

A **Stan.** ORIGINAL SERIES

BUMP

SEASON 2: EPISODE 1

"I CAN'T GET IT IN"

Written by
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Streetlight spills across the room. A stack of nappies leans like a collapsing tower beside a cot. Above it, a whiteboard crammed with colour-coded reminders:

- Underlined in red: "REMA'S 18TH - TONIGHT"

- Circled twice in green: "NSW INTERNSHIP APP DUE - MIDNIGHT"

One corner of the room is a mess: A breast pump tangled in charging cords. A bib hangs off the lamp like it's drying. An empty bottle rolls off a chair, onto the floor.

A laptop glows on the bed, illuminating OLY (18), hunched in an oversized hoodie and shorts. Her messy bun slowly slips loose.

She shifts slightly, careful not to wake JACINDA, sprawled across her lap. The baby twitches in her dreams.

Oly's thumb scrolls down the screen. She stops.

ON LAPTOP: NSW YOUTH POLICY INTERNSHIP. *For passionate young leaders ready to shape the future.*

The blinking cursor lands on the final question: "*Do you have any external commitments that could interfere with this internship?*"

She bites her nail anxiously. Her eyes dart to Jacinda, asleep on her lap, then quickly over to the empty cot. Then back to the screen.

ANGIE (O.S.)
(muffled through wall)
Hey... it's me. I know I said I was
fine, but I'm... not fine.

A dim hallway. Light spills out from the Angie's room.

ANGIE (mid-40s) stands barefoot in a dressing gown, phone pressed tight to her ear. Her other hand dangles an empty wine glass. She leans against the wall, drained.

ANGIE (O.S.)
Matias... are you seeing Rosa
again?
(fumbling)
I mean, I know you see her—she's
your wife—I just...
(MORE)

ANGIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Jesus. I shouldn't be saying this
on a message.
(sigh)
Just call me back. Or don't.
Whatever.

We hear the end BEEP of the voicemail. Angie stares at the screen, lips tight.

Oly steps into the hallway holding Jacinda. She rolls her eyes then gently shuts the door.

INT. CHALMERS-DAVIS HOUSE, OLY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Oly settles Jacinda into the cot. Tucks the blanket.
Straightens the soft toy whale at her side - MIGALOO.

Oly sits again. Stares at the laptop. Her finger hovers over the checkbox. Clicks: "No."

A beat.

DOM (O.S.)
Oi! You ready for Rema's 18th or
what?

INT. OLY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door flies open. DOM (late 40s), shirtless, sweat sheen on his chest, barges in with a protein shaker bottle in hand and gym shorts barely hanging on.

Oly flinches.

OLY
That's tonight?

DING!! A notification lights up her cracked phone screen. Text from SANTI:

SANTI (TEXT)
You still good to pick up Rema's
present? I can pick it up if not.

Oly stares at her screen, blinking slowly. Overwhelmed. *She needs to finish this application.*

OLY (CONT'D)
(only just realizing)
Wait... why are you going to an
18th?

Then Angie barges in. Wine glass still in hand.

ANGIE

Oly! I need to make a Bumble account.

OLY

Mum, it's late, do you need to-

ANGIE

Do I have to say I've got a kid on this thing?

Oly realizes it's a losing battle. Instead she moves with purpose – laptop shut, coat grabbed, baby scooped up one-armed, nappy bag yanked from the chair. She moves through the door like she's not coming back.

OLY

Let's go.

DOM

Should I bring the goon?

3

TITLE CARD:

3



A cursor appears, hovering over the loop of the "P" – like it's a checkbox. It tries to click. Nothing happens. It tries again. Still nothing. One more frantic click. The cursor gives up... slides offscreen.

4

EXT. REMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

4

Fairy lights flicker across Rema's home, guests cluster on the lawn, laughing and posing for photos.

MUSIC: Something like "Kiss Me More" by Doja Cat (feat. SZA) blares loudly from inside, vibrating through the house.

REMA (18) stands near the edge of the lawn, sharp against the blur of bodies. She's wearing oversized hoop earrings and a sequined black dress that catches the light like oil on water. Everyone seems to be enjoying the party, except her.

She taps a neon pink cup against her thigh with rising impatience, eyes scanning the street. A half-empty vodka bottle sits on a foldout table beside her.

