

Me And You

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INT. CAFE - EARLY EVENING.

AMELIA is against a plain white backdrop. As she speaks, the initial focus gives the impression that she is in a therapist's office.

AMELIA

It's like... sometimes it just feels like I don't even WANT to be happy. Like, if all these constant, gnawing thoughts just suddenly stopped, what would be left?

(Beat)

I don't know. It just feels like there'd just be a fucking vacuum of empty space. And how the fuck am I supposed to fill it if it's not with all this self-loathing? I can try meditating or some other kind of wank, but if all that's left to do is focus on the 'present' or remember to 'breathe', then doesn't that just confirm how pissing pointless it all actually is?

(BEAT)

I guess I just want to be okay, you know? Just... (sighs) yeah. Just to be 'okay'.

We see a confused waitress standing in front of Amelia, revealing she is not in a therapist's office, but a cafe.

WAITRESS

(Awkwardly)

Okay... that'll be 2.50 please?

(Beat)

Just we closed at 5... so...

The clock reads 13 minutes past 5.

AMELIA

Oh christ, sorry! Ha. Yeah, that's fine, I'll just... But just, I thought, isn't it 2.10?

WAITRESS

It's 40p extra for soya.

AMELIA

Ah, of course, sorry!

Amelia fumbles through her bag and then her purse, trying to find some change. She lays out three pound coins very clearly for the waitress to see, which she does. Amelia smiles expectantly.

AMELIA
That's for you.

The waitress returns a somewhat awkward smile.

WAITRESS
Thanks.

They stop and smile awkwardly for what seems like an eternity.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - EARLY EVENING

Amelia rushes along to a waiting train. We hear the voice in her head (HEAD VOICE) speak. Of course, only Amelia can hear it.

HEAD VOICE
Did you honestly just make a fuss
about 40 bloody pence? And no,
the three quid tip DOESN'T make
you look less stingy.

The train doors start bleeping. Amelia realises that she's running out of time. She sprints to the train, but the doors close in her face.

HEAD VOICE (CONT'D)
For fuck's sake.

TITLE: Me and You

EXT. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - EARLY EVENING.

Amelia is sitting on a bench, on the train platform.

HEAD VOICE
That's better. You're okay.
Sitting, relaxing. Just you and
me AND THAT GORGEOUS-

Amelia stares at a gorgeous dog sat obediently nearby.

AMELIA
(In a 'talking to dog'
voice)
Hello puppa!

It's owner, TUBE GUY, looks quizzical, taking a headphone out of one ear.

TUBE GUY
Sorry?

AMELIA
Oh, sorry. I was just saying your
dog is beautiful.

TUBE GUY

Ha, isn't he?

AMELIA

I really want one, but my flat's just too small.

TUBE GUY

Well, you know what they say, a two-bed in zone 2 is just a lottery win away.

AMELIA

(Missing the joke)

Exactly! You know you can set up a direct debit these days so you don't need to worry about forgetting to put your numbers on?

TUBE GUY

(Not sure whether she is serious or not)

Ha, does anyone actually do that?

HEAD VOICE

Say No.

AMELIA

No. I mean, well I do, but it's only because sometimes my mum forgets to go to the shop for it and I've convinced myself that the one day she doesn't put them on that's the day they'll come up so...

HEAD VOICE

Change the subject NOW.

She looks for something on him that could be a point of conversation - she spots he has a camera.

AMELIA

(Enthusiastic but awkward)

Oh... you... have a camera...?

TUBE GUY

Oh, this? Yeah, I do a bit of photography on the side, but I mainly work in media. Production, mostly. I actually just worked on...

As Tube Guy continues to talk, Head Voice speaks over the top.

HEAD VOICE

He's so cool. You'd be cooler literally by just being his girlfriend. Yeah, this guy is definitely much better for you than Sean.

EXT. CHAPEL - DAY

Amelia and Tube Guy are dressed in full wedding getup, stood in front of a cute chapel.

