

STUDIO SCRIPT

DRAFT 3v4

Porshia

by Ed Harris
a BBC Radio 4 “Friday Play”
on the theme “Sex For Grown-ups”

Script of the Ear-2-Ear Associates Production
TX: 9pm Friday 27 Apr 2007

NOTE: THIS DOCUMENT CONTAINS
MATERIAL OF AN ADULT NATURE

PORSHIA by ED HARRIS

	<u>SCENE ONE</u>	<u>INT. OFFICE HALLWAY</u>
1.	GRAMS:	ESTABLISHING MUSIC
2.	SFX	A WOMEN IN HEELS WALKING ALONG CORRIDOR FLOOR. ANOTHER WOMAN PASSES, FOLLOWED BY OTHERS.
3.	LIZ:	Oh, Porshia! Are they for me?
4.	PORSHIA:	(POLITE CHUCKLE) Morning, Liz.
5.	SFX	WALKING
6.	JEREMY:	Hey-hey-hey, Porshia! You shouldn't have!
7.	PORSHIA:	I didn't.
8.	JEREMY:	You're razor sharp today.
9.	PORSHIA:	(GOOD-NATURED) It's eight-thirty in the morning, Jeremy. Why don't you just... file some things. What do you do here anyway?
10.	JEREMY:	Same as you. Little as possible.
11.	PORSHIA:	(TAKING THE PISS) Ha ha ha.
12.	JEREMY:	(MIMICKING) Ha ha ha.
13.	SFX:	WE'RE NOW IN AN OFFICE AREA
14.	EVA:	Porshia! Are they for me?
15.	PORSHIA:	(WEAK LAUGH.) Morning, Eva. Have we got a vase anywhere?

16. EVA: They're using it to collect for Frank. You heard the joke before then?

17. PORSHIA: About fourteen times since the lobby. Frank's dead.

18. EVA: Oh. He won't need it then! I'll go get it. (DEPARTS)

19. SFX TELEPHONE RINGS

20. PORSHIA: Haylo – Whipsnade and Weathenra, Porshia Hudson speaking. Oh hi. Yeah, uh-huh, sure. Wait. I'll get a pen.

21. SFX: PORSHIA PHONE CALL CONTINUES AD LIB UNDER THOMAS'S VOICE OVER.

22. THOMAS V/O: **Porshia,**
Your mouth wasn't made for telephones.
For sipping; speaking; smiling nicely;
smoking dryly; holding hairpins; lipsticking
or gossiping.
There is a simpler, more expert,
Better, wetter, happier function
That whispers bluely and shell-like
And does in a murmur
What volcanoes do hollering.
Your feet weren't made for heels on lino.
Your feet were made for walking through
Meadows of bum-to-bum peaches,
Through clay, mud and molasses.
Porshia, your feet were made to make footprints
In a world I know nothing about.

23. SFX OFFICE AND PORSHIA RETURN TO FOREGROUND

24. PORSHIA [FINISHES PHONECALL]

25. EVA RETURNS, PUTS VASE DOWN. PORSHIA PUTS FLOWERS IN. SOUND OF MONEY ON DESKTOP

26. EVA: Eight pound sixty two. Stingy of them, still it's a couple of pints.
Who're the flowers from?

27. PORSHIA: Question mark.

28. EVA: Oh. Any guesses?

29. PORSHIA: Well... there's this Thomas guy.

30. EVA: Who's Thomas?

31. PORSHIA: He works across the way... he's, erm..

32. **THOMAS V/O:** **Hang on.**

33. EVA: Are you blushing, Porshia? Is he cute? Oh my God, Porshia, you're so blushing!

34. **THOMAS V/O:** **Hang on.**

35. SFX: ALL OTHER SOUND STOPS

36. MUSIC 'CANYONS OF YOUR MIND,' THE BONZO DOG DOO DAA BAND.

37. THOMAS V/O:

This is a dream, isn't it?

This is my dream.

**'Is he cute?, are you blushing?' Outside American sitcoms,
no one talks like that.**

Wake up, Thomas.

You're dreaming.

Wake up.

LEADS CONTINUOUSLY TO:

SCENE TWO

INT. PORSHIA'S BEDROOM

38. SFX

FADE IN SUNDAY MORNING IN QUIET SEASIDE TOWN AS
HEARD THROUGH WINDOW, SOUND OF MAIN ROAD, CARS,
ETC.

39. THOMAS V/O:

**At least it's a Sunday morning. On Sunday mornings, I leave
it as long as possible before I open my eyes. It's the one
day my alarm won't go off. It's the best bit.
But today is different. It sounds different.**

40. PORSHIA:

(SNIFFS)

41. THOMAS V/O:

**It smells different. The duvet smells slightly of... cat, and
not crushed velvet and jasmine, like it should.**

42. PORSHIA:

(SNIFFS)

43. THOMAS V/O:

My next discovery is when I speak aloud –

44. PORSHIA:

(BIG YAWN) Good morning, world. Now, leave me alone.

45. THOMAS V/O:

**- and discover my voice is not my voice. Just as this chest
is not my chest, these legs not my legs and this face not my
face.**

PAUSE

**This is Porshia's body. Porshia Hudson. I'll tell you more
about her in a moment. Left to my own devices, I'd have
slept it off. Put it down to a virus, or a bad dream, or a bit of
cheese, and gone back to sleep. But the body is awake,
and in the process of getting up.**

46. SFX

**PORSHIA GETS OUT OF BED. BARE FEET ON THE FLOOR,
VARIOUS YAWNS ETC. PUTS ON DRESSING GOWN.
OPENS BEDROOM DOOR.**

FADE

SCENE THREE

INT. PORSHIA'S KITCHEN

47. SFX MUSIC: MR. DISCO BY MY FABRIC. SOUNDS OF MAKING TEA.

48. THOMAS V/O: I'm panicking, it's like... It's like in those dreams you can't get out of. Where you can't control anything, but your body's moving... Look, she's making coffee! The facts are: Last night I went to sleep as Thomas, and this morning I woke up as Porshia. This is her body, this is her flat, this is her cat.

49. SFX CAT MIAOW

50. PORSHIA: Oh Beanie baby. Good morning Beanie Baby Boo Boo.

51. THOMAS V/O: I don't even like cats.
I hate cats.
Now these small hands,
With their light constellation of freckles,
Go to grab sugar.
I don't take sugar.
Don't panic, Thomas. I can feel the panic setting in... when you breathe too fast but aren't really taking air...
Stop. Just stop, just stop everything, just –

52. **THOMAS V/O:** **Maybe this happens all the time. Like... Alan Bennett wakes up as Kerry Katona one morning. And Kerry wakes up as... I dunno, President Putin or something. Putin wakes up as one of the Krankees... maybe it's just done on an unremarkable, rotational basis. And everyone's too polite to talk about it.**

Today, Matthew, I'm going to be... having an out of body experience in this girl from work.

(SUDDENLY) She's in mine. She's in my body. She must be! She has to wear my pants. What day is it? Sunday. It's wash day. Everything will be dirty.

