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Adult Life Skills

By Rachel Tunnard

This is Houston,
we're about to lose radio contact.
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we're about to lose radio contact.
This is Houston,
we're about to lose radio contact.
This is Houston,
we're about to lose radio contact.
Wake up.
Wake up.
- Wake up!
- Wot?
- I can't sleep.
- For fuck's sake.
We've lost communication now,
if I can't communicate
with people I love...
what does that mean?
Peace and quiet?
Do I exist?
- O my God
- Do you believe in God?
For fuck's sake wot time is it?
Are we going to crash into the sun?
Probably.
Like Icarus.
Uh no,
Icarus' downfall was due to hubris.
Wot?
Excessive pride.
I wonder what my downfall is?
Being a dick.
Are you making a video?
No.
I can see the laptop screen...
Get to bed.
You looked like death
warmed up, earlier.
Marion, have you looked
in the mirror lately?
Stay out of this, Mum.
There's a hair on your chin
I could swing on.
What you lookin'?

Oh, fuckin' 'ell!
Ahh
Anna!
Get out!
I'm late!
I don't care!
Didn't you used to live in a commune?
Yeah, but we didn't shower together!
Anna!
Ohhh my God!
Is it too much to ask for you to get
dressed before you leave the house?
I haven't left the house.
If you two don't get out
of here in five seconds...
I will pull back this curtain.
Oh my God, what is that?
Mom!
Five...
Four...
There is post for you.
Three...
I don't care.
Two...
Can we have a chat about
your birthday tonight, please?
One!
Oh my God, Mom!
It is said
That you cannot be found
Under rocks or broken skull
I will lay down
I will lay down
I can be found
beneath the rose
beneath the rose
Alone
Safe to say
That I'll never be found
Broken bones holding loose
You will be crowned
You will be crowned
Queen of all
you have found

you have found
Alone
Sorry!
You look like you're lactating.
Need to be avin' sex for that.
Is work interfering with
Maggie's sun-tanning regime?
Don't ask... she phoned me at half-seven
to tell me about her fungal infection
This is not the week for her
to be off sick.
Wots with "moles"?
Alfy said she wants to keep a record of
how many new ones comin' up each day.
Why?
Somethin' about old people trippin' over.
'Scuse me, ladies...
I've just found this outside.
Sometimes I wish the
suffragettes hadn't bothered.
Hiya!
Hiya.
You're runnin' a bit late for
work aren't ya?
My boss is away this week,
I've got the office to myself.
Ah, you lucky git.
Ta.
I've got somethin' for you.
Shit!
Ah.
It had arms and a face.
Oh.
I was gonna text a photo to you
but I thought if it was just a photo
you wouldn't believe it,
I could've just googled it.
So I thought I'd bring it to you
but now I'm just standing here holding
what looks like an old man's dick.
How's the book goin'?
Yeah, it's good.
What's it about again?
It's about a cat who goes away

and then...
they think, "Where's the cat gone?"
but the cat
Are you the cat?
No, I'm not the cat.
Have you been washin' up?
Got a wet bra on.
I thought you dip 'em in your tea.
Domain is due to Expire
Domain is due to Expire
Ladies and gentlemen...
Who are we?
Let's start at the very beginning.
Billy and Anna are twins
who grew up in the
arse end of nowhere.
Yorkshire!
Yorkshire!
They spent their days as any
radicals on the fringes of society would...
Dressing up as TV detectives
from the 1970s.
And imagining they were in the "A Team".
In 1972, a crack commando unit was
sent to prison by a military court.
It was a happy time
where dreams of the future were forged.
As far back as I can remember
I always wanted to be
Give me a break!
As far back as I can remember
I always wanted to be
You gotta be kiddin'
As far back as I can remember
I always wanted to
After narrowly avoiding being beaten up
their Nan explained a painful home truth...
"It's a thin line between being
a maverick artistic genius..."
David Hasselhoff
"...and just some asshole
that everyone finds annoying." Bono
Astonished by the insight of this advice
the twins forged a creative

- vision to help others.

- Anna!

And thus... "How to Live..."

Stick the kettle on.

Do you know what

happened to the microwave?

No.

Whose is that?

Here she is now.

Anna, this is my new hairdresser...

Luke.

She didn't always look this bedraggled.

Ah, I think you look great.

Clearly blind Luke, I've still got spots
and I'm starting getting gray hair as well.

Sorry.

Don't be like that,
don't walk off.

It's...

He's come to give you a nice haircut.

That's brilliant, Mum, but I'm busy.

Sorry, Luke.

Anna!

You're being rude.

Got work to do!

Wha, what are you busy doing Anna? I hope
you're not making them bloody film videos.

I'm not.

You look like a homeless teenager.

Should have a dog and
a piece of string.

Some men like women who
haven't made an effort.

You don't look like you
haven't made an effort...

you look like

you can't afford to.

You want to have a go at me as well?

What do you think about my haircut?

Shit, right?

Mmm, it's not as bad as the one that's
immortalized in your passport
where your gender's in question.

Anna!

