

Life After Baby
"Sausage Promise"
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TEASER

EXT. WILMSLOW ROAD, RUSHOLME, MANCHESTER - ON STREET - DAY

In the bus corridor of Manchester, a busy road with a Curry Mile (many Asian restaurants and take-outs), people go about their day; shopping, meeting friends and commuting to work.

ERIN (30), a plus size beauty with blue eyes and Jolie lips, carries a large packing box. She plonks it down outside a fried chicken shop by a door marked "100". Erin pulls a set of keys out of her bra and opens the door onto a stairway.

INT. 100 WILMSLOW ROAD - DAY

Erin struggles up the stairs with the box, leans on the stairway to rest, then gives it one last shove to the top. She lies next to the box, her unruly long brown hair splayed on the floor. Her phone buzzes with Facebook notifications:

- SARAH: HAPPY BIRTHDAY LADY! THE BIG 3.0! WHOOP
- LUCY: LIFE STARTS AT 30! ENJOY IT! [BIRTHDAY EMOJI]
- ROB: LIKE A FINE WINE. YOU LOOK SEXY AF [SUNGLASSES EMOJI]

ERIN

Who the fuck is Rob?.. Ugh.

Erin throws her phone on the nearby sofa and rolls to stand.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Erin grabs a bottle of cheap red wine from a carrier bag on the side, next to multiple boxes still to be unpacked.

ERIN

Glasses, glasses... where are the fucking glasses?

In search of a wine glass, Erin half unpacks all the wrong boxes. She finds a box of hair bleach and red hair dye, reads the label and swigs the red wine from the bottle.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Erin looks in the mirror, pushes "farewell" fingers through her mousy brown curls and puts on the disposable gloves.

ERIN

Let's do this.

INT. UNIVERSITY HALLS - KYLE'S ROOM - DAY

KYLE (20), a tall athletic guy with midnight brown eyes and neatly groomed dark hair, dumps a backpackers rucksack on the bed and unpacks everything carefully. He sticks an AMY LEE / EVANESCENCE poster on the wall, then plonks on the bed.

Heavy rock music blares through his headphones, a message notification interrupts, it's CHARLIE: MATE. COME TO THE UNION. SO MANY FITTIES! Kyle replies: NAA MATE, GONNA CHILL. Charlie replies: COME ON BRUV, GOTTA GET IN THERE EARLY.

Kyle gets a message from RACHEL it reads: MISS YOU ALREADY. I HOPE WE CAN STILL BE FRIENDS X. Kyle jumps into action.

INT. KYLE'S SHOWER ROOM - DAY

Kyle strips off, looks in the mirror and tenses his pecs. He pulls a lone hair from his chest and turns on the shower.

INT. 100 WILMSLOW ROAD / ERIN'S FLAT - BATHROOM - DAY

Washing off her hair dye in the shower, red water runs down Erin's body. She tries to spray away the horror scene.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

In a dressing gown with a towel wrapped head, Erin's on the sofa with pop rock music playing, painting her nails red.

Her phone buzzes, it's a DM from LIAM, that reads: WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO SORT THE DIVORCE? Erin drops the nail varnish, which pours onto the light carpet.

ERIN

Shit.

She picks up the nail varnish, and replies to LIAM: HAPPY FUCKING BIRTHDAY? NO? YOU KNOW YOU COULD SORT IT, RIGHT?

ERIN (CONT'D)

Dickhead.

A memory alert pops up 10 YEARS AGO, she clicks. It's a picture of her as a confident rock chic with bright red hair. Erin smiles. She receives a text from STUDENT UNION: DRINK AND GREET SESSION. OPEN ALL DAY. £2 FOR 2 PINT SNAKEBITE.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Now we're talking

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Erin empties boxes and tries on clothes, hates them all
- In underwear, Erin dries and styles her new flame red hair
- Erin puts on heavy eyeliner and red lippy to match her hair
- Rustles through a box and finds a red black rock print tee

Erin checks out her reflection in a mirror. The v-neck rocker tee with choker frames her ample cleavage. Her black skinny jeans pull in her tummy and tuck into her black with silver buckle ankle boots. She beams back at her new self.