HEAD VOICE

I wonder if you'll get married and have his babies? I hope he has a good surname.

We pull out to see the couple surrounded by children. The couple turn towards a large registry book. As they begin to sign, we see Tube Guy sign his signature.

HEAD VOICE

I bet it's something really cool like... like Dangerfield. Mrs Amelia Dangerfield...

The couple turn to camera. The entire family puts on sunglasses as confetti falls.

EXT. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - EARLY EVENING.

Amelia is snapped back into reality when she realises he is asking her a question.

TUBE GUY

So what do you do?

HEAD VOICE

Say you're a writer.

AMELIA

I'm a writer.

TUBE GUY

Oh, great! What kind of stuff do you write?

HEAD VOICE

Shit.

AMELIA

I mean, I- you know, I mean I work in sales at the minute, but sometimes write, like, memoirs?

(MORE)

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Well, diary entries really, but I think I might try and get them published one day or something, so...

TUBE GUY

Ah okay, cool.

He smiles, putting his headphone back in.

HEAD VOICE

See, you probably scared him off with all your lying.

Amelia takes her phone out

HEAD VOICE

That's right, play your word game and hope that someone's looking over your shoulder when you get a long one. That way someone can see how smart and clever you actually are, youuuu bellend.

INT. OFF LICENSE - EVENING.

Amelia is looking at the wine selection.

HEAD VOICE

You know Sean only pretends to like wine because you like it. Oh yeah, you DO know. And you know that when he doesn't drink it, there'll be more for you. Brilliant.

Amelia selects a reduced bottle of red and walks to the counter. She smiles at the cashier, a fairly young, attractive black woman.

AMELIA

Yalright?

The cashier smiles.

HEAD VOICE

She's so pretty. Like, SO pretty. I wish you were black. Life would be so much better. Yeah, okay, you would have the daily oppression of systemic racism, but everyone would really want to hear what you had to say. If you were black, you would be so much happier. Not even black - being gay would do!

(MORE)

HEAD VOICE (CONT'D)

But no, you have to be a white, cis-gendered, hetronormative basic bitch. At least you're not a man. Or rich. Though at least if you were rich your could buy the nice wine instead of the reduced shit. But, I mean, isn't sexuality supposed to be a spectrum? Maybe you could get away with putting bi on application forms? Yeah, I reckon you probably do definitely fancy her actually. You could totally go down on her... but what if you can't find her clitoris? You didn't know where yours was until you were 26 and you only found that my accident-

CASHIER

Is everything okay?

AMELIA

Sorry! Yeah, I was just...

HEAD VOICE

Say you like her hair.

AMELIA

I just really like your hair.

Amelia's smile stays fixed but her eyes widen.

CASHIER

Ah, thank you! I wasn't sure about it - just got the balayage done last week...

She continues talking as Head Voice speaks over the top.

HEAD VOICE

She's happy! She likes your compliment!

(Beat)

Or does she? What if she's just pretending to take it as a compliment and she actually thinks you want to touch her hair...

Amelia reaches out to touch the Cashier's hair. The Cashier recalls in horror and quickly whips out her phone to film Amelia.

HEAD VOICE (con't)

...which is absolutely NOT okay and she ends up tweeting about you and the post goes viral...

The image of Amelia appears on twitter with the title 'Karen tries to touch my hair'. We watch as the number of retweets skyrockets and a number of articles pop-up describing Amelia as a racist.

HEAD VOICE (con't)
 ...and someone recognises you and
 you get named which of course you
 would totally deserve...

An article morphs into Amelia on the street and we watch as all passers-by are disgusted and point at her. The situation on the street builds until we see Amelia morph into looking like a stereo-typical racist type, surrounded by other stereo-typical racist types.

HEAD VOICE (con't)
 ...and it becomes an inescapable
 part of your identity for the
 rest of your life and you get
 perpetually branded as racist
 along with all the other racists?

