

ALL OF US STRANGERS

by

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Based on the novel "Strangers" by Taichi Yamada

BLUEPRINT PICTURES

1 **INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - DUSK**

1

A view of London stretches south past half-built tower blocks rising above the Victorian housing stock.

This is the view from inside an apartment, twenty-seven floors up. As twilight comes, our focus shifts to Adam [45] gazing out the window.

Something on the horizon catches his attention. It looks like the glint from a shard of glass or the light from a distant star: a guide, maybe a warning.

2 **INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - TWILIGHT**

2

Adam wakes on the sofa, woozy from a dream. It is silent in the room; the sound of the city blocked by the triple-glazed glass.

His flat is comfortable and well-looked after. Furniture is all carefully selected and the shelves are lined with books, DVDs and records.

Adam lies still for a while, more than a while, watching light fade from the room. He sits up, switches on a lamp. His stomach grumbles.

He looks down at his hands resting on his belly and rubs his thumb gently against his finger. The room is quiet enough to hear the sound of skin stroking skin, such a strange, sensual sound.

3 **INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

3

Adam opens the fridge door, the "buzz" of the appliance loud in the silence. There's nothing to tempt him, just leftovers and soggy salad in bags.

He takes out his phone and orders from his 'favourites'. Suddenly, the building's fire alarm comes on, a howl in the silence. Adam contemplates whether to ignore it.

8 **INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

8

Sweet & sour pork balls lie half-eaten on the counter as Adam watches HELLRAISER by Clive Barker (1987), a classic (queer) horror with a soaring score.

He is loading his vape with weed when the doorbell rings; an ugly, glitchy sound as if rarely used. He pauses the DVD. Adam is not expecting anyone.

9 **INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT / CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

9

Adam opens the door to find a man in his twenties holding a half-empty bottle of whisky, shit-faced drunk, his eyes tired and heavy. This is HARRY (28).

He wears a green sweatshirt with stains on the front. The corridor is quiet but for an extractor fan somewhere in the building, humming, groaning.

HARRY

Hello.

ADAM

(cautiously)

Hi.

HARRY

I saw you looking at me from the street. I've seen you a bunch of times, coming and going with your head down. One day it will be for real, that alarm.

Harry looks down the corridor towards the elevator. They can hear it open and close but no-one get outs.

HARRY (CONT'D)

We're basically the only ones here. Can you fucking believe it? They still haven't got a security guard yet.

He turns back towards Adam, anxious in Harry's presence, not wanting to engage.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I'm Harry.

(CONTINUED)

He smiles, offers up his hand. Adam has no option but to shake it.

ADAM

Adam.

The extractor fan stops. Harry searches for the source of the missing sound.

HARRY

How do you cope?

ADAM

With what?

HARRY

Listen?

They both listen. Silence.

HARRY (CONT'D)

It's so quiet. London's out there but we can't hear a fucking thing.

Harry edges closer, almost conspiratorially. Adam backs away.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I play music but it's worse when it ends. I even bought one of those white-noise machines. It's like someone's in the corner of the room, whispering about me. We can't even open the windows but I guess they don't want us to jump. Bad for business, bodies broken on the concrete. Who's gonna move in then? You want a drink? It's Japanese.

Harry lifts up the bottle. He really does seem fucked. Adam wants him gone.

HARRY (CONT'D)

It's meant to be the best in the world but I couldn't tell you why.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

No thanks.

Harry looks at him for longer than is comfortable.

HARRY

How about I come in anyway? If not for a drink then for whatever else you might want.

There is a desperation to Harry's tone that is unnerving, his sexual intention clear.

ADAM

I don't think that's a good idea.

HARRY

Do I scare you?

ADAM

Excuse me?

HARRY

We don't have to do anything if I'm not your type.

(leaning in)

There's vampires at my door.

What a strange thing to say.

Adam closes the door in his face. Adam waits, uneasy. He puts his ear to the door. Harry's still there.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Everyone is meant to be kinder nowadays but surprise fucking surprise, nothing has changed.

Adam feels a stab of guilt, Harry's as alone as him, but he waits and waits until he is sure Harry is gone. When he finally opens the door, the corridor is empty. Adam closes and double locks the door.

From the vantage point of a half-built tower, we zoom out as Adam walks to the window, taking a long drag on his vaporizer.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

Pulling out further, we reveal Harry's apartment on the sixth floor, the television still on. Harry is by the window finishing off his whisky.

He starts to scream at the top of his lungs. Only no one can hear him through the triple-glazed windows. Not Adam. Not even us.

11 **EXT. TOWER - DAY**

11

Harsh cut to a new day, the sun watery, a warm summer morning.

12 **INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - DAY**

12

Adam flicks through his eclectic LP collection ordered by the year of release. The sleeves become more battered and torn as he goes back through time.

He picks THE CIRCUS by ERASURE (1987). On the inside of the album sleeve is some handwriting, a little childish. It says 'Dec 1987'.

The title track plays as Adam sits at his desk trying to write a script. His fingers rest on the keys but nothing comes. The flash of the cursor taunts him, hovering like a heartbeat over the start of a scene.

13 **INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - DAY TO DUSK**

13

Adam opens the top cupboard -- a place for comfort food. Devonshire Custard. Rice Pudding. He takes out a pack of Ginger Nuts and opens them.

He eats two in quick succession, wiping the crumbs from his sweatshirt which fall to the floor with a sprinkle.

As the sun sets, Adam stands by the window. He sees Harry sitting in the garden below. He looks forlorn, all alone down there.

21 CONTINUED:

21

Adam notices a YOUNG BOY watching from a bedroom window. It is hard to see him clearly. A WOMAN appears behind the boy, raises her middle finger and shoos Adam away.

22 **EXT. HIGH STREET - LATE AFTERNOON**

22

Adam walks along the high street: 1950's architecture, mock-Tudor, mediocre shops on the street level. Adam is caught by a scent sparking a memory.

23 **EXT. SANDERSTEAD PARK - AFTERNOON INTO DUSK**

23

Adam eats his chips at a picnic table near a playground. He flicks through a handful of photos brought with him, mainly of him and his Mum.

In one photograph, Adam finds his 7-YEAR-OLD-SELF on a swing in the same playground where he sits now. Eating the same soggy chips.

Adam walks through the park as the sun falls. TEENAGERS sit on rugs drinking beer. Some LADS kick a ball around. Somewhere is a game of cricket.

He reaches a line of swaying trees, the wind picking up. Adam walks through the tree-line to find the landscape drop away with a distant view to London. Adam has no memory of this place.

He sits on the ground as the sun sets. He watches the grass blow in the breeze. Suddenly the wind stops. A stillness falls. Adam turns around, sensing he's being watched.

At the tree-line, he finds a MAN, younger than Adam, watching him. It is hard for him to see his face, the light obscure, but Adam feels a rush of adrenaline, a tingle of fear.

With a subtle gesture, the man beckons Adam to follow as he walks back through the trees, the wind returning. Adam hesitates, then gets up.

As Adam follows him from a distance, the light continues to fade, turning bluer and darker. Adam can't get a good look of his face. Before too long, the man arrives at the park gates.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

He stops. Turns back to Adam. Their eyes lock. The blood drains from Adam's face. *Surely it can't be him?* The man smiles, then crosses the road.

24 **EXT. SANDERSTEAD HIGH STREET - TWILIGHT**

24

Close to darkness now. The street-lights come on. Adam crosses the road as the man heads into an off-license.

Adam approaches and cautiously peeks through the window, the dirty glass distorting the man's face. A car alarm goes off and Adam turns to find the source.

When he looks back to the shop, the man is standing in front of him. He has a bottle of whisky (Bells, 1980's label) and a packet of fags (purple Silk Cut, 1980's label).

MAN

Hi.

The man offers Adam a cigarette. Adam shakes his head as if in a dream. The man lifts up the bottle.

MAN (CONT'D)

I thought something strong might
be good for a night like this.

Adam tries to speak but no words come. The man smiles and lights a cigarette (with the lighter from Adam's box under the bed). He exhales a smoke ring into the air. Adam follows it skyward.

MAN (CONT'D)

Shall we go?

ADAM

Where?

MAN

Home, of course.

25 **EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - TWILIGHT**

25

The man flicks the butt of his fag onto the ground. He stamps on it with his trainers, eighties in style.

(CONTINUED)

They have arrived back at the house from the photograph, but the red pedal car from his childhood is now there. A wooziness builds.

MAN

She's gonna be over the moon to see you.

The man knocks on the door. A car passes, an old Granada looking like new. The front door opens but from where Adam stands he can't see who it is.

MAN (CONT'D)

Guess who I found loitering in the park?

WOMAN

Surprise me.

Adam recognizes the voice instantly. His eyes fill with tears. As the woman pops her head around the corner, we recognize her too.

She is the woman from the photo. His mother. Only younger than Adam. And if this is his mother, then this man must be his Dad. She looks at Adam, unsure it's really him.

MUM

Is it him?

DAD

It's definitely him. Look at the eyes.

Then suddenly, she sees.

MUM

Yes.

(she smiles)

It is you.

ADAM

Hi.

MUM

Don't just stand there. Get yourself inside.

(CONTINUED)

Adam doesn't even hesitate. He steps inside as if in a trance. His 'mother' shuts the door behind him as we pull out wide to reveal the house.

It looks different now (just for now), the white render gone, the window frames now green, and an orange Cortina parked in the drive.

The room feels like it belongs in the mid-eighties. Adam sits at the kitchen table as his Mum gets a packet of KP dry roasted peanuts from the cupboard and puts them in a bowl. His Dad gets some glasses and opens the whisky. He pours the largest for Adam.

DAD

So where are you living now? Not round here that's for sure.

ADAM

I'm in London.

MUM

How fancy.

DAD

Whereabouts?

MUM

Do you live by yourself?

Adam downs his whisky in one. His Dad pours him another. His mother joins them at the table with the peanuts but no-one touches them.

DAD

Do you own your own place?

ADAM

It's just a flat.

DAD

I knew it!

(to his wife)

I told you he'd have done well.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DAD (CONT'D)

It can't be cheap living up there
in the smoke.