INT. STUDENT UNION - DAY

Kyle saunters in with a slouch and subtle bounce to shrink from the reality he'll always be tall and noticed. The open space is filled with colourful chair pods, sofas and tables. It's heaving with young students already half cut.

CHARLIE (20) a 5ft-something guy with scrappy blonde hair and an air of desperation, leans over a table of girls who reluctantly engage with his chat. Kyle approaches.

CHARLIE

Mate, you came!

They bro hug. The girls perk up at the sight of Kyle.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

This is... Sorry I didn't get your --

The blonde girl nearest Charlie, TRACY (20), looks up and beckons Kyle with "save me I'm just a sweet girl" eyes.

TRACY

I'm Tracy, and this is...

(the girls blush or wave in turn)

Sarah, Michelle, Annie and... sorry,
what was your name?

LISA (21), a tall ginger woman in a Kings of Leon band tee and jeans, looks out of place. Kyle immediately relates.

LISA

Lisa. And you are?

KYLE

Sorry, Kyle... love the shirt.

CHARLIE

Lets get some shots!

Charlie drags Kyle away. He looks back at Lisa in appeal, she smiles. Erin arrives, looks immediately at home and heads straight for the bar. The barman, RAY (31), a medium height guy with wild afro hair, makes a beeline for Erin.

ERIN

Snakebite please... Two.

RAY

Coming right up beautiful.

Erin blushes. Ray pours the pints and looks at her curiously. Then plonks down the two drinks.

RAY

£6 please, darling.

ERIN

I thought it was £2?

RAY

For students, yeah.

Erin casually removes her student card and flashes it.

RAY (CONT'D)

Sorry love, I thought maybe you --

ERIN

(playfully)

Well, you thought wrong... love.

RAY

Feisty, I like it. And the name's Ray.

ERIN

Erin. Tell me Ray, do you make a habit of chatting up students?

RAY

Only the ones that look like teachers.

On the other side of the busy bar, Kyle notices Erin's bright red hair in the mirror reflection behind the bar. Erin sees Kyle towering above everyone. Their reflected eyes lock as SEX IS ON FIRE by KINGS OF LEON plays.

Kyle turns to find Erin at the bar... she's gone.

RAY
(to Kyle)
What can I get you mate?

EXT. OUTDOOR AREA - DAY

Erin gives up finding a seat and sits on the grass. Satisfied in her bubble, she plastic clinks both drinks.

INT. STUDENT UNION - DAY

Charlie drags Kyle to another group of girls, who overtly flirt with him. On the other side of the room, Tracy watches Kyle, she grabs her drink and starts to walk towards him. Kyle spots Erin through the window outside.

KYLE
(to Charlie)
I'm gonna go for a fag.

He leaves. Charlie spots Tracy coming towards him and smiles.

EXT. OUTDOOR AREA - DAY

Kyle goes outside and lights up. He walks towards Erin who is busy swigging one of her snakebites.

KYLE
Hey, mind if I --

ERIN
(spills drink over her chest)
Shit.

Erin stands, her t-shirt soaked. In the mind of Kyle, in slow-motion Erin tugs on her wet tee that clings to her breasts. Her red hair glows neon in the sun.

KYLE
Need some help with that?

Kyle shoots Erin a cheeky side-smile. In the mind of Erin, a mysterious smoke surrounds him, a breeze against his tee reveals his toned body. The sunlight glistens like a halo.

ERIN
(with a knowing smile)
No, but you can get me another drink.

END TEASER

ACT I

EXT. WILMSLOW ROAD, MANCHESTER - ON STREET - EVENING

SUPER 1: ONE MONTH LATER. HALLOWEEN 2008.

SUPER 2: RELATIONSHIP STATUS: CASUAL AF

It's Halloween 2008. The shops and pubs are draped with Halloween decor, showcasing their carved pumpkins.

EXT. ERIN'S FLAT - EVENING

In the bay window of Erin's flat, above the fried chicken shop, there's an impressive Halloween display of one pumpkin eating the other with intricate webs, skulls and lights.

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

Erin, still with bright red hair, is in a long black dress that hides her wobbly bits and elevates her cleavage. She perfects her gothic make-up in the mirror and spies a zit.

ERIN

Great.

