

ENTANGLED

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EXT. CLIFFS. DAY.

The rugged north of Scotland. Fierce waves boom against the base of a cliff. We pan up the cliff face to a school sitting near the edge. Lights from inside shine out into the gloom.

INT. CLASSROOM. DAY

A banner proclaiming 'Porthaven Fishing Festival' hangs from the ceiling. The walls of the classroom are covered in colourful paintings depicting fish, trawlers and the sea.

Retired trawlerman REGGIE MCINTOSH, 80, sits on a low chair, children gathered around his feet as he recounts a story from the distant past.

REGGIE

So there I was. I've got a hull bursting with cod. The sun's going down over the bow. The whales are singing, the dolphins are playing and I've got a hot cup of tea and my mother's shortbread.

His voice lowers to a whisper. The children lean forward.

REGGIE

Then my dad leans over and whispers...  
'I'm proud of you son.'

He leans back and surveys the rapt children with a twinkle.

REGGIE

Well, I'll tell you, at that moment I was the happiest man on God's earth.

EXT. PORTHAVEN SCHOOL. DAY

Rain is now lashing the tiny school. Reggie, a towering 6 feet 4 even at this age, walks out into the stone porch with Head teacher MS HAYTER (50's).

MS HAYTER

Now listen, will you come and watch the play on Friday? The bairns have been practicing for weeks, and they'd love for you to be there.

REGGIE

Oh, well. I mean, we'll see.

MS HAYTER

We worry about you Reggie. Are you looking after yourself down there?

REGGIE

Aye, I'm grand.

Reggie smiles, leans into the heavy rain and strides away.

MS HAYTER  
Don't be a stranger, ok?

INT. SCHOOL HALL. DAY

The children are now in rehearsal for a fishing themed play. At the piano, Ms Hayter finishes the accompaniment to a dance piece. On stage, on board a cardboard boat, the trawlerman, LIZZIE, 6, is alarmed.

LIZZIE  
The net's too big! The dolphin is stuck!

MS HAYTER  
Bit louder Lizzie, good girl.

EXT. HIGH STREET. DAY

Reggie walks around a corner onto a picturesque high street which rolls steeply down to a turquoise harbour. He sets off down the bustling, cobbled street.

Another large banner proclaims 'Porthaven Fishing Festival'. Thousands of brightly coloured textile fish are suspended across the street, lending the scene a glowing quality.

Despite the rain, the town is buzzing. Reggie passes a seafood stall. Two tourists, after a brief pitch, settle on a pot of prawns. The STALLHOLDER (50's) calls out.

STALLHOLDER  
Reggie McIntosh, as I live and breathe!  
Good to see you, lad!

REGGIE  
Hi Alfie.

Reggie smiles, then puts his head down and continues.

EXT. HARBOUR. DAY

Reggie turns into a stone-walled harbour overlooked by a row of houses and a lifeboat station, ramp sloping into the turquoise water. A small trawler is being manually unloaded onto the busy dock by aran sweated trawlermen.

Reggie walks to the last house. The painted words 'FUCKING LOONY' have been scrubbed off but are still just visible. Before entering his house, Reggie peers through the rain at the school up on the clifftop.

INT. SCHOOL HALL. DAY

The rehearsal unfolds, fish and dolphin dancing balletically on the stage with Ms Hayter tinkling away on piano.

EXT. HARBOUR. DAY

Reggie, still looking up at the school, flinches, puts a hand to his temple. Cut close to his blue eyes, they briefly flash a brighter, almost electric blue. The monsoon-like rain is blurring his vision. Is that a fish? In the sky?

He becomes aware of a deep rumbling, which builds in volume. He sees a chunk of land at the edge of the cliff fall away, no more than twenty yards from the school.

His eyes widen in shock. Now the land between the cliff and the school slides down and away until the front of the school building is protruding over a new cliff edge.

REGGIE

No.

Reggie staggers forwards. The front of the school collapses and plunges down the cliff, and then the rest follows. Down into the sea. Reggie squeezes his eyes shut, then opens them and looks up. The school is still there, lights glowing out.

INT. SCHOOL HALL. DAY

Ms Hayter at the piano joins the children singing the last line of the closing song.

CAST

(Singing)

If you love the sea

The sea will always love yooouuu...

Ms Hayter applauds the excited cast from her piano.

