MAGGIE (CONT'D) You get to work darling.

The front door SQUEAKS open again.

The sweating, dishevelled form of RAFIQ "RAFI" REDA (late 30s) comes racing in. Ali looks horrified.

ALI

Rafi?

RAFI

Don't worry. Not fired. Not redundant.

He races upstairs.

RAFI (CONT'D)

MAGGIE Why would -

ALI
Well - we had one embryo left frozen. They want confirmation
we're happy for them to keep

She heads for the front door, letter still in hand.

ALI (CONT'D)

I should be back by four.

A nod.

And with that Ali disappears out the front door.

2 EXT. REDA HOME. DAY 1 CONT.

2

The front door SLAMS shut behind her and Ali stops. Leaning against the closed door she draws a deep, composing breath.

She gives the clinic's letter one final glance before stuffing it deep inside her handbag.

ALI

Right!

And she's off into the world.

3 INT. REDA HOVE - BEDROOM NIGHT 1 23.00

3

Ali and Rafi's bed is more of an improvised study than a place to lay one's head. He sits in the middle of the organised chaos in his pyjama bottoms.

Around him lie various bundles of paperwork, a battered lapt op and a glossy folder marked 'Management Training Programme'.

Rafi reads through a slip of paper and lets out a GROAN.

A muffled VOICE.

ALI (O.S.)

Thad baad?

RAFI

You can't imagine.

Ali appears at the bedroom door, toothbrush in one hand and a basket of clothes washing in the other.

ALI

Try me.

He looks at her. Toothpaste spilling out of her mouth.

RAFI

You've got quite enough on your hands.

A LAUGH.

He goes back to his studying.

A moment later, the bedroom door closes as Ali returns, dropping the clothes basket next to the bed. She slides beneath the bed's duvet and Rafi's piles of homework.

Unfazed, he continues studying, just steadying the paper work on the duvet as Ali settles in the bed.

She flicks off her bedside light. Rafi winces and edges closer to his side of the bed and the light there.

Rafi starts packing up his homework.

RAFI (CONT'D)

We're lucky to have you. Iucky to have you. After what that pregnancy did to you. After what the delivery nearly did to you -

He stops. A tender kiss.

RAFI (CONT'D)

No more.

He clears the bed of his work.

ALI

Says you.

RAFI

Says common sense!

Rafi rolls back onto the bed and under the duvet. He flicks his light of f.

He slides across to Ali.

ALI

Really? On God and great dictator of fertility -

Ouch! He pulls away.

RAFI

Dictator? Really? That's how you see -

A child's CRY rings out.

RAFI (CONT'D)

I'll go.

ALI

It's okay.

RAFI

Nah. I've not seem them all day.

He climbs out of the bed. A roll of the eyes.

RAFI (CONT'D)

A chance for some quality time together.

ALI

We need to talk about this.

RAFI

No. We don't.

He kisses her on the head and disappears into the darkness.

Ali lies there as she listens to his calm, gentle MUFFLED VOICE drifting through from the kids' bedroom Before she know2fk9a8hkle out colds.

RAFI You are joking?

ALI No. I'm not .

RAFI

Ali!

ALI

Rafi!

A NEW MUM stops outside, browsing the window, a newborn BABY clamped to her chest in a baby carrier. A YOUNG DAUGHTER clings to her hand. From behind the glass, Ali is so close to them, feels she can almost touch the baby - almost smell that sweet, unique 'new baby' scent. And then the mum walks away. And it's gone.

Ali doesn't move so much as an inch. Frozen in the moment.

5A EXT. I VF CLI NI C. DAY 13. 25

5A

Ali sits in her car outside the clinic, lost in thought.

6 INT. IVF CLINIC - RECEPTION. DAY 2 13.30

6

Ali walks into the busy reception area of the fertility clinic. She stops and looks around. The walls are adorned with hundreds of photos of new born babies and toddlers.

To her side, several WOWEN sit waiting to see the doctor. A few have coveted baby bumps at early stages of development.

Ali walks towards the reception desk. The receptionist, MARIE (30s/40s) has her head stuck to the phone. A polite 'hang on' smile for Ali.

Ali scans the wall of faces. All those new lives. Those victories. Her eyes spot something - someone. Rafi. A slightly faded photo shows Rafi and Ali holding two tiny bundles of new life - their precious twins. A smile.

