

"GLASS"

"Written By"

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GLASS

FADE IN:

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

There is a dining room. It is styled to be sleek and modern, all black concrete, glass and straight lines. It has no real lights; it has a constant white light throughout the room.

CLAIRE, a girl of seventeen sits in a glass chair at a glass dining table. There is a broken wine glass on the table. The previous contents of the glass are spilled across the table as though an angry hand has caused them to be there.

Her parents are standing in the hallway outside engaged in a shouting match. CLAIRE'S DAD is utterly betrayed whilst CLAIRE'S MUM is defending her now ruined pride. Their shouting could wake the dead.

Claire stares at her parents with utter contempt. She has lost all affection for this pair whom she used to regard as role models. She lights up a cigarette, driven by spite.

CLAIRE'S DAD

She's my daughter!

CLAIRE'S MUM

She's my daughter too you wanker!

CLAIRE'S DAD

You're calling me a wanker?

CLAIRE'S MUM

Yes I am! Your wife cheated on you and you don't have the balls to take it like a man!

CLAIRE'S DAD

You screwed my best mate and you expect me to take it like a man?

CLAIRE'S MUM

(trying to reign in  
her temper)

I expect you to give your  
daughter some respect and try to  
keep this family together.

CLAIRE'S DAD

You already pulled this family  
apart.

CLAIRE'S MUM

(surrendering)

Fine, this is my fault. I'm not  
fighting you. Can we talk to  
our child now?

CLAIRE'S DAD

Fine.

The pair has put their epic battle of wills on hold temporarily. They are willing to allow their daughter some small peace.

They trudge back to the kitchen, tired from the previous five minutes ordeals. Claire's mother sits down opposite Claire, trying to create a feeling of equality whilst her Dad walks around and stands behind Claire, lording the superiority of his parent ship over his daughter.

Claire takes another puff of her cigarette, daring her parents to respond.

CLAIRE'S MUM

I told you Claire you aren't to  
smoke.

CLAIRE

(sarcastic and  
accusing, as only a  
teenage girl can)

I told you Mum you aren't to  
have an affair.

CLAIRE'S DAD

(with false  
authority)  
Claire, don't speak to your  
mother like that.

Claire is startled by his sudden hypocrisy. She cannot believe her father's nerve. A beat then...

CLAIRE  
Seriously? After that little  
incident you're asking me to be  
nice? You're both a pair of  
assholes.

Claire takes another puff of her cigarette and blows the smoke in her Dad's face. He reigns in his desire to tell her off.

Claire stands up and walks out of the room; she isn't going to put up with this any more.

CLAIRE'S MUM  
Claire, where are you going?

CLAIRE  
I'm going to Kevin's party.  
Okay?

Claire thuds up the stairs and into the bathroom. She is careful to make as much noise as possible with each step.

CLAIRE'S MUM  
I thought you didn't want to go  
to that.

The shower comes on full-bore. Water slams into the floor.

CLAIRE  
I changed my mind!

The bathroom door slams shut.

INT. JO'S HOUSE/JO'S ROOM - NIGHT

JOANNA or "JO" a teenage girl of 17 is gorgeous in a "bad girl" sort of way. She has long brown hair and piercing eyes. She is both beautiful and terrifying and she knows

it.

JOHN is a teenage boy of 17, ruggedly handsome with messy brown hair. He doesn't look like an actor or a businessman and he wouldn't look good in a suit, he would be more appropriate in a leather jacket.

John and Jo are having sex.

John is pounding away, enjoying every second of it.

Jo is lying underneath John, wearing a vacant expression. She is experiencing none of the pleasure that her partner is.

John finishes his business and rolls over so he is next to Jo. He catches his breath and notices Jo's expression.

JOHN

What's wrong babe?

Jo considers telling him. A beat then...

JO

Nothing.

JOHN

Well I'm going to go and get ready for this party, okay?

JO

(disinterested)

Okay.

John gets out of bed, revealing his bare ass. He puts on a pair of pants and picks up his shirt. He turns to Jo and flirtatiously winks at her. She doesn't notice. Slightly disgruntled, John opens the door and walks out.

Jo stares at the ceiling.

Jo reaches over to her bedside table and picks up her mobile phone. She goes into the contact list and scrolls down to "P". She selects "PAUL". Her thumb hovers over the call button. She contemplates the impact of what she is about to do.

She hits the call button.

JO

(into phone)

Hey Paul. There's a party  
tonight. Do you want to come?

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

The club is a large brick building, three floors tall. There is a large purple and green neon sign above the entrance. The entrance doesn't actually have a door. It just leads into the building, the walls lined with red paper. The rest of the street is all browns and grays; dust and bits of paper blow across the road.

PAUL'S car, a modern, remarkably well-kept vehicle for a teenager, pulls up beside the footpath. Out of it steps PAUL. Paul obviously has cash in the bank. He is wearing a collared shirt and jeans. He has combed hair. He is casual but not too casual.