MS HAYTER

That's very good, well done everyone!

EXT. HARBOUR. DAY

As a burst of lightning flashes in the far distance, Reggie stares up at the old school with gathering horror.

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY

With a sideboard light providing warmth to a small, gloomy room, Reggie is perched on the edge of his settee in great distress. He is rocking back and forth, on the verge of tears.

REGGIE

No, no, no...

Now anger. Sudden, deep anger.

REGGIE

NO! YOU CANNOT DO THIS!!

He stands up and marches toward his front door.

EXT. SCHOOL. DAY

Home time. The children stream out to waiting parents. One MUM peers through the rain to the grass area separating the school grounds from the clifftop.

MUM

Is that Reggie McIntosh?

Reggie is marching, with an almost comically exaggerated stride, from the school fence toward the clifftop.

MUM

What's he doing?

INT. CLASSROOM. DAY

Ms Hayter is peering out at Reggie with fellow teacher, MR WILLIAMS (40's), a ruddy faced man with spectacles.

MR WILLIAMS

Now what's he doing, the old loon?

MS HAYTER

Davie. He's not a loon.

Reggie nears the cliff edge but shows no sign of stopping.

MR WILLIAMS

Oh Jesus, he's gonna jump! In front of the children!

MS HAYTER

(Murmur)  
Reggie, no...?

Mr Williams panics and starts toward the exit door, but then Reggie stops, takes a piece of paper from his pocket, and scribbles on it. Then, he strides back toward the main road.

INT. ATTIC. NIGHT

Reggie is on his hands and knees in his tiny attic. A torch rests on an old chair nearby, providing light for Reggie as he searches frantically through old boxes.

REGGIE

Where are you, ya bloody... Gah!

He reaches the end of one box, flings it aside and starts on another.

REGGIE

HA!

He pulls out a dusty framed painting.

INT. COUNCIL OFFICES. DAY

Reggie, holding a carrier bag, sits outside a door with 'Mayor Donald Nesbitt' written in gold lettering. Receptionist MAUREEN (50's) is tapping on her typewriter.

REGGIE

They could at least give you a computer.

MAUREEN

You're joking, I'm paying for my own teabags!

The air is pierced by loud static from the ancient intercom on Maureen's desk. Then the distorted voice of DONALD, 80.

DONALD (O.S)

Send him in.

INT. MAYORS OFFICE. DAY

Donald smiles up from his large oak desk as Reggie enters.

DONALD

Good to see you Reggie! Can I offer you a tea, coffee?

REGGIE

No thanks, Donald.

DONALD

You've not been having trouble with those kids again? I'll string them up I swear, completely unacceptable what they put on your house.

Reggie sits in the low chair in front of Donald's desk.

REGGIE

No. No, it's about the school.

DONALD

Oh?

REGGIE  
I don't think it's safe up there.

DONALD  
Go on.

REGGIE  
Well, it's thirty yards from the edge of the cliff. I measured it.

DONALD  
Right, with a four foot fence across the whole clifftop.

REGGIE  
Aye. But let me show you this.

Reggie pulls from his carrier bag a framed photograph of Porthaven taken during the Queen's Coronation in 1952.

DONALD  
Coronation Day! I haven't seen this for years.

REGGIE  
You've got a clear view of the school.

DONALD  
Oh look, there's my house!

REGGIE  
You can calculate the distance from the school to the cliff edge by using the depth of the school building as reference. It's a hundred yards.

DONALD  
We all know cliffs erode Reggie.

REGGIE  
Right, look at this.

Reggie takes out the framed painting of Porthaven. Donald guffaws as Reggie passes him the painting.

REGGIE  
Eighteen fifty-six. I've done the same calculations. Hundred and fifty yards. The erosion is accelerating. The school could be in danger.

Donald looks at the two pictures on his desk for a moment. Then up at Reggie.

DONALD  
Reggie. The school is completely safe.

REGGIE

Listen, maybe it is. But let's make sure. I contacted a marine contractor about building a sea wall, to protect the cliffs.

Reggie slides a leaflet over the desk.

REGGIE

They specialise in coastal defences. The real deal. They've done Aberdeen, Lossiemouth, Fraserburgh. They've got contracts with the government.

Donald leans back in his chair, shaking his head.

REGGIE

These cliffs haven't been surveyed in decades. They're a ticking time bomb. These people will put a sea wall across the bottom, a hundred yards long, and they'll do it for a hundred thousand.