I'm actually trying to do something
constructive for your welfare.
Bon Jovi's still here.
Don't shut the door on me
we've not finished.
Anna.
Anna... just come and have a cup o' tea.
I'm workin'.
Oh yeah.
Mum!
Mum!
Calm down, Marion.
Don't tell me to calm down,
this can't go on!
Why not?
18 months in a shed is too much.
Says who?
Let's not row now, please.
You said you'd be out by now.
I didn't, you decided I would be.
You need to get on with things, Anna,
you're going to be 30 next week.
Get on with what, get a new boyfriend?
Well, yeah!
If it stops you moping about
making them bloody film videos
I'm not moping.
Hang on, Marion
Oh fine, you talk to her.
Anna...
What your Mum's trying to say
It's not normal
livin' in my shed at your age.
Well, you live with your Mum
and you're well old.
She just means it's time you
started doing things again, Sweetheart.
You can move into the house.
I'm not doin' that.
Look...
Let's start again.
What you Mum means is
you're not really livin' right now.
I mean...

when I was your age
I would's't have an adventure.
Oh geez,
she doesn't need a bloody adventure.
Anna, you need to move on, I...
I think we need to get you
a nice flat nearby.
- Good luck with that.
- I mean it.
I want you out of that shed
by your birthday. This ends now!
(Luke clears throat)
Do you...? ummm...
want me to look at your hair?
Password Incorrect
Password Incorrect
Password Incorrect
And you lost sight on me
Whilst the wind it blows so holy
As if I disappeared
To thin, breathless air,
Drinking, bittersweet
And sometimes it seems
That you lost sight
on me
Anna, are you up?
Anna?
I was thinkin'...
uh...
should we go to a show for your birthday?
(? garbled ?) at the Civic.
Could be fun.
Well we should book it now if you fancy it
and maybe to a restaurant
or something af...
Anna.
No.
It's still your birthday you know.
Were you up all night watching
"Grease" on the telly?
No.
Were you?
My mom had it on.
Oh aye.

My Mum had it on.
She did!
Have you seen "Grease"?
Yeah.
At the end of the film...
He turns up in a white coat
like dressed like her...
and she turns up in black...
dressed like him.
And they look at each other.
And then...
He just takes of his coat
like yeah, we'll dress like me then.
There's not even a discussion like maybe
they could dress like her !
Like I know it's the 50s
but that is everyday sexism gone mad.
That's 21.
How'd you know that?
I like counting.
If we were ancient greeks
I'd be like Apollo, like all rational and
and ordered
and a bit anal about everything
but you would be like...
exciting and arty like Dionysus.
Huh.
Dionysus is the good one.
Most people want to be Dionysus.
Bye.
- Alice, you did Classics right?
- Yeah.
Who were Dionysi?
You're a sex-obsessed (? pisser ?). You
shouldn't personify the moles, you know.
Hello Kid's Club.
Take the hat off.
We need to take the hat off, Darling.
Please do not use the oars as weapons.
I repeat. Do not use the oars as weapons.
(? Tom ?) you little shit
you're driving me mad.
The mikes still on!
Fuckin' hell!

You tryin' to kill me?
Marion, have you got my cup of tea?
Marion?
It's next door's daughter
and her little boy.
I guess that means there's not long now.
(Renew Automatically)
(Thanks for renewing your website, Billy!)
Taadaa!
Hi!
When did you get back?
Yesterday.
Got to wait to two weeks for
my flat so I'd come home.
Get my sister to do my washing.
Show off my tan.
How are you feelin'?
Yeah, good!
Bit jet-lagged.
Menstruating like a walrus but...
nothin' new there.
Fuckin' hell you livin' in here?
Yeah, I just needed some space.
There's not a lot of space in here!
My God, do you remember when you, me,
and Billy used to make dens in here?
and your Mum would turn off the electricity
to get us to go in for our tea?
God it's so weird being back.
Can't get used to it.
It's being in the sun every day...
I've been really good about
wearing suncream though so...
I don't think I've got any skin damage.
Hi, Patrick.
How are you?
Yeah, you're right, I have lost weight.
So...
I've got something for you.
You're gonna be 30!
What we gonna do for it then?
Nuthin'.
Awww, we gotta do somethin'.
Why?

Alright, why don't we have a...
Happy Unbirthday Night.
It'd be fun!
You still making your video?
Ah no, I just needed to renew the domain.
Do wanna watch "Rocky"?
Oh, yes!
I've got it downloaded.
I've missed ya.
I missed you.
In a minute.
Hi!
You okay?
- Yeah!
- Your Mum came to the office.
You lookin' for a flat?
O God, my Mum can just fuck off!
I like your badges.
The green one for?
I dunno.
I think we should get badges for
Adult Life Skills...
You know like...
changing a car tire or...
or sewing...
or sending something back
in a restaurant.
Or knitting.
- Is that Brendan Mayer?
- Yeah.
- So when did he move back?
- He's come back to write his masterpiece.
What the hell you wearin'?
Are you lookin' for faces?
Yeah.
You're very good at spottin' them.
Maybe you could get a
badge for looking for faces
Show us your lunch box, Linford!
Hi, Brendan!
How ya doin' ya big sexy beast?
Your buttocks are like
glistening orbs in the morning dew.
Sorry but interrupting is my attempt

to objectifying you.

You do realize Anna's havin'

a piss right now don't ya?.

Can ya not see the steam?

- Ahh God!

- Yeah, maybe give her a tissue or a wet wipe.

(? garbled ?)

I'm so sorry, I'm sorry,

I, so sorry, sorry, sorry, sorry.

In fact,

There are other nettles down there

so be careful there.

You do not want a nettle on your fanny.