Out of the passenger door, steps EMILIA or "EMM". She has striking red hair, trimmed to shoulder length. She is wearing a long black dress that clings to her slim physique. She has spent a great deal of time fine-tuning her appearance.

EMM

Thanks for the lift Paul.

CLAIRE

stares up into the sky. She sees millions of stars, each bursting with wonder and possibility. She imagines what stories could be told about these stars. Her brief escapism is suddenly interrupted however.

FEMALE VOICE

Hi Claire.

IT'S EMM.

CLAIRE

(startled)

Oh! Hi Emm. How are you?

EMM

I'm pretty good actually.  
Living alone is awesome. I mean  
sure, you have to buy your own  
food and all that but I can do  
what I please. I'm free.

CLAIRE

Oh cool. I'm trapped in my  
parents divorce.

These two are remarkably frank with each other. They have obviously known each other for a long time and grown quite close over that time. They are old friends. However, there is a strange awkwardness in their voices, as though they can't be sure what they say will be well received.

EMM

Oh, I'm sorry.

CLAIRE

(simply)

Don't be. You didn't do  
anything.

Emm ponders her friend's odd response. Claire obviously has something heavy on her mind. Emm attempts to stop the situation from becoming awkward.

EMM

I didn't expect to see you here.

CLAIRE

It's the whole "divorce" thing  
again. It kind of sucks.

They both realize the conversation has gone somewhere they don't want it to go.

EMM

Let's go to this party then. It

might even make you feel a bit better.

CLAIRE

(relieved)

Good plan.

Claire and Emm walk up to the building, happy that the initial conversation of the evening is over, like an awkward couple on a date.

PAUL

stands on the footpath, staring off into nothingness. He notices a figure sitting on the gutter about fifty metres away from the club. He moves to get a better view.

It's Jo.

She is slumped on the gutter, drinking from a bottle of vodka. She has something on her mind.

Paul walks up to her and sits down beside her.

PAUL

Hey.

(beat)

Are you okay?

Jo sees that he wants to help but is strangely, not receptive.

JO

I'm fine.

(beat)

It's just that...

She has sparked Paul's curiosity.

PAUL

What?

Jo takes a deep breath. If she can't tell her boyfriend, how could she tell him?

JO

Nothing. It's nothing.



PAUL  
(dismissing the  
previous dialogue)  
Well you asked me to come here.  
Are we going to go to this party?

JO  
Yeah.

PAUL  
Wait. Is John here?

JO  
He's already inside.

PAUL  
Well then I've got to go and  
stop him from doing anything too  
stupid.

Jo laughs. She likes this guy. He lightens her mood.

She realizes she might just have a good catch here.

JO  
All right then, let's go.

The pair get up, spirits warmed by each other's company.  
They begin to walk towards the entrance of the club.

Paul notices the bottle in Jo's hand.

PAUL  
(walking)  
You know there's not meant to be  
any drinking at this party,  
right?

JO  
(sighs)  
Fine.

Jo throws the bottle on the ground.  
Everything slows down.

A bottle falls onto the tar of the road. It has a black

and white sticker on the front. The writing is indecipherable. The bottle hits the ground. It smashes into millions of tiny particles of glass and liquid. Debris is flying in all directions around the bottle. It is magnificent.

Everything is normal speed.

Jo and Paul, oblivious to the majesty of the events of a few seconds ago, continue to walk towards the club. They have a spring in their step.

INT. CLUB/MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

The club is comprised of two large areas, a bar and a dance floor.

THE DANCE FLOOR

There is a huge mass of people, moving to a thumping beat.

Lights flash.

There is a stage up the back. It is the origin of the noise.

Bass thumps.

People leap up and down. It's one giant mass of flesh and movement. It is both sexy and horrifying.

These people are alive.

THE BAR

People sit at the bar, washing away their sorrows. They use their drinks to escape from their sad little lives.

One man has just had his car repossessed. He is firm in the belief that gin can alleviate the situation. A woman has just dumped her boyfriend. She is doing shots. She is proving to herself that she can do whatever she needs to.

A football fan. He is surrounded by his friends. He is

downing his eighth beer in a row. He is a hero to the surrounding crowd. His drinking abilities are unsurpassed. They cheer.

THE BAND

finishes playing their previous song. The SINGER picks up a bottle of vodka and takes a swig from it. He then steps up to the microphone.

SINGER

(into microphone)

All right everyone. This next song is something we learned to play recently but it is still pretty bloody awesome.

The band begins to play The Verve's "This Is Music". The drums a crisp kick to them. The bass is heavy and thumping. The guitar is a loud wail of Technicolor and concentrated weird. The SINGER is great and he knows it. The crowd cheers him on as he sings a great song.