The cashier looks at Amelia, back to her normal self. Waiting for a response, Amelia realises that she has not been taking anything in. There is a silence.

HEAD VOICE (CONT'D)
 Ask her if she's single.

INT. SEAN'S FLAT - EVENING.

Amelia is taking her shoes off in the entrance of SEAN's flat.

AMELIA
 (Calls to Sean)
 It's me!

SEAN
 (Off screen)
 Hey babe! Just waiting on the
 squash - should be ready in 10!

HEAD VOICE
 Asking out a black girl does not
 prove that you are neither racist
 nor gay, yet the rejection still
 feels very real, doesn't it?
 Maybe next time try not being a
 twat. Now let's just focus on
 lovely Sean and have a lovely
 night. Alright?

CUT TO:

INT. SEAN'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING.

Sean and Amelia sit in the silence as they eat.

HEAD VOICE

Why aren't you saying anything?
Wait, why isn't HE saying
anything? You're just like one of
those couples you judge in Nandos
who sit in silence and don't
talk. Except you don't have a
Nandos. You have squash.
Overcooked, mushy squash.

She smiles. He smiles back.

HEAD VOICE (CONT'D)

Oooo, a smile. Saucy.

SEAN

How is it?

AMELIA

It's...

HEAD VOICE

Say fine.

AMELIA

Fine.

Sean smiles faintly, and returns to eating.

HEAD VOICE

Look what you've done now,
dickhead.

AMELIA

I mean it's nice. Really nice,
thank you.

Sean doesn't respond.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

(Anxious)

What?

SEAN

Nothing.

AMELIA

No, seriously, what?

SEAN

Just, you don't need to do that.

AMELIA

Do what?

SEAN
(Inhaling deeply and smiling)
Ah, honestly, it doesn't matter.

AMELIA
You can't just allude to something I'm doing wrong, then suddenly say 'it doesn't matter'.

SEAN
Look, you don't like it and that's fi-

AMELIA
(Getting defensive and louder)
I said it's nice!

SEAN
(Trying to be calm and reassuring, but is clearly frustrated, as if this happens all the time)
Amelia, you need to stop getting so defensive over every little thing, it doesn't have to be an issue.

AMELIA
Don't be such an arse.

SEAN
How am I being an arse!?

AMELIA
(Heated)
Coz you're always an arse about everything little fucking thing.

HEAD VOICE
Well this escalated quickly...

SEAN
You know, you are so ungrateful. I've just spent ages making-

As he continues speaking, Head Voice talks over the top.

HEAD VOICE
You stupid twat. You couldn't have just said it was nice could you? Then calling him an arse? Really? You have to fuck up everything don't you, you stupid fat horrible bitc-

AMELIA
(Responding to Head Voice)
Just fuck off!

SEAN
You want me to fuck off? Fine!

Sean stands as if to leave.

AMELIA
No, Sean I didn't mea-

SEAN
Actually, no, this is MY flat -
YOU fuck off!

HEAD VOICE
Well, you've done it again, you
bellend.

INT. PARK - NIGHT.

Amelia is running in the park. No one is around.

HEAD VOICE
See, why do you need a boyfriend
when you can run? Calm, peaceful.
I bet you look bloody majestic.
Like a puma. A puma? Yeah, you
know what? A fucking majestic
puma! A beautiful puma who is
going to feel and look incredible
after this run. We'll just run
one more lap around the block and
then head home for some self-care
time. Just you and me.

Amelia crashes to halt. Leaning against a bench, she gasps
for breath.

HEAD VOICE
Ooooo, you know what we'll pass
that goes hand-in-hand with self-
care? 'Cuppy-cakes'! You HAVE
just been for a run. You've
earned a cupcake. You can do
moderation. Just one lovely
cupcake to show you how much you
value your lovely self.

INT. AMELIA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT.

Taking a huge bite, we see Amelia sat in the bath. Cupcake in
hand, wearing a facemask and watching TV on her phone which
rests on the side.