MUM

What do you do?

ADAM

I'm a writer. I'm not particularly
rich though, not really.

MUM

A writer?

(to her husband)

And what did I tell you?

His mother cannot control her excitement. She jumps up and kisses Adam over and over again on the top of his head like he was a child, *her* child. He can't help but laugh, finally relaxing a little.

MUM (CONT'D)

I always knew you'd be creative.
What kind of writer? You know how
I love Stephen King. *Carrie*, *Cujo*,
Different Seasons.

ADAM

I'm not a proper writer. I write
scripts, a few films. TV when I
have to.

MUM

This is so bloody exciting. If I
knew the neighbours I'd run over
and tell them right now.

She sits back down.

DAD

I've always said that writers know
less about the real world than
almost anyone else.

He winks at his son to let him know he not serious; it's to wind up his wife. She bashes her husband on the arm.

MUM

What the hell do you know? You can
barely write joined-up.

(CONTINUED)

Adam smiles at this gentle mocking. It brings him back. His mum takes a cigarette and lights it, inhaling deeply.

MUM (CONT'D)

A writer. Our son.

That hits Adam squarely between the eyes. His Dad reaches over and places his hand on his.

DAD

We're very bloody pleased to see you doing so well.

Adam looks down at his hand. It stays there long enough for Adam to experience his touch, his Dad's thumb gently stroking his skin. Then he reaches for the whisky.

DAD (CONT'D)

But enough of that *poofy* stuff. Our boy is home so let's get fucking drunk.

The 'poofy' remark lands on Adam but he ignores it. He swigs down his whisky and hands the glass back for more.

27 **INT. FAMILY KITCHEN - NIGHT**

27

Adam lets the night wash over him. They are all drinking more and more. Still no-one eats the peanuts. Adam stays quiet, enjoying their stories of him as a little boy.

We hear snippets. Like overlapping dreams. What about the time he wiped his poo on the anaglypta walls. Or that day he got hit by a Ford Granada when he tried to pedal his red car onto the main road.

28 **EXT. FAMILY HOME DRIVEWAY - NIGHT**

28

It is a little cold outside, a chill blown in. Adam's mother hugs him tightly, kisses him on the lips. His father does the same thing, a kiss full on the lips.

DAD

It's been so bloody nice to see you again. We weren't sure we ever would but here you are.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

Here I am.

MUM

Come back soon. One of us will be
in.

ADAM

I will.

But there is a sense from Adam that this can't possibly
be real, that it can't happen again.

MUM

Please.

There is an insistence in her tone as if she needs this
as much as him.

Adam sits in the rear, his eyes heavy. A 'traffic light'
air-freshener hangs from the rear view mirror. It rocks
back and forth.

TAXI DRIVER

Best get you home before your
missus sends out a search party.

Taxi drivers always assume you have a wife. Adam says
nothing. He smells his sweatshirt for signs of the night:
smoke, booze.

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)

Out with your mates?

ADAM

No.

Adam tries to wrestle with the ramifications of tonight.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I was with my parents.

30 **EXT. MINICAB - NIGHT**

30

Adam's eyes start to close as he watches the approaching city sparkle through the window. New buildings going up but the streets are quiet. A smile, almost euphoric, comes over his face.

31 **INT. TOWER LOBBY / ELEVATOR - NIGHT**

31

Adam, still a little drunk, heads through the lobby to the elevators. Harry is waiting at the lift with his back towards him. Adam considers and then decides to join him.

ADAM

Hello.

HARRY

Hi.

Harry looks burnt-out, exhausted. He avoids eye contact. But the lift opens and they both get inside. The mirrored walls mean they can't ignore each other for long.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for the other night.

ADAM

Don't worry about it.

But Harry seems deeply ashamed, with a vulnerability now that Adam finds attractive. The lift arrives on the sixth floor and Harry gets out. Adam feels emboldened.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I do like whisky if you want to
come --

Harry turns back to Adam but the doors shut between them before anything else is said and Adam is left staring at his reflection in the textured steel doors. What a strange fucking night.

32 **INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

32

Adam looks at the photos again. He finds himself aged 11, a melancholy kid. He stands beside his parents who look exactly as they did tonight, right down to the clothes.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Hello.

ADAM

Hi.

HARRY

Hi.

ADAM

Do you want to come in?

A beat of doubt as Harry looks down the corridor and then back to Adam. He smiles, tentatively.

HARRY

Okay.

Harry takes in the apartment: the records, the books on the shelving unit. Adam hovers behind.

ADAM

How long have you lived in the building?

HARRY

Long enough. I work for the company that owns it. They rent it to me for close to cheap. I work from home most of the time anyway.

ADAM

What do you do?

HARRY

I.T. I wanted to do something else but never worked out what that something was.

ADAM

Do you want a drink?

He turns around to face Adam.

HARRY

What have you got?

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

Vodka. Some beer. Weed if you want that instead.

HARRY

Weed is better.
(with a small smile)
I'm off alcohol.

Harry's got a nice smile, kind about the eyes. He walks to the window to look at the view. Adam sits on the sofa and loads up his vaporizer. They are silent for a few moments, both a little awkward.

HARRY (CONT'D)

All these towers going up but there is nothing to do. Do you like living here?

ADAM

I bought it off-plan. I read that was the smart thing to do. I'm hoping it'll get better when people move in. If more people move in.

HARRY

You got friends nearby?

ADAM

Not really. You?

HARRY

Not really.

ADAM

Mine have all moved out of London. They want gardens for their kids. They want to be near grandparents so someone can look after their kids.

HARRY

I'm guessing you didn't want to move too.

ADAM

What am I going to do in Dorking? It's not for people like me.

(CONTINUED)

Adam inhales on the vape. Harry finally sits beside him. Looks at him.

HARRY

You are queer, right?

Adam exhales slowly with a smile. The room is so silent. We can hear every breath.

ADAM

Yeah.

HARRY

(smiling)

That's good.

ADAM

Well -- gay. I can't get used to calling myself 'queer'. It was always such an insult.

HARRY

(thinking on that)

It's probably why we hate 'gay' so much now. Gay meant lame and shit. Those trainers are gay. That haircut's gay. This sofa is gay. Your school bag's gay.

Adam smiles. He takes another hit.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Queer does feel polite somehow though. Like all the dick sucking's been taken out.

Adam laughs. Harry is happy he's made Adam laugh. It relaxes him. Adam hands the vape to him. There is a silence again.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I'm assuming you're not with anyone. I never see you with anyone.

ADAM

I'm not.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Are you often single?

ADAM

Often?

HARRY

Uh-uh.

ADAM

I suppose so. What about you?

HARRY

Yeah. But not for want of trying.

In the silence that follows, Harry inhales on the vape. Adam watches him. The action feels incredibly sensual, bringing an erotic charge. After he's exhaled, he puts the vape down and looks at Adam.

HARRY (CONT'D)

How about I kiss you?

ADAM

Okay.

Harry leans close enough to Adam to kiss him but not yet. They look at each other, both getting hard. Harry smiles.

Finally, Harry leans in. It is slow at first, then more passionate. They kiss for a while until Adam pulls away, breathless.

HARRY

What is it?

ADAM

It's been a while. I've forgotten how to breathe my way through it.

It is Adam who leans in this time. They kiss some more. Harry tugs off Adam's top. He's a little self-conscious.

HARRY

You don't need to worry about that with me.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (4)

37

Harry takes off his own top, more confident. He undoes his belt, unbuttons his flies. Adam reaches out to touch him.

Harry unbuttons Adam's jeans and rubs Adam's cock over his underwear. Adam tries to sit up, to *feel* Harry, but he pushes him back onto the sofa.

Harry pulls down Adam's underwear and goes down on him. Adam closes his eyes, his lips falling apart.

38 INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - TWILIGHT

38

There is barely any light left. Adam and Harry sit still on the sofa, breathing deeply. Adam has cum on his belly and his chest.

Harry leans over as if to kiss Adam but instead ducks to lick the cum off Adam's chest. As he comes up, Harry grins before kissing him. Adam pulls back at first, but then let's him.

39 INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

39

Harry wanders around the apartment only half-dressed as Adam puts his clothes back on. Harry finds the photos on the kitchen counter.

HARRY

Is this you?

ADAM

Afraid so.

HARRY

You were cute. I hate my photos. I was a fat kid. If you're a fat kid no-one asks why you don't have a girlfriend.

He looks at the photo again and smiles.

HARRY (CONT'D)

We'd have been friends for sure. Bunked off football to spy on the boys.

(CONTINUED)

Adam likes the sound of that. Harry picks up a photo of his Dad smiling for the camera.

HARRY (CONT'D)

This your dad?

ADAM

Yeah.

HARRY

He's handsome.

ADAM

I'm trying to write something about them.

HARRY

Is that what you do?

ADAM

Yeah.

HARRY

How's it going?

ADAM

Strangely.

HARRY

What does that mean?

Adam looks at the photos.

ADAM

I've tried to not write about them for years but all people want now is the personal. It will probably be good for me. Or not. Depending if people like it.

Harry smiles, then looks back at the photo of Adam's dad.

HARRY

I don't see my Dad much. Do you see yours?

ADAM

They died just before I was twelve.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Both of them?

ADAM

A car crash. Not the most original of deaths.

HARRY

That's horrible.

ADAM

Yeah.

HARRY

Who looked after you?

ADAM

I went to Dublin. I lived with my Gran.

HARRY

Fuck. I'm sorry.

ADAM

It was a long time ago.

HARRY

I don't think that matters.

Harry looks back at one of the photos. Adam is touched by the emotion on Harry's face.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I'd like to see you again.

ADAM

Okay.

HARRY

I could stay the night if --

Harry really wants this but Adam's reticence is clear. He smiles.

HARRY (CONT'D)

How about not tonight?

ADAM

I do want to see you again, honest, but maybe just not --

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: (3)

39

HARRY

You don't need to explain.

ADAM

Thanks.

Harry can wait. He puts the photo back on the kitchen counter. It is of Adam in his dressing gown sitting with his mum on the stairs, red tinsel around the bannister, the age he was when they died.