Donald's face hardens at the mention of the hundred thousand.

DONALD

A hundred grand?

REGGIE

Yes.

DONALD

I got fishermen whingeing about the lifebuoys, shop owners crying about the rent, and now you come in here with an old painting and you want a hundred grand?

Donald glares at Reggie. The words are quiet but venomous.

DONALD

Reggie, with respect, go and fuck yourself.

Reggie does not break eye contact for a second. His voice is as even as when he entered the office.

REGGIE

That school is in danger Donald.

DONALD

How? Why? What miraculous knowledge do you have that nobody else has?

For the first time, Reggie loses eye contact.

REGGIE

I... I just--

DONALD

--The hospital is closer to the cliff top than the school is, do you want me to build a new hospital?

REGGIE

No. Please Don. The school is gonna go!

DONALD

Them kids are right! You are a fucking loony! You've been sat in that house like a ghost for years, and now you pop up out of nowhere and demand a hundred grand for some bullshit wall!

Donald calms down, gathers himself. Eyes Reggie.

DONALD

You know Reggie, it's not doing you any good couped up in there by yourself. I'm starting to worry about your personal safety. Maybe something like The Gables would be more... appropriate for a person with your needs.

Reggie looks at the floor. Closes his eyes. Then he stands up to his full six feet four, towering over Donald, and smiles.

REGGIE

Donald, thank you for your time.

Reggie heads for the door.

DONALD

Maybe it's not just your safety I'm thinking about! Maybe it's the safety of others!

Reggie slams the door on the way out. Donald glares after him.

EXT. PORTHAVEN COUNCIL OFFICES. DAY

Reggie walks out through the revolving door and onto the street. He stops, takes a deep breath and closes his eyes.

EXT. PARK. DAY

Open on a dog, PEGGY, a Pugese. By any metrics, Peggy is a very ugly dog. Underbite, hairless body, bulging eyes, lolling tongue. Peggy is growling darkly at a nearby person but being held by her owner KATHY (40's), who now appears in shot.

KATHY

I mean, we've always had people staring in the park, you know, mainly the adult's cos kids love her, you know...

Kathy is being interviewed on a park bench by TV reporter, JAKE (30's), a slim man with foppish hair and prominent neck tattoos. Jake is the target for Peggy's ominous growl. Kathy, petrified to be on TV, keeps glancing at the camera.

JAKE

Where did the idea come from?

KATHY

My Mum suggested it, but I was like, what? I mean, I don't even see her as ugly, you know, she's just Peggy, but here we are, and uh... Yeah, haha!

JAKE

So, officially UK's ugliest dog, and I understand this qualifies her for...  
OOP, HA!

Peggy, whose growl increased as soon as Jake started speaking, lunges for him, but is just about held back by Kathy.

JAKE

...uh, I understand this qualifies her for another competition in more exotic climes?

KATHY

Yes! So now she's into World's Ugliest Dog in California in January, so they've paid for our flights and... PEGGY!

Peggy launches at Jake again, this time almost getting him.

KATHY

...flights and hotel, yeah, so it's just a big adventure really! Like a dream!

Jake smiles and turns toward the camera he has set up on a tripod a couple of feet away.

JAKE

Well, they say beauty is only skin deep.

INT. MICROBREWERY. NIGHT

Jake continues, but now on the screen of a tablet. Peggy's growl is now coming from the pits of hell as he signs off.

JAKE

But it's fair to say that Peggy's true beauty shines through in spades. This is Jake Carter, Channel Six News, in...  
JESUS FU[Beep]

Peggy finally succeeds in breaking free of her owner, and latches onto Jake's jacketed arm as he scrambles away.

Just as the shot cuts to two news presenters guffawing in the 'CHANNEL 6 NEWS' studio, the video is paused. Jake is sat with the laughing BETH (20's) in an achingly cool 'microbrewery'.

JAKE  
It's not funny!

BETH  
Yes, it is!

Beth has cropped dark hair and an open smile. Jake takes one of his beer tasting glasses from it's wooden 'tasting paddle'.

BETH  
Did she get you?

JAKE  
No. Jacket's ruined though.

Jake downs the taster and slams the glass down.

JAKE  
All I get is the 'and-finally'. Can't remember the last time they gave me some actual news.