53. SFX CAT: HISS

54. PORSHIA: (AFFECTIONATELY) What is it? Beanie-baby, c'mere, c'mere.

55. **THOMAS V/O:** **So she's in my body. With its eczema and its crinkly nipple hair. And my body's just doing its thing, kinda ignoring her; and I'm here, in hers. A swap.**

56. PORSHIA: Beanie? Come back, Beanie... Where you going?

57. SFX DEPARTS THROUGH CAT FLAP

58. **THOMAS V/O:** **Cats can sense things.**

FADE

SCENE FOUR

THOMAS V/O

59. **THOMAS V/O:**

Let me tell you about Porshia. I guess... twenty-seven, twenty-eight, works in the same building as me. Different firm, though. So I never see her. Except, my window overlooks this little courtyard bit where they go to smoke. I don't smoke, but Porshia's there once or twice a day. She's beautiful, in an "odd, quiet" beautiful way.

60. **THOMAS V/O:**

Is she blonde, is she brunette, what's her skin colour? It's up to you. You can have your own picture of her. Maybe someone from your own office, or a crush from school, a friend... It's up to you. 'Cos it's her essence that matters, not her looks.

61. **SFX**

FADE IN OFFICE SOUNDS UNDER, DISTORTED AS IN MEMORY

62. **THOMAS V/O:**

Porshia and I have never really met.

We are like two hummingbirds that have also never really met. One of them in love with the other, the second: unaware of the first.

Porshia stands out there, or sits on the bench, once or twice a day, and smokes and talks about quitting. And I make up stuff in my head. Maybe on paper. Stuff like:

63. THOMAS V/O:

Make no mistake, the loss is all mine.
I am shadows that fall on conversations
The way crows descend on crusts.
The words don't come out sexy,
Over a smouldering coffee.
So I never try.
Just write you poems I hope to send.
But hope recedes like hairlines
Into well-behaved side partings
And my poems stay in their books,
Diminutive scriptures of longing, like:
'I will make a home amid thine eyelashes,
And love thee incontinently.'
Make no mistake, the loss is all mine.
I love you from too afar.
I write you poems.

64. THOMAS V/O:

Me, I'm thirty-three. I've worked at my firm now for... six years? I push paper. It's quite easy not to notice me.

POT CUT

SCENE FIVE

INT. PORSHIA'S BATHROOM

65. SFX FAINTLY, SOUNDS OF STREET OUTSIDE, A LITTLE RAIN
BATH RUNNING

66. THOMAS V/O: If we're being grownup about this, bath-time can only mean... not having clothes on. I think to myself: I am a gentleman. I will be as innocent as Bambi. I'm my mum. I won't look.

But then there's this break of kinda Caravaggio light and I see the minute hairs on her arm light up.

I mean, if I believed in God I'd say the human body is proof of His work.

You know the first time you see someone undressed and uncensored? Not holding their stomach in, not hiding the fat, or cellulite; But the first time you see this person just Stand There... Not noticing you... And you think... Wow.

67. SFX: PORSHIA GETS INTO BATH

68. THOMAS V/O:

There's a little white scar on her knee. I think, maybe from shaving.

Chipped-off nail varnish on her toenails.

**I love exploring this and that of her, like, like... here, there's a tiny hole on her navel that must've been a piercing.
Here's a butterfly tattoo.**

Here's a mole on her left breast.

**Soon I forget I was trying to feel awkward about watching.
And I'm left there like an idiot thinking,
I don't know...
Thinking... Wow.**

69. SFX

**MUSIC: BROKEN LEVEE BLUES, DJ SHADOW, THE OUTSIDER, BEGINNING 00:12
WATER MOVING/SPLASHING**

70. THOMAS V/O:

Wow.

71. SFX

WATER MOVING & SINGING. MUSIC CONT INTO NEXT SCENE.

FADE

SCENE SIX

INT. PORSHIA'S BEDROOM

72. **THOMAS V/O:** She seems to have a thing for American feel-good films. Shelves full of Pretty Woman, Dirty Dancing, It's a Boy/Girl Thing ... I hope I won't have to sit through these.

73. **SFX** BOOKS BEING MOVED ETC

74. **THOMAS V/O:** Then there's the books... Lonely Planet Guide to Europe, 1997.
Just finished A-Levels, I guess. Gap year.

PAUSE

There's Romeo and Juliet with all her GCSE notes in it. Different coloured pens. At the back she's written; 'I am well, well bored of this. Duncan, are you bored of this too?' In another pen; 'Yeah, well bored. Do you know what I'm thinking about?' Back to Porshia. 'Absolutely no way.'

PAUSE

75. **SFX** BOOKS AGAIN

76. **THOMAS V/O:** Porshia takes a book off the shelf. It's one of those horrible Why Men Can't and Women Don't books. Why Men Don't Find Their Shoes and Women Can't Reverse Park. There's an inscription on the front page: 'Merry Christmas! Hope you enjoy, Love you, Ethan. Christmas 2006.' Then there's kisses. The kind of kisses that run like barbed wire across the page. 'Ethan'.

FADE

SCENE SEVEN

77. THOMAS V/O:

PORSHIA'S BEDROOM

Night. I think I got tired before Porshia did. What happens tomorrow? Porshia again? Or maybe tomorrow I'll wake up in someone else altogether, a constant refugee; no belongings, no control, unseen. So far I haven't missed my life. At least I'll avoid that library fine.

PAUSE

There's a picture next to the bed. Baby-blue skies, Persil-white snow, and a bloke in one of those baby-grows; 'Snowboarding' I feel a bit like a snarling dog when Porshia looks at it. That must be him then, Ethan.

FADE

SCENE EIGHT

INT. PORSHIA'S BEDROOM. MORNING.

78. SFX SILENCE. THEN: 'YOU' – CHRISTOPHER O'RILEY, *TRUE LOVE WAITS* [2003]. ALARM GOES AT 00:13 OF TRACK, TRACK CONT.

79. THOMAS V/O: (SUDDENLY) Whoa!

80. SFX TURNS OFF ALARM, KNOCKS ALARM OFF SIDE CUPBOARD.

81. PORSHIA: Aggh! Early, early, early... Snooze.

82. THOMAS V/O: I'm still here. Bloody Nora. I'm still here!

83. SFX ALARM AGAIN

84. PORSHIA: Alright! Useless, stupid thing.

85. SFX CAT

86. PORSHIA: Morning, Beanie.

87. SFX ALARM OFF. PORSHIA GETS UP.

FADE

SCENE NINE

PORSHIA'S BATHROOM

88. SFX MUSIC CONT BEHIND SCENE.
SHOWER DJ PRATTLE FROM RADIO

89. PORSHIA: SLEEPY, CHILDISH NOISES OF DISCOMFORT.

90. THOMAS V/O: **The first part of the day is a blur of motion. The body brushing, the hot shower, the 3-minute wonder, the straightening tongs, the tanning body lotion, the firming lotion for thighs, bum and bingo wings; all the cleansing, toning and moisturising, the foundation, the concealer, blusher, eye shadow, eye liner, mascara and lip gloss. Her beauty regime is executed with military order and balletic fluency. Today is a work day. Today we will see Porshia. Or Thomas. Or whoever it is in my old body. Come to think of it, I hope it's not Kerry Katona.**

FADE

SCENE TEN

INT. OVERGROUND TRAIN

91. SFX OVERGROUND TRAIN. CHATTER. SOMEBODY'S HEADPHONES ETC

92. THOMAS V/O: Top left. Top left corner.
Look left, lo – That's it!
Top left: Look top left!
Hold it, hold it! Yes.
Okay. Stay! Stay... stay on this page of the newspaper...
Read the top left column... Yeah! She's reading it! That's great. It's great, it's by Julie Burchill, but it's great. I can control Porshia's eyes. No, no, back to the top left. Up a smidge... Just a tiny, tiny...
And hold it!