You're a bully.

Does he still love the Spice Girls?

Ah, leave him alone.

He's a lot taller than I remember,

not that actually means anything.

I googled this after a very

disappointing encounter

with a basketball

player in Koh Samui.

Apparently it has nothing to do with

height, or feet, or anything like that.

There were these guys,

Korean guys,

and basically they measured them

and they found out it's all

to do with the

second and fourth digit?

So the key is look at a guy's hand.

You need to listen to me.

Wait!

You need to listen otherwise

you're gonna end up with some nice guy

whose got a broad digital ratio

and your vagina's never gonna forgive ya.

So you've already bumped

into the prodigal one?

Hey, what are ya doin' 'ere?

Ummm

Savin' the day!

I'm helpin' her out with the kid's company

while Maggie's off.

So you've dressed accordingly?

Yes.

That's just not appropriate footwear.

Wot? I'm Miss Scarlett.

This is my contemporary interpretation.

I'm getting into my part

Stanislavski style.

Do you think Stanislavski wore porn shoes?

Uhh, they're your porn shoes.

Oh fuck!

Hang on!

I need you to play the victim.

- Wot?!

- Ha ha!

So you snog anyone then?

Only in a mirror.

Maybe you should become a lesbian.

That sash quite suits you.

D'ya know what I just think?

You need to get 'bout more in touch with yourself.

- You know what, try Yoga,

- Ugh.

- ...meditate, and honestly

- Stop.

- ...when I was on this island

- No. No, no, no, no, no, no, you promised that when you came back you wouldn't be a wanker.

Well...

should've come with me like you were supposed to.

Then you'd be a wanker too.

That doesn't make any sense.

Ahhh, this is takin' ages.

Cuz you're such a fat, fuckin', bitch!

Come on!

Look!

C'mon.

Right!

I want ya... to survey the scene.

Somethin'...

is wrong.

Things... don't add up.
Look at the people.
How are they behavin'?
What are they hidin'?
How...
do they give themselves away?
She's alive, case solved.
It's only a game.
A rubbish one.
Right!
Let's go and interview Miss Scarlett!
Then we're gonna look
at a capsule of information
about the victim.
Come on!
You look like Clint Eastwood.
My name is Clint.
Hmmm, very funny.
Why?
You're serious?
Yeah.
My dad is a cowboy,
blows buildings up with dynamite.
What? Like a re-enacter?
Yeah, and that's what I wanna do
when I grow up.
D'ya wanna see the fastest
gunslinger in the West?
See it?
You didn't do it.
Yeah, I know, it's a joke.
It's not funny.
One.
Four.
Two.
- Four.
- Three.
Four.
Four.
Four.
- Six.
- Four.
- Four. Four. Four.
- Fourteen.

Oh my God, Oh my God, Oh my God,
Oh my God, Oh my God, Oh my God,
Wot the fuck's up with you?
We're gonna hit the sun.
Fuckin' hell.

You need to read "On the Beach".
That sounds nice.

It's the story about some people waitin'
for the arrival of a deadly radiation.

- Wot?

- And how they deal with their impending death.
Oh my God.

They just went on picnics and
did gardening and stuff.

- Wot?!

- Basically, you need a goal... like Rocky.

- Oh my God.

- Rocky trains to win a fight,
and in doing it he regains self respect,
and makes peace with
the person he'll never become.

Adrian says that in "Rocky 3".

When she finally grows a pair.

When she wears that great coral lipstick.

When she's finally given some lines.

When she wears that nice necklace.

What are you doin' you nufter?

You need to look after this little dude cuz
he's drivin' the other kids mental
and Alice is gonna kill him.

Could you stop that?

I'm bored.

Well,

Why 'it you draw her a picture?

I'm not drawin' a picture,
people in the clinic,
see what my feelin's are
doin' inside.

Well, why don't you draw her a flower?

Or a, or a rainbow?

Can I have one of them?

You missed a bit.

You missed another bit.

And there.

Mmm.
Don't say anything.
Wot on Earth have you been doin'?
Honest to...
- Come 'ere.
- Ugh!
Mom!
Ahh, that is rank!
I don't believe it!
How are ya!
You look fantastic!
Doesn't she look well?
Yeah, of course you can.
Mind your fingers.
Your face is so slim now
I can't get over it.
Aw, thanks.
Yeah, I got dysentery
while I was in India.
It was great.
When do you go back to
London and start work?
Well, actually, I gonna
have a bit of a career change.
Yeah?
Yeah, I just got into a really...
energized headspace when I was away.
Yeah, I'm gonna retrain as a coreographer.
You know, got a yoga teacher.
I'm rebootin'.
This is a good time
to make a fresh start.
I think...
Anna's problem is that
her childhood ambition was to be rescued
by David Hasselhoff of "Baywatch".
I wanted to be David Hasselhoff.
If that isn't the cause of an existential
crisis I don't know what is.
Anna needs a way
to motivate herself.
I can hear ya.
Anna's got a way to motivate herself.
Yeah, she just thinks of

