INT. GEORGE'S ROOM - NIGHT

19

Quiet.

Izzy and George are holding each other.

IZZY

What's going to happen to us?

GEORGE

I don't know.

IZZY

No I mean- What's going to happen to us?

Beat.

GEORGE

I don't know. I'm going to be up in London for a while. With Mum. We can Skype.

IZZY

Don't... George, your mum lives in New York. Are you going to go live in America?

GEORGE

Me, a liberal?

Izzy tries to laugh.

GEORGE

How's your mum? I'm sorry, I should have asked before, it's just with everything-

(CONTINUED)

IZZY
Stage 4.

Beat.

IZZY
(CONT'D)
Yeah, it's spread. They reckon
there's still a chance, but... she
seems to get worse every day.

Beat. George sighs deeply.

GEORGE
If the world were kind, our parents
would die while we had our backs
turned. So that when we looked, all
that was left was empty air and
memories. Not this slow
disintegration of...

He takes a breath, closing his eyes.

IZZY
As I was going to Saint Ives
I met a man with seven wives
And each wife had seven kids
And each kid had seven sacks
And in each sack was seven cats
And each cat had seven kits
Kits, cats, sacks, kids and wives
How many were going to Saint Ives?

GEORGE
Just the one. 'Cause all the others
are heading as fast as they fucking
can in the opposite direction. A
thousand people in a crowd, and
that one person is all alone,
'cause they're all on different
journeys.

IZZY
Saint Ives. The patron saint of the
innocent and abandoned children.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

They've frozen Dad's assets. Mum has money, but nothing like him. I won't be heading back to boarding school when the holidays are over.

IZZY

Can I come with you? Just for a week. Stay with you for a little, while you're in London.

GEORGE

I'll ask Mum.

Beat.

GEORGE

(CONT'D)

Did I ever tell you about that dream I had, a couple of years ago, where my Dad was a superhero?

IZZY

No, I don't think so.

GEORGE

You remember when I got really into old superhero comics? Like, pre-Superman stuff, from the thirties? Miss Masque and all the others? Well, I came across this one -fuck, what was his name? He was a shapeshifter, I think. Red Lion? Red claw?

Beat. He struggles to remember.

GEORGE

(CONT'D)

Something like that. I've forgotten. It's not important, anyway. So, you know my Dad used to be an actor? Long time ago, long, long, time ago, he was an actor. And I had this dream, right, where I found out he voiced this character in a radio show when he was in his twenties. How ridiculous is that? I told my Mum about it and she found it absolutely hilarious. Fourteen years old, and I still thought *my Dad* was a superhero.

(CONTINUED)

IZZY

That's not a bad thing, you know.
It's not a weakness to be an
optimist in a cynical world. It's a
strength.

GEORGE

The Red Raven. That was it.

IZZY

Did your Dad ever play a superhero?

GEORGE

I think he was offered one once-
little Australian TV show- but he
was too busy. Already signed on to
do Richard the Third in Birmingham.

IZZY

Was he any good?

GEORGE

By all accounts he was awful.

Beat.

GEORGE

(CONT'D)

He's always struck me as more of a
King Lear.

We linger with the two of them for a second, suddenly
peaceful and content. Izzy puts a bottle of something in
George's hand.

IZZY

Come on, let's go.

CUT TO:

20

INT. SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT

20

Eli is sat away from the party, painting the night. Seb is
downstairs. It is dark, yet the colours are sharp. We see
each brushstroke, follow them with minute detail. It is
colourful, and loving. There is a warmth to it, to the
night, which wasn't there in his previous paintings.
Intercut with this is shots of Seb with Sophia and the
others. Drinking, dancing with people, laughing together.
The slow movements of the party match with Eli's longing
brushstrokes. All is silent, but it's a breathing, living
silence, not an awkward suffocation of sound. Eli's painting
draws to a close just as Seb finishes a line. Mirroring each

(CONTINUED)

other from different rooms, they both lie backwards in their own states of euphoria. We see the picture. It's a portrait of Seb under the stars. Eli smiles at it, and places it down on the floor with his other paintings.

Sophia stumbles in. Eli quickly covers the painting.

SOPHIA

What's that?

ELI

Not finished.

SOPHIA

Ooh. Eli, international man of mystery.

ELI

And crappy modern art.

Beat.

ELI

(CONT'D)

How's the party going?

SOPHIA

Yeah, great.

ELI

Yeah.

Beat.

ELI

(CONT'D)

Well I'm glad we had this conversation.

Sophia laughs. She sits next to Eli.

SOPHIA

God, do you remember that time at the National Theatre?

ELI

With that Brecht play? How could I forget, it's permanently seared into my brain.

SOPHIA

it was awful!

(CONTINUED)

ELI

Oh, but it wasn't as bad as Alan.

SOPHIA

Fucking Alan, Jesus Christ!

They laugh.

ELI

What happened to us? We used to be closer than anyone. Now you're too busy discussing Latin. With Izzy.

SOPHIA

Someone's jealous!

ELI

Shut up. But seriously, what happened to us?

We pan down to the painting of Seb.