ALI

Reda. Ali -

Marie twigs. Remembers them

MARIE

Alison. And Rafi. Yes.

A nod. Ali gives an almost unconscious, surreptitious look around the room

MARIE (CONT'D)

How are you both? And the twins, wasn't it?

ALI

Yes, Leila and Sam

She nods to their photo on the wall behind Marie, who turns to spot the picture.

MARI E

Of course! Corgeous.

ALI They can be.

Polite LAUGHTER.

ALI (CONT'D)
Anyway, I received a letter regarding our last, frozen embryo.

A nod.

ALI (CONT'D)
A notice of disposal or renewal of st or age.

Ali lowers her voice, leaning into Marie.

ALI (CONT'D)

I just want to enquire about the embryo and either using it or continuing to store it.

Marie studies her computer screen.

MARI E

MARI E

Like I said -

ALI

We're out of time.

SI LENCE.

Marie studies Ali's face.

MARI E

Listen, do you want me to see if Doctor Bello is free now - ?

ALI

No, it's fine.

MARI E

You sure?

ALI

Absolutely. We'll be in touch.

MARI E

Okay. And next time bring us a new photo for the wall...

A nod. Ali walks away, face down, not making eye contact with anyone.

INT. REDA

ALI

Meanwhile, us three shared our bed.

The kids head for the patio doors/back garden. Relief!

MAGGI E

Cof f ee?

ALI

I've got to rush.

MAGGI E

Cheap. Nasty. Sweet coffee. C'mon, you've al ways got to rush.

Maggie ignores Ali's protestations and heads for the kettle.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Just stop. For a minute.

After a moment, Ali takes her coat off.

8 EXT. REDA HOME - KI TCHEN. DAY 3 08.30

Ali sits near the kitchen's rear patio doors, watching Sam and Leila through a net curtain as they play.

8

Ali checks her watch.

Maggie sits down next to her, two mugs of coffee in hand.

MAGGIE

Relax. You'll be a little late -

Ali shoots her a look.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

What? Houses are going to stop selling? The property bubble will burst because Alison Reda had a cuppa with her mum?

ALI

Alright. Alright.

They watch the kids again, endless energy.

MAGGI E

You look terrible.

ALI

Ch. Ta.

MAGGIE

Terrible in a way that isn't just about one bad night.

SI LENCE.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Is it?

She studies Sam and Leila closely. A smile. A pained, torn smile.

Al I

It's that letter. The one from the IVF clinic.

Maggie just sips her coffee.

ALI (CONT'D)

What?

MAGGI E

You know what. You know how I feel about those places. Messing with nature -

ALI

Jesus! Muml Look what 'messing with nature' did...

She nods towards the kids in the back garden.

MAGGIE

Ch Ali! I know. Those children -

Maggie wells up, her gaze fixed on her grandchildren.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Well. My world -

ALI

So why shouldn't we go back one more time? There's a life. Our child. Just sitting there, like we left it at a service station or something.

Maggi e gul ps her coffee. Searching for the words. For the argument.

ALI (CONT'D)

You say that's messing with nature.

I say it's their brother or sister -

Maggie stares straight ahead, into the garden. Not looking at her daughter, but out through the net curtain.

MAGGI E

There are lots of ways of messing with nature. Of messing with His vision.

9

ALI

Muml Enough -

MAGGI E

Ways that mean life isn't started.

A deep breath.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

That means it stopped. Before it ever really had chance to get started.

ALI

Mum?

SILENCE save for the CRIES OF DELIGHT from the garden.

MAGGI E

That it was robbed. Of everything.

She turns to her daughter.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

That I robbed it of life.

Ali takes her hand.

ALI

Ch mum

MAGGI E

You assume I think engineering a life is wrong. A moral crime.

A shake of the head.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

To deny a life. To deny that. That is a crime. A mistake. One I know will haunt you.

SILENCE. Ali just studies her mum's face.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

And never, ever quite leave you.

Mother and daughter sit there for an age, simply holding hands.

Ali taking in her mother's confession - the subtext of it.

9 INT. REDA HOVE - BEDROOM NIGHT 3 02.00

The depths of the night. All lies wide awake next to Rafi. His 'homework' fills the lower half of the bed.

Ali stares silently up the ceiling, her mind racing.

Rafi rolls over and stirs.