BETH  
Stop being so funny then!

JAKE  
If I'm stuck on this shit much longer, I'm gonna lose my mind.

BETH  
You're spiralling.

JAKE  
I wanna be recognised for journalism, uncovering stories.

He downs another taster. Becomes solemn.

JAKE  
I want to make a difference. I don't want to spend the next thirty years doing kickers and then die.

BETH  
Bloody Hell Jake, you're only 34!  
Listen, stop worrying about the future.

She becomes a bit glum.

BETH  
There's nothing you can do about it anyway.

JAKE  
Oh great, thanks!

BETH  
I'm sorry. We're doing block universe theory in Uni, and it's pickled my brain.

JAKE  
How come?

BETH  
So, my professor says everything that will ever happen in the future... has already happened.

JAKE  
Has it?

BETH  
It's all there, set in stone. And there's nothing we can do to change it!

Jake ponders this.

JAKE  
Do I make it to the BBC?

BETH  
With those tattoos?

Jake grumbles and swigs from his next taster.

BETH  
Nope, it's kickers for thirty more years then you get eaten by the worlds ugliest dog...

Beth burps, then slams her last tasting glass down.

BETH  
Your round.

INT. LIFT. DAY

Jake is in a lift with a BEARDED MAN (30's) and a FEMALE EXEC (40's) who are chatting together. The bearded man has a home counties accent and an easy smile.

BEARDED MAN  
Nah, I wasn't too worried. We've got a great fixer in Venezuela. Brings his own security guards.

FEMALE EXEC

That scene where you interviewed Herrera in the jungle, all his soldiers there with machine guns. Bloody hell.

BEARDED MAN

Ha! Yep, that was a bit hairy.

The female exec shakes her head. Silence descends on the lift. She turns to Jake.

FEMALE EXEC

How's it going Jake?

JAKE

Oh... Um. Yeah alright. I mean, paying the bills.

FEMALE EXEC

Yes.

A long, awkward pause, then Bearded man leans over helpfully.

BEARDED MAN

I loved that albino giraffe helping the sick kiddies.

FEMALE EXEC

Oh, yes! So heartwarming!

Jake raises a smile, but looks beaten.

INT. OFFICE. DAY

Jake is sat at his desk, headphones on, fingers tapping a beat. His MANAGER (40's) strides over and plonks a file down.

MANAGER

Fish hurling championships.

Jake removes his headphones as the manager strides away.

JAKE

What?

MANAGER

Fish hurling. John O'Groats.

JAKE

Scotland?? Get Stuart McLuskey on it!

MANAGER

He's competing!

The manager strides away. Jake leaps up out of his chair and follows the manager to his office.

INT. OFFICE. DAY

By the time Jake enters, the manager has sat down and started on some paperwork.

JAKE

Dave, come on man. Give me a proper gig.

MANAGER

Management like you on kickers. Say you're funny.

JAKE

I'm a journalist, I need some fucking news stories!

MANAGER

I'm giving you news stories.

JAKE

No, proper stories. Cutting edge!

The manager picks up the phone and turns away.

MANAGER

THOM! How's things you old twat!?

Jake slumps out of the office.

EXT. PORTHAVEN SCHOOL. EVENING

The school on the clifftop is empty and quiet, the booming of the waves far below the only sound. In the back yard, Reggie pushes a brick through the window of an external door. A pile of batched newspapers sits on the yard next to him.

INT. SCHOOL. EVENING

Reggie, in the main hall, is quietly assembling a large pile of wooden chairs taken from the surrounding classrooms.

INT. SCHOOL. EVENING

Reggie is crouched next to the chairs, which now have masses of newspaper underneath. He struggles to light a match with his trembling hands. A door clanks open down the corridor.

MS HAYTER (O.S)

Hello! Who's there?

Footsteps. Then the room is flooded with light. Reggie squints and topples backwards. Ms Hayter rushes into the room.

MS HAYTER

Oh my God!

She stops, shocked, as Reggie heaves himself to his feet.

MS HAYTER

Reggie?

INT. POLICE STATION. EVENING

Reggie, distraught, is sat in reception next to an officer. The female DESK SERGEANT (30's) walks over and sits on the other side of Reggie. She speaks with warmth and empathy.

DESK SERGEANT

You warm enough Reggie?

REGGIE

Aye.

