

95 Revolutions

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FADE IN:

INT. LOUNGE, MR CHAMBER'S HOME - EVENING

LYDIA, 18, an attractive young woman with her own distinct alternative style, sits alone on a leather three-seater sofa, her fingers tapping the arm of the sofa, as if she is playing a piano melody. She stops to run her fingers through her two-tone hair; brunette on the left side and blonde perfectly on the right side. Her eyes wander around the large open-plan lounge, more out of boredom than genuine curiosity. Run of the mill bronzed statues and upper class decor stare back at her, emphasizing the fact that Lydia is out of place.

MR CHAMBERS, 49, a charismatic silver-fox man enters the lounge with a glass of whiskey in hand. He smiles at Lydia, but it is artificial and brief, as he begins to rifle through a neatly stacked pile of classical records, sitting beside a wooden record player.

MR CHAMBERS

Are you sure I can't get you one?  
Hanson's. The recipe hasn't  
changed in 80 years, but then  
again why would you change  
perfection. Ah! This is it, this  
is the one.

Mr Chambers removes a record from its sleeve, placing it onto the record player. Lydia is unsure of how to respond or react, not that Mr Chambers is waiting for a response, joyously listening to the opening sonata of Mozart's Don Giovanni.

LYDIA

No, I'm okay. I've -. I have my  
sheet music in my bag.

Mr Chambers stays captivated by the music. He waits for the melody to finish.

MR CHAMBERS

Beautiful. Did you know that  
Mozart supposedly wrote the  
overture to Don Giovanni on the  
morning of the opera's premiere  
whilst suffering a tremendous  
hangover? It's my favourite  
opera.

Mr Chambers joins Lydia on the sofa, taking the middle seat closest to Lydia. Lydia pierces a smile towards Mr Chambers. Her fingers tap the arm once more, but this time not playing a melody.

(CONTINUED)

LYDIA

What's it about? Don Giovanni?

Mr Chambers ponders for the briefest of moments.

MR CHAMBERS

Oh! Well, great question. It's about a nobleman, Don Giovanni of course, who is a very beloved and powerful nobleman who has to- are you sure I can't get you something to drink?

LYDIA

No, honestly I'm fine.

LYDIA

Not a whiskey drinker?

LYDIA

I've never tried it.

MR CHAMBERS

Well, you shouldn't be afraid to try new things Lydia.

It is silent. Mr Chambers looks at Lydia and smiles.

MR CHAMBERS

And you never know. You might find you like it.

Mr Chambers finishes his whiskey and places the glass down.

LYDIA

Should I get my sheet musi-

MR CHAMBERS

No, not yet. Just listen.

Mr Chambers closes his eyes, captivated and inspired by the music. Lydia, however, looks uncomfortable. She attempts to feel the music but she is unable to. She clenches her fingers. Mr Chambers opens his eyes and looks to Lydia.

MR CHAMBERS

Beautiful, no? Sometimes, to make something great, something new - you've got to appreciate the great that's been done before.

Mr Chambers continues to gaze at Lydia as if trying to force a romantic moment. He launches his head towards Lydia, attempting to kiss her. Lydia leans backward declining the offer.

(CONTINUED)

LYDIA

What are you doing?

MR CHAMBERS

Oh come on Lyddie. Don't play dumb.

LYDIA

I'm sorry if I've given you the wrong idea but I'm not interested in you in that way.

The operatic score of Don Giovanni continues to play.

MR CHAMBERS

Lydia. I'm not a man people say no to. And if you're more open you never know, you might learn a thing or two.

Mr Chambers tries to kiss Lydia, who declines once again.

LYDIA

I'm a lesbian. I like girls.

MR CHAMBERS

That's great. Good for you, sincerely, but I'm not looking for a partner Lydia. I've already got one of those at home. I'm just looking for fun. You like fun don't you Lydia?

Mr Chambers places his hand forcefully on Lydia's knee. Lydia, fearful, brushes his hand away and rises to her feet. Mr Chamber's pulls on Lydia's hair violently forcing her down again. Music continues to play but the melody is no longer beautiful, only harrowing.

MR CHAMBERS

I don't know why you're being like this to me, Lydia. I know you're a girl who likes fun. That's what university is all about: fun! So if you want to stay here I suggest you be a little more open minded to the idea of fun. You've earned it.

Lydia, frightened, does not respond. They look at one another. Mr Chambers forces himself on to Lydia, kissing her lips and neck, whilst intimately touching her upper thigh. Lydia, out of fear, does not force him away. The camera pans away from Lydia and Mr Chambers. The record continues to spin.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL MANCHESTER BACK STREET - NIGHT

The street is completely empty and eerily quiet. The scattered neon lights create a warm glow on the shop windows, all of which are now closed for business. In the shop windows, banners with the exclamation of 'Happy New Year' hang.

Lydia walks down the street. She stops to gaze into a nostalgia shop. Inside is memorabilia of the nineties. Lydia peers into the window with fondness and yearning.

We hear footsteps. They get louder and louder as if somebody is approaching Lydia. Lydia looks around. Nobody is present. The street is still empty. Lydia continues to walk down the street. The sounds of footsteps return. Lydia walks faster.

(VOICE)  
(softly and unclear)  
Lydia.

Lydia stops dead in her tracks and swiftly turns around once more. Nothing is there. It is silent.

INT. MR CHAMBER'S HOME - NIGHT

People are gathered in the home of Mr Chambers to celebrate the new year. The house is decorated in a sophisticated manner. The camera pans to the doorway where Lydia quietly enters.

Lydia sees Mr Chambers, who is laughing with a group of his peers. She darts into the lounge before he has the chance to spot her.

SARAH (O.S.)  
Lydia, isn't it?

SARAH CALDERS and ADAM BENNETT, 18, sit on a leather three-seater sofa. Despite being attractive and popular, they choose to scroll on their phones rather than mingle with the various party guests scattered among the room.

SARAH  
I'm in Mr Chamber's class too.  
Obviously.

Sarah pulls a face to express 'Why else would I be here?'. Lydia remains standing, unsure what to do.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Sit down! Nothing else to do at  
this 'party', if you can call it  
that.

Lydia takes a seat in between Sarah and Adam.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

Deathbeat's set at Heaton starts at 9 so that can be our excuse to leave. Are you not drinking?

LYDIA

No, I quit. A few weeks ago.

ADAM

Has no one told you that you're meant to quit after midnight?

Adam and Sarah laugh. Adam is still immersed in his phone, continuously swiping away.

ADAM

I might get a head start on my resolution too.

SARAH

Oh, yeah. What's that?

ADAM

1000 matches?

LYDIA

Jesus. Surprised your finger hasn't fallen off.

SARAH

At least his wrist is getting a little break.

Lydia smiles towards Sarah.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Let's take a selfie.

Sarah puts her arm around Lydia and holds her phone out to take a picture. Sarah inspects the photo on her phone.

SARAH

God. I'm so ugly.

LYDIA

Are you kidding? You're not.

Lydia looks down at Sarah's phone. Sarah is editing the photo in a professional manner; repositioning her eyebrows and adding volume to her lips. Lydia turns to Adam to see that he is still continuously swiping pictures of girls on his phone.

SARAH

I don't know if I can even post this. I mean I still look awful.

(CONTINUED)

LYDIA  
(nervously)  
Are you kidding? You're gorgeous.

Sarah looks at Lydia with a confidence that counteracts the nervousness of Lydia. Through her shyness Lydia is wide-eyed showing her genuine infatuation of Sarah.

SARAH  
You think so?

LYDIA  
Yeah, I think you look really-

JOSH, 20, a good-looking student rugby player, comes up behind Sarah and puts his hands over her eyes.

JOSH  
Guess who, beautiful?

SARAH  
Stop it! Lydia this is my  
boyfriend, Josh.

Lydia looks somewhat dejected.

JOSH  
Hey, nice to meet you.

LYDIA  
Yeah, nice to-

Lydia is interrupted by the clink of a knife to glass. Mr Chambers is standing in the centre of the room holding a glass of whiskey. He smiles charismatically as all the eyes in the room turn to him. The room falls silent.

MR CHAMBERS  
Thank you all for coming tonight  
as we celebrate the next  
movement, if you will, in all of  
our lives - whether that next  
movement, like for many of my  
students, is merely the  
blossoming of an opening motif or  
for the likes of myself, a march  
towards a rollicking hurrah. New  
Year always reminds me of a quote  
from one of my favourite  
composers, a Mr Claude Debussy.  
A great man and a great  
composer. Debussy said 'Works  
of art make rules. Rules do not  
make works of art'. Not only  
should you start to believe that  
one day the people that proceed  
you will follow the rules that

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MR CHAMBERS (cont'd)  
you create, but you should also  
be unafraid to break the rules of  
your predecessors. There's  
nothing wrong with breaking a few  
rules.

Mr Chambers looks to Lydia as he mentions 'breaking rules'. The camera stays with Lydia as Mr Chamber's continues to talk. Lydia starts to breathe heavily as if she is trying to prevent a panic attack. She looks down at the sofa she is sat on.

MR CHAMBERS (CONT'D)  
No, there's nothing wrong at all  
with breaking the rules in order  
to make something truly great.  
And you never know, breaking  
rules can be fun too!

The guests laugh. Lydia becomes visibly anxious as Mr Chambers continues to talk. Sarah realises that Lydia is anxious and breathing heavily.

MR CHAMBERS  
If you want to be remarkable. If  
you want to avoid mediocrity. If  
you want to pass my class. That's  
what I urge you to do.

SARAH  
(to Lydia)  
Are you alright?

Lydia stands up and leaves.

CUT TO:

A large framed poster commemorating a performance of Mozart's Don Giovanni hangs on the wall. Lydia stares at the poster through teary eyes. The eyes of the poster stare back at Lydia, as if they are the only eyes who know her truth.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL MANCHESTER HIGH STREET - NIGHT

A pair of hooded teens, 17, are harassing a helpless, HOMELESS WOMAN, 31. The leader of the pair, MATTHEW SULLIVAN is confident and menacing. GEORGE DAGNALL is wiry and anxious, desperate to appease Matthew. They circle the homeless woman on their skateboards occasionally pausing to kick rubbish cans at her as they laugh.

(CONTINUED)



Lydia, in her own world, admiring the glow of the neon street lights that light up her surroundings, walks down the street. She stops in her tracks as she notices Matthew and George tormenting the homeless woman. She instinctively marches bravely towards the hooded teens.

LYDIA  
Leave her alone!

Lydia stops a few metres away from Matthew and George. They both turn their attention away from the homeless woman, placing it firmly on Lydia. They are neither intimidated nor frightened.

MATTHEW  
Mind your own business, bitch.

Lydia looks around for help. There is none. She is nervous, but brave enough to stay.

LYDIA  
I'll call the police if you both  
don't clear off right now.

Matthew turns to Lydia menacingly. He lifts up his hoodie to reveal a knife. The homeless woman looks on.

MATTHEW  
I said, mind your own business.

Lydia does not move, gulping hesitantly. She clenches her fists nervously, but she does not move. The pair stand facing each other for a moment, as if they were about to duel.

Matthew begins to walk towards Lydia. Lydia quickly grabs something from her bag. She removes a small can of mace spray, attached to her keyring. She aims it directly at Matthew, halting his forward movement. Matthew smirks.

MATTHEW  
What's that? Your inhaler?

LYDIA  
It's mace.

Matthew begins to laugh. George joins in.

MATTHEW  
Do you really think that little  
mace could stop me from ramming a  
knife down your gut?

LYDIA  
I'm not sure, but are you really  
going to risk blindness to find  
out.

(CONTINUED)

Matthew and George stop laughing. It is silent and tense as Lydia and Matthew stare each other down.

GEORGE

Come on, man. She's not worth it.

Lydia and Matthew remain unmoved. Lydia's eyes water. She looks frightened, but determined nevertheless. Matthew's eyes move downward to get a closer look at the mace. We see a close up of the mace. Hanging from the mace spray is the key to Lydia's apartment, with a tag which reveals her apartment number as 3A. Matthew smirks menacingly.

MATTHEW

Have a nice new year then! Come on.

Matthew and George both leave the scene with haste. Lydia crouches beside the homeless woman with empathy.

HOMELESS WOMAN

Don't get yourself killed for me.  
I'm not worth it.

LYDIA

It's not right. Are you okay?

Lydia places her hand on the arm of the homeless woman.

LYDIA

You're frozen! Have you got  
somewhere to stay tonight?

HOMELESS WOMAN

I'll be alright.

Lydia reaches into her purse and pulls out three twenty pound notes, clearly leaving nothing in her purse.

LYDIA

It's not a lot, but it should be  
enough for tonight.

Lydia hands over the money to the homeless woman, who takes it in disbelief.

HOMELESS WOMAN

Are you sure? I can't take th-

LYDIA

I won't miss it. Have a nice new  
year.

EXT. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - NIGHT

A group of drunk party-people exit the train onto the platform, passing Lydia who smiles courteously. The train departs, as do the drunks, leaving Lydia alone at the platform. The electronic sign indicating the next train begins to glitch, ominously.

PUBLIC ANNOUNCEMENT (OS)

The next train approaching the  
platform is a rail delivery train  
and thus, will not be stopping.

Lydia looks around the platform as the public announcement plays to only her. Lydia takes a large exhale, focusing on her breathing. She walks slowly towards the yellow line, stopping just before it.

The sound of a moving train is heard, becoming louder as the train approaches the platform rapidly. Lydia closes her eyes tightly as she steps over the yellow line. She is only inches from the edge. The train comes through the platform. Lydia stands by the edge, with a look of determination. She makes a movement as if she is about to jump onto the tracks.

VOICE

(softly in the wind)

Lydia.

Lydia looks up to the opposite side of the platform. A plump innocuous man, 45, stands watching Lydia with a courteous, yet odd, smile on his face. HUGH JUSTHEW is friendly despite his sarcasm and quick-wit, a typical Northern Brit.

Lydia, startled by Hugh, takes a step backwards and falls onto her bottom. The train swiftly enters through the platform and exits just as swiftly. Lydia looks back to Hugh, but Hugh is no longer there. Lydia is alone.

LYDIA

Shit.

Lydia watches the train leaving in the distance. Dejectedly, Lydia looks to the electronic sign. The sign states that a train will be arriving from Liverpool shortly, before beginning to glitch again. Lydia gently climbs down to the tracks and walks towards a rural area adjacent to the platform.

EXT. RURAL AREA - NIGHT

Lydia follows the tracks to an area which is remote. Lydia looks outwards in the distance. The sound of a train can be heard faintly in the background. The lights of a train can be seen in the distance.

LYDIA  
(to herself)  
Finally.

Lydia lays down on the tracks. Lydia tilts her neck to her right, looking down the track. The fast-moving train is approaching. Lydia tilts her neck upwards, looking at the star-filled sky. The train gets louder and closer. Lydia clenches her face as if she is trying her best not to cry. She clenches her fists tightly and closes her eyes. The sound of the loud train disappears. It is silent.

Lydia, confused, opens her eyes and sits upright. She looks around for the approaching train but there is no train in sight. Hugh walks towards the track, halting as he sees Lydia. They smile awkwardly at one another.

INT. CAFE - NIGHT

Lydia and Hugh sit in a stylish night cafe. They sit by the window overlooking the high street. It is busy and bustling.

LYDIA  
What were you doing out there? By the tracks?

HUGH  
Me? That's rich. I was making sure the tracks were safe. What were you doing out there young lady?

LYDIA  
I think it was a bit obvious what I was doing.

Hugh, genuinely clueless, shrugs his shoulders.

HUGH  
And what might that be?

LYDIA  
(whispering)  
Not that it's any of your business, but I was trying to kill myself.

(CONTINUED)

HUGH

Don't know why you're whispering,  
love. Everybody's too immersed in  
their own miserable lives to  
worry about yours. Look I'll  
prove it to you.

Hugh clears his throat as he looks around the cafe. Lydia  
sinks deeply into her chair to avoid being noticed.

