

# EXPAT UNDERGROUND

Pilot

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INT. LONDON TUBE - DAY

A busy carriage, armpits in faces, annoying backpacks. COMMUTERS of all races and ages squashed together in this sticky mess, look miserable and tired... apart from GIOVANNA(30), fair haired, slightly chubby. A look of serenity on her face as she...

... takes a sausage roll out of a paper bag and tucks into it greedily. Opposite, two ITALIAN TOURISTS, one holding a tour guide, both staring at her. They speak in their native language with subtitles.

ITALIAN TOURIST 1  
Disgusting.

ITALIAN TOURIST 2  
I can't believe they can eat such things.

ITALIAN TOURIST 1  
In the morning.

GIOVANNA tunes into the conversation subtly.

ITALIAN TOURIST 2  
And on public transport! I thought the British were supposed to have good manners.

GIOVANNA stops chewing for a moment, looks at the sausage roll in the bag and turns to face the ITALIAN TOURISTS who glare back at her.

EXT.ROAD / INT. FLAT - PHONE CALL - DAY

GIOVANNA walks hurriedly along the Zone 4 streets, while talking on the phone.

GIOVANNA  
You are not going to believe what just happened!

On the other side of the phone is JAMES (late 20s), he stands in the centre of a small flat, piles of boxes stacked around him. British, charming, struggling to get the HP sauce on his eggs, which currently balance atop a sealed box.

JAMES  
Go on...

GIOVANNA  
I got mistaken for a Brit!

FREEZE ON GIOVANNA's shining face.

GIOVANNA (V.O.)  
 More than five years ago I went  
 on a reckless mission: becoming  
 British whilst remaining deeply  
 Italian.

GIOVANNA's eyes flick to the side revealing a nearby,  
 Italian chain restaurant, with a cardboard cut out of a  
 stereotypical Italian man: olive skin, thick moustache -  
 Super Mario meets the Dolmio man - a pizza in one hand and  
 a mandolin in the other.

Back on GIOVANNA's frozen smiling face.

GIOVANNA (V.O.)  
 Tricky.  
 (Beat)  
 I've always been connected to this  
 country. I started learning English  
 when I was little, I loved it and  
 English loved me.

#### **INT. ITALIAN SCHOOL - DAY - FLASHBACK**

A TEACHER, sitting on the edge of her desk, holds a book in  
 front of her as the CLASS stare blankly.

GIOVANNA (V.O.)  
 I still remember my teacher  
 murdering it while reading Blake's  
 poems.

The TEACHER, in a strong and horrible Italian accent, keeps  
 rhythm by tapping her sweaty hand against her thigh.

ITALIAN TEACHER  
 Taiger taiger birnin brait in de  
 forest of de nait.

YOUNG GIOVANNA (11) looks at the TEACHER with disdain and  
 covers her ears with a frown.

GIOVANNA (V.O.)  
 It was agony to witness her lack of  
 effort in shaping those beautiful  
 r's.

#### **END OF FLASHBACK**

EXT. PRIMARY SCHOOL - ENTRANCE - DAY

GIOVANNA, still on the phone, arrives at the gates of an  
 inner city school. The hustle and bustle of the morning, KIDS  
 entering, saying goodbye to their PARENTS.

JAMES  
 Congratulations!

GIOVANNA

I've been waiting for this to happen for such a long time.

JAMES

I'm weirdly proud of you, Giovanna.

GioVANNA

Mira said it would never happen.

JAMES

Speaking of which, has she found a new flatmate yet?

GIOVANNA

She's doing interviews, don't think it's going well. I promised I would help.

JAMES

Just don't move back in with her. She doesn't cook like me.

GIOVANNA

No. She's much better.

JAMES bangs the sauce bottle and it fires out over the floor.

JAMES

Shit. I'm having a sauce emergency. Oh, it's everywhere!

GIOVANNA

Just leave it, you're moving out anyway.

JAMES

Well yeah, it's just I'd feel more comfortable about leaving my old place in a mess if we actually had a new place to move into.

GIOVANNA

Don't panic. We've got good ones lined up later.

JAMES can't find anything to clean the sauce with, so he takes a sock off and uses it.

JAMES

If you say so. Hey, congrats on the whole Brit thing, seems I won't be moving in with a filthy foreigner after all?

GIOVANNA smiles.

GIOVANNA  
Love you, bye.

INT. PRIMARY SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

A class of primary school children quietly drawing, while GIOVANNA plays softly at a keyboard for ambience.

NABIR  
I wish you could be our teacher all  
the time Miss.