She takes a sip of her cup. Winces. *Too much vodka...*

Nearby, SANTI, VINCE, lean on the porch rail, beers dangling lazily from their fingers.

SANTI

I just messaged her. She'll be here soon.

Rema doesn't answer right away. Her jaw tightens, she over pours the vodka, and downs it like it might fix something.

REMA

(too casually)

Whatever. I'm not even thinking about it.

Santi watches her, not buying it. He looks back toward the street—empty. Vince perks up, feeling himself.

VINCE

What are you thinking about then, baby?

REMA

How much better this party would be if you got lost in the bush and never came back.

Vince grins, unfazed, just happy he got a response. Santi lets out a low laugh.

5

INT. OLY'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

5

Oly grips the steering wheel tightly. Beside her, Dom sprawls in the passenger seat with a roadie, scrolling his phone, oblivious. Jacinda sleeps in the back, strapped securely into her car seat.

DOM

(not looking up)

Haha! Look at this. Me and Bert at that Icehouse concert. I was so hot back then.

He shoves the phone in Oly's face. She swats it away, eyes still on the road.

OLY

Get that out of my face dad. I'm driving.

DOM
No wonder your mum wanted me.

Oly says nothing. Her jaw clenches. A beat of silence.

Then—

A distant *THUMP-THUMP*. Fairy lights flicker faintly ahead.

Oly exhales. The lights grow brighter. She checks Jacinta in the rear-view mirror, then pulls the car to the curb.

DOM (CONT'D)
(squinting ahead)
Aha! Yeah! I'll bring the beers, you
get the baby.

She kills the engine. The music swells. The night waits.

6

INT. REMA'S PARTY - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

6

The room pulses with music and bodies. Someone's filming a TikTok dance they'll regret in the morning.

Oly steps through the front door, underdressed and out of place, with a nappy bag slung over her shoulder. Jacinda on her hip is wide-eyed, clinging onto Oly like a lifeline—

and then she SCREAMS.

Oly tries to shush her as the music pulses around them. Nobody notices.

Dom flanks in behind her, already buzzed, already clocking where the booze is at.

GROUP OF BOYS
DOM!!! DOM!!! DOM!!!

Dom lights up, throws both hands in the air like he's entering a ring.

DOM
The fellas! Lets gooo!

He peels off without hesitation, pulled into a loud embrace of backslaps and beer spills.

Oly is left standing alone.

Rema spots her from across the room. Her glitter catches the light as she glides through the crowd like a shark in sequins.

REMA
 Look who decided to show up...
 (eyes Jacinda)
 and with a plus one.

Oly forces a smile.

OLY
 We didn't want to miss your big
 night.

REMA
 Yeah. Would've been awkward if my
 best friend bailed on my
 eighteenth.

OLY
 Sorry. I should of called. Things
 have just been... a lot.

Oly adjusts Jacinda on her hip.

REMA
 Yeah. I can see that.
 (softening slightly)
 Party's been kinda shit, if I'm being
 honest.

Oly bounces Jacinda, wiping a bit of drool from her chin.

REMA (CONT'D)
 ...Lachie's already thrown up in the
 bathtub. And Vince is trying extra
 hard to crack on.

OLY
 Still beats my night.

REMA
 Hmm. Not sure. Depends what's in
 the nappy bag.

They share a wholesome moment. Tense, but human.

REMA (CONT'D)
 There's drinks in the kitchen. But I
 think your dads already found that
 (beat)
 Gift table is by the front door. I
 can't wait to see what you got me, you
 always do the best presents.

She walks off, smiling, expecting Oly to follow.

But Oly doesn't move. She looks toward the gift table. Her smile fades. She looks up again, expression blank, but her eyes give it away.

Fuck.

7

INT. REMA'S PARTY - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

7

Dom leans against the fridge, mid-rant, speaking with the conviction of a man who watched half a YouTube video once.

DOM
It's called drop shipping, bro. You don't even touch the product. It's passive income.

Lachie stands opposite, nodding, impressed but he's clearly drunk. Pale. Sweaty. Eyes unfocused like he's seeing two Doms.

LACHIE
So like... free money?