SINGER

(into microphone,  
singing)

"I stand accused"  
"Just like you"  
"Of being born"  
"Without a silver spoon"  
"Staring at the top of the hill"  
"Over my town"

CLAIRE AND EMM

walk up to KEVIN, the host of the party. It is his seventeenth birthday. He wants everything to be perfect. There is to be no drugs, no sex and no rock n' roll. Kevin is a boring asshole. People are only here for the drinks and the dancing.

EMM

I thought you wanted this to be a party without drink and drugs Kevin.

KEVIN

(wanker)

I guess you're going to have to exercise a little self-restraint.

Emm notices...

JOHN

dancing sensually with...

SOME RANDOM!

No one is surprised. He's done this before. Every time he gets drunk he tries to get some girl he's never met before to screw him. Jo is not happy with this behavior and never has been. It is driving a wedge into their relationship.

EMM

It's not me that you should be worrying about.

Paul and Jo walk through the entrance and look around expectantly. They expect to see a lively party and to some extent they do.

Kevin notices them.

KEVIN

Okay, the queen bee is here.

EMM

Is that good or bad?

KEVIN

I don't know. She screwed up Paul's seventeenth pretty badly. I'm surprised he forgave her actually.

CLAIRE

You know how he is about her.

Everybody knows.

EMM

He's not nearly cautious enough?

CLAIRE

That sounds about right

Emm noticing something in Kevin's eye decides that it is time for her to pull out.

EMM

We'll see you later Kevin.

Claire and Emm walk away from Kevin and towards the dance floor. Emm is relieved. Claire is mystified.

CLAIRE

(walking)

Why are we leaving him like that?

EMM

(walking)

He likes me.

CLAIRE

(walking)

Does he know that you're gay?

EMM

(walking)

Fuck if I know.

INT. CLUB/MAIN AREA (LATER)

An hour has passed.

John is sitting at the bar drinking from a glass of whiskey.

He is bored shitless.

Paul approaches him and sits down next to him. He has just had a great time dancing. He is exhausted.

PAUL

(genuine  
friendliness)

Hey man. How's it going?

JOHN

Where's Jo? She said she was waiting for you.

PAUL

(she wanted to know where I was?)  
She said she was...

JOHN

Don't get any ideas pretty boy. It's not going to happen.

PAUL

I thought we decided you were the pretty one.

JOHN

No, we decided that I was the sexy, masculine one. You were the pretty boy.

PAUL

Up yours.

JOHN

Sorry mate. I don't swing that way.

These two are old friends. However, this is the first time they've had this kind of conversation in ages. Jo had separated them. She's very good at manipulating people.

PAUL

You don't swing it at all. You just stick it inside everything you see.

JOHN

I'm going to take that as a compliment. You still haven't told me where Jo is.

Paul indicates towards the dance floor where Jo is enjoying dancing with a STRANGER.

PAUL

She's over there.

John notices this and something lights up in his eyes. He manages to contain his emotion however. He thinks emotion is a sign of weakness.

PAUL

She's dancing with that guy,  
dancing hard.

Paul's words are like ticks to John. They get under his skin and burrow.

JOHN

Good for her.

PAUL

She's your girlfriend.

They burrow.

JOHN

I'm not really possessive.

PAUL

Right, so what would you do if I  
fucked her?

That was sudden. John had stopped listening but that definitely brought him back to reality. He collects himself and gives Paul the answer he expects.

JOHN

I'd beat the shit out of you.

PAUL

But you just said...

JOHN

You're not just anyone Paul.

PAUL

So what would you do if a  
stranger fucked her?

The ticks are getting back in.

JOHN

I'd beat the shit out of them.

PAUL

Jesus Christ. You're a massive pain in the ass, you know?

The friendly joking has relieved John. The ticks are gone. He's back in "the zone".

JOHN

I try my best.

PAUL

You know that this is meant to be a "no drinking" party, right?

JOHN

Don't be a pussy.

PAUL

It's my job to be a pussy and keep you alive.

JOHN

Well you're pretty damn good at it.

PAUL

Screw you.

JOHN

Screw you right back.

Even though the ticks are gone, John feels compelled to do something. He can't just let some guy feel up his girlfriend.

FUCK IT

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'd better go and save Jo from that faggot that wants to bone her.

PAUL'S P.O.V. - JOHN



John gets up and walks from the bar and down to the dance floor. He walks up to the Stranger dancing with Jo and pushes him away. He is acting needlessly aggressively.

JOHN

Get away from my girlfriend or  
I'll smash your friggin' lights  
out!

The stranger is startled but doesn't want to start a fight. John is a big guy.

STRANGER

All right mate. Just calm down.

The stranger wanders off, slightly disappointed. He was hoping to get some ass tonight.