RAFI

Hey -

ALI

Hey.

RAFI

Can't sleep.

A shake of the head.

RAFI (CONT'D)

What's up?

ALI

Not hing.

RAFI

What's on your mind?

ALI

Babies. Well, one.

RAFI

Ali -

ALI

What do you mean 'Ali'?

RAFI

Not hing. But we've talked about -

ALI

No, we haven't. You won't.

RAFI

Well, we seem to have forgotten the last time we were pregnant.

ALI

Trust me. I haven't.

RAFI

And we seem to have forgotten the

ALI

So, that's how you see our -

RAFI

I'm not going to do this Ali -

ALI

What? Discuss this? Really?

RAFI

We're not going to do this.

He gets up out of the bed.

ALI

You're leaving?!

RAFI

I'm going the loo! Christ!

ALI

We'll talk when you come back.

RAFI

No. We'll sleep.

With that, Rafi disappears to the bathroom

ALI

You know, I just want to talk.

RAFI (O.S)

And I don't!

ΔΙ Ι

And I'm now talking to a wall. Literally.

A deep breath from Ali.

A FLUSH from the toilet, before Rafi comes back in, climbing straight into bed.

RAFI

We're done.

ALI

Really.

RAFI

Yes.

10 INT. IVF CLINIC - RECEPTION. DAY 4 13.30

10

Once again, Ali finds herself in the IVF clinic.

She sits in the small waiting area, again surrounded by seemingly endless photos of new families and depressingly cheery motivational posters.

A M DDLE-AGED WOMAN sits alone, her eyes flitting around the room and snatching envious glances at the photos.

Marie, the same receptionist, calls out.

MARI E

Mrs Reda? Hello.

Ali walks over to the counter.

Relief. A welcoming smile.

ALI

Hello. Again. Just here to pick up my medication.

MARI E

Well, where's my photo of your twins?

ALI

Eh?

Marie nods to the wall of faces.

ALI (CONT'D)

Ch! Sorry - yes -

A smile.

MARI E

Don't be silly. I'll just get your prescription.

Marie disappears into another room - leaving behind the wall of photos. And Rafi's face staring at Ali.

She turns away. A MAN walks into the reception. Carrying two takeaway cups of coffee, he sits down next to the Middle-Aged Woman. With a gentle kiss, he hands her a coffee.

MARIE (O.S) (CONT'D)

Here you go.

Ali spins back round. Marie hands her a small bag of drugs and syringes.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Are we billing to the address on file?

Ali reaches into her handbag.

ALI

My credit card.

Ali hands over her plastic. Marie processes the payment. As they wait...

MARI E

Now, do you want to wait a moment and I can show you how -

ALI

That's fine. I know. I remember -

MARI E

You sure?

ALI

Trust me. There are some things you never forget - no matter how hard you try!

A nod. An awkward wait as the transaction is approved. Polite smiles.

MARIE

Okay, all approved.

She hands Ali a receipt.

ALI

Ta.

MARI E

Good Luck.

Ali takes the bag and walks out. A faint, kind smile for the M ddl e-Aged Woman anxiously sipping her coffee.

11 INT. REDA HOVE - BATHROOM NIGHT 4 19.30

11

Ali sits on the loo, the bag of prescription drugs at her feet. She holds a leaflet in one hand and a syringe in the other.

She silently reads and rereads the leaflet. Finally, she holds the sharp tip of the syringe against her stomach. A wince.

A deep breath.

RAFI (O.S.)

Ali?

ALI Hang on! I'm on the Ioo - He walks over and gently kisses her forehead, she stirs a little. He takes the magazine away.

RAFI

Not that you need your beauty sleep, but -

He reaches to pull the duvet across her. He stops.

RAFI (CONT'D)

Christ! Ali!

He nods to a bruise on Ali's stomach - where she's been injecting herself. She tenses.

ALI

Oh, that -

RAFI

That! What happened?

She pulls the duvet across.

ALI

Just a trolley. At the supermarket. A runaway. It's alright.

His relief.

RAFI

You're made of sterner stuff than me.

Ali's wincing and furious with herself.

She picks up the magazine again.

ALI

Hey, I was just reading about this I uxury spa thingy. Thought it might be nice for your birthday -

RAFI

A luxury thingy?

ΔΙ Ι

Just you and me.

RAFI

No kids, grandmothers or shopping trolleys?