40 **EXT. TRAIN - DAY**

40

A rumbling train ploughs through a dark tunnel and out into a blustery day. The trees billow as storm clouds build in the sky.

41 **EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY**

41

The clouds break. Heavy rain soaks Adam as he runs down the alleyway. Without an umbrella, he's soon drenched to the bone.

42 **EXT. FAMILY HOME - DAY**

42

It's still raining when Adam arrives. He hesitates before he knocks but his excitement at being back is clear. It's not long before she answers.

MUM

Sweetheart!

ADAM

Hi. Mum.

MUM

You came back.

ADAM

Of course I came back.

43 **INT. FAMILY HOME HALLWAY - DAY**

43

Mum shuts the door. They stand in the hallway. The rain slows outside.

(CONTINUED)

Some of those photos from the box under Adam's bed are now framed on the walls. He knows it makes no sense but he doesn't care. He is just glad to be back.

MUM

You need to get those wet clothes off before you catch your death.

ADAM

I'll dry.

She comes over to him, fussing like a mother would to a young child.

MUM

Don't talk rubbish. You're leaving a puddle on the floor.

Adam takes off his jacket but he's soaked through. She starts pulling at his sweatshirt.

MUM (CONT'D)

Jesus, you're sodden. Take them off.

ADAM

I'm not taking my clothes off!

MUM

Don't be silly, it's only me.
Jeans too, they're drenched. I'll put them in the hot press.

Unable to resist, or not wanting to resist, Adam lets her help him take off his sweatshirt.

MUM (CONT'D)

It's just me today. Is that okay?

She seems insecure all of a sudden. Worried she won't be enough.

ADAM

Of course.

(CONTINUED)

MUM

Good because there's so much I want to know. I want to hear everything! C'mon, jeans!

Adam takes off his jeans. He stands there in his under-pants and t-shirt, still damp from the rain.

MUM (CONT'D)

Now get upstairs and change.

ADAM

Upstairs?

MUM

To your bedroom!

She makes a face as if he's being crazy and she heads off to the utility room. Adam rubs dust from one of the photos. We've seen it before, him stuffing his face with chips.

Walking upstairs, Adam feels the bannister with his hand, looks up at the sky through the window, down at his feet on the thick carpet. Memories trickling back.

His bedroom is the first room at the top of the stairs but he pauses before opening the door. A little afraid somehow.

The past hits him hard. There is his old single bed. The walls plastered with posters from Smash Hits and Look-In. Toys in a box in the corner.

His school books lie in a neat pile on his little desk. Adam opens the drawers to see pens and pencils, a half-eaten pack of ginger nuts.

Some of the LP's from his apartment are here too. Adam picks up FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD'S 'WELCOME TO THE PLEASUREDOME'.

He opens the wardrobe to find his old clothes. His school uniform. He takes out the jacket and holds it up against himself. It looks tiny.

(CONTINUED)

MUM

I guess nothing's gonna fit anymore.

Mum stands in the doorway holding some dry clothes.

MUM (CONT'D)

I got some of your Dad's things instead.

She hands them over, feeling Adam's T-shirt, still damp from the rain.

MUM (CONT'D)

T-shirt too. I'll dry it with the rest.

Adam dithers, then takes it off. She watches him closely.

MUM (CONT'D)

God. Look at you.

ADAM

What?

MUM

You were just a boy and now you're not. You look totally different and yet it's still you.

She reaches out and touches his chest ever-so-gently. She touches him in the same place that Harry licked off the cum.

MUM (CONT'D)

I thought you'd be hairier. Like your Dad. I like a hairy chest if I'm honest. Christ. You know who you look like?

ADAM

Who?

MUM

Like my father. Or how I remember him when I was a little girl. Isn't that mad? It's like seeing both of you at the exact same time.

(CONTINUED)

She laughs away a few tears as Adam puts on his Dad's clothes, ill-fitting but with a smell he remembers.

MUM (CONT'D)

I wish you'd got to meet him, my Dad. You'd have liked him, always with the stupid jokes and silly puns.

The oven suddenly pings repetitively downstairs, something ready.

MUM (CONT'D)

I've made your favorite. I hope it's still your favorite. I'll make some tea and then you can tell me everything.

Adam eats a gooey flapjack, more golden syrup than oats, perfectly cooked and fucking delicious. Mum takes two mismatched mugs from a mug tree and brings them to the table where a teapot is waiting. Adam's mug is from CHESSINGTON ZOO.

MUM

Your Dad told me not to ask, and I'm guessing you're not married because I don't see a ring, but have you got a girlfriend?

Adam smiles, awkwardly.

MUM (CONT'D)

I'm picturing her with brown hair, maybe curly, not too skinny. Smart obviously.

ADAM

You mean like you?

MUM

That's nice you think I'm smart.

A long beat as Adam purposely chews on the flapjack, hoping to avoid the question. He hadn't imagined he'd have to come out today.

(CONTINUED)

MUM (CONT'D)

Well?

ADAM

What?

MUM

Do you?

ADAM

I don't have a girlfriend.

MUM

That's a shame.

She seems disappointed. Adam considers taking another bite of the flapjack but puts it down. He struggles to find the words, amused at his own reticence.

ADAM

I don't have a girlfriend because I'm not into girls, into women.

MUM

What do you mean?

ADAM

I mean I'm gay.

His voice cracks with unexpected nerves. It is clear Adam still needs her validation, or fears her rejection. This is a surprise even to him.

MUM

As in homosexual?

ADAM

Yes, as in -- that.

MUM

Really?

ADAM

Uh-huh.

MUM

Since when?

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

Since a long time ago.

MUM

How long ago?

ADAM

Forever.

MUM

But you don't look gay.

ADAM

I don't know what that means.

MUM

It means what it means. You know
what it means.

She seems a little irritated by his news. She picks up a flapjack but puts it back down. Adam tries to use humour to diffuse the situation (a defense mechanism every gay person knows only too well).

ADAM

I bet you're glad you don't know
the neighbours now.

MUM

(ignoring him)

I must admit, I'm a bit surprised.
I'm not sure how to feel about it.

ADAM

You never thought that it might be
a possibility.

MUM

Of course not. What parent wants
to think that about their child.
No parent I know.

This makes Adam a touch defensive.

ADAM

I'm very okay with it. I have been
for a long time.

(CONTINUED)

MUM

Are people nasty to you?

ADAM

Things are different now.

MUM

So they aren't nasty?

ADAM

Not out loud.

MUM

Does everyone know? Are you open
about it, I don't know, on the
high street, down WHSmiths?

Adam's amused at the specificity of her fears, fears that
somehow feel more about her than about him.

ADAM

It depends on the high street. And
yes, everyone knows.

MUM

Don't you want to get married and
have kids?

ADAM

I can have kids. And men can get
married. Women too.

MUM

(shocked)
To each other?

ADAM

Yes.

MUM

Why?

ADAM

What do you mean why?

MUM

Isn't that like having your cake
and eating it?

(CONTINUED)

Adam is not sure how to answer that.

MUM (CONT'D)

Do you want to get married and have kids?

The very idea seems alien to her.

ADAM

I don't know. It wasn't a possibility for such a long time. It didn't seem worth the effort to want it.

There is a long beat. The sun goes behind a cloud, the room darkens. Neither were expecting this conversation today.

Mum gets up and walks to the sink. She pours away her tea and looks out towards the garden, clearly a little upset.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

MUM

I'm fine.

ADAM

Are you sure?

MUM

I suppose I never did know what was going on in your odd little head. You were always running away. Do you remember?

ADAM

Yes.

MUM

There was the time you got to the train station but you'd lost your money on the way and couldn't buy a ticket.

ADAM

Five pounds from Grannie.

(CONTINUED)

MUM

Yes. That was it. Where were you hoping to go?

ADAM

I don't know. London I guess.

MUM

Or the time you got as far as the bottom of the garden but cut your thumb on an old milk bottle. You came running back, all sheepish, blood all over your shirt, banging and banging on the window to be let back in.

She comes back over and gently takes his left hand. She finds the scar, just the palest of lines on his thumb.

MUM (CONT'D)

There it is. Just.

She sits down with a heavy sigh, remembering perhaps the sadness of her little boy. Adam rubs the scar with his forefinger (we've seen this gesture before).

MUM (CONT'D)

They say it's a very lonely kind of life.

ADAM

They don't say that anymore.

MUM

So you're not lonely?

ADAM

If I am it's not because I'm gay. Not really.

MUM

Not really?

(a fear rising)

And what about this awful ghastly disease. I've seen the gravestones on the adverts. Should I be worried about it?

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

Mum! Jesus. Please. It's very different now. It's all very different.

MUM

Well. I guess I wouldn't know about that.

The strange reality of their situation fills the silence that follows. A mother, younger than her son, living in the present but from a time in Adam's past.

She finally picks up a flapjack and takes a bite. It is burnt. They all are now.

MUM (CONT'D)

Not enough butter. Are you going to tell your Dad?

ADAM

I never thought I'd have to.

MUM

Maybe it's for the best if I tell him. You know what men are like. He's a lot less open-minded than me.

ADAM

If you think that's --

MUM

I do.

A strained silence follows. She's not angry with her son. Not at all. It is clear that she loves him but something hangs in the air that can't be fixed right away.

MUM (CONT'D)

Your clothes should be dry by now. You can take the flapjacks if you want. I'll not be eating them.

46 **INT. TRAIN - AFTERNOON**

46

Adam stares out of the window at passing graffiti, moving as if animated. He is pretty okay with his sexuality but his mother's reaction has thrown him off-balance.

A group of teenage boys sit close by. Adam turns to see one of the lads unselfconsciously raising his t-shirt to show the other boys his stomach. He catches Adam staring.

Adam turns away quickly and looks out of the window. He is sure he can see the words *poof queer faggot* spray-painted onto the brickwork.

It's there only a second before the train blasts into a tunnel with a violent shift of sound. His image appears in the dark reflection, his face stretched and contorted by the surface of the glass. It seems to express how he feels.

47 **EXT. TOWER BLOCK - LATE AFTERNOON**

47

Adam walks back to his apartment, the sun bright and hot in his face. It is making him sweat.

