

Life After Baby
"Sausage Promise"
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TEASER

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

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

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

INT. 100 WILMSLOW ROAD - DAY

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

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

ERIN

Who the fuck is Rob?.. Ugh.

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

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

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

ERIN

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

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

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

ERIN

Let's do this.

INT. UNIVERSITY HALLS - KYLE'S ROOM - DAY

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

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

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

INT. KYLE'S SHOWER ROOM - DAY

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

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

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

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

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

ERIN

Shit.

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

ERIN (CONT'D)

Dickhead.

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

ERIN (CONT'D)

Now we're talking

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS:

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

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

INT. STUDENT UNION - DAY

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

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

CHARLIE

Mate, you came!

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

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

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

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

TRACY

I'm Tracy, and this is...

(the girls blush or wave in turn)

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

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

LISA

Lisa. And you are?

KYLE

Sorry, Kyle... love the shirt.

CHARLIE

Lets get some shots!

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

ERIN

Snakebite please... Two.

RAY

Coming right up beautiful.

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

RAY

£6 please, darling.

ERIN

I thought it was £2?

RAY

For students, yeah.

Erin casually removes her student card and flashes it.

RAY (CONT'D)

Sorry love, I thought maybe you --

ERIN

(playfully)

Well, you thought wrong... love.

RAY

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

ERIN

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

RAY

Only the ones that look like teachers.

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

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

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

EXT. OUTDOOR AREA - DAY

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

INT. STUDENT UNION - DAY

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

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

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

EXT. OUTDOOR AREA - DAY

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

KYLE
 Hey, mind if I --

ERIN
 (spills drink over her chest)
 Shit.

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

KYLE
 Need some help with that?

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

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

END TEASER

ACT I

EXT. WILMSLOW ROAD, MANCHESTER - ON STREET - EVENING

SUPER 1: ONE MONTH LATER. HALLOWEEN 2008.

SUPER 2: RELATIONSHIP STATUS: CASUAL AF

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

EXT. ERIN'S FLAT - EVENING

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

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

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

ERIN

Great.

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

ERIN

(loudly calls out)

Kyle, have you seen my hat?

KYLE (O.S.)

Back of the door.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

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

ERIN (O.S.)

You almost ready?

KYLE

Almost.

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

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

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

ERIN (CONT'D)
You're naked.

KYLE
Yes. This is me. Naked.

ERIN
You're supposed to be getting ready!

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

KYLE
I am ready.

ERIN
Seriously? Again!

KYLE
You know I love it when you goth up.

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

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

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

KYLE
Fine. I'm ready.

ERIN
You're such a dick.

Kyle props the broomstick by the bed and leans in.

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

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

KYLE

Fine by me. Love the witchy vibe.

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

ERIN

No time. It's a quickie or nothing.

KYLE

Oh, come on. Just a little nibble.

ERIN

Nope.

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

KYLE

Ooh, it's like sexy Quidditch.

ERIN

More like Bedknobs and Broomsticks.

KYLE

What's that?

Erin rides him like a witchy cowgirl.

ERIN

(in rhythm with her motion)
Treguna Mekoides Treorum Satis Dee.

KYLE

I love it when you ride my Satis Dee.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

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

KYLE

(passes her the tea)
Erin?

ERIN

No.

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

ERIN
 We're not having sex again.

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

ERIN
 Do you ever stop?

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

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

KYLE
 Like what?

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

KYLE
 Oi!

ERIN
 And, that dressing gown.

KYLE
 What? It's comfy.

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

KYLE
 Old?

ERIN
 Well, compared to you, yes.

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

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

ERIN
I like you too.

KYLE
So, yes?

ERIN
Maybe.

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

ERIN
A witch never reveals her secrets.

KYLE
Bit late to play hard to get babe.

ERIN
Don't you "babe" me!

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

ERIN
That's something old couples say.

KYLE
Well, you would know.

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

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

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

Erin allows Kyle to pleasure her.

EXT. BIRCH POLYGON ROAD, RUSHOLME, MANCHESTER - EVENING

SUPER 1: 6 YEARS LATER. HALLOWEEN 2014

SUPER 2: RELATIONSHIP STATUS: LIVING IN SIN

It's Halloween 2014 in a residential cul-de-sac adorned with ghosts and ghoulies. Kids trick-or-treat with their parents.

EXT. ERIN & KYLE'S HOUSE - EVENING

At number 37, a two bed mid-terraced house, a written sign on the door reads: NO TRICK-OR-TREATING. BABY SLEEPING! A parent guides the kids away from the house and moves onto the next.

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

Erin, now 36 with faded dyed hair, is in front of the mirror in a breast milk stained skin coloured bra and granny knickers. She pulls at her eyes to inspect the dark circles, then lifts and drops her gravity complicit boobs.

SUPER: LIFE AFTER BABY

ERIN

(shouts to Kyle downstairs)

Babe, you seen my bra? The nice one.