DOM
Exactly. It's how I almost bought a jet ski.

Rema steps into the kitchen mid-convo, Oly lags a few steps behind, still holding Jacinda.

Dom turns, grinning.

DOM (CONT'D)
Oi! If it isn't the birthday girl! Let me make you a classic Dom special.

He grabs two random bottles from the bench like he's about to perform a magic trick.

REMA
I think I'll pass.

OLY
Vodka and bailey's isn't a drink, dad.

DOM
Ahh you girls are no fun. Lachie, you want one?

Lachie gives a thumbs up, then immediately leans on the counter like it might save his life.

Rema eyes Oly, tension quietly simmering.

REMA
(to Oly)
You okay?

OLY
Yeah. Fine. Just tired.

REMA
You've said that.

OLY
Because I am.

An awkward silence hangs between them.

DOM
Rema, you got a funnel?

Rema doesn't respond, her eyes still on Oly, searching for something more. Oly looks away, shifting Jacinda again, uncomfortable.

Rema turns, heads for the backyard.

REMA
Come on. We're about to play goon of fortune.

OLY
Yeah, I'll meet you out there. Just need to find Santi first

Dom's eyes widen, suddenly alert.

DOM
Oh shit—I gotta get a good spot!

He abandons his half-made concoction, hurrying outside, knocking into a few guests along the way.

8

INT. REMA'S PARTY - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

8

Oly moves slowly down the hallway with Jacinda dozing lightly against her chest. She peeks into rooms, trying to find Santi.

Opens one door--

A couple is tangled on a beanbag, mid-make-out. They barely register her.

She closes it, keeps walking.

Opens another--

Three girls are gathered in front of a mirror, one trying to pierce the other's ear with an ice cube

GIRL

Hold still or I'll mess it up!

Oly backs away, unimpressed.

9

INT. REMA'S PARTY - LAUNDRY - SAME TIME

9

Santi and Vince sit on the floor, an old towel spread beneath them. A milky bong rests in Santi's hand.

SANTI

(holding in smoke)

Do you reckon babies know they're a baby? Like... at what point do you realize, "*oh shit, I'm a person*"?

VINCE

Nah bro the scariest part is she won't even remember any of this. Not you. Not this party. Not her first smile. It all just disappears.

Santi stares at him, stunned. Vince blinks, the gravity of his own words hitting hard.

SANTI

Jesus, man. Fatherhood is a wig out.

VINCE

That's why I keep my baby photos on me at all times bro. Proof I existed before I knew I did.

Vince packs a cone and goes to smoke it.

VINCE (CONT'D)

How you going with that by the way?

SANTI

Idk man i've been having these weird dreams lately.

10

EXT. PARTY BACKYARD - NIGHT

10

Dom balances on a milk crate, goon sack spinning wildly above his head. The crowd howls.

Nearby, Rema stands on a plastic chair, trying to untangle fairy lights from the trees. No one helps. She's on her own.

The bag smacks Dom in the face. He chugs without flinching.

DOM
(mid-chug)
This one's for the housing crisis!

He slams the goon down. Roars. The crowd goes off.

11

INT. REMA'S PARTY - HALLWAY

11

Oly watches this scene through the window. She blinks hard. She's seen this before.

She turns away and heads down the hall.

Oly continues to wander down the hallway, peaking into open rooms.

She reaches the laundry door. Hears LOW VOICES. LAUGHTER, and the unmistakable CLICK of a lighter.

She opens the door to reveal--

12

INT. LAUNDRY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

12

Vince and Santi huddled around a cute baby photo of Vince. Awwhhh.

The boys are slow to clock Oly's presence.

OLY
Seriously?

Santi tries to act casual but immediately starts coughing his lungs up. Vince cracks up at the scene and takes the bong from Santi's hands, already beginning to pack another.

VINCE
(to Santi)
Mate, you're embarrassing us both.
(to Oly)
Sorry about him. He's a rookie.

SANTI
(coughing)
Oh...hey. Didn't know you were...
uh... here already.

Vince leans in, sparks the lighter—

BLOOP-BLOOP-BLOOP-BLOOP-SNAP. He exhales like a dragon.

OLY
It's good to see you too. Dad drove
me in.