HUGH

(loudly)

I can't stay and chat too long.  
I'm planning to jump off Beetham  
Tower a bit later. Yep! Going to  
jump to my death because nobody  
pays me any attention or cares  
what I have to s-

Everybody in the cafe carries on as normal, completely  
ignoring Hugh. Lydia interrupts.

LYDIA

Alright, you've proven your  
point.

HUGH

Don't know why you're all shy  
about it now. If a train had come  
whilst you were laying in the  
tracks you'd have had your face  
in all of tomorrow's newspapers,  
as well as infinite posts on  
social media. Not to mention,  
delay train services for God  
knows how many hours! Bit selfish  
really, if you ask me.

LYDIA

I didn't.

An attractive and young waitress comes over with two  
drinks. She places a soft drink by Lydia, and a pint of  
beer by Hugh. Lydia smiles at the waitress, but the  
waitress ignores Lydia's smile. Hugh begins to drink his  
beer. It is evident he is wearing gloves.

HUGH

Suppose train delays aren't too  
bad. Sort them quick. It's the  
jumpers on motorways that really  
do my head in. So much bloody  
mess, and the traffic. Can't move  
for hours. Don't know why they  
can't just do it at home, in  
private.

(CONTINUED)

LYDIA

Oh, I'm sorry if my suicide would have inconvenienced you. And if you must know, I do have a rope at home so I'll heed your advice and just top myself later when I'm out of your hair.

HUGH

Cheers, I appreciate that.

LYDIA

Sounds like you're around a lot of suicides.

HUGH

You could say that.

LYDIA

Wonder if it's anything to do with your personality.

Lydia slurps her drink, smirking as she does so.

HUGH

Why are you doing it anyway?

Lydia continues to suck the straw of her beverage, more out of reluctance to answer than any genuine thirst.

HUGH

I read the other day that 500 people killed themselves on New Year's Eve last year. Wonder what it is about the new year that makes everyone so depressed?

LYDIA

Don't know.

HUGH

Monotony, I'd guess. The realisation that just because you've got a brand new calendar everything is still just as shitty as before - not that I'm saying your life is shitty or anything.

LYDIA

You're not far off. But, no. I don't think that's the reason. I think things do change, eventually, but people don't have the heart to wait for it to.

( CONTINUED )

Lydia looks at the people in the coffee shop. It appears as if everybody is happy and carefree - everybody except for Lydia.

LYDIA

I think the reason people kill themselves on New Year's Eve is because everybody else seems so happy. And when everybody else is happy, and you're just not. Well, that's when you feel really alone.

HUGH

So you're lonely? No friends or family?

LYDIA

Not any that would care if I died tomorrow.

HUGH

I doubt that's true.

LYDIA

How do you know? If I did top myself in the privacy of my home, like you so generously suggested, I doubt anybody would even notice. Not for a few weeks anyway. At least.

HUGH

Something you think about a lot I take it?

LYDIA

Oddly, no. I've known for a while. That I was going to kill myself. I bought this gorgeous noose in the January sales last year. That's when I knew. Now, I think about other things; like how the hell do you format a suicide note or what will be the last song I hear.

HUGH

Any preferences?

LYDIA

I don't know. Something cool. Imagine if you dropped dead in your flat. Six days later your neighbors start to smell something. Eight days later some decrepit tosser from the NHS

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LYDIA (cont'd)  
comes to collect your body. Only  
to look down at your record  
player to see you've been  
listening to the Steps' greatest  
hits.

HUGH  
I can think of worse anthems to  
go out to.

Beat.

HUGH  
Are you sure?

LYDIA  
About what?

HUGH  
Sure you really want to kill  
yourself?

LYDIA  
Oh, I get it. This is the part  
where you try to convince me that  
life is worth living, and remind  
me of all the things I'll be  
leaving behind.

HUGH  
Would it work?

Lydia clenches her lips and shakes her head, looking down  
as she does so.

HUGH  
I'll leave it then.

LYDIA  
You think I shouldn't though?

HUGH  
What does it matter what I think?  
I'm a stranger you met twenty  
minutes ago. I shouldn't be  
telling you how to live your  
life, or die your death as it  
were. Maybe we're all trying to  
kill ourselves anyway.

Hugh looks around to the happy people in the cafe. We see  
quick cuts of people in the cafe as they drink their  
alcohol, smoke in the smoking area and become immersed  
with their mobile phones.

(CONTINUED)



HUGH (CONT)

We drink. Cancer. We smoke.  
Cancer. We use our phones and  
tiny particles of radiation  
slowly give us cancer.

LYDIA

Well, at least a rope isn't slow.  
It doesn't toy with the idea of  
death. It summons it.

HUGH

Exactly. Anyway, I should really  
be off. It's a busy night for me.

Hugh smiles and stands up.

HUGH

It was really nice meeting you.  
Maybe I'll see you around  
sometime.

LYDIA

I wouldn't count on it.

Hugh rolls his eyes backwards, forgetfully, letting out a  
smile as he does so.

HUGH

Ah, of course. My bad. I guess  
just see you, then.

Hugh exits the cafe. Lydia sits by herself, pondering for  
the briefest of moments.

INT. FLAT BUILDING - NIGHT

The flat building interior is cosy and warm, not where you  
would expect a student to be living. Three doors are  
situated on the ground floor, adjacent to a set of stairs  
which lead to more flats. Lydia opens the door to her  
apartment, numbered 3A. She is interrupted by an elderly  
man, 66, entering the building.

MR HAVERS

Going out somewhere nice, dear?

MR HAVERS is friendly and sweet, although somewhat  
erratic. He stands on the first step of the staircase as  
he talks to Lydia.

LYDIA

Oh, not really Mr Havers! Are you  
doing anything to celebrate?

(CONTINUED)

MR HAVERS

I've not heard you for a while.  
The piano.

LYDIA

Oh, I've not had time. If it's  
ever too loud just let me know.

MR HAVERS

No, no. Not at all dear. I love  
listening to you play. It's nice  
being reminded that I'm not alone  
in this building sometimes. Sixty  
Seven! Next year I'll be sixty  
seven!

LYDIA

Well, you don't look it. Are you  
doing anything nice tonight?

MR HAVERS

My family should be arriving any  
moment. I can't wait to see them  
all! It's been far too long.

LYDIA

That sounds lovely. Give them all  
my best, Mr Havers.

MR HAVERS

How many times have I told you?  
Call me Chris.

LYDIA

Sorry. It's just a habit.

MR HAVERS

How about you, dear? Bet you'll  
be doing something exciting to  
see in the new year?

Lydia smiles at Mr Havers, unsure of what to say.

CUT TO:

INT. LYDIA'S FLAT - NIGHT

Lydia's front door leads directly into a large open plan  
living room area. An upright piano is pushed to the left  
wall of the living room. On the piano sits a framed  
photograph of Lydia and her parents, next to a vintage  
Bush Radio. A sofa faces towards an old television placed  
on the highest, central cube of a large shelving unit. The  
other shelves are filled with records and other items that  
showcase Lydia's affinity for nostalgia. A window  
overlooks the moonlit street.

(CONTINUED)

The camera pans across the flat until it firmly focuses on Lydia, who is frantically searching for something. She looks in cupboards and drawers. She paces around her living room, clearly trying to think. She looks behind her piano, pausing briefly when she sees a photograph of herself with her parents. Lydia turns the knob on the Radio. A female voice is heard through the waves.

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY

Just outside the nation's capital  
it's 9pm here and we've got the  
perfect spot to watch the cars,  
the coaches and the chaos all  
making their way to London.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCAL RADIO STATION - NIGHT

An identical photo to the one that sits on Lydia's piano stands upright on a desk. We pan out to reveal an array of mixing desks and recording equipment in a small office that has been turned into a makeshift studio. CAROLINE STONE-LEVY - 47, a strong-willed and stubborn woman, much like her daughter - sits alone in her office as she continues to watch the traffic through the large window pane overlooking the room.

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY (CONT'D)

The crowds look, once again, like  
they will gather in force to see  
out the year. Maybe to see the  
elaborate firework show scheduled  
in just shy of three hours time.  
Maybe to once again hear the  
beautiful chimes of Big Ben roar  
through the nation's capital. Or  
maybe, perhaps they gather to  
share the celebration of the new  
year with as many people as  
possible, because after all who  
wants to be alone on New Year's  
Eve?

Caroline looks to the photograph, with a look of disappointed.

CUT TO:

INT. LYDIA'S FLAT - NIGHT

Lydia continues to stare at the photograph. After a few moments, she blinks as if coming out of a daydream.

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY (CONT'D)

Well, I'm not sure who wants to,  
but for the next few hours I will  
be, but it's going to be fun. I'm  
going to be taking some of your  
calls, playing some great music  
of course, and let's see in the  
new year togeth-

Lydia turns the knob of the Radio. It powers off. Lydia taps a single piano note repeatedly as she ponders.

LYDIA

(to herself)

Think, Lydia, think!

The television turns on without prompt. An old black and white movie plays.

CHARACTER 1 (ON TV)

Whenever I misplace something I  
simply sing a song to jog my  
memory.

Lydia looks to her television. She is first startled and then evidently bemused.

CHARACTER 2 (ON TV)

Oh really?! How does it go?

CHARACTER 1 (ON TV)

You know, I can't remember.

Lydia walks over to the television to turn it off. She turns to her sofa, crouching to look underneath but to no avail. The television turns on once more, the same movie playing as the characters begin to sing a joyous song! Lydia, with sheer annoyance written on her face, walks to the television once again and presses the front power button with great force.

HUGH (O.S.)

Hey! I was watching that.

Lydia, bemused and frightened, slowly turns around to see Hugh sat nonchalantly in the middle of her sofa. Lydia gawps silently.

HUGH

Fucking love that film. Easily in  
my top ten- where the fuck's your  
rope?

(CONTINUED)

LYDIA

What the hell are you doing in my flat?

HUGH

You've not lost your rope have you, Lydia?

LYDIA

I didn't tell you my name. How do you know my name?

HUGH

Look, I've not got all night. It's my busiest night of the year and I'd honestly love to just wrap this up as soon-

LYDIA

Just tell me who you really are and what you're doing in my flat?

HUGH

Who am I?

Hugh uses his hands to gesture himself.

HUGH

All black? Busiest night of the year? Here, I'll do my usual look for you.

Hugh transform before Lydia as the stereotypical Grim Reaper; a skeleton, with cloak and scythe, and at nine feet tall his head almost hits the ceiling. Lydia stands open-jawed in fearful amazement.

HUGH

You got it yet, or want me to fucking charade it out or something?

LYDIA

You're the angel of Death.

Hugh returns to his human-look.

HUGH

I'm not technically an angel but you're in the ballpark. That's a lovely piano, is that a Bechstein? I've always wanted to learn.

Hugh wanders casually to the piano. He removes his gloves revealing his bony-skeleton fingers. He begins to play a relatively-simple tune in the right hand.

(CONTINUED)

LYDIA

My rope. I can't find it.

HUGH

Not to worry. There are other ways to do it, if need be. Building's pretty tall if you fancied jumping?

LYDIA

I can't. I've tried before, and I can't do it.

Hugh plays a bum note, before turning to face Lydia.

HUGH

Is this some sort of attempt to trick me? Look, if you don't want to kill yourself I'll sod off.

LYDIA

No, no, it's not that. It's just I wanted it to be a rope.

HUGH

So we're still on then?

Lydia hesitates for a moment before nodding.

HUGH

Fantastic! Well, if it's a rope you want then it is a rope you shall get!

LYDIA

Are you going to do magic?

HUGH

Sort of, I guess.

Hugh takes out his mobile device. He continuously tries to use the touch ID function, but to no avail due to his lack of finger prints.

LYDIA

What are you doing?

HUGH

I'm ordering you a rope and done!

LYDIA

Nobody in their right mind would deliver a rope tonight!

HUGH

You want to fucking bet?

(CONTINUED)

LYDIA

Sure.

HUGH

What should we bet?

LYDIA

Whatever you want?

Hugh looks around the room, searching for something to wager. He notices the old memorabilia spread around Lydia's apartment.

HUGH

What a shit fucking apartment? No wonder you want to top yourself.

LYDIA

Why can't you just use your scythe?

HUGH

My scythe? It's a fucking apple cutter. It's useless.

LYDIA

Well, what about if you touched me?

HUGH

I'm all for killing a bit of time before this rope arrives, but it just wouldn't feel right, feeling up a suicidal girl.

LYDIA

No, you idiot. I mean, to kill me. Don't people die when they are touched by- you?

HUGH

Oh, you mean the touch of Death?

LYDIA

Yes.

HUGH

To be touched by the finger of death.

LYDIA

Yes.

Hugh rises from his armchair, and raises his index finger up. The lights flicker and a slight mystical wind blows through the apartment. Hugh slowly moves his finger towards Lydia. Hugh starts repeatedly prodding Lydia in the forehead with no effect.

( CONTINUED )

HUGH  
Fucking nothing.

Lydia sighs. The lights return to normal, and the wind stops. Hugh returns to the piano, removing a can of cider from his pocket as he does so.

HUGH  
Anyway, thought you had your  
heart set on a rope? Good looking  
family!

Hugh places the unopened can on the top of the piano, next to the photograph.

LYDIA  
Could you use a coaster please?

HUGH  
Come on, you'll be dead in an  
hour, hopefully. Not hopefully.  
Why are you killing yourself, if  
you don't mind me asking?

LYDIA  
I told you, in the cafe!

HUGH  
No. In the cafe you said why  
people kill themselves, but not  
why you're doing it.

Hugh turns to Lydia to hear her answer but she says nothing.

HUGH  
We all have demons you know?

LYDIA  
So are you saying that I'm not  
special or that I should ignore  
them like everybody else does?

HUGH  
I didn't say that.

LYDIA  
And you're the grim reaper!  
Shouldn't you be the one  
convincing me to do it?

HUGH  
I don't work on commission, love.  
I was just curious, that's all!

(CONTINUED)



LYDIA

Well, it's not your business.  
They're not your demons. They're  
mine, and if I want to keep them  
to myself I will.

HUGH

Brave enough to stand up to a  
couple of hooligans with knives,  
but too scared to open up about  
your feelings.

There is a knock at the door. Lydia remains unmoved and  
silent, unsure whether to answer.

HUGH

Well, I'm not gonna fucking  
answer it.

Lydia opens the door. Nobody is there. She peaks her head  
out into the corridor but still, there is nobody around.  
She looks downward. Her eyes widen as something grabs her  
attention. Lydia picks up a brown, flat package and takes  
it inside.

LYDIA

Are you sure you ordered a rope?

Lydia looks to the spot where Hugh was just stood, but he  
too, like whoever knocked on the door, is nowhere in  
sight. A lonely Lydia opens the package, curious as to its  
contents. Lydia tears the brown paper wrapping revealing a  
record sleeve. The record is mysterious, with no title  
track or artist. Lydia takes the record from it sleeve,  
revealing that the vinyl itself also has no information.  
Lydia looks from the record to her record player, residing  
on her shelving unit. Lydia carefully plays the record,  
excited and eager to hear its content. The needle touches  
vinyl.

CUT TO:

INT. DANCE FLOOR, THE NEON NIGHTCLUB, CENTRAL MANCHESTER -  
NIGHT

The Neon Nightclub, as the name suggests, is bright and  
vibrant. Neon signs and multi-coloured lights hang from  
the ceiling, shining onto the dancing teens and young  
adults. Everybody seems to be having a euphoric time.

Out of thin air, Lydia appears on the dance floor, as if  
she has just teleported. She takes in the atmosphere, with  
a look of complete disbelief. She explores the nightclub.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR, THE NEON NIGHTCLUB, CENTRAL MANCHESTER - NIGHT

A red glow fills a small corridor. At the end of the corridor are two doors and a staircase; the ladies toilets through the door on the right, a staff only door straight on, and the downward staircase to the left. A large red neon light pointing to the staircase hangs in the air. Lydia cautiously walks down the corridor, turning left to walk down the staircase.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BASEMENT BAR, THE NEON NIGHTCLUB, CENTRAL MANCHESTER - NIGHT

The Basement Bar is much quieter and emptier than the dance floor upstairs. People chat in booths and stand in group sporadically around the bar. The design of the bar is nostalgic of the nineties, with vintage Top of the Pops playing on small TVs behind the bar.