Patrick Swayze topless.
Not in "Point Break" though,
that makes me wanna vom.
Why can't you be more like Fiona?
What, go away for 2 years and
shack up with a fat South African?
No, I didn't mean that.
Well, she's just focused, isn't she?
Leave her alone.
Anna's just having a little think
about what she wants.
Aren't ya Anna?
Wot I want is for you to leave me alone.
Right.
Well, I'll leave you alone
while you look 'round this.
Wot?!
I never thought you'd
move back here permanently.
Well you 'ave.
Not permanently.
Only while I write my book.
Wot's that about again?
Changed it now, it's about 'is...
- ...ballet dancer who comes back from...
- That you?
Nn...
Have you actually looked 'round?
Yeah.
It made me want to slit my forehead
and bleed all over the floor.
Honestly.
It's like a contraceptive
made of chipboard and pebbledash.
If she moves in here
her hymen will grow back.
Can we go now?
Why does it always have to be about sex?
'Cuz everything is about sex.
Honestly,
I'm gonna put you on the Internet
and find a Neanderthal that'll blow out
the cobwebs in your...
Nah, I'm not movin' out...

until I've worked out what I'm doin'.
So just back off.
No... no, you said that 5 months ago.
Time's up!
Bye.
See ya.
'Ow do you know what you want in life?
Listen to your heart!
Your heart will tell you what to do.
I can't listen to my heart
it tells me things like...
You like "X-Factor" more
than you care to admit and...
Consider a perm.
I know what I want.
Oh, yeah?
Wot?
A girlfriend.
Well, you're not gonna find one down 'ere.
Come down 'ere and give me a 'and.
I will not come down
until my demands are met!
You'll be waitin' a long time then.
This old guitar...
taught me to sing
a love song.
Taught me how to laugh
and how
to cry.
It introduced me to some
friends of mine and it
brightened up some days.
And helped me make it through
some lonely nights.
A friend to have
on a cold
and lonely night.
Wot're ya doin'?
I'm acceleratin' the cycle of life.
You can't just move them nearby.
They have strong homing instincts.
They'll come back.
I saw it on "Baywatch."
"Spring Watch," Mother.

Whateva.
Stop followin me.
No, he's goin' with ya.
What?!
That's my cowboy home!
Twenty-five.
Twenty-six.
Twenty-seven.
Twenty-eight.
I think I'm gonna be like
you when I'm older.
That's nice.
Why?
Ww it's
It's a nice compliment.
I meant, sad and angry all
the time after my Mum dies.
I'm not sad and angry all the time.
All right, no friends, then.
I've got friends!
All right, livin' with your Nan, then?
If you take your walkie-talkie home
we could talk to each other at night.
How many moles are there?
Twenty-nine.
Hey!
Hey.
How ya doin?
Good.
Nice bike!
Thank you.
How's it goin'?
Good yeah good. Great.
I'm just on my way to the supermarket.
Seven-thirty.
So life is good.
Very precise.
I don't like it when there
are children there.
Yeah.
Naturally, yeah.
Anna's just
gone to the bar to get us a drink,
d'ya wanna join us for a pint?

Uhh no, no you,
I didn't know you were with Anna.
I'll leave you to it.
- Why're you bein' weird?
- I'm not being weird.
- Why are you being weird?
- Oh my God, do you like her?
- No!
- Oh my God, you do !
- I definitely don't.
- I thought you were...
You thought I was what?
Why does everyone think I'm gay?!
I've got a soft voice and I
wore pink shorts once
(? on a Frantic Stage ?)
- and that's all anyone ever remembers.
- Hey Anna!
- See ya later.
- Nice to see ya.
Take it easy.
We're goin' out to a pub on Saturday,
you should come!
Oh my God, I just had the weirdest
conversation with Brendan.
Umph, nuthin' new there.
It's like "The Wicker Man" in there.
It can't be worse than bein' at home.
Honestly, I can really see why
you stay around here, I mean...
it's such a cultured place.
You know, there's so much goin' on.
It's what dreams are all about.
I dream about makin' the perfect lasagna.
Well, that's quite an
achievable dream for like...
seven quid.
- Should have come to Thailand.
- Oh please don't.
- Honestly, I did a Thai cooking class
- Shhhhh!
I can make a Thai curry from scratch.
- Wow.
- Pad Thai.

Egg Fried Rice.

Egg Fried Rice is Chinese.

It was a really
cheap cooking class.

Anna.

Anna?

Anna.

Hello.

Hello?

You kept all the things I threw away
A leaf I picked, a birthday card I made
Holding on to memories of you and me
We didn't last a year
oh

We're just a box of souvenirs
cause

Maybe

I pulled the panic cord

And maybe

you were happy, I was bored
Maybe I wanted you to change
Maybe I'm the one to blame
Maybe

you were just too nice to me
Maybe

it took me way too long to leave
Maybe once we felt the same
Maybe I'm the one to blame
Maybe I'm the one to blame
Maybe I'm the one to blame
How long have we been doing this?
567 days.

We're just doin' the same thng
everyday
all the time and then we'll die.

Fuckin' 'ell, cheer up.

Do you think this makes us like
John McClane in the "Die Hard" films?

- Sisyphus

- Who?

He was condemned to repeat
the same meaningless task.
Pushin' a rock up a mountain,
only to see it roll down again.

- Forever.

- Wot?

We have to imagine he's

bigger than his fate.

Blowin' up this spaceship would mean

that we're bigger than our fate.

- Wot?

- I 'ave no idea wot you're on about.

Albert Camus' "Myth of Sisyphus".

- Is he a goalkeeper?

- Wot?

You need to lighten up.