BACK TO SCENE

Paul sits at the bar and stares at John and Jo dancing. He isn't happy about this. Why does a guy like John get the girls? Paul's better looking than John. Paul's smarter than John. Paul's definitely nicer than John. It doesn't make sense. But Paul's just going to sit at the bar and think about his feelings. He downs an abandoned shot-glass of tequila.

CLAIRE AND EMM

walk towards the bar.

Claire's phone rings.

Claire takes the phone out of the bag as Emm watches.

Claire knows who it is.

CLAIRE

Hello.

(beat)

What do you want?

(beat)

No! I'm enjoying myself.

(beat)

I'm with Emilia.

(a long beat)  
No it won't happen again.  
(beat)  
Come on! I was really drunk  
then!  
(beat)  
I'll be back by midnight, okay?  
(beat)  
Whatever.

Claire hangs up and puts the phone back in her bag.

EMM  
Who was that?

She already knows the answer.

CLAIRE  
Mum.

EMM  
Was she talking about the  
incident?

CLAIRE  
Yup.

EMM  
Well, you won't get drunk enough  
for that to happen again.

CLAIRE  
Christ I hope not. That was  
friggin' embarrassing.

Claire lights up a cigarette. It's become a natural  
response to speaking to her parents.

EMM  
I didn't know you smoked.

CLAIRE  
I don't.

INT. CLUB/MAIN ROOM (LATER)

Claire and Emm are sitting at the bar, discussing the problems of their respective lives and getting pissed in the process.

Opposite them Paul is still drowning his sorrows.

They are oblivious.

This is the first time Claire has told someone about how she feels about her parents divorce. She's letting everything out.

CLAIRE

I just can't seem to get away from their fight. They always drag me into it. They want me to choose which one of them to stay with. They're the bloody parents; they should be able to decide themselves.

EMM

Just tell them.

CLAIRE

I can't.

EMM

Why not?

CLAIRE

Because I think there's a chance I can salvage the situation. That's why I've been smoking, that's why I'm here. I figure that if I antagonize them enough then they might try again.

EMM

Do you really believe that?

CLAIRE

Well it hasn't worked so far so I guess we'll just have to wait and see.

As she finishes the sentence, the last drop of alcohol races down Emm's throat. This is bad.

EMM

Shit. Get some more drinks  
would you?

Claire is panicked. No more booze! She gets up and moves around to the front of the bar. She spies an abandoned glass and an abandoned shot. She slinks over to them and swiftly steals them.

She returns to Emm, examining the fruits of her labours.

CLAIRE

What do you want, wine or  
tequila?

Emm has a new look in her eye. This is a look we have not seen before. It is a look of longing.

EMM

I just want...

Emm struggles to find the right words to express herself.

EMM (CONT'D)

I just want...

Emm can't find the words. Fuck it.

Emm leans over and kisses Claire. Claire does not recoil. Then Claire leans away, unhappy with what has just occurred.

CLAIRE

No. I'm not going through this  
again.

Emm realizes what she has just done.

EMM

Sorry.  
(attempting to  
justify)  
You did kiss me last time.

Claire is shocked by this cavalier response.

CLAIRE  
Yeah! But I was really drunk and  
nothing good came of it.

EMM  
(calming)  
It was nice though.

CLAIRE  
I've told you before and I'll  
tell you again, I'm not gay.

Claire gets up.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
I'll see you later.

Claire picks up the two drinks and storms off. She doesn't want to have to go through this. She throws the two drinks at the wall.

Everything slows down.

The drinks hit the wall. The glasses smash. Liquid splashes. Shards fly everywhere. Glass on glass. Liquid on liquid. Glass on liquid. Liquid on glass. Everything is shattered.

Everything is normal speed.

Emm sits still at the bar. She fucked up.

INT. CLUB/MAIN AREA (LATER)

Emm is sitting at the bar, drinking alone. Jo walks up to her and sits down next to her. These two are not close friends. However, they both need someone to talk to. They're the best they've got.

JO  
(to Bartender)  
I don't want anything for now.  
(to Emm)  
Can I talk to you about  
something?

EMM

Sure. I'm all ears.

JO

I don't feel.

EMM

Jo, that's called leprosy.

This is the first time Jo has told anyone this.

JO

No I mean emotionally. Even when I'm doing John I don't feel anything. I don't get excited when I see him. I mean, I like his attention but there's nothing more than.

EMM

Let me guess, there's someone that does make you feel.

JO

Yeah but he's not...

(a long beat)

It's complicated.

EMM

Come on. You're Jo. You get whatever you want. You're the queen bee. Just ask him.

JO

Like I said, it's complicated. I think this one might be special.

EMM

Wait.

(beat)

This is Jo I'm talking to right? A special one?

JO

Why? Has a guy never been special to you?

EMM  
I'm gay Jo.

JO  
Oh.  
(looks around)  
That explains...  
(and again)  
That explains a lot actually.

EMM  
Like what?

JO  
Like the way you look at her.

Emm realized how un-subtle she's been.