Lydia enters from the staircase. With a curious and amazed look on her face, she walks to the bar. A barman is in deep conversation with a patron. JOHNNY, 21, despite his somewhat nerdy and awkward appearance is confident and friendly.

JOHNNY

Look I'm not saying it's not a great song, but it's just factually wrong. There aren't 5 dimensions, there's 3. 6 senses? No, there's 5. And I don't even know what a firmament is, but I doubt there's 7 of them! It's like the only thing he got right was the 9 planets bi-

Lydia begins to wave her arm in front of Johnny, as if she believes she is some sort of ghost of Christmas who cannot be seen by mortals. Alas, Johnny notices immediately, stopping his rant and begrudgingly turning his attention to Lydia.

JOHNNY

Alright love. Enough of that please. Sorry, we were just chatting. What are you drinking?

LYDIA

You can see me, and hear me?

JOHNNY

Bit early to be this drunk? How many fingers am I holding up?

(CONTINUED)

Johnny holds up two fingers in a peace sign. Lydia playfully holds up her two fingers in a V gesture towards Johnny.

LYDIA

This many.

Johnny laughs, as does Lydia.

JOHNNY

Alright, you seem somewhat sober  
- so what will it be?

The bar is swarmed by several people, 19, being directed by a man, 48, with a large Fujica STX-1N film stills camera around his neck. LESTER, the owner of the night club is large in stature with a kind face. He is sharp as a knife. He signals but the swarm to stand by the bar, and the oblige with excitement.

LESTER

Yeah, by the bar. That's great.  
Let's get a casual one, pretend  
I'm not here.

The people mime as if they are casually chatting to one another at a bar, whilst the photographer takes pictures.

LSETER

And now, a proper one. So if you  
can all face the camera and  
smile.

LYDIA

(hesitantly)

Should I?

Lydia gestures for her to leave.

LESTER

No. You're one of us now.

Lester gestures for Lydia to get into the picture frame. Lydia moves to her left as one of the young people places his arm around Lydia for the photograph. Lydia smiles as Lester takes the photograph. The camera flashes.

LESTER

Great! That's great. Cheers. I'm  
gonna get a few upstairs if  
anybody wants to be in any  
others. No worries if not.

Lester departs upstairs, as people from the bar leave as well - leaving Lydia at one end of the bar and ELIZA, 18, at the other. Eliza is the typical girl next door type; undoubtedly pretty, but modest and sweet too with quirks

(CONTINUED)

and oddball mannerisms which immediately draw you in. She is exuberant, but similarly shy like Lydia. Their eyes connect. They look away from one another but cannot resist the temptation to look back. They smile at one another.

ANDY (OS)

Are you coming or not, Eliza?

ANDY, 22, confident and boisterous stands by the stairs. Eliza smiles once more to Lydia before following Andy upstairs. Eliza turns back to see Lydia, but Lydia is no longer at the bar. Eliza gives an expression to show her confusion, but it is brief and brushed away quickly.

CUT TO:

INT. LYDIA'S FLAT - NIGHT

Lydia falls from mid-air onto her sofa. She shoots a look of astonishment to the record player. Pull focus to the vinyl record as it spins to a halt.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BASEMENT BAR, THE NEON NIGHTCLUB, CENTRAL MANCHESTER - NIGHT

Lydia sits at the bar, looking at her surroundings as if she is trying to decipher its authenticity.

JOHNNY

Ready for that drink I take it?

LYDIA

Have you ever been in a dream  
that feels really real?

JOHNNY

Excuse me?

LYDIA

Have you ever been in a dream  
that feels so real, that there's  
no way to distinguish it from  
reality?

Johnny laughs and rolls his eyes backwards, casually mistaking Lydia for a patron who is quite clearly drunk or high. He bites nevertheless.

JOHNNY

Don't all dreams feel so real,  
until you wake up.

(CONTINUED)

LYDIA

I guess so, yeah.

Johnny turns to the other side of the bar, as if he is about to walk away.

LYDIA

But, what if you needed to know it was a dream - whilst you were still in the dream?

JOHNNY

I don't know. I guess you'd have to jump off a bridge or something and see what happens.

LYDIA

But then you'd wake up. Or die, if it wasn't a dream.

JOHNNY

Ah! That is true. Can I get you a drink?

Lydia, who has no interest in a drink. Her eyes still wide, focused and determined. She blinks once with a look of discovery on her face.

LYDIA

Do you think you could have your favourite drink in a dream, and realise the validity of the dream, based on the taste - of your favourite drink?

JOHNNY

I think if the brain's smart enough to trick you into thinking that an obvious dream could be reality, then it's also smart enough to simulate the taste of a gin and tonic.

LYDIA

(dejectedly)

Yeah.

JOHNNY

But, I suppose if you were to drink something you'd never had before in a dream, and then you were to drink it in a situation where you knew you weren't dreaming, you could compare the taste to see if it's the same.

( CONTINUED )

LYDIA

And if it's the same then it  
wasn't a dream?

JOHNNY

I don't know. Maybe! Who knows  
really? Anyway, what are you  
drinking?

Lydia spots a sign behind the bar advertising Hanson's  
Whiskey - available from the new year. Lydia notices a  
large set of keys inside the bar. She focuses on the keys,  
forgetting to reply for Johnny for a moment.

LYDIA

Oh, I think someone wants you  
over there. I'll think what I  
want.

JOHNNY

No problem.

Johnny smiles as he walks away to serve another customer.  
Once again, Lydia's attention turns to the keys.

CUT TO:

INT. CELLAR, BASEMENT BAR - NIGHT

Lydia unlocks the cellar door and turns on a dim light,  
which shines a dull glow into the alcohol-filled cellar.  
Crates, kegs and boxes of all kinds of alcohol fill  
rickety shelves. She closes the creaky door behind her,  
and begins to quietly search for something.

LYDIA

(to herself)

Hanson's. Hanson's.

She walks slowly past each crate. Lydia goes deeper and  
deeper into the cellar, but to no avail. A loud creak is  
heard.

LESTER (OS)

Hello. Is somebody in here?

Lester stands by the door, peering into the cellar. Lydia  
ducks quickly to avoid Lester's gaze. As she does she ever  
so slightly nudges a shelving unit. It wobbles silently as  
if it may tumble, but it does not. Lester walks around the  
cellar, as if he can sense somebody is in there.

LESTER

Johnny? Is that you?

(CONTINUED)

Lydia, still knelt, raises her hand to her mouth to assure her silence. She looks up to the rickety shelving unit where a bottle of wine is slowly rolling on its side. It rolls to the edge. The bottle falls and lands on a water pipe, causing a loud bang. Water begins to trickle from the pipe. The bang alerts Lester to Lydia.

LESTER

Hey! What are you doing in here?

Lester makes a dart for Lydia. She rises to her feet to escape. She runs further into the cellar down an aisle. She manoeuvres to the adjacent aisle towards the exit but is cut off by Lester, who stands at the end of the aisle blocking the exit.

LYDIA

I'm sorry. I'm really sor-

A bottle of Hanson's sits on the shelving unit 15 feet from Lydia, in between her and Lester. Lydia notices the bottle. Lydia dashes towards the bottle.

LESTER

Stop! Stop!

Lester rushes towards Lydia, trying to stop her from taking any of the alcohol. Lydia unscrews the Hanson's lid, nervously but quickly. Lester grabs Lydia's right arm, as she puts the bottle to her lips.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE NEON NIGHTCLUB, CENTRAL MANCHESTER - NIGHT

Lydia is escorted out of the nightclub by Lester and a large SECURITY MAN, 35. The exterior of the nightclub is gritty, with the high street in the background.

LESTER

Bloody alchies.

Lester and the security man return inside, as Lydia stands outside the nightclub. Lydia sticks her tongue out with a face of disgust. She licks the top of her teeth trying to remove the flavour. Lydia looks to the high street in the distance. It is somewhat dilapidated and dated, but Lydia looks at it with a sense of familiarity. She turns back to the nightclub building, looking up to the high rooftop and down to the brick wall. One brick is a paler shade of red to the rest. On the paler brick is a smiley face, drawn in lipstick.

ELIZA (OS)

That's my work, you know.

(CONTINUED)

Eliza leaves the nightclub to join Lydia. Eliza takes out a cigarette and begins smoking. Eliza faces the brick wall, not looking at Lydia. Lydia looks to Eliza, almost with a sense of awe and evident infatuation.

LYDIA

Very beautiful. The art, I mean.

Lydia faces the brick wall, as Eliza faces Lydia. Lydia plucks up the courage to share eye contact with Eliza.

ELIZA

I wouldn't call it art.

LYDIA

Anything's art these days. That brick will be worth it's weight in gold in fifty years time. I'm Lydia by the way.

ELIZA

Eliza. Smoke?

LYDIA

No, I'm okay.

ELIZA

No believe me, that's not art. This is art. Come look at this.

Eliza grabs Lydia by the hand. They walk around the side of the nightclub building, stopping at a brick wall painted with a gorgeous mural celebrating the nineties. Famous faces and pop-cultural references congregate to cover the large brick wall. Lydia is immediately impressed by the mural.

LYDIA

Wow!

ELIZA

I know, right. That's art.

LYDIA

You didn't?

ELIZA

Oh, I fucking wish! No. Nobody knows who did it, well at least nobody I know.

LYDIA

My favourite decade, the nineties. Shame somebody's parked an old banger right next to it!

Lydia laughs as she gestures to a '97 plate automobile, parked adjacent to the wall. Eliza laughs too.

(CONTINUED)



ELIZA

It's only a few years old,  
*Victoria Adams!* Anyway, I'm going  
to head back inside. Find me  
later, please!

LYDIA

Definitely.

Eliza leaves to go back into the nightclub. Lydia looks at the mural once more with a great sense of admiration. She turns back to the automobile, crouching down to the license plate.

LYDIA

(to herself)  
A couple years old?

INT. LYDIA'S FLAT - NIGHT

Hugh is sat playing the piano with his bony fingers. Behind Hugh, Lydia falls from thin air onto the sofa. Hugh turns around.

HUGH

Where the fuck have you been?

Lydia rises to her feet.

LYDIA

What is that thing?

HUGH

What thing?

Lydia points to the record.

HUGH

Fucking Hell. Your generation  
really are as thick as they say.

Pause.

HUGH

(condescendingly)  
That is a record. It is made of  
vinyl. It is used to listen to  
music.

LYDIA

I know it's a record. But it's  
different. I played it and it  
took me to this nightclub.

(CONTINUED)

HUGH  
Horse shit.

LYDIA  
It was 1999, I think.

HUGH  
Shit of a horse. Have you been  
drinking in my absence?

LYDIA  
No, but I intend to start.

Lydia grabs her coat and moves towards her front door.

HUGH  
Hey! I thought we were going to  
wait for the rope?

LYDIA  
You don't believe me, do you?

HUGH  
Look, I've seen it before. People  
going delirious, hallucinating. I  
think it's your brain trying to  
jump start the survival instinct.

LYDIA  
So you think it wasn't real?

HUGH  
A magical vinyl that time  
travels? Probably not, to be  
honest.

LYDIA  
It felt real.

HUGH  
Well, maybe it was then! How am I  
supposed to know?

LYDIA  
You're the Angel of Death, for  
God's sake!

HUGH  
What's your point?

LYDIA  
Well, if anyone's going to know  
it's you.

HUGH  
You know what. Let me ask my good  
friend, the Easter Bunny.

(CONTINUED)

Lydia looks annoyed.

HUGH

Oh, or you know who's not busy this time of year? Santa. Yeah, I'll ring Santa and the Easter fucking Bunny and I'll see if they have any information on a magical vinyl.

Lydia sits back down. She looks upset.

LYDIA

It felt real, you know. Realer than anything I've experienced for a long time.

Lydia starts to cry. Hugh, feeling responsible, takes a seat on the sofa next to Lydia and tries to comfort her. Hugh touches Lydia's hand with his. We see quick cuts of Lydia in the nightclub, scattered amongst Lydia's memories of childhood and her teenage years.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCAL RADIO STATION - DAYTIME

Caroline sits in her chair as she wraps up her radio show.

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY

And that's the show. I've got one more song and then you've got Gary Moore from 5 'til 7. Caroline Stone, signing off, until we meet again.

She presses a button on the mixing desk and an upbeat song begins to play. She presses another, and pushes her mic' stand away, taking off her headphones as she does so. She stands up and takes a few Fidelipac carts from her desk and puts them away, with a smile on her face.

She peers through the large window pane out onto the street. She smiles as she notices Lydia, who does not see her mother.

Lydia, wearing a sixth form uniform, stands with a female friend, who is also wearing a sixth form uniform. They stand very closely to one another, as they play with each other's hands. They are playful and evidently flirting with one another, but it is innocent and harmless. Lydia looks at the girl wide-eyed, infatuated.

(CONTINUED)

Caroline pulls a face of bemusement, confused at what is happening, as well as concerned. She continues to watch as Lydia's friend leaves, although neither her nor Lydia look like they want to depart. Lydia enters the radio station building. Caroline continues to sort through the last of her carts.

Lydia enters the building and looks into the room where her mother works. They lock eyes, and Lydia shoots a big grin to her mother, who requites a smile but a forced one at best. Caroline signals for Lydia to come to her, and Lydia hesitantly obliges.

LYDIA

Hey! How was the slot?

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY

Good. And college?

LYDIA

Good.

Lydia is in a good mood. She seems joyful.

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY

Who was that?

Caroline gestures with her head to outside, where she had seen Lydia with another girl. Lydia's good mood seems to fade.

LYDIA

Who was who?

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY

The girl you were walking here with?

LYDIA

Oh! Just a friend from sixth form.

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY

(disapprovingly)

You looked like maybe more than friends.

Lydia shrugs, as if to say maybe. Caroline looks angrily at her daughter.

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY

What's that supposed to mean?

Lydia paces, a little erratically. She is resigned.

(CONTINUED)

LYDIA

Look, mum. Maybe you should sit down.

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY

No. I'm not going to sit down.

LYDIA

Oh for God's sake mum! You know!

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY

I know what?

LYDIA

You're really going to make me say it?

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY

What? About your little phase?

LYDIA

It's not a phase, mum.

Caroline brushes off her daughter's words with blatant disregard, but does not reply. She looks at her daughter with disapproval.

LYDIA

Mum, I'm gay.

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY

No.

LYDIA

What do you mean, no?

Lydia laughs but her smile quickly dissolves.

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY

You're not gay, Lyddy. You're too young to know.

LYDIA

I've known for a while, mum.

Beat.

LYDIA

It's not a big deal.

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY

Not a big deal? It will define you. You won't be Lydia Levy any more, you'll just be that lesbian girl who lives in Epsom.

(CONTINUED)

LYDIA

My sexuality doesn't define who I am.

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY

It shouldn't. But it will. That's not the life I want for you Lydia.

LYDIA

Well, it's my life to live.

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY

I can't believe you didn't tell me sooner. We could have sorted it out.

LYDIA

It's that mentality of thinking there's something to fix, that made me not tell you. Even when I wanted to. Even when I needed to, after dad died.

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY

Well, I wonder what he'd say to all of this.

LYDIA

Dad knew. I told him.

Caroline raises her hand to her chest - heartbroken, but visibly angry as well.

LYDIA (CONT)

I would have told you too, but I-

Lydia walks over to her mother, but Caroline takes her hand off her chest and pushes towards Lydia, signaling for her to stay where she is.

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY

I just want you to live a happy life, and be normal.

LYDIA

You mean you want me to be like you?

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY

If that means being like me then so be it.

LYDIA

Has it ever occurred to you that maybe I don't want to be like you?

(CONTINUED)

They both become more agitated.

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY

Well, you don't have to be like me. Actually you don't even have to like me. But under my roof, you're not being gay.

LYDIA

Well, I'll be at university soon and I can be whoever I want!

