

# *'til Death*

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PART OF THE

# AMPHOLOGY

SERIES

ANPHOLOGY: EPISODE 1

"tilDeath"

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ACT ONE

CUT IN:

INT. LAURA & GREG'S HOUSE - EVENING

A SERIES OF CLOSE-UP SHOTS:

- A) The squeak and pop of the cork in a Prosecco bottle as MARK twists and pulls it out.
- B) BIRDSEYE VIEW: The guttural sound of it as the drink is poured into an empty wine glass with LAURA'S hand wrapped around it.
- C) GREG'S mouth as a forkful of meat is inserted and he chomps down on it.
- D) LISA'S mouth as she cackles with laughter.
- E) BIRDSEYE VIEW: A heart-shaped piece of steak, cooked rare, sawn in half with a steak knife, the piercing sound of metal against porcelain.
- F) Red juices splatter on the plate as the meat is lifted away.

A dinner party is being hosted.

CUT TO

A dinner party is being hosted.

A WIDE SHOT shows all of the guests. LISA and MARK on one side of the long dinner table, LAURA and GREG on the other, and at the head, STEPHANIE. All in their early-to-mid thirties.

Everyone has finished eating and they're enjoying a glass of wine. Lisa is telling an anecdote but can't seem to hold her laughter, most of the rest of the table is laughing too.

Stephanie is smiling but her eyes look the tiniest bit impatient.

LISA

So we ... we get back—  
(laughing)  
We get back to the house—

She cackles again. Mark tries to take up the story.

MARK  
(laughing)  
We get back to the house and  
the—

LISA  
The dog was sat there waiting  
on the hallway rug!

The table erupts in laughter.

TIME CUT

The table has calmed down somewhat.

LAURA  
... and finally three days in  
Malta.  
(to Greg)  
We can't wait, can we?

GREG  
Hm!

Laura lightly pecks him on the lips and stands.

LAURA  
Right, I'm gonna start clearing  
this mess.

Stephanie stands too.

STEPHANIE  
Oh, I'll help you—

LISA  
(excitedly)  
Oh I just had the *best* idea!  
All of us should go away, just  
a long weekend, maybe the lake  
district or something?

LAURA  
Love that idea.

MARK  
Count me in!

GREG

If Laura says we're going,  
we're going!

Stephanie busies herself stacking plates.

LISA

What do you say, Steph?

STEPHANIE

Hm, maybe.

LISA

Oh I'm gonna start looking  
tonight, I'll send some links  
to the group chat.

INT. LAURA AND GREG'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

In the kitchen, Laura and Stephanie are tidying up the kitchen. Laura is loading the dishwasher, Stephanie is towelling off her hands.

STEPHANIE

I'm just saying, they've only  
been seeing each other, what,  
six months? And they're already  
looking for a place together?

(pause)

I don't know, don't you think  
they're moving a bit fast?

Stephanie leans against the countertop and takes a sip of her wine. Laura finishes loading the dishwasher and starts setting the cycle.

STEPHANIE

And did you see the way she  
kept cutting him off? I hate to  
say it, I really do, but it  
won't last.

LAURA

I don't know, Steph, she was  
single for a long time.

STEPHANIE

Yeah, now it's just me.  
(chuckles bitterly)  
*The last one standing.*

Laura turns and looks at Stephanie, like she's trying to read between the lines of what she's saying.

STEPHANIE

What?

LAURA

Well are you talking to anyone  
at the moment? On the apps?

Stephanie shrugs, takes a gulp.

LAURA

You know, I always regret that  
I never got to do the whole  
online dating thing.

STEPHANIE

(scoffs)  
You're not missing much.  
There's no one on there.

LAURA

Your problem is you don't give  
anyone a chance, Steph.

STEPHANIE

(taken aback)  
What do you mean?

LAURA

You always find something wrong  
with them.

STEPHANIE

I do n—  
(pause)  
Maybe. Well is it too much to  
ask to find a man with a good  
job, something resembling a  
sense of humour, and for me to  
actually find him physically  
attractive? Believe me, it  
doesn't exist.

LAURA

It's okay to have standards,  
Steph, really. But how long has  
it been?

STEPHANIE

(gulp)  
I dread to think.

LAURA

Well it must be ...  
(in disgust)  
Gerard. So ...  
(thinking)  
That ended just after Greg and  
I got married, wow, five years.

STEPHANIE

Six.

LAURA

Oh. Oh yes, that's right.  
(laughs)  
Don't tell Greg I said five.  
*Bad wife!*

Laura turns and begins wiping the countertop.

STEPHANIE

Where is Greg anyway? Didn't he  
show the happy couple out like  
an hour ago?

LAURA

Oh, he will have gone to bed.

STEPHANIE

Ah alright.  
(gulps)

Laura turns to face Stephanie again.

LAURA

I'm not far behind him I think.

STEPHANIE

Oh.

(realisation)

Oh. You're kicking me out.

LAURA

(sarcastic)

Yes, get the hell out of my house.

STEPHANIE

(matching her tone)

*Fine!*

(gulps)

I was going anyway!

The two friends hug their goodbyes.

CUT TO:

INT. STEPHANIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Stephanie is nestling into the duvet covers and reaches for the switch of the bedside lamp.