48 **INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON**

48

Adam closes the door and slumps slowly to the floor. An anxiety builds, a tension in the back of his throat. A nausea gathering strength.

49 **INT. ADAM'S BATHROOM - LATE AFTERNOON**

49

Adam takes off his top. He's burning up, like he might puke in the sink. He tries to calm himself with short, shallow breaths.

Looking in the mirror, Adam feel his glands. They seem tender and sore. In the reflection he notices five small lesions appearing on his chest.

But when he looks down they are no longer lesions, just the outline of his mother's fingertips where she touched him. Adam traces them with his own fingertips when the door bell rings.

50

INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - DUSK

50

Adam, his t-shirt back on, opens the door to find Harry. He can see that something is up with Adam.

HARRY

What's wrong?

ADAM

I'm okay.

Harry goes to feel Adam's forehead but Adam pulls away; not used to being looked after. Harry smiles, then goes in again with the back of his hand. Both of them enjoy the tenderness of this exchange.

HARRY

You're hot.

ADAM

It's probably just a chill. I got wet in the rain.

HARRY

When did it rain?

Adam doesn't answer. Harry looks at him.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Why don't you have a hot bath? My nan said there was nothing a bath couldn't solve. Literally fucking nothing.

ADAM

I don't like baths.

HARRY

Fuck off. Who doesn't like baths?

Harry pushes past Adam into the apartment and heads to the bathroom.

ADAM

(calling after him)

I don't want you catching whatever I've got.

HARRY

You said it was a chill.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

ADAM

It is. I'm sure.

HARRY

So there's nothing to catch.

51 INT. ADAM'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

51

As the bath fills, the mirrors steam. Adam gets undressed still self-conscious getting naked in front of Harry.

HARRY

There's no need to be shy.

ADAM

Easier said than done.

Harry comes close.

HARRY

I can close my eyes if that makes you feel better.

He pretends to close his eyes then takes a cheeky peak. It makes Adam laugh. He touches Adam's chest, the same spot his mother did. When Harry's hand leaves his skin, the red marks from Adam's mother are gone.

52 INT. ADAM'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

52

Adam sinks into the bath, the water immediately bringing relief.

HARRY

Better?

ADAM

Yes.

(then)

I'm sorry.

HARRY

What for?

ADAM

This is not very sexy.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Feels pretty fucking sexy to me.

Kneeling beside him, Harry puts his hand under the water and strokes his chest.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I've been thinking about you a whole heap today.

ADAM

Thinking what?

HARRY

When I saw you. Before. Coming and going. I always imagined you were smart. It was a relief to know you were.

ADAM

Why do you think I'm smart?

HARRY

Just a vibe. I like you've got 'Walden' on your shelf. I've always wanted to read it. Always liked the idea of living in the woods.

ADAM

(with a smile)

I haven't read it yet. But yes, I'd like to live in the woods.

Harry likes even more that he hasn't read it yet. Harry's hand moves a little lower under the water. It's taking a while for Adam to fully relax.

HARRY

I thought about watching crappy TV with you on a Friday night. Eating take away on your sofa watching old episodes of Top of Pops from before I was born.

Harry leaves a pause. His hand goes down to his crotch. Adam tenses at first, smiles, then relaxes.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY (CONT'D)

I thought about something else too.

ADAM

What?

HARRY

I thought about fucking you. Or you fucking me. I don't care which. Are you into that?

ADAM

It depends.

HARRY

It's okay if you're not. We don't all need to be into fucking.

ADAM

I wasn't for the longest time. For obvious reasons. Now it depends on who's asking.

HARRY

Obvious reasons?

Harry is wanking Adam off now.

ADAM

You know. Aids. Terrified out of my mind. That I'd get sick and die. Even a blow job could send me into three months of sweats and swollen glands. I bet that's hard for you to imagine now, that fear.

HARRY

A little.

Harry leans in and kisses Adam as water slaps gently on the sides of the bath.

53 **INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

53

On the bed, they kiss. Harry undresses. Soon they are fucking, facing each other. Slow and soft. We 'feel' rather than observe. It is close, intimate. The walls seem to breathe, match their rhythm as they get close to cumming...

54 **INT. ADAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

54

Adam lies with Harry. Adam seems a little preoccupied with thoughts. Music plays on a bluetooth speaker. An insomnia playlist.

ADAM

You said the other day you don't see you Dad so often.

HARRY

Yeah.

ADAM

And your mum too?

HARRY

Yeah.

ADAM

How come? They know you're -- queer, right?

HARRY

Of course.

ADAM

And they're okay with it?

HARRY

Yeah, they're okay. But they're pretty old-school. Less okay than everyone's meant to be. They've got used to it, sort of. If I don't say too much.

Adam shifts in the bed, up onto his elbow, inviting Harry to talk.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY (CONT'D)

You could say I've drifted to the edge, right up to the edge, almost over the edge.

ADAM

What do you mean?

Harry turns over to meet him.

HARRY

Edge of the family. My sister and her kids, my older brother who just got married, they've got that spot in the centre. But it's okay.

ADAM

Why's it okay?

HARRY

I don't go home much.

ADAM

Doesn't that make you sad?

HARRY

It's inevitable really.

ADAM

Why?

HARRY

I always felt like a stranger in my own family anyway. Coming out just puts a name to the difference that had always been there.

They are silent a while. Adam deep in thought. Thinking about today, of course. His mother. Her reaction. How it made him feel.

HARRY (CONT'D)

You okay?

ADAM

Yeah. It's funny though. It's so much better now, of course it is.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (2) 43. 54

ADAM (CONT'D)
Most of the scabs have healed but
it doesn't take much to be back
there again, does it? Skin all
fucking raw, feeling how you used
to feel.

Harry smiles with understanding. More than sex, it's a
mutual understanding of something shared that brings
deepening intimacy. Harry leans in and kisses him. As
they break away...

ADAM (CONT'D)
Am I still hot?

Harry feels his forehead again.

HARRY
No.

ADAM
Will you stay tonight?

Harry nods. Of course he will. They cuddle up and drift
into a deeper silence. But neither fall asleep just yet.
Adam's eyes remain open, far too many thoughts in his
head.

55 **EXT. TOWER BLOCK - DAY** 55

A breezy summer day. Fast moving clouds. Adam sits at his
desk, writing. It feels a little harder for him to work
today. He looks up and out of the window.

56 **INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS** 56

Passing clouds create moving shadows on the wall as Adam
stares out of the window. In the reflection, a plane cuts
a line across his neck.

57 **INT. TRAIN - DAY** 57

Adam sits in the opposite direction of travel as if his
childhood home is dragging him back. He sees a family at
the end of the carriage.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

57

A TUBBY BOY (9) with dusty blond hair sitting with his older brother and sister, looking out of the window like he might just cry.

A train suddenly passes with a roar. It makes Adam jump and in the reflection of the window, his image flickers in the light, untethered.

58 INT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

58

Adam heads down the alleyway as the wind picks up. Fallen leaves blow across the ground as if Autumn has come.

Three BOYS, around 13 in age and dressed in 1980's school uniform, pass in the opposite direction. Adam hears them laugh, whisper names.

He spots an old five-pound note, wedged under the bottom of a fence (from the story of running away). Adam goes to pick it up when...

59 INT. FAMILY LOUNGE - DAY

59

The lounge has comfy sofas and textured wallpaper. Dad flicks through some LP's as Adam picks up an ornament on the mantelpiece, a figurine of a woman, a long-forgotten memory.

DAD

She'll be back soon, I'm sure.

ADAM

I wanted to talk to her.

DAD

I know you did.

(picking a LP)

This was your Grandad's favorite.

I never liked it at the time but the sentiment's grown on me.

He puts the needle on the vinyl. It is the same record-player we saw in Adam's apartment only now it looks new. The song is mournful and melancholy.

(CONTINUED)

DAD (CONT'D)

(re: the figurine)

If you want to see your mum really lose her shit go ahead and break that bloody thing. Sit yourself down.

Adam puts the figurine down but doesn't sit down yet. The record crackles to life as Adam's Dad sits on his chair. He lights a fag.

ADAM

She told you then.

DAD

Yep. I was scared you wouldn't come back. I hope you're not too disappointed in her.

Adam turns around to look at his Dad.

ADAM

I'm not.

DAD

She just needs to rearrange some things in her head. Stories she'd built up. She'll soon realise it's not actually about her.

Adam smiles. Waits a beat. Then sits down on the sofa beside his Dad. He might even take a drag of his fag.

ADAM

What about you?

DAD

What about me?

ADAM

How do you feel about it?

DAD

It was hardly a shock. I always knew you were a bit tooty fruity.

Adam laughs.

(CONTINUED)

DAD (CONT'D)

You couldn't throw a ball for shit
however much I tried to teach you.

ADAM

You make me sound like a horrible
cliche.

DAD

Can you throw a ball?

ADAM

Not at all.

They both laugh again. Softly, and perhaps with a little
regret.

Adam pulls at a thread of material from the arm of the
sofa. He wraps it around his ring finger. It makes the
blood swell in his fingertip.

DAD

Would you have liked me to have
known?

ADAM

I don't know.

DAD

I would hear you cry in your room
after school. Did the boys bully
you?

ADAM

Not just the boys.

DAD

What would they do?

ADAM

(with a shrug)

They'd call me a girl. Refuse to
play with me. Flick drawing pins
at my face and flush my head down
the loo.

DAD

Kids are such little cunts.

(CONTINUED)

Adam smiles but it is a painful memory. He's silent a moment.

ADAM

Why didn't you come into my room
if you heard me crying?

DAD

Why didn't you tell me what was
happening at school?

ADAM

You answer first. You can be
honest.

DAD

I didn't want to think of you as
the kind of boy that other lads
picked on. I knew that if I was at
your school, I'd have probably
picked on you too. I can't imagine
that's very nice to hear.

ADAM

I think I always knew that anyway.
It's probably why I never told you
what was happening to me.

That makes his Dad sad, and a little ashamed. He looks
over to the record playing...