EMM  
How can you...  
(beat)  
Can you tell that easily?

JO  
I'm afraid so.  
(beat)  
Is there anything that I should  
know?

EMM  
You know how you said there was  
someone that makes you feel?

JO  
Yeah.

EMM  
That's what it's like.

INT. CLUB/MAIN AREA (LATER)

Jo is dancing with John. The heavy music has stopped. There is a quiet "song for the lovers" playing. She is having a good time. There is something missing though.

JO  
(whispering)

Hey John.

John looks up from his girl. She isn't happy. He is concerned. He loves her.

JOHN  
What is it?

JO  
I heard that there's a man  
selling drugs around.

JOHN  
(taken aback)  
Right. And...

Jo knows how to manipulate her man. She knows which strings to pull, how to bend him to her every need.

JO  
Tonight's getting a bit boring.

John doesn't get it. He's loved every second spent with her.

JO  
I think we could liven things up  
a bit, if you know what I mean.

JOHN  
Babe, tell me straight. What do  
you want me to do?

JO  
I want you to buy me some drugs.  
John is surprised. She is deadly serious. He has not seen  
this side of her before.

He doesn't know what to do.

JOHN  
Where is he?

JO



(smiles, she has  
accomplished her  
mission)

I'll show you. Come with me.

Jo leads John through a part in the dance floor. People seem to move to allow them to pass. They get to the far corner and see the...

DRUG DEALER

a small, mousy fellow with gelled short hair. He is wearing a leather jacket. He is making a killing from his business. People try to stay away from him for their own safety. Next to him is his...

HENCHMAN

, a man that makes Chuck Norris look like a baby. He terrifies everyone around him except for his boss. Despite the drug dealer's minute size he looks down on his henchman.

John and Jo approach the pair and stop several metres away. Jo leans over to her boyfriend's ear, whispering advice like someone in a job interview.

JO

Go on. Ask him.

John walks up to the drug dealer. He is scared shitless.

DRUG DEALER

What do you want?

JOHN

Umm...

JOHN (CONT'D)

(looks over his  
shoulder at Jo)

I'd like some drugs please.

John, for all his tough guy attitude has never got in as deep as this. This is a truly alien situation to him.

DRUG DEALER

It's 23 bucks a pill.

John gets out his wallet and rifles through his cash.

JOHN

I've only got a fifty.

DRUG DEALER

That'll get you two pills.

John takes a fifty-dollar note out of his wallet. He nervously hands it to the drug dealer. The dealer snatches it out of his hands. He gives it to his henchman.

DRUG DEALER

Check it.

The drug dealer holds the note up to the light and stares through it. He licks it.

HENCHMAN

It's clean.

DRUG DEALER

Okay then. Give him the stuff.

The henchman hands two ecstasy pills to John.

DRUG DEALER

Now fuck off.

JOHN

Will do.

John walks back to Jo and grabs her by the arm. He leads her back across the dance floor. People do not seem to part the same way that they did before. They do have the same respect for the king couple.

After reaching the same spot in which they started the scene. John hands a pill to Jo who smiles with victory.

JOHN

Bottoms up I guess.

They take the pills.

INT. CLUB/MAIN AREA (LATER)

Jo walks through the mass of people in a daze. She looks up at the roof but sees the sky. She is part of the crowd.

She is smiling.

She can feel everything.

Lights flash on her. Red. Green. Blue.

She wanders aimlessly. She spies Paul amongst the rabble. She walks towards Paul. She walks with purpose. She knows what she wants and she is going to get it.

PAUL

Hey Jo. What'd you...

Jo walks up to Paul.

She kisses him.

She pulls him close. They kiss for a long time.

He pulls away and stares into her eyes.

He kisses her.

CLAIRE

is walking through the crowd. She is moving with the music, vodka in hand. She is drenched with sweat.

She wanders up to the band, playing loud, angry techno music. She becomes one with the beat. She is shaking back and forth with the music.

EMM

walks over to Claire. She is angry with Claire. She can't believe Claire would be acting like this. She wanders up to Claire and takes her by the wrist. Claire is oblivious, still caught up in the music. Emm leads her away from the crowd.

INT. CLUB/BATHROOM

Emm sits Claire down on one of the four sinks in the bathroom, the one furthest from the door. Emm walks over to the paper towel dispenser and grabs a few towels. She stands opposite Claire and begins to clean her face with the towels. She takes care to clean every bit of Claire's face. Claire stares at Emm the whole time, in a daze.

Emm finishes cleaning and gets up to put the paper towels in the bin. She walks back over to Claire and stands next to her, leaning against the wall.

Claire is still in a daze.

CLAIRE

Thanks.

Emm turns towards Claire. She is slightly intoxicated herself.

EMM

It's what I do.

A long, awkward beat then...

Claire kisses Emm.

Emm is surprised but enjoys herself. She draws away.

