

DO-GOODERS

PILOT

written by

Daniel Smith

danieljlsmith18@gmail.com
07887815161

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

GREG (25) stares into his bleary eyes in the mirror as he wipes a trail of toothpaste from his mouth.

GREG

It's a good day. It is. A good.
Day. Now you go out and you make
it great. No bad news, no bad
people, no bad vibes. You're not
gonna let anyone get you down.
You're good, man. You're good.

A smile breaks across his unshaven face.

BUZZ - Greg ignores the notification on his phone.

BUZZ BUZZ - he looks down to his side.

INT. CLOSE - MOMENTS LATER

The phone FLIES from the open door to SMASH against the opposite wall.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Greg walks down the street looking grumpy.

COREY (O.S.)

Greg! Hey Greg! Mate!

Greg looks up - and quickly back down, pretending not to notice.

Corey (20), a boy in a man's suit, catches up to him, clutching a briefcase and a neon green smoothie. Greg does not conceal his contempt.

COREY

Bon-joorno! How you doing,
Greggy-bread?

GREG

What?

COREY

You good?

GREG

Sure, Corey.

COREY

(awkward beat)

Aww man. Had a large one last night.

Greg takes the smoothie from Corey.

COREY (CONT'D)

I'm dying, man, dying.

GREG

You can't tell.

COREY

Yeah, right.

GREG

No really - come back in five years when you have a real hangover. I'll dish out the inane small talk, see how you like it.

COREY

Ha, jokes... you off to work?

GREG

No I thought Havana today.

COREY

Jokes! Listen, real chat though, I think it's amazing what you do. Amazing.

GREG

Yeah I'm amazed.

COREY

Helping the less fortunate, it's what it's all about, man. Real talk. Was thinking, actually, seems the kind of thing I should be doing, you know?

They are approaching KITE (24), sat in the pavement. A paper cup is balanced on her knee.

GREG

(worried)

Uhm, I - no. I don't think that's a good idea.

COREY

Hey man, seriously, it's so me, I bloody love the homeless!

As if to prove his point, Corey fishes a coin from his pocket, and tries to flip it into the cup - which turns out to be full. The coin knocks the cup into Kite's lap. She flails to save it, but only makes things worse. Sodden, she leaps to her feet.

KITE

The fuck, man?!

Corey stares, horrified. A brief silence...

Greg SNORTS with laughter.

END OF TEASER

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Kite, Corey and Greg stare at each other, respectively furious, frightened, and tickled.

COREY

I am so sorry. Oh my days, I thought it was empty.

KITE

It wasn't.

COREY

It was an accident, I swear--

KITE

Yeah, yeah, whatever, what's your game eh?

It takes Greg a moment to realize she means him.

GREG

Me?

KITE

Yeah, you, Barry Chuckle pussy!

GREG

Barry Chuckle puss..?

KITE

What's so funny?

GREG

Well, all of it. The whole thing.

KITE

Seriously man? It's not funny,
I'm soaked.

GREG

Listen darling, I know funny, it
was funny, ask anyone. I'm sure
by the end of the day it's gonna
be way down the list of awful
things that have happened to you
out here, so, y'know, simmer.

KITE

What the f--

COREY

Listen, never mind him, he's a
good guy I swear, he volunteers -
here, take this.

He pulls out a couple of notes.

COREY (CONT'D)

Get some new clothes. Please,
it's no trouble.

KITE

I didn't say it was.

Takes the money.

COREY

Here, take some more, that's
fifty. I'm really so sorry.

KITE

Your friend's an asshole.

GREG

We're not friends.

COREY

Ok, let's go, sorry again, sorry.

Corey and Greg leave the scene of the crime.

GREG (O.S.)

That was class.

COREY (O.S.)

Don't man! Fit though, wasn't she, you never expect that...