VINCE
Wait, your dad's here??
(laughs)

He hands the bong to Oly without thinking. She takes it
instinctively.

OLY
Yes but that's not the point.
Santi, did you get Rema's present?

Jacinda looks up at the bong, curious. Starts reaching for
it.

SANTI
No. I texted you and you didn't
reply so I thought you were getting
it.

OLY
I did reply. I told you to get it.

Oly moves to pull out her phone, but her hands are full of
bong and baby.

OLY (CONT'D)
(re the bong)
Vince, what the fuck!

VINCE
(laughing)
You seemed stressed. Thought you
might need it.

OLY
(stern)
I am not stressed.

VINCE
Your subconscious might be saying
otherwise... the way you just
accepted that.

Vince exits, still chuckling. Oly watches him go, shakes her head.

VINCE (CONT'D)
(to Santi)
I'll catch you outside bro.

Santi nods.

SANTI
I'll figure something out.

Oly watches in disbelief.

SANTI (CONT'D)
I'll make her a card! Proper one.
Watercolour and everything.

OLY
You're high.

SANTI
Exactly. That's when the good stuff
happens.

OLY
You think a painting's gonna fix this?

SANTI
Nah. But it'll show we tried.

Oly seems to come around to the idea.

OLY
Okay... Just don't make it sappy.
She doesn't like that.

Santi rummages around in his backpack for his watercolours.

13

EXT. PARTY BACKYARD - NIGHT

13

The party hums with laughter and chatter. Dom is now wearing a wig someone gave him, dancing out of sync, and mouthing words to the wrong song.

Rema stands quietly apart, watching the chaos.

Oly, Jacinda still on her hip, sidles up beside Rema,

OLY
Heyyy, why aren't you partying with everyone?

Rema's eyes stay forward.

REMA
(softly)
You know you don't have to stay.
Clearly not your scene anymore.

Oly glances at her, uncomfortable.

OLY
Rema. I'm here because you're my best friend.

REMA
Yeah. Funny way of showing it.

OLY
What's that supposed to mean?

REMA
You rock up late and you aren't even drinking with me with on my birthday. Like what the fuck, your dad's having more fun at my party than you are.

Dom is now mid-worm on the lawn, limbs flailing with far too much commitment for a man his age.

Rema and Oly watch in disbelief.

SOMEONE FROM THE CROWD
He's gonna throw his back out!

Oly winces. She doesn't have the energy to react. Just shifts Jacinda on her hip and turns her attention back to Rema.

OLY
Rema, come on... I've got Jacinda... And now that i'm a proper adult, I want to set a good example for her.

REMA
You're not better than the rest of us just because you got knocked up first.

Oly exhales, trying to keep calm but she's clearly hurt.

OLY
That's not fair.

Rema sips her drink, bitterness edging into her voice.

REMA
Fair. Okay. Let's talk about fair.
How's this fair to me?

Oly shifts Jacinda again, clearly uncomfortable.

REMA (CONT'D)
You used to tell me everything. Now
you're here, and it's like you're
somewhere else.

OLY
I'm just tired. Jacinda hasn't been
sleeping and—

Rema gestures sharply, knocking her cup. Alcohol splashes onto Jacinda's face and clothes. The baby jolts awake, wailing loudly.

OLY (CONT'D)
(shocked, angry)
Rema!

REMA
Oh shit—Oly, I didn't mean—

OLY
(voice shaking)
She's just a baby!

Dom pauses his beer bong, beer dribbling from his mouth, sensing something's wrong.

DOM
(slurred)
Ol? Everything good?

Oly rushes inside, where--

MUSIC: Something like "good 4 u" by Olivia Rodrigo leaks from inside, obliviously. The chorus kicks in—

"Well, good for you, you look happy and healthy..."

Dom stands conflicted, torn between following Oly or staying with the crowd.

Rema, mortified, stands frozen, drink dripping from her hand, realizing the damage done.

14

INT. PARTY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER.

14

MUSIC: "good 4 u" by Olivia Rodrigo blasts over a dance floor thick with bodies. Fairy lights blur. A group of girls scream the lyrics into the void, as they jump in rhythm. Beer flies. Lachie dances on the kitchen bench.

Vince stumbles through the crowd, pale and sweating. He's clearly had too much. He clutches his stomach, belches, wipes his mouth.