Her phone buzzes and lights up on the side table. With slight irritation, she picks it up and swipes at the screen.

LISA (V.O)

I found the place guys! I'll send a link.

Another buzz.

And another.

LISA (V.O)

Sleeps six.

Buzz.

LISA (V.O)

Steph, you get a twin room all to yourself!

Stephanie sighs and sits up in the bed. She begins tapping away then stops.

She swipes to the home screen on her phone and finds an app with a heart-shaped 'M' as its icon. The app, *MATCHR*, launches.

The picture of a man in shorts and a t-shirt in a narrow Old Town street abroad somewhere, Ibiza maybe. He is leant against a wall next to an old door, an attempt at a 'casual' pose.

It reads '*CHRIS*, 35' with a series of emojis underneath, presumably denoting things he is interested in; an Earth, a man lifting weights, a laptop, a football, etc etc.

STEPHANIE'S POV: Suddenly Chris is stood at the foot of her bed.

CHRIS

Hi, I'm Chris. I'm a HR professional for an online retailer and I love travelling, football, and working out at the gym—

Stephanie rolls her eyes.

STEPHANIE

(groans)

Get a personality, Chris.

She taps the red cross in the bottom corner of her phone's screen to reject Chris and he dissolves away from the foot of her bed.

MONTAGE of similar sequences as she flicks through the app's deck of potential suitors. Next up -

TREVOR, 28

I'm Trevor and I'm back in UK after backpacking in Asia for 8 months. I'm a slave to wanderlust and I'm—

STEPHANIE

Get a job, Trev.

He dissolves away.

Another -

VINCE, 37  
I'm Vince. I'll make you feel  
like a princess every day for  
the rest of our-

STEPHANIE  
Ew.

CUT TO

ANTONY, 32  
I love nothing more than  
putting on the wellies for a  
country walk, I have six  
beautiful Rottweilers-

CUT

RUSS, 34  
-I'm Russ, you may recognise me  
from my vlog, *UFO*-

CUT

THOMAS, 27  
-Brexit is the best thing that  
ever happened to the UK-

CUT

LYNDSEY, 35  
(a man)  
-My name is Lyndsey-

CUT

BRIAN, 34  
-and spending time with my two  
little girls-

CUT TO

Stephanie throws her head back against the cushioned  
headboard and groans loudly. Defeatedly, she locks the phone  
screen and puts the device down on the bedside table.

She lies down on her side with her head on the pillow, wide-eyed.

She sighs and sits up to get out of the bed.

EXT. STEPHANIE'S APARTMENT - BALCONY

Stephanie, wrapped in a blanket, sits on a metal garden chair smoking a cigarette, looking out at the city and the night's sky.

She reveals her phone in her hand from beneath the blanket and taps open the Solitaire app. She taps 'New Game' and is served a video advertisement, she eye-rolls and sighs.

A montage of couples meeting, an animated female voice-over that sounds just slightly robotic.

FEMALE V.O.

Download now and chat to  
singles *dying* to meet you!

It's loud, Stephanie scrambles to turn the volume down.

A profile with a stock image of a handsome male model slides onto the screen.

FEMALE V.O.

Will you HEART?

The photo becomes love-heart-shaped and little red love-hearts pop all around it.

FEMALE V.O.

(slightly darker tone)  
Or *PART*?

The photo cracks in half like a broken love-heart. The man's face appears to momentarily flicker to one of pain and anguish (is that screaming that can be heard?), before the parts quickly fall away and off-screen.

Stephanie frowns.

FEMALE V.O.

*TilDeath*. Find yours now!

The '*tilDEATH* logo appears on-screen with a wobble, above a flashing red '*DOWNLOAD*' button.

Stephanie takes a long drag on the cigarette.

Her thumb hovers over the 'DOWNLOAD' button for a moment.

FADE TO:

INT. STEPHANIE'S WORKPLACE - OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

The office has five or six desks of colleagues and large windows. The dress-code is casual, an overall millennial-friendly workplace environment.

Stephanie sits at her desk, clicking away, head phones in. On the desk across from her is ANNIE, a woman maybe a little bit younger than Stephanie, good hair.

Annie is trying to get Stephanie's attention inconspicuously. Eventually Stephanie notices. Annie is indicating, with her eyes and a subtle nod, that someone is stood over Stephanie's shoulder.

Stephanie looks and jumps when she sees DAN, 30, stood behind her. He has dark hair and a stubbly beard.

She takes her earphones out.

STEPHANIE

My god, Dan! Do you know that  
you make *absolutely* no sound?

DAN

(laughs)  
Yeah, I'm a creep.

STEPHANIE

What do you want, I'm just in  
the middle of something.

DAN

(still smiling)  
Whoa, sor-ry! I was just  
walking by and wanted to know  
if you had a nice weekend?

STEPHANIE

(sarcastic)  
Yeah, memorable. You?

DAN

(shrugs nonchalantly)  
Oh just chilled really. Well, I was out on Friday, that was a messy one. Then test-driving the new Range Rover on Saturday. I wasn't sure about it though.

STEPHANIE

Fascinating. Sorry, I really do need to get back to this; no ads, no customers for you to service.

DAN

(smirking)  
I do like to *service*.

STEPHANIE

(confused)  
What. What does that even mean?