I think you need to stop listenin'

to that depressing hippie music

and start listenin' to Whitesnake.

"Here I go again on my ooownnn!"

Here ya go, sweetheart.

What?

Clint's stayin' here tonight.

- You're kiddin'!

- His Mum's in hospital.

Oh, look at the state of it.

Can we tidy up please?

Why can't he sleep in the 'ouse?

You don't.

Is this clean?

Is that your brother?

Yeah.

That's Billy.

Is he dead in the photo?

- No!

- He's sunbathin'.

He looks dead.

Was it fun bein' a twin?

She finds it hard to talk about Billy.

The sad bits 'e's dead.

Not talkin' about him.

You left him alone in there?

Oh, grow up.

Where's his Nan?

At the hospital.

Well, where's his Dad?

He's doin' some controlled

demolition somewhere.

I made that for 'im.
Guided meditation for real men
who aren't into hippie shit.
Number 16...
Sheds.
Man!
Wot! ?
Stop wot you are doing.
This is your time.
There's nothin' you have to do now
apart from friggin' rest
Close your eyes.
No one is goin' to hit you.
I.m.m.magine you're in a shed
A shed with adequate shelving.
and nothing touching the ground
where it can get damp.
Or imagine you're building a dam
in a river.
A brilliant dam,
where all the rocks fit together perfectly,
and no bastard water gets through.
Tell me when to start.
Muscle Lady.
Designed for building dams.
We've run out of rocks.
- Got it.
- Yeah.
It's meant to be no
water getting through there
and that basically looks like
most of the water is.
I am a man of many talents.
Take it, take it, take it.
Why did you take it off?
I wanna do a stunt.
Like (? ColCheatahs ?)
Is that you and Billy?
Don't touch my tapes.
They're precious.
Nan made you this.
Have you got a teddy?
No.
Have you got a doll or a lion?

Umm.
Pass us your pillow.
What was that video for?
Nuthin'.
We just thought it were funny.
Why did the pictures stop at the end?
It's not finished.
Are there any more?
Yeah, loads.
We had a website.
We made videos that were like
bad instruction guides
for coping with things in life.
Is this Billy's?
No.
It's mine.
Why have you got your hair in a pot?
It's from just after he died.
Your body's made up of millions of cells
and I read somewhere that
all your cells will be replaced
every few years.
So every day I'm alive
I'm less and less the person
I was when I was with him.
And one day,
there'll be nothing physically
left of me from when he was 'ere.
- So I cut off me hair to put in the pot
- Can we look at the website?
Guided meditation for real men
who aren't into hippie shit, Number 3
Cowboys!
Imagine you're on a horse.
Let's call it Toby!
You're with your mates and they're all...
straight.
And you are drinking beer in a way
that makes women want you.
Gulp.
Gulp.
Gulp.
Where have me shoelaces gone?
This is for you.

- It's God.
- Good morning, wakey wakey.
Eh, you're up.
Right, I've got to get you to the hospital.
Anna, I want all this sorted,
okay we're gonna go see a flat later.
I wanna tell her about the boat
we made at school.
You can tell her about it later,
she's not goin' anywhere.
I'll come round and tell you tonight.
Come on, we'll have a (? rice pat ?)
for your breakfast.
- We're gonna hit the sun in three days.
- Yep.
Have you got a teddy bear?
Uh, no.
They'd give you no comfort now anyway.
- Why?
- Because all teddy bears are nihilists.
The question is existential...
- ...or moral.
- 'Kay, let's go.
The majority have no concept of the self.
So could be considered the former.
But Yogi Bear was a moral nihilist.
Stealin' all those picnics with
no consideration of the consequences.
Anna, I mean it.
That won't help.
Stop being so...
bloody sanctimonious, Mother.
- What you doin'?
- I'm tidying up.
They don't go there.
Sorry, I didn't realize you were
the moral authority on this.
Everyone knows
that you put the mugs on the top shelf.
You line them up between the prongs
not over the prongs,
(? because they chip 'em ?).
Just give it to me.
Don't you write me a job description.

Anna! Get yourself out here,
right now, please!

What should I do with this?

(whispers) Up my ass?

Fuck off.

Anna, I think you should know,
that despite claiming maturity,
your mother,
just mouthed the words,
"Fuck off," to me.

Shut up.

You can't get angry with people for not
behavin' the way you would, Marion.

Only a sociopath would put
mugs on the lower shelf.

I'm not talking about the dishwasher.

Marion, don't lose them both.

You didn't 'ave to do that.

- I'm not nine.

- Well, stop behavin' like it then.

Could you not text and drive?

My life's in your hands.

You're assuming I'm not
trying to kill you, Marion.

Council toilet block looks
salubrious by comparison.

Have you got anything else we can look at?
Not within your specifications, I'm afraid.

Perhaps, you should consider
lowering your expectations.

Or I could just give up on life completely.

Can't really imagine her
bringing someone back here.

I wonder if there are
any women in the world...

- ...shagging less than us three.

- Can we not use that word, please.

- Fucking?

- I can't believe your my mother.

Let's get a blood test.

Sorry.

S'alright.

Have you thought about Brendan?

I think he's quite hunky.

Define "hunk", Marion.

- Well, I...

- I don't think anyone's been "hunky" since about... 1965.

- Brendan's gay.

I don't think that's necessarily a problem.

Oh, it's ideal, Mum.