GIOVANNA  
Thank you Nabir, but I am sure Mr  
Banner is looking forward to  
getting back to see you all.

Another child, POLLY, looks up from her work.

POLLY  
My mummy said he might not come  
back, because he's got aids.

GIOVANNA  
No, he's getting aids. Hearing  
aids.

POLLY  
Yeah that's what I said. He's got  
aids.

GIOVANNA  
Hearing aids. You need to specify.

POLLY  
Why?

NABIR  
Yeah why?

GIOVANNA looks around nervously, all the KIDS have stopped  
their writing, waiting for her reply.

GIOVANNA  
Well, hearing aids are to help with  
your ears and Aids Aids are...

Suddenly a knock on the door frame. DEEPA KUMAR (50's), an  
Asian Head Teacher with bushy eyebrows that constantly feel  
like they are frowning, stands in the open doorway, arms  
folded. A guilty look crosses GIOVANNA's face.

INT. PRIMARY SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

GIOVANNA stands with DEEPA KUMAR.

GIOVANNA

It's not what you think, Deepa.

MR KUMAR

Please, call me Mr. Kumar.

GIOVANNA

Ok. It's not what you think, Mr. Kumar.

MR KUMAR

We don't talk to children about life threatening diseases.

GIOVANNA

It's not life threatening anymore and perhaps we should talk about it with them.

MR KUMAR

Let's stick to times tables.

(Beat)

Anyway, I came to ask about your application?

GIOVANNA

Yeah... I appreciate it, but I'm not really a full time kind of gal.

MR KUMAR

The children have really taken to you.

GIOVANNA

It's just, here all day, every day... I'm really a musician, you know.

MR KUMAR

That is a hobby, not a job.

GIOVANNA goes to speak.

MR KUMAR (CONT'D)

You know what, have another think, probably best in these uncertain times. Who knows what your future might hold?

GIOVANNA

Are you talking about the referendum? I can't see that being an issue.

MR KUMAR

It is a democracy and who knows how the people will vote.

GIOVANNA  
I don't think such a complex  
decision should really be left to  
the public, but yeah...

MR KUMAR  
I understand. You're probably more  
used to fascism.

GIOVANNA  
That was decades before I was even  
born!

POLLY appears at GIOVANNA's side, pulling her skirt.

POLLY  
What is fascism, Miss?

GIOVANNA looks awkwardly to MR KUMAR.

MR KUMAR  
(to POLLY)  
6x4?

POLLY  
24.

MR KUMAR puts a thumbs up and leaves. As GIOVANNA takes POLLY  
back in the room, he calls back.

MR KUMAR  
And keep Aids out of the classroom!

EXT. TERRACED STREET - DAY

GIOVANNA stares at the entrance to a stained Georgian town  
house, typically split into multiple flats. She is looking  
around impatiently when she hears the sound of a text  
message. She looks at her phone - A text from JAMES:

*"Sorry, got stuck at work. On my way. Go ahead, meet you  
there x"*

GIOVANNA presses the buzzer. A voice comes through it:

ESTATE AGENT  
Top floor.

The sound of the door clicking. GIOVANNA looks up at the tall  
building.

CUT TO:

INT. LANDING - DAY - CONTINUOUS

An ESTATE AGENT (mid 30s), with an incredibly white smile, opens the door to find GIOVANNA, panting. She tries to disguise her exhaustion but a drop of sweat slowly trickles down her face.

GIOVANNA

No lift?

ESTATE AGENT

No.

The ESTATE AGENT hands her a box of tissues.

ESTATE AGENT (CONT'D)

For the...

He gestures to her face.

INT. BEDSIT LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The small cramped space is more of a loft conversion than a flat. The old Ikea furniture has been lived in, many times over and there is the trademark squeaky floorboard that the ESTATE AGENT is currently pressing with his foot.

ESTATE AGENT

You said you were a musician right?

GIOVANNA nods slowly as the ESTATE AGENT points at the floorboard squeaking it some more.

ESTATE AGENT (CONT'D)

Apparently that's how Weller started.

GIOVANNA frowns.

GIOVANNA

Is it?

ESTATE AGENT

I dunno, I'm more of a Muse man.  
Shall we start the tour or do you want to wait?

GIOVANNA

Wait for what?

ESTATE AGENT

I thought you'd be here with your husband.

GIOVANNA

I don't have a husband.



ESTATE AGENT

So who was the guy I spoke to on the phone earlier?

GIOVANNA

That was me.

ESTATE AGENT

Oh, right.

