

WHATEVER WE'RE MADE OF

by
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INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - DAY

Peeking through the open door, to see --

A boy's toys scattered on the ground. The room silent, tiny, and almost cute, if it didn't look so cheap and decrepit.

Standing by the doorframe -- ASHLEY "ASH" WOODS (30s). Boxers and T-shirt. Bandage on one hand. Grazes on the forehead. If there is a spark in the eyes of people, it's not in his.

Sitting on the floor, staring at something we can't see yet --

FRANKIE KENNETH (30s). Olive skin. Long hair tied in a bun and tattoos up to her chin. And if she looks that distant physically from Ash you can be damn sure it's because she's distant from him in every other way.

He sits down with her. Puts an awkward hand on her shoulder.

ASH
I gotta eat first. You hungry?

She brings herself back to the room --

Nods. Doesn't mean it. She watches Ash leave the room -- shifts her attention to

THE DOORFRAME behind her. So inconspicuous from here, as --

INT. ASH AND FRANKIE'S KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Ash takes out a frying pan from a drawer. Stove on. Then --

The front door CREAKS open... and shut. He heads back to

INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Frankie's gone. And we finally see what they were staring at:

AN EMPTY CHILD'S BED. He throws it a quick look. Struggles to do so. Exits the room again, as we catch a glimpse of --

PENCILLED MARKS on the doorframe. The unmistakable height chart. A kid growing up over the years --

"ZACHARY 2 y/o"... "ZACHARY 3 y/o"... "ZACH 4 y/o"...

But the markings stop after that.

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE OVER BLACK: "WHATEVER WE'RE MADE OF"

INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - DAY

Two plates on the floor. Egg and toast on one, the other empty.

Ash puts a hand on the child's bed. Takes a moment for himself.

He pulls out the mattress -- throws it to the ground.

And one piece after the other --

Takes apart the bed.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - SAME TIME

Frankie ambles down the road, a bag of groceries in one hand.

She drops a few coins into A HOMELESS MAN's cup.

Arrives near her building, about to get in, when --

A PHONE RINGS. A landline. It resonates from above, out the window --

INT. CHILD'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Ash turns as he hears the phone from the living room.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - SAME TIME

Frankie startled. She looks up. Identifies the sound --

FRANKIE

Shit.

She fumbles as she opens the building door --

INT. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

She rushes to

THE STAIRS

Drops a few items from her bag. Doesn't care for it --

INT. ASH AND FRANKIE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She storms in. Drops her bag, as --

Ash stands by the dining table. Phone to his ear.

ASH
(into the phone)
Sorry Miss. We don't offer this
service anymore--

FRANKIE
Ash!

She chases him around the table.

FRANKIE
Hey!

She goes one way. He goes the other. The phone cord wrapping
around the chairs.

ASH
(to the phone)
You should call a therapist. Be
with your family. Take your time to
grieve, Belinda--

Frankie lets out a scream of frustration.

Runs to the wall. The PHONE SOCKET --

Disconnects it.

Ash puts the phone down. They stare at each other.

ASH
We shouldn't be doing this.

She clearly wants to punch him but holds it back.

ASH
These people. They're in pain.
Alright? But instead of grieving--
instead of moving on, they're
calling us. It's not fair on them--

FRANKIE
Oh yeah, sure. Cause people's
feelings been a lot on your mind
lately, Gandhi.

ASH
Frankie--

FRANKIE

Think about it. Think about how much money we could make now. Me and you, the boy wonder who actually died for six minutes.

Ash stares at her trying to sell her idea.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

The only guy in our business who was pronounced clinically dead and actually saw the afterlife. Who *actually* saw the dead and spoke to them--

ASH

I didn't speak to anyone--

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

--put that on a flyer and see how many times a day that phone rings. We'd be the best paid psychics in all the UK. Bump up our fee. Three hundred-- fuck it, five hundred quid a consultation. Ten a day. Millionaires in what-- six months?

ASH

(sarcastically)

You've done the maths--

FRANKIE

Yes, I've done the maths!

He stays quiet.

FRANKIE

Look. I don't wanna be doing this forever. I've got plans. Goals, bigger things--

ASH

Like what?

FRANKIE

Like bigger things. And I'd really like-- if you'd be so kind to stop fucking with our business-- I'd really like to achieve them.

Something in Ash's expression changes. Like something just *clicked*.

ASH
You're breaking up with me.

FRANKIE
What? No-- no I'm not.

ASH
You're going to fucking leave? Now?
Frankie takes a moment.

FRANKIE
Ash--
Ash points at the child's bedroom.

ASH
You think that was my fault--
Frankie shuts her eyes. Mentioning their child clearly hurt.

ASH (CONT'D)
So you're leaving me.
She takes a deep breath. Avoids eye contact. And --

FRANKIE
It doesn't have to be a break up.
A scoff from Ash.

FRANKIE
We can just take time apart from
each other. Alright?

ASH
Yeah I'm sure people call that
breaking up.

FRANKIE
Just for a while.
(then)
You need to sort things out with
yourself.

ASH
I don't have anything to sort out
with myself--

FRANKIE
I want to be with you. Ash-- I want
to be with you. But right now--
being together-- that shit's not
healthy.

ASH

And I'm fucking with your business.

Frankie shakes her head.

FRANKIE

I want us to be back together when
we're both better.

ASH

If you saw the things I saw when I
was there--

FRANKIE

But I fucking didn't, did I? What
you gonna do? Show me?

A silence. Cold and nasty.

FRANKIE

Let's just take a few days out.
I'll go stay at my mum's. Or you
stay at yours. Whichever way you
wanna do it.

Ash scowls at her. And --

He picks up the landline phone. Wraps the cord around it --

Throws it out the window. We hear it land on the sidewalk.

He storms out of the flat.

FRANKIE

(shouting)

I sure hope you didn't like-- I
don't know, fucking kill someone
down there!

She takes a peek at the window. Sees where the phone landed.
There's a touch of frustration in her eyes. Like she wishes
it *did* land on someone.

INT. BETTY'S KITCHEN - DAY

The whistle of a kettle --

The room is spartan but whoever put up the decoration tried
to make it look good and vintage.

Ash at the table. Opposite -- his brother TOBY (20s). Already
balding. Definitely a stoner.