93. THOMAS V/O (IMPRESSED) I can see. I mean, I can use my sight. Her sight. Okay, try looking up from the paper. Up. Up. (SUDDENLY) Bugger. Look away from his face. He's staring, look away from his face! Back to the page, back to the page... Is he looking? (PAUSE) He's looking at my boobs.

94. THOMAS V/O There's the furtive glancers, a man like myself, who steals glimpses when we think a woman's not looking. We kid ourselves she's entirely oblivious. Then there's this guy. The predatory male. With his cold, predatory 'I can have you,' stare. It's half-threatening, and if I was a bloke, I'd think he was wanting to beat me up.
Oy, mate, stop staring at Porshia's boobs. They're mine!

FADE

SCENE ELEVEN

INT. OFFICE BLOCK MAIN ENTRANCE LOBBY

95. SECURITY GUARD: Morning, Porshia.

96. THOMAS V/O: **The security guard. A monolith of fat and scrutiny.**

97. PORSHIA: Morning. How's stuff?

98. SECURITY GUARD: Stuff's stuff. How's your stuff?

99. PORSHIA: Stuffy.

100. SECURITY GUARD: LAUGHS

101. THOMAS V/O: **(FAKE LAUGH) Funny.**

102. SFX PORSHIA ARRIVES AT THE LIFTS

103. THOMAS V/O: **On towards the lift now... I bet he's staring at my arse. I bet anything, he's all nice to my face and then all lechy to my arse. Curled around his desk like a fat prawn, following the women's bottoms with his snout. Disgusting man.**

104. SFX: ELEVATOR PING. DOORS OPEN. PORSHIA AND ONE OTHER GETS IN. DOORS CLOSE.

105. THOMAS V/O: **I'm not like that. I'm a rung up on the evolutionary ladder. See, here are Porshia's boobs. I can observe them in passing. 'Ah, Porshia's breasts... charmed, are you well? You look well.' Y'know, fleetingly. There's a little bit of cleavage, yes, but nothing too 'dramatic'. It's just skin.**

106. ANTHONY: (CONCERNED) Morning, Porshia.

107. PORSHIA: Hi, Anthony.

108. **THOMAS V/O:** **It's not like they're that special. They don't really 'do' anything. PAUSE**
He's staring. Now Anthony's staring! I don't believe this –

109. **PORSHIA:** Are you looking at my breasts?

110. **ANTHONY:** To be honest, Porshia... Erm... I was simply wondering why you were. With such marked fascination.

111. **SFX:** DOORS OPEN.
PAUSE.

112. **THOMAS V/O:** **Oh.**

113. **PORSHIA:** Oh, Anthony I'm sorry.

114. **ANTHONY:** It's fine, it's fine.
PAUSE
I'm more of an ankle man myself.

115. **SFX** LIFT DOOR OPEN

116. **ANTHONY:** This is me. Have a good day, Porshia.

117. **THOMAS V/O:** **Now I've got my ankles to worry about too.**

118. **PORSHIA:** Bye, Anthony.

119. **SFX** LIFT DOORS CLOSE

SCENE TWELVE

INT. OFFICE, PORSHIA'S DESK

120. SFX: OFFICE NOISES. PHONES ETC. THE CHARACTERS IN THIS SCENE ALL INTERMITTENTLY TYPE THROUGHOUT CONVERSATION.

121. EVA: Here we go. One black with none for Louisa. Sweet enough. One white with one for Porshia. Camomile tea for me. I'm trying to avoid caffeine.

122. SFX CUPS ETC PUT DOWN

123. LOUISA: How come, Eva?

124. EVA: I'm sleeping funny. Then if I do get to sleep, I get bad dreams so it's a spiral, y'know.

125. THOMAS V/O: **Eva looks as if her life has been one long, unravelling tragedy; and she never stops smiling.**

126. PORSHIA: What do you dream?

127. EVA: This is strictly between us.

128. PORSHIA: Course.

129. LOUISA: Course.

130. THOMAS V/O: **Of course.**

131. EVA: Well...

132. THOMAS V/O: **Hang on, who's this?**

133. TIM: Hi. Erm. Sorry to interrupt. I'm looking for Porshia Hudson.

134. PORSHIA: It's the post, post-haste, the post! Make room! Bung it anywhere, mate.

135. SFX STUFF MOVED ON DESK
POST PUT DOWN

136. PORSHIA: Are you new?

137. TIM: Yeah, first day panic.
Anyway, I should, erm...

138. PORSHIA: Course.

139. SFX TIM WALKS AWAY

140. LOUISA: Come on Eva, crack on.

141. EVA: When he's out of earshot.

142. LOUISA: He's out.

143. EVA: (NERVOUSLY) Well. On Friday night. I... I'd had a couple of glasses of wine, anyway, and then I... I had a dream about... There was this palace and...

144. LOUISA: Skip to the end.

145. EVA: And I had sex with Saddam Hussein.

146. SFX SILENCE. NO TYPING.
PORSHIA AND LOUISA BURST OUT LAUGHING.

147. THOMAS V/O: **I will never look at Eva in the same light.**

148. LOUISA: As God said unto the Sodomites, Come again?

149. EVA: It's only a dream.

150. PORSHIA: About shagging a dictator.

151. LOUISA: A dead dictator.

152. EVA: (PAUSE) Well, I just...

153. THOMAS V/O: **She blinks a few times and then smiles.**

154. LOUISA: Were you, like, part of his harem?

155. EVA: That's racist.

156. LOUISA: How's that racist, Eva?

157. EVA: He was very nice.

158. PAUSE. PORSHIA AND LOUISA LAUGH. EVA JOINS IN.

159. EVA: In the dream!

160. SFX: PAUSE.

161. LOUISA: Did you know? If they kill you quickly, you piss yourself? You just piss everywhere. (MAKES NOISE)

162. EVA: Men do that anyway.
Y'know, round the toilet seat.

163. THOMAS V/O: **That's not entirely fair.**

164. LOUISA: (LAUGHING) All they've got to do is just point and shoot.

165. EVA: And they still manage to get it Everywhere. (LAUGHING)

166. **THOMAS V/O:** **Well, it's not as easy as that.**

167. **LOUISA:** You would've thought if you were crap at it, a bad aim or something, you'd practice.

168. **EVA:** Practice. Exactly.

169. **THOMAS V/O:** **(AWKWARDLY) You can't always tell.**

170. **PORSHIA:** (PAUSE) Mmm. But you can't always tell how it's going to come out.

LAUGHTER DIMS SOMEWHAT

171. **LOUISA:** (PAUSE) Sorry?

