

## **Scene Context:**

Tom has just returned from another match to find his 'cleaner' has fallen asleep on the job. We temporarily drop into a fairy tale with Noah as 'Sleeping Beauty' and Tom as 'Prince Charming', as Tom places an ill-fitting glass slipper over Noah's foot, Tom convincing himself that it fits.

2C

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Tom watches Noah intently.

NOAH  
(still dreaming)  
It really does.

Tom CLAPS twice: sleeping beauty awakens with a fright.

NOAH  
(to self)  
Shit.

The spell broken, Tom GULPS from his water bottle, amused.

TOM  
Sleeping on the job? *Nice...*

Noah rubs his tired eyes. Tom collapses on the sofa.

NOAH  
I've been waiting for you. All  
clients have to fill in a form  
after the first month.

TOM  
An evaluation?

NOAH  
A mere formality.

TOM  
That confident, huh?

Noah rises. He makes a point of taking a coaster from the coffee table and placing it under Tom's water bottle.

NOAH  
More confident than you missing  
that goal from ten metres out...

Tom bolts upright, lighting up.

TOM  
You watched the game?

2E

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - CONTINUOUS

NOAH  
More like background noise really.

TOM  
(dagger to his heart)  
My feelings!

Tom notices the now-repaired frame of the newspaper clipping.

TOM  
(impressed)  
*You fixed the glass...?*

NOAH  
You had a matching frame in your closet. She was a bit reluctant to come out, tucked back behind that pressure cleaner you and I both know you're never going to use, but look at her now, living her best life on the wall. What a babe.

Tom raises his eyebrows, clearly amused. Noah grimaces.

NOAH  
(to self)  
Wow. We really said that.

Noah heads for the distraction of the trophy cabinet. He pretends to study a small, unframed image of child-Tom lifting a premiership cup.

Unseen by Noah, Tom bites his lip, contemplating something.

TOM  
Do you wanna-- [drink?]

NOAH  
Yes.

Noah faces Tom.

TOM  
You didn't hear -- [the question]

NOAH  
The answer's still yes.

Noah's gaze holds firm on Tom as the moment sinks in. Suddenly overwhelmed, Tom leaps off the sofa and THUMPS Noah's back like a bro as he departs to the kitchen.

TOM (O.S.)  
You okay with beer? Thought we could do that form together.

Noah instantly looks worried, but then nods, hesitantly.

NOAH  
Sure. Why not.

Noah wiggles his Doc Martin-clad foot around a few times, a weird mixture of hope and dread washing over his face.

**END OF EPISODE TWO: FANTASY**