DAN

Wouldn't you like to know.

Dan walks away, smirking and glancing back, and exits.

Stephanie looks at Annie and shudders animatedly like her skin is crawling.

ANNIE

He is *such* a weirdo.

STEPHANIE

Right? I'll never be *that* desperate.

Stephanie's phone buzzes and lights up in the phone-holder on her desktop. It's a '*tilDEATH* notification;

*'Don't forget to finish updating preferences to find your 'til death'*

STEPHANIE

Have you heard about this new dating app, *tilDEATH*?

ANNIE

No, any good?

STEPHANIE

Oh I don't know, I've not even put in my preferences yet, it keeps reminding me. I don't think you can start using it until you've filled out literally *all* of the preferences.

ANNIE

Well that sounds loads more fun that what I'm doing, come on.

Annie wheels around, still sat on the chair, to Stephanie's desk.

Stephanie picks up her phone and they start completing her preferences together.

FADE TO:

INT. STEPHANIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Stephanie is stood in front of the full-length mirror taking selfies. She's got a dress on and has done her make-up and hair.

She takes a few photos, all in very similar poses with slight differences. After each one, she looks at the photo, sighs and appears frustrated.

CUT TO:

INT. STEPHANIE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM

Stephanie stands in front the bathroom mirror taking selfies, more of a head and shoulders shot. Some smiling with her teeth, others with her lips closed.

She doesn't seem to be having much more luck in this lighting.

CUT TO:

INT. STEPHANIE'S APARTMENT - LOUNGE/KITCHEN

Stephanie sits on her sofa, the TV on in the background. She's changed out of the dress and is in comfy, slightly scruffy, loungewear. Her hair is shoved up in a bun. She is looking at her phone in her hand.

On the phone, she is swiping through photos of a wedding. Laura is there, wearing the wedding dress, Stephanie and Lisa in matching darker dresses either side of her.

More photos, various combinations of guests dancing together on a dance floor.

Eventually, a photo of Stephanie and her ex, GERARD. Stephanie stops swiping and just looks at it. Gerard is very handsome with dark hair and a stubbly beard. They are both smiling, they seem to be having a great time.

Stephanie zooms in so only Gerard is visible on the screen. She holds it there a while.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK

INT. STEPHANIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A SERIES OF SHORT CLOSE-UP SHOTS:

- A) Stephanie's hands in Gerard's.
- B) STEPHANIE's POV: Gerard's eyes look into hers.
- C) Gerard's lips widening into a grin.
- D) Stephanie's hands reach up Gerard's naked back towards his shoulders.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. STEPHANIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Stephanie opens her eyes, squinting against the light.

STEPHANIE's POV: The bed is empty next to her. She extends an arm into the space.

END OF FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

INT. STEPHANIE'S APARTMENT - LOUNGE/KITCHEN

Stephanie continues look at the photo with sad eyes.

She swipes the photo over so that Gerard disappears and she is the only one visible. She captures the screen, making a new photo that is only of her.

She opens the *'tilDeath* app and uploads the photo as her profile picture.

*'You're ready!'* is the message that flashes up.

STEPHANIE  
(under her breath)  
Finally.

The first profile she is served shows a man, dark hair and stubble, a little overweight, wearing an ill-fitting suit and taking a selfie in an elevator mirror.

It reads *'SCOTT, 32'* with a line underneath saying *'Sane, level-headed guy'*.

STEPHANIE'S POV: Suddenly Scott is in the living room, across the coffee table in front of the TV, wearing his ill-fitting suit.

SCOTT  
I'm Scott, a professional  
living in the city centre.  
Still holding out hope of  
finding a sane, normal girl to-

STEPHANIE  
Sorry, Scott.

Stephanie taps the *'PART'* button to reject him.

The form of Scott in the living room cracks in half like he's made of stone, his face contorted in silent anguish, and he disappears.

Next up - it's Creepy Dan from work!

He stands, hands in pockets, a cocksure, flirty smile on his face.

DAN

I like my women how I like my  
sunglasses, sitting on my-

STEPHANIE

*Hard no.*

Next up - an extremely handsome man stands across the coffee table; dark hair and stubbly, speaking seductively in a French accent.

EMILE

I'm Emile, I'm new to the area  
and looking for someone to show  
me around. I like to take  
things slow, really get to know  
a woman and just see what  
happens.

(million dollar smile)  
Où est un bon restaurant ou un  
bon café?

STEPHANIE

(smiling)  
Now we're getting somewhere.

Stephanie looks at the phone screen, '*EMILE*, 34', there's a French flag emoji with a very nice, candid-looking photo of him smiling. He is no longer standing in the room with her.

She taps the '*HEART*' button.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. LAURA & GREG'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Laura puts the pregnancy test on the edge of the sink and flushes the toilet. She closes the lid and sits down.

She picks up her phone, there's a News item on the lock screen. 'MAN, 32, FOUND DEAD IN CITY CENTRE APARTMENT'

She swipes open the article.

The photo in the article is of Scott - the first guy that Stephanie rejected on *'tilDeath*. Laura reads for a little bit, absent-mindedly.

Her phone rings; *'Steph Calling'*, she answers.

LAURA  
Hey, Steph.