DAD

You know my dad thought I was a
big softy too. He thought I had
too many feelings for a boy.

He stubs out the fag, gets up, and walks towards the
record player. Adam snaps the piece of thread from around
his finger, the blood coming back.

DAD (CONT'D)

I think that both of us, him back
then and me with you, were just
products of the time. Or is that
letting us off the hook?

Dad takes the needle off the record, having enough of the
song.

(CONTINUED)

DAD (CONT'D)

When she told me, I did think of some of the jokes we'd make. How we used to do impressions of your English teacher mincing around with his limp wrists.

ADAM

You'd tell me over and over again not to cross my legs like a woman.

He turns around to face Adam.

DAD

Did I?

ADAM

I still think about it every time I cross my legs.

Adam's Dad looks deflated -- the weight of his mistakes weighing heavy. Adam can't help but want to soften.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I have good memories too.

DAD

I hope so.

His Dad needs to know he did something right. Adam makes a gesture to the corner of the room.

ADAM

I remember how much you loved to decorate the tree. You went crazy for it. Every year. And you'd always let me put the fairy on top.

His Dad remembers it well and his eyes bubble with tears. He comes over to his son.

DAD

I'm sorry I never came into your room when I heard you crying.

ADAM

Really. It's okay.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (5)

59

DAD

It's not okay though, is it?

ADAM

Dad. I get it. It was so long ago.

But all of a sudden, Adam feels like he's back again, a young boy balling his eyes out in his bedroom not sure why everyone thinks he's a freak.

DAD

Do you want a hug now?

ADAM

(voice cracking)

Yes, please.

Dad gets up and Adam follows. He lets his father hold him tight allowing his body to relax, collapse into his arms.

Adam catches sight of the two of them in the mirror above the fireplace. Adam can see himself as an ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD BOY being held by his dad.

60 INT. TRAIN - DAY

60

As he returns home, Adam feels a lightness of being. He doesn't notice that some of the passengers are staring at him.

61 INT. ADAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

61

Adam pushes Harry up against the wall and kisses him. It is playful and hot. He pulls off Harry's top, hungry and passionate, laughing, taking control.

62 INT. ADAM'S BATHROOM - DAY

62

Adam dries himself off after a shower as Harry gets out to join him at the mirror. He looks at Adam's reflection, pallid in this light.

HARRY

You okay? I hope I've not being tiring you out.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

No. I feel great.

Harry comes up behind him, stroking his shoulder gently, kissing him on the back of the neck.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Let's go out tonight.

HARRY

Really? Where to?

ADAM

'OUT' out.

HARRY

What do you mean?

ADAM

Have you been to Duckie? I think it's still clinging on. I used to go all the fucking time, too many times.

Harry is still resistant.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Please?

Adam and Harry head out for the night, the tube is busy and boisterous. A straight couple that look queer make-out in front of them as if no-one is watching. Adam and Harry's reflections distort behind them.

'DUCKIE' is a famous queer night, an institution, and the queue is surprisingly long. A passing car blasts its horn but it's hard to tell if its condemnation or celebration.

65 INT. ROYAL VAUXHALL TAVERN - NIGHT

65

Inside, it is packed, like a flashback to another time. The club is a converted Victorian pub with black walls and sticky floors.

The music is loud: 80's new-wave and 90's indie. 'I WANT A DOG' by the PET SHOP BOYS plays as Adam and Harry push through the crowds towards the bar.

Both seem a little nervous but it doesn't take too long for them to relax. People dancing. Making out. Getting drunk.

66 INT. ROYAL VAUXHALL TAVERN - LATER

66

The music has changed. GRACE JONES and 'LA VIE ON ROSE'. A gentle euphoria in the air. We gaze through dancing bodies as Adam and Harry drink fizzy pints of lager at the bar.

Harry has nearly finished his pint already and is keen for another. He seems different in here, like something is being unlocked. Adam cups his hand to Harry's ear who can't really hear him.

ADAM

Fuck me. I've missed this feeling
whatever that feeling is.

HARRY

I can't hear you.

ADAM

Do you dance?

HARRY

Of course. If I'm wasted enough.

ADAM

Then let's get wasted.

Harry downs his drink. Adam orders more. Adam talks about the old days, all the old clubs, all the guys he pulled.

They both watch the crowd as the song reaches a glorious mid-climax, hands in the air, people together, very gay.

67

INT. ROYAL VAUXHALL TAVERN - NIGHT

67

DEPECHE MODE and 'SHAKE THE DISEASE'. Adam stands at the bar counter, struggling to get served. Harry is nowhere to be seen.

Adam notices someone staring at him, barely out of his teens but full of swagger and confidence. The YOUNG GUY looks at Adam with something like pity in his eyes.

Feeling a little paranoid, Adam checks his reflection in the mirror above the bar, rearranges his hair, the glass stretching his image. He is relieved to see Harry in that reflection coming back from the loos.

HARRY

Look what I found in my wallet.

He shows a baggy to Adam.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Fuck knows when I bought this.

ADAM

What is it?

HARRY

Coke, I think. Maybe.

Adam catches sight of that confident kid again. *What's he staring at?* Adam looks back to Harry.

ADAM

Let's do it.

68

INT. ROYAL VAUXHALL TAVERN TOILET - NIGHT

68

The bass of DEE-LIGHT'S 'DEEP ENDING' pulsates through the walls of the cubicle, blasting louder every time someone opens the door to the bathroom.

Two lines of powder are lined up on the cistern. It takes Adam a few goes to snort it and it catches the back of his throat. It's been a while.

But Harry is clearly a pro. His line goes down with ease. Too much ease. He stands up, sniffs.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

Shit. Doesn't taste like coke.
Think it's K.

ADAM

Ketamine?

HARRY

Have you had it before?

ADAM

No. Will you look after me?

HARRY

I'll do my best.

ADAM

Then fuck it.

They make out for a while, messily.

The music is louder now, the dance floor rammed. 'DEATH OF A PARTY' by BLUR. A strange choice for a dance floor. A sexual, slow-motion car crash of a song.

Glowing with sweat, Adam and Harry dance with lusty drug-fueled vigour. The young guy from the bar passes him with a few young handsome friends in tow. They all seem to be staring at Adam.

Adam follows them with his gaze as they head to the side of the dance-floor and he catches sight of himself in the mirror over their shoulders. Adam slows down. He stops dancing.

Only his reflection continues to dance, clothes damp with sweat, the mirror, the image, pulsating. Adam watches himself look up at the ceiling, arms aloft, letting go, grinning from ear to ear.

Suddenly we are high above, gazing down on Adam as if we have become his POV of his out-of-body experience. As he reaches for Harry, pulling him close, making out, we crash towards them...

70

INT/EXT. "DEATH OF A PARTY" - NIGHT AND DAY

70

We are back in the flat. The song continues, pulsating heavy over images of time passing, of a relationship building.

They stand naked in front of each other, still sweating, senses alive. We can literally see their hearts pulsating in time with the music.

They sleep entangled, and in the morning, they kiss in the soft light of a new day. They make eggs. They taste good. Time throbs onwards as the sun rises and falls.

Adam works, tired, skin clammy. Typing. Dreaming. They eat take-away on the sofa watching FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD on an old 'Top of the Pops'. They drink and get stoned and dance around like they're back in the club.

They watch HELLRAISER curled up in bed on a projector screen. Harry is grossed out, laughing, needing Adam to protect him.

Later, they lie opposite each other, a slight tension or fear as the lights of the club, blue strobes, start to flash through the windows.

71

INT. VAUXHALL TAVERN - NIGHT

71

Back in Duckie again -- or perhaps some other club night. The music continues, sweat and strobing lights, throwing us in and out of darkness. Harry seems off his head, his eyes rolling back.

Someone offers Adam poppers and he inhales deeply, the screen throbbing as he closes his eyes. When he opens them again, Harry has gone.

He's somewhere off in the crowd. Adam sees him dancing with other guys. Is he kissing them? Are they kissing him? Does Adam even mind?

He catches his own reflection in the mirror again. A howl of pain flashing in the strobe, an existential howl like the figure in Francis Bacon's '*A Study after Velázquez's Portrait of Pope Innocent X*'.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

Adam pushes through the crowd, desperate to get a closer look. The strobe starts to flash blue and in one of those blasts of light he sees his mother drinking in one of the reflections. His father too, drunk.

Adam screams for his parents, screams for Harry but he's vanished. The clubbers around him start to get out of his way, fear and horror on their faces.

Suddenly, Adam wrenches into his hands. He stumbles and falls, through bodies and space until he hits the dirty floor...

72 INT. ADAM'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - NIGHT

72

Adam wakes in darkness trying to work out where he is. He feels the texture of his sheets -- multi-coloured candy striped winceyette.

He reaches out to touch a patch of woodchip wallpaper on the wall that has been picked off.

73 INT. FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

73

Adam opens his door to the landing upstairs. He wears a terry-cloth dressing gown, the carpet thick under bare feet.

He walks down the stairs, he touches the banister again. There is red tinsel wrapped around this time like we have seen from old photos.

Adam can hear music quietly coming from the lounge. He stops at the door. Slowly, turns the door handle.

74 INT. FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

74

A fire crackles in the hearth. Mum and Dad unpack baubles that have been in storage. They've both had a few drinks. Adam breathes in the scent of the Christmas tree. 'Top of the Pops' is on the TV. 1987.

MUM

Adam?

(CONTINUED)

She looks at him, concerned.

MUM (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

ADAM

I'm okay.

DAD

You look like you've been up to something.

Adam is pale and clammy, his eyes dark with shadows. His mother comes over and feels his forehead with the back of her hand. Just like Harry did.

MUM

You're really hot.

She looks back at her husband.

MUM (CONT'D)

He's very hot.

ADAM

I'm fine.

She looks at Adam as if wanting to say something, make an apology, but she can't find the words. Adam's Dad steps in. He holds up a brightly coloured bauble with a smile.

DAD

Get yourself over here.

Adam likes the idea of that and he goes to decorate the tree. Mum comes to join them as the PET SHOP BOYS hits the 1987 No 1 spot on 'Top of the Pops' with "ALWAYS ON MY MIND".

