

# F.M.L

S01E00 - THE KAREN

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. SEEDY BAR - NIGHT.

A bright neon sign glows against a wood panelled wall, in the background a bad cover song plays from a live band.

DAVE SLOANE (O.S)

Isn't it crazy...

Below the sign sits DAVE SLOANE (40, mixed raced, walks with a limp, tends to wear checkered shirts), he speaks with a casual tone.

DAVE SLOANE (CONT'D)

tomorrow marks 5 years cancer free,  
in one month, it'll be 10 years  
since I got blackballed from the  
industry.

(drinks)

I been thinking about it a lot  
lately, I don't even know why...

Dave looks off to his left as he continues talking.

DAVE SLOANE (CONT'D) ..

Lizzy's been telling me I should  
give it another go, how times have  
changed, but meh... (shrugs)  
*... I just don't know if I've still  
got it.*

Dave turns his head, across the table MR.F (60's, straight cut guy, classic rocker, smart dresser) passionately makes out with a woman KIM (early 50's rocker type).

Dave shrugs, he takes another sip from his beer.

DAVE SLOANE (CONT'D)

It's great we can share these  
heartfelt moments!

Mr. F pulls away for a moment, he looks at Dave with a concerned look on his face, he smiles, but it's soon clear he wasn't listening, he speaks with a thick midlands accent.

MR. F

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*You'll be alright mate. Anyway, On  
the Lizzy side of thing...*

DAVE SLOANE

... Probably best not to bring up  
tonight, *I know, I know!*

KIM

*Who's Lizzy?*

MR. F

That's my daughter and Dave's --

Mr. F gives Dave an uncertain look as he isn't sure of  
their official status.

DAVE SLOANE

-- She's my better half. We ain't  
the marrying types.

KIM

Awww! And you call him Mr. F,  
*that's cute --*

(squeezes Mr.F's cheeks)

-- You're so sweet!

Kim passionately goes back to kissing and caressing Mr. F,  
it's clear Dave is visibly uncomfortable, he takes one more  
sip from the beer and shakes his head.

DAVE SLOANE

Yup.

(under breath)

Seen enough of this for a lifetime.

(to Mr. F)

I got to go pee!

Dave gets up off his stool, he takes a cane that's leaning  
against the wall and shuffles his way into the crowd, he  
walks with a slight limp in his left leg.

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S ROOM.

Dave finishes at the urinal, he approaches the sink and  
looks at himself in the mirror, he's tired, not having fun,  
he shakes his head, takes in a deep breath.

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Dave raises the faucet for the sink, no water comes out.

Dave looks over the faucet, somewhat confused and even further irritated.

DAVE SLOANE  
*Oh for fucks sakes!*

Dave fiddles with the faucet and a spray of water sprays up Dave's jumper and down his tan trousers. Horrified, Dave steps back to assess the damage.

DAVE SLOANE (CONT'D)  
AHHH!

The door to the toilets opens and a man, ALAN (50's, looks after himself, always dresses to impress) enters. He looks at Dave, he recognizes him but it takes him a moment.

ALAN  
*Dave? -- Dave Sloane?*

Alan looks down and notices the mess down Dave's jumper and trouser, he raises his brow.

Dave recognizes Alan, he is mortified, his arms are still in the air, he holds an unhinged half smile as he attempts to think his way out of this one.

Dave speaks with a thick, broken, fake accent, shaking his head as he grabs for his cane.

DAVE SLOANE  
(bad fake accent)  
Oh -- sorry -- bad English!

Dave hobbles out past the confused Alan and out the EXIT.

DAVE SLOANE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
*Fuck my life!*

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dave enters the dark bedroom, he stumbles around feeling his way along the wall, he is dressed for bed, quietly attempting to climb into the bed.

As he lays down, a woman rolls over and places her arm over Dave, this is LIZZY FRANKLIN, (30-35, funny, confident,

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witty, has a classy, gothic dress sense), She stirs squinting to see, waking and speaking softly as Dave eases his way under the covers.

LIZZY

Hey.

Dave gently kisses Lizzy on the forehead.

DAVE SLOANE

Hey beautiful, I'm sorry I woke you, go back to sleep it's late.

LIZZY

How was it? Is my dad okay?

DAVE SLOANE

Oh- y- yeah, He's - He's fine.

LIZZY

Aw it's so sweet you've been going out with him, playing wing man,

DAVE SLOANE

Don't mention it.

LIZZY

You should know I really appreciate it, he's such a shy guy.

Dave gives Lizzy an unsure look as if she doesn't really know her father. But the look lasts a moment as he sees a moment for some tender opportunity.

DAVE SLOANE

(Smirks)

Ah yeah, how appreciative?

LIZZY Not 1

a.m in the morning  
appreciative.

Lizzy kisses Dave on the cheek.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

Night. I love you Dave Sloane.

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DAVE SLOANE  
Night. I love you too  
Lizzy Franklin.

Lizzy rolls over. Dave lays in the dark staring at the ceiling, he hates hiding secrets, Lizzy starts to snore, Dave takes in a deep breath and sighs, he speaks real quiet to himself.

DAVE SLOANE (CONT'D)  
(to self)  
*Fuck my life!*

Something else weighs on Dave's mind, he closes his eyes with a troubled expression on his face.

FADE OUT:

MAIN TITLE: F.M.L

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

A loud, pulsating banging awakens Dave, his eye's shoot open like he hasn't slept, he slowly lifts his head looking ahead to a wall with a mounted T.V Surrounded by photo's, the T.V Shakes with the bangs.

DAVE SLOANE  
Eugh, new neighbours.

Dave lays his head back down, he rolls to his left, a surprised look takes over.

In the doorway, JUNIOR SLOANE (9 years old, mixed race, inquisitive, smart ass type with a big heart) stands holding his phone aimed at Dave.

DAVE SLOANE (CONT'D)  
Junior, why are you recording me  
dude?

JUNIOR  
School project, don't worry about  
it.

DAVE SLOANE

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(visibly confused)  
Your school project is to record  
your parents sleeping?

JUNIOR  
Yeah, yeah, something like that.

Dave sits up in bed and wipes the sleep from his eyes, the walls behind him littered with family photos and memories of good times with friends and family.

DAVE SLOANE  
Okay, I'm up!

Dave goes to stretch, but yelps in pain as he grabs at his back. Junior lowers the camera.

JUNIOR  
Daddy, you okay?

DAVE SLOANE  
Yes little buddy. I got to look at  
"That" this way, if the pain is the  
price I pay to see you grow up,  
then it's worth it.

Junior tightly hugs his father.

JUNIOR  
Mummy left you something on the  
pillow.

DAVE SLOANE  
She did?

Dave turns and notices a note on the other pillow, he picks it up and opens it, revealing a page with a heart draw covering the page writing inside the heart which reads "5 YEARS CANCER FREE, CONGRATULATIONS LOVE L & J XX" Dave softly smiles.

JUNIOR  
We worked on it last night whilst  
you were out with Grandad.

DAVE SLOANE  
Well thank you, this is amazing!  
Did you both have a good night?

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JUNIOR

We had a sneaky McFlurry and  
watched a movie, it was awesome, I  
staryed up till, like 11.

DAVE SLOANE

You did? Damn what are you some  
kind of party animal?

Dave ruffles Juniors hair.

JUNIOR

Did you have a good night with  
Grandad last night?

DAVE SLOANE

(sighs)

Ah, it was a night, we'll just  
leave it at that.

JUNIOR

So anyway, I need to ask. Did you  
think about it?

Still half asleep, sitting on the edge of his bed Dave  
gives Junior a tired drop jaw look.

Junior rolls his eyes, he sighs loud and continues.

JUNIOR (CONT'D) --

y'know. Lending me the cash for  
the b town exclusive pack. We  
talked about it and you said and  
I quote "*I'll think about it!*"

Dave puts on his thick rimmed glasses that sit on his  
bedside table, slightly more with it, he raises his brow  
and puts a stern tone in his voice.

DAVE SLOANE We're

seriously having this conversation  
before I have a chance to have a  
coffee?