A shake of her head.

RAFI (CONT'D)

You're on.

A sigh of relief from Ali. A kiss goodnight. Ali reaches for her beside light, turning it off and plunging the roominto dar kness.

EXT. ALI'S CAR. DAY 9 09.10 17

17

Outside her house, Ali sits in her car. The sound of a distant phone RINGING fills the cabin.

JANE (O. S.)

Williams and Barrett, good morning.

ALI

Hi Jane. it's Ali.

JANE (O.S.)

Hey Ali, alright?

Actually Jane, not really.

A gul p.

ALI (CONT'D) Kids' viruses... Feel awful... Won't be in today. Sorry.

JANE (O. S.)

Bless the little darlings. Well, you're missing now there.

ALI

Ta. I'll hopefully be better by tomorrow. I'll call -

JANE (O.S.)

Fine. You take care darling.

An unconscious nod to Jane. Ali hangs up the call.

A deep breat h.

We see Maggie is sat next to her daughter.

MAGGIE

So kiddo, shall we?

A smile.

ALI

After all those injections?

A nod.

Ali starts the car's engine.

18

Ali and her mum sit in silence, waiting.

Maggie's gaze is fixed straight ahead - at that wall of newborn photos.

Finally, her specialist, DR JOHN BELLO (

They sit in absolute SILENCE. Maggie's gaze fixed on her daughter. Ali's focused on the ceiling above her.

A SILENCE that drags on for an eternity, punctuated by the rare BABY'S CRY from reception or the MUFFLED VOICE of an overly excited $\it Marie$.

Finally, the treatment door swings open. Dr Bello swings in, heads to the sink to wash his hands.

DR BELLO So! Once more unto the breach, Ali.

ALI

Pure beautiful life.

21 INT. IVF CLINC - TREATMENT ROOM DAY 9 CONT.

21

Ali lies perfectly still, barely breathing. Instinctively, she plays with her wedding ring.

After a moment.

DR BELLO

Ckay!

ALI

Real I y?

A nod. A smile.

ALI (CONT'D)

I'd forgotten how -

DR BELLO

- easy? Well, the hard part is yet to come!

An easy LAUGH.

DR BELLO (CONT'D)

So, just lie there for a while - twenty-odd minutes - and then I'll see you in reception.

Dr Bello departs, leaving Ali utterly alone.

She lies there for an age. Finally, one hand dares to gently rest on her turmy.

22 I NT. ALI'S CAR. DAY 9 14.00

22

All pulls up the car in front of her mother's home. She and Maggie sit there for a moment.

MAGGI E

Sweetheart. What -

ALI

What?

MAGGI E

What are you going to tell him? If it works.

ALI

When it works.

MAGGI E

Well,

SI LENCE. Not hing.

Finally, a kiss for her daughter from Maggie.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

You need anything. Anything at all. You call.

A nod.

Maggie clambers out.

A deep breath from Ali, mind racing.

And the car pulls away from her mum's home.

23 EXT. COUNTRY HOTEL - GARDENS. DAY 10 13.00

23

Beneath a crisp, pale blue sky Ali and Rafi walk along a path together.

Wrapped up in scarves, hats and wellies - and wrapped around one another - it's difficult to discern where one begins and the other ends.

They walk in perfect, comfortable SILENCE.

Ali lowers her head onto her husband's shoulder.

Rafi closes his eyes, savouring the moment.

24 INT. COUNTRY HOTEL - BEDROOM DAY 10 16.30

24

Ali and Rafi lie in their vast, luxurious bed - his head on her tummy. A post-coital interlude.

He rolls his head over and gently kisses her stomach.

A finger traces an angry red line across her belly - her cesarean scar. She tenses.

RAFI

Hey!

ALI

I hate it.

RAFI It's beautiful.

It's ugly.

He turns to his wife.

RAFI

RAFI (CONT'D)

More champagne?

ALI

But of course, Mr Reda.

Rafi heads to a small table by the window, daylight streaming in across it. He tops up a pair of champagne flutes.

He stares out the window across the green landscape before turning back to Ali.

RAFI

Just beautiful.

He hands her the champagne flute.

RAFI (CONT'D)

And you wanted more offspring!

He necks the champagne and leans in for a kiss.