INT. SOUP KITCHEN - DAY

Long tables lead up to the serving section, where DYLAN (25) stirs a big pot. Short hair and stylishly un-stylish. A "CUSTOMER" approaches her stand. He has red hair, a shabby hat and a black eye.

DYLAN

Hi, how are you today?

CUSTOMER

Have some soup plea--

DYLAN

Oh my God, what happened to your face?

CUSTOMER

My- oh, eh, got jumped. Last night.

DYLAN

God, that looks bizarre, you look like him from... erm...

CUSTOMER

Could I--

DYLAN

Clockwork Orange!

CUSTOMER

Could I have some soup please?

DYLAN

Sure, just don't assault me, or I'll have to pin your eyelids open and fill you full of mind-altering drugs - I'm sorry, that was a joke.

CUSTOMER

That's fine. It's fine, really.

DYLAN

Sorry. That does look really nasty... could I have a picture? A little photo of us together? For Twitter?

CUSTOMER

I dunno, I don't really want my family seeing--

Dylan's already marching around, phone in hand.

DYLAN

Just the one. Come on, let's see that smile!

Dylan beams and the man looks away as the camera flashes.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Awesome! You're a superstar, high-five!

CUSTOMER

My hands are actually in quite a lot of pain, they stamped on them when I fell--

Greg enters with Corey's smoothie.

DYLAN

Where have you been? I called you four times.

GREG

Dropped my phone.

Greg pours himself a bowl of soup.

DYLAN

I need to leave early today.

GREG

So?

DYLAN

It's for the blog - this new place, Shungry-La. Tibetan, super cool.

GREG

I didn't ask, did I?

He takes a spoonful - immediately grimaces. Dylan follows him as he takes his bowl to dump in a bin by the wall.

DYLAN

I know, I know, restaurant reviews, a bit "bourgeois". I just, like, really need to keep a high "content output" right now.

GREG

That right?

DYLAN

It's all about keeping your name out there, in the know, relevant--

GREG

You WikiHow "making it as an influencer" again?

DYLAN

No, it's just good strategy. Obvious, really.

GREG

(sipping smoothie)

Pathetic and depressing, really. You honestly want to be like those morons, Dylan? Getting famous shouldn't be as hard as you make it, just... post a picture of your arse. Ooh, or kill someone!

DYLAN

Take over will you? I'm gonna go remind Ron.

GREG

Okay. But if his belt's around his neck don't interrupt him.

Dylan leaves the station.

CUSTOMER

Can I have some soup please?

GREG

Your hands not working or something?

INT. RON'S OFFICE - DAY

RON (45) sits at his desk with his head in his hands. His phone lies open on his desk - a photo of his HAPPY FAMILY.

Dylan enters without knocking.

DYLAN

Ron, you busy--

She stops as Ron raises his head. His eyes are red - he's been crying.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

You okay, big guy?

RON

Yeah, yeah...

DYLAN

Cool, listen, just a reminder that I'm off early today.

RON

What?

DYLAN

I'm leaving early today, I told you on Monday.

RON

(listlessly scanning his papers)

I don't, I don't have a record of this.

DYLAN

(overly cheery)

Well you heard me say it just now didn't you, so that's kind of like a record. A bloody broken record eh? Anyway, I'll leave you to it.

RON

Don't do it Dylan.

DYLAN

Hah?

RON

I'll have to go out there. Don't
make me go out there.

DYLAN

Greg's here, it's fine.

RON

Greg? Oh Christ, what a day.

His phone RINGS. The accompanying photo is a STERN-FACED
WOMAN. They both stare at it.

DYLAN

Gonna answer that?

RON

I haven't decided yet. Oh,
Christ.

Dylan grabs the phone.

RON (CONT'D)

No Dylan, you're upsetting me--

DYLAN

Hello Jo. No he can't right now,
can I take a message? Ok, byeee.
(hangs up)
Jo's coming over soon.

RON

Oh God, I'm dead.

DYLAN

Why, what have you done?

