

ACT ONE

EXT. LAW FIRM - DAY

Suit clad city men fill the streets. The revolving door never stops turning, every minute one guys loss is another man's gain. A glamorous London building that wouldn't be out of place on an episode of Suits. Behind every application for this place is ten more, and twenty behind that.

INT. LAW FIRM - PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

(CEDRIC, VINCE)

CEDRIC (20, short, average joe), surveys his surroundings. Awards, frames, cigars, 10 years from now he'll be on the other side of the door, his entrance imminent. An internship that you don't fuck up at this place, you're set for life. But this is now, and right now he's a sweaty, awkward, desperate 20 year old, with an unfortunate nose and social skills that Sheldon Cooper would be proud of. VINCE (51, silver fox, well-dressed), his future persona, at least in his mind, enters. Armani suit, Rolex, he's earned his shot at this lifestyle. Taking a seat opposite an expectant Cedric, he delivers the verdict.

VINCE

I'm afraid you didn't make the cut.

CEDRIC

(BEAT, CEDRIC TAKES IN THE NEWS)

o...oh. I didn't?

VINCE

(REASSURING)

It's nothing personal Cedric. Obviously there's fierce competition and you just missed out.

CEDRIC

Are you sure?

VINCE

If it's any consolation we would be more than happy to consider any future applications you may have in the future, but it's a no for now.

CEDRIC

(confused)

You read my transcripts right? Straight A's all through my school years, head boy...

VINCE

Believe me those were all impressive. Truth be told your lack of involvement in social activities worried us. No clubs, societies, outside interests. We're not sure PS Mebbitt is the right fit for

you.

Vince impatiently gestures towards the door. A desolate Cedric obliges.

VINCE  
i'll see you at dinner tonight  
though, son.

INT. PS MEBBITT LOBBY - DAY.

(CEDRIC, JASON, CO-WORKER)

Disappointed and angry, Cedric wants nothing more than to get home as soon as possible. A small group of men and women celebrate, champagne glasses in hand, these are the arseholes that filled the positions. Cedric spots this and covers half of his face, heading straight for the exit when he's stopped in his tracks.

JASON  
Hehey look who it is!

Cedric scrunches his face. The complete expression of somebody sick of your shit. Summoning the will to plant a fake smile on his face, he turns

JASON  
Brownie!

CO-WORKER  
Brownie?

JASON shoots Cedric a look. He's going to explain his own insult or die trying.

CEDRIC

Cedric sighs before pointing to his skin

JASON  
(a wry smile on his face, he knows  
the answer)  
So did you fill a position?

CEDRIC  
No..No I did not.

JASON  
(his smile never wavers)  
Oh i'm sorry to hear that. I did.

CEDRIC  
Congratulations. Look i'd love to  
stay but I should head home.

JASON  
(laughing)  
Well it's not like you've got  
anywhere else to go, I mean you  
didn't get the internship.

CEDRIC  
(BEAT)  
Good luck anyway.

JASON  
(Indian accent)  
good luck anyway.

CEDRIC  
Well i'm not actually Indian.  
Pretty sure that sounds nothing  
like me.

(BEAT)

CEDRIC  
I mean it though. Good luck.

Cedric offers out a handshake. A reluctant Jason stares down at the hand before looking up at Cedric, and again.

CEDRIC  
Okay then.

Cedric leaves abruptly

INT. JACKS APARTMENT - NIGHT

(CEDRIC, ALFIE, JACK)

Average apartment that would do well to raise your eyebrows an inch, reminiscent of the guys taking up residence on this evening. Cedric approaches and knocks at the all-too-familiar door, smiling at a passing neighbour, he's been here a thousand times. Eventually, JACK answers. Wrong apartment? Ruggid good looks, well-dressed, apparently not.

JACK  
Ced, finally. Sorry to hear about..

CEDRIC  
It is what it is. Everyone inside?

JACK  
Just Alf.

The pair enter. A bachelor pad on a budget and a bachelor pad in only name.

CEDRIC  
Steve not coming?

JACK  
He said he was, but there's every chance obesity finally got the better of him on his way here.

CEDRIC  
Anyone called him?

ALFIE  
i'm on it.

INT. STEVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

(STEVE)

A slob's paradise. Clothes litter the room, kept in good company by dirty underwear and old takeaway boxes. STEVE rolls over in his bed as Alfie leaves a message on his answering machine.

ALFIE

Wake up you tub of shit we're waiting at Jack's.

Steve let's out a moan before emerging from his bed wearing nothing but y-fronts. It's always the people with the worst bodies that are most proud of them. Collecting bits of clothing from the floor on his way, he exits.

INT. JACKS APARTMENT - NIGHT

(STEVE, JACK, CEDRIC, ALFIE)

Knock on the door.

Jack opens. Feigning astonishment, he studies his doorframe

JACK

Oh my. Guys i'm gonna need some help!