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY

I might not be able to keep an eye on you but your father will always be looking on, and sure he might have known - but you're kidding yourself if you think that's what he wanted for you.

Caroline shakes her head. The pair become visibly upset. Caroline successfully manages to hold back any tears, whereas Lydia cannot stop the tears falling down her face.

LYDIA

Unlike you, dad genuinely wanted me to be happy.

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY

I think your perception of how happiness works highlights your inexperience of life, because you're wrong to think that a life of being a stereotype in a box will make you happy, and to think that your father would sit here and say anything different is wildly inaccurate.

LYDIA

Well, he's not here is he? Because, unfortunately, he had to die instead of you.

Lydia leaves the room, visibly and obviously upset. Caroline stands in the room as if paralysed to the spot. She watches her daughter leave.

CUT TO:

INT. LYDIA'S FLAT - NIGHT

Lydia pulls away her hand from Hugh's and rises to her feet.

( CONTINUED )

LYDIA

How did you-

HUGH

That's not why you're killing  
yourself-

LYDIA

That's none of your business.

It is silent for a moment. Lydia walks to the door,  
stopping to see the family photo that sits on her piano.

LYDIA

It's like a combination of things  
swarming over me. No matter what  
I do, or how I feel, I can always  
feel it following me. I can't  
shake them off, and I'm scared I  
never will.

HUGH

I'm sure you'll escape them  
eventually.

LYDIA

You don't know that. I have  
moments when I escape them.  
They're sparse and infrequent,  
but they happen. But not long  
enough to escape the swarm for  
good, you know.

HUGH

I get it.

LYDIA

Maybe if it's real I could escape  
them.

HUGH

If what's real? The record?

Lydia nods quickly, as she wipes away the tear. She turns  
to face Hugh once again.

HUGH

Well, how can you know?

LYDIA

I just need a shot of whiskey.

HUGH

Terrific! More drinking.

( CONTINUED )



LYDIA

I told you, I've not been drinking. Well, one swig for scientific purposes.

HUGH

Well, do you have any whiskey in?

LYDIA

I don't drink. But it's New Year's Eve for Christ's sake. Every bar in Manchester will be open.

HUGH

Which would be all well and good if you hadn't been so charitable with the last of your money.

LYDIA

Fuck. Don't you have any money?

Hugh pats his clothes as if he is checking for a wallet.

HUGH

Obviously fucking not.

Lydia ponders for a moment, raising her eyes as if she has had made a connective thought.

LYDIA

I know where we can get some.

Lydia quickly exits her apartment shutting the door behind her.

HUGH

Well, wait for me!

EXT. CENTRAL MANCHESTER BACK STREET - NIGHT

Lydia and Hugh walk down the neon-lit back street. Lydia looks worried, whereas Hugh seems his happy-go-lucky self.

LYDIA

Do you think there's any point?

HUGH

You'll have to be more specific.

LYDIA

It has to impossible, doesn't it?

HUGH

I hate that word. Well, when used erroneously. Why say impossible when you mean improbable?

(CONTINUED)

LYDIA  
Highly improbable, verging on  
impossible.

HUGH  
Where are we going anyway?

LYDIA  
It's not far and it won't take  
long.

HUGH  
Well, thank fuck for that because  
it's my busiest n-

LYDIA  
Busiest night of the year, yes  
you said.

Lydia stops dead at an off-license. They stand outside for a moment looking at the clearly empty building. Lydia looks disheartened as she notices that it appears nobody is in.

HUGH  
This was your big idea?

LYDIA  
It's closed.

HUGH  
Not that you had any money  
anyway.

Lydia puts her head against the glass trying to see if anybody is in. She sees a Hanson's bottle. It is only metres away.

LYDIA  
I know the owner. He would have  
helped. Why does it have to be  
closed?

HUGH  
Well, you can't expect many shops  
to be open tonight. Unlike you,  
most people are out partying.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL CITY STREET - NIGHT

Lydia and Hugh stand on a city street corner. A row of houses shine in the background, through the cold Winter mist. Lydia runs her fingers through her hair, and controls her breathing. She is nervous, and in her own world.

(CONTINUED)

HUGH  
Making yourself look pretty for  
your lecturer?

LYDIA  
Shut up.

HUGH  
Are you close? You and your  
lecturer?

LYDIA  
It's just a party, he invites all  
his students.

HUGH  
Classic question dodging. You  
should go into politics.

LYDIA  
I think I'd rather your job.

HUGH  
Suspect coming all this way, for  
a drink.

Lydia does her best to ignore Hugh, as she tries to stop  
her anxiety from rising.

HUGH  
I reckon we're just here so you  
can see your crush one last time.

LYDIA  
If you're trying to wind me up,  
you're succeeding.

HUGH  
Lydia Levy's got a little crush  
on her lecturer! How cute!

Lydia breaks her concentration to look at Hugh,  
disapprovingly and angrily.

LYDIA  
Look. I didn't ask you to come  
with me. So if you've got  
somewhere else to be then that's  
fine. You can leave. And you must  
have a really thick skull  
to think-

Lydia's anger turns into sadness. She quickly turns away  
from Hugh and walks away towards the houses, crossing an  
empty road as she does. Hugh stays, somewhat taken aback.

(CONTINUED)

HUGH

Lydia.

Lydia turns around in the middle of the road, evidently annoyed.

LYDIA

What?!

Seemingly out of nowhere, a double decker bus speeds towards Lydia. Lydia freezes like a deer in headlights. Hugh grabs Lydia's hand and pulls her away from the road. As Hugh's hand touches Lydia's quick cuts of Lydia's memories play.

CUT TO:

INT. LOUNGE, MR CHAMBER'S HOME - EVENING

Mr Chambers and Lydia sit on the leather three-seater sofa. Mr Chambers forces himself on to Lydia, kissing her lips and neck, whilst intimately touching her upper thigh. Lydia, out of fear, does not force him away. The score of Don Giovanni continues to blare.

Mr Chambers forces Lydia up as he continues to taste her with unrequited passion. He forcefully pushes Lydia against the wall where the framed Don Giovanni poster proudly lives. Mr Chambers removes his belt. He holds the belt in his hand for a moment as he stares at Lydia, who stands quivering despite putting on the bravest face she can. Mr Chambers smirks with terrifying delight, as he drops the belt to the floor.

He grabs Lydia's wrists and places them against the wall, kissing her as he does so, and pushing his body against hers.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL MANCHESTER BACK STREET - NIGHT

The bus continues on its path, honking as it does. Lydia pulls her hand away from Hugh. She is very upset and enraged.

LYDIA

Stay out of my fucking head!

A tear rolls down Lydia's cheek.

HUGH

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to, it just happened.

(CONTINUED)

LYDIA  
Like it just happened last time.

HUGH  
That was different. This was an  
accident, I swear.

LYDIA  
Well, just wait here where you  
won't cause any more accidents.

Lydia storms off.

HUGH  
I'll wait here by the bus stop  
then. Sorry!

Hugh walks to a nearby bus stop where he sits to wait. On the bus stop, we see an advertisement for flu tablets. The poster features a poorly drawn Grim Reaper underneath the phrase 'Feel like Death?'. Hugh, looks at it, unamused.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN, MR CHAMBER'S HOME - NIGHT

Lydia rummages through various bottles of wines, beers and spirits assembled on the kitchen counter. She looks around the fridge area. She stops as she sees a picture of Mr Chambers stood next to his wife on their wedding day. Lydia shakes her head in disapproval. She continues with her search.

LYDIA  
(to herself)  
Where is it? Come on, where is  
it?

MR CHAMBERS  
Lydia! I was wondering where my  
favourite girl had got to.

Lydia's face drops. She reluctantly turns around. Mr Chambers stands at the kitchen entrance with a glass of whiskey in hand.

MR CHAMBERS  
I thought you might have left  
with some of the others to see  
the fireworks. What are you  
looking for?

LYDIA  
Hanson's. If you have any?

(CONTINUED)

MR CHAMBERS

Hanson's! A girl after my own heart. I'm sure there's a fresh bottle in the guest bedroom upstairs.

Mr Chambers walks closer to Lydia. Lydia spots the glass of whiskey in his hand.

MR CHAMBERS

(talking softly)

Maybe we should go upstairs and have a look.

LYDIA

No need to open up a fresh bottle for me. I'll just have a sip of this one if that's okay?

Not waiting to hear a response, Lydia grabs the glass out of Chamber's hand and finishes it off. She intently tries to identify the taste. The camera stays with Lydia as she tastes the Hanson's whiskey.

MR CHAMBERS (CONT'D)

(softly)

How about you and I head upstairs and crack open the bottle, and just see what happens. But we'll have to be a little quieter than last time because my wife's in the lounge with her friends.

It is evident from Lydia's face that the taste is the same. She is hopeful, and elated that she is hopeful.

MR CHAMBERS (CONT'D)

So what do you think?

Lydia reverts away from her focused glare into space, and figuratively is back in the room. Realising what Mr Chambers has just said to her, she shows disgust which quickly turns into anger which has been bubbling inside since the rape.

LYDIA

Excuse me?

MR CHAMBERS

I said, what do you think?

LYDIA

What do I think?

Lydia pauses for the briefest of moments.

(CONTINUED)

LYDIA

I think you're a gargantuan prick. Gargantuan deriving of course from Rabelais, which is something I'm sure you know since you pretend to be so knowledgeable and to care about art and artistry. But I think the only art you'd ever genuinely care about would be a self-portrait by your own hand! I think if your wife knew how much of a narcissistic and deplorable twat you really were, she would leave you in a second. But you know, that's just what I think. And I also think that I really should get going now, so thanks, for the drink.

Lydia pushes the glass back into Mr Chamber's hands, who takes it from her unsure what else to do. He stands silently, fixated on a spot, clearly embarrassed and cut. Lydia walks to the door to leave. Once at the door she turns around to face Mr Chambers.

LYDIA

And Hanson's tastes like shit, by the way!

Lydia leaves, leaving Mr Chambers alone looking completely dumbfounded.

EXT. CENTRAL MANCHESTER BACK STREET - NIGHT

Lydia and Hugh walk side by side down the moonlight high street of Manchester. Lydia is elated, and Hugh is cheery too.

HUGH

You didn't?!

LYDIA

I did. I wish you could have seen his face.

HUGH

Good for you. Genuinely. And the whiskey?

LYDIA

(hesitantly)

It tasted the same.

(CONTINUED)

HUGH  
So the nightclub?

LYDIA  
Improbable, but not impossible.

They smile at one another briefly.

HUGH  
Look, I am sorry about before. I  
didn't mean t-

LYDIA  
It's fine. I was just  
embarrassed.

HUGH  
Embarrassed? You shouldn't be  
embarrassed of something like  
that. And you shouldn't let  
people like that determine your  
happiness.

LYDIA  
I was depressed before that. It  
was just something else that  
reminded me that I'm  
insignificant. You know, I came  
to uni thinking that maybe music  
could be my purpose, but it's  
not. I don't have a purpose,  
because the truth is that I'm not  
remarkable; not to my *friends*, to  
my family, to my lecturer. I  
don't even think I'm remarkable.

HUGH  
Well, I've only known you for a  
couple of hours but I think  
you're remarkable. And by the  
sounds of it, what you just did  
in there was pretty remarkable.  
And for the record! Don Giovanni  
isn't an opera about a beloved  
nobleman. It's the story of a  
rapist who finally gets what's  
coming to him.

There is a brief moment of silence where they each  
compassionately gaze towards one another.

HUGH  
He'll get what he deserves, and  
so will you, one day.

( CONTINUED )



LYDIA  
Do you do this a lot?

HUGH  
What do you mean?

LYDIA  
Spend all this time with one  
person, on a job.

HUGH  
On a job?

LYDIA  
You know, somebody who you're  
going to kill.

HUGH  
I'm not a hitman, for fuck sake.  
I'm a collector of souls.

LYDIA  
Well, do you ever spend this much  
time-

Hugh interrupts.

HUGH  
Never.

LYDIA  
Have you always been, like this?

HUGH  
I'm not sure I should tell you.

LYDIA  
Come on, you can tell me. We're  
friends.

HUGH  
We're friends? I've only known  
you for a couple of hours!

LYDIA  
That's irrelevant. You can't  
measure something like friendship  
with time. And you know my  
secrets so it's only fair I know  
one of yours?

HUGH  
Fine. I haven't always been this,  
you know. But it's been long  
enough that it feels like I have.  
Is it my turn to ask a question  
now?

( CONTINUED )

LYDIA

Sure.

HUGH

Why do you care about whether this nightclub is real if you plan to kill yourself anyway?

LYDIA

You know before how I said depression is like a constant swarm that you can only escape in moments. Well, in the nightclub I didn't feel it following me. It sounds corny, but I just felt wonder and elation, and even butterflies when I was with Eliza and it jus-

HUGH

Excuse me? Who's Eliza?

Hugh realises instantly that Lydia has a crush on Eliza, pulling the face a high school girl might when receiving similar news.

LYDIA

A girl I met at the nightclub.

HUGH

Well that explains the big grin on your face!

LYDIA

I barely even spent two minutes with her!

HUGH

A wise person once told me that time is irrelevant when it comes to this sort of thing. Just admit you like her!

LYDIA

I don't even know her!

HUGH

But when you were with her you felt something. You're not sure what it was. It was ineffable, indescribable, but made you happy and nervous nonetheless.

LYDIA

How do you know?

( CONTINUED )

HUGH  
It's like in the old movies. You  
know what I mean!

LYDIA  
I assure you I don't.

HUGH  
The old movies!

LYDIA  
I don't watch old movies!

Soft piano music begins to play. Hugh opens his mouth,  
about to say something - then stops himself.

And then, softly, gently, he says it...

...in SONG. **[TRACK 1: FEELING]**

HUGH  
(speak-singing)  
It's the moment when...

Beat.

HUGH  
(singing)  
The actor you know can't sing,  
starts to sing perfectly in tune.  
And the girl he's with looks  
mesmerised, lit perfectly only by  
the moon.

Lydia laughs, fixated on Hugh. Hugh clicks his fingers.  
The colour disappears to create a BLACK AND WHITE  
sequence.

HUGH  
Yeah right!

Lydia looks around in joyful astonishment, as the world  
around her transforms into monochrome.

HUGH  
(singing)  
And then for a reason no one can  
quite explain, on the clearest of  
nights it begins to rain.

Hugh looks up to the sky. He clicks his bony fingers once.  
It begins to rain, but only where Hugh stands following  
him as he moves.

HUGH  
(singing)  
And that's when you know. Oh,  
that's when you know.

(CONTINUED)

Hugh begins to tap dance to the music, which is now slightly faster and louder. Hugh glides down a back street. Lydia follows, walking quickly to keep up. A brass band appears in the back street playing to the music. Hugh stops to continue singing.

HUGH  
(singing)  
He stops dancing for a second to  
say something like: you look  
ravishing in that dress.

Hugh clicks his fingers once again. Hugh's outfit changes to a black fitted pinstripe suit. Lydia is now wearing a 50s-style dress.

HUGH  
(speak-singing)  
Then she'll say: who me, can't  
be! I've no make up on, and my  
hair's a mess.

Hugh gets into it more and more. He reaches out his hand to Lydia. Lydia laughs, putting her head in her hands.

HUGH (CONT)  
(singing)  
And then he reaches out his  
bony-skeleton-like hand, and  
says: I know we had nothing  
planned! But perhaps we could  
dance?

Lydia shyly but insistently shakes her head. Hugh continues to persuade her to dance with him.

HUGH  
(singing)  
Come on give it a chance?

LYDIA  
Oh, no. I really can't dance at  
all.

HUGH  
Come on, it will be fun.

LYDIA  
No really! I can't dance!

Hugh smirks. Hugh begins to tap dance. He clicks his fingers once again. Lydia begins to tap dance perfectly in unison with Hugh. She looks down at her feet in total stupefaction. She laughs with joy. Hugh stops dancing and stands back to watch Lydia dance with a smile on his face.

(CONTINUED)

HUGH  
(singing)  
Oh there's no better feeling than  
what you are feeling, right now  
love. Inside. Enjoy the ride.

