

Afreakan

By

Tiarna Armstrong

40448447@live.napier.ac.uk
+447539228774

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

WILLOW (early 20s, mixed race) stands in front of a full-length mirror. She tucks her shirt into her trousers.

She swivels from side to side, examining herself.

She sighs and pulls the shirt over the trousers and flattens it with her hands.

She rolls her eyes and pulls a face. She pulls off the shirt and throws it on the floor with the other heap of clothing.

SHILO (mid 20s, black, wild mane of curls) appears in her pyjamas, holding a patterned blouse.

SHILO

Here.

Shilo hands the blouse to Willow. Willow frowns.

WILLOW

I put it in the wash basket.

SHILO

I know, but I washed it for you.

Willow sniffs the blouse and smiles.

SHILO

Thought you might need it.

Willow pecks Shilo.

WILLOW

(whispering)

Thank you.

Willow puts on the blouse and looks at herself in the mirror, content. Shilo pulls up a chair.

SHILO

Here, sit down. I'll do your hair.

Willow flops into the chair, puffing out her cheeks.

Shilo lovingly runs her hands through Willow's braids and spritzes them with water.

Shilo twists the front part of Willow's hair into a braid. She leans down to Willow's ear.

SHILO

All done.

Willow smiles halfheartedly and tilts her head back.

WILLOW

Thanks.

SHILO

You should get going, you don't
wanna be late.

Willow stands up - she throws her head back, groaning like a child.

WILLOW

I don't wanna go.

SHILO

You do. You wouldn't have set this
up otherwise.

Willow sighs. Shilo puts a hand on Willow's cheek - she leans into the touch.

SHILO

You'll be okay. I'm here if you
need me.

WILLOW

(Quietly)

Okay.

Willow kisses Shilo's forehead, grabs her handbag and leaves the bedroom with a halfhearted smile.

INT. CAFE - DAY

ALEXANDER (40s, black, well-dressed) is sat in a window seat in the cafe. His worried eyes scan his surroundings.

A huge rainbow LGBT flag hangs behind the counter and both the employees and customers of the cafe look like an eclectic mix of festival-goers.

Alexander loosens his tie as a WAITRESS (20s, white, tattoos and piercings) approaches the table.

WAITRESS

Hey there! What can I get for you?

Alexander is slightly startled.

ALEXANDER

Um, I'm actually, just waiting for
someone so...

WAITRESS

No worries, just give me a shout
when you're ready.

ALEXANDER

Okay.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Willow is walking with her headphones on, hands stuffed into
her pockets. She's looking around - her expression blank.

A black family - mum, dad, two young kids - walk on the
other side of the street. Willow is staring at them, still
walking.

She suddenly walks into a STRANGER (white male).

STRANGER

Watch it!

WILLOW

Sorry! Sorry.

Willow puts her head down, walking quicker.

She turns the corner and is stood outside of a cafe. She
looks inside. She can see Alexander sitting by the window -
he doesn't see her. She sighs.

She moves forward, slowly, pushing the door open.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Willow's eyes are watery - she moves toward Alexander.

He stands up, smiling. His arms are outstretched.

Willow doesn't move, Alexander puts his arms back down.

ALEXANDER

Willow.

Willow doesn't move any closer.

ALEXANDER
You look... You've grown into a
beautiful, young woman.

Willow smiles curtly.

WILLOW
Thanks.

Alexander sits back down, Willow sits opposite him.

ALEXANDER
Thank you for meeting me.

WILLOW
Yeah. Thanks for meeting me,
y'know... Here.

Alexander looks around again.

ALEXANDER
It is... Interesting. Do you come
here a lot?

WILLOW
Yeah... I guess.

Willow fiddles with her fingers under the table.

Alexander looks at the table, then out the window.

WILLOW
How has your trip been so far?

ALEXANDER
Good. Plenty of meetings.

Willow smiles curtly.

ALEXANDER
How is your mother?

WILLOW
She's good.

ALEXANDER
Does she know that we're...?

WILLOW
Yeah, I told her.

Alexander nods slowly.

The waitress walks to the table.

WAITRESS
Hi guys, what can I get for you?

ALEXANDER
I'll have a black tea, thank you.

WILLOW
Uhhhhhhmmmmm...

Willow studies the menu, in panic.

WILLOW
Chai latte- No, wait, Macchiato.
Actually no, I'll just have a green
tea. Please.

The Waitress writes down the order, smiles and walks away.

Willow puts down the menu and puffs out her cheeks.

ALEXANDER
Don't you want to take off your
coat?

Willow looks down at herself.

WILLOW
Oh. Yeah, right.

Willow shakes her head and removes her scarf and coat.

She pulls at the sleeves of her jumper.