KYLE (O.S.)

Try the top drawer.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Erin goes to the bedroom and finds her bra carefully folded and placed in her top drawer.

ERIN

Well, if he'd left it where I put it.

INT. LIVING AREA - EVENING

In the open plan living room with mis-matched furniture, Kyle, now 26 and unshaven with messy hair, sits on a worn leather sofa in an old t-shirt and joggers.

Baby DAISY (28 weeks) is asleep, resting on Kyle's emerging beer belly. Kyle places Daisy into her bouncer, straps her in, adjusts the baby monitor, takes the receiver, and leaves.

By the hallway mirror, next to a picture of Kyle and Erin in matching graduation gowns, Kyle ruffles his hair, sniffs his armpits, winces at the smell, and removes his t-shirt.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Erin stretches into some spanx, takes her bra off, and massages her sore breasts. Kyle appears at the bedroom door.

KYLE
Well, hello there.

ERIN
Kyle! Where's Daisy?

KYLE
She's napping.

Kyle waves the monitor receiver and throws it on the bed. Erin tries to squeeze her breasts into a front clasp bra.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Need some help with that?

Kyle moves towards Erin and from behind grabs her boobs.

ERIN
Babe, seriously. I need to get ready.

KYLE
Come on, let it happen.

ERIN
You know I hate it when you say that,
it sounds rapey.

KYLE
(kisses her neck from behind)
Fine... Just go with it.

ERIN
Better.

Erin relaxes her body and Kyle grabs her breasts... milk squirts across the room.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Yep, not happening.

Baby Daisy starts wailing.

KYLE
For fuck sake. Fine...

KYLE (CONT'D)
Can you at least take a picture or something?

ERIN
Maybe.

Kyle does a frustrated air grab of her boobs before leaving.

ERIN (CONT'D)
I pumped. There's milk in the fridge.

Erin gives her bra one last squeeze together and secures it, then looks at her breast pads on the side.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Thank God this is black.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Kyle holds Daisy and prepares milk with one hand. His phone buzzes, he drops the milk on the floor.

KYLE
Fuck.

Kyle checks his phone. It's a message from ELAINE: ON MY WAY. Kyle grabs the formula and sticks the kettle on.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Erin takes a coat hanger with a black long dress on it and walks towards the bedroom door.

KYLE (O.S.)
(through the baby monitor)
Looks like neither of us will get to enjoy Mummy's breasts tonight.

Erin half smiles, then gets a rush of mum guilt.

INT. LIVING AREA - EVENING

Kyle returns to the living room with a bottle of formula firmly attached to Daisy. Kyle receives a message from Erin, that reads: MAYBE I SHOULD STAY... FOR DAISY? Kyle replies: NO, YOU DESERVE A NIGHT OUT. ALSO, I WANT TO GAME.

Kyle's phone buzzes with another notification. It's another message from ELAINE: BE THERE IN 5. I'LL WAIT AROUND THE CORNER UNTIL YOU SAY THE WORD X. Kyle replies: OK, C U SOON X

INT. BATHROOM - EVENING

Erin finishes her make-up, sniffs her armpits, swashes them with water, dries them with a towel and rolls on deodorant. She squeezes into the black dress. Stands sideways to look in the mirror and tries to suck in her tummy more.

ERIN

For fuck sake.

Erin lifts her dress, peels down the spansks and sits on the loo to pee. Her phone buzzes on the window ledge, it's a message from LISA that reads: B THERE IN 10!

ERIN (CONT'D)

Shit.

(to Kyle downstairs)

Babe, can you grab my bag? Lisa's gonna be here any minute.

INT. LIVING AREA - EVENING

Kyle's on the sofa cradling and feeding Daisy.

KYLE

What do we think, Daisy? Can we get Mummy's bag?

Erin comes downstairs and adjusts her witch's hat with attached purple wig in the hallway mirror.

ERIN

Kyle? Bag!

KYLE

Erin? Baby!

ERIN

Aw, look at you two.

Kyle cradles a milk drink Daisy. Erin goes in for a snuggle.

KYLE

Nope, she'll smell your tits.

ERIN

My tits smell?

KYLE

The milk, she'll smell your milk.

ERIN
Right, okay... Makes sense.

Erin isn't convinced. She leaves.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Erin finds her bag next to some perfume, sniffs her tits and squirts perfume on them. She takes a beer can from a cupboard, puts it in the fridge, then writes a note on the fridge whiteboard: COLD ONE IN THE FRIDGE BABE, LOVE YOU XXX.

Erin then poses to take a sexy selfie on her phone, but is interrupted with a message from Lisa: OUTSIDE! [PARTY EMOJI]

INT. LIVING AREA - EVENING

Daisy's now asleep on Kyle. Erin rushes through to leave.

KYLE
Aren't you forgetting something?

ERIN
You told me not to go near you.

KYLE
The broom.

Kyle gestures to the broomstick in the corner of the room.