172. **PORSHIA:** (VERY MALE TYPE WAY OF EXPLAINING SOMETHING) It can come out at all kinds of weird angles. Y'know, line it up as much as you want but, (LITTLE LAUGH) ... especially post-coitus.

173. BEMUSED PAUSE

174. **LOUISA:** Porshia?

175. **THOMAS V/O:** **Was that me? Did I make her say that?**

176. **PORSHIA:** (TRYING TO FIX) It doesn't excuse not cleaning up afterwards, ha.

177. IT'S LEFT HANGING. THEY DECIDE TO GET ON WITH THEIR WORK

FADE

SCENE THIRTEEN

CORRIDOR / ON MOBILE PHONE

178. **THOMAS V/O:** I keep glancing out the window, hoping to see Thomas down there in the courtyard bit. The smoking bit. Just for a sign. An indication. Cos if Porshia IS me, she'll still smoke. And then the thought comes... maybe Thomas died. Me, my body. And I've just been, y'know, relocated. Recycled. I manage to get Porshia to take her mobile phone out of her pocket. On several occasions. Each time, trying to get her to dial. I keep willing the phone-number into her head. Ring Thomas's phone. Ring it. Ring it.

179. **SFX** NUMBERS PUT IN, PHONE RINGS

180. **THOMAS V/O:** I have a breakthrough at midday. In the canteen. Between vegetarian lasagne and chocolate mousse: triumph strikes.

181. **SFX** MOBILE PHONE RINGS FAR END. GOES TO ANSWER PHONE

182. **THOMAS' VOICE:** Hi. You're through to Thomas Grey's answer phone. I'm out fighting terrorists right now, but you know what to do. Cheers guys.

183. **SFX** BEEP

184. **PORSHIA:** Oh, I... It's Porshia here. The number will be on your missed calls... but, you should know it. Your own number. Just.... Ta.

185. PAUSE

186. **THOMAS V/O:** I just kinda stand there for a bit, staring at a crack in the corridor skirting board. Thinking. That's not my answer phone message. Mine's just a straight, ordinary, bog-standard, ordinary human message. Why would she change my message? If only I could see her.

187. **LOUISA:** You alright, Porshia?

188. **THOMAS V/O:** My body's been hijacked.

189. **PORSHIA:** Yeah, I'm alright.

190. **LOUISA:** Tell your face about it then.

191. **THOMAS V/O:** Force a smile.
If I can dial a phone I can force a smile.

192. **PORSHIA:** How's that?

193. **LOUISA:** Much better. Come on, let's drink too much caffeine and tease Eva about her dream. You in?

194. **PORSHIA:** I'm in.

FADE

SCENE FOURTEEN

PORSHIA'S BEDROOM

195. SFX MUSIC: 'LET DOWN', CHRISTOPHER O'RILEY (TRUE LOVE WAITS)

196. THOMAS V/O: **You are your most you**
Just before eight a.m.,
When you've barely begun.
Half-asleep, with the handprints
Of your dreams still on your skin.

197. **You are your most you**
When you and your bed
Begin the day as one
piggish and dough-like thing.
Half-woman, half-duvet,
50 per cent Porshia,
50 per cent Polyester.
A romping, truffling, snouting beast;
All rump and snarl.

198. **You are your most you**
When you are default.
You are my favourite you
Before milk and half-a-sugar,
Pre-knickers,
Pre-toast and TV,
Pre-Touché Éclat,
Before the world gives you a cause for concern.

199. SFX: ALARM CLOCK GOES OFF, QUICKLY SILENCED

200. PORSHIA: (BIG YAWN) Good morning world. Now sod off.

201. **THOMAS V/O:** **Like my mother, I've learnt to control the car from the back seat. In my parents' case, the car was an Audi. In my case, the car is a metaphor. I now believe I can influence anything from Porshia's choice of earrings, to the things she says, to what she spends her money on.**

202. SFX CAT MIAOWS FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BEDROOM.

203. PORSHIA: Morning, Beanie-Baby. What's wrong?

204. **THOMAS V/O:** **The idiot cat is staring at the door like the sky's fallen down.**

205. SFX PORSHIA PUTS ON DRESSING GOWN OVER HER SLIP.
BAREFOOT ACROSS FLOOR.

206. PORSHIA: What's up, darling? Little cutie-baby. Poor little thing starving to death? Come on then.

207. SFX OPENS DOOR

208. CROSSFADE MUSIC

SCENE FIFTEEN

HALLWAY TO KITCHEN

209. MUSIC [INTERRUPTING MUSIC FROM PREVIOUS SCENE]
'LET DOWN' BY EASY STAR ALL STARS (RADIODREAD),
COMING FROM CHEAP CD PLAYER IN KITCHEN.

210. SFX: PORSHIA IS COMING DOWN STAIRS, PAUSES, THEN
ADVANCES MORE QUICKLY

211. THOMAS V/O: ***There's a sombrero in the doorway to the kitchen. As
portents of disquiet go, it's a good'un. A kind of Here Be
Dragons, in extravagant hat form.***

212. PORSHIA STOPS AT FOOT OF STAIRS AND PICKS UP
SOMBRERO.

213. ETHAN (FROM KITCHEN): It's a sombrero.

214. PORSHIA: (Gasp of 'fuh-' as in 'fuck', or similar.) Ethan!

QUICK FADE

SCENE SIXTEEN

KITCHEN

226. **THOMAS V/O:** **She shrugged. She shrugged as in 'yes' as in 'okay'. I say no. No!**

227. **HE STARTS KISSING HER**

228. **ETHAN:** Cos you look kinda peaky. Maybe just one day off.

229. **THOMAS V/O:** **Control, control: No. I Must Go To Work. I Must Find Porshia.**

230. **PORSHIA:** It's Eva looks after sick days and stuff, so...

231. **ETHAN:** So 'hooray'.

232. **PORSHIA:** So 'hooray'.

233. **THOMAS V/O:** **No, no, no. Control, control...**

234. **ETHAN:** You'll be pleased to hear my chastity belt remained firmly in place.

235. **PORSHIA:** I should hope so.

236. **THOMAS V/O:** **C'mon. Up. Up. Dressed and gone!**

237. **KISSING HER AROUND HER FACE**

238. **ETHAN:** Of course.

239. **THOMAS V/O:** **It's a lie. He couldn't even look her in the boobs when he said it.**

240. **ETHAN:** They're just after the white dollar anyway.

241. **THOMAS V/O:** **Ah – Meaning he tried, they said no.**

242. ETHAN: Were you a good girl?

243. THOMAS V/O: **Maybe he did get lucky...**

244. PORSHIA: As gold.

245. ETHAN: Anyone sniffing around you while I was...?

246. PORSHIA (THROWAWAY) No, no...

247. THOMAS V/O: **He's paranoid. He's got something to be guilty about.**

248. PORSHIA AND ETHAN THEIR KISSING INCREASES IN ARDOUR. SHE'S LEANING AGAINST THE TABLE.

249. PORSHIA: Did you get pissed much?

250. ETHAN: Well. It was work, work, work wasn't it? So... nothing really.

251. THOMAS V/O: **You cheating, lying bastard. Everyone drinks with their workmates, it's so they can find something to say. You weren't away on work at all!**

252. ETHAN: You like the sombrero?

253. PORSHIA: [LITTLE LAUGH] I thought you'd gone to Trinidad.

254. ETHAN: Y'know these homogenised tourist resorts... The same format rooms, the same format gift shop. The even sold those 'authentic African tribal CD racks', y'know?

