

SIDE STEP

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EXT. PARK. DAY

SUPER: ALEPPO, SYRIA 2016

Open on a home-made NFL helmet made from a a plastic milk carton, painted green with a pipe cleaner grill. Its wearer is RAFI, 7, grimacing from exertion. His father, OMAR (30's), calls out in Arabic (subtitled).

OMAR
Ok, let's go!

We are in a public park, near a decorative fountain. The grass is bare and a partly destroyed minaret peeks above palm trees. A white helmet is set on the floor near a picnic, where ALIA (20's) is enjoying a savoury snack.

With a ball tucked under his arm, Rafi screams and sprints at Omar, who gently tackles him to the floor.

OMAR
What is the golden rule?

Rafi puffs back into position for his next attempt.

RAFI
A defender who is unbalanced cannot tackle you.

Rafi hares at Omar again, this time attempting to unbalance him with a series of extravagant side steps. But Omar is too big and gently tackles him again.

ALIA
Let him have one touchdown.

OMAR
No. This is how he learns.

A gunshot rings out. They all look off to the left of screen, then Alia methodically starts packing away the picnic.

OMAR
Ok. Game over.

RAFI
What? No!

Omar goes to the white helmet and pops it on. He kisses Alia and Rafi then makes to depart. Alia reaches out and gently grabs his hand. They hold eye contact for a moment, Alia full of worry, then Omar strides offscreen to the left.

RAFI
I was gonna beat him!

Alia finishes packing. The gunshots continue.

Then, the ground is rocked by a thunderous explosion. A blast wave scorches across from the left, knocking Alia and Rafi to the floor and destroying the ornate decorative fountain.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. STREET. DAY

SUPER: PANTSERTH, WALES 2025

A village deep in the South Wales Valleys. A minibus pulls up. Alia, now in her thirties, steps off with a suitcase. RAFI, now 16, follows. He is carrying a backpack and an old, cracked white helmet. The minibus pulls away, leaving them alone.

ALIA
(Arabic, Subtitles)
What do we do now?

She looks around at the quiet street, then up at the looming mountains. They turn toward a distant shout. GERWYN (50's), an enormous bald man in a brown suit, is barrelling towards them.

GERWYN
HELLO!

Alia shrinks back a little and pulls Rafi in.

GERWYN
I'm so sorry! They said Talbot Road!

He slows to a stop and attempts a smile through pouring sweat.

GERWYN
Can you believe that? Basics!

Gerwyn may look like an ex-rugby player, but he clearly hasn't run for years. He gulps in lungfuls of air, then nervously delivers a well-practiced line.

GERWYN
I'm Gerwyn Lewis and I'm your
integration support worker. I am the
very first Pantserth representative of
the Refugee Resettlement Programme...

He pauses, trying to remember the next bit. Eventually, he glances down at a sweat-soaked piece of paper.

GERWYN
...programme, and I welcome you to our
green and humble land. Ahlan Wa Sahlan!

He bows. Alia giggles at Gerwyn's nervousness.

GERWYN

Did I say it wrong? SHIT! Had to google it, nothing in the book about pronun--

Alia holds her hand out to Gerwyn.

ALIA

--No. It is perfect. I should say, my English, not good. Rafi, much better.

Relieved, Gerwyn shakes Alia's hand, then Rafi's.

GERWYN

Hello Rafi, lovely to meet you. Right, let's go and see your new house!

He strides off purposefully. Alia and Rafi look at each other.

INT. HALLWAY. DAY

Gerwyn, still nervous, unlocks the door and leads them inside.

GERWYN

Hallway! A sort of 'initial receptacle'.

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY

A small room with cheap, bright furnishings. Alia is thrilled.

GERWYN

Furniture's a hodge podge but we've had it all cleaned and upscaled. Updone. What's that word... Upfreshed?

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

Gerwyn leads them into a shabby but clean kitchen. Touched, Alia puts her hand to her mouth. Gerwyn opens the fridge.

GERWYN

Got some grub in for you look!

INT. BEDROOM. DAY

Gerwyn leads them into a bedroom with one single bed and a small writing desk by the window.

GERWYN

Rafi's room. I chose the red. Like it?

Rafi happily explores the room, then gently places the old white helmet on the desk. Alia is now welling up, which translates immediately to Gerwyn.

GERWYN

Oh. Ha! Yes, it is a bit emotional, all this. Yes. Oh God I'm going now.

INT. BEDROOM. DAY

A bit red-eyed himself, Gerwyn leads Alia to the master bedroom. Again, freshly painted and furnished.