RON

I don't know, I never know. Why
did you answer--

DYLAN

Your welcome, don't worry about
it, I'll just jet off when I'm
ready shall I?

RON

Dylan, PLEASE--

DYLAN
Great, thaaaanks Ron.

Dylan shuts the door behind her as she leaves.

INT. SOUP KITCHEN - DAY

Greg stirs the soup absently. NATURAL PETE (40s) approaches, in a big overcoat and grubby woolen hat.

GREG
Alright Pete? Long time no see.

PETE
Do I know you?

GREG
Yes. Yes you do. We've met here quite literally hundreds of times.

PETE
Oh aye...

GREG
Not seen you in a few weeks, what you been up to?

PETE
You a cop?

GREG
No.

PETE
That's a cop answer if ever I heard one.

GREG
(half-beat)
Where have you been, you broken toy?

PETE
Cult.

GREG
Cult?

PETE

Aye, started a cult, couple weeks back. Sort of a hobby of mine. Great way to meet people. Usually you get a good few marathon acid orgies out of 'em before it all gets too political. Last I saw, they were building a bomb out of elastic bands and old lighters and they were saving up to go to Westminster. Nicked my penny jar actually. Bastards.

GREG

Soup?

PETE

What kind?

GREG

(beat)

What?

PETE

Kind of broth we talking?

GREG

It's food for people who can't afford the fingertips on their gloves, are you picky?

PETE

Not asking for me, brother. I brought a lady friend.

They both look behind Pete to see Kite approaching in a pretty dress.

GREG

Oh good.

PETE

Greg, Kite, Kite, Greg.

KITE

This is the one I was telling you about.

GREG

Hi.

PETE

The asshole? Greg, man, I thought you were alright!

GREG

You thought I was the police thirty seconds ago!

KITE

You never apologised.

GREG

I never intended to.

KITE

I was soaked.

GREG

God are you serious? Yes I laughed at a bad thing that happened to another person, that's the only reason anyone in the history of civilization has ever laughed. There's absolutely nothing funny about not spilling your drink. If the shoe was on the other foot you would've laughed too.

KITE

That right?

GREG

Yes and you know what? I'd get it. Wouldn't moan.

Ron slowly approaches. He looks up to see Pete staring at him. Pete slowly backs away, freaked out. Ron looks befuddled.

GREG (CONT'D)

Don't mind him, he was in a cult.

RON

So I'm letting Dylan away early.

GREG

Yeah I know. She told me before she told you.

RON

Right. You good here on your own?

GREG

You know what, I was having a bit of a meltdown there, what with all the pressure, but I'm back on the horse now pal, thanks.

As he's talking, Greg sees Kite's hand hovering by his smoothie. He swats it away.

KITE

You're a dick.

DYLAN (O.S.)

GREG!

GREG

That did not hurt her!

DYLAN (O.S.)

Come here!

Greg grabs his smoothie and trudges off. Ron and Kite stare silently at each other.

KITE

My soup?

RON

That's not really my...

He relents under her stern gaze and pours her a bowl. She takes a mouthful and spills it back in. Some more staring.

KITE

God, what happened to you?

INT. SOUP KITCHEN - DAY

Greg meets Dylan at the end of one of the long tables.

GREG

Well?

DYLAN

I can't believe you laughed at that poor girl.

GREG

(to Pete)

Thanks a million, supergrass!

PETE (O.S.)

Ooft, been called that before.

DYLAN

Why d'you have to be such a
relentless nob to everyone?

GREG

Why d'you have to make everyone
else's decisions your urgent
fucking business? Are you God? Do
people pray to you? Hey God, why
do bad things happen to good
people? Why did you make Ron so
ugly, God, that was cruel! Where
should I eat tonight God, where's
"super cool"?

DYLAN

Shut up Greg.

GREG

Besides you would've laughed too,
it was a belter.