DESK SERGEANT

Will I fetch you a tea?

REGGIE

No thanks.

Donald Nesbitt enters the reception and comes over.

DONALD

Listen. I've pulled a few strings. We're not gonna keep you in here tonight. There's a bed free up in the Gables.

REGGIE

I'm not going in there.

DONALD

We think it's the safest place for you.

REGGIE

No, put me in the cells. I'm not mad.

Donald and the desk sergeant share a look.

DESK SERGEANT

Reggie, we're not saying you're mad. But, I mean, you are aware you tried to burn down the school?

REGGIE

Yes, I'm aware, I tried to burn it down cos it's gonna go! Over the edge!

There is only sympathy on the faces of Donald and the two police officers. Exaggerated sympathy in Donald's case.

DONALD

I'm sorry Reggie, but the decision is not yours to make.

A loud disturbance outside in the street, then an enormous, frenzied HOMELESS MAN (30's), cuffed, is dragged in by two constables. He must be 6 foot 6 and twenty stone.

HOMELESS MAN  
Get your hands off me ya fecking pair of tubes, I never did nuthin!

He thrashes wildly and manages to floor one of the constables. The desk sergeant rushes over to assist.

DESK SERGEANT  
Get him down!

CONSTABLE  
He's on molly, I can't!

Then the homeless man notices Donald.

HOMELESS MAN  
You.

DONALD  
Davey?

The homeless man edges toward Donald with evil in his eyes. Now all four officers present are trying to get him down.

HOMELESS MAN  
You put my Da out of business!

Donald backs away into a corner.

DONALD  
Now look...

HOMELESS MAN  
You ruined my Da'!

The four officers eventually get the huge man to the floor and drag him away. Donald, shaken, comes back out from the corner. Looks to where Reggie was sitting. No sign.

DONALD  
Reggie?

EXT. POLICE STATION. EVENING

Donald hurries out, looks both ways up the empty street. The desk sergeant rushes out to join him.

DONALD  
Find him!

EXT. HARBOUR. EVENING

Donald strides across the tiny harbour front. As he reaches Reggie's front door, a police officer comes out, breathless.

POLICE OFFICER

Nothing.

DONALD

Shit!

Exasperated, Donald squeezes his temples then stomps into the house. We stay on the vast North Sea behind, stretching away to a fading pink horizon.

EXT. FISHING TRAWLER. SUNSET

SUPER: 1941

We are on a small trawler, three miles off Porthaven. Two men cast the cod end, then the main net. The taller man, ARTHUR (late 20's) moves to the winch to let out the wire. He enters the wheelhouse, checks the clock.

ARTHUR

Shit.

He switches on a radio, leaves the wheelhouse and joins the other man, KEN (30's) on deck.

RADIO BROADCASTER

Westerly veering northerly, five or six.  
Showers, moderate. Cromerty, north  
westerly, five, six, increasing gale  
eight for a time. Thundery showers,  
moderate becoming poor...

KEN

Changed direction. What do you think?

ARTHUR

One more.

They peer into the horizon, where a thin but swelling ribbon of black rolls closer.

INT. MATERNITY WARD. EVENING

The tiny trawler bobs on the vast, slate grey North Sea. We see the reflected face of a woman, viewing the scene from a window high above the coastline. JEAN (20's) heavily pregnant, turns back into the room and addresses the NURSE (40's).

JEAN

Can't believe he went out in that.

NURSE

He knows what he's doing.

JEAN

There's no one else out there!

The nurse pops a thermometer into Jeans mouth then pulls the blanket back to check dilation.

NURSE

Now let's see if he wants to come out before his Daddy gets back.

EXT. FISHING TRAWLER. NIGHT

With the storm raging, Arthur and Ken pull the net in the angry gloaming. Suddenly, the men are bathed in blue light.

The tips of the fore and aft masts are ablaze with bright blue glowing cones of light. Saint Elmo's fire, named after the patron saint of fishermen.

ARTHUR

Bloody hell!

KEN

Thought I'd never live to see it!

Ken and Arthur stand and gaze at the incredible natural phenomenon, the hiss audible even above the raging seas. Arthur snaps out of it first.

ARTHUR

Come on!

Under the eerie glow, they return to work and release the nets onto the deck. They jump back at the sheer size of the catch.

KEN

Lord, almighty!