GERWYN

And finally, your room. UPCYCLED!
That's the word. *Upcycled*.

Alia, suddenly exhausted, plonks down on the bed. An incredibly long journey is finally at an end.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY

Gerwyn leads them to the table.

GERWYN

Now, I'm not to tire out or overwhelm my new arrivals, so I'll leave you to it.

He points to some documents and envelopes on the table.

GERWYN

There's your arrival payments, appliance guides, and my telephone number. Which just leaves me to say... *Croeso y Gymru!*

He does another bow and turns to leave but Alia goes to him and embraces him warmly.

EXT. HIGH STREET. DAY.

Alia and Rafi edge warily down a deserted high street. Almost all the premises are boarded up, including a magnificent nineteenth century Miners Institute.

Outside this, wearing a daffodil hat around his face, sits a dozing IANTO (60's) at a stall, *Ianto's Tourist Emporium*.

Items include a shelf of tiny bottles '*Owain Glyndwr's tears - Genuine. £1 bottle*' and a row of oven gloves emblazoned with Tom Jones's face '*Tom Jones Oven Gloves - 2 for £5*'.

TRACEY (O.S)

Wha' you doing over here then?

Ianto splutters awake. Across the street, the tracksuited TRACEY and DAVE (50's) light cigarettes outside a bookies.

RAFI

We are looking for food shop.

TRACEY

No offence, you should go back to your own country! There's no more room here!

DAVE

NO ROOM HERE!

ALIA

(Subtitled)
What are they saying?

RAFI

(Subtitled)
They are saying the town is full.

Puzzled, Ianto looks up and down the derelict high street.

IANTO

No room? Place is a bloody ghost town!

RAFI

(Subtitled)
This man says the town is *not* full.

IANTO

Tracey, Dave, piss off back in the bookies ya fucking ignorant twats!

Alia looks at Rafi. Clueless, he shrugs his shoulders.
Ianto smiles and tips his daffodil hat to Alia as they pass.

IANTO

Plenty of room here love.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE. DAY

Shopkeeper JEAN (60's) sings sweetly while dusting a low shelf near the counter. The door tinkles. Jean glances over as Alia and Rafi enter, then jumps a mile, smashing her head on the shelf above. Alia and Rafi flinch and gasp in sympathy.

Jean stifles a howl, then, desperate to be professional, stands straight and smiles through watering eyes.

JEAN

Good morning!

RAFI

I'm so sorry, are you ok?

JEAN

Oh yes! Just a little bump!

Alia approaches and gestures for Jean to show her head.

ALIA

Show me. Show me.

JEAN
 I'm fine! I'll just...
 AAAAHHH LORD IN HEAVEN!

She clasps her head. Alia is already heading to the freezer.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE. DAY

Jean is sat on a chair behind the counter. Alia is holding a bag of frozen peas to Jeans head. Rafi has a basket and is working through a list, picking up herbs, spices, dried fruit.

JEAN
 Gerwyn's been excited about you coming!
 We've never had... you know, up here.

Alia is watching her mouth, seeking words she recognises.

JEAN
 They've got some down in Ponty, you
 know. There's plenty of...

ALIA
 Muslims?

JEAN
 Yes! Is that what you say? My mouth
 wanted to say Islams. Yes, Muslims.

Alia places Jeans hand on the peas as Rafi brings the basket.

ALIA
 Still no dizzy, or headache?

JEAN
 No. Just sore.

Jean starts packing the shopping into a bag one handed.

JEAN
 Plenty of Muslims in Ponty, but up here,
 forget about it. Might as well live on
 the moon for all the new people we get!
 Last new person we had turn up was Ken
 Thomas in 1991 and he ended up throwing
 himself off the viaduct by Christmas!

INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT

Rafi is under his blanket watching live American Football on his phone. A player receives a pass and sprints into the end zone, turning and hurling the ball in the air in celebration. The door opens. Alia worriedly looks in as Rafi peeps out.

ALIA
 Please. Tomorrow is important.

Rafi grudgingly turns his phone off. Alia comes to give him a kiss.

ALIA

From now on, you must be your best self
in all that you do.

EXT. SCHOOL. DAY

Gerwyn nervously leads Alia and Rafi across the car park of the local school. Rafi watches the pupils playing in the yard.

GERWYN

One computer for every child now! We
only had one computer in the whole
school when I was here. BBC computer.
Remember them? We only ever played worm
on it. Filled the screen up once, I did.