VINCE
(low, panicked)
Nope. Nope nope nope.

He pushes through the crowd, nearly trips over someone passed out on the floor, and shoves open the back door—

15

EXT. PARTY - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

15

Cool air hits him like a slap. He doubles over by a bush and vomits.

He wipes his mouth, then looks up—

Rema is sitting a few meters away. Alone. Cigarette dead in her hand. Cup nearly empty.

She's crying. Not sobbing but a silent stream, like it's been happening for a while.

VINCE
(soft)
...Shit.

He straightens, stumbles over.

VINCE (CONT'D)
Yo, you alright?

Rema wipes her cheek but says nothing.

VINCE (CONT'D)
(tough)
Did someone say the dress was too sparkly? I'll fight them.

Still nothing. *That was cringe.* Vince has another idea. He softens, opens his arms awkwardly, then moves in for the hug.

Rema flinches. She shoves him, but it's weak

REMA

Don't.

He backs off, hands up like he just triggered a car alarm.

VINCE

Okay.

He sits down on the grass beside her, a comfortable silence resting between them

16

INT. HALLWAY / ENTRY - CONTINUOUS

16

Santi hurries out of the laundry, proudly holding his handmade card. He weaves through the crowd and reaches the front door just as Oly throws it open.

She's got Jacinda on one shoulder and a spit-stained bib in the other hand. Her whole body's shaking but she's not crying. Not yet.

SANTI

Oly--wait.

She stops. Not because of him but to adjust Jacinda. The baby's cries have dulled to soft whimpers.

OLY

I shouldn't have come.

SANTI

Hey what's happened?

OLY

I don't want to talk about it.

She moves to leave. Santi gently reaches out, stopping her with a hand on her shoulder.

OLY (CONT'D)

(deadly serious)

I'm going home.

SANTI

Ol... talk to me. Please

OLY

(exhales)

She called me a shit friend. Then spilled vodka all over Jacinda.

Santi takes that in. It's clear he's missing some context, but he understands enough.

SANTI
I'll meet you at the car, okay?
Just need to do one thing first.

He runs back up the hallway.

17

EXT. PARTY HOUSE - FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

17

Oly stops by the car door, resting Jacinda against her shoulder. She exhales like she's been holding her breath the whole night.

She fumbles for the keys. Drops them. Picks them up with one hand, barely.

DOM (O.S.)
What a night, hey? Haven't had a party
like that in years!
(beat)
That was technically cardio.

He chuckles at his own joke. Oly says nothing. Just opens the car.

Dom's already in the passenger seat, reclined like it's a hammock, arms behind his head.

DOM (CONT'D)
Might sleep here. Feels spiritual.

SANTI (O.S.)
Oly--wait up.

Santi moves to the back. Oly buckles Jacinda in with practiced hands, then slides into the driver's seat.

The party behind them glows with laughter, music, lights. Eventually shrinking into just colour and noise.

She flicks the indicator. Drives a touch too fast. Santi watches her.

18

EXT. NEARBY PARK - LATER

18

Streetlights buzz overhead. The park is quiet, just the faint sound of the party in the distance.

Rema sits on a swing, dress bunched under her. She sips what's left of her drink, then lets the cup drop into the grass.

Vince paces nearby, fidgeting with his hoodie sleeves, unsure of what to say.

REMA

Why does she act like she's forty just because she has a baby? I'm literally fucking older than her.

VINCE

She's just... under pressure. You know? It's not like she—

REMA

(defensive)

So now it's my fault she brought a baby to a party?

VINCE

No. I'm not saying that. I just... I dunno. Maybe you're both a bit shit right now.

Rema looks over. But she's not angry, just tired.

REMA

I know.

Vince shuffles awkwardly.

VINCE

Wanna see something cool?

Rema raises an eyebrow as he pulls out a small stack of baby photos creased and curled at the edges.

He hands them over.

VINCE (CONT'D)

They're of me.

She gives him a weird look., then flips through them in silence:

-Vince as a chubby toddler, grinning in a plastic pool.

-Vince wrapped in a towel with a mohawk.

-Vince crying in a high chair with Vegemite smeared over his face

REMA

You were a weird-looking baby.