Another long beat.

Emm leans back in and kisses Claire. They are both very enthusiastic. Emm lifts Claire back onto her feet. They turn around and Claire is pushed against the toilet cubicles behind her. They continue to kiss passionately for a few seconds.

BANG!

The door slams open. In through it come Jo and Paul, locked in an embrace, kissing wildly. Paul props Jo up against the sink closest to the door.

For a few seconds the two couples are enjoying themselves, ignoring everything else that is going on in the world.

Paul leans over and kisses Jo on the neck. Jo turns her

head away from his.

She notices Claire and Emm. She stares.

Paul notices where Jo is looking.

PAUL

What is it?

He notices too.

PAUL

Whoa! What's going on here?

Claire and Emm stop kissing.

Claire draws away from Emm. She is embarrassed. This is a situation she is not used to being caught in. She slips out from under Emm's arm. She walks towards the door, on the verge of tears. The peace of the room is shattered.

Paul and Jo don't know what to do. Awkward.

INT. CLUB/MAIN AREA

Claire walks away from the bathroom, her eyes moist.

Out of the bathroom door comes Emm. She is running.

EMM

Claire!

Claire doesn't turn around.

CLAIRE

No! I've got to go home!

Claire walks out the door of the club. Emm is stopped dead in her tracks. She is devastated.

She wanders over to the dance floor. She tries to join the crowd but can't muster the energy necessary. She sits down in the middle of a row of seats in the corner.

PAUL AND JO

wander out of the bathroom. They are trying to look

inconspicuous; they think no one noticed.

JOHN

sitting at the bar having had his high wear off, did notice. He is outraged. He can't believe the girl he loves would do this to him.

He storms over to Paul and Jo, trying utmost to withhold his anger.

He stands in front of Jo, stopping her from walking. He stares her down.

JOHN

What the shit were you doing?

Jo realizes she is blown. She isn't going to get anything she wanted tonight.

JO

Nothing. We were just...

JOHN

You were fucking him!

JO

No!

(a long beat)

It was just the drugs.

PAUL

Drugs? What?

JOHN

It was the drugs huh? Who's bright idea was that?

JO

I'm sorry. I didn't... I cant...

John can't withhold it any more. He is betrayed. He has hate in his eyes.

JOHN

No no. I understand. It was the drugs.

John storms off in a fit of rage. He is holding back a violent tempest. He walks towards the dance floor, purpose in every step. He is absolutely certain in what he is about to do. Jo and Paul are following close behind him, jogging to keep up with his strong pace.

He walks across the dance floor. The crowd has parted again.

He exits the crowd on the other side of the dance floor. He keeps walking until he reaches...

THE DRUG DEALER.

John musters all his anger, all his betrayed heart, all his horror at what he has just had done to him and channels it into an epic right hook to the drug dealer's left cheek.

The drug dealer is knocked to the ground.

Jo and Paul step away, understanding what is about to happen.

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Claire sits on her bed, sobbing. She has been there for quite a long time. There is an empty tissue box on her desk. There is a huge pile of used tissues on the floor below Claire.

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE/HALLWAY

Claire's Mum walks down the hallway, carrying a basket full of washing.

She hears crying coming from Claire's room. She is concerned as only a parent can be.

She approaches the door. She speaks loudly to overcome the noise of Claire's sobbing.

CLAIRE'S MUM

Claire! Can I come in?

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE/BEDROOM

Claire hears her mother and looks up. She wipes tears away from her eyes, smearing eyeliner on her face in the process.

CLAIRE

Fine.

Claire's Mum walks into the room. She approaches her daughter and sits down beside her. She puts her arm over Claire's shoulder, comfortingly. This is a very different woman to the one we saw in the opening scene.

CLAIRE'S MUM

What's wrong darling?

CLAIRE

(wiping away tears)

Nothing.

CLAIRE'S MUM

Is it a boy?

CLAIRE

(chuckling)

No. It's not a boy.

Claire ponders what to say next.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Mum, how do you know if you love someone?

CLAIRE'S MUM

(concerned)

I thought you said this wasn't about a boy.

CLAIRE

It's not. Could you just...

Claire looks at her mother. She needs advice from someone with experience.

CLAIRE'S MUM

I did love your father once. To some extent I still do.

(beat)

Love... I don't think anyone



can describe love. It's not the same for any one person. I loved other men before I loved your father. But they all did the same thing to me. I could only think about them. All I would ever want to do is kiss them... And have them kiss me back. But it's more than that. They make you feel good. They make you feel less like a failure.

(beat)

It's not something that just happens instantly either. You can screw someone on the day that you meet them and tell them that you love them. You'd be lying though. Anyone who said that would be lying. You can want someone or like someone, but it takes a long time for you to love them. That's what love is to me. It's probably something different to you though.

CLAIRE

No, that sounds about right.