(Beat)

So this is the living room, nice and bright.

The ESTATE AGENT gestures to a skylight, jumps up on a chair and fiddles with it. He struggles.

ESTATE AGENT (CONT'D)

We're actually facing north east anyway, meaning you won't get that pesky sun glaring up all over the TV.

Still can't manage to open it. Now he's the one sweating.

ESTATE AGENT (CONT'D)

Let me show you the kitchen.

He jumps off the chair. GIOVANNA hands him the tissue box with a smile. He takes one and leads her to the kitchenette.

ESTATE AGENT (CONT'D)

As you can see it's quite spacious and fully equipped. You can mak-a all the meat-a-balls!

The ESTATE AGENT grins back at GIOVANNA.

GIOVANNA

I don't really cook.

He looks at his papers.

ESTATE AGENT

Says here your name is Goor-

The lights all turn red and the imposing music of *Carl Orff - O Fortuna ~ Carmina Burana* plays.

GIOVANNA watches in slow motion the ESTATE AGENT butchering her surname.

ESTATE AGENT (CONT'D)

Daiaiaiaiai -

Words gets chewed in his big mouth as unrecognisable sounds come out.

ESTATE AGENT (CONT'D)  
Nanai - Gooaudrnandannai-

As quickly as it started the music disappears, bringing GIOVANNA back in the room.

ESTATE AGENT (CONT'D)  
That's Italian, isn't it?

GIOVANNA  
Apparently.

ESTATE AGENT  
You're Italian and you don't cook?

GIOVANNA shakes her head.

ESTATE AGENT (CONT'D)  
My God... Oh, ok. You've probably  
noticed the microwave, perfect for  
mac 'n' cheese.

She looks at him blankly, her phone beeping saves her from engaging in a mac and cheese conversation. Another message from JAMES, she looks at the phone:

*'Stuck in traffic. Is it the one? x'*

She looks back at the agent, who is resting his arm on the kitchen counter.

ESTATE AGENT (CONT'D)  
So, is it the one?

He grins back at her expectantly. All of a sudden the skylight drops out of the ceiling on to the floor, shattering everywhere.

GIOVANNA types: "NO".

INT. BASEMENT FLAT - DAY

The ESTATE AGENT is now with GIOVANNA and JAMES. He's talking, showing them the 'features' but all we can hear is the cacophonous sound of a tube train passing. Finally it stops.

ESTATE AGENT  
So, is it the one?

GIOVANNA and JAMES share a look of concern. All of a sudden the floor shakes as another train passes by.

INT. BEDSIT - DAY

It's a nice flat, small but has a charm. While the ESTATE AGENT chews JAMES' ear, GIOVANNA pokes her head into the tiny bathroom.

INT. BEDSIT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's clean and tidy. The tiles nice although a few are missing, GIOVANNA sniffs the air, all seems okay - then, she sees it...

The BIDET! Lost in thought...

CUT TO:

**INT. HOTEL BATHROOM, ITALY - DAY - FLASHBACK**

GIOVANNA, wearing a wedding dress, is sitting on a bidet, sobbing. Soft knocking on the door.

GIOVANNA

Go Away!

**INT. HOTEL BEDROOM, ITALY - DAY - FLASHBACK - CONTINUOUS**

Giovanna's mother, MARIA (60s), wearing a dress and a fancy hat, bursts into the room where a bridesmaid, LUCIA (20), has a nervous ear to the bathroom door.

**The conversation unfolds in Italian with subtitles.**

MARIA

Is she in there, Lucia?

MARIA moves LUCIA away, before she can even reply, and knocks fiercely.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Darling? Are you ok? What are you doing in there?

LUCIA

(Whispering)

I think she's smoking.

MARIA

Don't be ridiculous, Giovanna doesn't smoke.

Inside the bathroom GIOVANNA lights a cigarette.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Darling? Come on, I'm sure we can sort this out.

MARIA crouches down and tries to peer under the door. She sniffs. GIOVANNA takes a drag and catches sight of her dishevelled self in the mirror.

O.S MARIA  
Are you smoking in your dress?!

**END OF FLASHBACK**

INT. BEDSIT - BATHROOM - AS BEFORE

GIOVANNA still staring at the bidet.

O.S ESTATE AGENT  
This is where the magic happens!

GIOVANNA jumps. JAMES pokes his head around the door.

JAMES  
Oh my God, there's a bidet!

ESTATE AGENT  
So, is it the one?

JAMES looks at GIOVANNA.

JAMES  
It has a nice feel to it, doesn't it?