Junior rolls his eyes, he turns and walks out the room.

JUNIOR (O.S.)

(annoyed)

I guess not old man. I guess not.



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Dave takes in a deep breath, he releases a loud sigh.

DAVE SLOANE  
AND A GOOD MORNING TO YOU, TOO!

CUT TO:

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING.

Dave serves some American pancakes. He pours some maple syrup over them and slides the plate across the breakfast counter to an eagerly awaiting Junior.

Dave smiles, but speaks with a slightly stern tone.

DAVE SLOANE  
After that you brush your teeth and  
get dressed, *yeah?*

Junior rolls his eyes as his fork plays with the pancakes.

JUNIOR  
Okay.

A moment of realization hits Junior, he jumps down from the counter, he charges at Dave and wraps his arms around him giving the surprised Dave a tight hug around the waist.

DAVE SLOANE  
Woah! What's this for?

Junior pulls back, he half smiles.

JUNIOR

You did it old man, you beat  
cancer, it's your 5th anniversary,  
congratulations!

Dave thinks for a moment.

DAVE SLOANE

Wow, yeah... yeah I guess it is.  
(half smiles)  
Thanks little buddy! Now, go eat  
your breakfast.

Junior goes back to the counter he sits and goes to eat but  
again a thought stops him.

JUNIOR

*Daddy?*

Dave washes the dishes at the sink across, he stops, his  
back is to Junior and he raises his head.

DAVE SLOANE

Yes little buddy?

JUNIOR

I love you!

DAVE SLOANE I love  
you too little man, now how's  
about that breakfast eh?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MORNING.

Dave wears his open plaid shirt, slightly offensive T-shirt  
and Jeans walks with Junior down a long narrow built up  
street. Among the houses, green trees are visible and the  
sound of the birds chirping break the silence of a  
beautiful morning.

Dave walks with a slight gaited limp, he's aided by a cane  
as Junior walks along side him, it's clear Dave's  
uncomfortable, but he masks this with a brave smile and a  
set of dark aviator sunglasses. Junior wears a school  
uniform of a blazer, white shirt and tie.

JUNIOR

The two casually converse.

*So, I been wondering, there's this acting school in town and I wanted to go.*

Dave slows, a real uneasy look takes over him.

DAVE SLOANE

*Acting classes? You want to act?*

JUNIOR

Yeah, well no, I was thinking of starting my own You Tube channel.

DAVE SLOANE Well apparently you don't need acting classes for those mate.

JUNIOR

Ah, I know, but can you think about it at least?

DAVE SLOANE

I can give it some consideration...

(sighs)

... But honestly mate that world isn't a great place, horrible people and all that...

(shrugs)

... You know.

JUNIOR

*Is that why you don't do anything with the stories you write?*

DAVE SLOANE

(confused)

What do you mean?

JUNIOR I saw you have a file on the computer called "unfulfilled dreams" there was some stories in there, I didn't

JUNIOR

look, I went and played geometry  
dash after.

DAVE SLOANE

(awkward)

Ha, well, that -- that is a long  
story my man. But still you should  
not be looking through files on the  
computer.

*Sorry daddy, I was just curious.*

Dave softens, he scoffs again, but this time he breaks out  
into a half smile.

DAVE SLOANE

There's nothing wrong with a bit of  
curiosity mate, *anyway, what's on  
for you today?*

JUNIOR

*Erm, maths... science.. Something  
else... I dunno. What about you?*

DAVE SLOANE

I got a package coming, gotta see  
your uncle Jack, then I might float  
around in the pool for a few  
hours...

(shrugs)

*..I don't know, we'll see how it  
goes!*

JUNIOR

*How come's you get to do that, when  
mummy's at work all day?*

Dave stops.

DAVE SLOANE

*Dude!...*

(points to leg)

*... I got cancer, man. Besides I do  
work, I write the notes for your  
uncle Jack's radio show.*

JUNIOR

JUNIOR

YEAH, BUT.. You're over that. You said so yourself AND I've heard you and mummy talking on a night time, you've said it's a joke that all you can do is write "slacker material".

DAVE SLOANE

You need to stop eavesdropping, it ain't healthy for you little lad!

JUNIOR

Well, you're not exactly quiet when you talk.

DAVE SLOANE

(scoffs)

Touche kiddo, touche!

Junior processes this as the two walk quietly together for a brief moment. Behind them a mother, JOANNE (late 20's-30s, dresses like she oozes 'high maintenance', talks like she's superior, but uses real common dialogue) pushes a pushchair, chugs on a vape pen and stares down at her phone, not paying attention to what shes doing, she walks close to Dave and Junior not giving them much room.

Dave notices, he lowers his head, drops his brow and rolls his eyes as this starts to frustrate him.

EXT. PRIMARY SCHOOL - MORNING.

Dave and Junior arrive outside the large surrounding gates of his quaint, modernized primary school, they stop short of the entrance, it's still quiet with a couple of kids entering as Dave struggles to kneel down to Junior.

Dave adjusts Junior's tie, he ruffles his child's hair with his fingers.

DAVE SLOANE

*Soooo, you have an epic day my main man.*

Dave holds his fist out, Junior ignores this and turns away walking towards the school gates.

JUNIOR

*Yeh you too, daddy.*

Junior stops at the gate, he turns back to see Dave, Junior nods and gestures ushering Dave away with an agitated look on his face.

Dave takes in a deep breath.

DAVE SLOANE

(to self)

Say no more then --

(yells)

-- Don't forget your mum's picking you up! I got a doctors appointment!-

-

(yells louder)  
-- LOVE YOU, BUDDY!

Junior drops his head back, the embarrassment is too much, he loudly sighs and with his back to his father waves him away as he continues walking through the set of school gates.

Dave scoffs, he shakes his head, he smiles and sighs.

DAVE SLOANE

(CONT'D)

(under breath)

*Okay, cool, I'll go fuck myself  
then.*

A disgruntled, forced cough from behind him takes Dave by surprise. He know's where it's come from, he narrows his brow and quietly sighs to himself. He turns around to see Joanne, she glares at him as she rocks her pushchair back and forth, inhaling loudly from her vape pen, before exhaling a thick, fruity cloud back towards Dave.

JOANNE

What is wrong with you?!

DAVE SLOANE

And a good morning to you, Joanne.

Joanne blows another cloud back at Dave, this irk's him enough to lower his sunglasses, to make direct eye contact with the shorter woman, who coughs.

DAVE SLOANE (CONT'D)

*You know... it's probably that  
pen giving you that cough. You  
should get it checked out, sounds  
rough!*

JOANNE

*Shouldn't be using language like  
that round kids.*

Dave looks down at the pushchair.

The child inside gleefully and ignorantly plays with a mobile phone.

Dave looks back up to Joanne and shrugs.

DAVE SLOANE What?  
Kid's too young and busy  
there to be eavesdropping!

PUSHCHAIR KID (O.S.)  
FUCK!

Both visibly alarmed, Dave and Joanne look down into the pushchair.

PUSHCHAIR KID (CONT'D)  
FUCK MYSELF!

Dave looks back up to Joanne, he casually shrugs.

DAVE SLOANE  
Meh, Could of heard it anywhere!

Dave walks off, he cheerfully whistles which visibly aggravates Joanne.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAVE'S HOUSE - DAY.

A DELIVERY WOMAN, (short, petite, bubbly personality, early to mid 20's) steps up to Dave's door step, she notices the sign outside Dave's house which says "NO STUPID PEOPLE BEYOND THIS POINT" she muses to herself as she knocks the door.

The door opens and a smiling Dave answers.

DELIVERY WOMAN Good  
morning I have a package for  
you! I would come closer...  
(laughs)  
*... but your sign says "no stupid  
people!"*

Dave manages an amused smile, he steps out onto the doorstep into a puddle, his mood quickly sours.

DAVE SLOANE  
What the fuck was that?! --

Dave shakes it off and addresses the Delivery woman.



DAVE SLOANE (CONT'D)

-- Sorry about that, thanks so much.