INT. STEPHANIE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN

Stephanie switches the phone to loudspeaker, places it on the countertop, and begins unpacking items from a canvas bag; a packaged pair of tights, make-up, etc.

STEPHANIE  
Heyy, you alright?

LAURA  
Yeah, I'm fine. What's up?

STEPHANIE  
Oh not much, just got in. What are you up to?

INT. LAURA & GREG'S HOUSE - BATHROOM

Laura glances at the pregnancy test developing on the basin's rim.

LAURA  
Well actually, I just took a pregnancy test.

INT. STEPHANIE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN

Stephanie stops dead.

STEPHANIE

Oh my god, are you okay?

LAURA

Yeah, I'm ...

INT. LAURA & GREG'S HOUSE - BATHROOM

Laura pauses, notices the panic of Steph's reaction.

LAURA

I'm *fine*, Steph. It's not like that.

INT. STEPHANIE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN

STEPHANIE

Oh. *Ohhh*. You guys have been trying?

LAURA

Yeah, we've been trying. For three months.

STEPHANIE

(pause)

Well, why didn't you tell me?

LAURA

I don't know. Didn't want to jinx it I suppose. I know, it's silly, Lisa's meant to be the superstitious one.

STEPHANIE

Well, did Lisa know?

Pause.

LAURA

Yes, Lisa knows.

STEPHANIE

Oh. Right.

LAURA  
Look, don't be like that,  
Steph.

STEPHANIE  
Well why didn't you tell me?

LAURA  
I don't know, I...

INT. LAURA & GREG'S HOUSE - BATHROOM

Laura looks for words.

LAURA  
I guess... I guess I just didn't  
think you'd be interested. The  
whole marital bliss, kids and  
anniversaries. It's not  
something you and me really  
talk about.

Silence.

LAURA  
(pleadingly)  
Steph.

STEPHANIE  
No, I get it. Why would I, your  
best friend, want to know about  
this major life decision you've  
made?

Laura sighs and picks up the test from the sink.

LAURA  
Well, look, it's bloody well  
negative anyway so I guess it  
doesn't really matter does it.

INT. STEPHANIE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN

STEPHANIE  
Oh.  
(pause)  
Are you okay?

LAURA

Yeah, I'm fine. I didn't think I was anyway. I just talked myself into thinking I was late, that's all.

STEPHANIE

Okay. Well I could come over, or ...

LAURA

No, honestly, it's fine. There's no need. Thank you. Don't come over.

STEPHANIE

Okay.

LAURA

What's going on with you, anyway?

STEPHANIE

Well nothing interesting enough to follow that.

LAURA

(laughs)

Come on, you don't ring me to just chat. What's going on?

STEPHANIE

Well. *I've* got a date.

LAURA

Oh that's brill.

STEPHANIE

Yeah, I downloaded this new app, it's called *tilDeath*. Have you heard of it?

LAURA

'Til Death? That sounds a bit morbid, Steph.

STEPHANIE

No, it's like, it's romantic,  
like it means only for people  
looking for a real commitment.

LAURA

And they let you on it?

STEPHANIE

You don't have to pass an exam,  
Laura.

LAURA

(laughs)

Well if he's not scared off by  
the app name alone, he's worth  
a shot. Who is he?

STEPHANIE

He's called Emile.

LAURA

Emile? That's exotic.

STEPHANIE

(smugly)

He's French.

LAURA

Oo la la. Where are you going?

STEPHANIE

Some tapas place he suggested  
in town. *Eluna* or something?

Emile stands, handsome, dark hair and stubbly beard, in the kitchen. He leans over the countertop towards Stephanie seductively. Stephanie gazes at him.

EMILE

(French accent)

It's called Evuna, my personal  
trainer recommended it. He says  
it was the best tapas he ever  
had.

STEPHANIE

(smiling)

Evuna.

LAURA  
Haven't heard of it.

Stephanie snaps out of it.

STEPHANIE  
Yeah, we're meeting at seven,  
it's why I've finished early.  
Time to get ready, had to grab  
some bits.

LAURA  
That's exciting. Are you  
waxing?

STEPHANIE  
It's only the first date!

Laura laughs.

STEPHANIE  
This new app is great though,  
the preference features are  
unreal. They cover everything.  
You can even specify salary  
bracket.

LAURA  
I never had you down as a gold-  
digger, isn't that Lisa's  
schtick?

STEPHANIE  
(laughs)  
It's not really about that,  
it's about finding someone  
that's an equal in terms of  
socio-economic status.

LAURA  
Someone's read a book. That's  
if they tell the truth, I  
suppose.

STEPHANIE  
What do you mean?

LAURA

Well who doesn't lie about their salary! And why would you share it on an app. It's probably all just a data-mining operation.

STEPHANIE

(sarcastic)

You know, your excitement just makes *me* more excited, Laura.

Laura laughs.

STEPHANIE

Anyway, it's cool. You just decide if you 'HEART' someone or 'PART' them.

LAURA

If you 'PART' them?

STEPHANIE

Yeah, like "'til death do we part."

LAURA

Ah. Like I said, *morbid*.

STEPHANIE

Whatever, I've gotta go and start getting ready.

LAURA

Okay, ring me tomorrow!  
(mockingly high-pitched)  
Byeeee. Bye bye.