ERIN
Oh! Yes. How could I forget?

KYLE
Still going strong.

Kyle winks and grabs his PS4 controller. Erin gets the broom. Erin rushes over to kiss Kyle. Daisy cries.

KYLE (CONT'D)
For fuck sake.

Erin holds her baby radar sore boobs. Kyle plonks his controller down. A car horn beeps outside.

ERIN
I've got to go. Love you.

KYLE
(playfully)
Fuck off.

EXT. ERIN & KYLE'S HOUSE - EVENING

Lisa, now 26, is outside by her red Fiat Panda parked on the shared drive, a short walk away. The same woman Kyle briefly met at the student union 6 years ago, whose natural long ginger hair now flows over a svelte Poison Ivy costume.

LISA

Come on, woman! I need a drink.

ERIN

(walks towards the car)

Whose party is this again?

LISA

It's a work thing, kind of.

ERIN

And I'm going because?

LISA

You're my plus one.

ERIN

(now by Lisa)

What about Ray?

LISA

Couldn't get a sitter.

ERIN

Wow, I feel special.

LISA

Shut up and pout.

Lisa holds up her phone and takes a selfie with Erin. They both pose for the ultimate Instaworthy pic, then review it.

LISA (CONT'D)

Perfect.

ERIN

I suppose.

Lisa hikes up her fitted dress to reveal her pale slim legs in green diamante heels and gets in the car. Erin puts her broom in the back and hikes her black dress up to reveal laddered tights and Doc Marten's to join her.

INT./EXT. LISA'S CAR - EVENING

Erin's hat squishes against the car roof. She flips down the mirrored sun visor to adjust her wig and check her make-up.

Lisa tugs her bra, finds a red lipstick tucked by her side boob, and paints her defined thin freckle-framed lips in the rear view mirror. Erin growls as her spanks roll down.

LISA

Take them off, you don't need them.

ERIN

(hikes her spanx back up)

Trust me. I do.

Lisa drives. Erin gets her phone out and scrolls.

LISA

You're not checking on her already?

ERIN

Ordering Kyle a pizza, I feel bad.

LISA

Ah, the manly equivalent of flowers.

(looks uneasy)

Maybe order it for later? You know, when Daisy's settled for the night?

ERIN

Good plan. 13-inches enough?

LISA

You tell me, love. I'm sure anything could fit up your twat right now.

ERIN

My vagina's just fine thanks. I think.

LISA

No sex yet?

ERIN

No. I mean, the idea of sticking anything back up there seems horrific. And, then there's the breast milk.

LISA

Ah, the milk squirting, I remember it well.

ERIN
How did you and Ray deal with it?

LISA
Honestly? He liked it.

ERIN
Please tell me he didn't drink it?

LISA.
No. Definitely not... Well, a little.
We just, kind of, went with it.

ERIN
Ew, that's not a good image.

LISA
Fine. Let's change the subject... How
are things with you?

ERIN
I'm okay, I guess. I miss the outside
world. And, apparently my tits smell.

Lisa leans in to sniff them.

LISA
Fruity. How's Daisy?

ERIN
Adorable. Constantly shitting,
sleeping or screaming, what about you?

LISA
Same.

They laugh. Erin confirms the pizza order for 11pm. Lisa stops at traffic lights. A group of students in togas and Halloween accessories cross the road in collective tipsy joy.

ERIN
Do you ever miss it?

LISA
What?

ERIN
University.

LISA
Not really, no.

ERIN
Shit, sorry.

LISA
It is what it is, you know? No regrets... And Kyle, how's he coping?

ERIN
He's okay. I think. If anything I think he's better at this than me. I just miss him, you know? I miss us.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. THE QUAYS, MANCHESTER - EVENING

SUPER 1: LIFE BEFORE BABY. 5 NOVEMBER 2008

SUPER 2: TOGETHER: 2 MONTHS. RELATIONSHIP STATUS: EXCLUSIVE

The artificial lights from the restaurants and bars reflect on the water of a very busy Quayside complex.

INT. WATERFRONT RESTAURANT, THE QUAYS - EVENING

Kyle and Erin are crammed into a table by the patio door of a busy restaurant. Erin in a polka-dot skater dress and leggings with Doc Marten's. Kyle with an open tartan shirt over a band print tee and black jeans with Converse.

KYLE
I'm sorry.

ERIN
What?

KYLE
(louder)
I said. I'm sorry! I thought this would be romantic.

ERIN
It is.

KYLE
Really?

ERIN
No, but it's the thought that counts.

KYLE
That's what disappointed people say.

ERIN
Honestly, it was a nice idea.

A guy behind Erin shoves out his seat, which jars into her back. The same guy brushes past Kyle to go outside.

KYLE
Shall we get out of here?

ERIN
Absolutely.

They avoid the crowds and head straight out the patio door.

EXT. OUTDOOR SEATING AREA - EVENING

Kyle climbs over the barrier that surrounds the outside area, and turns to help Erin. She's already climbed over. The barriers buckle and start to fall like a stack of dominoes.