Alia and Rafi glance at each other, confused.

GERWYN

Great game.

INT. HEADS OFFICE. DAY

MR ROBINSON (50's) shuts the door, then pointedly drags his chair around to the front of his desk, where Alia and Rafi are sitting nervously. His bushy moustache forms a warm smile.

MR ROBINSON

We don't believe in barriers here at
Ysgol Pantserth.

Gerwyn, stood leaning against the wall, grimaces. Mr Robinson sits down and turns on the charm.

MR ROBINSON

So, I'm the head teacher, PE teacher *and*
coach of the local rugby team. Former
player. Rafi, ever heard of Neath RFC?

Rafi looks blank.

MR ROBINSON

Course not. Ha! Yeah, won the Schweppes
cup in 1989 at Cardiff Arms Park. As
was. Ever heard of Cardiff Arms Park?

A shake of the head from Rafi.

MR ROBINSON

Course not. Anyway! Yes, so under the UK
Refugee Resettlement Scheme, you have
the right to be placed within the
education... Rugby? The sport of rugby?

Nope. Mr Robinson is now slightly deflated.

MR ROBINSON

Gah. Football probably, is it? Man Utd?

RAFI

I like NFL. Miami Dolphins.

MR ROBINSON

Ok... Well, better than football anyway.

GERWYN

Let's return to the matter at hand Neil?

Being called Neil seems to irk Mr Robinson, but he continues.

MR ROBINSON

Now, I understand there are no Special Educational Needs or Disabilities?

ALIA

Oh. ADHD. I wrote in the form.

MR ROBINSON

Did we, um, I didn't know...

He shuffles his papers around. Becomes a little stressed.

GERWYN

Neil, I gave you all the--

MR ROBINSON

Mr Robinson in here Mayor! I don't come over the town hall and call you Gerwyn.

GERWYN

Yes you do?

Alia turns to Gerwyn.

ALIA

You are Mayor?

GERWYN

Well, for what it's worth these days.

MR ROBINSON

Just a title really.

GERWYN

Bit more than a title.

MR ROBINSON

Gerwyn, this gentleman's educational needs are more important than a squabble over a dubious election nine years ago!

GERWYN
Dubious election?

MR ROBINSON
(Warm smile)
I'll make it my personal business to
ensure Rafi gets the support he needs.

ALIA
Thank you.

MR ROBINSON
In fact, we'll fit him up with uniform
and he can start tomorrow! How's that?

ALIA
Wonderful!

GERWYN
Yes, thank you. *Neil*.

The glare between the two men could turn water to ice.

INT. CLASSROOM. MORNING

The uniformed Rafi, with Alia behind, is led into the class by
MISS DAVIES (30's). The sparse class are smiling, excited.

MISS DAVIES
Right, everyone, ready and...

CLASS
Ahlan Wa Sahlan!

Rafi blushes at the fuss. Miss Davies goes to Alia.

MISS DAVIES
Mam, do you want to stay for a bit?

ALIA
Oh, no. I go. Thank you!

Alia gives Rafi a kiss then leaves. Miss Davies takes Rafi to
sit by RHYS, 16, ginger hair, diminutive and fast talking.

RHYS
Alright butt! Pull up a pew!

MISS DAVIES
Rafi, don't worry if it's hard to start
with, this week is about settling in.

RHYS
Don't worry Miss, I'll help him
settle in.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD. DAY

Rhys and Rafi are sat on a wall luxuriating in their iced jublees. Rhys stops and watches Rafi sucking his.

RHYS
You eat jublees like a bender.

RAFI
What is bender?

RHYS
Bender. Homo. Gay!

Rafi stops sucking on the jubbly and looks at it. The netball team are puffing away at a laboured stretch exercise nearby.

RHYS
Here we fucking go, Pantserth ballet group. Go on girls, stretch them quads!

Rafi self-consciously carries on with his jubbly.

RHYS
That's it. Perfect blow job.

Rafi throws his jubbly away.

RHYS
Hah, you're so gullible!

A netball hits Rhys on the side of the head.

RHYS
Ah, twat!

Laughter from the netball players. Rhys rubs his head, then checks his watch.

RHYS
Shit, I got rugby training. (Toward the netball players) REAL FUCKING SPORT!
Come on butt, you can watch.

Rhys jumps down off the wall and hurries away.

EXT. RUGBY PITCH. DAY

Rafi stands on the sideline watching the rugby team, including Rhys, warm up. Mr Robinson calls the team to order.