DYLAN

Don't think so. I'm actually a
good person. You may have, like,
read about us.

GREG

Dylan please, good person? You're
not fooling anyone, you know.
This place is just a means to an
end, a stage for you to dance on
screaming "Look at me, I care!"
Look - you're posting selfies
with homeless people while I'm
talking, aren't you?

Dylan slides her phone across the table, embarrassed.

GREG (CONT'D)

Yeah you're a saint.

DYLAN

"Ohhh I'm Greg, I'm always miserable and everyone else is so shit and selfish, I must be better than them and it's really, really deep!" Finding fault doesn't make you morally superior Greg, it makes you... a fanny! Yes, my being here helps me, it also helps a lot of other people. Why don't you try actually caring, for once, about something? You might not hate yourself quite as much as you clearly do now.

Dylan storms off leaving Greg fuming. He spots her forgotten phone. He looks at the posted picture of Dylan and the customer. He smiles as he types:

"OMG SO GROSS HANDS OFF HON YOU'RE NOT MY TYPE!!!"

He follows up with the obligatory emojis, and posts it.

He sits back, proud of his handiwork.

COREY (O.S.)

What the eff, Steak Bake?

GREG

(jumps)

Oh my God, man, don't you ever work?

Greg turns to find Corey breathing down his neck.

COREY

Not really. Nepotism, innit? I've just seen this tweet bro, it is CALLOUS.

GREG

That was quicker than expected.

COREY

Well I'm not the only one, Greggs Bennie - this thing's taking off.

Greg isn't sure whether he likes this or not. A BANG grabs their attention.

JO (40) bursts through the doors. An impressive, serious looking person, she marches through the kitchen, surveying it with more than a little contempt. She is surprised to find Ron manning the soup stand.

RON

(overly cheery)

Hiya babe! How's my political dynamo today? Wowzah, nice pantsuit! You're like a sexy Sturgeon, a tall, sexy, strong--

JO

Why are you doing that?

RON

Hm? W-what am I doing?

JO

Aw, sounds just like our wedding night. Aren't you ostensibly IN CHARGE around here, Ron? Don't you have staff?

RON

(beat)

This doesn't usually happen.

JO

Two for two. Office, now - you!

She clicks her fingers in the direction of Greg and Corey and points at the soup. After a moment's fumbling, both shuffle over.

INT. RON'S OFFICE - DAY

Jo opens the door to find Dylan at Ron's computer. Ron pokes his head over his wife's shoulder.

RON

Um, Dylan, could you give us a minute?

DYLAN

Sure. Was trying to do a little research on Tibetan cuisine but, probably just like smaller, weaker Chinese, isn't it?

JO

You sound familiar, did we speak
on the phone?

DYLAN

Uh yep, that was me.

JO

And may I ask why you were
answering my husband's phone?

RON

Nothing to worry about, Jo, hand
on heart, nothing going on there,
first time I met her I thought
she was a boy.

The women look at him.

JO

I wasn't worried Ron. Please
believe me. Goodbye Dylan.

Dylan scurries out. Jo sits in Ron's chair. He stands, hands
clasped, across the desk.

RON

You hungry?

JO

I'm having lunch with the MP.

RON

That's just... the best. How is
Fred?

JO

Impatient. Specifically he's
losing patience with this place,
and by extension you, and by
association me.

RON

I feel so lucky to associate with
you.

Dylan pokes her head through the door.

DYLAN

Sorry, have you guys seen my
pho--

JO
(cheerily)
Fuck off Dylan.

INT. SOUP KITCHEN - DAY

Dylan retreats. She can hear LAUGHTER from the soup station. She approaches to find Greg chuckling into his smoothie while Corey does his work for him.

GREG
Told you to fuck off, didn't she?

DYLAN
Where's my phone?

COREY
Oh, Dylan, maybe you should take a breather from the old blower, eh? That was not cool what you tweeted.

DYLAN
What?