After a few beats, she sings gently along with the song, almost to herself but loud enough for it feel like the apology she can't find the words for.

(CONTINUED)

MUM

*And maybe I didn't hold you / All
those lonely, lonely times / And I
guess I never told you / I'm so
happy that your mine / If I made
you feel second best / I'm so
sorry I was blind...*

Adam appreciates the gesture. She takes a few steps back and looks at the over-decorated tree.

MUM (CONT'D)

Too much?

DAD

No such thing.

He hands Adam a fairy for the tree with a knowing smile. It's been a while since Adam's seen it. He reaches up and puts it on the top.

DAD (CONT'D)

Okay, get together.

He has his camera on the side table, set on self-timer. The three of them gather around the tree and the flash goes off. They all smile. The Christmas lights flicker.

INT. ADAM'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - NIGHT

Adam is in bed now. His mum gives him two dissolvable painkillers that melt and fizz on his tongue. She looks at him still concerned but wants to reassure.

MUM

You'll feel better in a jiffy.

ADAM

Mum?

MUM

Yes, sweetheart.

ADAM

Do you think any of this is real?

MUM

Does it feel real?

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

Yes.

MUM

Then there you go.

A flicker of fear in Adam's expression.

ADAM

For how long?

MUM

I can't answer that. I suppose we don't get to decide when it's over.

She kisses him on the forehead.

ADAM

Will you promise me you'll stay home tonight?

MUM

Where would we go?

ADAM

To the Walsh's?

MUM

(a memory sparked)
The Walsh's?

ADAM

Just promise you won't go out.
Please.

MUM

I promise. We'll just be in the bedroom.

She leaves, closing the door. The room is thrown into darkness. Adam turns on to his side and tries to sleep, but he starts to feel sick.

Blue lights seem to flash through the curtains. And then something else: a subdued crying from the corner of the room.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED: (2)

75

Adam peers into the shadows, sure he can see himself AGED 11, crying in the corner. Adam turns on the bedside light but there is no-one there.

76 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

76

Adam comes out onto the landing. He spies a crescent moon through the frosty window.

He taps gently on his parents door.

MUM (O.S)

What is it?

ADAM

I can't sleep.

Adam pushes open the door against the thick carpet.

77 INT. MUM AND DAD'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

77

Adam breathes in the smell of the room, familiar and comforting.

MUM

Do you want to get in?

ADAM

Can I?

MUM

Of course.

Adam's Dad grunts and rolls over, leaving a space for Adam in-between.

ADAM

It smells the same in here. Aramis and Comfort fabric softener.

That makes her smile. As Dad falls back to sleep, Adam and his Mum talk in whispers, almost sensual.

MUM

You'd creep in here night after night saying you couldn't sleep.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MUM (CONT'D)

You were scared of so many things:
murderers breaking in, rabies,
nuclear war. Do people still get
rabies?

ADAM

Not so much.

MUM

I was desperate for you to grow up
just so I could get a good night's
sleep.

ADAM

I'm sorry.

MUM

Why are you sorry? I'm the sorry
one. I should have relished you
driving me bananas.

Adam smiles. It softens his anxiety. Mum is silent a beat
but she has a lot on her mind.

MUM (CONT'D)

After it happened, did Granny take
you to Dublin?

ADAM

Yes.

MUM

That's what we thought. Why did
she want to move back to Ireland?

ADAM

She wanted nothing more to do with
England. She was done with the
place.

MUM

Why?

ADAM

She'd lost her daughter.

MUM

Oh. I see.

(a beat)

Is she still alive?

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

No.

MUM

Of course not. What about your Dad's lot? I'm rather glad you didn't go live with them.

ADAM

No.

MUM

Gosh. All gone. Were you okay over there with my mum? Did you fit in better? At school.

ADAM

I made sure I did.

She sighs heavy.

MUM

I hate that I wasn't around for you at the time you must have needed us the most.

ADAM

That wasn't your fault.

MUM

I hate even more that I wasn't around for you even before. Not really.

ADAM

Why do you think that was?

MUM

Why? I don't know. I was so anxious about it all. Restless too, for more. I'd like to think I'd have got better at it in time. Given time.

ADAM

You know when I was a teenager, even later, much later, I would plot it all out.

(CONTINUED)

MUM

What do you mean?

ADAM

All the things we might have done together. All in intricate detail. Birthdays meals at the Whitgift Centre. Alton Towers. Trips up to town. The Planetarium. London Dungeon.

MUM

I always wanted to go there.

ADAM

Holidays we might have gone on.

MUM

Disneyland?

ADAM

Yep. My 14th birthday. It rained non-stop and Space Mountain was shut for repairs. We fought the whole time.

MUM

Why did we have to fight?

ADAM

Because that's what everyone did with their parents. They fought and bickered and pretended they were ruining each other's lives.

MUM

Did we make up?

ADAM

We didn't need to make up. It was enough to know that we got to come home together, back here.

His Mum smiles, sadly, the imagined memory feeling almost real. But it isn't real. A fear creeps into the room. A knowledge that none of this can last.

She looks at Adam with growing concern as sweat appears on his forehead, his anxiety building.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (4)

77

She touches his brow as Dad turns over in the bed, putting his arm around Adam, rubbing his chest. It becomes almost sensual.

Adam turns over to find it is no longer his Dad. It is Harry.

ADAM (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

HARRY

You're okay.

ADAM

(whispering)

You shouldn't be here.

Harry kisses him. Adam resists at first but then softens his gaze, relishing the intimacy, sinking into it. Until he notices blue lights flashing through the window again, brighter this time.

MUM

Adam? What's happening? Who's there? Someone's here.

She sounds increasingly panic-stricken. Adam turns over, but she's gone. And when he turns back to Harry, he's gone too.

Adam is alone, the blue flashing lights of a police car spiralling across the ceiling. Suddenly, he is an ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD BOY again. He gasps for air.

78 **INT. TRAIN AT VICTORIA STATION - DAY**

78

Adam wakes, exhaling. He is on the train at the station. Everyone is getting off. On the platform, walking away, he is sure he can see Harry.

79 **EXT. VICTORIA STATION - DAY**

79

The station is busy. Adam leaves the platform barrier and weaves through the rush-hour commuters, all ignoring him. He tries to keep his eye on Harry but loses him in the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

MUM (O.S)
 (a whisper)
 Adam?

Adam pivots around to see his Mum in the distance, behind the barriers, urging him back to her. One of her eyes is missing, leaving nothing but a bloody hole.

80 INT. PLATORM / TUBE - DAY

80

A tube roars onto the platform. Doors open. Passengers push in and out of the carriage without consideration. Adam gets in and stays standing.

As the train jerks into the tunnel, the lights flicker. Adam thinks he sees Harry in the next carriage down but when the lights come back on he is gone.

Adam is sweating now, unstable on his feet. He coughs, then again, more uncontrollable. People look up as a fear of contagion ripples down the carriage.

The train bursts onto a platform. Adam spies old posters through the windows as the tube slows: *Chessington World of Adventures, Drunk Driving, AIDS Awareness*. As people get off, Adam goes to sit down.

Hurtling forward through the tunnel now, Adam finds his reflection in the tube windows. He looks distorted, full of pain. It's as if his reflection is screaming, trapped in a circus mirror or a monstrous kaleidoscope. He tries to get up...

81 EXT. STREETS - DUSK

81

Adam stumbles back to his apartment, trying to avoid his reflection, like a barrage of pain made visible in the windows of passing buses and cars.

82 INT. TOWER ELEVATOR - DUSK

82

Adam staggers into the lift, his reflection bounced into infinity by the mirrored walls. He shuts his eyes and sinks to the floor.

HARRY

You kept screaming out for your parents in the club, over and over again. And I didn't know what to do, so I took you back here and just lay with you until you fell asleep.

Adam is grateful for the care but is close to breaking. Tears build in his eyes but he tries to keep it in.

ADAM

I don't think I'm very well.

HARRY

No. I don't think you are.

ADAM

Am I sick?

Harry leaves a beat then...

HARRY

You look scared.

The emotion in Adam finally breaks.

ADAM

I am scared.

Harry pulls him close as Adam's tears turn into sobs that sound like howls of pain.

The sun drops lower in the sky as we push past half-built towers towards Adam's apartment. Inside, he drifts in and out of a restless sleep. Even when awake, it feels closer to a dream.

He showers. He brushes his teeth. Studies his face in the mirror. He knows he looks worn out, consumed. He watches Harry try to make scrambled eggs in the kitchen. When he looks back to Adam, he gives him a gentle smile.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM (PRE-LAP)

I was sleeping in their bed the night they went out. I was meant to go with them, Christmas drinks at the Walsh's house, but I didn't want to go. Their son was always a dick to me at school so I pretended to be ill.

Adam and Harry, both exhausted and hungover, sit at the kitchen counter with the eggs barely touched by either. Maybe Harry is smoking now.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I tried to get my Mum and Dad to stay in, but they'd never miss a party.

Adam takes a sip of tea from an old mug. We recognize it from his parents' house -- the one from CHESSINGTON ZOO. There is a knock on the door, the same knock we heard last night. Adam looks towards it.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Two police came to the door, a man and a woman. It was dark outside. Really cold too.

Flash to a memory. We open the door, back at the house. The POLICEMAN is there, it is only him we see. He looks like Harry. We stay in this memory only for a moment.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I don't remember what she looked liked but he had kind eyes and a shadow of stubble like it was drawn on. When he told me what happened all I could think about was wanting to touch that stubble.

Adam shakes his head with a smile.

Adam takes another sip of tea. What follows is recalled without too much emotion. As if being told about someone else.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM (CONT'D)

The car crashed after skidding on black ice. Both of them had been drinking. Dad died right away but they took Mum to St Mary's in Croydon. She died a few days later.

HARRY

Did you get to see her?

ADAM

You mean to say goodbye?

HARRY

Yeah.

Adam takes out a chip of porcelain from his mouth. It has snapped off the rim of the mug. He rubs it between thumb and finger.

ADAM

Granny thought it would scar me too much. My mum was pretty fucked up. She lost an eye when she went through the windscreen.