Look, I'm just saying,

it would be healthy... for you to be emotionally involved with someone.

Emotionally involved.

Are we in "Pride and Prejudice" now?

It would be good to develop a bond.

- I don't need a bond with anyone.

- Look, you didn't even give Luke a chance.

Jesus, Marion,

the hairdresser?!

Have you gone completely mad?

You know I can't stand a man

who wears Ugg boots!

I thought they looked quite cozy.

- Where's the bloody keys?

- Cozy?!

Anna doesn't need cozy.

She needs a man with arms...

chiseled out of granite, that can

chuck her across the bedroom.

It's what all women want.

A mono-syllabic lumberjack...

with an artistic streak.

- Don't put a lot on.

- I'm not.

I'm just defining your cheekbones.

I've seen an online tutorial.

It's amazing, you can make

really fat faces look thin.

I haven't got a fat face.

Deceptive.

My face is 5 times bigger than this.

What the hell is that?

Clint did it, it's em...

God as a cowboy,

on a horse,

on a cloud.

That kid has got issues.
No, I like the fact that he does stuff,
and he ain't worried about
what people think.
Wot, you mean he's a little shit?
No, he's just not scared of messin' up.
If he wasn't 7,
I'd say you had a crush on him.
Even?
I need to rub it in more.
It's contouring!
I look like Adam Ant!
It'll look much better in the club...
I think.
Feel like gettin' hammered.
Let her teenager out.
Come on, let's go buy some booze.
Wot?
You have to embrace his
(? therapy ?) whilst getting wasted.
Right, my (? out ?) challenge.
If you can get a block to
say the word, "Period",
without meaning something historical, or...
you know... geographical,
then you have to snog your head off.
Oh, shit!
I've not got my phone.
Sorry.
2 seconds.
Whoo, ha, it's really cold.
It's gonna make my nipples
stand out like wheelnuts on a Volvo.
Let's have a look.
It didn't work.
Come on.
Oh my God, that's Mum's hairdresser, Luke.
Don't engage!
Hi, Lu.. ke.
Hello.
I like your hair,
It's very 80s.
Thanks.
Bit of double denim for the ladies.

If I give you some money,
can you get us some booze from that shop?
We're havin' a teenage night out.
Oh yeah, is it fancy dress?
No.
You look like Mumm-Ra.
Look, can you get us
some booze or not?
You're serious?
Yeah! Just get us some
alcopops or some cider or somethin'.
Somethin' that looks radioactive.
Okay.
Thanks.
Jesus.
I would not want that cuttin' my hair.
D'ya reckon he straightens his mullet?
Jesus came to my birthday party.
When I was seventeen.
I thought it was a dream
But I know I seen him standing there
With his long hair
I know I saw him there.
Jesus came to my birthday party.
When I was seventeen.
It was a long time ago.
Jesus came to my birthday party.
Wha?
What are you doin'?
You can't just leave like that,
didn't know where you were!
I just needed to get out of the club.
Yeah, well you could have told me,
I was worried!
And that cab just cost me 40 quid.
- 40?!
- I know.
Why, didn't think you'd care,
I thought you'd just have your
tongue down someone's throat.
Oh my God, you're still wasted.
Yeah, well whose fault is that?
Oh, well sorry for tryin' to
give you a good night out.

God, all I've been tryin' to do
since I came back is...
make you smile again.
Yeah well, you fucked that up hadn't ya!
Wot are ya doin'?
Did you lock my shed?!

- Wot?
- Did you lock my shed?
Yeah, I dunno... yeah.
I can't remember, why?
My videos and my camera
have been stolen.
You sure?
Of course I'm fuckin' sure!
You can't 'ave locked it!
I don't think someone's gonna take
your videos and your camera.
Well it just sums you up
that you're so self-absorbed!

- I am?
- Just everythin' is always about you.
Oh my God.
D'ya know what, you make out like
you're the only one who knew Billy,
and everyone else has to tiptoe around you.

- That is bullshit.
- Is it?
You're not the only one
who loved 'im you know.
Since when did you love 'im?
What, you think some snog on a
school trip counts as love?
I'm talkin' about your Mum and your Nan.
Fuck you, course I loved 'im.
No, fuck you!
No, fuck you!

- No, fuck you!
- Fuck you!
Shit.
Anna!
Can I tell you about that
boat we made at school?
What're you wearin'?
It shrank in the wash.

What the fuck,
that's my brother's!
- You shouldn't swear.
- You shouldn't steal things!
Your Nan gave me it.
Was your Nan an astronaut?
Wot?
Did your Nan go up into space?
No.
Does your Mum know you're up
at crack o' dawn?
She's in hospital.
You should get back to bed.
Are you hungover?
What do you think?
I think it could be really nice.
Come on, sweetheart.
Is it about the jumper?
Anna, please don't ignore me.
You okay, luv?
Someone's been in my shed.
Well, how can you tell?
My videos have been stolen.
You might find 'em if you tidied up.
Oh, will you stop banging on
about tidyin' up.
What do you want me to do,
live in an empty box?
Well, this is a lovely empty box,
Brendan, thank you.
You're welcome.
You coming luv?
I'm gonna go for a walk.
I'm thinkin' of quittin'.
It's not really for me.
You're not very good at it.
What you looking at?
There's love written on the pavement and
I took a picture of it
and now I can't find it.
Maybe you're looking in the wrong place.
I'm not.
How...
is...

is... your... period?