INT. RON'S OFFICE - DAY

Jo puts her feet on the desk.

JO
As far as we can tell subsidizing this place is a complete waste of public money. No one knows or cares about your little charity.

RON
It's not mine is it, you told me to come work here.

JO
Yeah well I thought you'd like to feel useful but... maybe you're better off back home looking after Harry.

RON
Well no, because I don't wanna be stuck in the house with that vicious little brute!

INT. SOUP KITCHEN - DAY

Dylan is by the station now. She is looking at her phone, aghast.

DYLAN

No you didn't.

GREG

No! You did.

DYLAN

Are you crazy? Are you actually mentally ill?

GREG

I find that quite offensive, please don't start trolling me next.

DYLAN

Why did you do that?

GREG

FUN-NAY.

Jo and Ron leave the office.

JO

I'll pick you up at six.

RON

Okay, tell Fred I said hi.

JO

(rolling eyes)

Yeah, I'll do that.

Jo walks by, casting the station a glance. They wave at her in silence. When she's gone Dylan rushes to Ron.

RON

Don't worry, we weren't "doing it". No way we'd be out already. Well, maybe actually, it's been a whi--

DYLAN

Can I talk to you please?

Dylan ushers Ron back in and shuts the door.

COREY

So it was you. You sent them?

GREG

I know... "jokes".

He takes a smug sip of his smoothie, and hears a SINISTER LAUGH. He turns to see Kite walking by, an evil smile on her face. He looks down at the smoothie, fear in his eyes.

INT. RON'S OFFICE - DAY

Dylan sits on the desk while Ron paces frantically.

RON

Oh no, oh fuck, oh fuck no please, no fucking thank you!

DYLAN

Yeah. He's tagged this place in it as well so the way I see it you need to help me fix it.

RON

God. What are people saying about it?

DYLAN

They're not happy, they're calling me really nasty names. Pixie shit, that sort of thing.

RON

This is a scandal, this is an actual public scandal. It's Windrush all over again.

DYLAN

I think you might be overstating--

RON

No you dippy cow, don't you see? If my wife finds out about this they'll shut us down!

DYLAN

Oh no, that's terrible! People will have nowhere to go! Nowhere to eat! I'll lose my platform!

RON

I'll have to go back to doing that little socio's homework while he's out getting his hole. No! I won't have it. Here's what we'll do. First, delete that message.

Dylan picks up her phone, only for Ron to yank it out of her hand.

RON (CONT'D)

No, stupid idea. It's too late, it's out there, deleting it now just looks bad.

DYLAN

I already look bad Ron. Katie Hopkins bad.

RON

Here's what we'll do - you're gonna send an apology tweet, you can say you were joking, it was all out of context.

DYLAN

Wait, what? No, no, no, why should I apologise? I didn't do nothing man, I'm innocent! Make Greg do it.

RON

For God's sake Dylan, wake up! Either way it's one of our workers who did it, people don't care which one, and he'll mess it up. That's his thing!

DYLAN

Hang on.

RON

What?

DYLAN

This might sound bad. But could we blame... one of the homeless people?

RON

Could we blame - no, we are a
homeless frigging charity!

INT. SOUP KITCHEN - DAY

Kite leans against the wall by a door, admiring her dress.
Greg walks up to her.

GREG

What did you do to my smoothie?

KITE

What's that, Barry?

Greg looks at her intensely, trying to suss her out.

GREG

You're bluffing. You didn't do
anything.

KITE

Right.

They stare at each other, before Greg breaks. He pushes open
the door and enters...

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

He walks up to the mirror by the sink. He checks his pupils
before splashing his face. Pete walks out of the cubicle and
stares at Greg, who jumps when he sees him in the mirror.

GREG

Pete! I need your help. Do I look
high?

PETE

Do I?

Greg walks out, and Pete returns to the cubicle.