Beat.

HUGH  
(singing)  
It's so unexpected, it feels like  
electric, shocking you right to  
your core. Some people never feel  
it, and some wish they could  
forget it all.

Lydia stops dancing, laughing elatedly. Hugh begins to do an elaborate dance, gliding down alleys and backstreets as he does. Lydia tries her best to keep up. Hugh attempts to finish his dance with a grand finale move, much like Gene Kelly's stomping routine in *Singin' in the Rain*.

However, as he attempts the move a loud click is heard. Hugh falls against a brick wall holding his ankle. Hugh's ankle has popped out of its socket. The music ends and the colour returns.

HUGH  
Motherfucker!

Lydia, who finally catches up to Hugh, sees him on the floor in exaggerated agony.

LYDIA  
Are you okay?

HUGH  
Bastard. I shouldn't have done  
that.

Lydia looks up, above Hugh, with a look of astonishment written on her face. Lydia gasps in disbelief.

HUGH  
No, I'll be fine.

Hugh pops his foot back into its socket, with a loud click.

HUGH  
See, good as new!

It is now evident that Lydia is astonished because the wall that Hugh is leaning on is the wall painted with a nineties mural. The mural has faded over time but it is still clear enough to see. Lydia, who has forgotten about Hugh's accident, moves around the building. She sees the

(CONTINUED)

nightclub, as well as the brick with a smiley face. She smiles a joyful grin.

LYDIA  
(almost screaming)  
This is it! This is it!

Lydia turns back to tell Hugh but he is no longer there.

LESTER (OS)  
What's with all the noise?

Lester, who is now in his sixties but still as sharp as a knife, stands by the doorway facing Lydia. Lester places his hands on his forehead and rubs his temple. He squints in Lydia's direction, who is stood nervously by the building. Lydia's eyes widen as she recognises Lester.

LESTER  
Now who in God's name are you talking to?

LYDIA  
No one. I was just looking.

LESTER  
Why would you want to look at an old building like this?

LYDIA  
It just looks familiar.

LESTER  
Not to you it doesn't.

Lester walks to the door.

LYDIA  
It used to be a nightclub, didn't it?

Lester turns back to face Lydia, with an intrigued and curious look on his face.

INT. THE BASEMENT BAR, THE NEON NIGHTCLUB, CENTRAL MANCHESTER - NIGHT

Lydia and Lester sit opposite each other in a booth. The walls are still dated as if the decor hasn't changed at all. However, the bar is neither vibrant nor exciting, looking in somewhat of a dilapidated state.

LYDIA  
How long have you been closed for?

(CONTINUED)

LESTER  
Far too long.

LYDIA  
You should reopen!

LESTER  
(chuckling)  
It wouldn't bring back the  
nineties. The world's different,  
not necessarily in a bad way, but  
it all changes too quick for an  
old timer like me.

LYDIA  
So you come here to commiserate  
in memory of what was once great?

LESTER  
No, I come here to celebrate and  
appreciate what once was. If I  
didn't miss it, it wouldn't have  
been great - but it was great, it  
really was. I wish you could have  
seen it then, and not like this.

LYDIA  
I bet you've got a lot of  
memories.

LESTER  
Oh, that's for sure. Do I know  
you from somewhere?

Lydia looks nervous and suspiciously guilty.

LYDIA  
I don't think so?

LESTER  
What were you saying?

LYDIA  
Oh, I just said I bet you've got  
a lot of memories.

LESTER  
Who needs memories when you've  
got photos.

LYDIA  
You have photos? Of this place?

LESTER  
Oh yeah.

( CONTINUED )

LYDIA  
Can I see them?

CUT TO:

INT. CELLAR, BASEMENT BAR - NIGHT

Lester and Lydia are stood in the cellar. Lester pulls out a large box and places it on the floor. He and Lydia crouch beside the box. Lester opens the box revealing seemingly thousands of unsorted photographs.

LESTER  
Be my guest.

Lester slowly rises to his feet, walking away from Lydia. Lydia begins rummaging through the photos.

LYDIA  
Wow! There's so many.

Lydia rummages through the photos seeing many photos of the club at its most vibrant and busy. She continues to delve through the photographs. Lester walks slowly down the aisle of the cellar. He stops suddenly, his eyes fixated on a single bottle of Hanson's. He ponders to himself, as if he is trying to remember something important but cannot think what it is.

Lydia continues to rummage through photos. She is frantic in her search - desperately trying to find proof that not only Eliza existed but that she was at the nightclub as well. The pictures look familiar, all clearly the same night that she was there. Johnny is in the background of a photograph, as is Andy. But there is no sign of Eliza or Lydia.

Lester walks around to the next aisle. He looks down at a broken pipe. He stops, once again trying to force through a memory. It seems as if he is closer. He looks to Lydia through the shelving units, trying to get a clear view of her face, whilst trying to not look obvious. Lester accidentally knocks the rail and a bottle smashes to the floor, startling Lydia.

LYDIA  
Are you okay?

LESTER  
Yeah, yeah. I just had a strange sense of deja vu.

Lester walks slowly towards Lydia, who continues to search. She picks up a photograph. The photograph is the one taken by Lester: Lydia with a group of people at the bar, and Eliza at the other end. Lydia takes a closer look

(CONTINUED)



at it, with a joyful expression. She sees herself in the photo, as well as Eliza. Lester walks from the shadows of the shelving units to stand by Lydia. He looks a little shaken up.

LYDIA  
You were right. It looked  
amazing.

LESTER  
It was.

LYDIA  
Do you mind if I take one?

LESTER  
Be my guest.

LYDIA  
Thanks! For everything. I should  
get out of your hair now! Have a  
happy new year.

Lydia stands up, smiling at Lester as she does so. Lester nods goodbye as Lydia exits the cellar. Lester looks confused and in disbelief, before letting out a single sigh of laughter, as if to say 'Well, I'll be damned'.

INT. LYDIA'S FLAT - NIGHT

Lydia stands by her record player nervously. She lifts the needle to the player and vanishes.

INT. THE NEON NIGHTCLUB, CENTRAL MANCHESTER - NIGHT

Lydia is in the nightclub, once again. She smiles as she takes in the atmosphere and scene. Feeling free, she begins to dance by herself. Eliza, who is nearby, spots Lydia. She dances with Lydia.

ELIZA  
So you found a way to sneak back  
in!

LYDIA  
I had to! I couldn't miss the  
chance of another conversation  
with you now could I?

ELIZA  
I was beginning to think I might  
not see you again.

(CONTINUED)

LYDIA

Well I'm glad I did! It's nice to be surrounded by a friendly face that's always smiling.

ELIZA

Me?

LYDIA

Yes, you! I bet you're one of those people that just emit positivity wherever you go.

ELIZA

Really? I'm not usually so smiley!

LYDIA

It must just be around me, then.

Andy casually dances towards Lydia and Eliza, interrupting their conversation.

ANDY

Eliza! Who's your friend?

ELIZA

Andy this is Lydia. Lydia, my brother.

ANDY

(to Lydia)

Well, from over there I thought my sister was dancing with Peter Schmeichel, because you look like an absolute keeper!

LYDIA

Is Peter Schmeichel gay? Because I am!

ELIZA

You're a lesbian?

LYDIA

(nervously)

Yeah, sorry! I should have told you.

ANDY

Don't worry, this one's a massive gay too. She loves it!

ELIZA

Andy, will you fuck off!

( CONTINUED )

Andy leaves with a smirk on his face. Lydia and Eliza burst out laughing, which turns into a flirtatious smile. They stare at one another nervously.

ELIZA

Drink?

Lydia nods to Eliza. Eliza heads to the corridor to get to the stair case. She manoeuvres through people and Lydia follows. Eliza turns around to see Lydia. However, Lydia is nowhere to be seen in the swarm of dancing bodies. Eliza looks confused, turning around trying to find Lydia.

INT. THE BASEMENT BAR, THE NEON NIGHTCLUB, CENTRAL  
MANCHESTER - NIGHT

Eliza sits at the bar waiting for Lydia. Lydia sits down at the bar next to Lydia.

LYDIA

Sorry, I must have lost you down there!

ELIZA

(jokingly)

You keep disappearing on me.

LYDIA

Are you out, like fully out?

ELIZA

Only to my family really. And the strangers that Andy keeps outing me to at nightclubs, obviously.

LYDIA

How did they take it? When you told them.

ELIZA

Well, Andy didn't seem to care as long as I promised not to turn any birds he liked: his words, not mine! My dad took it surprisingly well. Mum not so much, but she'll come around. Don't you just wish you were born like two decades later?

LYDIA

How so?

ELIZA

In twenty years time I bet nobody gets worked up over other people's sexuality like they do

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ELIZA (cont'd)  
now. It will just be so  
normalised that you probably  
won't even have to come out.

LYDIA  
I don't know about that.

ELIZA  
I think so. Prejudice fades over  
time, no doubt. The world just  
needs to hope it keeps fading to  
the point where it ceases to  
exist entirely - and that's when  
I wish I could have been born.

Lydia smiles at Eliza, who smiles back. Johnny faces them  
behind the bar, interrupting the moment.

JOHNNY  
Can I get you two anything else  
to drink?

LYDIA  
Yes, you can. Three shots!

JOHNNY  
Who's having the third?

LYDIA  
You are!

Johnny looks around playfully, as if he is making sure no  
one watches on, as he pours out three shots of tequila  
into glasses.

ELIZA  
You're not working at midnight  
are you?

JOHNNY  
All night for me.

ELIZA  
You'll miss the countdown!

JOHNNY  
I might sneak up for it. Doesn't  
bother me though. I've never  
really understood the obsession  
with counting down into a new  
year. Nothing ever changes.

LYDIA  
Exactly! Like once you get to the  
zero, all your problems  
disappear.

JOHNNY

It's a different year so I'm  
going to be a different person  
now! Give me a break.

ELIZA

You two are such scrooges!

JOHNNY

That's only applicable to  
Christmas.

ELIZA

Well, you're New Year scrooges  
then!

JOHNNY

So you actually think people  
suddenly change at new year?

ELIZA

No, I don't think you  
miraculously change, but you get  
the chance to, at least. I like  
that.

LYDIA

I'll drink to that. To having the  
chance to change.

They all smile at one another, as they precede to drink  
their tequila shots.

CUT TO:

INT. LYDIA'S FLAT - NIGHT

Lydia is laying flat on her sofa, holding an invisible  
shot glass to her a mouth. She looks up at the ceiling and  
to her lifeless flat. She looks frustrated and depressed.  
She does not get to her feet. She just lies there in  
contemplation.

INT. THE BASEMENT BAR, THE NEON NIGHTCLUB, CENTRAL  
MANCHESTER - NIGHT

Eliza sits at the bar laughing to herself. She turns to  
her right and realises that Lydia has disappeared.

ELIZA

Did you see where she went?

JOHNNY

I didn't see her leave.

Johnny casually continues to serve customers.

(CONTINUED)

ELIZA  
(to herself)  
I must be drunker than I thought.

INT. CORRIDOR, THE NEON NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Eliza arrives at the top of the staircase as Lydia rushes to it. They spot each other and stop in their tracks at the furthest end of the corridor. The bathroom door behind Lydia has an 'Out of Order' sign.

ELIZA  
How did you get up here s- never  
mind! I want to show you  
something.

Eliza looks around, making sure the coast is clear. She opens the staff only door at the end of the corridor. She walks through. Lydia follows nervously. Eliza races up multiple flights of stairs as Lydia tries to keep up.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP, THE NEON NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Eliza stands on top of the rooftop facing outward to the city of Manchester. Lydia opens the doorway to the rooftop to see Eliza stood near the edge. Lydia walks closer to Eliza.

ELIZA  
I like to come up here sometimes.  
More room to dance.

Eliza jokingly waves her arms as if she is dancing. Lydia smiles.

ELIZA  
Sometimes it's nice being alone.  
You don't have to put up a front,  
or worry about other people, you  
know?

LYDIA  
(jokingly)  
Well, I can leave if you'd like  
some alone time.

ELIZA  
I'd rather you'd stay. It'd be  
nice to share the view with  
someone else, for a change.

Lydia stands next to Eliza looking down on the city.

(CONTINUED)

LYDIA

It's odd seeing something that you see every single day from a different point of view.

ELIZA

You've never looked down at the city from a rooftop before?

LYDIA

I have. But it's never looked so beautiful. It really puts things into perspective.

ELIZA

As in it makes all of those problems you have seem minuscule in the scheme of things?

LYDIA

No, I don't mean like that. It's just like, have you ever been so blinkered on one thing that you forget there's a great big world around you? You're just so focused on one ugly thing getting you down that you forget that there's beauty in the world too. It just seems easier to find from up here.

Eliza smiles at Lydia, and Lydia smiles back. There is a moment of sexual tension as they look at one another nervously and giggly. They kiss passionately, holding each other tightly. It is electric and meaningful. Lydia regretfully pushes Eliza away.

LYDIA

I have to go. I'll be back so soon if you just wai-

ELIZA

Why do you keep disappearing on me?

Lydia is reluctant to answer, unsure what to say.

ELIZA

I don't get it. One minute you're all over me and the next you're sneaking off.

LYDIA

I'm not sneaking off. I swear!

(CONTINUED)

ELIZA

If you don't want to spend time  
with me you don't have to!

LYDIA

No! It's not like that at all. I  
really like you, a lot!

ELIZA

Well, what is it then?

Again, Lydia doesn't know how to answer so she doesn't.  
After a moment of silence Eliza begins to walk to the  
exit.

ELIZA

(angrily)

You know what! Find me later when  
you're available, if you can be  
bothered to.

LYDIA

Eliza!

Eliza walks through the exit, back into the building.  
Lydia tries to follow her. The door slams shut. Lydia  
opens the door to the stairwell and walks through.  
However, instead of walking into the stairwell she falls  
into complete darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCAL RADIO STATION - NIGHT

Caroline sits in her chair at the radio station, talking  
into her microphone.

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY

It is currently T-minus 90  
minutes until those fireworks go  
off, but in the mean time I want  
to hear what fireworks went off  
for you this year. Call in, tell  
us about the highlight of your  
year and also, what are you  
looking forward to next year? But  
first we've got one of the songs  
of the year!

Caroline presses a button the mixing board, causing a song  
to being playing quietly through her headphones, which she  
takes off and places on the desk. She glances at the photo  
of her family.

She rolls her chair towards the door and takes her mobile  
phone from her handbag. She presses some buttons and the  
phone begins to ring.

(CONTINUED)



CUT TO:

INT. LYDIA'S FLAT - NIGHT

Lydia's phone vibrates in the empty room. An incoming call from her mother is seen on the phone screen, as it sits on top of the piano, but nobody is there to answer the call. It stops vibrating. Pull focus from the phone to the sofa, as Lydia falls onto her sofa once again.

Lydia sits upright, holding her head in her hands as if she is sobbing. She walks to her record player and hovers the needle over the vinyl, but instead places it back onto its holder. She walks over to her piano and gently plays a few notes.

Her phone remains unchecked and lonely. Lydia slams her fist on the keys creating a horrid and noisy sound. Hugh enters.

HUGH

Ooh, sounds good. I think you're gonna make it big one day.

Hugh sits on the sofa as if he is the one who lives in the flat. He attempts to crack open his beer but struggles to do so, snapping his bony finger instead of the pull ring. He finally manages to open the can with his teeth and takes a large swig. Lydia, clearly annoyed, grabs her phone from the piano and places it in her pocket, not looking at her notifications.

LYDIA

Do you mind? I was having a moment.

HUGH

A moment? What kind of moment?

LYDIA

There's got to be a way I can somehow-

HUGH

Right! Enough of your problems, my turn. That's how friendships work, right?

LYDIA

What problems do you have?!

HUGH

I am unable to locate the residence of somebody by the name of Christopher Havers, and I've looked absolutely everywhere!

(CONTINUED)

LYDIA

Have you looked in apartment 3B,  
directly above this one, because  
that's where he lives!

HUGH

This place has an upstairs?