The guys rush over and feign pushing the doorway apart, allowing Steve to fit through.

STEVE

(faking laughter)

Ah. We have such a good time.

JACK

Right, game faces. They're all ready waiting.

Cut to the boys crowded around the TV, gaming intensely. They sit beside each other but still feel the need to speak through headsets. For guys like these it's no joking matter.

JACK

Nice stuff.

Jack and Cedric high-five

ALFIE

PASS!

CEDRIC

Give it to him!

JACK

Fucking pass!

(BEAT)

The three of them look toward Steve in disgust, infuriated at having lost.

ALFIE

It's like you're trying to start a race between me and your cholesterol, to see what kills you first.

Jack, now in another room, beats his controller to a million pieces.

JACK

PIECE OF SHIT.

STEVE

(to the returning Jack)

There goes another one. Ever thought about anger management?

ALFIE

Ever thought about weight watchers?

(BEAT)

CEDRIC

Aren't you guys getting sick of this?

ALFIE

Well what do you wanna play?

CEDRIC

No, not that. This. All of this. Spending every Friday night hiding out playing like fucking losers.

(BEAT)

I'm serious. Think about it. I'm gonna be 21 in May. What have we actually done?

STEVE

We made regionals last year?

JACK

(laughing)

Any girls drop their knickers at that line, i'll take your virginity

STEVE

Your sister seemed pretty fired up about it

ALFIE

Who motorboated who?

CEDRIC

Maybe Vince was right. Don't you think it's time we grew up and started doing stuff

JACK

Mate, your mum's boyfriend's a fucking dick

STEVE

Plus you'd think since he was shooting his load in your old girl you'd have been nailed on for that internship

CEDRIC

you always know the perfect thing to say. Would it be so bad though?

ALFIE

I don't know. Do, like what?

CEDRIC

Anything, that doesn't involve, either a headset or a pack of kleenex.

JACK

He's got a point. Heather always used to get pissed off that I barely took her out. Maybe that's why we broke up.

ALFIE

Well if that didn't do it her fucking half the neighborhood probably did the trick.

(BEAT)

You know what. I kinda agree. I had one of these moments the other day where you realise you're life's a bit of a laughing stock

CEDRIC

Go on...

ALFIE

Okay well it started like 3 weeks ago. You don't understand, at work I'm sitting there doing fuck all but waiting for the clock to turn. So one day It's around lunchtime and the office starts to clear out. So I think 'i'm bored, stressed, if I was at home what would I be doing' so I snuck into the toilets and ehm.....(wanker sign). It started off that one time but now it's like 3-4 times a week and I look forward to it, it's the best part of my day. If that's not bad enough the other day while I was sat there it was like I had deja vu and then I realised. I'd watched this same video like 7 years ago when I was 14.

STEVE

so?

ALFIE

So? When I was 14 did I think I would still be doing this shit 7 years on.

CEDRIC

Sounds like a real moment of clarity.

JACK

Wow...I mean that whole story's pretty fucked up. Obviously you know it is probably the most depressing thing i've heard this year.

CEDRIC

If that means you and Steve are in I say we start this week. Anything that even like starts to get us out there. Baby steps.

JACK

well Steve wiping his own arse is a pretty big step so what's the criteria.

CEDRIC

Sleep on it, we'll meet up tomorrow and think up something.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

(LECTURER, CEDRIC, GIRL)

LECTURER is either speaking incredibly slowly or Cedric is having a stroke. His eyes widen as he realises he's paying £9,000 a year to watch paint dry. Out of the corner of his eye he spots a familiar girl sitting with her friends (20, cute, bookish). The class is dismissed and he leaves in pursuit of the girl, calling Jack on the way.

INT. JACKS APARTMENT - DAY

(JACK)

JACK

what's up?

EXT. STREETS - DAY

(CEDRIC)

CEDRIC

Okay I need your help and I need it quick.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

Jack sits on the sofa with a bag of crisps in one hand and a tv remote in the other.

JACK  
kinda busy right now.

CEDRIC  
There's this girl I keep seeing in my classes.

(BEAT)

JACK  
Really painted a picture for me, I feel like I was there.

CEDRIC  
I'm thinking if I really wanna start getting out there I should go talk to her, but what do I say.

She exits the building and begins her walk home, with Cedric in tow.

JACK  
just act casual

CEDRIC  
What the fuck does that mean

JACK  
Keep it simple just introduce yourself, you said she's in your class maybe talk about that?

CEDRIC  
Shit she's leaving.

JACK  
Well follow her

CEDRIC  
I am

Cedric accelerates his walking speed to catch up with her, radiating a sinister outlook. Spotting this, in a panic, she begins to walk faster, making a phone call during

GIRL  
I think some creepy guy is following me

CEDRIC  
she's getting away what should I do?

JACK  
fucking run!

CEDRIC  
I'm running.