(a beat then more tears)

And what do you do if you hurt someone that loves you?

CLAIRE'S MUM

You have to fix it. If the last few weeks have taught me anything, it's that everything in life is fragile, like it's made of glass. Finding someone that loves you is so amazingly rare. The odds are amazing. You'll love lots of people in life but chances are, not many people will actually love you.

Love is so rare. If you find someone that loves you, you have to be careful not to damage that because it will never be as good again. If you find love, you have to cherish it.

Claire understands. She knows what she has done and what she has to do.

CLAIRE

Yeah. I think I'm going to have to leave again Mum.

Her Mum understands too. In a sense. She turns to her daughter having rekindled the bond between the two of them.

CLAIRE'S MUM

By the way Claire, please stop smoking. I know you're only doing it to annoy me.

Claire looks her mother in the eye. She has forgiven her mother. Mostly.

CLAIRE

Okay.

Claire gets up and walks out of her bedroom.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Claire walks out of her house and onto the street. She looks as though she's been dragged through hell with the makeup smudged on her face and her hair in a mess. She looks left. She looks right. She takes a deep breath. She turns right and begins to quickly walk down the street.

We PAN behind her to follow her walking. She is moving with a newfound determination. She walks past a man wearing a hoodie. He does not notice her.

She starts to run.

INT. CLUB/MAIN AREA - NIGHT

Claire runs through the door of the club, her path illuminated by red wallpaper. She looks around for Emm but sees nothing. She notices a red carpet leading down the stairs to the dance floor. She jogs down the stairs and sees Emm, sitting in that same spot in which we left her.

Claire walks towards Emm with the same determination she had outside. She reaches Emm. She lifts Emm to her feet and kisses her. Emm is at first surprised but then she realizes what is happening.

Claire pulls away, but only slightly. Their arms are still around each other's necks. Their faces are very close.

CLAIRE

I'm sorry.

EMM

(flirtatious)

You can't just keep doing this.  
You have to make a choice.

Claire looks at Emm. She understands what love is. She would follow Emm to the ends of the earth.

CLAIRE

(lovingly)

I have.

EMM

What did you decide?

Claire kisses Emm again.

EMM

Good choice.

They continue to kiss. We PAN away slightly for a few seconds. People are beginning to notice. Suddenly...  
JOHN

bursts out of the crowd and falls to the ground. The crowd has parted again. The drug dealer follows him out. John gets up before he reaches him.

The drug dealer swings.

John ducks.

A rabble of fighting men emerges from the part in the crowd. Members of the crowd begin to join in the brawl. There are punches being thrown every direction. The crowd has turned into a mass of violence. All the energy from the dancing and music has been channeled into each punch that is thrown. Paul and Jo watch on from the side.

CLAIRE AND EMM

barely notice. They are far too happy in their own little world.

The crowd starts to become too annoying.

CLAIRE

Let's get out of here.

EMM

That sounds like a plan.

Emm and Claire run towards the exit as John is punched in the face and falls to the floor right in front of the camera.

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

Claire and Emm run out of the club and onto the street. They are exasperated. They are having fun.

EMM

Where are we going to go?

EMM (CONT'D)

Do you have a car?

Claire shakes her head. She has a place to go though.

CLAIRE

If we want to get there with time to spare then we're going to need to run.

Emm smiles.

EMM

Okay.

Claire takes Emm by the hand and leads her down the street.

They begin to run.

INT. CLUB/MAIN AREA - NIGHT

John gets up off the ground. He spins around and punches the drug dealer in the stomach. The drug dealer is winded and pulls back.

John grabs the shoulder of a man in the brawl and pulls him out to face him. He punches him too.

EXT - CLUB - NIGHT

Claire and Emm continue to run away from the club. They run past the same hoodie that Claire walked past at her house. He notices her this time.

The pair keep running. They exchange thrilled glances. The light of the club fades into the background.

INT. CLUB/MAIN AREA - NIGHT

John throws the man from the crowd to the ground. He kicks him in the stomach. He gets on top of him and begins to punch in the face. He puts all of his anger into every punch. A punch to the left cheek. A punch to the right cheek. Left cheek. Right cheek. Left. Right. Jo watches on. She is horrified at what is happening but at the same time is impressed with her achievement.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Claire and Emm run through an abandoned multi-storey parking lot. There are about five cars scattered around it. They run away from a car with all the windows smashed. They have run a long way already. They haven't even started to get tired.

INT. CLUB/MAIN AREA - NIGHT

John is pulled off the man from the crowd by the henchman. The henchman towers over John. He kicks John in the crotch, oblivious to the violence around them. They may as well be alone.

EXT. MALL - NIGHT

Claire and Emm run through the deserted mall. They pass shops of all sorts and don't notice any of them. All they can notice is each other. The street is illuminated on either side by bright streetlights.