LYDIA

Why are you looking for Mr  
Havers?

Hugh does not answer. Lydia shoots up from her chair.

LYDIA

No! No, no no! You cannot take Mr  
Havers.

HUGH

Why not?

LYDIA

I like Mr Havers.

HUGH

Oh so nobody you like is allowed  
to die, is that the new rule?

LYDIA

Sure, is that alright?

HUGH

I'll pass it on to HR. No, it's  
not alright. That's not how it  
works.

LYDIA

I just spoke to him! He's  
absolutely fine and he's only in  
his sixties!

HUGH

He doesn't die of old age, Lydia.  
He's going to kill himself.

Lydia races out the door as Hugh remains on the couch.

INT. SMALL FLAT BUILDING - NIGHT

Lydia rushes out of her apartment and to the staircase.  
She is worried. Hugh stands outside of her apartment door,  
despite not moving from the sofa.

HUGH

Lydia. Why are you doing this?

(CONTINUED)

Lydia races up the stairs. On the staircase are three various framed watercolour paintings like that of the Victorian era. Hugh's superimposed head is in each painting, moving and reacting to Lydia as she runs up the stairs.

HUGH

(in the first painting)

You're not going to change his  
mind Lydia!

HUGH

(in the second painting)

You shouldn't be meddling.

HUGH

(in the third painting)

Lydia stop!

From the third painting, Hugh's bony hand grabs Lydia's arm tightly. Lydia halts, turning to see Hugh's hand grabbing her arm. She tries her best to wriggle away but Hugh's grip is too tight. She struggles with greater force. The painting shakes on the wall as Hugh's grip begins to loosen. With a big swoop, Lydia manages to pull away from Hugh. The picture falls to the floor, reverting to it's original painting as it does so. It is silent. Lydia looks around for Hugh, but to no avail.

CUT TO:

Lydia knocks on the door of apartment 3B. Mr Havers slowly opens the door halfway.

MR HAVERS

Lydia. Is everything okay?

LYDIA

Yes! I just thought I'd come up  
to see how your new years  
celebrations were going!

MR HAVERS

That's very sweet dear, but you  
should be out with your friends,  
people your own age. Not wasting  
your time on me.

LYDIA

It's not a waste.

MR HAVERS

I appreciate the gesture Lydia  
but I really should get back-

( CONTINUED )

LYDIA  
Back to killing yourself?

MR HAVERS  
How do you know that?

LYDIA  
(sarcastically)  
The Grim Reaper told me.

MR HAVERS  
I see. Well, I suppose you better  
come in then before the  
neighbours hear you.

Mr Havers opens his door to let Lydia in.

INT. MR HAVER'S FLAT - NIGHT

Mr Havers flat is identical in layout to Lydia's flat directly below. However, it is evident from the decor that an older gentleman resides here. Two armchairs face a television, and several glasses of gin are scattered on the coffee table. Mr Havers walks from the door to the centre of the living room and takes a seat in the right armchair. Lydia follows.

MR HAVERS  
Please take a seat.

Lydia sits in the left armchair.

MR HAVERS  
Well, I'm glad I bought two  
armchairs now.

LYDIA  
I didn't realise you were all  
alone Mr Havers.

MR HAVERS  
Please, call me Chris. Nobody  
does anymore.

LYDIA  
Sorry. Chris. Is that why you're  
killing yourself?

MR HAVERS  
I wouldn't expect you to  
understand. There's nothing you  
can say that will make me change  
my mind, so if you'd just leave  
me to get on with it.

( CONTINUED )

LYDIA

How are you going to do it? Rope?

MR HAVERS

Oh, God no. Do you know how easy that is to get wrong? Do you know what fentanyl is?

LYDIA

No.

MR HAVERS

Good. You shouldn't. It's a poison, extremely potent even in the smallest dose. If you were to ingest it you'd be dead within fifteen minutes.

LYDIA

You haven't?

MR HAVERS

No, not yet. I put a few drops into one of my drinks. Not sure which one, mind. The plan is to just sit back, watch telly and drink until it's done with.

LYDIA

That's smart, actually. I bought a rope. That's how I was going to do it. I still might, I'm not sure.

MR HAVERS

Why would a nice girl like you want to end their life?

LYDIA

I asked first, Chris!

MR HAVERS

The truth is I'm ready. My friends, my family, my wife. They're all gone. I think it's time I joined them.

LYDIA

Do you not have any children?

MR HAVERS

My wife and I had a son and a daughter. But we don't talk anymore.

( CONTINUED )

LYDIA

Why not?

MR HAVERS

I got into a big fight with my son. I blamed him for something that wasn't his fault, and we haven't spoke since. I'm sure he's living a good life though.

LYDIA

What about your daughter?

MR HAVERS

Oh, yes! We were very close indeed. But we don't talk much anymore either unfortunately.

Mr Havers looks upset as if he is thinking of a memory.

LYDIA

I feel like the world wouldn't be any different if I weren't a part of it. I feel so small, and so unremarkable, and so insignificant. What if the only significant thing I can ever do is kill myself?

MR HAVERS

Oh, Lydia. You're only young. There's plenty of time to be remarkable. Believe me, it's a long life.

LYDIA

But what if I never am?

MR HAVERS

Remarkable? Well, if you're not, you're not! I don't see what's so important about being remarkable anyway. I'd much rather be happy than remarkable.

LYDIA

But what if I'm never happy?

MR HAVERS

What if you are? It only takes a moment for everything to fall into shape. I know it seems impossible-

LYDIA

I don't like that word. Impossible.

( CONTINUED )

They smile at one another.

LYDIA  
You should ring your children.  
And you shouldn't give up on this  
world yet.

MR HAVERS  
Neither should you.

INT. FLAT BUILDING - NIGHT

Lydia walks down the stairs of the flat building with a smile on her face. Her door is slightly ajar as she walks into her apartment, but it does not concern Lydia.

LYDIA  
I know you said I shouldn't, but  
I think I help-

INT. LYDIA'S FLAT - NIGHT

Lydia enters her living room expecting to see Hugh. George and Matthew are stood in her apartment putting Lydia's possessions into pillow cases. Lydia, frightened, starts to run out of her flat and towards the exit door, but Matthew soon grabs her and pulls her back inside the flat - closing the door behind him.

GEORGE  
Lock it!

Matthew holds Lydia with one arm as he pulls across the chain lock with his spare hand. Matthew pushes Lydia to her sofa. Lydia is truly scared.

GEORGE  
You said nobody would be in!

MATTHEW  
I didn't think she would be.

LYDIA  
Take whatever you want.

Matthew laughs menacingly.

MATTHEW  
Not so tough now, are you?

Matthew pulls out his knife and puts his face uncomfortably close to Lydia's. She avoids eye contact, frightened for her life.

(CONTINUED)

GEORGE

Yeah, not nice being threatened  
is it?

Matthew shoots George a stern glare.

MATTHEW

Check the bedroom.

LYDIA

(hesitantly)

Bedside drawer. There's  
jewellery.

George walks towards the bedroom leaving Matthew and Lydia alone. Matthew caresses his knife alongside Lydia's frightened face. She sobs quietly, but uncontrollably.

MATTHEW

Maybe this will teach you to mind  
your own fucking business.

George rushes back to the living room.

GEORGE

Got it.

MATTHEW

(to Lydia)

You're lucky I don't ram this  
knife in your gut and let you  
bleed out into the new year.

Matthew grins sadistically.

MATTHEW

Come on. We've got everything  
worth taking.

GEORGE

Hey! What about that?

Matthew turns to George with genuine interest.

MATTHEW

What about what?

GEORGE

That!

George clearly points at the record player. A worrisome look falls over Lydia's wet face.

MATTHEW

Why the fuck would we want that?

( CONTINUED )



GEORGE

I've heard some of them go for a bit online.

MATTHEW

Whack it in the bag then.

LYDIA

It's not vintage, or anything!  
It's portable, it's not worth much.

MATTHEW

We didn't fucking ask you. Whack it in the bag.

George walks over to the shelving unit, towards the record player.

LYDIA

No!

George stops dead in his tracks, unsure what he is supposed to do.

MATTHEW

Excuse me?

LYDIA

No. You've already taken enough.

MATTHEW

We'll take whatever we fucking want!

LYDIA

No, please. Not that.

George, fearful, looks to Matthew for guidance.

MATTHEW

Put it in the bag.

George picks up the record player, closing it like a briefcase, checking it out as he does so. Lydia stays sat on the sofa unsure what to do. She looks to both Matthew and George, who both seem to have their attention firmly on the record player George is holding.

Lydia jumps up from the sofa, racing towards George and the record player. She successfully grabs the record player, and opens it. She lifts the tonearm and moves it to the start of the record. Matthew grabs Lydia from behind. As Lydia struggles, George slams the record player shut as he attempts to retrieve it from Lydia's grasp. Lydia fights hard to keep the record player. Matthew puts his knife to Lydia's throat, but she perseveres for the record player.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly, the television turns on - mildly startling Lydia, Matthew and George. They all stop as they turn to face the TV. An old black and white movie plays.

CHARACTER (ON TV)

Sometimes I wish we could all  
just get along!

The lights begin to flicker. Matthew looks up to the lights with a concerned look on his face. Two high notes play on the piano, repeatedly but slowly, creating an eerie sound. Matthew turns to the piano quickly. The two keys sounding are going up and down, despite nobody touching them. Footsteps are heard in the distance, as if somebody is in the next room. The lights flicker more violently now. George looks terrified. Matthew does not show signs of fear, but is very much confused and actively cautious, holding his knife in front of him.

MATTHEW

Who's there?!

GEORGE

We should go.

Matthew grabs Lydia violently, once again holding the knife to her throat with real intent. The knife is pushed to Lydia's throat - anymore so and she would be bleeding.

MATTHEW

I'll cut her! I swear, I'll  
fucking cut her!

Matthew continues to look around the room as he holds the knife against Lydia. The lights flicker. The telly gets louder. The piano continues to play random notes. The chain of the door silently comes away from its lock. Matthew is now frightened, and George even more so. Lydia begins to slowly rise. George watches in astonishment at Lydia, who is now floating above her sofa - still holding tightly to her record player.

GEORGE

Matt!

Matthew ignores George as he maintains focus on his surroundings. Matthew turns around and realises that he is merely holding his knife to thin air. He looks upward to see Lydia floating. Matthew gawks and drops his knife to the floor. Suddenly, the door flies open, startling Matthew and George.

HUGH (OS)

(whispered)

Get out!

George quickly runs out of the building. Matthew still watches his surroundings in amazement.

(CONTINUED)

HUGH (OS)  
(whispered)  
Get out!

Matthew, too, runs out of the building - leaving Lydia alone floating above her sofa. The lights cease to flicker. The TV turns off. The piano sounds come to a stop. Everything reverts to normal, except for Lydia who stays afloat in mid-air. Lydia falls downward onto her sofa. She puts the record player down on the floor in front of the sofa, and sits upright. She puts her head in her hands and weeps.

LYDIA  
Want me to say thanks do you?!  
You should have just let them  
kill me!

Lydia looks around expecting Hugh to appear, but he does not.

LYDIA  
You could have saved us both a  
job. I know it was you! You can  
come out! I'm ready! I'm ready to  
die.

Hugh, still, does not appear.

LYDIA  
I said I'm ready!

CUT TO:

INT. MR HAVER'S FLAT - NIGHT

The door of Mr Haver's flat swings open slowly. Hugh stands in the hallway hesitantly with his hand outward. Hugh walks slowly into the flat. Hugh looks emotional - a complete contrast to how we have seen him up to now. Hugh looks genuinely gutted and almost fearful. Hugh peers down at Mr Haver's lifeless body. The TV plays indistinctly in the background as Hugh looks at an empty glass which has fallen to the floor. Hugh waves his arm towards the TV, which turns off immediately. He puts his hand to his face, holding his fingers over his eyes as if he is trying to hold back tears.

Hugh moves closer towards the corpse of Mr Havers. He places his hand over the chest of Mr Havers, in a clasp shape. Hugh strains as his hand visibly shakes. The lights flicker slightly. Hugh encloses his fist. There is something inside his fist but it is enigmatic - we do not see fully what it is. Hugh, still visibly upset, tries to compose himself. He then pushes his fist into his chest, straining once again. Hugh is uncomfortable. He is

(CONTINUED)

struggling. He is in pain. Hugh begins to cough violently. A butterfly emerges from Hugh's mouth and flies away. Hugh, tired, falls backwards in the sofa trying to regain his breath. He looks once again to the corpse of Mr Havers next to him. Hugh begins to sob.

CAMERA: PEDESTAL SHOT - CAMERA MOVES DOWNWARDS THROUGH THE FLOORBOARDS TO LYDIA'S FLAT.

INT. LYDIA'S FLAT - NIGHT

Lydia, still sat on her sofa, stops her tears and begins and looks around her flat. Her eyes lock on her phone. She notices that she has a missed call from her mum. She frantically swipes on her phone, before placing it to her ear.

INT. LOCAL RADIO STATION - NIGHT

The corner of Caroline's mobile phone pokes out of her handbag. It begins to vibrate as an incoming call appears from Lydia.

CUT TO:

Caroline, unaware that her phone is ringing, sits at her desk as a song plays out. She looks as if she is contemplating.

INT. LYDIA'S FLAT - NIGHT

Lydia holds her mobile phone to her ear. She is nervous, growing frustrated that her mother is not answering. She gives up, turning to the radio sat on her upright piano.

She turns the knob and the radio powers on.

INT. CAROLINE STONE-LEVY'S STUDY - NIGHT

Caroline presses a button on the mixing desk as she pulls the microphone towards her mouth.

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY  
That was Matt Corby with  
Resolution. Very fitting for  
tonight as we head into the last  
hour of the year, and what a year  
it has been. Some good moments,  
some -

Caroline looks at the photography once more as she hesitates briefly.

(CONTINUED)

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY

Some, not so good. It's been lovely hearing some of your highlights, as well as what you're looking forward to next year and your resolutions. To be honest with you, it's had me thinking about mine. I've had a few highlights this year, but to tell you the truth the highlights have all been clouded by the low light of my year, which was a fight with my daughter, Lydia.

CUT TO:

INT. LYDIA'S FLAT - NIGHT

Lydia stands by the radio, intently listening to her mother's words.

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY

For those of you who don't know, I'm mum to an 18 year old girl. We lost her dad, my husband, last year.

INT. LOCAL RADIO STATION - NIGHT

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY (CONT'D)

And it was tough. On both of us. But I'm ashamed to say me and Lydia had a big falling out this year, and to tell you the truth it was all my fault. She came out. She told me she was gay and I reacted like an idiot. I don't have a problem with homosexuality, in fact my late husband and I spent years, before Lyddy was born, campaigning with friends of ours for gay rights. He, my husband, always said if something makes you happy then nothing else mattered and I always agreed, because more often than not he was right. But when our little girl came out I rejected the idea. I told her she was wrong. I told my daughter, who had just opened up to me about her sexuality, that she was wrong.

Beat.

( CONTINUED )

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY

All my life, particularly since seeing her so upset after her father passed, I've just wanted my daughter to be happy. And in that moment, I just saw a life where she would be teased, and pigeon-holed and stereotyped for her sexuality. And I reacted so negatively and toxically, that it just broke us. And every day since it happened I regret how I reacted to what should have been a moment that brought us closer together, instead of tearing us apart. Because she's tough, our Lyddy. Sure, being a lesbian - some twat might give her a hard time at a bar, or an immature boy at college might make fun of her, but she'll sweep it off in a way that only Lydia can, because of who she is - and her sexuality isn't who she is, merely a part of her. Yes, she's gay. She's also brave, and clever, and beautiful, and funny, and tenacious, and talented, and so many things. And I'm so, so proud of her, just like I know her dad is. And I wish I was smart enough to say that when she told me, rather than what I actually said. Often people think because I'm a radio DJ and I host a show, I always know the right thing to say. Well, that's evidently not the case. So my resolution for the new year is to fix things with my daughter. And I just hope she can forgive me.

Beat.