HARRY

Jesus.

ADAM

I went looking for that eye. I didn't want anyone else to find it. I thought it would be by the side of the road staring up at me. I did find a tiny piece of windscreen glass. In my head it had blood on it but I'm not sure that's true.

Harry smiles reassuringly but says nothing.

ADAM (CONT'D)

The nurse said Mum woke up once before she died. She must have been really confused waking up like that, having no-one around she knew. My dad not there. Me not there.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

I can't even begin to imagine how you felt. How lonely you must have been.

ADAM

Truth is I've always felt lonely, even before. This was something else. A quiet terror. Like now I'll always be alone. Then as I got older it kind of solidified into a knot or a ball of tangled Christmas lights.

Adam touches his solar plexus.

ADAM (CONT'D)

It's not like I wanted to die or anything. I didn't want to be in that car. It's more like the future just didn't matter so much now they weren't around. Does that make sense?

Harry seems to understand that feeling only too well.

HARRY

Yes. I understand how easy it can be to stop caring about yourself.

He reaches out and gently strokes Adam's arm. Adam lets that hang a moment in the air. It is reassuring for both of them to feel each other's touch.

ADAM

It's why these last weeks have been so extraordinary. To actually care about something. To feel that a future might be possible.

Harry can't help but think Adam is talking about the two of them. And he feels the same way.

HARRY

Yeah.

But Adam's expression darkens.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY (CONT'D)

Adam.

In Adam we see something evolve; a decision to bring Harry further into the story. Harry shivers as if the window is letting in a draught.

ADAM

Will you come with me?

HARRY

Where to?

ADAM

Home. To where I used to live. So you can see for yourself.

HARRY

See what?

Adam doesn't give an answer. Harry looks down at his forearm as all the hairs slowly rise.

87 **EXT. TRAIN - DUSK**

87

A train heads out of the city back to Sanderstead. We follow it from high above.

88 **INT. TRAIN - DUSK**

88

Adam is not alone this time. He holds Harry's hand. The sunlight blasts through the window and it's making Harry sweat.

89 **EXT. FAMILY HOME - TWILIGHT INTO NIGHT**

89

The once-decorated Christmas tree has been left in the driveway, brown and threadbare. Adam's red pedal car is there too, all busted up. The wind rustles the large trees in front of the house.

HARRY

Should we be here?

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

These were saplings when I was
born. Can you believe that?
They're the same age as me.

Adam knocks on the front door but there is no answer. He
looks through the glass. There are no lights on.

HARRY

Whose house is it?

ADAM

My parents.

HARRY

But who lives here now?

ADAM

It's okay. You don't need to
worry.

But Harry is afraid. Adam knocks again, louder. The wind
picks up; not a harsh winter wind but lighter. Delicate,
more wistful. Stranger.

HARRY

Adam?

Harry's voice sounds strained. Adam peers through into
the lounge. It is dark. Nothing but shadows. He calls up
to the front bedrooms.

ADAM

HELLO?

Nothing. *What if they are gone?* Adam passes Harry and
moves towards the gate by the garage. Harry can do
nothing but follow.

Adam bangs on the textured glass door at the side of the
kitchen. No answer. The lights are off. Then again on the
french doors at the back of the house. Still nothing.

Adam takes some steps back into the garden for a view of
the upstairs windows.

(CONTINUED)

No lights on anywhere, the curtains closed. Anxiety builds as the wind picks up. For both of them.

HARRY

We shouldn't be here.

ADAM

(calling up)

WHERE ARE YOU?

HARRY

Adam?

Adam ignores him. He goes to the french doors. Bangs on the window again. Harder this time. Still nothing. Adam looks to Harry as if he holds the key.

ADAM

Where are they?

HARRY

Who?

Adam cups his hand over his face to look through the glass, more manic now.

ADAM

My parents. This is our house. You see the wallpaper? The table. We had fish and chips every Friday at that table so my mum could pretend we were still Catholic.

Harry is starting to freak out, his chest tight. Scared out of his mind. Terrified that Adam has *lost* his mind. He tries to be more forceful.

HARRY

I want to go home. Let me take you home.

ADAM

This is my home.

HARRY

It used to be. Not anymore.

ADAM

They have to be here.

(CONTINUED)

Adam desperately rattles the handle. Harry sees a flash of Adam in the reflection as a hysterical NINE-YEAR-OLD BOY tries to be let back in.

ADAM (CONT'D)
(desperate)
MUM? DAD?

Adam can feel his parents slipping away. Harry tries to pull him from the door, but Adam pushes him off, angry, afraid.

ADAM (CONT'D)
You can leave if you want. I'm not going.

It is Harry that spots them first. Then Adam. Standing through the windows, deep in the shadows of the house: Adam's Mum and Dad. They look, for the first time, like apparitions.

ADAM (CONT'D)
MUM!
(to Harry)
Can you see them? Tell me you can see them.

In the reflection of the glass, Adam can see a terrified Harry stepping away from the doors into the darkness of the garden as his mum gets closer towards him.

The pull for his parents, his need to be with them, is too strong. He ignores Harry as he vanishes into the background. Adam bangs his fist on the window one more time.

ADAM (CONT'D)
(desperate)
Please. Let me in.

His fist shatters a pane of glass into thousands of tiny pieces, not like normal glass but like a shattered windscreen of a car.

Adam wakes in his parents bed to find Mum and Dad looking out the window, whispering to each other, the light soft.

(CONTINUED)

They seem older, clothes more worn. There is a dust sheet over the dressing table.

Mum seems resistant to something that Dad is saying but Adam can't hear the words

ADAM

Why didn't you let us in?

MUM

(turning around)

You're awake.

ADAM

Is he here? Harry.

MUM

No.

Mum sits beside him and lifts up his hand. There are no cuts from the broken window, only a raised red scar on his thumb. As she rubs it gently, it fades.

MUM (CONT'D)

But we did see him.

ADAM

I really wanted you to meet him.
Him to meet you.

MUM

I know. But I don't think it works like that.

DAD

He seemed like a handsome fella
mind you.

MUM

Is he a *special* friend?

ADAM

You mean boyfriend? You can say
the word.

MUM

Is he your boyfriend?

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

I don't know. I think so.

MUM

Are the two of you in love?

ADAM

In love?

Adam lets out a chuckle. As if the idea is preposterous. As if he doesn't quite believe Harry could be in love with him. Dad comes over and sits on the bed alongside them.

MUM

Why's that so strange?

ADAM

I don't know. I don't think I've been in love before. Not really. I'm not sure what it's meant to feel like.

MUM

Oh sweetheart.

DAD

He certainly seems to care about you, a whole heap. In my not so humble opinion.

(a beat)

Do you think you'd like to be in love with him?

ADAM

Yes.

Saying it out-loud has a profound effect on Adam. That makes his parents happy. There is a long beat. Mum and Dad look at each other and smile sadly. They know what has to come next. Adam knows it too. It has drifted into the room like a ghost.

DAD

Son --

ADAM

Don't say it.

(CONTINUED)

DAD

We have to.

ADAM

Please don't.

DAD

We think it's best you don't come visit us anymore.

ADAM

Mum?

MUM

(reluctantly)

You're going to keep coming and coming, I just know you are. We can see what it's doing to you.

ADAM

I don't care what it's doing to me.

He pulls his parents towards him into the bed.

MUM

Yes you do.

ADAM

What if I come less? Just once in a while, now and then. Only at Christmas.

DAD

You have to have known this wouldn't last forever.

ADAM

I'm not asking for forever but it's not been long enough. It's not been anywhere near close to long enough.

MUM

How could it ever be?

Dad gently takes control.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (4)

91

DAD

Listen. I've got an idea. How about we go to your favorite place in the whole bloody world? I'm sure it's still there.

MUM

Next best thing to Disneyland.

DAD

And a damn sight cheaper.

Adam laughs gently.

DAD (CONT'D)

What do you think?

MUM

Tiger?

Adam nods. He knows it is the right choice, the only and inevitable choice.

92 **INT. MINICAB - LATE AFTERNOON**

92

The three of them sit silently in the back of a taxi as they drive towards Croydon.

93 **EXT/INT. WHITGIFT CENTRE - LATE AFTERNOON**

93

The family arrive at the WHITGIFT CENTRE, a brutalist concrete shopping centre, faded, falling apart. Inside, it is virtually empty as they take the escalator to the ground floor.

94 **INT. AMERICAN THEMED RESTAURANT - DUSK**

94

The restaurant is adorned with American flags and cheap paraphernalia. Adam sits opposite his parents, who both try to be light and jovial. There is no-one else there.

The waitress comes over but her eye contact is only with Adam. He tries to summon the same spirit as his parents. To give this 'last supper' some joy.

ADAM

It's not very busy.

(CONTINUED)

WAITRESS

No-one comes anymore. I'm amazed we're still open.

ADAM

It was one of my favorite places as a kid.

WAITRESS

Uh-huh.

He looks at the menu. His parents too. The waitress is silent. She doesn't look in their direction.

ADAM

(to the waitress)

Can we get the family special?

WAITRESS

It's a lot of food.

ADAM

That's fine.

She smiles and leaves. A long beat.

DAD

I want to ask something.

MUM

Oh God. Don't ask him.

DAD

I have to.

(to Adam)

Was it quick?

MUM

Jesus. I told you not to.

DAD

How can you not want to know?

MUM

What if it was slow and horribly painful?

DAD

What difference does it make?

(CONTINUED)

MUM

It makes a big difference.

ADAM

It was quick.

MUM

It was?

ADAM

Yes.

MUM

For both of us?

ADAM

(lying)

Yes.

MUM

You don't look like you're sure.
Don't be fibbing. No secrets now.

ADAM

It was quick.

MUM

Okay. Phew. That's a relief of
sorts. It's been playing on my
mind.

The waitress arrives quicker than expected with the
'family special', a large tray of burgers, shakes and
fries.

WAITRESS

Enjoy.

ADAM

Thank you.

She leaves them staring at the mountain of food.

DAD

You know I'm not really very
hungry.

MUM

Me neither. Can we even eat?