Dave takes the package, he smells it from the outside, not noticing a smell, he pulls the package away.

The delivery woman gives Dave a funny look.

DELIVERY WOMAN

Everything okay there sir?

Dave looks back to the driver, he notices the drivers confusion.

DAVE SLOANE

Yeah... yeah it's fine! But let me ask you something?

DELIVERY WOMAN

(curious)

Okay... sure... go ahead?

DAVE SLOANE You know what this is you're delivering?

DELIVERY WOMAN

No sir. I just collect the packages from the depot. No peeking!

DAVE SLOANE

*Really?! You didn't know you're carrying medical weed?*

DELIVERY WOMAN

(stunned)

I'M WHAT NOW?!

DAVE SLOANE

Oh... I guess you really didn't know. Yeah medicinal..

(sings and gestures)

*Reeeefeeer!!*

The delivery woman stands open mouthed.

DAVE SLOANE (CONT'D) I'm

guessing it's something you're not on board with? But *hey fuck it,*

*not you smoking it is it? Anyway,  
have a good day!*

Dave backs into the house and slams the door in the delivery woman's face.

The delivery woman walks away from Dave's, she takes her phone from her pocket and dials a number putting the phone to her ear.

DELIVERY WOMAN

WEED! ARE YOU FUCKING SERIOUS? I  
GET PAID £11.50 AN HOUR TO DELIVER  
WEED!

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY.

Dave takes a seat at his computer, he has a corner desk in a large salon type living room, a living room fit for a nerd king with Funkos on shelves, comic books, film posters and family photos filling the walls.

Dave places the box on the desk, he stares at the computer screen, he takes in a deep breath, he smiles as he does with a look of almost pride in his eye.

On the computer screen is a filled out title page for a script "IF YOU GO DOWN TO THE WOODS" below characters fill the screen as we hear Dave typing "COMPLETION DAY: 31.08.2024.

Dave smiles but this quickly fades to angst and disappointment, he closes the document to reveal a folder full of written scripts, the folder is labelled as "dreams that don't come true"

A drum and bass beat starts vibrating through the wall, the Funko's on the shelves start to shake.

DAVE SLOANE

(to self)

New neighbours with a shit taste in  
music, man, I am being blessed here  
today!

Dave stands up he takes his box with and exits to Kitchen.

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN.

Dave's phone rings on the kitchen side, the display says Lizzy, the picture is of Dave and Lizzy holding a ridiculous pose in a selfie.

Dave enters the kitchen, he grabs his phone, and he answers with a cheery tone.

DAVE SLOANE Hey  
Babe! What's going down in  
Lizzy town?

CUT TO:

INT. BUSY OFFICE - DAY

LIZZY FRANKLIN, sits at her desk, in a large glass office, a family photo of Dave, Junior and her sits next to her computer, her desk has a stack of paperwork.

Lizzy wrestles with the phone on her shoulder as she types on her computer, it is clear in her expression and tone she is not happy.

LIZZY  
**Dave**, did you teach a toddler to  
say fuck this morning?

We INTERCUT between Dave and Lizzy as they converse.

A horrified look takes over Dave, he goes to defensive.

DAVE SLOANE  
(nervous laughs)  
Ha, woah, let me.. Let me clear  
this matter right up, that woman,  
Simmons, she was up my arse again  
this morning. I made a comment  
under my breath, unfortunately due  
to her disrespecting my space, her  
kid may of heard said comment.

Lizzy stops typing, she rolls her eyes, pinching the bridge of her nose, and sighs as she speaks back down the phone.

LIZZY  
... *Oh Dave*, I've told you a  
million and one times to watch your  
language outside the school.

DAVE SLOANE

(passive)

AND I DO. But, this morning, I got a little frustrated. Besides, like I said she was up my arse, I could of mouthed it and she would of heard me --

Lizzy clips some papers together, GLYN (male, early 30's, cocky, bit obnoxious) pops his head round the door of Lizzy's office, he taps at his watch

DAVE SLOANE (O.S.)

(CONT'D)

(frustrated)

-- AND THAT FUCKING VAPE PEN...  
don't get me started on that!

Lizzy gestures two minutes with her fingers, Glyn leaves and Lizzy goes back to the call.

LIZZY

Yeah, well she's the head of the P.T.A and she's also put a complaint in with the headmaster...  
*WHO CALLED ME!*

Dave puts his head in his hand, he pinches at the bridge of his nose.

DAVE SLOANE

(mouthes)

Fuck!

(into phone)

Okay Lizzy, so how do I fix this?

LIZZY (O.S.)

You need to go to the school, the headmaster is going to mediate between the two of you to resolve this conflict.

Dave clenches his lips together, it's clear this is not the option he wanted, he bites down on his bottom lip before answering back.

DAVE SLOANE

*Conflict?*... What conflict? I said  
a bad word and I'll apologize...  
But it will still make no  
difference, Simmons is still going  
to be a snooty cunt!

Lizzy sits open mouthed for a minute.

LIZZY  
(frustrated)  
DAVE!

DAVE SLOANE (O.S.)  
(relents)  
Alright, okay, fuck. I'll go have a  
prissy meeting and be all nice.

LIZZY  
Thank you. I really appreciate it,  
look I got to go. I love you and  
I'll see you tonight okay?

Dave smiles.

DAVE SLOANE  
(shrugs)  
Yeah, I love you too!

LIZZY (O.S.)  
(elated)  
AND CONGRATULATIONS MR. SLOANE, 5  
YEARS FREE OF CANCER! I'll pick up  
a cake tonight okay?

DAVE SLOANE  
Thank you, you and the kid make it  
worth it everyday, I do love you  
Franklin, I'll catch you later!

Dave hangs up the phone. His smile, as sincere as it is,  
fades when he makes the realization of what's coming next!  
He clenches his phone and pretends to smash it on the  
counter, venting out his mild frustration.

DAVE SLOANE (CONT'D)  
FUCK!

CUT TO:

INT. RADIO STATION - CAFETERIA - DAY

Sat in deep thought, Dave swirls a cup of black coffee around in his hand, he is snapped from his deep thought, by a warm friendly, voice.

JACK NASH (O.S.)

What's eating your sour ass today?

A concerned JACK NASH (mid 30's, rock n' roll, has a top knot) sits across from Dave, they are in a booth in a 50's inspired cafeteria, the walls filled with illuminated posters promoting shows for the radio station, it's quiet except for the odd sound of a clattering plate from the kitchen. Above Jack and Dave, a poster with Jack holding a cheesy pose promotes "TALKIN' TRASH WITH JACK NASH".

Dave takes a sip from his coffee, he puts the cup down on the table and shrugs.

DAVE SLOANE

Just one of them days. It'll pass.

JACK NASH

Nothing to do with your encounter with that whinge bag Joanne Simmons?

DAVE SLOANE

How did you hear about that?

JACK NASH

Dude, we live in a small town, news travels and news is my business.

DAVE SLOANE

Ah yeah, that reminds me --

Dave reaches down and picks his satchel up from under the table, he opens it and pulls out a folder, putting it on the table and sliding it to Jack.

DAVE SLOANE (CONT'D)

-- Your show notes for today.

Jack scans through the notes, he raises his brow, he chuckles to himself and nods as he scans the pages with his eyes.

JACK NASH

*Where do you come up with this stuff?*

DAVE SLOANE

Being blackballed and surviving cancer gives you a funny outlook on things I guess --

Dave takes another sip from his coffee.

DAVE SLOANE (CONT'D) --

Which on that note, Juniors now asking more questions about why I don't try and put my scripts out there.

JACK NASH

*And what did you tell him?*

DAVE SLOANE

(shrugs)

I just kind of brushed over it...  
What do you expect me to tell him, Jack?

Jack leans back in his chair.

JACK NASH

*The only guy I know who blew a million dollar deal, by not blowing for a million dollar deal, how could you not tell him the truth?*

Dave is stumped, the ridiculousness of the question irritates him.

DAVE SLOANE

*Whatthefuckiswrongwithyou?*  
The kid's like 9, I tell him about that and then it's the never ending story of awkward questions.