SECURITY GUARD
Oi!

KYLE
Shit. Run!

Kyle and Erin run towards the waterfront. The security guard decides not to bother and starts hiking the barriers back up.

EXT. WATERFRONT, THE QUAYS - EVENING

Giggling from the rush of the chase, they run out of view behind a block of flats by a coastal path with benches.

KYLE
(grabs Erin from behind)
Gotcha!

Erin giggles and pulls Kyle towards a hidden nook in the building wall. They kiss with sexually charged intensity against the wall. Kyle stops, pulls back and looks at her.

ERIN
What?

KYLE
I think... I'm falling for you.

ERIN
I... Well, I'm --

KYLE
(playfully)
Here we go.

ERIN
I'm really hungry.

KYLE
Me too... Okay.

Kyle guides her to the nearest bench by the water.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Wait here.

Kyle leaves. Erin sits on the bench, looks out at the water.

INT. RIVERSIDE BENCH, KINGSTON, UK - SUNSET - FLASHBACK

SUPER: 2 YEARS AGO. LIFE BEFORE KYLE

Erin, at 28 with her natural brown curls, sits on a bench and looks out over the water. LIAM (35) a stocky unkempt bearded guy, approaches and sits next to her. They remain distant as they search for words, until eventually Liam speaks.

LIAM
I'm not sure what you want me to say.

ERIN
I just... want to understand. How can you go from loving me so deeply to --

LIAM
(turns to face her)
I never stopped loving you Erin.

ERIN
Then why? Why are you giving up on me?

LIAM
I'm tired Erin. I'm tired of not being enough. Of never quite reaching your expectations... It's exhausting.

ERIN
That's not fair. I just wanted to --

LIAM
Wanted to what? Change me? Mould me into the perfect man?

ERIN

I never needed you to be anyone else
Liam, I love you. I just wanted you to
let me in. To let go of whatever --

LIAM

Enough Erin. I'm done. I can't be that
guy for you. I really don't have
anything left to say. It's over.
(checks his phone)
I'm going to be late for work.

ERIN

Then be late! This is our marriage.

LIAM

No Erin, this was always your
marriage... I've got to go.

ERIN

Liam, please... stay.

Liam gets up and leaves. Erin keeps her tears prisoner and
freezes on the spot as she watches the ripples on the water.

EXT. WATERFRONT - THE BENCH - EVENING - BACK TO PRESENT

Erin's eyes glaze over as she watches the ripples water,
overwhelmed with the emotional memory and fear. She leaves.

EXT. ON STREET, SALFORD - EVENING

Like a man on a mission to make a bold declaration of love,
Kyle frantically searches for somewhere to get food. He
eventually finds a chip shop. The only place without a queue.

INT. CHIP SHOP, SALFORD - EVENING

A typical chippy with grease lathered blue and white tiles,
out of date posters and nowhere to sit. Kyle's out of breath.

CHIP SHOP GUY

Yes, mate.

KYLE

Two large portions of chips please...
and a couple of those sausages...
Everyone likes sausages, right?

CHIP SHOP GUY

Drinks?

Ray, the 31 year-old barman from Kyle and Erin's first encounter, queues behind Kyle. A distressed black denim jacket clings tightly over Ray's faded tee and cargo-pants.

KYLE

Yeah, er, two cokes... I think.

RAY

Go for the fruity one.

Kyle turns to discover Ray behind him.

RAY (CONT'D)

And I'd go for the fish cake. No girl wants a sausage on a first date.

KYLE

(to the chip shop guy)

Sorry, can I switch one to a --

The chip shop guy returns the one remaining sausage.

KYLE (CONT'D)

(to Ray)

Thanks mate.

Kyle hands the chip shop guy change and starts to leave.

CHIP SHOP GUY

Hi Ray, what can I get you?

RAY

Large chips please mate... and I'll have that sausage.

(to Kyle by the door)

Good luck on your first date.

Kyle doesn't notice Ray's motive to nab the last sausage.

KYLE

It's not a first date.

RAY

Good. You can do better than chips.

KYLE

Yeah, I suppose, but I think we're past all that bullshit, you know?

RAY

Nice. Just don't get her pregnant.
There's so much shit, trust me.

Kyle nods and leaves. Ray checks his phone, it's a message from LISA that reads: HE PISSED ALL OVA ME AGAIN. NEED 2 JUMP IN THE SHOWER WHEN UR BACK. BRING CHOCOLATE! [CRYING EMOJI]

INT. LISA & RAY'S FLAT - NURSERY - EVENING

Lisa, at 21, with frizzy ginger unkempt hair, keeps one hand on JACK (1) on the changing table. Using the other hand, she strips off her pee drenched clothes.

In her underwear, Lisa holds Jack close, sees the state of herself in a mirror, and sobs.