RAFI (CONT'D)

Conna test drive that giant shower. Dinner soon daaarling -

Ali manages a smile as he disappears into the bathroom

Beside the bed, her phone starts RINGING. A quick look to the screen - 'Home'.

RAFI (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Is it them?

ALI

How d you guess?

She put her champagne down answers the phone.

25 I NT. REDA HOVE - KI TCHEN. DAY 11 08.00

25

Downstairs, Rafi is hurriedly preparing slices of toast for the twins - whilst trying to down a bowl of cereal.

Providing commentary to all this is an over-exuberant MORNING RADIO HOST.

RAFI

Space toast for you.

He drops some triangles of jam toast in front of his son.

RAFI (CONT'D)

Monster toast for you!

RAFI (CONT'D)

Turns out we're not done with the bottles and baby seats?

Ali just stares at him

He gives the test stick a final look. Confusion.

RAFI (CONT'D)

How? How the hell? Year's of IVF and then this...?

ALI

I dunno. Maybe our weekend away for your birthday?

RAFI

If it was that easy -

ΔΙ Ι

Maybe it is!

RAFI

No. It's not.

A look to the clock.

RAFI (CONT'D)

I'mlate. I'm sorry, I've got this exam

She looks nonplussed.

RAFI (CONT'D)

The promotion...?

A kiss for both the kids. A big one for his daughter.

RAFI (CONT'D)

Daddy's sorry.

He hands Ali back the pregnancy test stick and races out the door.

ALI

Rafi?

But's he's gone.

28 I NT. OFFI CE. DAY 11 09.30

28

Rafi sits alone in an office. An empty desk in front of him save for an exam paper and a pen. He looks like he's a million miles away.

A deep breath. A clenched fist. Renewed concentration.

29 EXT. ALI'S CAR. DAY 11 17.00

Ali sits alone in the car outside the house, backseat overflowing with supermarket shopping bags. She fights to hold back tears.

Finally, she simply slams her hand into the steering wheel, over and over and over again.

30 EXT. REDAS' STREET. NI GHT 11 19.30

30

29

Rafi is trudging home. He pauses at his driveway, studying the house's lit windows.

31 EXT. REDA HOVE. NI GHT 11 19.32

31

Rafi stands outside the front door. From inside, the sound of CHILDREN'S LAUCHTER. A wince.

He listens for a long moment. Upstairs, a bedroom light is switched off.

A deep breath. A pause.

He opens the door and steps inside his home.

32 INT. REDA HOVE - KLTCHEN, NIGHT 11 CONT.

32

Rafi walks into an empty kitchen.

He drops his work bag on the table and makes for the fridge. Whiskey is soon emptied into a large glass.

Rafi takes in the room - the heart of their home and family. Photographic memories and finger paintings fill the walls. He necks the glass of whiskey.

He begins to pour himself another as Ali walks in.

RAFI

I'd offer you one but you're apparently 'with child'.

ALI

Rafi -

RAFI

But here's the real question.

He finishes his second glass.

RAFI (CONT'D)

How?

Ali stops. He has her attention.

RAFI (CONT'D)

How on earth are you 'with child'?

ALI

What?

RAFI

I've been wracking my brain all day - wondering if somehow you'd made a mistake -

ALI

No mistake.

Rafi pours himself another drink.

RAFI

So how then? Really -

She hesitates.

RAFI (CONT'D)

We both know the efforts it took last time. And now, within weeks over you talking about a third, hey prest o!

Nothing. It's Ali's turn for SILENCE.

He pauses for a moment. Then -

RAFI (CONT'D)

Is it mine?

ALI

Oh for God's sake!

And she turns tail and heads out of the room - the SOUND of her marching upstairs.

After a moment, Rafi follows...

Ali stops, mid-retort. Interrupted by loud CRYING from the children's bedroom

Her parents both look shocked - caught out by her.

RAFI

That's Leila!

Rafi gets up and quickly leaves the room

Alone, Ali sits down on the bed, exhausted.

34 I NT. REDA HOVE - KI DS' BEDROOM NI GHT 11 CONT.

34

Rafi sits on Leila's bed, gently stroking her forehead. Rafi drags a duvet over her and plants a kiss on her head.

He breathes in the scent of her hair and gently kisses her crown.

He leaves his face buried there for a little while, savouring the presence of this unique, precious soul.

Finally, he stands up and walks over to a second bed containing Sam. He leans in and rearranges a menagerie of cuddly toys and tucks his son in tightly.