Erin covers the spot, sniffs her armpits, swishes them with water, dries them with a towel and rolls on deodorant. She ties back her hair and inspects her emerging double chin.

ERIN

(loudly calls out)

Kyle, have you seen my hat?

KYLE (O.S.)

Back of the door.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Kyle checks out his baby-face good looks and neatly groomed hair in a full-length mirror. He notices a nose hair.

ERIN (O.S.)

You almost ready?

KYLE

Almost.

Kyle grabs some tweezers, plucks it and shudders in pain. His abs tense in response, Kyle nods with pride. He notices a wayward pube, removes his boxers and approaches said rebel pube with the tweezers... wincing in preparation.

ERIN (O.S.)
I said I'd meet everyone at --

Kyle throws aside the tweezers and stands in a superhero pose. Erin enters dressed as a witch with a broomstick.

ERIN (CONT'D)
You're naked.

KYLE
Yes. This is me. Naked.

ERIN
You're supposed to be getting ready!

Erin perches on the end of the bed; from underneath, she pulls out her leather boots. Kyle stands in front of her. Erin comes back up to Kyle's penis in her direct eyeline.

KYLE
I am ready.

ERIN
Seriously? Again!

KYLE
You know I love it when you goth up.

Kyle nabs her witch's hat with attached purple wig.

ERIN
Kyle! It took me ages to put that on.

Kyle puts on the hat, grabs the broomstick poses with it.

KYLE
Fine. I'm ready.

ERIN
You're such a dick.

Kyle props the broomstick by the bed and leans in.

KYLE
(swings his dick across her knees)
Speaking of dick.

ERIN
Fine. But I'm not taking this off.

KYLE

Fine by me. Love the witchy vibe.

Kyle tosses the hat aside and leaps on Erin. She shrieks playfully. They kiss. Kyle attempts to access her boobs.

ERIN

No time. It's a quickie or nothing.

KYLE

Oh, come on. Just a little nibble.

ERIN

Nope.

Erin takes a condom from the top drawer and gives it to Kyle. Kyle stands, puts on the condom. Erin whips off her knickers, grabs the broomstick and shoves Kyle on the bed. She climbs on top and holds the broomstick across his shoulders.

KYLE

Ooh, it's like sexy Quidditch.

ERIN

More like Bedknobs and Broomsticks.

KYLE

What's that?

Erin rides him like a witchy cowgirl.

ERIN

(in rhythm with her motion)

Treguna Mekoides Treorum Satis Dee.

KYLE

I love it when you ride my Satis Dee.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Erin's in bed with smudged make-up and sex hair. Kyle returns in a Harry Potter dressing gown with a mug of tea.

KYLE

(passes her the tea)

Erin?

ERIN

No.

KYLE

(gets in the bed beside her)
No, what?

ERIN

We're not having sex again.

KYLE

That wasn't what I was going to ask,
but if you want to go again --

ERIN

Do you ever stop?

KYLE

It's not my fault, it's you! What I
was going to ask was, you know, are we
like, a thing now?

ERIN

Oh, that. I don't know. There's a lot
to think about.

KYLE

Like what?

ERIN

(sips the tea)
Well, there's this tea.

KYLE

Oi!

ERIN

And, that dressing gown.

KYLE

What? It's comfy.

ERIN

You're just, so young. And I'm --

KYLE

Old?

ERIN

Well, compared to you, yes.

KYLE

So, I've thought about that a lot.
And, okay, when I was 10 you would

KYLE (CONT'D)
have been, like, my age, which is weird. But I'm not. I'm 20. And, well, the thing is... I really like you.

ERIN
I like you too.

KYLE
So, yes?

ERIN
Maybe.

KYLE
Go on, admit it. We're a thing.

ERIN
A witch never reveals her secrets.

KYLE
Bit late to play hard to get babe.

ERIN
Don't you "babe" me!

KYLE
Why not babe? What's wrong with "babe", babe?

ERIN
That's something old couples say.

KYLE
Well, you would know.

ERIN
Right, that's it. I'm going in.

Erin tickles Kyle who playfully tickles back. Now on top, Kyle lifts her dress and kisses her torso. Her phone buzzes.

ERIN (CONT'D)
We can join them at the club later.

Erin allows Kyle to pleasure her.