EXT. WATERFRONT, THE QUAYS - SUNSET

Kyle's back at the bench and Erin's gone. He slumps on the bench defeated and stares out to the water.

In the distance Erin walks back, she smiles at the sight of Kyle looking dejected... maybe he does really like her.

ERIN

(joins Kyle on the bench)
Sorry, I really needed to pee.

Kyle's posture immediately lifts.

ERIN (CONT'D)

And, for what it's worth. I think I'm
falling for you too.

They kiss gently. Kyle places one hand on her neck, the other on her face. Erin mirrors. They touch foreheads for a moment. At that moment fireworks go off over the waterfront quay.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Fireworks? It's a bit much, but I
appreciate the gesture.

KYLE

Don't look at me.

ERIN

Shit, that's it. It's Fireworks Night,
that's why the restaurant was so busy.

KYLE

So, what you're saying is, it wasn't my fault.

ERIN

Well, I wouldn't go that far, But this is much better anyway.

KYLE

Well, it's about to get better.

Kyle gives Erin her chips and fruity drink.

ERIN

Thank fuck.

(opens the fruity drink)

Love these.

Kyle smiles to himself as they both open up their chip paper. Erin snuggles in to Kyle as he prepares to bite his sausage.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Can I have a bite?

KYLE

You don't like your fish cake?

ERIN

Not a fan, no.

KYLE

I knew it.

Kyle breaks the sausage in two and gives her half.

ERIN

Can you promise me something?

KYLE

Oh God, what?

ERIN

It's silly really.

KYLE

No, go on.

ERIN

Well, the restaurant. The fishcake, okay maybe not the fishcake. But, like, don't do what you THINK I want.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Do what feels right for you, for us,
you know? Let's do our thing, our way.
No conformed ideals. No expectations.

KYLE

I think I can do that.

ERIN

Sausage promise?

They tap their halves of the sausage.

KYLE

Sausage promise.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT./EXT. LISA'S CAR - NIGHT

SUPER 1: LIFE AFTER BABY. HALLOWEEN 2014.

Lisa drives into the pub car park and parks up.

LISA

Right, we're here.

ERIN

Your work party is at our pub?

They hike their dresses accordingly and get out of the car.

EXT. PUB CAR PARK - NIGHT

In the car park of a small community pub, Lisa tugs her dress back down and uses the wing mirror to check her face. Erin adjusts her bra and spansks in the car window reflection.

LISA

Well, no.

ERIN

What have you done?

LISA

You'll see.

ERIN

Oh God, this isn't one of those
intervention type thingy's is it?

LISA
Intervention for what?

ERIN
I don't know, eating too much cake? Is that a thing?

LISA
Just grab your little broomstick... is that the same broomstick from uni?

ERIN
No, but don't tell Kyle. He thinks it's symbolism for his lasting libido.

LISA
To be fair he isn't getting any, so maybe it was the broom.

ERIN
Fuck. You really think so?

LISA
No, you nobhead. Right, you ready?

ERIN
Ready for what?

Lisa starts walking towards the pub. Erin, now desperate for a pee, follows behind fast, keen to get to the toilet.

ACT II

INT. "THE OLD ABBEY TAPHOUSE" PUB, MANCHESTER - NIGHT

Black and red petals on the floor create a scattered path towards the pub garden.

In the distance a guitarist plays a 2008 hit SEX ON FIRE by KINGS OF LEON. The same song that played when they first met.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Seriously, Lisa. What's happening?

Lisa shrugs, gets out her phone and videos Erin. As Erin walks along the path she can see the glow of fairy lights.

EXT. PUB GARDEN - NIGHT

The garden looks like a warped Halloween fairytale. Kyle's at the end of the petal path in a suit, next to the guitarist.

ERIN

Kyle, why are you here? Where's Daisy?

KYLE

Don't worry, she's with Elaine.

ELAINE

Hi, Darling.

ERIN

Mum?

Erin turns to see her mum ELAINE (58) in a tie dye kaftan with Daisy asleep in her pram.

A small crowd of Halloween clad friends behind her. Together, they do a whispered cheer.

FAMILY & FRIENDS

Surprise.

Lisa joins Ray, now 37 and dressed as shit Jack Sparrow, and their son JACK (7) with fuzzy hair and a matching pirate costume. Erin looks at Lisa who tearfully blows her a kiss.

ERIN

I don't understand.

Kyle whips off his suit down to just boxers and braces, takes off her witch's hat, grabs her broom and poses as he did years ago. Erin tries to fix her exposed hat hair.

KYLE

I know you always said you didn't want to do things like everyone else, but I love you so much. And, I want our little family to be official...

For Erin everything blurs. The faces of her family and friends expectantly watching her spin as though she's inside a spin cycle of expectation. Kyle voice continues.

KYLE (V.O.)

I want to ride this broomstick and shout from the rooftops that you're mine. And I know that together we --

ERIN

Kyle.

KYLE

can do anything. Overcome anything. And I thought what better way to do it than on Halloween.