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY

And, also forgive me for telling 400 or so listeners that she's gay-

A red light flashes on the mixing desk.

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY

But, it looks like we have one last call before we hit the final stretch of the night.

Caroline wipes away a tear as she presses a button.

(CONTINUED)

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY  
You're live on 137.7, who've we  
got here?

LYDIA  
It's me, mum.

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY  
Lyddy!?

LYDIA  
Yes.

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY  
I don't suppose you heard any of  
that did you?

INT. LYDIA'S FLAT - NIGHT

LYDIA  
I did, mum. I wished you said all  
that when I told you too. But, I  
do forgive you. And I'm sorry for  
what I said-

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY  
Don't be silly! You have nothing  
to apologise for. I really just  
fucked up everything.

LYDIA  
Are you allowed to say Fuck on  
air?

Caroline, as if she has forgotten, realised she is live on  
air.

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY  
Oh, fuck.

Lydia giggles, wiping a tear as she does so.

LYDIA  
I love you, mum.

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY  
I love you too, Lyddy. Now go  
out, and enjoy the new year! Go!

LYDIA  
Okay. Thanks. Bye, mum - and  
everyone.

INT. LOCAL RADIO STATION - NIGHT

The light fades off as Lydia hangs up. Caroline looks sheepishly, a little embarrassed but overjoyed nevertheless.

CAROLINE STONE-LEVY

So, that was Lydia.

CUT TO:

INT. LYDIA'S FLAT - NIGHT

Lydia sits on her sofa. She has a smile on her face but looks resigned, and comfortable. Hugh enters through her front door. Hugh, seems more carefree than before, clearly putting on a brave face in front of Lydia.

HUGH

You look surprisingly chirpy.

LYDIA

I just spoke with my mum.

HUGH

Oh yeah?

LYDIA

Yeah. I feel like we're good now. She apologised for everything and I know she loves me, and she knows I love her - which is important. Because I don't want her to think it's her fault - you know when they find me.

HUGH

So it's not changed your mind?

LYDIA

No. It was a perfect goodbye - but it doesn't change anything.

HUGH

I'm sorry.

LYDIA

You shouldn't be sorry. I should be the one saying sorry. I've kept you all night, and for nothing.

HUGH

It wasn't for nothing, Lydia. It was nice to see you so hopeful.

(CONTINUED)



LYDIA

I think I'm ready. I don't think there's much here for me.

HUGH

Are you sure?

LYDIA

I finally find love. For the first time in my life, I feel happiness following me instead of depression. But I can't hold on to it. I can't cling on. The one thing keeping me from killing myself was the idea that one thing could come and change my life. But when it finally came, it was just in an impossible circumstance - I know you don't like that word.

HUGH

Sometimes things are impossible. That's life, unfortunately.

LYDIA

God, I'm such a hypocrite. I beg Mr Havers to not give up, yet here I am. I hope he's stronger than I am.

Hugh smiles towards Lydia with a tear in his eye.

LYDIA

What's death like?

HUGH

I couldn't tell you.

LYDIA

You don't know?

HUGH

Nobody does.

LYDIA

But you are-

HUGH

I'm just the rope guiding you through the tunnel - not the light at the end of it.

LYDIA

Well, I appreciate the guidance but I think I'm ready for the light, or the dark I suppose.

( CONTINUED )

HUGH

Are you sure you're sure?

Lydia nods sorrowfully. Hugh looks down at the record player on the floor. He picks it up with a smile on his face.

HUGH

You know, for a moment back there  
I thought you might actually  
change your mind.

Beat.

LYDIA

Me too.

HUGH

The rope actually turned up an  
hour or so ago. I hid it outside  
- hoped you wouldn't need it.

Lydia sends a reassuring smile to Hugh. It is evident that they have made a real connection as friends and Hugh is sad that it is coming to an end. Hugh looks down at the record player in his hands.

HUGH

You should go back - just one  
last time.

LYDIA

I don't think it's fair to Eliza.  
A goodbye would be-

HUGH

Don't do it for her. Do it for  
you. Your last memory should be a  
happy one. Even if it is an  
ephemeral and fleeting moment.

LYDIA

No, I don't know if-

Hugh forces the record player into Lydia's hand. She holds it.

HUGH

Just enjoy it. And whilst you're  
there I'll go get the rope for  
you - for when you get back.

They smile at each other before Hugh departs, leaving Lydia alone. She holds the record player in front of her with her left hand. She reaches for the tonearm with her right hand and pushes it to the vinyl's beginning. She disappears. The record player falls to the floor.

INT. THE NEON NIGHTCLUB, CENTRAL MANCHESTER - NIGHT

Lydia teleports to the vibrant dance floor, once again. She looks around the nightclub with fondness in her eyes. She moves around the large dance floor clearly looking for somebody. We see the back of Eliza's head squeezing past the crowds to exit the dance floor - she heads into the direction of the corridor. Lydia rushes to Eliza, stopping her before she leaves the dance floor. Lydia grabs Eliza's arm, causing Eliza to turn around. It is obvious that Eliza has recently been crying - she still looks upset.

ELIZA

Oh, you found some free time for me?

LYDIA

I'm sorry, Eliza.

ELIZA

Sorry for leaving, or for leading me on?

LYDIA

I haven't led you on. And I wish I didn't have to keep leaving.

ELIZA

But you do? Every time, you do.

LYDIA

I know, and I'm sorry.

ELIZA

And you can't even tell me why?

Eliza looks to Lydia for explanation, but Lydia, unsure what to say, does not respond. Eliza starts to walk away but Lydia grasps her arm.

LYDIA

I've longed all my life to be in a place like this. I've dreamt about it. I've dreamt about meeting somebody like you and finally feeling free. And happy. Because you make me happy. You don't only make me feel happy but you make me forget that I'm not. And that's all that matters right now. So in the short time I have with you, I don't want to try and explain something absurdly impossible that you could never believe. I don't need you to believe me, Eliza. I just want to be with you for a few moments, at least.

(CONTINUED)

Lydia raises her hand out for Eliza to hold. Eliza takes hold of Lydia's hand, gazing at her as she does - unsure whether to say anything at all. Lydia brings Eliza to a more central location of the dance floor. They embrace as they dance, slowly moving to the dance floor ballad playing. They hold each other, enjoying the company of one another - holding on to their fleeting romance whilst they still can.

ELIZA

Just so you know. You make me feel happy too. Most of my nights are bad. You were right when you said maybe you're the reason I was smiling so much tonight. I'm usually not.

LYDIA

I'm glad I've made you smile. Maybe you'll remember it when you're having a bad night. If it weren't for the bad ones, the good ones wouldn't feel so good.

ELIZA

Yeah, I guess. Not every track can be a hit. You always need a couple for the B side-

Lydia kisses Eliza passionately. The slow track becomes faster and more upbeat. The dance floor suddenly gets busier and livelier, as the dancers chant to the beat of the track. Lydia and Eliza unlock lips. They let out a slight laugh.

Lydia smiles at Eliza, who begins dancing to the rhythm. Lydia joins in too. As more people fill the dance floor, Lydia and Eliza become separated. Eliza continues to dance with a sense of liberation. Eliza looks up to Lydia. But cannot see her through the bodies. Eliza moves through the crowds to try and locate Lydia, but cannot.

INT. LYDIA'S FLAT - NIGHT

Lydia crashes down onto her sofa. She despairs for the briefest of moments before her eyes wildly and widely shoot open. She looks to the record player laying on her floor. She removes the record from the player inspecting it closer. She flips it round. The B side of the record, like the A side, has grooves - indicating it plays. She feels the grooves with her fingers with an expression of curiosity.

Lydia places the record back onto the record player, B side face up. She nervously puts the tonearm to the beginning of the record. As the needle touches the first groove Lydia vanishes into thin air.

INT. THE RED RECORD SHACK, MANCHESTER - NIGHT

The record shop is small and quaint. It is empty, as if it is closed for business. Record covers sit in racks that form narrow aisles. Unsorted records are piled on the floors and under counters. We zoom slowly through the shop, moving towards the large window adjacent to the similarly quaint high street.

Lydia teleports to the centre of the high street, directly in front of the record shop. Lydia immediately looks up at the record shop.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE RED RECORD SHACK, MANCHESTER - NIGHT

We now see the record shop from Lydia's perspective. The sign is nostalgic - not modern at all. An open sign hangs on the door. Lydia hesitantly opens the door and enters the record shop.

CUT TO:

INT. THE RED RECORD SHACK, MANCHESTER - NIGHT

Lydia enters the record shop, looking to see if anybody is in.

LYDIA

Hello?

Lydia walks through the record shop and begins to take a closer look at the records in the shelves. The records are categorized alphabetically. Lydia arrives at the section marked with a 'C'. She excitedly lifts up a record, expecting to see an album by The Clash or The Cure. However, it soon becomes evident that the record she holds is like nothing she has seen before. She lifts the next along, and the next, and the next. They are all similar. She takes one out fully for proper inspection.

The record sleeve she holds in her hand is designed like a memorial. A picture of a middle-aged man is sketched onto the cover, with a name and two dates signed below: in this case, Geoffrey Chuck, 7th October 1956 - 3th April 2002. Lydia looks at the record with a mixed look of confusement and curiosity on her face.

LYDIA

(to herself)

Geoffrey Chuck.

She replaces the record in her hand with another. This time a younger man is sketched onto the cover.

(CONTINUED)

LYDIA  
(to herself)  
Alan Church.

She puts the record back into the 'C' section. She then looks down the long aisle, and to the other aisles too. She slowly walks down the aisle, looking at the records as she does.

CUT TO:

She gets to J. She gets to K. She stops at L. She searches in the L section. She quickly fingers through the record sleeves, until she finds what she is looking for. She pulls out a record and holds it in her hands. The record sleeve shows a sketch of Lydia. Underneath it reads Lydia Levy 9th May 2002 -.

LYDIA  
(to herself)  
No year of death?

HUGH (OS)  
Well, you haven't died yet, have you, Lydia?

Lydia turns around to see Hugh stood behind her. She faces him, bemused not only by the records surrounding her but also by the presence of Hugh. Hugh smiles, happy to see his friend.

LYDIA  
What are you doing here?

HUGH  
I was scared you were never going to play the B side.

LYDIA  
It never occurred to me.

HUGH  
It's funny. It rarely does.

LYDIA  
What is this place?

HUGH  
This is where I keep my record collection. Not your usual collection, mind. Each one a memento of the souls I've taken over the years. And these are just the special ones.

Hugh looks at the piles of records that haven't even made the shelves.

(CONTINUED)

HUGH

There's infinite piles in the  
back with names and faces I  
wouldn't even remember if you  
told me.

Lydia, still bemused, does not respond. It is silent for  
the briefest of moments.

HUGH

I've not always been the Angel of  
Death, you know. This is just  
from twenty years of collecting.  
Imagine what it will be like  
after fifty, or a hundred.

LYDIA

(hesitantly)

It's a lot of records.

HUGH

Well, there's been a lot of  
people. Far too many really. Have  
you ever collected anything?

LYDIA

Not really, no.

HUGH

Well, the thing about collecting  
- about collecting anything  
really, whether it's stamps,  
comic books, records. At a point  
you lose that desire to amass  
anymore to your collection. I  
look at my collection and I  
think, no more.

LYDIA

No more what? No more being the  
Angel of Death?

HUGH

To be honest with you Lydia,  
there's not a day that goes by  
that I don't regret what I do.  
Maybe if I'd not done the first-

Hugh stops himself.

HUGH

I need to show you something.

CUT TO:

Hugh leads Lydia to the section marked 'H'. He stops in  
front of a particular row, before turning to face Lydia.

(CONTINUED)

HUGH

Before I show you. I've not had a friend in twenty years, so I hope this doesn't make me lose my only one.

Lydia smiles towards Hugh, appreciating the sentiment. Hugh hands a record to Lydia. She holds it in her hands and looks at it. The record sleeve shows Lydia's neighbour Mr Havers etched on the cover, with the words Christopher Havers 5th November 1955 - 31st December 2020.

LYDIA

Mr Havers.

HUGH

Only around ten minutes ago.

Lydia begins to tear up, but takes the news relatively well.

LYDIA

It's not your fault.

HUGH

I hope he'll be my last in the collection. The one behind is my first.

Lydia puts the memoriam record of Mr Havers back and hesitantly reaches for the next record along. She holds it in her hands. Lydia becomes instantly overwhelmed with emotion.

LYDIA

No! She can't be. She isn't.

HUGH

I'm sorry, Lydia.

The record sleeve in Lydia's hands is etched with a picture of Eliza on the cover. Underneath it reads Eliza Havers 13th February 1981 - 31st December 1999. Lydia is devastated, refusing to believe it.

LYDIA

You're lying! She isn't dead. I was just with her!

HUGH

She is. Like I said, the majority of souls I've taken I can't remember. But this is the one that I can never forget, no matter how hard I try.

Lydia, still understandably emotion, calms down slightly as the tears pour down her face.

(CONTINUED)



LYDIA

How?

Hugh pauses for a moment. He takes the record sleeve from Lydia.

HUGH

Here. Let me show you.

Hugh walks over to the corner of the record shop where a vintage record player is set up. Lydia follows him nervously. Hugh removes the record from the sleeve and places it onto the record player. He looks at Lydia.

HUGH

Hold on to it.

Hugh gestures down to the record player. Lydia places her shaking hands onto the wood of the player. Hugh lifts the tonearm to the vinyl.

INT. LADIES RESTROOM, THE NEON NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The ladies restroom is somewhat spacious. Rows of sinks face a large mirror, parallel to a row of cubicles. A neon clock hangs on the back wall; it reads 23:53. Eliza is the only person in the restroom. Mascara runs down her face as she stands in front of the mirrors, crying.

She stares at her reflection for a brief moment, before flinging her bag onto the sink area in front of her. She begins to rummage around in her small clutch bag for something. Eliza pulls out several assorted pills and capsules; anti-depressants, painkillers and ecstasy amongst other unknown drugs.

Eliza hits down at the surface with her fist in anger. She continues to cry. Eliza runs the tap. One by one she puts the pills into her mouth - using the water from the tap to swallow each pill. She continues to cry as she continuously swallows pill after pill. With only a few pills left, she stops. She looks at herself in the mirror, shaking her head in regret and disapproval.

ELIZA

(to herself)

Idiot! Idiot!

Eliza rushes to the cubicle behind her. She puts her head into the toilet bowl, trying to vomit. She endeavors to vomit but cannot.

CUT TO:

Hugh hesitantly walks into the ladies restroom. Hugh is utterly nervous and evidently frightened. He looks around,

(CONTINUED)

but cannot immediately see anybody. He walks up to the mirror and sees himself in the mirror. He chuckles to himself, as if he is surprised at what he sees. He looks down at the remnants of pills still remaining by the sink. Hugh turns around and gasps. We see Eliza's lifeless body, resting on the toilet bowl. Hugh begins to weep.

INT. THE RED RECORD SHACK, MANCHESTER - NIGHT

Lydia and Hugh are stood by the record player, as Hugh and Lydia both remove their hands from the player. Hugh has a tear in his eye. Lydia sobs uncontrollably.

HUGH

It was the mixture of all the drugs and the alcohol in her system that killed her.

LYDIA

She wouldn't commit suicide.

HUGH

I think she instantly regretted it, but it was too late.

LYDIA

No! She was happy. You're lying! That didn't happen.

HUGH

I wish I was, and I wish it didn't. I really do. Not a day goes by where I don't remember that one.

LYDIA

Why are you showing me this?

HUGH

I just thought you ought to know. You're my friend.

LYDIA

I'm not your fucking friend.

HUGH

Maybe she wasn't as happy as it seemed. Surely you, of all people Lydia, can understand that.

LYDIA

So you've just been toying with me all night. Giving me false hope as you wait to add me to your collection.

( CONTINUED )

HUGH

I've not given you false hope,  
Lydia. I've not lied, or tricked,  
or forced your hand in anyway.  
I've shown you that hope exists.  
And hope's important because  
there is a happiness out there  
for you, if you just believe it  
can happen. That's why I had to  
take your rope, because you'd  
already given up-

LYDIA

You took my rope? You coward.  
When, or how, I die is not up to  
you.