JACK NASH

Seems like this really got to you.

DAVE SLOANE

Hmph, yeah it has, I been thinking about it all a lot lately.. (sighs)

... I don't know, maybe it's this whole 'new chapter of life', everyone's telling me about, that I get now it's been 5 years since the cancer...

(takes sip from coffee) ...  
*It's kinda hard to know where to go when you're...* (looks to Jack)

.. And I mean no offense here, limited to ghost writing scripts for community radio.

JACK NASH

*Well, on that note. You remember Alan Jeffries?*

DAVE SLOANE

Yeah, I remember Alan, I saw him out last night, I'd been splashed by the dodgy tap in the bathrooms and looked like I'd pissed myself. He recognized me, it was very awkward!

JACK NASH

He's coming here in an hour, talk about renting the space downstairs for a studio. He asked if I was still in contact with you and I told him our arrangement.

DAVE SLOANE

Meh, I'm out of touch, out of date and he wouldn't wanna touch me with a barge pole.

Jack takes a moment before he answers, he tries to empathise with his best friends plight.

JACK NASH *It's*

*a different age bro..*

*(taps on notes)*

*AND you've clearly still got it, you've kept my arse afloat for the last five years with that talent.*

DAVE SLOANE



*Now, who's trying to suck a dick?*

JACK NASH

*Ah whey man!*

The two smile.

DAVE SLOANE

*Listen, I appreciate the sentiment  
and I do, but realistically that  
world is well and truly behind me.*

Dave shakes the negative thoughts out, he sips his coffee  
and shrugs.

DAVE SLOANE (CONT'D)

*Ah, ignore me, I'm just being a  
twat.*

JACK NASH

(laughs)

*When aren't you?*

DAVE SLOANE

*HEY MAN, that ain't cool!*

Dave checks his watch.

DAVE SLOANE

(CONT'D)

*... Ah shit!*

(stands)

*... I got to go man, Lizzy's dad  
is picking me up for my doctors  
appointment in an hour.*

JACK NASH *Good luck  
my dude! Don't get  
inappropriately touched by  
the doctor!*

DAVE SLOANE

(stunned)

*Seriously?!*

(MORE)

DAVE SLOANE (CONT'D)

*You going to make inappropriate  
jokes like that when I'm baring my  
soul about being nearly*

inappropriately touched and getting  
blackballed...

(shakes head)

... Dick move my friend, dick move!

Dave walks away, he smirks.

JACK NASH

I love you really man!

DAVE SLOANE

Yeah, I love you too I guess, dick!

Dave walks out, with his back to Jack he flips him the  
bird. Jack smiles and shakes his head as he necks back his  
drink.

CUT TO:

EXT. RADIO STATION - CAR PARK - DAY.

Dave comes out of a SIDE DOOR of the built up, steel  
framed, glass windowed community centre building. As he  
walks away we see a big bold banner advertising "GBZ RADIO"

As Dave approaches the Kerb he bumps shoulders with another  
man, a smartly dressed man who's back is to us, Dave turns  
back.

DAVE SLOANE

I'm so sorr--

Dave's jaw drops as he recognizes the man stood in front of  
him.

DAVE SLOANE (CONT'D) -

-- A-- Alan?

Alan stands in front of Dave. He smirks, nods then answers  
back.

ALAN

Good to see you've regained the  
ability to speak English, Dave.

DAVE SLOANE

(embarrassed)

I am really sorry about that.

Faulty fucking faucet, you know...

ALAN

Yeah. I did about two minutes later. So anyway, how the devil are you?

DAVE SLOANE

(smiles)

I'm good, *I'm good*.--

Alan looks down at the cane.

DAVE SLOANE (CONT'D) --

*Well, I'm good minus some cancer, but today's my 5th anniversary of being free. The cane is the price you pay. Jack mentioned you were coming!*

ALAN Yeah, I'm in the process of starting my own production company.

DAVE SLOANE Yeah Jack mentioned that. Bit out of the rat race though don't you think?

ALAN

It is, but out here it's cheaper and there's a lot of land to be filmed on not developed out.

DAVE SLOANE

You make a good point. But anyway, WOW, look at you come a long way since all that stunt work!

ALAN

Less injuries behind the camera.

DAVE SLOANE

(nods agreeing)

I can believe that.

ALAN

So, other than...

(nods to leg)

.. What are you up to? I heard you wrote a film and was about to make the big leagues.

DAVE SLOANE

(laughs)

Yeah, well that was a whole other life ago. These days I'm a family man, plus, y'know -- I had a bit of a situation when it came to signing a contract.

ALAN

(curious)

I did hear a story th--

DAVE SLOANE

(cuts in)

It's probable half true.

ALAN

Ah, that's a real shame, your stuff was always top notch. I got to ask though mate, do you miss it?

Dave takes a moment, he thinks of an answer, smiles and shrugs.

DAVE SLOANE

I look at it as, you can't miss what you didn't have, right?

(laughs)

Though, I have a folder on my computer that says otherwise.

ALAN

(nods agreeing)

That's admirable, I tip my hat to you --

(checks watch)

-- Look Dave, I'm really sorry I got to run, I got to meet Jack then I'm meeting some investors at four

-  
-

Alan reaches into his jacket, he fumbles with the inside pocket before pulling out a card and giving it to Dave.

ALAN (CONT'D)

-- But, if you decide you want to pick up where you left off, give me a call. I would love to get a writer on staff. It's not glamorous, but you know, we get to tell a story!

This strikes a chord with Dave who takes the card, he looks at it before looking back up to Alan.

DAVE SLOANE

Wow -- Thanks Alan, I will bare that in mind.

Dave and Alan shake hands and Alan walks away towards the Radio station.

Dave looks down at the card, as he does, a WHITE VOLKSWAGON TOUREG pulls up alongside him, the horn gently beeps.

CUT TO:

INT. VOLKSWAGON TOUREG - DAY - MOVING.

Dave sits in the front passenger seat, he stares at the card in his hand, in a world of his own for a moment as the near muted sound of classic rock casually plays from the radio.

In the drivers seat, Mr. F focuses on the road, he looks through his transition lenses, his fingers tap to the music coming from the radio.

Mr. F tilts his head towards Dave.

MR. F

So, what did you think to that lass last night? She was alright wasn't she!

Dave thinks carefully how to answer this, it's clear he feels awkward, he turns his head to address Mr. F.

DAVE SLOANE

Oh -- er -- Yeah she was -- She was something else wasn't she! You going to be seeing her again?

MR. F

Oh, I don't think so, She cooked me breakfast this morning and it was burnt. Bit of a deal breaker that.

DAVE SLOANE

Hmm, I mean it could of been worse, I had one girlfriend, years before Lizzy, She left me taxi fare on the unit along with a performance review --

Dave looks off out the window and laughs.

DAVE SLOANE (CONT'D)

-- It was not a great review.

MR. F

I appreciate your discretion in not telling Lizzy.

DAVE SLOANE

Please, you're her father. It's your business, but if I were you, I would talk to her about things, she is worried you're getting lonely.

MR. F

I will, I will, I just don't want her to think I'm some playboy type.

DAVE SLOANE

Would it matter if she did? I mean, it's your life, she's an adult, you're an adult, it wouldn't be that bad, honestly...

Dave looks off to the road.

DAVE SLOANE (CONT'D) If

anything, I think she just wants to know that you're happy!

A momentary awkward silence fills the car, only the beat of an instrumental comes from the radio.

DAVE SLOANE (CONT'D) I'm

sorry, I don't mean to be forward, it's been one of those days, I'm a

bit tired out. Weirdo at the school, then I bumped into my mate again, he's setting up a studio under the radio, asked me if I was interested in a job.

MR. F

Hey, that sounds alright.... *Not the encounter, I meant the studio.*

DAVE SLOANE

Yeah it does, I'm glad to see he's doing well, when I wrote a couple of college films back in the day, he starred in them, they weren't great...

(laughs reminiscing)

.. In fact they were awful, but we always had a good time making them.

Dave turns and looks out the window.