GIOVANNA  
Should we maybe think about it?

ESTATE AGENT  
Don't take long, I've already got another three viewings after this. I can't promise it will still be available.

GIOVANNA and JAMES look at each other.

JAMES  
*(through gritted teeth)*  
I really don't want to spend any more time with this agent.

GIOVANNA gives another look to the bidet.

GIOVANNA  
We'll take it.

INT. FLAT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

A cosy living room, filled with plants and book shelves. GIOVANNA sits on the sofa with MIRA (late 20s), gangly, with a thick Dutch accent, taking notes. Opposite them, on a chair is a MAN (20s) holding a tortoise on a leash.

MIRA  
Do you usually bring animals home  
from work?

MAN  
Only when they ask me to.

He turns to the tortoise.

MAN (CONT'D)  
Isn't that right, Alice?

MIRA scribbles something on her notepad as the tortoise looks at GIOVANNA threateningly.

GIOVANNA's phone vibrates. She takes it out and the call reads: "*Mamma*". She ignores it and puts the phone back in her pocket.

INT. FLAT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

MIRA and GIOVANNA sit in the same position.

MIRA  
Thank you, we'll let you know.

An OLD LADY gets up from the sofa. Takes her coat and goes to leave.

MIRA (CONT'D)  
Don't forget your tuba.

The OLD LADY stops in her tracks, goes back to the sofa. She struggles with a big cumbersome tuba and exits. MIRA puts a big cross through the last name on her notepad. Then looks at GIOVANNA.

MIRA (CONT'D)  
So, what do you do for a living?

GIOVANNA looks confused.

MIRA (CONT'D)  
The room is available from this  
very moment if you are interested.  
It's bright, spacious...

GIOVANNA laughs.

GIOVANNA  
You'll find someone Mira.

MIRA  
Maybe.

GIOVANNA  
I can ask James if he knows anyone.

MIRA  
Maybe it's better if I don't make plans until the result of the vote.

GIOVANNA  
Oh please. Can we stop talking about this bloody referendum? It's just a political game, nothing's going to change.

MIRA  
Our life is on hold, who knows for how long.

GIOVANNA  
You're worrying about nothing.

MIRA  
Just because you're moving in with James, doesn't mean you'll be one of them.

GIOVANNA  
Who said I want to be one of them?

The buzzer rings, MIRA goes to open the door.

GIOVANNA (CONT'D)  
I'm going to be both.

MIRA  
First floor please.

INT. BUS - EVENING

GIOVANNA is on the bus, she gets a picture message from JAMES: a make shift dinner table with the boxes, "*first dinner in our new home x*". GIOVANNA smiles as she looks outside into the London night.

GIOVANNA (V.O.)  
I feel like I'm moving from expat to immigrant. I go regularly to pub quizzes, say things like crikey, jolly good, bollocks! I'm settling. Seasons pass, often all of them in the same day.  
(MORE)

GIOVANNA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The age of 30 feels alright and I'm even ok in my "white - other" equal opportunity box. Everything's "tickety-boo".

The bus stops at a junction. We see the advertisement spread across the side: *"Take back control, vote leave!"*, as GIOVANNA sits on the top unaware.

INT. BEDSIT FLAT - NIGHT

The sound of drops of water hitting a bucket. JAMES is on a step ladder trying to cover a tiny crack in the ceiling. GIOVANNA is unpacking boxes, she pulls out a picture of SANDRO PERTINI, an old Italian President, dusts it off and puts it on the kitchen counter. JAMES notices it.

JAMES

I thought I was the only man in the house.

GIOVANNA

Don't be jealous. Besides, I can't tell you all my secrets.

JAMES

But you can tell an ex President?

GIOVANNA

The best President Italy has ever had. And he's cheaper than a therapist.

JAMES

Do you need a therapist?

GIOVANNA

Everybody needs a therapist.

JAMES goes back to fiddling with the ceiling.

JAMES

This wasn't in the brochure.

GIOVANNA

We'll make it work.

JAMES

Plus, it's got a bidet.

GIOVANNA

What more could you want?

JAMES

A working roof would be nice.

JAMES fiddles with the ceiling and all of a sudden the water stops dripping. He jumps up excitedly.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Yes! Now we're talking!

He runs down the ladder, grabs her in a hug and takes her around the room flying, trying not to fall on the boxes on the floor. They kiss.

GIOVANNA  
You hungry?

JAMES  
I am, but not for food.

GIOVANNA  
Oh yeah?

They kiss again then JAMES stares lovingly into her eyes.