255. PORSHIA: [LAUGHS] It's been a while.

256. THOMAS V/O: **You can't buy that, Porshia.**

257. ETHAN: I love you.

258. PORSHIA: I love you too.

259. THOMAS V/O: **I Love Her. In block capitals: I LOVE HER. Right, right. Take control. I'm *not* happy to see him. I must reign in the parts of the body that are.**

260. PORSHIA: Come here.

261. HE PULLS HER ROBE AND HER SLIP DOWN OFF HER SHOULDERS. KISSING INCREASES IN INTENSITY

262. THOMAS V/O: **No! It's quarter to eight in the morning!**
(With some horror.) Good god. I can feel silver spasms of joy surging up Porshia's oesophagus. Close legs. Close legs. Close legs.

263. SFX BIG JOLT TO TABLE. CROCKERY BEING SWEPT ASIDE, MUG FALLS TO FLOOR AND SMASHES, CAT SCREECHES IN REACTION, AS ETHAN PUSHES HER BACK ONTO THE KITCHEN TABLE AND CLIMBS UP ALONGSIDE HER.

264. THOMAS V/O: **He looks at me the way a fat child looks at cake. Already feeling its taste on his tongue, and plotting the most effective route to scoffing the whole bastard down...**

265. ETHAN: You're the bloody sexiest cow on the planet.

266. THOMAS V/O: **But you don't normally lie a cow horizontally and begin to crawl all over it. But perhaps this was Ethan's party piece. 'There you go, Daisy, up on the table. Mind the meringue. Watch this everyone!'**

267. ETHAN: God you feel good.

268. HIS JEANS BEING UNFASTENED. HE GETS ON TOP OF HER. SOUND OF POPPERS ON HIS SHIRT AS SHE RIPS IT OPEN.

269. **THOMAS V/O:** **He pounces on Porshia like a grand piano pounces on to an unsuspecting Bugs Bunny. Then, it's all hands; grappling, unfastening, fumbling; and tongues probing and plunging. Porshia's ears, mouth... Porshia's body conceding rhythmically.**
There's then a moment of mutual red-faced panting, lungs heaving, eyes consuming, and Porshia, rather inelegantly, chucks her legs open.

270. PORSHIA AND ETHAN INTERCOURSE BEGINS

271. **THOMAS V/O:** **Then Ethan, rather clumsily, penetrates her.**

272. **THOMAS V/O:** **I look down at Porshia's body. I had thought about sex with Porshia. But never from this angle. The diminutive abdominal muscles, only now visible, appear and disappear rhythmically. Her curves are like water.**

273. ETHAN: Oh, Porshia...

274. **THOMAS V/O:** **I can feel Porshia's heart shimmy and drum.
I can make out the tiny white scar on her knee.
Everything feels very big in these little hands.**

275. ETHAN: Oh Porshia...

276. **THOMAS V/O:** **I presume I'm the only one still thinking about getting to work.
Suddenly... It's like... A silent bell rings and we urgently change position.**

277. WITHDRAWAL. ETHAN MOVES TO WOODEN KITCHEN CHAIR. DRAWS PORSHIA DOWN ASTRIDE HIM.

278. ETHAN: Oh Porshia, Porshia...

279. **THOMAS V/O:** **She really is outstandingly beautiful.**

280. PORSHIA: (QUIETLY) Oh my God...

281. **THOMAS V/O:** **...And here and here, the slightest dappling of light from the window, where it touches her side...**

282. PORSHIA: (SLIGHTLY LOUDER) You're so beautiful.

283. **THOMAS V/O:** **...So utterly beautiful...**

284. PORSHIA [NB]: ...oh, God, Porshia... Oh – Porshia!

285. LONG PAUSE

286. ETHAN: Sorry?

287. **THOMAS V/O:** **What happened?**

288. PORSHIA: Why have you stopped?

289. ETHAN: You were calling out your own name, Porshia.

CUT ALL EFFECTS

SCENE SEVENTEEN

NEUTRAL SPACE, NO EFFECTS OR MUSIC

290. PORSHIA: CLIMAXES. THOMAS' VOICE-OVER ABOVE:

291. **THOMAS V/O:** I've heard men's orgasms described as being like fire. Fire inside the genitals and then release.

Not so, personally:

In my own experience an orgasm is like a coarse-haired animal, with garlic skins and bee stings, attached to the end of each and every hair; being propelled out of the genitals at an unearthly speed.

If this is so,

Then Porshia's orgasm is like a goldfish exploding repeatedly over a snare drum, in extreme close-up.

Possibly a mandarin fish, which is larger and more colourful.

I hope this makes this whole experience slightly clearer for you.

292. PORSHIA: CLIMAX FINISHES. FADE ON PORSHIA BREATHING

CROSS FADE TO:

SCENE EIGHTEEN

PORSHIA'S KITCHEN, ANOTHER DAY

293. SFX COFFEE GRADUALLY PERCOLATING.

294. THOMAS V/O: **The next few days pass without much input from me. I find her hard to control when she's like this.**
I suppose everyone has that one person they go a bit mental for. When you don't listen to reason. When you hear what you want to hear. When you are forever rock to their paper. Someone once told me: Thomas, stand in love; don't fall.
PAUSE
I don't know.
It's all the sex I can't stand.

295. ETHAN: [ENTERS] How you doing, babe?

296. PORSHIA: Great. You?

297. KISS

298. ETHAN: Oh. Don't do coffee like that. Look. Use the cafetière.

299. PORSHIA: (NICELY) I like it like this.

300. ETHAN: In the...thing?

301. PORSHIA: In the 'percolator'. PAUSE

302. THOMAS V/O: **He's standing there, looking at Porshia like;**
"Do you know who I think I am?"

303. ETHAN: Well do you mind doing mine in the cafetière?
Thank you, Porshia. Just, a bit of thinking.

304. ANOTHER KISS

305. THOMAS V/O:

Oh it's all too boring to tell you about. It happens every day over something: Porshia does or says something. Ethan quibbles over some small detail. Porshia placates him.

Ethan, de-quibbled, moves on. To hunt for other things to get sticky about.

FADE

SCENENINETEEN

306. SFX

PORSHIA'S OFFICE

SOUND OF PHOTOCOPIER

307. THOMAS V/O:

**Four deserts meet upon my chest.
They lie heavily against my flesh
They scorch these breasts
And fill the trenches of these ribs.
Four deserts meet upon my chest
To devour each other.**

**One desert may gain a yard
Another lose a mile,
But even if I crawl on their ashes,
I will be a creature of hope;
Even as I clasp the one last green clod
Of the last, death-defying chamber
Of my four-chambered heart,
I will be a creature of hope.**

**It takes courage to enjoy life;
Heroism during the winter months.
Notwithstanding, I will hold my ground,
Until the earth itself spews me out.**

308. SFX

NOW FADE IN FULL OFFICE ATMOS.

309. TIM:

'Scuse.

310. PORSHIA:

Oh. Sorry.