Again, he kisses his child and savours his warm, sweet presence.

Getting up, he lingers by the door. Almost not wanting to leave the quiet, perfect contentment of this little room

35 I NT. REDA HOVE - BEDROOM NI GHT 11 20.20

35

Rafi walks back into the bedroom Calmer, quieter.

RAFI

Ali-

She's nowhere to be seen.

A sigh.

He walks out of the bedroom

36 I NT. REDA HOWE - KI TCHEN. NI GHT 11 CONT.

36

Ali stands in the kitchen, brewing a cup of tea. A simple, comforting ritual.

Rafi walks in. A pause. A breath.

RAFI

Ali -

She doesn't move.

RAFI (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

He walks towards her, a gentle hand on her shoulder.

RAFI (CONT'D)

For how I reacted. This morning. Just now -

A sip of her tea.

RAFI (CONT'D)

It's just - how - how the hell?

ALI

We got Lucky.

RAFI

Ali! We both know luck, fate, faith - have nothing to do with this. We didn't go through all that - YOU didn't go through that hell because of Luck.

ALI

Well maybe this time -

Again, tempers, pressure rising.

RAFI

No!

A deep breath.

Endo' and I've got practically zero sper m

His candour and directness stops her.

RAFI (CONT'D)

So I didn't knock you up bet ween your hot stone massage and our seven course taster birthday meal.

SI LENCE.

RAFI (CONT'D)

What. Happened?

Ali studies him as she finishes her tea.

She grips her empty mug tightly.

ALI I tried to talk to you about it -

RAFI About what?

ALI
I tried - but when? How?

She nods to the chaos of the kitchen surrounding them About what?RA

He twigs.

RAFI

That bruise. On your stomach. I nj ect i ons.

A nod.

RAFI (CONT'D)
How could you? Why would you do that to yourself? Put yourself through this -

He holds his ground but she can barely look at him

RAFI (CONT'D)

That pregnancy nearly broke you.
The delivery nearly took all three of you. Ten minutes, Ali. There was less than ten minutes to save you all. My entire world.

SI LENCE.

RAFI (CONT'D)
We got away with it. That time.

Half a step towards her. Gentler.

RAFI (CONT'D)

How could you make that decision like that. Without me. Without us?

He squeezes the letters in his grasp. A paper stress ball.

ALI

I tried. Again and again.

RAFI

Clearly not that hard -

ALI

I tried Rafi.

RAFI

This! This is the most we've talked about it!

ALI

Every time I tried to speak with you, your head's down in that flipping homework - running out the door -

RAFI

Homework to get a better job. A better life for us. Just some, some breathing space -

ALI

Well, we've got a pretty different idea of 'better' if that's what you want.

RAFI

And you've got a pretty poor memory. That pregnancy was hell - right up to the last moments - lying there in a blood-soaked bed - alarms going off and us - me - utterly helpless. Your life - our life - draining away -

ALI

Here we go again. Yes, you mentioned it. Again. Barren woman cheats the odds and survives. Jesus Christ Rafi! I get it.

Rafi

No! Love of my life nearly dies creating those two, beautiful, perfect miracles.

She's SILENT.

RAFI (CONT'D)

I can't bear to see you go through that again. I didn't think you ever would want to. The truth is, if that pregnancy didn't kill us, life is. We lead separate lives. We've had to. And we have to go away to some country estate to have two minutes alone. It's killing us.

He dares to get closer.

RAFI (CONT'D)

I want ed - I want - those two upstairs. But I want and I need . You and me. And need us. More than another brother or sister.

Ali hardens.

ALI

Well, that's what they've got coming. And I can't believe you cannot see how that might make our lives - their lives - richer. Happier.

She starts picking up her belongings and dropping them back into her handbag.

Rafi just watches her.

RAFI

So, that's it?

She ignores him, clearing the table of her belongings.

RAFI (CONT'D)

You're pregnant. End of. Sod the risks. Sod everything.

ALI

We're pregnant.

RAFI

Oh, it's 'we' now is it? We'll, 'we' weren't in the clinic. 'We' didn't sign the consent form, did 'we'?

He drops the clinic's letter on the table and walks out.

37 I NT. REDA HOWE - BEDROOM DAY 12 06.30

37

Dawn. The SOUND of Sam and Leila in high spirits in their room. Ali wakes with a start, tries to get her bearings.