STEPHANIE

(same tone)  
Bye bye bye.

CUT TO:

INT. TAPAS RESTAURANT - EVENING

Stephanie walks up to the bar and takes a seat on one of the stools. The bartender approaches to take her drink order.

STEPHANIE

What is the house white?  
Actually, scratch that, just a  
soda and lime for now please.

Stephanie pulls her phone from her bag to check the time. She has a *'tilDeath* notification; *'Someone gave you a Heart!'* She clears the notification away and looks towards the door. No sign of him yet.

The bartender brings her drink and places it in front of her. She taps her phone on the card reader to pay.

EMILE

(English accent)  
Stephanie, right?

Stephanie turns to see him.

STEPHANIE

Hi! Yes, that's me.

An awkward kiss on the cheek.

EMILE

Well I hope you haven't been  
waiting too long?

STEPHANIE

Oh, no— no, not at all, I...  
(pause)  
I'm sorry, I was expecting a  
French accent for some reason!  
(laughs)

EMILE

Oh, that's so *funny*!

STEPHANIE

(laughs)  
Yeah.

The Waitress is there to show them to their table.

EMILE

After you.

TIME CUT

Stephanie and Emile are sat at the table. They've finished their food and Emile is chatting.

EMILE

... and I'd love to finally get over there and see it—

STEPHANIE

Wait, so you've never even *been* to France?

EMILE

No, I know! It's ridiculous isn't it, I have a lot of family over there—

INT. LAURA AND GREG'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Laura is cooking in the kitchen. Stephanie is speaking on loudspeaker from her phone on the side.

STEPHANIE

It's literally like his great-great-grandparents or something were from France, he says it's a "family name."

LAURA

(distracted)  
So?

INT. TAPAS RESTAURANT - LADIES' TOILETS

Stephanie is stood by the sinks speaking on the phone.

STEPHANIE

His profile definitely implied that he was French. I didn't realise it was just a *theme*.

LAURA

So he plays up his heritage to get a woman's attention, it's not a crime. It also clearly works. What is he actually *like*?

STEPHANIE

I don't know, I'm still reeling  
from the deception.

LAURA

You know, some might say that  
rejecting someone based on  
their nationality is knocking  
on the door of racism.

STEPHANIE

It's not because of that! He  
basically catfished me!

LAURA

Steph.

STEPHANIE

If he's lying on his profile,  
what else is he willing to lie  
about? I'm just thinking ahead.

LAURA

Steph, I can't cope. Stay for  
another drink and try to see  
past the cultural appropriation  
for a second. You might like  
him!

Silence.

LAURA

(sternly)  
Steph.

INT. TAPAS RESTAURANT - MAIN RESTAURANT

Stephanie walks back up to the table.

STEPHANIE

(in a low voice)  
I am so sorry, my friend just  
called, it's a bit of an  
emergency. I'd better go.

She starts putting her coat on. Emile stammers.

STEPHANIE

I've settled my half at the bar, I hope that's okay?

EMILE

Er, ye—

STEPHANIE

Oh, you're the best. This has been great, please don't read into this, as I said it's just a bit of an emergency.

EXT. OUTSIDE TAPAS RESTAURANT

Stephanie steps out on to the pavement and sighs.

She takes out her phone and opens the *'tilDeath* app.

A WIDE SHOT shows the large windows of the restaurant beside her, where Emile can be seen sat at the table, settling the bill.

CLOSE UP of phone in Stephanie's hand. She hits the *'PART'* button on Emile's profile, the profile cracks in half and falls away.

In quick succession she *'PARTS'* four or five other profiles of miscellaneous men, all early-to-mid-thirties, dark hair and stubbly.

The next profile in the deck is *'GERARD, 33'*. She freezes looking at it.

The profile photo is the same one from the wedding that Stephanie used on her profile, only with her cropped out instead.

After a moment she locks the phone screen.

Back to WIDE SHOT.

Stephanie takes a minute putting her phone away.

She doesn't see that there seems to be a commotion through the windows behind her. Guests congregate around the table where Emile was just sat, but we can't see him through the crowd. One person looks panicked and is speaking on the phone.

Stephanie, oblivious, walks away down the street.

FADE TO:

INT. STEPHANIE'S WORKPLACE - OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Stephanie and Annie are chatting about Stephanie's date with Emile.

STEPHANIE

... Honestly! He literally hadn't even *been* to France.

ANNIE

Whaaaaat.

STEPHANIE

I know!

(pause)

Food was amazing though.

Annie laughs, then looks serious, like she's got gossip.

ANNIE

Oh, have you heard about Creepy Dan by the way?

STEPHANIE

Oh god, he came up on *tilDeath* the other night. Hard *PART*.

ANNIE

"Hard" what?

STEPHANIE

Nothing. What about him?

ANNIE

He hasn't shown up to work for the past two days and hasn't rang or anything. Parky can't get hold of him, just goes straight to voicemail.

STEPHANIE

Oh that's weird.

ANNIE  
(laughing)  
Maybe he's sore from you  
rejecting him.

STEPHANIE  
Hm. Wait, you don't think it  
tells them when you PART- um,  
reject them?

ANNIE  
Nooo. Surely not.

Silence. They look at each other, unsure.

STEPHANIE  
Well.