INT. CLUB/MAIN AREA - NIGHT

Paul watches as the henchman beats John to a pulp. John is getting hammered. Paul doesn't know what to do. He doesn't know where his loyalties lie.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Claire and Emm run uphill on a street similar to the one containing Claire's house. They pass several parked cars. They look up the hill and see that the street ends at the top of the hill, at a park.

INT. CLUB/MAIN AREA - NIGHT

John is thrown to the ground by the henchman. The henchman kicks him in the stomach, mirroring what John did to the man from the crowd.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Claire and Emm reach the top of the hill and are silhouetted against the city below. They catch their breath

and run down into the park.

INT. CLUB/MAIN AREA - NIGHT

The henchman sits down on top of John. He punches him straight in the face. John's nose snaps. Blood.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Claire and Emm sit down on the grass. Emm leans over and kisses Claire.

INT. CLUB/MAIN AREA - NIGHT

John is having his face pounded into the ground. Paul watches, torn.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Claire and Emm are kissing. Claire takes off Emm's shirt.

INT. CLUB/MAIN AREA - NIGHT

Paul is punched in the face. Teeth. Blood.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Claire and Emm in their underwear. Kissing.

INT. CLUB/MAIN AREA - NIGHT

Punch. Blood. Paul.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Lying down. Kissing.

INT. CLUB/MAIN AREA - NIGHT

Head lying in a pool of blood. Punch. More blood.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Kissing.

INT. CLUB/MAIN AREA - NIGHT

Just as the henchman is about to land the final blow...

Paul smashes him over the head with a chair.

Paul helps John up out of his pool of blood. He slings John's arm over his shoulder. He leads him out the door.

John smiles through blood.

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

Paul carries John out of the club.

The club is in an uproar as though there is a riot going on inside it. Lights and noise flash from inside the club.

Paul carries John across the car park. John looks at Paul. They are friends again. No words are necessary. All wrongs are forgiven. They both know where their loyalty lies. Paul carries John over to his car. He opens the passenger door and places John inside. John smiles, coughing up blood.

Jo walks out of the club.  
She looks around and notices Paul.

JO

Paul!

She runs over to him, happy to see his familiar face.

JO

Paul.

Paul turns towards Jo. He is not happy with her.



PAUL

What?

JO

Thanks for helping John. He got pretty fucked up in there.

Paul is amazed at her lack of concern for her boyfriend's condition.

PAUL

Yeah. He did. Why?

JO

(still trying to be seductive)

He doesn't know how to control his temper.

Paul sees right through her façade of niceties.

PAUL

He said he'd taken drugs. Is that true?

JO

Yeah but...

PAUL

Who's idea was it?

JO

It was John's idea.

PAUL

Bullshit. I've known John for years. He acts like a tough guy but he wouldn't touch drugs.

(beat)

Unless it was for you.

JO

What are you trying to say?

PAUL

I'm saying he loves you. He loves you to bits. And you used him. Just because you wanted to shag someone else. He deserves someone better than you.

At this point, a man is thrown out of one of the club's second storey windows. He flies through the window, causing spiky pieces of glass to fall to the ground. He lands on a car below. The windows and windshields smash sending millions of tiny particles of glass into the air. The man lies on the car, moaning.

JO

I didn't want to shag someone else. I wanted to shag you.

PAUL

Why am I so special? Why am I worth half of John's fucking teeth?

JO

(as though it justifies everything)  
I think I love you.

PAUL

Maybe you do. But I have to take my friend to the hospital.

Jo just doesn't understand him. She starts to shout.

JO

How can you keep doing this to me? I'm the best you're ever going to get.

PAUL

I can live with that.

Paul turns around to get in the car.

JO

You know what really sucks?

PAUL

This situation?

JO

I can feel something now. I  
don't like it.

PAUL

Huh.

(beat)

Suck to be you then.

Paul gets in the car. He drives away in the opposite direction that Claire and Emm were running. Jo stands on the corner on the verge of tears. She has failed at her mission.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Claire and Emm are lying on the grass in the park with their clothes back on. They have their hands behind their heads, staring up at the starry sky. There are millions of stars in the sky.

EMM

It's a beautiful night.

Claire was barely listening. She was lost in a long train of thought. She whispers to herself...

CLAIRE

Everything is fragile.

Emm hears Claire talking but doesn't understand the words. This is a piece of wisdom only Claire will ever know.

CLAIRE

When the sun comes up,  
everything is going to change,  
isn't it?

EMM

Probably. But we'll deal with  
it. This thing that we've

found, it's the most beautiful  
thing ever.

CLAIRE

That's a big claim.

EMM

That doesn't make it any less  
true.

Claire looks at Emm. Understanding.

CLAIRE

I think we should cherish it.

As Claire and Emm look back up at the sky, we slowly pan  
out to reveal an amazing view of the city.

Emm rolls over and kisses Claire.

FADE OUT.

THE END