Misinterpreting this as a sinister act, she runs away. After chasing her down the street for what feels like an eternity, she gets away.

CEDRIC  
Fuck, I lost her.

JACK  
Come to think of it that may not  
have been the best move.

INT. ACCOUNTANCY OFFICE - DAY

(ALFIE)

Everything is fast paced and everybody appears to be working mile a minute. Everybody except for Alfie that is. Tapping his fingers on his desk, with a mundane look on his face, he peeks at his watch. Peeking up from his desk and seeing relatively few people in the room, a smile descends upon his cheek, he heads for the bathroom.

EXT. MENS BATHROOM - DAY

(ALFIE)

Taking a peek through the cubicles ensuring privacy, he engages in one, locking the door behind him and taking seat, removing his belt.

INT. ACCOUNTANCY OFFICE - DAY

(WORKERS)

Dozens of co-workers emerge from outside with pizza boxes in hand, they couldn't have chosen a better day to enjoy lunch in the workplace.

EXT. MENS BATHROOM - DAY

(ALFIE)

Alfie plugs in his headphones and places toilet paper around the outside of the toilet seat, dropping his phone in the process. He scampers for it, finally taking a seat, failing to realise that in the process of dropping it, the headphones have become slightly unhinged from the phone. Concentration edged on his face, he prepares to get started.

INT. ACCOUNTANCY OFFICE - DAY

(WORKER #1, WORKER #2, ALFIE)

WORKER #1  
So then I've gotta file like 3  
deposition forms by the end of the  
day

WORKER #2  
Tell me about it, i'm gonna be  
stuck here t....

Those present in the office pause for a moment as they briefly hear what appears to be an adult movie radiating

from the mens bathroom. As it stops, they continue, assuming it was nothing.

As they continue their conversations, there is no doubt this time. Alfie's choice of adult movie is echoing all throughout the office, dozens of shocked co-workers scan the room in horror. After a few moments, the noise stops. Emerging from the bathroom, adjusting his belt, Alfie looks up, noticing the shocked onlookers gasping. He scans the room, his co-workers shaking their heads in disgust.

EXT. STEVES HOUSE - DAY

(JACK, STEVE, MISS HARTLEY)

A house fit for a prince, if his castle was being renovated and the only place available for rent was a dingy 2-bedroom in the outskirts of the suburbs.

Jack approaches and knocks on the door.

MISS HARTLEY

Ahh Jack nice to see you.

JACK

Miss Hartley.

MISS HARTLEY

How's that girlfriend of yours?

JACK

line

MISS HARTLEY

line

(BEAT)

Well steven just popped to get us  
some bits so why don't you wait  
upstairs

Upon entering Steve's bedroom, Jack displays the clearest expression of disgust imaginable.

JACK

Holy fuck....

Stumbling amongst the array of dirty laundry littering the room, he jumps to his feet. Despite his cat-like reactions a particular pair of dirty underwear has attached itself to his hand. Noticing the stains, he gasps and tosses them aside.

If that wasn't enough, catching the attentions of the corner of his eye, an inexplicably large bra device is flung over a bedside cabinet. Amused, Jack investigates, causing him to notice several more spread across the draws and room.

JACK

Whaaat...

Steve enters

STEVE

What are you doing!

JACK

Okay what is all this Steve? It's like you hosted an after party for the biggest loser in here

STEVE

It's nothing..

JACK

Ohhhh.. a girlfriend?! Don't be embarrassed Steve we've all been there. It's 2015 more is less. Some men enjoy somet....

(BEAT, JACK FURTHER EXAMINES THE SIZE)

How big is this girl?

STEVE

Yeah I love em big haha you know me classic Steve

JACK

Well what else has the elephant woman left here?

Opening Steve's clothes drawer a few more of the identical bra line up in unison, jack, now suspicious, enquires.

STEVE

Don't open that!

JACK

So.... you're like...a crossdresser? I always knew there was something fucked up about you.

STEVE

Dr Sharon....

JACK

And you want us to call you Dr Sharon?

INT. STEVE'S DINING ROOM - DAY

(STEVE, MISS HARTLEY, JACK)

The three sit at the dinner table in awkward silence, before Steve breaks the silence.

STEVE

She diagnosed me and recommended them to help with the pain. About two months ago I started getting this unbearable back pain and so we went to the hospital, I was sent for further scans to detect cancer.

JACK

Jesus. What is it, a tumor?

STEVE

Well the results came back negative, but the pain was repetitive so we went back and they confirmed that...

JACK

What?

STEVE(SIGH)

They confirmed that the pain was being caused by carrying a certain...weight.....from my front. Hence the back support.

JACK

The bra's.

Steve nods, Miss Hartley exits.

JACK

Look I know we're always joking around but seriously...I mean I had no idea you actually had...titties

Jack breaks into laughter.

STEVE

laugh it up.

JACK

No but this is a good thing. Think about all the free stuff you'll get with a low-cut top.