311. THOMAS V/O:

It's whatsisname, the post guy.

312. SFX

PHOTOCOPIER STOPS

313. PORSHIA: Oh damnation.

314. TIM: Did I do something?

315. PORSHIA: No, it's the erm photocopier. Error 243.

316. THOMAS V/O: **I've barely slept and I feel rotten.**

317. SFX TIM STARTS FIXING PHOTOCOPIER

318. PORSHIA: Oh. Thanks. Straight to it.

319. THOMAS V/O: **I want my own life back.**

320. TIM: Best thing. Error 243; a fly in the ointment of gentle office folk everywhere.

321. PORSHIA: And I've got a bloody cold. And everything's just shit today.

322. TIM: (PLAYFULLY) Go on.

323. PORSHIA: (COLDLY) No. Just very busy. You just... play with your little photocopier there.

324. TIM: Well. It does seem like the only chance of intelligent conversation.

325. THOMAS V/O: **Despite her cold tone, there's these splurts of joy shooting up Porshia's wrists.**

326. PORSHIA: You're the, erm, post boy, aren't you?

327. TIM: Office lackey.

328. SFX DOOR OPENS

329. LOUISA: Porshia, hi – hi. Errr....

330. PORSHIA: What is it, Louisa?

331. TIM: Hi, Louisa.

332. LOUISA: I'm disturbing something, aren't I?

333. PORSHIA: I was photocopying my bum when Tim walked in.

334. LOUISA: (BEAT) Were you?

335. PORSHIA: No, I, erm. It was a joke, Louisa. The photocopier's broken.

336. LOUISA: (FLUSTERED) Oh okay. Are you okay, Porsh, you're looking peaky?

337. PORSHIA: I have a cold.

338. LOUISA: Right. Good. I'll leave you to it.

339. PORSHIA: Bye, Louisa.

340. DOOR CLOSE. PAUSE

341. TIM: You don't look 'peaky'.

342. PORSHIA: Does my self-appointed knight in shining armour have a name?

343. TIM: Tim.

344. PORSHIA: (LAUGHS)

345. TIM: What?

346. PORSHIA: It's a good name. Sorry. PAUSE

347. **THOMAS V/O:** **C'mon. Say something, one of you.**

348. **TIM:** I think you should make yourself a cup of tea, Porshia; give yourself a chance to get over the stresses of the day and my particularly ordinary name. While you do this, I, Tim, will find the photocopier manual and proceed to fix the photocopier without beating it up.
Do you want a Lemsip?

349. **PORSHIA:** (CHARMED) No. Thank you, Tim. (LAUGHS)

350. **SFX** OPENS DOOR

351. **TIM:** You should be at home in bed.

352. **THOMAS V/O:** **Not a bloody chance, mate.**

353. **PORSHIA:** Cheers.

354. **SFX** CLOSES DOOR.

FADE

SCENE TWENTY

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET

355. SFX: PORSHIA'S HEELS ON PAVEMENT.
SUBURBAN AREA: DOG BARKS. SEAGULLS CAW. BICYCLE
PASSES.

356. THOMAS V/O: **At the end of the week, I get a good day.**
An especially good day:
Porshia lets go.

I don't know what I've done, or how long it'll last. But
suddenly my opponent in a game of tug-o-war lets go.

I crash to the floor with a smile.

Then I think, what now?

(BEAT)

So I decide to go home.
Not Porshia's home; my home. Thomas' little home, with its
crazy paving path where every other stone is coming loose.
With its ivy hanging in wet beards from the walls.

And I picture Porshia, in Thomas' body, answering the door.

357. SFX FOOTSTEPS ON LOOSE CRAZY PAVING.
DOORBELL.

358. PORSHIA: (PRACTISING) Hi, Thomas. No, no – Hi Porshia, is more true.
Or just hi.

359. THOMAS V/O: **Just say hi.**

360. PORSHIA: (SIGH)

361. SFX DOORBELL

362. PORSHIA: C'mon, c'mon, girl. Answer the door.

363. SFX WINDOW OPENS

364. MRS NESBITT: He ain't in.

365. THOMAS V/O: **Mrs. Nesbitt! My neighbour. Leaning out of her window in a leopard print dressing gown at five-thirty in the afternoon.**

366. PORSHIA: I'm looking for Thomas. Have you –

367. MRS NESBITT: Won't catch him.
Don't come back till late these days.
The walls are paper thin. I hear him.
He sings.
That's right.
He's begun singing at night.

368. THOMAS V/O: **Mrs. Nesbitt can probably tell from my expression that I'm concerned; and therefore begins to enjoy the conversation.**

369. MRS. NESBITT: Caught him wearing Golas too.

370. THOMAS V/O: **What are Golas?**

371. PORSHIA: What are Golas?

372. MRS. NESBITT: Young People's Shoes.

373. PORSHIA: Oh.

374. THOMAS V/O: **Oh.**

375. MRS. NESBITT: Oh yes. And gunk in his hair, like he's something to talk about.
Not as far as I could throw him, my love.

376. THOMAS V/O: **What the Hell has she done with me?**

377. MRS. NESBITT: Well! All's well that ends.
His stuff's in the skip.
There. Behind you.
Don't look like that. I didn't do it.
He's moving.

378. SFX: PORSHIA RUNS TO SKIP. HANDLING OF STUFF INCL SPOONS

379. THOMAS V/O: **The crazy, insensitive, mad, evil, woman!**
Who on earth is Porshia to move into my body, take over my life and... I mean, what kind of woman can throw away a man's entire collection of spoons?
Margate, 1997. Bruges, 2003.
Right. Okay. If Porshia want to play with fire –
Lemington Spa, 1985!
- We can all make changes.

FADE

SCENE TWENTY-TWO

INT. PORSHIA'S KITCHEN

380. SFX FRONT DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE

381. ETHAN: Hey, baby, you're home!
I was thinking maybe after dinner – did you pick up something for dinner, Porshia? – Porshia? What's all the spoons about?

382. SFX MANY SPOONS DROPPED TO COUNTER

383. PORSHIA: You're dumped, Ethan.

384. ETHAN: Sorry?

385. PORSHIA: You're dumped.

386. ETHAN: Why?

387. PORSHIA: You cheated on me, you walk about naked – please put some clothes on - you're overbearing and condescending, and... I could go on.

388. ETHAN: I didn't cheat on you.

389. PORSHIA: Really?

390. PAUSE

391. ETHAN: You don't dump me. That's not what happens. I dump you.

392. PORSHIA: That's totally fine, Ethan.

PAUSE

What are you waiting for?
Storm out and slam the door.

393. ETHAN: Chuck me my boxers.

394. PORSHIA: Here.

395. ETHAN: Cheers.

PAUSE.

I'm off.

396. PORSHIA: Keys.

397. SFX ETHAN SLAMS KEYS ON COUNTER, STORMS OUT AND
 SLAMS THE DOOR.
 CAT MIAOWS

398. PORSHIA: Hello, Cat.
C'mere, gorgeous thing.

399. THOMAS V/O: Cats are okay, I guess.
Maybe I'll be a spinster.
Get a pride of cats, An Embarrassment of Cats, and let my
garden overgrow. Let the local kids think I'm a witch.