MR ROBINSON
OK, ALL IN! Good. Now I know you'll be nervous about tomorrow's final, but this ain't my first rodeo. When I got to the Schweppes Cup final in 1989--

RHYS

Oh, here we go.

MR ROBINSON

--I was shitting through the eye of a needle for a week before the game. Absolute carnage. Day before the final I went for a walk in the woods, calm my nerves. Wasn't a soul there.

He looks off to the side. Remembering.

MR ROBINSON

Unusual for a Friday cos that's when the doggers would show up normally.

RHYS

Sir, we're cooling down here!

MR ROBINSON

Anyway, where was I? Oh yeah, Alf Woodward. Did I say that bit? No. Out of nowhere, there's Alf Woodward right in front of me! You boys heard of Alf Woodward? Course not.

RHYS

(Quietly)
I think he's had a stroke boys.

MR ROBINSON

Captain of the all-conquering Neath side of '61. So he looks at me and says something I've never forgotten.

Bored, Rhys and a couple of the boys wander off. Mr Robinson delivers the words with real feeling.

MR ROBINSON

Seek not to impress the throngs on the terrace, seek only to impress the man in the mirror...
(Pause for effect)
Oh, did I say he was dead?

He's lost them. More boys wander away.

MR ROBINSON

I remembered those ghostly... Ok we'll get started. That's good, pro-active!

Rafi watches the training match start. A player catches the ball in his own 22 and sprints straight into a crunching tackle, then gamely recycles the ball to a teammate.

Another player runs into a crunching tackle and is buried. Then another. Watching on, Rafi flinches with each collision.

The ball is whipped out to Rhys, who shimmies, then scorches through a gap in defence. He approaches the try line and looks set to score when the full back comes over and smashes him into touch close to Rafi, who is forced to leap out the way.

MR ROBINSON
Great tackle!

RHYS
HOW ABOUT SOME SUPPORT BOYS!

Rafi is entranced by the speed, power and drama of this new sport. The bell rings for next lesson. As he wanders away, Rafi watches the ensuing lineout, with the lock forward hoisted ten feet in the air to catch the ball.

EXT. MOUNTAIN. DAY

A Kia Picanto pootles along the top road. On one side, the steep drop into the valley, on the other a windblown common.

INT. CAR. DAY

Gerwyn is crammed into the driving seat of the tiny car. Alia is in the passenger seat, looking out over the stunning view.

GERWYN
So there's Howard, caseworker for the Fynon Valley. He'll have a few. Jane, caseworker for the Aber Valley. She'll have a few. Then me.

Gerwyn turns and smiles sweetly at the nervous Alia.

GERWYN
I've just got you.

INT. RUGBY CLUBHOUSE. DAY

A dusty clubhouse with the bar shutters down. A dozen people, including Alia, sit on two rows of chairs. Gerwyn is stood at the front with HOWARD and JANE (both also 50's).

Gerwyn and the equally huge Howard are bursting out of full Wales rugby kits, including shorts and socks. Jane is in full Welsh Lady costume. All three look deeply embarrassed under the blank stares of the refugees.

JANE
So! A little game to break the ice, and it's all about *communication*.

A practiced handover to the nervous Howard, who reads from a piece of paper held in shaking hands.

HOWARD

Looking around, we have people from all over the world! You might think interaction would be hard. But talking is only *one* method of communication!

Howard steps back. Gerwyn steps forward, profusely sweating.

GERWYN

The following game demonstrates that, wherever you are, communication is always possible. Wink murder!

EXT. HIGH STREET. DAY.

Rafi and Rhys are strolling along the high street.

RAFI

It looks like NFL. A war of territory. But surely it hurts without padding?

RHYS

Don't feel it really. I'm gonna grab some sweets. You getting anything?

RAFI

Nah.

Rhys pops into the convenience store. A tourist minibus has stopped by Ianto's Tourist Emporium and while the bored driver has a cigarette, Ianto sells to a group of American tourists.

IANTO

Got Princess Diana key rings... Owain Glyndwr's tears here, pound a bottle.

One TOURIST gently picks up a bottle of Owain Glyndwr's tears.

TOURIST

Well, I'll be darned. Ain't that something... Who was Owain Glyndwr?

IANTO

(A beat)
Good friend of Jesus.

Rafi's attention is taken by the smartly dressed PERRY (30's), sat on a wall near a silver BMW. The scruffy EVANS (20's) and LEAH (17) are sat with him. A YOUNG BOY stares into the BMW.

YOUNG BOY

Let's have a look inside butt!