HEAD VOICE

See? What better way to love yourself than to have a lovely bath, a lovely facemask, and a lovely cupcake.

There's a banging on the door, which somewhat breaks the serenity.

FLATMATE (O/S)

How much longer are you going to be in there?!

AMELIA

I'm almost done.

Amelia takes another bite of the cupcake.

HEAD VOICE

Sure, you have 5 more cupcakes in the fridge, but that's where they'll stay, because you are strong, and it just made blatant financial sense to get the 6 for £20 when it's like a fiver for one. You are winning life.

CUT TO:

INT. AMELIA'S KITCHEN

Amelia opens the fridge and grabs another cupcake.

HEAD VOICE

Okay, well, you DID go for a run, so what's one more teeny tiny cupcake gonna hurt?

CUT TO:

Amelia opens the fridge and grabs another cupcake.

HEAD VOICE

Well, you've had two, so what's a third? Anyway, eating half of them is SO much better than all.

CUT TO:

Amelia opens the fridge and grabs another cupcake.

HEAD VOICE

I cannot believe you've eaten three. THREE cupcakes? You are actually disgusting. You greedy little... That's all it is. Complete and utter gluttony.

(MORE)

HEAD VOICE (CONT'D)
You literally have no self-
respect do you?

Amelia opens the fridge and grabs another cupcake.

HEAD VOICE
Oh great. Reach for another one.
Yep, try and fill the void with
food you vile piece of shit.

INT. AMELIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Amelia is lying in bed, eyes shut, but not asleep. We can hear loud music from another room.

HEAD VOICE
Six cupcakes? You're
unbelievable. Why didn't you just
get the one? You do this every
fucking time. Absolutely,
pathetic. You know if you do it
I'll lose all respect for you,
but if you don't I'll have even
less, because you are such a
worthless, hideous... I don't
even have words for what you are.
Everyone knows it. Sean knows it.
You know it. So you might as well
do it. Just do it, JUST FUCKING-

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT.

Amelia is staring in the bathroom mirror, eyes blood shot, wiping her mouth.

HEAD VOICE
-did it. I cannot believe you
actually did it. After all that
bravado last time about how you
were never doing it again.
(Beat)
But it's okay. It's out now. And
this really, honestly was the
last time. I promise. Tomorrow,
you are going to wake up and it's
going to be a new day, and you
are going to be kind to yourself,
and eat salads and healthy stuff,
but also not deprive yourself and
have nice things in moderation,
because you are going live a
perfectly healthy balanced
lifestyle.
(MORE)

HEAD VOICE (CONT'D)
And it doesn't matter if no one
loves you, because you've got me.
And I'll always, ALWAYS be here
with you. Me and you together.
You and me.

There's more banging on the door.

FLATMATE (O/S)
You alright in there?

AMELIA
Yeah. I'm okay... Thanks...

Amelia looks to herself in the mirror again.

HEAD VOICE
You bellend.

INT. CAFE - EARLY EVENING.

Amelia is against a plain white backdrop. As she speaks, we
get the impression of being in a therapist's office again.

AMELIA
So, I guess what I'm saying is
that I get that it's okay not to
be okay... but that still doesn't
make it okay... and I guess that
in the end, that's okay too.
Like, making friends with
ourselves doesn't suddenly make
us happy, but it's a step in the
right direction, you know? And,
like, if I'm always going to be a
bit mental then I'm gonna try and
be mental on my own terms. Or at
least try. Yeah, I'm going to at
least try.

We see that Amelia is back in the cafe with the same Waitress
as before in front of her.

WAITRESS
So erm, that's £2.10

Amelia goes to fumble in her bag.

AMELIA
Wait. Isn't it 40p extra for
soya?

The waitress offers a supportive smile.

WAITRESS
It's okay. Don't worry about it.

Amelia initially returns a warm smile, then frantically rummages through her bag to find enough coins for a good tip, which she lays out on the counter again.

HEAD VOICE

Youuuuu bellend.