VINCE

Still kinda am.

She smiles, just slightly. A breath comes out like a laugh, but it's soft.

REMA
Why do you have these?

VINCE
It's stupid.

She looks at him. Waits.

VINCE (CONT'D)
(nervous)
It's dumb, but... They're proof I didn't always feel this lost.
(soft)
I look at them and think someone held that kid. Fed him. Probably thought he was the best thing in the world.
(beat)
It's nice knowing that at least once, I mattered to someone without having to try. Like, before I said the wrong thing or got in my own way. I was just... enough.

Rema looks at Vince in a completely new light.

She hands the photos back carefully, like they're worth something.

REMA
Wow. That was...
(smirking)
Way deeper than I expected from a guy who puked in a bush twenty minutes ago.

She nudges him lightly with her shoulder.

He nudges back.

VINCE
Hey, some of us contain depth.

A soft beat. The air's changed. Quieter now.

REMA
I thought you were just gonna try hook up with me tonight.

VINCE
Still might. Depends how the next
ten minutes go.

REMA
You're such a dick.

But she's smiling now—really smiling. She looks down at the
grass.

REMA (CONT'D)
I'm not gonna cry again or
anything, so don't get your hopes
up.

VINCE
Damn.
(beat)
Wanna walk?

REMA
Where?

VINCE
No idea. Just... not back there.

She nods. Stands.

He follows. The party hums behind them. Lights still flash, bass
still pulses, but they're already somewhere else.

They walk off together.

19

INT. OLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

19

Oly sits hunched over her laptop at her desk. Jacinda lays in
her cot.

The light from the screen cuts across Oly's face. She's
tired, but determined, scrolling through the NSW Internship
Application—

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Her eyes flicker with fatigue, but she keeps going. Cracks
her knuckles.

Back to work.

BACK TO:

20

EXT. PARK - LATER

20

A quiet stretch of grass near a gumtree, just off the walking path. The swing CREAKS in the distance. Everything else is still.

Rema lies on her back, dress twisted at her thigh, staring up at the stars.

Vince is beside her, looking at her.

REMA

(quiet)

I hate how quiet it gets after parties. Like the silence is too loud.

VINCE

Yeah. It's like your brain catches up and finally makes sense of everything that happened.

A pause. Then—

She turns toward him. Kisses him.

It starts soft at first, slow. Tasting. Her lips warm, his uncertain. But soon her fingers find his jaw, slide into his hair. He kisses her back with more weight now, more heat.

Hands roam, tracing collarbones. Her dress rustled. His jeans unbuckled.

His hands tremble slightly as they move under her dress. Her sequins catch the moonlight.

She pulls him on top of her, the ground rough beneath her spine. His skin flushed, mouth dragging down her neck. She arches up into him... Wanting more... Wanting now.

They move together. She guides him, legs parting. It's not graceful, but it's real.

Skin against skin. Breath catching. Her legs wrap around him. She draws in a breath, waiting for release—

Then... Nothing?

What? A pause.

He shifts, tries again.

Nothing.

VINCE (CONT'D)
(quiet)
Wait...

He forces a shaky laugh, tries to reposition.

REMA
(whispers gently)
It's okay.

He closes his eyes. Breathes hard. Wills his body into action.

VINCE
(eyes shut, breathing
harder)
Just-Just give me a sec. I can't get
it in.

She lays beneath him, perfectly still. He's panicking now.
Her hands drop from his back.

She stares past him now, up at the stars again.

A long beat. Heavy. Awkward.

He pulls away. Collapses onto the grass beside her, arm across
his forehead.

VINCE (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Fuck.

REMA
(flat)
It's fine.

VINCE
It's not.
(beat)
Maybe I'm just not into it.

Silence.

Rema sits up slowly. Turns to look at him.

REMA
What?

VINCE
I didn't mean-
(shrugs)
I don't know, maybe it's just not
working 'cause we... don't have
chemistry or something?

She stares at him, stunned. Then lets out a hollow laugh.

REMA

Wow. Okay.

VINCE

I didn't mean—fuck, I don't know.

REMA

You couldn't just say "*I'm embarrassed.*" You had to make it about me?

She stands. Grabs her bra, dusts it off.

