

FADE IN:

INT/EXT. FLATS. DAY.

RUSSELL (30) is sitting in his flat. One side of the wall is a glass window facing the flats opposite. He stands up and starts to put his coat on. A radio blares out bland dancepop before being replaced by this:

NEWSREADER

Mark Demott announced new measures today to deal with the spread of the Mill Valley Virus. The PM told an assorted group of journalists that all businesses are to close, with the exception of essential businesses such as those selling food, medicine, alcohol, gym equipment, and tobacco. Residents are advised to stay indoors until the lockdown has been declared over.

Russell throws his coat on the floor, walks over to a small window and opens it.

RUSSELL

Bastards!

PERSON ON STREET

(o/c)

Hey, fuck you pal!

RUSSELL

Go eat toilet paper you panic-buying pleb.

He slams his window shut and leans against the wall. He spots a "How to learn sign language" book on a table. Looking out the window he sees large groups of people walking around like normal, sharing bottles, sneezing without covering their faces, staying close to each other.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Fuck it, might as well prepare for the long haul.

He picks up the book.

INT/EXT. FLATS. DAY.

CAPTION: 4 MONTHS LATER

Russell is sat against a wall, his hair long and face slightly gaunt.

RUSSELL  
(signs)  
So bored. Somebody kill me.

He looks out the window and sees BECKY (31) in similar position in her (cleaner) flat across from his. They share an awkward glance and wave. A knowing smile flashes over Russells face.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)  
(signs to himself)  
I'd give her one.

He looks over.

BECKY  
(signs)  
I speak sign language.

RUSSELL  
(signs)  
Shit.

He stands up and walks closer to the window.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)  
(signs)  
Sorry about that. Cabin fever.

BECKY  
(signs)  
I get it. I worry that when this is over I'll forget that it's frowned upon to wear pyjamas all day.

RUSSELL  
(signs)  
It is? Then someone should tell the guys in that building down on Woodburn Street. I see people coming out of that in pyjamas all the time.

BECKY  
(signs)  
That's a karate dojo.

RUSSELL  
(signs)  
They're not that good at it.  
(MORE)

RUSSELL (CONT'D)  
I beat the shit out of a group of  
them a few weeks ago.

BECKY  
(signs)  
It's a kids dojo.

RUSSELL  
(signs)  
I know, that's why it was so easy.

Becky looks momentarily shocked, then goes back to normal.

BECKY  
(signs)  
Oh, you were joking weren't you.

RUSSELL  
(signs)  
Yeah, sarcasm etc doesn't really  
come through well without vocal  
clues.

BECKY  
(signs)  
It really doesn't. Becky, by the  
way.

RUSSELL  
(signs)  
Russell.

INT/EXT. FLATS. DAY.

The two of them are dressed in their finest, Becky in a long flowing dress, Russell in a suit that he obviously hasn't worn in a while. Becky's doorbell rings and she goes to answer it, coming back with a pizza. Russell pulls a pizza box out from behind his chair and the two of them sit down, their chairs facing the window.

MONTAGE

-The two eating pizza

-The two of them reading a book, signing plot points towards each other.

-Playing battleship against each other.

INT/EXT. FLATS. DAY.

The two of them are seated opposite each other again. Russell has a large beanie hat on.

BECKY  
(signs)  
What's with the hat?

RUSSELL  
(signs)  
Well I thought my hair was getting  
a bit long so....

She gasps in shock.

BECKY  
(signs)  
You didn't?

He nods.

RUSSELL  
(signs)  
Used a glass mixing bowl.

BECKY  
(signs)  
Maybe you should have used  
scissors.

RUSSELL  
(signs)  
Very funny.

BECKY  
(signs)  
I thought so.

RUSSELL  
(signs)  
I am so embarrassed.

BECKY  
(signs)  
Why? Not as though you have to be  
anyway.

Russell hesitates.

RUSSELL  
(signs)  
Fair point. Seriously, what do I  
do?

BECKY  
(signs)  
There's only one option.

RUSSELL  
(signs)  
Suicide?

BECKY  
(signs)  
God no! Shave it all.

RUSSELL  
(signs)  
That would probably be the smarter choice.

He walks away, coming back with an electric razor.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)  
(signs)  
I'm not so sure it's a good idea.