Silence.

WILLOW
So... Have you been to Edinburgh
before?

Alexander smiles.

ALEXANDER
Yes, but it was a very long time
ago.

Silence.

A loud hissing comes from the espresso machine.

The clitter-clatter of plates, cups and cutlery.

ALEXANDER

Excuse me, I'm just going to the bathroom.

WILLOW

Okay.

Willow watches Alexander walk away and she takes out her phone - she's typing.

The waitress returns with a tray of drinks. Willow looks up.

WAITRESS

Here we are. Black tea and green tea.

The waitress sits the cups in front of Willow.

WILLOW

Thank you.

The waitress nods and walks away.

CAFE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alexander walks to the bathroom - he cocks his head to the side and frowns.

The sign on the bathroom door says 'Gender-Neutral Toilet'.

Alexander looks wary, but pushes open the door to the single cubicle - he slams it and locks it.

He leans against the door and exhales loudly, his eyes squeezed shut.

CAFE - MOMENTS LATER

Willow is scrolling on her phone.

Alexander, now composed, walks back to the table, smiling at Willow as he sits back down.

ALEXANDER

(almost disparaging)

This is an... *interesting* place.

Willow looks at him.

WILLOW

Yeah, you said that already.

Alexander looks down. Willow's eyes wander again.

ALEXANDER

I see you have...

Alexander gestures to his nose. Willow is confused at first, but touches her nose ring.

WILLOW

Oh. Yeah, haha.

ALEXANDER

Did it hurt?

WILLOW

Kinda, yeah. They had to pierce it with a needle and then thread the ring through my nostril so that was *really* fucking...

Alexander winces.

WILLOW

It was fine.

Alexander smiles halfheartedly.

Silence.

WILLOW

Did you-

Willow's phone vibrates violently on the table - her screensaver (a picture of Willow and Shilo together) - is clearly visible.

Alexander sees the picture - Willow puts the phone away.

ALEXANDER

Who is that? A friend?

WILLOW

Yes.

Willow looks around anxiously, breathing heavily. Alexander looks at her curiously.

WILLOW

Actually, no. She's my... She... Her name's Shilo... She's my girlfriend.

ALEXANDER
Girlfriend?

WILLOW
Yes, my girlfriend, my partner,
whatever you want to call it.

Alexander's brow is furrowed. He opens his mouth, closes it and opens it again. He leans back in his chair.

Willow's eyes focus on her cup as she drinks her tea.

Alexander shakes his head, laughing quietly - he frowns. His frown changes into concern.

He slumps in his chair, crossing his arms, staring lethargically at the table.

ALEXANDER
Okay.

WILLOW
Okay.

Alexander sips his tea. Willow does the same, looking sad.

ALEXANDER
Why don't we go for a walk? And you
can show me your city.

Willow smiles awkwardly.

WILLOW
Yeah, sure.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Willow and Alexander stroll through the scenic park. Willow looks around thoughtfully - Alexander glances at Willow.

The pair look at each other and smile awkwardly.

WILLOW
How is your family?

ALEXANDER
They are good.

Willow nods, not looking at Alexander.

ALEXANDER
Elsie has just started school.

WILLOW
Busy time.

ALEXANDER
Yes, yes. She keeps me on my toes.

Willow smiles, still not looking at Alexander.

ALEXANDER
I'd like you to meet them one day.

Willow looks at Alexander.

WILLOW
Yeah?

ALEXANDER
Yeah.

WILLOW
I'd like that.

The pair smile warmly at each other.

ALEXANDER
So, about earlier...

WILLOW
It's fine, really-

ALEXANDER
No, it's not. You-you're are my
daughter and I wasn't... I wasn't
there for you.

Willow looks down.

ALEXANDER
But, I am here... Now.

Willow smirks, but then looks at Alexander, a small, genuine smile appears.

WILLOW
Thank you.

A wooden kiosk with a sign saying 'CREPES' comes into view.

WILLOW
Would you like one?

Willow gestures to the kiosk. Alexander smiles.

ALEXANDER
Sure.

WILLOW
Cool.

ALEXANDER
What topping do you prefer? Sweet
or savoury?

WILLOW
Sweet.

ALEXANDER
Me too.

We see the pair from behind - they are walking toward the kiosk. They continue to talk, but the following dialogue fades into the background.

ALEXANDER
I like the chocolate spread.

WILLOW
See, I don't, I find it too
sickening. But I like lemon and
sugar. Simple but effective.

ALEXANDER
That sounds good, actually. I might
join you on that.

WILLOW
Hi, can I get two lemon and sugar
crepes please?

ALEXANDER
No, I'll pay - it's on me.

WILLOW
Are you sure?

ALEXANDER
Positive.

THE END.