DAVE SLOANE (CONT'D)

It's funny how things change.

Mr. F notices a sadness that Dave attempts to hide.

MR. F

Yeah, time's a fickle thing. I know it's not what you wanted, but you're happy aren't you?... Y'know with Lizzy and Junior.

Dave snaps back, he smiles and nods looking to his driver.

DAVE SLOANE I would not change it for the world. The night I got blackballed, was the night I met your daughter and if anything, I would not change that moment for the world -(shrugs)  
-- However, it would have been nice to bring Junior into the world without worrying about every little thing. **Which in other news**, Junior wants to act now, he mentioned an acting school.

MR. F

And what does Lizzy make of it?

DAVE SLOANE

(shrugs)

We haven't had a chance to discuss it. She has her end of year reports to sort, so y'know, I try to give her space for a couple of days till it's done.

Mr. F turns his head, he notices that Dave isn't feeling the idea of Junior acting, he attempts some reassurance.

MR. F

It is a different time now Mr. S!

DAVE SLOANE

Huh?

MR. F

People are a lot safer in that industry and it wouldn't be like Junior is going to be put in your situation.

DAVE SLOANE

*I know, I-- I'm just probably over thinkin' it... (sighs) ... Anyway, look I got to say thanks for the ride to the hospital.*

MR. F

Don't mention it.

DAVE SLOANE

Ah, I know but you've been great throughout this whole cancer debacle.

MR. F

*And you... and Lizzy.. And Junior have been great since Maggie passed.*

Dave turns to look out the window.

DAVE SLOANE

(sighs)



.. Just know that when I do sort  
my shit out, I promise I'll put us  
back to even Stevens.

Mr. F Slams on the brakes of his car, we hear a loud  
SCREECH as both driver and passenger jolt forward. Mr. F  
leans out his window shaking his fist enraged.

MR. F  
*WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU? YOU ABSOLUTE  
FUCKING BELL-END!..*

Mr. F turns his attention back to the road and continues  
driving again.

He takes a moment to diffuse, releasing out a loud sigh.

MR. F (CONT'D) ...  
I'm sorry about that Dave...  
*Fucking drivers, you alright?*

Shocked, Dave raises one brow, he slowly turns his head to  
Mr. F and nods once he's realized he is okay.

DAVE SLOANE Ah  
yeah... I'm... alright...  
(real uneasy)  
*Though, you did just miss the turn  
right there?*

MR. F  
*Ah shit, my bad.*

Mr. F makes a sharp turn into the traffic, we see a  
horrified look on Dave's face as we hear the sounds of  
angry horns from nearby vehicles.

CUT TO:

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY.

A clock ticks away in a blandly decorated, waiting room,  
sparse and empty minue a couple of posters some empty  
chairs, a coffee table with some out of date magazines and  
Dave, who looks at the clock and then back at his wrist  
watch.

DAVE SLOANE  
(to self)

*Nope, right time.*

The male, specialist doctor, DR. KENSBURY (early 30's) causally strolls the hallway, he holds a clipboard in his hand and stops at the reception noticing the new, young, female receptionist, TRICIA (early 20's) sat behind the desk typing at her computer.

DR. KENSBURY

*Oh... hey... you're new here aren't you?*

TRICIA

*Yea, I started like last Wednesday.*

DR. KENSBURY

*Ah, well I been off all week, I had a thing down in Devon, surfing and kite boarding, nothing like it I tell you...*

*(flirtacious)*

*.. So, how you finding it here?*

TRICIA

*Ah yeah it's great, the staff here are great...*

Dave watches on visibly getting more angered.

TRICIA (CONT'D) ...

*Some of us are off into Leeds this weekend, you should totally join us.*

DR. KENSBURY

*I might just have to do that. I'm Mike by the way and you are?*

TRICIA

*I'm --*

DAVE SLOANE (O.S.)

*(cuts in)*

*-- ABOUT TO TELL YOU YOUR ONE O  
CLOCK IS RIGHT HERE!!*

Dr. Kensbury becomes visibly annoyed, he turns and sees Dave sat behind him in the waiting area, Dave with his head tilted smiles and playfully waves.

DAVE SLOANE (CONT'D)

Hello there!

Dr. Kensbury turns his back on Dave, he politely smiles to Tricia.

DR. KENSBURY

*Excuse me for a minute, I have some paperwork to sort out.*

Dr. Kensbury walks away leaving Dave again watching on and getting irritated.

DAVE SLOANE

Are you fucking kidding me?

INT. DR. KENSBURY'S OFFICE - DAY.

Dave sits on the opposite side of the desk to the doctor, who's mood is now light and quite Jovial as he looks over some x-rays and addresses Dave.

DR. KENSBURY So Dave,

I have to say, here we are! 5 years clear of cancer, how do you feel?

DAVE SLOANE

Well... If I said 100 percent I would be lying, but hey, I survived and I get to see my kid grow up so for that I would walk across hell and back!

DR. KENSBURY

*What's next for you then, Dave?*

Caught off guard, Dave pauses to think of an answer, he shrugs.

DAVE SLOANE

*I don't know... One step at a time I guess, Mike!*

There is a moment of awkward silence. Dr. Kensbury clears his throat.

DR. KENSBURY

*It's actually, Dr. Kensbury.*

DAVE SLOANE

*Really? After 5 years? I'm still at Dr. Kensbury? The girl who started Wednesday, she gets Mike, even though she's technically your subordinate!*

Dave stands up, he can't believe it.

DR. KENSBURY

Well -- erm --

DAVE SLOANE

Don't worry about it, after today I don't have to see you again and tomorrow is a new day, fresh start...

(shrugs)

... You know all that awkward positive shit you churn out!

Dave opens the door and half exits, he turns back to look at the doctor.

DAVE SLOANE (CONT'D)

*Farewell.... MIKE!*

CUT TO:

EXT. PRIMARY SCHOOL - DAY.

The white toureg screeches to a halt outside the school, we QUICK CUT to the passenger door opening, Dave getting out, finding his feet, straightening himself, looking back into the car.

DAVE SLOANE

*Thanks, Mr.F!*

The car screeches away as Dave limbers with his cane down towards the school gates, he rushes, knowing he is late.

INT. SCHOOL RECEPTION - DAY.

Dave enters the school reception, it's a brightly coloured room, the walls are papered with the many artworks from the kids of many ages. Lizzy sits against a wall on a small plastic, uncomfortable looking chair.

Dave sees her, he knows she's holding a resting bitch face, that she is fully entitled to, he uneasily takes a seat down on the chair next to her, looking at her genuinely sorry.

DAVE SLOANE

*Lizzy, my love, I am so, sorry.  
It's been one thing to another and  
then the damn Doc kept me waiting  
an extra half an hour...*

He tries to lighten the mood, his tone is crawling, but still needs to make a point.

DAVE SLOANE (CONT'D)

*.. Oh and just so you know.  
Your dad, he nearly killed me,  
cut across two lanes of traffic  
so yeah, you need to get him to  
get his eyes checked cause I  
don't quite care for kamikaze  
taxi. He wants us to go out  
again next weekend...*

(winces)

*.. You know what he's like and I'd  
of felt bad saying no.*

LIZZY

*I appreciate that Dave. I know it's  
been tough for him since Maggie  
died.*

DAVE SLOANE

(under breath)

*,, trust me it hasn't been that  
tough...*

LIZZY

*What did you say?*

DAVE SLOANE No..

*Nothing, but I did hear  
somewhere that your mum is  
still free!*

LIZZY

*Fuck no, can you imagine? I lived  
through that the first attempt and  
it didn't end well!*

The couple shares a laugh, the mood calms for a moment, Dave takes Lizzy's hand and kisses the back of it.

DAVE SLOANE

Look, I am sorry we're here doing this. I have bought some steaks and beer to make up for this *as I did hear word of a cake tonight!*

A door opens from the corridor into the reception and the headmaster MISS. CLAY (late 20's, quirky has a calm, placid tone) enters, she approaches Lizzy and Dave smiling in an attempt to reassure the couple.