ERIN

Kyle stop.

The spinning stops. Everyone gasps, she's going to say no.

ERIN (CONT'D)

I really need to pee.

KYLE

Are you sure it can't wait?

ERIN

Sorry, babe I have to run.

Erin leaves, the guitarist stops. Kyle turns to the crowd.

KYLE

Erm, she'll be right back.

Tracy, now 26, her natural Baby Spice beauty overshadowed by heavy make-up and a sexy maid costume, takes a picture of Kyle on her phone. It makes a flash sound.

Everyone looks at Tracy. She's admires the photo.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

An emotional Erin stumbles through the pub. She bumps into a bar stool and holds herself steady for a moment.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. PUB, PORTSMOUTH - NIGHT

SUPER: LIFE BEFORE KYLE

Erin (24) and Liam (31) are perched on bar stools, tipsy. They down another round of shots.

LIAM

Okay, okay. Truth or dare?

ERIN

Fuck it... Truth. Hit me.

LIAM

Do you love me?

ERIN

Yawn! Yes... next.

Liam gets on one knee and looks up to Erin on the stool.

LIAM

Do you love me this much?

ERIN

Very funny.

Liam produces a ring and holds it up to her.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Shit... You're serious?

LIAM

Deadly... Erin, will you do me the honour of being my wife?

ERIN

Really? You're going to say it like that? Not will you marry --

LIAM

Jesus woman, my knee is killing me.

ERIN
 Sorry, yes... yes!

Liam stands and picks her up to straddle him. They kiss.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Erin shoves the bar stool aside and rushes to the toilets.

INT. PUB BATHROOM - TOILET CUBICLE - MOMENTS LATER

Erin has a piss and sobs at the memory. She calms herself, wipes her gothic made-up eyes and rubs her sore boobs.

She stares blankly at the toilet door, covered in marker pen scribbles, and narrows in on a drawn heart with a sausage through it, that reads: SAUSAGE PROMISE.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. PUB BATHROOM - NIGHT

Inside the same toilet cubicle, the drawn sausage heart has gone and the sound of muffled loud music can be heard.

SUPER 1: LIFE BEFORE BABY. 5TH DECEMBER 2008

SUPER 2: TOGETHER: 3 MONTHS. RELATIONSHIP STATUS: IN LURVE

The music gets louder as the bathroom door opens.

KYLE (O.S.)
 What are you doing?

ERIN (O.S.)
 Just go with it.

The cubicle door slams open. Kyle and Erin stumble in passionately kissing. At a university "white t-shirt social", they're both in white t-shirts covered in marker pen writing.

Kyle rips open Erin's shirt. Erin tears off his. Kyle expertly drops his trousers and lifts her against the wall.

The music gets louder as the bathroom door opens. They freeze in position. The same 'sexy maid' Tracy, now 20, enters with AMY (20), both in white t-shirts with marker pen writing.

AMY
 I can't believe you kissed that guy.

TRACY

Which one? Oh, the little guy?

In the cubicle Erin and Kyle are still frozen in position.

ERIN

(whispers)

Charlie?

AMY (O.S.)

What were you thinking?

TRACY (O.S.)

He's cute.

KYLE

(quietly to Erin)

To be fair, he is cute.

AMY (O.S.)

Did you hear that?

TRACY (O.S.)

What?

Erin gestures for Kyle to move, he climbs on the loo seat to hide his feet. She perches between his legs, as though on the loo. The music gets louder and quieter again.

SARAH (O.S.)

(by the open toilet door)

Tracy, you need to get out here, Brett just found out you kissed Charlie.

TRACY

But I really need a piss... fine.

Kyle and Erin try not to giggle. The girls all leave.

ERIN

Gotta love a Tracy.

Neither of them know Tracy at this point, aside from the brief moment Kyle met her at the student union. Kyle gets down. Erin spots an empty space on the door, grabs a pen from her pocket and bends over in front of Kyle.

KYLE

Now you're talking.

ERIN
Stop it. I'm trying to focus.

KYLE
What are you doing?

Erin draws the sausage arrowed heart.

ERIN
Just marking the occasion.

KYLE
What occasion?

ERIN
Stand on the loo, and you'll find out.

INT. PUB BATHROOM - LATER

Tracy returns to pee. Kyle towers above the cubicle as Erin gives him a blow job. As he reaches a climax, Kyle's eyes open and lock with Tracy's gaze... she likes it. His pleased groans turn into a distressed shriek. Tracy leaves.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. PUB GARDEN - NIGHT

SUPER: RELATIONSHIP STATUS: IT'S COMPLICATED

Kyle's slouched in a corner booth, a ring box in one hand, while he writes notes on a napkin with the other. Ray brings Kyle a cold pint and his suit jacket.

RAY
Here you go mate.

KYLE
Thanks.

RAY
So, that went well.

KYLE
She's just in the loo.

RAY
Sure, sure.