INT. SOUP KITCHEN - DAY

Corey is waiting outside the door when Greg reappears.

COREY

Greg you need to see this, you guys are trending, it's a mad ting!

GREG

I can't pretend to care about what you're saying right now, Corey. I think that little felon dropped spice or something in my smoothie.

COREY

That was actually my--

GREG

Gotta find a safe zone, find a happy place and just ride this out.

Greg rushes off. Pete finally comes out of the bathroom.

COREY

What's spice?

PETE

A wasted evening. Get a better buzz off my toothbrush.

COREY

You have a toothbrush?

Dylan and Ron leave the office.

DYLAN

Okay, boys, as I'm sure you're aware we've found ourselves in a minor PR snafu--

RON

The fuckers are handing out pitchforks.

DYLAN

My colleague exaggerates.

COREY

Not so much, actually.

DYLAN

We've caught some flack, it's true. It's social media, it gets heated. But I know social media okay, it's kinda my thing. We're gonna steady this ship right now. Pete, could you come here - Ron?

Dylan pulls Pete beside her while Ron raises her phone to film them. Dylan gives her best Hollywood smile.

RON

Action!

DYLAN

(amateurish)

H-hi guys, it's Dylan Brouille here with my very good friend Natural Pete. Now Pete in all these years you've never known me to--

PETE

Find yourself another schill, wench. Pete doesn't do cover jobs.

DYLAN

This isn't a cover job you cretin, we are friends.

RON

Should I cut?

KITE (O.S.)

I'll do your video.

They turn to find Kite hovering behind them.

DYLAN

Oh thank you--

KITE

For a price.

PETE

Oh no wait, you know Pete would do a cover job for money.

RON

How much?

DYLAN
Ron, don't ask how-

KITE
Monkey.

DYLAN
What?

RON
That's five hundred pounds.

DYLAN
Fuck off!

PETE
Pony.

DYLAN
What's happening?

KITE
Pony's only twenty five quid,
Pete.

PETE
Three ponies... and a little
hedgehog or something.

DYLAN
No hang on--

KITE
I'll do it for a ton.

PETE
Nine deep sea divers!

DYLAN
Shut up! You're not getting any
money!

RON
Dylan your camera has very poor
resolution. The image is
completely blurred.

Dylan marches round to inspect.

DYLAN
That's your neck, Ron! Oh for
god's sake!

COREY

(phone in hand)

Chill, chill, chill. I got you, shawty. Shot you some coverage. I thought you could do with a second unit - I went to film school for like a month nearly.

DYLAN

Coverage?

COREY

Well I - actually, I only caught the last bit there, but, you know, seems to be striking a chord with people.

Dylan snatches her phone and scrolls. She finds the video - just her shouting:

DYLAN (V.O.)

-- You're not getting any money!
-- You're not getting any money!

COREY

Yeah that doesn't actually look so good, hang on I'll delete it.

RON

No!

COREY

I've deleted it.

RON

Christ in a combine harvester!

DYLAN

Okay. New plan.

BLACK SCREEN - SUPER: 90 MINUTES LATER

INT. SOUP KITCHEN - DAY

A SHAKY PHONE CAMERA SHOT.

RON

-tion!

Corey and Kite walk by a slumped Pete, awkwardly arm in arm.

COREY

Look honey, a vagabond. Isn't he a picture!

KITE

Oh my. He is less than human.

COREY

He certainly is. Let us further undermine his essential human dignity with more ignorant remarks.

DYLAN (O.S.)

Wou-would you like to be treated like this if you were a tramp?

Dylan steps into shot.

DYLAN

Didn't think so. So the next time you pass a dossier in the street--

COREY

Sorry, can we cut?

Ron puts the phone down.

DYLAN

What?

COREY

Sorry it's just... doesn't this feel a bit dishonest?

DYLAN

You've got to be joking.

COREY

I know you mean well, Dylan, but I'm not sure I feel comfortable being part of this elaborate ruse.