Don't ask that, don't ask that.

That's a...

You don't ask that.

Why would I say that?

I said it, because Fiona

told me to ask you.

She thought like...

uh, you'd be impressed but...

it felt wrong... instinctively...

as I was saying it.

So...

I hate Fiona.

Fiona is your worst mate.

Hi, you've reached Fiona's voice mail

leave me your message

after the tone.

- You love him, right?

- I'm serious, don't you fuckin' dare!

- Oh my God.

- What's goin' on?

If these are broken

I will fuckin' kill you.

These are really fuckin' expensive!

- Wot 'appened?

- Everythin' I've ever had she's broken.

I should fuckin' (? bench ?)

you psycho bitch!

I'm takin' the cost of that laminator

out of your wages.

It was already fuckin' broken,

that laminator,

because she uses it to laminate

everythin' within a 5 mile radius.

She laminated my degree certificate.

She didn't frame it.

She laminated it.

Well, laminate this.

(? See, missus ?) this is what 'appens if you stay

around here, you turn into that.

Do you know wot?

If you shat yourself...

- ...you'd blame it on someone else.

- Whatever!

You just forget everythin' you've done
and then blame me for it.
I'm not likely to forget you laminatin'
pictures of Robert Pattinson.
Oh my God, it wasn't
Robert Fuckin' Pattinson.
Why'd you need it laminated anyway?
That is vile.
Wot are you gettin' on it?
Fluids?!

I wasn't even fuckin'
laminatin' it for me...
I laminated it for her!
Why? I don't even like Robert Pattinson.
Oh my God,
it wasn't Robert Fuckin' Pattinson!
All right!
Should'a known that you
two were in this together.
(? Ruin ?) anythin!
Get you, and your diseased vagina
out o' my house.
Are you okay?
They've killed 'em.
Yeah.
Humanely though, they...
use tablets that turn into gas, they don't
- ...feel anything.
- Wot?
You know, in those traps.
The traps are only if it doesn't...
work.
So they're just dead, underneath us?
They were undermining the foundation.
So I'm gonna be walkin' around on
dead moles everyday at work now?
Are you okay?
No.
Everyone's angry with me.
Why, cuz you don't like the flats?
No, cuz I'm turnin'
30 in two days,
and I live in a shed at the
bottom of me Mum's garden...

and I make videos with me thumbs.
You're weird, aren't you?
I like it.
No girl wants to be liked
for being weird, Brendan.
I could objectify you if you want.
I like... your...
pale skin...
and your messy hair...
and your smooth forehead...
Are you doin' an inventory?
Sometimes it helps to apply logic
to emotional situations.
I once did a cost/benefit analysis
of a relationship I was in
to see if it was worth pursuin'.
Was it?
She dumped me before I could finish it.
She?
For fuck's sake, I'm not gay!
I like girls, of course I like girls!
I like girls like you.
Weird girls.
You don't like me, Brendan,
you always used to throw pebbles at me
when we were walking
home from school.
Yeah, of course I did
cuz I wanted to fuck you.
Do it now.
Wot?
Do it now.
- Here?
- Here!
Ow.
Ow!
Ah. No. No.
I.
No.
Fuck.
Where ya goin'!
Are you okay?
You can test
me all you want

I am changing
And you can taunt
me all you like
But I am sane
Clint?
You come for bed now.
I've got a nice story for ya.
This web page is not available
This web page is not available
What?
This web page is not available
Wot?!
YOUR CREDIT CARD DETAILS HAVE EXPIRED
Ah, shit!
Ah fuck.
Oh!
How are you just a dream
How are you just a dream
Cuz you know I'll be
down this road
I know you know
But do I see far,
see far,
see far,
you all see far,
You all see far,
Ohhh.
Don't go crackers, Marion.
Keep a lid on it.
Wot on earth is goin' on?
Anna?!
Anna!
Calm down, Marion.
I am calm.
Anna.
What's up?
What do you mean wot's up?
Uh, uh, oh nothin', every-everythin's fine.
Perfectly normal.
I just fancied sleepin' in a tent.
Oh, shut up.
Get out!
Bloody!
- Get out this instant!

- Let go.
Let go Mum!
No, you let go!
Marion, please.
- Get out.
- Let go!
Get out!
Will you just stop it!
I've 'ad enough.
Can I tell you about that boat?
Mornin'.
Somebody's special day tomorrow?
Thanks very much.
Oh!
Get out o' the way.
Mind!
Mum!
Marion.
This somebody's...
had...
- Mum!
- ...enough of this!
Get!
Out!
Uh.
Oh my God.
Oh fuck.
Anna!
- I can feel 'em....
- Anna?
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
- What are you fuckin' doing?
- Ah.
There are spiders on me!
No there isn't.
Go inside, Clint.
But I need to tell her
about that boat.
Not now, sweetheart.
But it's important.
Fine! Fine. Fine.
Show me the fuckin' boat.