The entire deck is consumed by fish. Ken and Arthur, open-mouthed, gawp at each other.

INT. MATERNITY WARD. NIGHT

Jean roars. Thunder crashes and lightning strobos the room. The DOCTOR (40's) calls out.

DOCTOR

One more, lovely!

Jean roars again. The doctor eases the baby out, but his features darken. He places his finger against the baby's neck.

DOCTOR  
No pulse.

JEAN  
What?

The nurse cuts the umbilical cord. The doctor takes the limp baby to a gurney near the window and begins mouth to mouth.

DOCTOR  
(Under his breath)  
Come on!

After a short while, the doctor checks the pulse again.

DOCTOR  
Nothing.

JEAN  
Oh please God, no!

Suddenly the room is bathed in startling blue light from outside. The Nurse turns to the window.

NURSE JUDY  
What on earth?

The visible turrets along the hospital roof are enveloped by blue glowing cones. Crackling ribbons of light connect them, so the entire spine of the roof is lit up with the phenomenon.

A tiny cry from the baby.

DOCTOR  
He's back. Nurse, fetch a hot water bottle. Jean, hold him close.

With the blue shimmering light dominating the room, Jean takes the baby and holds him to her chest. Through tears of relief, she gazes down into his eyes.

JEAN  
Reggie.

EXT. BEACH. DAY

Open on the very same eyes, but now eleven-year-old YOUNG REGGIE is building a sandcastle on Porthaven Beach.

Fifty yards away, the ancient stone harbour walls jut into the turquoise waters. High atop the cliff sits the school, looking proudly over the North Sea. It's a sunny, peaceful day in the fishing village.

Just as Reggie, tongue poking out in concentration, applies the final turret, his sandcastle is destroyed by his barrelling pet collie, DOUGIE, chasing a tennis ball.

REGGIE  
AW, DOUGIE!!

Reggie turns to the thrower of the ball, the fair-haired ANNIE (11), standing guiltily ten yards away.

ANNIE  
Oops.

REGGIE  
You did that on purpose!

ANNIE  
I didn't!

REGGIE  
MAAAMM! Annie made Dougie ruin my castle!

A few yards away, Jean (now thirties) and MARY (40's) are setting up a picnic on beach blankets.

JEAN  
I'm sure she didn't do it on purpose.

MARY  
You'd better not have done it on purpose, Annie McKinnon.

Reggie sighs and slumps over to the blankets. He plonks down, takes a carton of juice from a basket, and takes a glug.

ANNIE  
Let's play catch!

REGGIE  
No.

ANNIE  
Come onnnn! I've been practicing with Daddy!

JEAN  
Come on then Annie, let's see what you've got.

Jean and Mary, picnic set up, head off to play catch with Annie. Reggie shakes his head and looks out to where Arthur and Ken are cleaning out a couple of small wooden boats on the edge of shore.

ARTHUR  
Got the beers Ken?

KEN  
Aye.

Reggie surveys the idyllic scene, the injustice of his sandcastle's destruction fading. But then, he becomes puzzled. He puts a hand to his temple. Cut close to his blue eyes, they briefly flash electric blue.

Whatever it is he feels, he shakes it away. Dougie arrives and plonks down next to him, resting his chin on Reggie's leg.

Reggie frowns at the sound of a rumble. Searches for its source. The rumble increases in volume. Awkwardly, Reggie turns to look at the cliffs behind, but it's too late, a huge chunk of the cliff has collapsed, and the rocky debris shooting out across the beach is about to envelop him. He scrambles forward then crashes down onto his front.

[Black]

Silence.

Reggie opens his eyes. He is lying on his front on the blanket. Nearby, Annie is joyously playing catch with the two whooping mums. Arthur and Ken continue unloading the boats.

Dougie, sensing a game, splays down onto his front next to Reggie and nuzzles his nose into his face. Reggie jerks around to look at the cliffs behind, still fully intact.

ANNIE

Ten in a row! Dad, we did ten!

Arthur and Ken are now dragging the wooden boats onto the water.

KEN

Ooh, well done! Come on then ladies, time for a wee drinkie!

JEAN

Don't mind we do, Kenny boy! You coming kids?

ANNIE

Nah.

JEAN

Reggie?

Reggie regathers.

REGGIE

Uh... Nah, I'll stay with Annie.

MARY

Suit yourselves!

**End of sample**