MISS. CLAY

*Mr. Sloane, Miss. Franklin, thank you for coming in.*

Dave and Lizzy stand to address Miss. Clay, Dave has a more dismissive greeting than Lizzy.

DAVE SLOANE

*Didn't really have a choice here did we?*

Miss. Clay looks to Dave taken back but Lizzy jabs him in the ribs with her elbow, he realizes he's being an ass.

DAVE SLOANE

(CONT'D)

*Opf.. Sorry... it's been a day!*

Dave goes to follow Lizzy and Miss. Clay through to the corridor, he stops, noticing a handcrafted poster advertising for a P.T.A opening, with nominations due soon.

Dave raises his enthused brows, his attention goes back to Lizzy and Miss. Clay and he quickly moves to catch up.

CUT TO:

INT. HEADMASTERS OFFICE - DAY.

Dave and Lizzy sit opposite Miss. Clay, she converses casually with the couple in her office with large windows illuminated by the natural light.

MISS. CLAY

Junior is a fantastic student, he is always polite and he asks the most interesting questions...

(laughs)

... And he tells the most interesting stories about home.

Dave and Lizzy nervously look between each other.

MISS. CLAY (CONT'D) Oh no, it's nothing bad. It just seems you both have very surprising lives.

DAVE SLOANE

You don't even know the half of it. Anyway, look, before Simmons gets here, you should know...

(takes in a deep breath)

... It was a simple misunderstanding, she was very much in my space when I muttered under my breath, which I admit, I shouldn't of done and I am very sorry.

Miss. Clay looks Dave up and down, she can see the sincerity he is trying to convey, she tries to be empathic to this.

MISS. CLAY

*As you can understand*, we don't want the children picking up those bad habits.

DAVE SLOANE

Oh, I totally do. But, then you have the parents vaping and smoking outside the school gates. I've heard 'em effing and Jeffing like it ain't no thing.

MISS. CLAY And we do address that in our school newsletter.

DAVE SLOANE

*Okay and how's that working out, cause I still seen them out there.*

A knock at the door halts the conversation.

MISS. CLAY  
(to door)  
*COME ON IN!*

Joanne enters, she politely smiles to Miss. Clay and Lizzy, shooting a scolding look to Dave, she clutches her purse taking a sad, victim like pose as she sits down next to Lizzy, now putting Lizzy in the middle.

MISS. CLAY (CONT'D)  
Okay so I would like to thank  
you all for being here --

Joanne takes her vape pen from her hand bag, she takes a large pull from the device, it bubbles, irking Dave as he cannot help but turn his attention to this.

MISS. CLAY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
-- I can appreciate incidents do  
happen and we try to fix them where  
we can.

Joanne exhales a thick cloud of purple, tinted smoke, it fills the room, only irritating Dave further.

DAVE SLOANE (mouthing) *What the fuck?!*  
MISS. CLAY (O.S.) (CONT'D) ... So I believe Mr. Sloane  
you have something to say to  
Miss. Simmons here?!

Miss. Clay notices Dave's attention has left the meeting.

MISS. CLAY (CONT'D)  
Mr. Sloane?

Dave snaps to, he turns to Miss. Clay offering a sorry look.

DAVE SLOANE  
*Oh right -- yeah --*

Dave turns back looking around Lizzy to Joanne.

DAVE SLOANE (CONT'D)  
What the fuck is wrong with you?  
The lady is trying to sort out  
your issue and you disrespectfully  
huff on that while she's talking!

LIZZY



(mortified)  
DAVE!!!

Joanne starts to gasp, she attempts to muster tears, not very well, she puts her hand on her chest, it's clear its an act.

JOANNE  
*I.. I... I don't want to sound like the controversial mum here...*

DAVE SLOANE  
*Trust me, you probably won't!*

MISS. CLAY  
*Mr. Sloane... Miss Simmons.. Could we?*

JOANNE  
(pitifully)  
Since-- Covid -- this has helped me deal -- with my anxiety!

Dave listens on, he's not buying her bullshit.

DAVE SLOANE  
(sighs out loud) *ARE YOU FOR REAL?!... (looks back up) ... I mean what kind of "the bullshit" is that? I get medicinal cannabis, does that mean I'm fine to start toking up too?*

MISS. CLAY  
*Mr. Sloane, please if you could just...*

JOANNE  
**WHAT?!** NO! -- *you're personally attacking me here.*

MISS. CLAY.  
*Mr. Sloane, if we could all take a deep breath here?!*

Dave ignores Miss. Clay, he is mad, he looks around Lizzy almost as if she isn't there as he continues to drill the frustrated Joanne.

DAVE SLOANE

I'm personally attacking you? Like you attack my personal space in a morning?

JOANNE

*What morning?*

DAVE SLOANE

EVERY FUCKING MORNING YOU PLEB! *Oh, don't think I don't see you tailgating me as I walk with my cane.*

MISS. CLAY

Mr. Sloane... Ms. Simmons... Please

JOANNE

*I have no idea what you're talking about!*

Joanne takes a pull from her vape pen her hands are shaking.

DAVE SLOANE

*You know what "Karen?" Let's see what you think of this!*

Dave takes out his G-PEN and starts hitting on that, he exhales. Everyone except Dave now watches on in horror, Dave exhales, he smiles and shrugs.

DAVE SLOANE

(CONT'D)

*Yeah not nice is it?...*

(calmer)

*Well this stuff is, but you get what I mean, right?!*

Everyone starts to cough as the office fills with smoke.

MISS. CLAY.

MR. SLOANE!!!

DAVE SLOANE

Ah Relax!

(coughs)

I have a medical license.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - MOVING.

Lizzy drives the 4 door saloon as Dave looks out the window, both look agitated and the mood is tense. Junior sits in the back, he looks between his parents, sensing a tension.

Junior leans forward to the middle well of the car.

JUNIOR

*This is weird, why are you guys  
quiet?*

Lizzy looks into her drivers mirror, she half smiles.

LIZZY

*It's been a long day darling and  
we're just tired.*

Dave scoffs a couple of times.

DAVE SLOANE

*(to Lizzy)  
We're tired?*

Dave turns to Junior in the back.

DAVE SLOANE (CONT'D)

*-- Oh no! Mummy is tired little  
buddy. Daddy is fed up!*

JUNIOR

*(concerned)  
Why what's up?*

Dave sighs and turns to look out the window.

DAVE SLOANE Asshole

*parents mate... asshole  
parents.*

LIZZY

*Did you really have to join in with  
her though, Dave?*

Dave thinks for a moment.

DAVE SLOANE No, maybe  
I didn't -- But I was making a  
point. Too many people play the  
"since Covid" card, it's  
annoying... When was that..  
Like, half a decade ago?

LIZZY  
Dave, that's beside the point,  
people are still having a tough  
time with it.

DAVE SLOANE But do they  
have it? No, they don't, besides  
if I was her I'd be more worried  
about the popcorn lung she'll get  
from the pen...

Dave mulls this over, he half laughs and turns to Lizzy  
DAVE SLOANE (CONT'D) ...I'm not disagreeing with you, but using  
anxiety as an excuse for vaping in an enclosed room? I mean  
c'mon!

LIZZY  
Either way, you're now barred from  
going near the school.

DAVE SLOANE  
Don't -- Don't say it like that.

LIZZY  
What? Like it's true?

DAVE SLOANE  
No... *Like you did. It sounds like  
I got in trouble for something  
creepy.*

Junior is stunned at this revelation.

JUNIOR You're  
barred from the school  
daddy?

DAVE SLOANE It's  
complicated mate. But no and  
yes..  
(mumbles)  
... I am barred from the school.

JUNIOR

Damn, what do I have to do to get so lucky!

DAVE SLOANE Hey! That education is the most important thing you'll get. Don't be a smart ass, it doesn't suit.

JUNIOR

Sorr-ree. I'm just excited and you guys aren't smiling.

LIZZY

Why you excited little dude?

JUNIOR

Caus of the acting classes! I can't wait, I'm making a video when I get home.

Dave and Lizzy look at each other, both know they need to have this discussion and neither wants to upset Junior.