BECKY  
(signs)  
Is it a worse idea than sticking with that shitshow you have now?

RUSSELL  
(signs)  
It's not that bad.

BECKY  
(signs)  
It is, trust me. Even I wouldn't date you with that hair.

An uncomfortable silence ensues as the implication of what she said hangs in the air.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
(signs)  
I'll just go.

INT. BECKY'S FLAT. DAY.

Becky sits on her bed.

BECKY

Why do you always do this? You meet a guy, you get interested in them and you ruin it by telling them....by telling them you like them? Wait, why is that a bad thing? Why is you being interested in the person you want to date a bad thing? You're supposed to.

She walks out the room.

INT/EXT. FLATS. DAY.

Russell is seated with his back to the window. He hears a loud banging behind him, turning round he sees Becky banging on her window.

BECKY

(signs)

Look, I like you, and I'm interested in you. If you can't handle that then go fuck yourself because I'm tired of being apologetic about being interested in people. If you can't handle me being into you then you're not the kind of person I want to date. So tell me, yes or not?

INT/EXT. FLATS. DAY.

Becky and Russell are still in their flats, sitting opposite each other near the windows, both in robes. Russell takes his off and stands there.

BECKY

(signs)

I approve.

RUSSELL

(signs)

Now you.

BECKY

(signs)

What do you think I am?

RUSSELL

(signs)

But I thought...

BECKY  
(signs)  
Yeah I'm just messing with you.

She goes to disrobe then hears a wolf-whistle from somewhere.  
She looks at the window above Russells and hastily does her  
robe back up.

RUSSELL  
(signs)  
Dickhead from upstairs?

She nods.

BECKY  
(signs)  
Does he know sign language?

RUSSELL  
(signs)  
I don't think so.

BECKY  
(signs)  
I'll give you my number then and we  
can cam. 0781-

She looks up.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
(signs)  
Are you certain he can't  
understand?

RUSSELL  
(signs)  
I don't think he can.

BECKY  
(signs)  
I don't like those odds. I'm sorry,  
I can't risk it.

RUSSELL  
(signs)  
I get it. Maybe when this is over?

BECKY  
(signs)  
I really hope that's soon.

INT. BECKY'S FLAT. DAY.

Becky is sitting on her bed with a parcel. She opens it up, inside is a mirror with a post it note on it "so you can see yourself the way I do". She starts to tear up.

INT/EXT. FLATS. DAY.

Becky walks up to the window and sees Russell.

BECKY  
(signs)  
Thank you so much.

RUSSELL  
(signs)  
Happy one year.

BECKY  
(signs)  
Best year ever.

An alarm blares out and a voice comes from the radio.

NEWSREADER  
Stand by for a special announcement  
by Mark Demott.

MARK DEMOTT  
I'm pleased to announce that the  
lockdown is over. After 18 months  
life can return to normal as of 8pm  
next Friday. Congratulations  
Britain, we have prevailed. We look  
forward to a prosperous future.

A loud cheer can be heard from the streets. The sound of  
hundreds of people celebrating can be heard.

BECKY  
(signs)  
I thought he said it ended Friday?

RUSSELL  
(signs)  
It's been eighteen months, can't  
blame them for doing this.

Becky bites her lip, hesitating over her next movement. She  
looks up and then runs out her door. Russell does the same.



EXT. STREET. DAY.

The two of them run towards each other and embrace.

BECKY

It's so good to finally touch you.

RUSSELL

I never guessed your voice would have sounded like that.

BECKY

Cheeky fucker.

RUSSELL

So, I was thinking of placing a reservation for a dinner for two at Donovans tomorrow. If you're interested.

BECKY

I think I'd like that.

They smile.

INT. DONOVANS. EVENING.

Becky is seated in a posh restaurant. Nervously gripping her bag and looking around the room, she calms down when she sees Russell walk in.

RUSSELL

(signs)

Hi.

BECKY

You know we can speak now, right?

RUSSELL

Sorry, force of habit.

BECKY

So.....

RUSSELL

So....

BECKY

So how was your journey?

RUSSELL

It's just round the corner from ours, remember?

BECKY

Oh yeah. Erm, you find it okay?

RUSSELL

I suggested it.

BECKY

Of course, of course.

The two of them look around the room, trying not to meet each others gaze and highlight the awkward silence.

FADE OUT.