Jack runs up behind Ray with Lisa following close-behind.

JACK
Daddy, can we eat the sausages?

RAY
They're for later, Jack.

KYLE
It's okay. He can have a sausage.

Jack runs over to the buffet of a bizarre range of sausages. Ray and Lisa share a look of concern.

LISA
I'll go check on her.

INT. PUB BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

LISA
Erin, you in here?

Erin sobs. In the next cubicle Lisa climbs on the loo.

LISA (CONT'D)
Oh honey, what's going on?

ERIN
He was going to propose wasn't he?

LISA
Well... yes.

Lisa goes to the mirror to fix her hair and make-up. Erin battles with her spanx and leaves the cubicle.

ERIN
It was just a lot, you know?

LISA
Yep, that's Kyle.

ERIN
I was ready for my first night out.
Getting pissed, dancing like idiots.

LISA
Speak for yourself.

ERIN
You know what I mean.

LISA

I know, but we can do that anytime.
This is huge, Erin.

ERIN

Yes, it is. But Lisa, I just, well --

Lisa nabs her lipstick out of her bra to redo her lips.

LISA

I know you don't like the idea of
marriage, but you have a baby and --

ERIN

I'm married.

Lisa slips with her lipstick onto her face.

LISA

Shit... does Kyle --

ERIN

No. I just didn't see the point. We're
separated, we just never quite got
divorced. You know I'm shit at admin.

LISA

It's not a fucking phone bill, Erin?

ERIN

I have to tell him, don't I?

LISA

He has to know.

ERIN

Okay. I'll tell him.

Erin looks in the mirror at her now tear smudged make-up.

LISA

Want me to fix your witchy face?

ERIN

Yes please.

INT. PUB GARDEN - NIGHT

Kyle has finished his pint. Ray takes the empty glasses and leaves to go to the bar. Tracy hikes up her boobs, nabs a Frankfurter sausage from the buffet and approaches Kyle.

TRACY
 (holds out the sausage)
 Hungry?

KYLE
 (takes the sausage)
 Thanks.

Tracy sits opposite him with a full glass of wine.

TRACY
 I know this probably isn't the best
 time, or maybe it is? I just want you
 to know that I think you're --

Kyle looks at the sausage and smiles at Tracy, she blushes.

KYLE
 That's it.

Kyle opens the ring box, puts the engagement ring on the
 sausage and leaves with it. Tracy, gulps down her wine.

INT. PUB BAR - NIGHT

Kyle rushes past Ray at the bar holding two full pints.

RAY
 Where are you going?

KYLE
 To finally give her that sausage.

Kyle carefully places the ring-bearing sausage in his boxers.

KYLE (CONT'D)
 How do I look?

RAY
 Ridiculous.

KYLE
 Perfect.

INT. PUB BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lisa's uses the hand-dryer to shoosh volume into Erin's hair.
 Erin checks out the result in the mirror.

ERIN
 Why have I never done that before?

Kyle bursts into the bathroom dramatically.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Kyle! What are you doing?

KYLE
Just go with it.

Kyle leads Erin into the toilet cubicle. Lisa leaves.

ERIN
I'm not really in the mood, babe.

KYLE
Erin, six years ago we made a promise,
and I know that, what I did tonight...
Well, I broke that promise.

ERIN
No, it was me. It was just a shock.
There's something I --

KYLE
No, it was me. The petals, your
friends and family. I know you hate
that shit...

ERIN
I do. But I need to --

KYLE
But then I realised. This right
here... this is us.

ERIN
A toilet.

KYLE
Our toilet. So, Erin...

Kyle lifts her up to stand on the toilet seat.

KYLE (CONT'D)
You're my person, there's no-one else
I'd want to share my sausage with.

Kyle removes the ring-bearing sausage from his boxers.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Will you do me the honour of
nibbling my sausage?

Erin laughs and cries happy tears.

ERIN

Yes.

KYLE

Yes?

ERIN

Yes, I'll nibble your sausage.

She takes the sausage, Kyle climbs up to join her on the toilet seat and they kiss. Tracy appears as she did six years ago at the bathroom door to see them kissing.

KYLE

And, marry me? You got that bit right?

ERIN

Yes, I got it.

Tracy leaves. Kyle gets down and lifts Erin down. Erin puts the ring on and looks at the sausage.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Was this in your boxers?

KYLE

Yep.

ERIN

I'm gonna pass on the nibble.

KYLE

That's okay, there's plenty more where that came from.

Erin looks with concern down at his boxers.

KYLE (CONT'D)

You'll see.

INT. PUB GARDEN - NIGHT

Kyle and Erin return to their friends and family.

KYLE

She said yes!

Erin waves her left hand with the ring on, everyone cheers and surrounds them. Lisa feigns excitement.

SUPER: RELATIONSHIP STATUS: FUCKING ENGAGED!

Baby Daisy cries, Erin instinctively rushes over but her mum Elaine swoops in and picks Daisy up.