You little thief!
Hey!
This stuff... makes you look ridiculous!
Oh my God.
What's happened to
your hair, darling?
She did it!
No I didn't.
Yeah y'did, it's in your pot!
Wot?
Knew you were sad and angry
all the time!
Yeah, well maybe I just
didn't want to tell ya
that what's happenin' to your Mum...
will fuck up your life!
And you'll never be happy again!
Wot's up with you?
Nothin'.
Okay.
I wanna be alone.
You are alone.
Can somethin' exist elsewhere,
after it's stopped existin' here?
Like a parallel universe?
Like a website.
I dunno.
Are there parallel universes?
They don't know what's
out there for sure.
Know one thing that ain't there...
Wot is it?
Me.
Hello.
I was just callin' on you.
What're you readin'?
Ah it's...
It's just a pact me and Billy made.
We were...
formin' an alliance that lasted decades
and then we were gonna meet up
in our seventies and kill each other?
That's... sweet.
Yeah.

I should go 'ome.
I brought this for you.
I was gonna you flowers
but I was worried they'd...
die, and I didn't wanna make you...

So it...

It's got it's own pot.

- Brendan?

- Yeah?

Am I still a twin
if my twin's dead?

Um...

Technically...

I don't think so, no.

Mum?

Mum?

You have one new message.

First

new message.

Anna,

Clint's been missin' all day.

We need to find 'im,
it's, it's rather important.

We're all out lookin' for 'im.

(? garbled ?)

Clint?

Clint!

Clint.

Clint, can you 'ear me mate?

- Clint.

- **Echo:**

- Can you 'ear me?

- **Echo:**

Clint!

Clint?

Clint!

Clint!

Clint!

Clint.

Clint!

Clint!

Clint!

Clint!
Huh. Oh.
Ahhhh!
I've really fucked up.
Cuz you shrunk my jumper?
I thought he'd be 'ere.
He'll come.
Wot if 'e don't?
And what'll I...?
Wot if something's happened,
it'd be all my fault.
Don't be daft!
Said some really shit things to him.
And...
I just want to say that I'm sorry,
but I don't know how.
Yeah, you do.
No I don't.
Yeah, you do.
No I don't.
Who are you talkin' to?
Uh...
No one!
What lookin' at then?
Nuthin'.
Ask 'im.
Go on.
This is your chance.
I don't want to.
Nyeah.
But you will.
Huh.
I need ya to blow up my shed!
All right, then.
Can I tell you about the boat now?
Yeah.
There's this man...
who made a boat...
kept sailin, and sailin' it.
Every time he sailed it,
it got old.
And it keeps breakin'.
And he keeps gettin' a new bit,
every time it breaks.

Then one day, he realized...
there was nothin' left of the old boat,
it was only new bits.
That he thought in his head...
if it were the same boat?
So wot's the answer?
Isn't one.
It's one of them questions
but you have to think about.
What do you think?
I don't know.
Is that your dam?
Yeah.
It's rubbish.
Cheers.
I got ya this.
Can I have 'is bike instead?
Right.
Let's get you across.
It is said
That you cannot be found
Under rocks or broken skull
I will lay down
I will lay down
I can be found
beneath the rose
beneath the rose
Alone
It is said
That you cannot be found
Under rocks or broken skull
I will lay down
I will lay down
I can be found
beneath the rose
beneath the rose
I know what I wanna do for my birthday.
I want Clint to blow up my shed.
I'm sorry.
You all right?
Anna?
There's a young man here to see ya.
I'll leave you to it.
(? He's taken ?)

You can come in.
Nice shed.
They look like Stanley Kubrick's boxes.
He used to keep everything
from his films in boxes,
like meticulously,
all sorts of shit.
And people said,
it was a sign of his genius, so...
Let's just hope it doesn't mean
you fuck up your next film
by denying the audience
what they want.
What do they want?
To see Nicole Kidman's...
chumba-wumbas.
Did you actually just laugh
at something I said?
And there's no one here to witness it.
That is annoying.
I brought you a present.
It's not a deformed carrot is it?
No, it's not a deformed carrot.
ADULT LIFE SKILLS

LONE TWIN:

Thank you.
Well I don't know where I'm going
But I sure know where I've been
Hanging on the promises
In songs of yesterday
An' I've made up my mind,
I ain't wasting no more time
But, here I go again
Congratulations.
(? You've won a coat. ?)
Here I go again
Tho' I keep searching for an answer,
I never seem to find
what I'm looking for
Oh Lord, I pray
You give me strength to carry on,
'Cause I know what it means
To walk along the

lonely street of dreams
An' here I go again on my own
Goin' down the only
road I've ever known,
Like a drifter I was born to walk alone
An' I've made up my mind
An' I ain't wasting no more time
I'm just another heart
in need of rescue,
Waiting on love's sweet charity
An' I'm gonna hold on
For the rest of my days
'Cause I know what it means
To walk along the
lonely street of dreams
An' here I go again on my own
Goin' down the only
road I've ever known,
Like a drifter I was born to walk alone
An' I've made up my mind
I ain't wasting no more time
But here I go again
Here I go again
Here I go again
Here I go
'Cause I know what it means
To walk along the lonely
street of dreams
An' here I go again on my own
Goin' down the only
road I've ever known,
Like a drifter I was born to walk alone
An' I've made up my mind
I ain't wasting no more time
An' here I go again on my own
Goin' down the only
road I've ever known,
Like a drifter I was born to walk alone
'Cause I know what it means
To walk along the lonely
street of dreams
An' here I go again on my own...
When you're a million light years away
And you think less of me every day

I'll remember the way the sun would
run across your face
And how I wish time would stand still
For another day.
And some lonely day
I'll write you and say
It never was hard to love the girl
that stole my heart away.