Stephanie glances over her shoulder to where Creepy Dan stood  
in the last office scene.

STEPHANIE  
I hope he's okay.

CUT TO:

INT. LAURA & GREG'S HOUSE - LOUNGE - THAT EVENING

Laura and Greg are sat on either end of the two-seater sofa,  
the TV on, each looking at their phones.

The timer on Greg's phone goes off and he stands, shutting  
the timer off and putting the phone face down on the sofa.

GREG  
Pizza's ready.

LAURA  
Hm.

Laura watches as he exits and almost as soon as he does,  
picks up his phone from its facedown position.

She taps in the passcode and unlocks the screen, then—

Her phone rings, making her jump, *'Steph Calling'*

She quickly locks Greg's phone and puts it back.

She answers her phone.

LAURA  
Hey, Steph.

INT. STEPHANIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - FOYER

Stephanie is waiting for the elevator. She looks a little agitated.

STEPHANIE  
Laura, something really weird happened today and I just really need to talk about it.

LAURA  
What is it? Are you okay?

The elevator doors open with a ding.

STEPHANIE  
Hold on, I'm just getting in the lift.

INT. LAURA & GREG'S HOUSE - LOUNGE

Greg is back in the room, putting a chopping board of pizza and bowls of sides on the foot rest in front of the sofa.

LAURA  
Steph? Is everything okay?

GREG  
What's going on?

LAURA  
(to Greg)  
Nothing.  
(she stands)  
Steph, I can't hear you—

Laura shimmies around Greg and exits.

INT. STEPHANIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ELEVATOR

Stephanie looks at a new *'tilDeath* notification on her phone; *'Accept Gerard's Heart to start chatting now!'*

The elevator reaches Stephanie's floor.

STEPHANIE'S POV: The doors slide open to reveal CREEPY DAN!

Stephanie gasps, then realises it isn't him, doesn't even look like him. The unknown man steps aside so she can exit the lift.

LAURA

Steph!!

Stephanie walks down the corridor towards her apartment.

STEPHANIE

Sorry, I just needed to call someone. I've told you about Dan from work haven't I?

LAURA

The one that would be fit if he wasn't such a lech?

STEPHANIE

Yeah, him. Laura, they found him dead this afternoon.

LAURA

What! How?

STEPHANIE

I've got no idea, Parky his boss went to his house and saw him through the window, lying on the kitchen floor. Called the ambulance. They reckon he was there for a couple of days.

INT. LAURA & GREG'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM

Laura is sat in one of the chairs at the table.

LAURA

Oh my god, that's terrible! Are you okay?

STEPHANIE

Yeah. I mean, it's just weird isn't it. Obviously they don't know exactly what's happened yet.

LAURA

Poor guy. He was our age,  
right?

INT. STEPHANIE'S APARTMENT - LOUNGE/KITCHEN

Stephanie is sat on the sofa now, coat still on.

STEPHANIE

Yeah.

(head in hands)

Oh Laura, I wasn't very nice to  
him. I just feel— I mean, he  
was a total creep, but, you  
know what I mean?

LAURA

Steph, come on, don't do that.  
From what you told me, he was a  
comment away from a sexual  
harassment court case. You  
weren't exactly out of line.

STEPHANIE

I guess.

LAURA

It's awful whenever anyone  
dies, it doesn't change who  
they were though.

STEPHANIE

You're right, you're right.

LAURA

If you want to come over?

STEPHANIE

No, no. Thanks.

(slouches back)

What's going on with you  
anyway? Did you take another  
test like I said?

INT. LAURA & GREG'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM

Laura looks at the door over her shoulder.

LAURA

No, I haven't got round to it yet.

(whispers)

I don't know, I'm starting to wonder if...

STEPHANIE

What?

LAURA

Well, I can't talk about it right now. Ring me tomorrow on your lunch or something?

STEPHANIE

Okay.

INT. STEPHANIE'S APARTMENT - LOUNGE/KITCHEN

There's a moments silence between them.

STEPHANIE

So guess who sent me a Heart on 'tilDeath the other night?

LAURA

Who?

Silence.

LAURA

Not Gerard?

STEPHANIE

Mm-hm.

LAURA

Well I hope you 'departed' him or whatever it's called.

Silence.

LAURA

*Stephanie!*

STEPHANIE

No, I know, you're right. I should. I *will*.

LAURA

You better had! Come on, you don't wanna go through all that again, do you? I don't think I've got the energy.

STEPHANIE

No, course not.

LAURA

You only ever went back to him when you were feeling bad about yourself. He never made you feel better.

STEPHANIE

You're right, I know.

(pause)

I wonder what happened with Jenny though.

LAURA

Well she probably saw him for the gaslighting asshole that he is and ran a mile.

INT. LAURA & GREG'S HOUSE - LOUNGE

Laura is settling back in the living room on the sofa. Greg is enjoying the pizza.

LAURA

Listen, it's pizza and film night, I'd better get off, are you gonna be okay?

INT. STEPHANIE'S APARTMENT - LOUNGE/KITCHEN

STEPHANIE

Yeah, I'll be fine.

LAURA

Do not message him.

STEPHANIE

I won't!

LAURA

Don't!

STEPHANIE

I won't, okay...