Perry, chatting amiably to several older children, smiles and clicks his key fob. The boy opens the door and peers in. Perry speaks in a London accent. Relaxed. Charming.

PERRY

Promise you won't nick it mate, my missus would string me up!

Rhys bundles back out of the store.

RHYS

Let's go see Gran and Grumps over the dogs. I can show you tackling.

Perry looks over at Rafi and flashes a charming smile. Rafi smiles back as he walks away with Rhys, who notices.

RHYS

Don't speak to that guy.

RAFI

Why not?

RHYS

Trust me on this one.

Rafi cannot help one final glance back at Perry and clan.

INT. RUGBY CLUBHOUSE. DAY

Most refugees are stood in a circle along with the beaming Gerwyn and Howard. One woman is stood forlorn in the middle wearing a plastic police helmet.

JANE

Don't forget Police lady, you have to look around to catch the murderer!

The 'POLICE LADY' (50's), who looks like she wants to be anywhere else on the planet, turns to Jane.

POLICE LADY

In Afghanistan I was Civil Court Judge--

JANE

--No talking allowed! Now, murderer, start murdering!

The police lady looks bleakly around at the circle. Suddenly, one YEMENI MAN collapses theatrically to the floor.

YEMENI MAN

YAAAARRRGGGHHHH!

JANE

Ooh he's dead! The question is, who on earth killed him?

Bored, the police lady points to a diminutive OLD WOMAN, who clasps her hands in delight and mock disappointment.

JANE

Wow, you were a judge! Right, Madam you take the helmet and be police lady!

Beaming, the old woman takes the helmet and swaps places with the Afghan woman. The three caseworkers are straining to inject energy and enjoyment into proceedings.

GERWYN

Right murderer 2, get ready to do some murdering!

HOWARD

Maybe it's you Gerwyn!

GERWYN

Maybe it's you Howard!

JANE

Oh, HA! I always thought Howard could be a murderer! In school he used to look at Yvonne Lewis a bit funny in Biology when Mr Tindall was turned to the--

HOWARD

(Quietly)
--Alright Jane. You know...

EXT. GREYHOUND STADIUM. DAY

Rafi and Rhys climb through a gap in the hedge into the grass area opposite a rickety grandstand and take their bags off.

RHYS

Right, run that way. Fast as you can.

Rafi runs off, but is laughing and can't get any speed. Rhys runs up and tackles Rafi to the floor. Rafi sits up.

RAFI

Oh. Doesn't hurt.

Rafi springs to his feet and chases after Rhys.

RHYS

WOAAAH!

Rafi floors him, euphorically. They take it in turns to tackle a couple more times each, then Rafi's focus is taken by a greyhound scorching past on the cinder track nearby.

RHYS

Let's go.

They head to the grandstand. Leaning on the rail holding a stopwatch and wearing a huge hearing aid is TERRY (70's).

MARY (70's) is in a wheelchair next to him. The greyhound streaks past again. Terry stops his watch.

TERRY
Eighteen four.

RHYS
How's she looking Gran?

Mary, looking dejected, presses on her artificial larynx, and her electronic voice pierces the air.

MARY
Fucking rubbish butt.

RHYS
This is Rafi, my new friend.

Mary presses her neck.

MARY
Alright butt? Terry, give her some coke.

She pulls a small bag of white powder out of her pocket. Terry has not heard her. Mary whacks him with her brolly.

MARY
I said give her some fucking coke.

INT. RUGBY CLUBHOUSE. DAY

The refugees and caseworkers are now seated in a circle. You could hear a pin drop as the entire room listens to Alia.

ALIA
I miss the simple things most.
Going to the market for fruit. Roadside
bread ovens. My friends. My husband...

She gathers herself. Next to Alia is the diminutive old woman, looking more unsettled than anyone else.

ALIA
But everything is gone. Except Rafi.
Rafi is the reason I am alive. I will do
anything to give him childhood as
beautiful as I had in Syria. Anything.

Alia is done. The silence is punctuated only by stifled sobs.

JANE
And this is what today is all about.

Gerwyn wipes his eyes. Jane pats his arm kindly then gestures to the diminutive old woman, who now looks stressed.

JANE

Love, do you want to share your story?

OLD WOMAN

Um. I...

JANE

It's ok. This is a safe space.

OLD WOMAN

I think I'm in the wrong room.

Her accent is pure Welsh Granny.

OLD WOMAN

I only came for intermediate knitting.

Guiltily, she raises two knitting needles and a ball of wool from her bag. Gerwyn closes his eyes. Howard whispers to Jane.