REMA (CONT'D)

Fuck you, Vince.

VINCE

I didn't mean it like that.

REMA

Yeah, you never do.

She steps into her shoes, doesn't bother fixing her dress and walks off back towards the distant flashing lights. Then stops, turns back.

REMA (CONT'D)

You talk about being small and soft and wanting to be held but the second you feel ashamed, you make me the problem.

VINCE

Rema, come on—

REMA

Don't.

Now she's done.

Vince stays in the grass, alone. Shirt half open, pants undone.

The night folds in around him.

21

INT. OLY'S BEDROOM - SAME MOMENT.

21

Oly scrolls to the Submit button. Hovers. Clicks. She waits. Nothing

She tries again... Nothing.

Clickclickclick-

BUFFERING.

OLY

No, no, no, no... Why won't you go in!

Oly closes her eyes, breathing in through her nose. She get's up and throws on a hoodie.

22

INT. DOWNSTAIRS LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

22

The modem's power cable has been unplugged, replaced by another plug, one that slithers across the floor, revealing--

Dom and Santi lying flat on their backs on the carpeted floor, eyes blissfully closed. Between them, a set of bookshelf speakers softly plays--

MUSIC: Something like "Comfortably Numb" by Pink Floyd, filling the room.

They nod in slow, synchronized rhythm to the music.

Oly rushes downstairs, breaking the tranquility.

OLY

Who unplugged the modem?!

Santi opens his eyes reluctantly, disoriented.

DOM

(eyes still shut)

Not me.

SANTI

Ol, come listen with us.

OLY

No, I am submitting my-

DOM

Shushhhh. Just listen.

Dom lifts a finger to quiet them, right as the guitar solo begins.

WAAAAoowwwwWEEeee... wooOOoooo... weeeEEerrrrRRrrrh...

wah-WAAAHHHwwwwooww... WEEEooohhhhhh... wah wahhhhHHHnn...

Oly yanks the power cable out.

The solo warps, stretches.

Waaaaaahhhh—woooowwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww...

Silence.

Dom drunkenly rises to his feet

DOM (CONT'D)

Alright Oly, now why the bloody
hell have you done that for.

She jams the internet cable back in. Lights flicker on the
modem.

OLY

Unbelievable.

23

INT. OLY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

23

She drops onto the bed. Opens the laptop. Holds her breath.

The page loads. Miraculously. She drags the cursor to the
"Submit" button. Hits it.

Nothing. Just the spinning wheel.

OLY

Please...

Jacinda stirs beside her. Oly gently rubs her back.

24

INT. REMA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

24

Rema lies on her bed, fairy lights glowing soft and solumn.
She's still in her party dress, makeup smudged across her cheek,
heels kicked off. She rolls over, catching something near her
pillow.

It's a handmade card.

She picks it up. A sketch of her and Oly smiling, arms slung
around each other. Happier than ever.

Inside, a Polaroid is taped to the fold. The two of them,
laughing.

She stares at it.

Then rips it in two.

25 INT. OLY'S BEDROOM - SAME MOMENT

25

The laptop screen refreshes.

SUBMISSION RECEIVED

Oly exhales but feels no relief. No smile. She doesn't move. Her eyes stay on the screen, but they're heavy.

She closes the laptop. Jacinda lies across her chest.

26 INT. DOWNSTAIRS LOUNGE - SAME MOMENT

26

Santi has passed out half-on, half-off the couch, arm draped over a pizza box.

The sound of Dom SNORING punctures the otherwise silent night. He's slumped in the armchair, mouth open, dead to the world.

27 INT. OLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

27

Oly lets her head fall back against the wall. Her body slumps, every part of her heavy with the night.

28 EXT. REMA'S BACKYARD - NIGHT - LATER

28

The garden's wrecked from the nights events. Fairy lights hang loose between trees. Red cups lay half-buried in the lawn.

The clothesline CREAKS gently in the wind.

A silver goon sack slowly spins.

WHOOOSH...

SNAP.

The clothesline collapses. Metal poles twist. The sack lands in the dirt with a soft, sad THUD. Then-

29 INT. OLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

29

A sharp CRY cuts through the dark. Jacinda wails.

Oly's eyes snap open.

Whatever peace was there is gone.