LIZZY

Me and daddy need to talk it over, though, so please don't get your hopes up.

Lizzy looks at Dave with wide eyes.

DAVE SLOANE

Yeah we nee--

Dave looks off out the window as something catches his attention.

DAVE SLOANE (CONT'D)

-- What in the fuck?

EXT. STREET/ DAVE'S HOUSE - DAY

Lizzy's car slowly creeps down the street, further ahead outside Dave's house a large moving lorry blocks off the driveway to Dave's house.

Dave gets out of the car, he hobbles over to the Lorry, he looks inside the drivers cab but it's empty, Dave walks

back round as a large man, MICK exits from the house neighboring Dave's.

Dave approaches Mick.

DAVE SLOANE Hey,  
what's going on here, you  
can't park it on the drive?

MICK  
Look mate I'm just moving in. I'm  
going to be an hour and it'll be  
out of here.

DAVE SLOANE  
Well could you move it now? We live  
next door and would love to get  
into our house.

MICK  
Can you not park it down the  
street? I'll move the van in an  
hour when I've unloaded it.

DAVE SLOANE  
(nervous laughs)  
No, I can't do that. We have a  
drive, like you have a drive that --

Dave looks around the empty drive and shrugs.

DAVE SLOANE (CONT'D)  
-- Well is empty and could fit  
a van on, so, what do you say?

MICK  
And I told you I don't want to. I'm  
unloading, I'll be gone in an hour.  
So chill out will you?

DAVE SLOANE  
Listen man, don't "chill out" me.  
You're being a bit of a dick, you  
see I got a cane and I need access  
to my drive.

MICK

Yeah, I did notice the cane, it's why I didn't lamp you the minute you stepped on my drive.

Dave is taken back by this.

DAVE SLOANE

Hey, woah, calm down the tension here, I got my Mrs and kid in the car over there watching.

Lizzy anxiously watches, whilst Junior records the events on his phone.

Mick turns his attention to Dave his tone turns colder.

MICK

Limp away now, while you still can.

Dave bites his bottom lip, he wants to fight back but knows he can't, because of his audience.

DAVE SLOANE

Alright. Sure. I'll leave you be this time. But, I'm telling you this ain't over.

Dave starts limping away, he stops and turns back one more time.

DAVE SLOANE (CONT'D)

Not over!

INT. CAR

Dave gets back in the car, he is clearly agitated.

LIZZY

He's a mean one huh.

DAVE SLOANE I'll sort this. I promise. But yeah, can you park down the street, well, park home later.

JUNIOR

Shoulda kicked his ass daddy.

DAVE SLOANE

Dude! Really?

CUT TO:

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING.

Dave cuts some peppers, he has some soul music playing from his alexa, and he incorporates some bad dance moves in his cooking preparation.

Lizzy enters the Kitchen she grabs a beer from the fridge and opnes it.

DAVE SLOANE  
That kind of day huh?

Lizzy takes a sip from the bottle and offers it to Dave, he holds his hands up politely declining.

DAVE SLOANE (CONT'D)  
*C'mon, you know this brother  
doesn't joke and toke!!*

He waves his G-pen taking a hit. Lizzy kisses Dave on the lips. Dave smiles.

DAVE SLOANE (CONT'D) You  
know, this is my favourite part of  
the day! *I love you y'know?*



LIZZY

And I love you too... *I guess!*  
*Though you should know... you are*  
*an ass!*

DAVE SLOANE

(shrugs)

*It's true, I can't deny it. But I*  
*will get that miserable cow back,*  
*you wait and see.*

LIZZY

She is horrible. But she is also  
the head of the P.T.A.

DAVE SLOANE

Eugh. I hate that shit, she has the  
power to make a difference and boom  
she runs it like Jabba the hutt!  
(sighs)  
I am sorry and I will try and fix  
this tomorrow, I promise.

LIZZY

If you could then that would be  
amazing! I don't want to tell  
people you can't go fifty feet near  
the school they get the wrong idea!

DAVE SLOANE

*Eugh, you're telling me. Oh, yeah*  
*has Junior mentioned going to an*  
*acting school?*

LIZZY

He's mentioned it. I didn't want to  
bother you with it today as I know  
it's a massive decision, especially  
with your history. It starts in a  
week.

DAVE SLOANE

A week huh --

Dave looks up to the ceiling, he knows he's about to regret  
what he's going to say.

LIZZY

DAVE SLOANE

(CONT'D)

(sighs)

-- *Okay, fine*, we'll let him go.  
BUT.. AND I DO MEAN BUT, the first  
off thing I notice and he's out.

It won't be like that Dave. I  
promise, he's just going to have  
fun and that's it.

Junior enters the kitchen, he lingers at the door.

JUNIOR

*So is that a yes then?*

DAVE SLOANE

(chuckles)

Next time I'll go to space to  
discuss things with your mum, but  
yes you can go!

An elated Junior grabs both Lizzy and Dave for a tight hug.  
He looks up to his parents.

JUNIOR

*Guys, am I allowed to go use my  
phone?*

DAVE SLOANE

Yeah I guess, but no Tik Tok you  
hear?

Junior drops the hug, he grabs his phone from the counter  
and runs off upstairs, the sounds of heavy stomps follow  
his movement.

DAVE SLOANE

(CONT'D)

(flabbergasted)

Would you believe the attitude on  
that kid?

LIZZY

*I wonder where he get's that from?*

LIZZY

DAVE SLOANE *HEY! You  
check your tone there missy  
before I check it for you!*

Lizzy punches Dave playfully on the arm.

DAVE SLOANE (CONT'D)

Ouch! Hey, not cool!

Lizzy takes a sip from her beer, she looks into Dave's eyes taking a tone of concern.

Dave, in all seriousness though,  
are you okay? You've seemed a bit  
off today?

DAVE SLOANE

Am I okay?..

(sighs)

Lizzy, I don't keep things from  
you. Your dad, he crushing it on  
these nights out..

LIZZY

(recoils)

Eugh, I don't need to know that!

DAVE SLOANE

No, I know, but also I don't need  
to watch it happen, which I do. He  
asked me not to tell you as he  
doesn't want you thinking less of  
him!

Lizzy pauses, she's taken back.

LIZZY

I.. I honestly, don't care, I just  
want him to be happy.

DAVE SLOANE

That's what I said, THANK YOU! OH,  
Then I bumped into an old friend  
today.

LIZZY

Lizzy starts prepping a salad on the counter opposite Dave, her back is to him while he tends to his pan.

LIZZY

Ah yeah and who was that?

DAVE SLOANE

Guy from my college days, Alan Jefferies, he's opening a production studio under the radio station.

LIZZY

(impressed)

That's pretty cool.

Dave turns to face Lizzy whilst he still has her back to him.

DAVE SLOANE

Yeah, he's an actor who starred in  
a few of my college films.

Lizzy turns and looks to Dave, she is surprised as if this  
is something new to her.

LIZZY

And we never watched these movies?

DAVE SLOANE

What? Fuck no! They were awful.  
Anyway, he went on to  
documentaries, he acts every now  
and then, he gave me his card and  
told me to give him a call.

Lizzy stop's she's surprised, but she's visibly proud.

LIZZY

WHAT?! Dave that's awesome.

Dave plays it off; he shrugs, turns and flips the steaks.

DAVE SLOANE

Yeah, it's cool, but, ah, I don't  
know.

LIZZY

What do you mean you don't know.

Dave turns back to Lizzy, he shrugs, he's still unsure.

DAVE SLOANE

Everyone knows my story, it became  
like an urban legend. Not only that  
I'm rusty, I'm out of touch,  
introverted, outspoken...

Lizzy steps up to Dave and grabs him by his collar.

LIZZY

And in a perfect place to tell a  
relatable story, I've read those  
scripts you've wrote you know.

Lizzy kisses him on the lips.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

Now, go make that phone call Dave  
Sloane, this is your chance,  
actually take it.

Dave thinks for a minute. His phone rings, he checks the  
display.

DAVE SLOANE

What's up, shouldn't you be on a  
date or something?