HUGH

I had to stop you from making a  
massive mistake. I didn't want  
you to regret it like she did.

Hugh takes a step towards Lydia, but Lydia takes one back.  
Lydia scrunches her face up in anger towards Hugh.

LYDIA

Do you not get it? We're not  
friends! I don't need you to  
decide how I live!

HUGH

I don't care how you live, Lydia.  
I care how you die.

LYDIA

Well, I'm ready now! Just take me  
and get it over with.

HUGH

I can't!

LYDIA

Yes, you can!

HUGH

I won't.

LYDIA

Just kill me. Come on!

HUGH

No. I can't. Not anymore.

LYDIA

You're such a fucking coward.

( CONTINUED )

HUGH

I'm not stopping you, Lydia. I  
don't have that kind of power.  
But it won't be me. It won't be  
me collecting your soul.

Hugh becomes visibly upset. Lydia too is upset and unsure  
what to say.

HUGH

I'm sorry, for everything.

Hugh clicks his fingers.

INT. LYDIA'S FLAT - NIGHT

Lydia falls onto her sofa. She lies there for a moment,  
still, as if she has given up all hope. She turns her head  
to look at the record player on her floor. Next to the  
record player is the photograph of her and Eliza. She  
grabs the photograph and looks at it for a moment. She  
gazes lovingly at Eliza. She sits upright quickly as she  
takes her phone out of her pocket. The phone indicates the  
time is 23:52.

Lydia, somewhat erratically, rushes to the record player  
and turns the vinyl record upside down. She plays the  
record.

INT. THE NEON NIGHTCLUB, CENTRAL MANCHESTER - NIGHT

Lydia appears in the middle of the dance floor, still  
holding the photograph in her hand. It is very busy as the  
crowds gather to countdown into the new year. Lydia looks  
around.

LYDIA

(shouting)

Eliza! Eliza!

Many people surround Lydia. She can barely move but she  
manages to squeeze past.

LYDIA

Excuse me, please! Please, move!

INT. CORRIDOR, THE NEON NIGHTCLUB, CENTRAL MANCHESTER -  
NIGHT

Lydia runs down the corridor towards the ladies restroom  
(the door on the right). She tries to push open the door  
but it is locked. On the door an out of order sign hangs.  
Lydia ponders for a second, confused. She looks back  
towards the corridor leading to the dance floor. She turns

(CONTINUED)

her head to look down the stairs leading to the Basement Bar. She looks at the door marked Staff Only. Her eyes shoot open, as she pushes through the Staff Only door.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Eliza stands on the edge of the rooftop. Tears fall down her face. She hangs her foot over the edge of the building. The drop is long and lethal. Lydia barges through the door leading to the rooftop. She runs to the edge stopping a few metres away from Eliza.

LYDIA

Eliza.

Eliza turns to face Lydia with tears pouring down her face.

LYDIA

Eliza, don't.

ELIZA

I have to.

LYDIA

You don't. I promise you don't. I know it feels like you have to but as soon as you do it you'll wish you hadn't. It doesn't matter if it's thirty pills or a fifty foot drop: you'll regret it either way.

ELIZA

Have you been in my bag?

LYDIA

No, Eliza. I just know you! And I know what it's like to feel like there's only one escape from the constant pain. And I used to think that nothing could ever take that pain away but you proved me wrong, Eliza.

ELIZA

It felt so real.

LYDIA

What did?

ELIZA

When you kissed me.

( CONTINUED )

LYDIA

It was real.

ELIZA

You can't be real, Lydia. I wish you were, I really do. Then maybe I wouldn't have to jump.

LYDIA

I am real, Eliza! I swear.

ELIZA

No, Lydia. You're one pill too many, or my survival instinct kicking - creating the perfect girl of my dreams in the hopes that I don't do it.

LYDIA

I'm not perfect. I'm not special, or remarkable, or anything really! And three hours ago I was going to kill myself. I'm not perfect, Eliza. If anything you're the girl of my dreams.

ELIZA

You are remarkable Lydia. You made me so happy.

LYDIA

Then please don't do it. For me?

ELIZA

I can't Lydia. There's only one escape for me, and I'm looking at it.

Eliza inches closer to the edge. Her feet dangle off the ledge.

LYDIA

(blurted out)

I'm from the future.

Eliza, without moving her feet, turns her head to Lydia - shooting her a look as if to say 'prove it'. There is a moment of silence.

LYDIA

The Spice Girls break up. And so do Oasis, and Destiny's Child - but that turned out for the better. And there's only eight planets! And phones don't get smaller, they just get bigger. And-

(CONTINUED)

ELIZA

How am I supposed to know if any  
of this is true?

LYDIA

You'll just have to stick around  
a little bit longer. Please.

ELIZA

What's the point? Nobody would  
care if I jumped.

LYDIA

They would. It's just hard to see  
that from up here.

Eliza looks down at the streets below her.

ELIZA

I'm sorry, Lydia. If you are  
real, I'm sorry.

Eliza leaps forward. Lydia sprints towards the ledge,  
dropping her photograph onto the floor in the process.  
Lydia grabs the hand of Eliza, who still has one foot  
hanging on the ledge. Lydia pulls Eliza backward, forcing  
her back onto the ledge, but at the same time launching  
Lydia towards the edge. Eliza stumbles onto the rooftop  
safely. She looks at Lydia. Lydia falls backwards off the  
building.

ELIZA

Lydia!

Eliza runs towards the ledge and looks over. Lydia is  
falling in mid-air, plummeting to the unforgiving concrete  
floor. Lydia disappears. Eliza gawks as she looks down.  
Eliza, in disbelief, takes a few steps hesitantly  
backwards. She stops when she hears the sound of  
crumpling. Eliza looks down to see something under her  
foot. She bends down and picks up the photograph. She  
looks at the picture of her and Lydia. She smiles through  
her tears.

INT. LYDIA'S FLAT - NIGHT

Lydia crashes onto her sofa with such velocity that she  
falls off the sofa and onto the floor. Her hand lands  
firmly onto the knife on her floor, causing Lydia to cut  
her hand. She screams in pain as she slowly moves, leaning  
on her sofa whilst sat on the floor.

Lydia looks down at her bleeding hand. The knife has made  
a vertical cut on her left palm. She picks up Matthew's  
knife with her right hand, looking at it intently. Lydia  
looks determined, perhaps as if she is contemplating

(CONTINUED)

killing herself with the knife. She then looks back to her hand. Lydia's eyes widen as if she has had an epiphany moment. Lydia reaches for the vinyl record with her bloody left hand. She holds the record in one hand and the knife in the other.

Lydia begins to use Matthew's knife to etch a deep cut into the record. She looks at the record and quietly laughs to herself. She picks the record player up and places it in the middle of her sofa. She places the scratched record in the record player. Lydia looks at the knife in her right hand. Lydia carefully places the knife upright on her sofa, leaning against the record player.

Lydia looks around her flat, as if she is saying a goodbye to the four walls that surround her. She takes a deep breath and places the needle to the record, instantly dissolving.

CUT TO:

INT. THE NEON NIGHTCLUB, CENTRAL MANCHESTER - NIGHT

Lydia stands in the middle of the heaving dance floor. She looks at the happy faces surrounding her with a smile on her face. A few familiar faces stand out in the crowd; Johnny and Andy talk amongst friends, but Eliza is nowhere to be seen.

STAGE ANNOUNCER

There's three minutes left of the twentieth century. No Y2K worries allowed in here! I want to see you dancing and having fun.

Lydia manoeuvres around the people on the dance floor. She looks worried.

INT. CORRIDOR, THE NEON NIGHTCLUB, CENTRAL MANCHESTER - NIGHT

'ONER' SHOT:

Lydia walks past Andy and his group of friends, who are situated at the back of the dance floor. Lydia walks down the corridor and turns left, walking downstairs to the bar. Moments after Lydia disappears from shot Eliza walks out of the Staff Only door. Eliza clutches the photograph in her hand, smiling. Eliza walks towards the dance floor, meeting up with Andy and their friends. They instantly include her and she smiles. Eliza looks around the dance floor.

CUT TO:



INT. THE BASEMENT BAR, THE NEON NIGHTCLUB, CENTRAL  
MANCHESTER - NIGHT

Lydia is completely alone in the the bar. She paces up and down nervously. She picks up a rag from the bar, and wipes the blood from her left hand. She looks in a small mirror at her reflection. She pushes her hair away from her face, behind her ears. She tidies her clothes, before exhaling a deep breath.

We can hear the noise from the nightclub upstairs: the countdown is imminent. Lydia walks up the stairs, looking at the bar one last time.

INT. THE NEON NIGHTCLUB, CENTRAL MANCHESTER - NIGHT

Lydia finds a nice spot on the dance floor as the countdown begins. She begins to look nervous but tries to enjoy herself. The countdown begins.

EVERYBODY

10, 9, 8.

Lydia joins in with the countdown. Everybody seems excited.

EVERYBODY

7, 6, 5, 4.

Lydia shuts her eyes incredibly tightly. She is scared but ready to accept whatever her fate is.

EVERYBODY

3, 2, 1! Happy New Year!

People cheer with elation. Lydia hesitantly opens her eyes. She shares smiles with people around her, as people hug her and cheer with alcohol-fueled glee. Lydia looks around in disbelief. She looks to the floor, expecting any moment to fall to her sofa. She waits. A look of confusement falls on her face as she continues to wait. She begins to touch her chest, first with one hand, then with both. After a few moments it dawns on Lydia that this is the longest she has been at the nightclub without returning. Joy fills her face.

LYDIA

I'm staying? I'm staying!

Lydia celebrates with the strangers nearest to her, who join in with her celebrations, as Auld Lang Syne plays. Lydia looks around at the nightclub, gawping in disbelief. She turns around to see it in full. Lydia sees Eliza in the distance. They exchange a genuine smile. They are both happy.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH STREET, CENTRAL MANCHESTER - NIGHT

Lydia and Eliza walk side-by-side through a cobbled street. They pass nostalgic-looking high street shops, all of which are now closed. Old street lamps create a heavenly glow.

ELIZA

So what else happens years from now?

LYDIA

Oh! No more spoilers from me. That wouldn't be fair.

ELIZA

Thanks for coming back.

LYDIA

There's nowhere else I'd rather be.

They continue to walk down the street, smitten. Lydia suddenly stops. She looks at something with confusion and displeasure. Eliza notices and stops too, concerned as she looks at Lydia.

ELIZA

What is it?

LYDIA

It's just, this place! It's very familiar to me.

We now see what Lydia sees. Lydia and Eliza are stood in front of The Red Record Shack. Like before, the sign on the door reads open.

ELIZA

The Red Record Shack? I go here all the time. Weird. It looks open?

Eliza chuckles to herself. She walks towards the entrance. Fear falls on Lydia's face.

LYDIA

Eliza!

ELIZA

We've got time!

Eliza enters the shop, causing Lydia to follow her in.

INT. THE RED RECORD SHACK - NIGHT

Lydia walks hesitantly into the quaint record shop. Eliza is already in the shop browsing through records in a carefree manner. Lydia takes a closer look at the records. All the records are now 'normal' records that you would expect to see in a nineties record shop. A middle-aged shopkeeper sits nonchalantly behind the shop counter reading a paperback version of Don Giovanni.

ELIZA

Are you always open on new year's eve?

The shopkeeper puts down his book and takes off his glasses.

SHOPKEEPER

No. No, I am not. But somebody made me quite the offer to keep the shop open. So I take it that one of you two ladies is Lydia?

Lydia looks at the shopkeeper with genuine shock.

LYDIA

I'm Lydia.

SHOPKEEPER

Thank God! I have something for you.

The shopkeeper pulls out a record from under his counter. The shopkeeper walks around the counter towards Lydia who walks slowly to meet him in the centre of the shop.

SHOPKEEPER

Well, here it is.

The Shopkeeper hands Lydia a record. The sleeve is a fine, marble black: the same as the one at her door. Lydia looks down at the record in awe.

LYDIA

I don't have any money-

SHOPKEEPER

He said that'd be the case. It's all taken care off.

The Shopkeeper turns the vinyl around in Lydia's hands, so she can see the back. On the back there is a note on the record that reads: Keep safe and deliver on time. From your friend, D. Lydia begins to well up, but does not cry.

(CONTINUED)

SHOPKEEPER

Now if that's everything I'd be proper thankful if I could shut up shop and get home to the family.

LYDIA

Yes, of course. Thank you. So much.

SHOPKEEPER

No, thank you.

LYDIA

If you see the guy who gave you this record can you tell him that I'm sorry.

The shopkeeper nods, understandingly. Eliza smiles at Lydia as they leave the shop. The Shopkeeper follows them to the door. Once they leave, the shopkeeper flips the sign from open to closed. The closed sign features a cartoon of a stereotypical grim reaper.

The shopkeeper locks the door and turns around. He slowly begins to transform into Hugh. Hugh looks around his record shop smiling. He chuckles to himself. He looks down at his skeleton hands. His hands start transforming into fleshy human hands, as he slowly begins to evaporate, with a smile on his face.

EXT. HEATON PARK, MANCHESTER - NIGHT

Lydia and Eliza stand amongst the spectators, all of which look like they have come straight from the nightclub. Andy rushes past with a group of friends.

ANDY

Let's do this!

Lydia and Eliza stand with the other partygoers, eagerly waiting for the fireworks to begin. Lydia and Eliza cosy up to one another. Stars fill the clear night sky. Eliza and Lydia smile at one another lovingly. The camera pans down to show their hands interlocking.

DISSOLVE TO:

A pair of hands are interlocked. The hands are older looking, with a few wrinkles. The camera pans upwards to see Lydia and Eliza eagerly awaiting a concert to begin. They are both now in their forties.

ELIZA

What's he, they, called again?

(CONTINUED)

LYDIA  
Deathbeat.

ELIZA  
Deathbeat?

They laugh to one another. Lydia checks her watch.

LYDIA  
I almost forgot. I'll just be a moment.

ELIZA  
Okay. Don't disappear on me too long! You won't want to miss the renowned set of Deathbeat.

Lydia smiles. She is happy.

LYDIA  
I'll only be a minute.

Lydia pecks Eliza on the lips, before departing. Lydia walks through the spectators gathered at Heaton Park. Sarah, Josh and Adam pass her, but do not recognise her.

EXT. FLAT BUILDING - NIGHT

Lydia arrives at her flat building. She stops and smiles. Lydia is holding something in her hands. She gets close to the building and peers into the window of her apartment. Lydia looks into her old flat, where Hugh is prodding a younger Lydia, repeatedly.

HUGH  
(talking to younger Lydia)  
Fucking nothing.

Lydia laughs as she looks at herself with fondness.

HUGH  
(talking to younger Lydia)  
Anyway, thought you had your heart set on a rope? Good looking family!

Lydia smiles as she enters her flat building.

CUT TO:

INT. FLAT BUILDING - NIGHT

Lydia nervously walks into the flat building. She looks around the place with fondness. She stops outside her old apartment door. Lydia looks down at the flat package she holds in her hands. She places it down on the floor, and exhales. She knocks thrice. Lydia quickly moves to a hiding spot on the stairwell, out of sight.

(Young) Lydia opens the door to her flat and peaks her head out into the corridor but there is nobody around. She looks downward, something grabs her attention. Lydia picks up a brown, flat package and takes it inside. Lydia reemerges from her hiding place. She takes one last look at her apartment door before leaving.

EXT. HEATON PARK - NIGHT

Lydia hurries to Eliza. They smile at one another.

ELIZA  
Should be any second now!

LYDIA  
Can't wait.

Their hands are held together in a loving embrace once more.

DISSOLVE TO:

The hands are now young, as they were before. The camera pans up, returning to Lydia and Eliza who still await the fireworks. The fireworks suddenly fill the sky with huge booms and bangs. It is beautiful and exhilarating. Lydia looks at Eliza. Eliza looks back. They kiss passionately.

FADE OUT.