CUT TO:

21 INT. GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

21

Seb's face is centre of the screen. Party. Loads of people. Too many people. Sound. Sweat. The music screams. He takes a shot. Then another. Grabs a drink, and swallows it down. Then another. Pauses. Fuck. What's he doing? We circle around and perch on his shoulder. Sophia enters from the other side of the room. She stares at him. Shit, does she know? We circle back round again and centre on his face as people writhe and move and dance. The music throbs and builds. He takes a shot. Izzy and George pass behind him.

IZZY

Hey! You okay?

Seb nods.

Suddenly, Eli enters and the sound seems to shatter. There's a moment as the two of them look at each other. Eli looks from Seb to Sophia on the other side of the room and his smile drops. He walks over to Seb.

ELI

Can I talk to you?

Seb looks at him.

CUT TO:

22

INT. SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT

22

Eli and Seb are sat next to each other. The painting is leaning up against the end of the bed and Eli glances at it periodically. They are subdued, but drunk.

SEB

Eli... It didn't mean-

ELI

I know.

Beat.

ELI

(CONT'D)

Sixteen years. That's how long I've known you. And for every single one of those days, I've been in love with you. It took me a *long* time to realise it, and hell, even longer to accept it. But I know now.

SEB

Eli, I love Sophia-

ELI

I know. Hence why I kept my distance. But I think I'm falling deeper this time, more solidly. Like before, I was swimming through water, and now I'm just drowning.

Beat.

ELI

(CONT'D)

I couldn't bear to hurt Sophia like that. And the fact I know I already have kills me a little, so... So. Fuck.

Seb sits uncomfortably, taking each word in.

ELI

(CONT'D)

Do you think... In another world-

A kiss. Another stolen kiss, and time seems to freeze. It shouldn't be happening and they both know that, but nothing is stopping them. Seb suddenly pulls away.

(CONTINUED)

SEB
 Fuck, I'm sorry... I'm so sorry.

Beat.

SEB
 I don't know how I'm going to tell
 Sophia.

Eli sighs.

ELI
 I don't think you have to.

Sophia stands in the doorway.

SOPHIA
 I don't know what to say to you.

SEB
 Soph...

SOPHIA
 Be quiet, Sebastian. For once in
 your life, just stop talking.

SEB
 Sophia!

She exits, with Seb and Eli following.

CUT TO:

23 INT. GEORGE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

23

The party is still in full swing. Sophia enters, followed by Eli and Seb. Sophia smashes a load of glasses on the floor. The party is confused, some stop, some don't.

SOPHIA
 Fuck off! You're all going home!

GEORGE
 Sophia-

Sophia throws a glass at him. The party freezes.

SOPHIA
 Turn that music off!

Someone fumbles with a switch for a second, accidentally putting on the next track. Then the music stops.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

I think you should all go now.

CUT TO:

24 INT. VARIOUS ROOMS - NIGHT

24

The house is empty. Glasses half empty litter tables, others lie smashed on the floor. A bottle falls over, the viscous liquid seeping across the floor. A few tiny drops of hedonism framed like a tsunami.

Enter our "heroes." They begin to tidy up. Eli collects glasses, Seb sweeps and Izzy directs everything. Sophia and George sit on the stairs.

SOPHIA

I should have seen it coming, right?

GEORGE

What do you mean?

SOPHIA

I don't know. We all know what Seb's like, and I've seen the way that Eli looks at him. Fuck, I feel so...

GEORGE

Yeah, I know the feeling.

Beat.

SOPHIA

I guess the party's over now.

GEORGE

Yeah, I think it stopped somewhere around the time you threw a glass at me.

SOPHIA

Sorry.

They both laugh. *Beat.*

Sophia and Seb's eyes meet across the room.

CUT TO:

25

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

25

They all stand in a line outside, leaning against the wall, smoking. Seb, George, Izzy, Sophia, and finally, Eli. Eli is still struggling to light his cigarette. Sophia lights it for him, he coughs.

SEB

Let's go for a walk.

ELI

Seb...

SEB

All of us. All five of us.

Beat.

SOPHIA

Alright.

They walk off, into the night. We watch them, illuminated by phone torches and streetlights. They run and dance on the green. They're like children again. We follow Izzy as she spins around and around and around and falls into George's arms. Sophia and Seb dance, twirling each other. Eli stands and watches, and then joins in. They play tag. They run screaming further into the field. The five of them. Just the five of them, alone. Under the night sky. The night dims. The lights in their eyes dim. And they dance a last dance.

CUT TO:

26

EXT. BENCH ON THE GREEN - SUNRISE

26

They all sit on the bench, asleep on each other. A car pulls up outside George's house. It honks its horn. Everyone is startled slightly.

GEORGE

(To Izzy)

You don't have to come with me, you know.

IZZY

George Edmund Mayling. You're not getting rid of me that easily.

Izzy kisses him. The two of them leave.

Seb laughs.

(CONTINUED)

SEB

Edmund?

Sophia and Eli have both sat up.

SOPHIA

We need to talk.

SEB

Yeah, we do.

Beat. Seb looks from Eli to Sophia.

SEB

(CONT'D)

I want to say right now, in front
of both of you... I love-

SOPHIA AND ELI

I know.

Beat.

They leave. Eli sits alone.

ELI

Time to grow up. Time to grow up.

Again, the sound of children playing in the distance.

Then silence.

FADE TO BLACK.