400. PORSHIA: Good Cat.

401 SEX MIAOW

FADE

SCENE TWENTY-
THREE

402. THOMAS V/O:

THOMAS VOICE OVER

I sometimes think I want you
Only because it would break my heart not to.
Because wanting you is what I do.
And it would break my heart
To break routine.
Occasionally, I allow myself a peep
At the idea that I might not want you
And that my worship of you
Is like your worship of cats
And other domestic things
That cannot harm.

403.

Other times I think I want you
Because I am only human,
And will die a human death;
And you, and wanting you,
Means I'm alive.

404.

Then something will happen.
I might catch a peep of a smile
Cracking in the corner of your mouth,
And something supercharges me and kills me
A million times over,
Each time better than the last.
But that something,
That smile,
That reason,
That hasn't occurred in a while.

FADE

SCENE TWENTY-
FOUR

INT. OFFICE

405. LOUISA: My arse.

406. EVA: Louisa!

407. PORSHIA: Eva, that's not swearing.

408. EVA: Well in my house it is, Porshia.

409. LOUISA: My bum.

410. EVA: Thank you, Louisa.

411. LOUISA: Porshia, I do not believe you.
Don't make out 'things weren't working'.

412. PORSHIA: They weren't.

413. THOMAS V/O: **Louisa will make this her business.**
Lovely as she is, Louisa makes everything her business.

414. LOUISA: Don't pretend this has nothing to do with Tim.

415. THOMAS V/O: **What?**

416. PORSHIA: (LAUGHS) What?

417. LOUISA: Photocopying your arse?

418. EVA: I beg your pardon?

419. LOUISA: Bum, then.

420. THOMAS V/O: **It was a joke.**

421. PORSHIA: It was a joke!

422. LOUISA: All I'm saying is it creates a mental image and you, purposefully, planted that particular image in his brain.

423. THOMAS V/O: **(CYNICALLY) Really?**

424. PORSHIA: Of my arse?

425. EVA: Porshia!

426. PORSHIA: Oh bugger off, Eva.

427. LOUISA: You're updating. Like with phones. Like with broadband or bloody TVs, you're updating.

428. THOMAS V/O: **Say something. Please, I must think of something to say!**

429. SFX PHONE RINGS

430. LOUISA: Bet you any money that'll be him.

431. THOMAS V/O: **Man, what if it is?**

432. PORSHIA: Don't be daft, Louisa.

433. LOUISA: Answer it. Go on.

434. SFX PORSHIA ANSWERS PHONE

435. PORSHIA: Hello, Porshia Hudson speaking....

436. THOMAS (DIST): (LAUGHS) Well, that makes two of us, Thomas. PAUSE When shall we meet?

437. THOMAS V/O: **That's my voice. That's Porshia. That Porshia's using my voice.**

438. PORSHIA: I... erm.

439. THOMAS (DIST): Tonight? Bring Beanie. I want my cat back, that's all I want.

440. PORSHIA: I...

441. THOMAS V/O: **I want my house back! I want my life back! I want everything back how it was!**

442. PORSHIA: Tonight, sure.

443. THOMAS (DIST): I'll meet you at the Grand at eight.

444. PORSHIA: The Grand? Erm. Sure. Yeah.

445. THOMAS (DIST): Ta-rar.

446. SFX HANGS UP FAR END. RECEIVER PUT DOWN THIS END.

447. LOUISA: Was that Tim? Was that a date? Porshia?

448. PORSHIA: No, it's... different.

449. LOUISA: (LAUGHS) I know what you're up to Porshia. You can kid yourself you're innocent but you've been acting really weird for weeks now. Hasn't she, Eva?

450. FADE

SCENE TWENTY-FIVE

PORSHIA'S BEDROOM

451. GRAMS: SOME JAZZ-SWING MUSIC

452. THOMAS V/O: **I get dressed in front of the mirror. Ensure everything is 'just so'. Don't ask me why. BEAT I've never got used to the size of Porshia's socks. They still look like finger puppets.**

453. SFX MIAOW

454. PORSHIA: Hello Putty-tat. I'm going home. You'll get your mistress back soon.

455. THOMAS V/O: **Is stockings going too far? I want to look fantastic. Of course stockings're going too far, it's not a date, it's... I'm a man! I'm going to get my body back, my life back... I don't know how, but I will. It's not like I'm returning a rented car.**

456. PORSHIA: Hello, Porshia. Lovely to see you.

457. THOMAS V/O: **No, not 'lovely'; something hard-nosed...**

458. PORSHIA: Smashing to see you.

459. THOMAS V/O: **Rubbish.**

460. PORSHIA: The cat? Beanie? Oh yes, Beanie's fine. You'll get her back when I get my body back.

461. THOMAS V/O: **Yeah. 'Don't call me babe, I'm a hard-nosed, uncompromising bitch'.**

462. PORSHIA: And while we're on the subject, Porshia... Whatever happened to my spoons? ...Really? Thrown away? Then the cat dies!

463. SFX MIAOW!

464. PORSHIA: Not really... Kidding!... C'mere, Beanie baby... C'mere...

465. SFX PURR

466. PORSHIA: In the basket... in the basket... C'mon.

FADE

SCENE TWENTY-SIX

INT. BAR IN HOTEL

467. SFX HAPPY CONVERSATION ETC

468. THOMAS V/O: **No sign of her yet. Thirteen minutes late. Maybe something's happened... What if she got run over on the way here?**

469. BAR MAN: (ARRIVING) Are you being served Madam?

470. PORSHIA: (DISTRACTED/FRUSTRATED) Err... Just a... Just a...

471. THOMAS V/O: **Just choose anything.**

472. PORSHIA: Packet of nuts.

473. BAR MAN: Sorry?

474. PORSHIA: Please. Packet of nuts, please.

475. THOMAS V/O: **There's a group of people coming in. Men, women... Is she with them?**

476. BAR MAN: Nothing else?

477. PORSHIA: No.

478. THOMAS V/O: **No, she's not with them.**

479. BAR MAN: Maybe a saucer of milk?

480. THOMAS V/O: **Hey?**

481. PORSHIA: Hm?

482. BAR MAN: The cat. There's a joke, isn't there, about someone walking into a bar with a cat? Yeah, cat on one shoulder, bird on the other.