HOWARD

I thought she was one of yours!

Gerwyn hurries to the embarrassed woman and helps her up.

GERWYN

I think knitting's in the lounge.

OLD WOMAN

I was thinking when you did the game,
but then Betty does charades before
pottery so I thought, you know...

EXT. GIANTS BITE. DAY

At the top of the mountain, high above the town, is the Giants Bite, a gap in the skyline quarried from the ridge top. Rafi and Rhys are sat on a rock in the bite. They take in the spectacular view over several villages in the valley below.

RHYS

It's weird. Up here it looks beautiful.
Down there, it looks ugly.

Rhys offers a haribo sweet to Rafi, who takes one.

RAFI

It is not ugly. I have seen ugly.

RHYS

How'd you mean?

RAFI

I remember, I was in a hotel. In
England. With many other refugees.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. DAY [FLASHBACK]

Rafi and Alia are in a high-rise hotel room. Alia sat on a bed grinding her hands, Rafi stood near the window, peering out. It is a leafy but urban environment. Far below, a crowd of protestors have gathered in the hotel car park.

RAFI (V.O)

There were crowds outside. Looking up
with pink faces. Telling us to go away.
They were angry because they had a lot
and did not want to share it.

Men and women bellow and screech up at him. Various placards read 'GO HOME', 'END THE INVASION' and 'THE UK IS FULL'.

Alia joins Rafi at the window. This causes an increase in volume below. One PINK MAN in particular bellows up, simultaneously filming on his phone. His face is contorted.

PINK MAN

Fuck off home you Paki bitch!

EXT. GIANTS BITE. CONTINUOUS

Rafi closes his eyes at the memory. His right fist clenches.

RHYS

People here got pink faces.

RAFI

Here, they have little, so they don't
worry about sharing. They are not angry.

Rhys looks at his watch, then leaps into action.

RHYS

Shit, Mam'll be angry if I miss tea. You
coming?

RAFI

No. I'll stay for a while.

RHYS

You know the way back?

RAFI

Yes. See you tomorrow.

RHYS

See you butt! Finish these off.

Rhys passes the sweets to Rafi then hurries off. Rafi, now alone, leans back and surveys the view. He turns to the sound of broken branches. A billy goat appears, trundles along the bite to a spot a few yards away, then stops and gazes at Rafi.

RAFI

Hello. How are you today?

The billy goat stares and ruminates.

RAFI

I am very well, thank you! A beautiful day for a walk, don't you think?

Suddenly, the billy goat scarpers. Rafi turns to voices nearby. Around the corner stroll Perry, Evans and Leah.

PERRY

Oi oi!

Perry's smile is dazzling, but Rafi is instinctively wary.

PERRY

We've got company! How you doin buddy?
Don't mind us, just come up for a smoke.

Perry pulls paraphernalia from his pocket and starts rolling a joint. Leah hops onto the rock next to Rafi and shuffles close in a short denim skirt. She has a valleys accent, bright eyes.

LEAH

Saw you in town didn't we?
Where you from then butt?

RAFI

Syria.

Clearly attracted to her, Rafi blushes. Evans speaks slowly and with difficulty.

EVANS

Where's that to then?

PERRY

Fuck me Evans, you thick twat.

LEAH

It's the Middle East!

PERRY

Come over with your parents?

RAFI

Yes. Well, just Mama.

Perry nods, analysing him.

PERRY

Did your Dad...

RAFI

He was a White Helmet.

EVANS

A wha?

RAFI

A White Helmet.

EVANS

Dunno about white helmet, but I got a pink helmet, haha!

PERRY

Evans! Listen, sorry for your loss mate.

RAFI

Thank you. I should go, I must be--

PERRY

--You ever smoked a joint?

Rafi shakes his head. Perry lights the joint and offers it.

PERRY

Go on!

Hesitantly, Rafi accepts it. Takes a drag. Stifles a cough.

LEAH

Inhale it into your lungs. Look.

Leah takes it, shows him, then passes it back. He copies her, then coughs extravagantly.

EVANS

That's the fucker.

Perry and Evans join the other two on the rock. The four of them sit with legs dangling, looking out over the spectacular view as the sun starts to dip. The joint is passed around.

PERRY

It don't get better than this.

Rafi takes another drag, then stifles a giggle.

EVANS

Wahey! We got a giggler!

RAFI

I don't even know why it's funny!

EVANS

Everything's funny on this stuff mate.

LEAH

Apart from your jokes Ev.

End Of Sample