ERIN

I'm just going to feed her quick.

ELAINE

I've got this, just enjoy your moment.

ERIN

I really don't mind.

ELAINE

Darling, you just got engaged.

ERIN

I did, didn't I?

ELAINE

I'll take this one home.

Erin kisses Daisy. Elaine starts to leave, then looks back.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

You know how I feel about marriage, especially after... you know. But if you're happy, I'm happy... are you?

At the buffet table, Kyle unveils a tiered sausage creation.

ERIN

Yes, I think I am.

ELAINE

Then that's all that matters. And, if it fails you can get another divorce.

ERIN

Great, thanks Mum.

Elaine gives Erin a forehead kiss and leaves with Daisy.

Lisa moves next to Erin. They watch Kyle celebrate with their friends. Lisa leans in and speaks through a smile.

LISA

Now what?

ERIN

Can you get some time off work?

LISA

Time off, why would I --

ERIN

We're going to Portsmouth.

LISA

Portsmouth?

Kyle comes over and drags Erin towards the buffet table. Lisa gulps her drink. Ray joins her.

RAY

Well, that was... eventful.

LISA

You're telling me.

Lisa finishes her drink and holds out the empty glass to Ray. Ray leaves to go to the bar.

Erin takes a sausage from the tiered sausage creation, breaks it in half and gives the other half to Kyle.

EXT. BEHIND THE PUB - NIGHT

By the pub bins, Tracy swigs from a bottle of Champagne.

TRACY

Congratufuckinglations. I hope you'll be fucking happy... you beautiful, beautiful... asshole.

She slumps to the floor and scrolls her phone contacts: TALL BARMAN, FIREMAN, BIG FEET, until she dials THE LITTLE GUY.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Charlie? Oh... You're probably busy with your beautiful wife and kids or something. Why wouldn't you be? You were a catch. My Umpa Lumpa lover... I miss your... Shit, I need more wine.

INT. CHARLIE'S PENTHOUSE FLAT - NIGHT

Charlie, now 26 with a distinct air of confidence, returns home from work in his expensive suit. He takes an expensive bottle of red from the wine rack and pours a glass.

A VOICEMAIL RECEIVED alert shows on his phone on the enameled lava top kitchen counter. No wife and kids, Charlie is a dinky but dishy eligible bachelor.

EXT. PUB GARDEN - NIGHT

Kyle beckons for Jack to throw a sausage in his mouth, it hits Erin. She feigns shock, then throws one back. A sausage fight breaks out. It's sausage carnage.

Tracy stumbles in, a sausage lands in her cleavage, she eats it. Ray appears from the bar.

RAY

(shouts)

Okay, okay, you lot. Hold fire!

Everyone turns. Sausages fly at Ray's face.

RAY (CONT'D)

Finished? So, there's no Champagne.

(everyone boos and hisses)

So, we're gonna do some shots!

(reveals bottle of Sambuca)

Everyone cheers, except Erin. Kyle looks at Erin pleadingly.

ERIN

Fuck it. I'll just pump and dump.

KYLE

I love it when you talk dirty.

ERIN

Shut up and get me a shot.

MONTAGE:

- They all drink shots. Lisa, Ray, Kyle and Erin group hug
- Tracy drunkenly rides the broom and passes out in a booth
- Everyone circles Ray and little Jack breakdancing together
- Lisa and Erin finally get to dance together
- Ray and Lisa slow dance. Jack sleeps under Ray's coat
- Erin posts a loved up selfie with Kyle on Facebook

INT. TRAIN, LONDON TO PORTSMOUTH - NIGHT

On his way home from a long shift, Liam scrolls Facebook on his phone. He lands on Erin's post. Liam zooms in on the picture of them happy and stares out of the window wearily.

TRAIN ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
The next stop is Portsmouth &
Southsea. Please mind the gap between
the train and platform edge.

INT. PUB GARDEN - NIGHT

Many of the guests have left. Kyle and Erin sexy slow dance on the dancefloor. Kyle whispers in her ear, they sneak off.

INT. PUB BATHROOM - LATER

Kyle and Erin fall into their toilet cubicle kissing. He peels off her dress. She defiantly removes her spanx. Kyle drops his boxers and victoriously holds up a condom. They finally have sex for the first time since having a baby.

INT. PUB BATHROOM - LATER

Outside the cubicle, milk is seen spraying everywhere.

INT. PUB BATHROOM - LATER

In their drunken state, Erin fumbles with her spanx and falls into Kyle, who drops the used condom. Erin picks it up.

ERIN
Oh, shit.

They share a glare of mutual concern.

ERIN (CONT'D)
The pizza.

Kyle's both relieved and confused.

INT. ERIN & KYLE'S HOUSE - LIVING AREA - NIGHT

In the glare of the TV, Elaine's slouched on the sofa eating the 13-inch pizza. Watching a rom com, her eyes water at the romantic scene before her, as she swigs the cold can of beer.

THE END