INT. RADIO STATION/ DAVE'S HOUSE.

We INTERCUT between Jack and Dave as they chat. Jack stands  
in a quiet hallway, outside a recording studio, he checks  
his surroundings speaking with a tone of urgency.

JACK NASH

Please tell me you're watching the  
news right now?

DAVE SLOANE

No, I'm having a tender moment with  
Lizzy, well, I was trying to at  
least.

JACK NASH

Yeah well, go check the news, you  
need to see this!

DAVE SLOANE

Okay, I'm going, Jesus Christ!

Dave walks through the hallway into the living room, he  
picks the remote off the arm of the sofa and turns on the  
T.V, The volume is muted, but a news report plays, the  
banner is talking of the arrest of movie and music mogul  
"DARIUS BLAKE".

Dave's mouth drops open.

DAVE SLOANE (CONT'D)

Get the fuck out of here!

JACK NASH

That's him right, the one that  
"y' know"?

DAVE SLOANE

Yeah, that's him.

JACK NASH

So what does that mean for you?

DAVE SLOANE

Nothing man, that shit is ancient history.

(MORE)

DAVE SLOANE (CONT'D)

History I wouldn't care for. But, good. About time. I hope in prison he's the pie. Anyway. I gotta go.

Dave hangs up the phone. Junior stands next to Dave, he looks at the T.V and then to Dave.

JUNIOR

What's that all about daddy?

DAVE SLOANE

That man on the news there. He's the reason daddy doesn't get his movies made.

JUNIOR

Damn!

DAVE SLOANE

I know right -- Hang on weren't you upstairs?

JUNIOR

Yeah, but I needed my charger.

Junior walks to the other side of the room as Dave turns off the T.V, Junior grabs a plug and turns back to Dave.

JUNIOR (CONT'D) So, if

that guys a crook. Doesn't that mean, he doesn't have a say anymore?

DAVE SLOANE

That's what usually happens.

JUNIOR

Does that mean you have another chance now?

DAVE SLOANE Hm, maybe it

would. But ah, different time,

different person. I don't think I  
could make it big now.

Dave leaves the room.

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Dave enters the kitchen, Lizzy who's tending the pots turns  
to him, she's intrigued.

LIZZY

What was that all about then?

DAVE SLOANE

The producer who's name we don't  
speak. He's just been arrested in  
L.A.

LIZZY

Woah.

DAVE SLOANE

I know right, but yeah, what comes  
around goes around.

LIZZY

Did you call Alan?

DAVE SLOANE

Maybe I'll do it tomorrow.

This stuns Lizzy, she answers back to Dave irritated.

LIZZY

ARE YOU KIDDING ME? The universe  
has just served you the biggest  
second chance sign and you're going  
to think about it tomorrow? Stop  
being a pussy Dave!

DAVE SLOANE

A pussy? Really? You just straight  
up going to call me a pussy?

Lizzy gives Dave a cheeky smile.

DAVE SLOANE

(CONT'D)

(laughs)

Well, when you put it like that!



Lizzy's cell phone vibrates in her pocket. She takes the phone out, she reads the message, sighs loudly and rolls her eyes back.

DAVE SLOANE

(CONT'D)

(inquisitive)

Is everything okay?

LIZZY

Just the school app, they're sending a message out asking for candidates to join the P.T.A.

DAVE SLOANE

*Yeah.. I saw that.*

A wicked thought hits Dave like a light bulb switching on.

LIZZY

(curious)

*What's that --- wait, I know that look!*

A devious smile takes over Dave.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

Dave, please don't tell me...

DAVE SLOANE

*You know what; I might run for the P.T.A!*

LIZZY

(Hesitant)

*I.. I Don't think that's a good idea, I mean especially after today's --*

DAVE SLOANE

(cuts in)

*--- Atatatata! oh but it is and I will sort that out... How long until the election?*

LIZZY

Six weeks.

DAVE SLOANE

Perfect, I'll go make nice with the head tomorrow, get the ban unturned and get that "Karen" off the committee!

LIZZY

Oh Dave, c'mon, this is Juniors school.

Dave takes a hit from his G-pen, he is stuck in this moment and nothing is taking that away from him.

DAVE SLOANE

Exactly and that crazy crank makes it a misery. You yourself said I should do something, perhaps this is it!

LIZZY

And what about Alan?

DAVE SLOANE

I'll give him a call tomorrow, I promise!

LIZZY

Promise me on Junior!

DAVE SLOANE

Woah, I mean that's a bit fucked up, don't you think?

Lizzy glares at Dave, he knows he's lost this one.

DAVE SLOANE (CONT'D)

-- FINE.. FUCK IT!

Dave grabs his phone from the kitchen side, he walks out.

DAVE SLOAN (O.S.)

Love you!

Lizzy sips her beer, she blushes and smiles softly.

LIZZY

Love you too.

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING.

Dave enters the living room with a sly smirk, he swizzles round and collapses himself into his reclining chair, he reaches into his jeans pocket, takes out the card and places it on his belly.

Dave pushes a button on the side of his chair to recline it back. It slowly moves whilst with his free hand, he dials the number from the card.

Dave takes a deep breath, he pinches the bridge of his nose as someone answers on the other side.

DAVE SLOANE Hey..  
Alan? It's Dave... Dave  
Sloane.

CUT TO:

INT. ALAN'S BEDROOM - EVENING.

Alan, he talks into his phone, he's in bed and visibly undressed, under a cover in a dimly lit, dark bedroom.

ALAN  
I am glad you called, What can I do  
for you?

We INTERCUT between Dave and Alan.

Dave is uneasy, he's not one to ask for anything.

DAVE SLOANE  
So -- you said about meeting up,  
writing something?

ALAN  
(elated)  
Yes mate, I did. Look, I'm really  
sorry, I'm with my new Mrs this  
evening you know how it goes. But,  
I got a busy week this week and  
next I'm meeting with some  
investors, but how is two weeks  
friday at 2p.m?

Dave sits forward, he is stunned, he can't believe this might be happening.

DAVE SLOANE

Two weeks Friday at 2p.m! I can do that and I look forward to it.

ALAN (O.S.)

Top stuff. Oh and you have some samples?

DAVE SLOANE

(confidently)

Oh yeah, I have samples.

ALAN (O.S.)

Excellent. Well bring those and the relevant pitch decks and we'll talk!

Dave's confident smile waivers, but he pretends like he knows what he's talking about.

DAVE SLOANE

Oh - yeah, sure, sure I got all that.

ALAN JEFFRIES

So, we making a movie then Stone?

A sly, energetic smile takes over Dave, he struggles to get his words together.

DAVE SLOANE

(unsure repeating)

Are we making a movie? -(scoffs happy)

-- You bet your ass we are!

Alan hangs up. He places the phone down on the bedside unit as a light glows from across the room.

JOANNE (O.S.)

Who was that?

ALAN

(shrugs)

Old film making mate, got a meeting with him tomorrow, he was something else back in the day!

Joanne lays down on the bed next to Alan, she is dressed in Lingerie. She leans in and kisses him on the cheek.

JOANNE

*You going to keep me waiting then?*

Alan smirks, he reaches out and clicks out the beside lamp.

INT. DAVE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Dave puts his phone on the arm of the chair, his shocked smile turns to a more confused look.

DAVE SLOANE

What the fuck is a pitch deck?

On the sofa next to him, Junior sits playing with his phone, he startles Dave as he confidently answers.

JUNIOR It's like a power point presentation. Y'know, you tell people what you have and where you want things to go. I can help you with that!

Stunned Dave just sits open mouthed looking at Junior.

DAVE SLOANE

How do you know all that?

JUNIOR

Daddy. Please, I make stop motion movies and I watch YouTube. Sometimes you pick things up!

Junior jumps off the couch and walks off out the room.

JUNIOR (CONT'D) Gotta keep up old man, gotta keep up! But good for you though. I'm proud.

Dave sits alone, still stunned at the fact his son knows more about this than he does.

DAVE SLOANE

(sighs)  
Fuck my life

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END.