KITE

Yeah I don't like it either. Look at me, I tend to go for a slightly better class of men. These dresses aren't cheap, you know.

COREY

Well, I did sort of buy you that dress, you know so--

KITE

How?

PETE

I've changed my mind too. I don't want my image recorded, that's how they get you.

DYLAN

I'm not gonna make my reservation in Shungry-La am I?

Pete walks over to Ron. He places his dirty hat on Ron's head and rips his sleeve.

RON

'Ey! Stop it!

Jo returns, eyes on her phone.

JO

Okay Ron, snap to, yeah? I'll drop you off but I'm heading back out for tapas with--

She stops short at the sight of Ron's new look.

JO (CONT'D)

Oh, Ron.

RON

No, no, I didn't want this.

JO

Yeah, me neither.

DYLAN

Jo I have to tell you something.

Ron frantically shakes his head at her.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Okay, so... earlier today on--

JO

You sent out an inflammatory tweet, yes I know.

RON

You already knew?

DYLAN

I sent NOTHING--

JO

Yes I did, no thanks to you. It caused quite the little stir. Whole thing's blown over now of course. Word's got out about the MP's "shenanigans" when he was at St Andrew's. Total slander, of course, some crap about an initiation involving a rabbit in thigh highs. The mob's moved on to their next victim. That's the Internet for you.

DYLAN

Oh. Good... so no one's talking about me anymore?

JO

No. Saves me a bollocking. Everyone wins.

COREY

Winner winner, Tibetan dinner!

DYLAN

Yeah, I mean, brilliant... no one at all?

JO

Is that what you people have been concerned with all day? God this place really is a waste of chairs.

RON

I'm not sure about that babe. I mean, look around. You know, when the going got tough the barbed wire fence of class that keeps us apart came down, and we all pitched in to save the kitchen. You take this place away and you throw that fence right back up. These are good people. We're a real family here.

GREG (O.S.)
KITE YOU HOMELESS COW!

Greg storms into the group towards Kite.

GREG
You had me thinking I'd been
spiked! Arsehole! I thought I was
going to die, Kite! I was lying
under a table, waiting for the
demons to take me away. I stuck
my fingers down my throat, you
can see the result of that all
over the toilet floor! I
deliberately made myself vomit...
and nothing even fucking
happened, did it?

KITE
You're right. That was funny. I
get it now, thanks.

GREG
You--

Greg takes a step towards Kite, who does the same, getting
right up in Greg's face. She walks him backwards until he
drops into a seat, mouth firmly shut. Kite walks backwards
slowly, not taking her eyes from his. An awkward silence.

GREG (CONT'D)
Glad we came to an understanding.

COREY
(in Kite's ear)
Nicely done. Using the Placebo
Effect to prove your point,
tekkers.

KITE
Dunno what you're on about, kid.
Pete! You owe me fifty pound,
you shady shite!

PETE
Yeah, yeah, you'll never find it.

JO
Okay I've seen enough - Ron, I'll
see you... sometime. Bye bye

JO (CONT'D)
 everyone, s'been a scream.
 (her phone BUZZES)
 Ohhh you saggy 'tatas bravas.

DYLAN
 What now?

JO
 Macho Man's little stand off with
 the waif - it's been uploaded.

DYLAN
 Eh?

JO
 Long lens or something, from
 through the window there. We've
 got eyes on us.

DYLAN
 What d'you mean "long lens", like
 - like paparazzi?

JO
 Pretty much, yes.

DYLAN
 Does... does this mean we're...
 famous?

JO
 If you like, sure, I don't care.
 I've got to go, I'm getting
 blitzed here.

Dylan looks at Greg. She smiles. Greg doesn't.

COREY
 WOO! Famous! Worldstar!

Everyone stares at Corey.

JO
 Who is this prick?

They all shrug and mumble that they don't know. Corey looks
 confused.

THE END