(CONTINUED)

They start to laugh. It's contagious, the three of them together. After a while, the laughs fade. Mum and Dad seem tired, eyes watery and distant as if whatever exists inside is fading.

DAD

What do you think we should say to each other? I'm not sure I've much wisdom to share. Maybe Adam, being older, should be sharing some with us!

ADAM

Maybe we don't need to say anything.

DAD

Maybe. Although I will say that getting to know you has made us very proud.

ADAM

I'm not sure I've done much to be proud of. I've muddled through at best.

DAD

But you've got through it, some very tough times, I'm sure. And you're still here. That's what we're proud of.

Adam throat tightens. Dad's voice gets quiet. His eyes cloud over. He seems a little drunk.

DAD (CONT'D)

Wow. Fuck. I'm feeling, I don't know what I'm feeling...

ADAM

Dad?

DAD

Yes, son.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

(his voice cracking)
Stay a bit longer.

DAD

I don't think so.

Adam's Mum takes her husband's hand.

MUM

I love you, darling.

DAD

You sure? Sometimes I was never so sure.

MUM

Whatever problems we had, I'm glad I get to be with you at the end.

DAD

Me too. You always did feel a little bit like my lifeboat.

She reaches out and strokes his face, gently. Kisses him. Dad likes that. He looks back at Adam.

DAD (CONT'D)

I know I was never good at saying it -- I couldn't get the words out, but I do love you, very much. Somehow even more now that I know you.

That is almost too much for Adam, his eyes filling with tears, his face crumpling. His Dad takes his hand and holds it tight.

DAD (CONT'D)

It's important you believe me.

ADAM

I do. And I love you too Dad.

Suddenly his Dad exhales heavy and slumps in his chair, life draining from his eyes.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(voice breaking)
Did you hear me? Dad?

(CONTINUED)

Mum gasps, reaches for her eye, inhaling sharply, her eyes tightly closed, terrified.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Mum?

Her eyes open wide in a panic.

MUM

Adam? Are you there?

ADAM

Yes.

MUM

I can't see you. Why can't I see you? Are you there?

Adam reaches out and takes the hand that covers her eye. He brings it back to the table.

ADAM

I'm here, Mum.

MUM

Oh yes. There you are. I can feel you. Your skin is warm.

ADAM

It's okay. I'm here.

Adam looks down at her hand now in his own, her skin almost transparent like she is now eighty years old, as if they have had a full life together.

MUM

Promise me you'll try with this Harry boy. I'd have liked him, I just know it.

(a beat)

He might need a bit of looking after mind you. Such a sad face.

Adam doesn't answer.

MUM (CONT'D)

You hear me?

ADAM

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

MUM

Good. That's good. I hope you can
make each other a little happier.

She starts to sway a little as if she is seeing a song in
her head, drifting away, but with a slight smile.

ADAM

Mum?

MUM

(her voice faint)
Are you still there?

ADAM

Yes.

MUM

You're such a kind and gentle boy.

And then she is gone. They are both gone. Adam sits alone
in the restaurant surrounded by burgers and fries, tears
streaming down his face.

Adam returns on a busy train, surrounded by people who
know nothing of what he's been through, laughing,
talking, life carrying on.

Adam returns to his block to find the alarm going off,
just like on the first night. No-one seems to have left
the building.

Adam cranes his neck and looks up at the tower, only a
few lights on. He hesitates but decides to enter anyway.
He has someone he wants to see.

As Adam heads into the lobby, we stay outside. We look up
to catch the flicker of a TV coming from the sixth floor.
The alarm suddenly stops.

97 **INT. TOWER ELEVATOR - NIGHT**

97

As the lift rises through the floors, Adam's reflection seems normal. He looks into that image and gives himself a timid smile.

He takes a photograph from his pocket: the one his Dad took of the three of them around the tree. Only now the photo is old and faded and Adam is eleven-years old.

Adam feels a sense of calm looking at the photo, a sense of something having changed, and rather than put it back in his pocket, he finds a place for it in his wallet.

The lift reaches Adam's floor. As the door opens, he makes a decision. He presses the button for the sixth floor.

At first as he descends, he smiles. He checks his hair in the many mirrors. But slowly -- the closer he gets to the sixth floor, his mood changes. He can feel something.

98 **INT. SIXTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

98

A strange reality hits Adam. He has never been to Harry's apartment. He doesn't know which flat is his. But he can hear a television playing.

Adam follows the sound down the long corridor, louder and louder until he's finally outside a door. He knocks -- no answer.

He knocks again. Nothing. Adam can feel in his gut that something is wrong. He tries the handle. It is unlocked and the door opens.

99 **INT. HARRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

99

The smell hits Adam first, stale and fetid. Dirty dishes and take-away boxes festering with mould. An old horror film plays on the TV. Adam finds empty baggies on the kitchen counter.

He turns off the TV with the remote control. Silence now. He looks towards the bedroom, door closed. Every muscle stiffens.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

(a near whisper)

Harry?

Adam walks towards the door, fear building with each slow step. His fingers hover over the handle. Sliding the door open, Adam is hit by a sickening stench.

He looks away. His heart racing. Adam tries to catch his breath. Then something dawns on him, a truth perhaps he has always known.

He looks back to find Harry curled up on the bed, turned away, foetal position. He wears the very same clothes he wore on that first night.

And there is the same bottle of Japanese whisky by his side -- empty. It's clear from the state of his body that he's been there some time.

Adam edges towards Harry and sits by the side of the bed. By the man he has fallen in love with. He reaches out to touch the body but before he finds contact...

A noise. The front door opening and closing. Adam gets up from the bed and walks out of the bedroom. He finds Harry standing there, wearing the same clothes as the body in the bed and is confused, agitated.

HARRY

I came to see you but you didn't answer the door. Why are you down here?

ADAM

(barely a whisper)

I came to find you.

Harry notices the half-empty bottle of whisky now held in his hand as if he had no idea it was there. It sparks some kind of painful memory.

HARRY

I don't want you down here. You shouldn't be here.

Adam edges closer, keeping Harry from the bedroom door.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY (CONT'D)

I don't want you to see my place like this. Not like this. I don't understand why you're here.

ADAM

I said goodbye to them and came to find you.

But Harry isn't listening. It's as if Harry is piecing together what happened to him. The truth bubbling up. An agitation grows in him, a quiet terror. He spots the empty baggies on the kitchen counter. He picks one up.

ADAM (CONT'D)

It's okay, Harry.

HARRY

But it's not okay.

Harry rubs his chest with his fist as if he has a knot of pain stopping him breathe. We have seen Adam do this same action.

Adam comes closer as Harry thumps his chest harder and harder. In the window's reflection, and only there, Harry sees himself scream. Adam grabs Harry's fist in his own hand. Holds it tight. Harry's grip softens.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Adam?

ADAM

I'm here.

Harry's eyes fill with tears, drowsier all of a sudden, drugs and drink through his veins.

HARRY

I was so frightened. That night. I just needed to not be by myself.

ADAM

And I'm sorry I was so scared. To let you in.

But Harry's focus is now on the bedroom behind. As if he remembers what happened to him, as if somehow he's always known.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

I'm in there, aren't I?

ADAM

Let's just go upstairs.

HARRY

I can smell it, taste it in the
back of my throat.

He looks at Adam not in shock, nor anger, but terrible sadness. His face collapses on the brink of tears.

HARRY (CONT'D)

How come no-one found me? Where
are my friends? My brother and
sister. Where are my mum and dad?

ADAM

I found you.

HARRY

But I don't want you to see me
like that. Not like that. In
there.

Harry seems so ashamed with himself, disgusted almost -- with the very idea of himself. Adam knows what to say. He has never been so sure of anything.

ADAM

You are not in there. This is you,
here. With me.

Adam grabs hold of Harry as he breaks into sobs. Letting out the pain he has stored for so long. Adam knows that all that matters in this moment is that he eases Harry's pain. That is what love means. We push in close as they kiss through Harry's tears.

It is dark, floating free from the confines of the tower. We are back in Adam's bed now. He has let him in. They lie together facing each other at first.

(CONTINUED)

Harry is grateful. They are silent a moment. Harry is getting sleepier and sleepier.

HARRY

I saw her. Your mum. Your dad too.
At the house.

ADAM

They saw you too.

HARRY

They did?

ADAM

My dad said you looked like a
handsome fella. They'd have liked
you. They both would.

HARRY

That's good to know. Did you get
to say everything you wanted to
say?

ADAM

I don't know. I got to be with
them

HARRY

It's good that you were all
together.

ADAM

Yeah.

A long beat. Harry looks at Adam, glad he is not alone.
Both of them glad to not be alone.

HARRY

I'm scared.

ADAM

I know.

HARRY

What do you think happens now?

ADAM

I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY

How long will this last?

A beat. A memory of something Adam's Mum said to him.

ADAM

I can't answer that. I suppose we don't get to decide when it's over.

(then)

For now, why don't I just hold you a bit longer.

Harry looks as if he may be about to say something but decides against it. They don't need to declare their love. Actions are enough.

Harry turns over and lets Adam hold him from behind. The same position Harry was in downstairs. But now he is no longer by himself.

HARRY

(barely a whisper)

It's so quiet in here. I never could stand how quiet this place was. Will you put a record on?

ADAM

What would you like?

HARRY

You choose.

The piano introduction to THE POWER OF LOVE by FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD starts to play. We don't need to know how. Adam whispers with the opening words.

ADAM

*I'll protect you from the hooded
claw / Keep the vampires from your
door.*

Harry smiles.

As the song builds, Adam holds Harry tighter, comforted at last, cared for at last, no longer strangers. Harry's breathing slows.

"Love is the light, scaring darkness away".

(CONTINUED)

As the music soars, we pull away from them. It seems like they are almost dancing, swaying together, for how long we won't ever know.

Further and further we come. Out of the room. Spiralling. Into the night. Adam and Harry fall away as we rise into the stars.

Finally, as the music crescendos, Adam and Harry are no more than a glint in the dark sky.

A guide not a warning.

"Make love your goal".

**"THE POWER OF LOVE"
CONTINUES AS THE
END CREDITS ROLL**