(mocking high-pitch as  
earlier)

Bye bye bye.

She ends the call, stands from the sofa and walks into the kitchen area. She puts her phone on the countertop as she does and moves to the refrigerator.

Grabbing a glass for the cupboard, she pours herself a Pinot Grigio and puts the bottle back.

Taking a sip from the glass, she eyes her phone on the countertop.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. STEPHANIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

Stephanie zips up her dress at the back. She can't quite reach to get the zip to the top. Her hair and make-up is done to impress, she's getting ready to go out.

Her phone buzzes and lights up on the bed; *'Laura Calling'*

It takes a few moments for Stephanie to notice it.

She skips over and answers the phone without picking it up, she taps straight to loudspeaker.

LAURA

Sorry, Laur, I was meant to  
call wasn't I! Listen, I'm just  
getting ready, are you-

CUT TO:

INT. LAURA & GREG'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM

Laura is sat in one of the chairs at the table.

LAURA

(mild concern)

Steph, have you seen a  
newspaper lately?

INT. STEPHANIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

Stephanie continues to fumble trying to zip up the dress.

STEPHANIE

A newspaper. Do you think it's  
2005?

LAURA

(serious)

Steph, have you read any news  
in the past couple of days?

Stephanie stops and stares at the phone on the bed.

STEPHANIE

I dunno, not really.

LAURA

What was that guy's name the other night, the French guy?

STEPHANIE

Oh.

(scoffs)

*Emile.*

LAURA

Yeah. And the restaurant?

STEPHANIE

Oh, um—

LAURA

Evuna?

STEPHANIE

Yeah, that's right.

INT. LAURA & GREG'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM

LAURA

Steph, did anything happen that night?

STEPHANIE

Yeah, he turned out to be a massive disappointment, I should've PART'ed him from the get-go.

LAURA

Steph, he *died*.

INT. STEPHANIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

Stephanie looks shocked.

STEPHANIE

What are you on about?

LAURA

He died, right there in the restaurant. Did you see anything?

STEPHANIE

No. What? I think I would have noticed him *dying*.

LAURA

It must have been *right* after you had left. The article said about half eight. He just keeled over in front of everyone in there.

STEPHANIE

Keeled over? Like a heart attack or something?

LAURA

They don't know.

INT. LAURA & GREG'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM

LAURA

Steph, that isn't it.

INT. STEPHANIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

STEPHANIE

What do you mean?

LAURA

Steph, there's been others. Like six others, men, the article said the police are investigating a pattern.

STEPHANIE

A 'pattern'?

LAURA

They're all in their early thirties. They had photos. All tall, dark hair, stubble. All of a certain *socio-economic-status*.

INT. LAURA & GREG'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM

STEPH

I- what are you getting at?

LAURA

They're appealing for  
information on the *woman who*  
*was having dinner with Emile*  
*before he died.*

INT. STEPHANIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

LAURA

White, long mousey-brown  
straight hair, around 5'10",  
early thirties.

Stephanie looks in the mirror as Laura describes what she  
sees.

STEPHANIE

Well I didn't bloody well  
*poison him, Laura!*

LAURA

Oh shut up! I know that, Steph!  
But I think you should consider  
getting in touch with the  
police.

STEPHANIE

(hassled)  
Look, I've gotta go, I'll call  
you back—

LAURA

Steph—

STEPHANIE

I'll ring you later.

She quickly ends the call before Laura can protest.

She turns to look at the clock on the wall; 6.35pm.

CUT TO:

INT. TAPAS RESTAURANT - LATER

It's the same restaurant as the one from the date with Emile.

GERARD, handsome with dark hair and a stubbly beard, faces  
Stephanie and is chatting away.

They have drinks but no food yet.

GERARD

You know, I was surprised when  
you accepted my heart, I've got  
to admit.

STEPHANIE

Hm.

Stephanie looks a little on edge, she's avoiding eye contact.

GERARD

I'm glad we're doing this,  
though, it's so great to catch  
up.

Gerard reaches over and playfully rubs her arm.

Beside her arm on the table is her phone. She looks down at  
it.

GERARD

(imploring)  
You know?

STEPHANIE

(looking up)  
Oh, yeah, great, the greatest.

GERARD

(laughing)  
So how is everything, how's  
work, still at that place you  
hated?

STEPHANIE

Yeah, I mean, well, I don't  
actually, I mean anymore, I  
don't hate—

The waitress approaches their table. Stephanie is already  
turning to speak to her before she quite reaches the table.

STEPHANIE

Hi there!

The waitress peers down at her with a serious face.

WAITRESS

(in Laura's tone)

You should consider getting in touch with the police, Steph.

STEPHANIE

(scared)

What?

The waitress is friendly and smiling now, speaking politely.

WAITRESS

I said are we about ready to order yet?

GERARD

(smiling arrogantly)

A few more minutes, I think, thank you, darling.

Over Gerard's shoulder, on the next table, sits Laura in her pyjamas, pizza on the table in front of her, gesturing with a pregnancy test in her hand.

LAURA

*DEPART* him, Steph.

Stephanie looks away from Laura, snaps out of it, picks up her menu.

STEPHANIE

No, that's alright!

(to Gerard)

Why don't we just pick something, choose it randomly against the clock! Be spontaneous!