Rafi is nowhere to be seen.

As big a smile as she can muster for the kids...

38 INT. REDA HOVE - LIVING ROOM DAY 12 06,45

38

Ali, still in her night clothes, tiptoes into the living room Rafi lies asleep, stretched out across the couch beneath layers of blankets and sheets.

She silently places a cup of tea on the floor next to him and creeps out of the room

Rafi opens an eye, not moving lest he catch Ali's attention.

MAGGIE He shouldn't be.

Ali watches the kids outside playing.

ALI Yes, he should. MAGGIE

Taa-raa!

A CHORUS of "GOODBYES" spill out from the house as she closes the door behind her and is startled to see Rafi stood to the side, his jacket collar popped against the cool air, hugging his brief case to his chest. He's clearly been there some time.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Rafi! You'll catch your death out here!

He's unmoved.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

RAF

You know. You knew. Didn't you?

A breath. A nod.

RAFI (CONT'D)

MA9 Tc Oasr death out

RAFI

Good. I got the promotion.

MAGGI E

Oh Rafi!

She walks back to him A proud kiss on the cheek.

A hug. A long silent embrace.

And then.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

She needs you.

RAFI

I know.

She steps back.

MAGGI E

You need each other.

RAFI

Why didn't you say something?

MAGGIE
Why didn't say something? Why aren't you asking each other that?
Why aren't you talking?

RAFI

We are.

MAGGI E

Looks like it.

A wry smile.

RAFI

I just can't - not yet.

ALI

You'd better be sleeping at least.

A rare, peaceful moment to savour.

40 OM TTED 40

41 I NT. REDA HOVE - HALLWAY. DAY 13 07.15

41

Bleary-eyed, Ali comes down the stairs, just in time to catch Rafi heading out early for work.

He pauses. Words on the tip of his tongue. Is it an apology? But then he's gone.

The energy just leaks out of Ali. Then, a look of horror.

ALI

Ch no!

She races towards the downstairs toilet.

The sound of her VOM TING.

A moment later, the SOUND of Leila and Sam's regular LAUGHTER coming down the stairs. Ali emerges from the toilet and does her best to fix a smile for the kids.

In the bathroom, Rafi finds Ali kneeling before the toilet bowl, retching into it.

He drops beside her, gently pulling her trailing hair out of her face and reaches for her hand. White knuckles hanging on for dear life.

She retches into the bowl again, MOANING with the effort. Their grasp tightens and he WHI SPERS something into her ear.

Ali rests her head on the edge of the bowl, the cool relief of the seat. He wipes her brow.

Can you grab my bag please?

Rafi gets up and heads out.

Ali breathes deeply, calming herself.

Rafi returns with her handbag.

ALI (CONT'D)
There's a hairband in there.

Rafi roots around in the handbag for the hairband. He finds it and hands it to her.

She pulls her hair back out of her face and away from the loo. She gently rests her head onto the toilet seat.

A half smile for her husband.

ALI (CONT'D)

Just like old times.

A weary nod.

45

Something catches his eye. Something dislodged from her handbag.

Rafi lets out a GASP.

He reaches for the object - unable to peel his eyes away.

46 I NT. REDA HOWE - KI TCHEN. DAY 15 08.40

46

Ali gingerly enters the kitchen. Colour has returned to her cheeks.

Rafi is filling a teapot. Ali nods to the clock.

ALI

You'll be late.

RAFI

I've taken the day off.

She I ooks st unned.

RAFI (CONT'D)

And your mum's taken the kids into nursery -

He stirs a tea pot.

RAFI (CONT'D)

It's just you and me. At last.

He nods to her turmy.

RAFI (CONT'D)

Well sort of.

A smile.

RAFI (CONT'D)

And what ever happens it's just you and me. Al ways was. Al ways will be.

ALI

We've forgotten that.

RAFI

We've forgotten a lot.

He takes her hand.

RAFI (CONT'D)

What ever happens. And I've no idea what will happen. I'm here. It's you and me.

ALI

And me and you.

Finally. A gentle kiss.

Eyes closed. Peace. Comfort.

Ali sits down at the table. Rafi pours a cuppa.

RAFI

So Mrs Reda -

He passes her a mug of tea.

RAFI (CONT'D)

How are you?

END.