483. SFX MIAOW

484. PORSHIA: I don't know.

485. BAR MAN: Course. Your cat's not on your shoulder, it's in a carry thing.

486. PORSHIA: Look...

487. BAR MAN: I'll get your nuts.

PAUSE

488. THOMAS V/O: **Sober and focussed. Utterly Zen. Stick to your guns and –**
Bloody Nora, that's me! I mean, Porshia. But my body. My face, my eyes, my hand, my –

489. THOMAS (IN THE SCENE – PORSHIA'S MIND IN HIS BODY) (ARRIVING) Hi, Thomas.

490. THOMAS V/O: **Porshia has dressed my body in a mist-grey three-piece suit and a shirt that says; (AMERICAN) 'Hi, how you doin'?**

491. PORSHIA: Alright, Porshia.

492. THOMAS: (TO CAT) Hello Beanie-baby-beanie-baby-boo-boo, Mummy's back. Mummy's back, hello.

493. SFX MIAOW

494. THOMAS: You look well. You done alright, actually. Are those my stockings?

495. PORSHIA: Get your hands off.

496. THOMAS: I see you've been eating well.

497. THOMAS V/O: **What's she done to my hair? She looks like a children's TV presenter.**

498. PORSHIA: You've been working out.

499. THOMAS V/O: **She's grinning ear-to-ear, and using my face to do it.**

500. PORSHIA: I don't like your suit.

501. THOMAS: I do. I've lost weight too.

502. PORSHIA: I can tell. And you've got new hair.

503. THOMAS: It's just gel.

504. PORSHIA: Makes you look like a prick.

505. SFX RUSTLE OF PEANUT BAG.

506. THOMAS: Are you struggling with them?

507. PORSHIA: (SNAPPING) No.

508. THOMAS: Look. I'll do it.

509. SFX STRUGGLE

510. PORSHIA: No. I'm fine.

511. SFX PEANUTS FALL ON FLOOR

512. THOMAS: Now look.

513. PORSHIA: Yes. Look.

514. THOMAS: I'm just here for Beanie.

515. THOMAS V/O: **I showed weakness. Remember to be hard-nosed.**

516. PORSHIA: I dumped Ethan.

517. THOMAS: Oh. Fair enough.

518. PORSHIA: I want to swap back. Now. I don't care how you did it, I want my body back, my life back, my occasional psoriasis, I want it all back.

519. THOMAS: And how would be do that? I always thought it was you who'd made the change. Voodoo or something.

520. PORSHIA: No. So... Maybe it's like in Freaky Friday or something, and we both made a wish at the same time or something.

521. THOMAS: I don't think I've ever wished to be you.

522. PORSHIA: Right.

523. THOMAS: Soz.

524. PORSHIA: That's it then...? There's no... We didn't make a wish.

525. THOMAS: Even if we wanted to swap back, we wouldn't know how.
PAUSE

526. PORSHIA: You disappeared. You haven't been in work.

527. THOMAS: I left. I'm working with Saskia now –

528. PORSHIA: Saskia?

529. THOMAS: Saskia. My girlfriend. We're gonna get married. She's, erm, she's one of your sister's mates actually. Nice.

530. THOMAS V/O: **At this moment, I go numb. Porshia has achieved in a few weeks, what I couldn't in thirty-three years. A companion. Someone who you can plan with, and sleep in with on Sundays, someone to share with. At this moment, the bottom falls out of my heart.**
And Saskia? She was like my teenage wet-dream!

531. THOMAS: You alright, Thomas?

532. PORSHIA: Yeah – I... So... Saskia!... mum must be chuffed. The marriage and everything.

533. THOMAS: Yeah. Seems it.

534. PORSHIA: What do you do? As a job, together?

535. THOMAS: Lingerie. Means we can use that joke. 'We're in lingerie'.

536. THOMAS V/O: **I want to be dead.**

537. PORSHIA: (DRY) That's very funny joke. It's good. She's rich, isn't she? – Saskia.

538. THOMAS: A lot of people have to go overseas to find themselves. I just upgraded to first class.

539. PORSHIA: I'm glad it's going well.

540. THOMAS: Look...

541. THOMAS V/O: **And that's it. She says, 'Look,' like she's starting a sentence, then she's silent. She kisses my cheek, and, quietly, stoops and picks up Beanie's cage.**

542. THOMAS: Thomas... you...

543. THOMAS V/O: **But she stops again. She downs her wine, and goes, leaving me standing there in my best dress, in stockings, with a peanut somewhere down my top.**

544. SFX MIAOW

545. THOMAS V/O: **Beanie-Baby. I can't end it like this.**

546. PORSHIA: Porshia! Wait!

547. THOMAS: What?

548. PORSHIA: You shouldn't put gunk in your hair, you look like a children's TV presenter.

549. THOMAS: Whatever.

550. THOMAS V/O: **So that's it. That's that. That's Porshia. Gone. With Beanie-Baby. Upped and gone, and that is that.**

FADE

SCENE TWENTY-
SEVEN

EXT. HIGH STREET

551. SFX HEAVY RAIN. CARS. ONE CAR TOOTS LOUDLY, MUSIC FROM INSIDE: MR. DISCO BY MY FABRIC

552. KID: Alwight darling!

553. **THOMAS V/O:** **Piss off.**

554. KID2: Get in, love! It's warm!

555. **THOMAS V/O:** **If they don't piss off...**

556. KID: You can sit on my lap!

557. KID2: She can sit on my face!

558. **THOMAS V/O:** **Go, just go, just leave me alone...**

559. KID: (LAUGHS) Come on, love, we can see you're soaked through!

560. KID2: (LAUGHS)

561. PORSHIA: Bugger off! Seriously. Both of you. I've had a really shitty week, and an especially shitty day, so Piss Off. Piss Off. Piss Off. Piss Off!

562. SFX THEY DRIVE OFF, LAUGHING AND TOOTING.

563. THOMAS V/O: **We are stickmen,
Crudely drawn,
Leaning together,
Hobbling towards flesh;
Between us, falls the shadow.
We are stickmen,
Wading through emergencies
On our own.**

564. TIM: Porshia? You alright, Porshia?

565. PORSHIA: What?

566. TIM: It's Tim. Photocopier Tim, remember? Are you alright?

FADE

SCENE TWENTY-
EIGHT

INT. FISH AND CHIP SHOP

567. SFX MUSIC 'LET DOWN' BY RADIOHEAD, TINNY ON RADIO.

568. TIM: ...I haven't had fish and chips for years. When I was a kid, my mum used to try and stop my putting everything in butties.

569. PORSHIA: (LAUGHS)

570. TIM: Seriously, what are you laughing about? This is... y'know, I'm baring my soul here. Anyway, pea fritters or chips or Sunday roast... seriously...

571. PORSHIA: (LAUGHS)

572. TIM: You, erm, your nose kinda crinkles up when you laugh.

573. PORSHIA: (NOT FLIRTATIOUSLY) It's disgust.

574. THEY LAUGH.

575. TIM: But, erm... what was going on tonight; when I found you... Y'know. Don't tell me if you don't want.

576. PORSHIA: No. I...

577. THOMAS V/O: **Maybe another time.**

578. PORSHIA: ...It was a 'complicated goodbye'.

579. TIM: A fellah?

580. THOMAS V/O: **In a sense.**

581. PORSHIA: Not in the romantic sense.

582. TIM: Life-stuff, eh?

583. PORSHIA: A very long story ending with me having to give him my cat.

584. TIM: Oh. That's a shame.

585. THOMAS V/O: **Yeah. It is.**

586. PORSHIA: When you were a kid, did you use to think scampi was an actual animal?

587. TIM: It is, isn't it?

588. PORSHIA: (LAUGHS)

589. PAUSE

590. TIM: Would you think I was a bit mental if I you saw me slip this fork into my jacket pocket?

591. PORSHIA: No. I'd think you had a very healthy hobby of fork collection.

FADE

CLOSING CREDITS TBA

POST CREDIT SCENE NEXT

SCENE TWENTY-NINE

INT. PORSHIA'S BEDROOM. MORNING.

END