GERARD

(laughs)

You are *so* weird!

Gerard waves the waitress away with a hand, she hesitates then leaves.

GERARD

You were never this spontaneous  
when we were together, that's  
for sure!

(laughs)

Stephanie slowly closes the menu and places it down on the  
table in front of her.

STEPHANIE

Hm, well...

(shrugs)

People grow!

GERARD

Yeah, I can see that. You seem  
better, Steph.

(nods condescendingly)

A lot more chilled.

STEPHANIE

Oh?

GERARD

Yeah, you know, just less...

(monster claw hands)

...intense, you know.

Stephanie nods slowly and looks him dead in the eye.

STEPHANIE

(faux concern)

So sorry to hear about you and  
Jenny. What happened?

But Stephanie doesn't hear the answer, she's too busy looking  
at the waitress on the other side of the restaurant.

The waitress is talking to a woman who looks like the  
manager. Their eyes look over at Stephanie's table every now  
and then. Are they talking about her?

Gerard laughs loudly.

Stephanie looks back to Gerard but he isn't looking at her at  
first. He is looking somewhere off to the left, at another  
table. He quickly looks back to Stephanie, still grinning.

GERARD

Sorry.

Stephanie looks in the direction he was looking, a Pretty Young Woman, dining with two friends, quickly looks away.

Back to Gerard.

STEPHANIE

What is it? Do you know that girl?

Gerard just laughs and shakes his head. Laura is behind him again.

LAURA

(exasperated)

Oh my god! DEPART him already!

The waitress approaches the table.

STEPHANIE

Yes! I am very hungry and I'd like to order!

Stephanie looks up to see the manager, not the waitress.

MANAGER

Oh, fantastic. What'll it be?

Stephanie fumbles with the menu. She notices Gerard is checking his phone, distracted.

STEPHANIE

Gerard!

GERARD

Whoa. Okay!

(laughs)

There's the Steph we all know and love!

He locks the phone and puts it facedown on the table. Stephanie looks at it.

MANAGER

(seriously)

He's messaging that woman.

LAURA  
(throws her hands up)  
Of course he is!

Stephanie looks over at the Pretty Young Woman, who quickly looks down to her plate.

MANAGER  
You should contact the police.

Lisa is suddenly sat across from imaginary Laura, typing on her phone and reading aloud.

LISA  
You get a room *all to yourself*,  
Steph!

LAURA  
DEPART him!

STEPHANIE  
(raised voice)  
It's *PART*!

Laura is gone and the Manager's face is now polite, though a little confused.

Stephanie stands abruptly.

STEPHANIE  
I— sorry, I just need to nip to  
the ladies, excuse me, sorry!

She leaves the table with her bag in hand.

INT. TAPAS RESTAURANT - LADIES

Stephanie is looking at her face in the mirror, breathing slowly and intently.

After a moment she unzips her bag on the sink-top and begins rummaging through it.

She can't find something.

INT. TAPAS RESTAURANT - MAIN RESTAURANT

CLOSE UP of Stephanie's phone sat on the table.

INT. TAPAS RESTAURANT - LADIES

Stephanie looks at herself again in the mirror. Zips her bag up and pulls the strap over her shoulder.

She exits the bathroom.

INT. TAPAS RESTAURANT - MAIN RESTAURANT

Stephanie walks back to the table. As she gets closer she sees Gerard is on his phone, smirking arrogantly.

Before he can react she grabs the phone from his hand.

Sure enough, the Pretty Young Woman's profile is there, on the *'tilDeath* app.

GERARD

Whoa, what the hell?

STEPHANIE

(shouting)

Yeah, what the HELL, Gerard?!

She throws the phone back at him, he fumbles and catches it.

GERARD

(sternly)

Hey, just calm down okay?

The Waitress and the Manager are nearby but seem reluctant to approach, side-eyeing each other. Other guests are looking up at the commotion.

STEPHANIE

Oh, don't do that, don't you DARE! Oh my god, I am such an idiot!

GERARD

Steph. Please.

(leans forward)

Don't start acting crazy again.

LAURA

What an *arsehole*!

STEPHANIE

(frantic)

Crazy. Yeah? Do you want see something really crazy?

MANAGER

Ma'am.

LAURA

Oh just do it!

Stephanie grabs her phone from the table, hands shaking. She unlocks the screen. Opens the *'tilDeath* app.

She looks Gerard in the eyes.

STEPHANIE

I'll show you something crazy.

SLOW MOTION:

CLOSE UP - Gerard's phone falls and hits the table with a bounce.

WIDE SHOT - Two police officers in full luminous garb and hats walk through the restaurant towards Stephanie, Gerard's half of the table is out of sight. The officers stand either side of Stephanie.

Stephanie turns and begins walking away from the table with on of the officers escorting her. Her face expressionless.

As she reaches the centre of the frame, the shot PANS to follow her as she walks.

Moving through the restaurant, the other guests are looking at the table with shock, hands over their mouths. Some are rising from their seats to see better, with worried expressions. Some are watching her leave or stepping out of the way as she walks past. It's like a Renaissance scene in slow-motion.

Final CLOSE UP of Stephanie's face, expressionless with dead eyes, with the blur of the commotion behind her.

FADE OUT

END CREDITS