JAMES  
You want to christen the bidet first, don't you?

GIOVANNA  
Oh my god, so much.

They laugh into each other's kiss.

INT. BEDSIT FLAT - NIGHT

Candles sit atop various unpacked boxes. The sound of heavy breathing. Two half eaten sausage rolls sit atop a paper bag on the floor.

An inflatable mattress in the middle of the room, more heavy breathing emanates from under the blankets. In the soft light there are two bodies underneath. JAMES and GIOVANNA getting intimate.

In the corner on the floor a small TV is on, showing the news. GIOVANNA moans with pleasure.

GIOVANNA  
Yes... Oh yes. Yes!

GIOVANNA pokes her head out of the blankets, hair messed up and sweaty. She opens one eye and notices the TV:

GIOVANNA (CONT'D)  
Nooooooooo!

She sits up and stares at it, JAMES appears from underneath the blanket confused.



JAMES

I thought you liked that.

He follows GIOVANNA's stare, finally seeing what she sees.

The News Anchor - DAVID DIMBLEBY - on the TV, announces the result of the Brexit referendum.

DAVID DIMBLEBY

*"We can now say the decision taken in 1975 by this country to join the common market has been reversed by this referendum to leave the EU. The British people have spoken and the answer is we're out."*

GIOVANNA puts a worried hand on her head.

VARIOUS VOX POP's SPURT OUT OF THE TV - but what we see is GIOVANNA breaking.

O.S VOICES ON TV

*Get them out!  
This means that the UK has voted to leave the European Union.  
It's our country.*

A huge hurrah followed by applause.

O.S VOICES ON TV (CONT'D)

*A new dawn has come!*

GIOVANNA and JAMES staring at the TV. We stay on their worried faces.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT - LATER

GIOVANNA is sitting on the toilet. Her phone is bombarded with updates on the recent news. She is trying to call MIRA. No answer. She looks to the framed photo of PERTINI by the side of the bath.

GIOVANNA

*I shouldn't panic. Nothing is going to change, right?*

PERTINI stares back at her.

GIOVANNA (CONT'D)

*Home is where the heart is, isn't that what they say?*

PERTINI stays still and silent. Like a photograph does...

GIOVANNA (CONT'D)

*I don't expect you were one for catchphrases Mr President.*

The phone rings! It reads "Mamma". She turns it over. A knock on the door.

JAMES (O.S.)  
Can I get you anything?

GIOVANNA  
No.

JAMES  
Don't worry sweetheart, everything will be fine.

GIOVANNA  
It's ok.

JAMES  
Nothing's going to change.

GIOVANNA  
I'm fine.

JAMES  
Can I get you anything?

GIOVANNA  
No.  
(Beat)  
Maybe some more toilet paper?

GIOVANNA's phone vibrates again but she ignores it.

INT. CABARET BAR - NIGHT

A dark cabaret, lit only by the colourful lights of the small tables scattered around. It's a full house.

ALOTTA LONDON (40's), a vivacious and imposing black drag queen, wearing a union jack dress, is singing a moody, soulful, stripped back version of "Jerusalem". In her band, GIOVANNA is playing keyboard.

When the song ends, the audience erupt in an applause.

ALOTTA LONDON  
I've been Alotta London, you've been amazing... And he's been looking up my skirt all night!

She points at a MAN in the crowd, the audience all laugh. She bows like a true diva then gets off stage with GIOVANNA to join a table where MIRA is cutting out leaflets.

ALOTTA LONDON (CONT'D)  
Can I wear a hat? I have one that looks like Napoleon in that famous picture.

MIRA

You can do whatever you want but please be on time. If we lose our slot we can't be at the front of the march.

ALOTTA LONDON does a general salute in agreement.

GIOVANNA

What's the point in protesting?  
It's already done.

MIRA

It's not and the fight never ends.

ALOTTA LONDON

Maybe you should wear the Napoleon hat?

MIRA smiles witheringly at ALOTTA LONDON.

ALOTTA LONDON (CONT'D)

Oh cheer up Mira my Dear! Just get married if anything happens. Put a ring on it and you're fine. Does James have suitable friends? With lots of money?

GIOVANNA

I love how romantic you are.

ALOTTA LONDON

Not everyone is protected by having a British boyfriend. Smart move Giovanna, always ahead.

GIOVANNA

I didn't move in with James because of the referendum.

ALOTTA LONDON

It's nothing to be ashamed about.

GIOVANNA

I did it because I love him.

MIRA

I bet he didn't even vote.

GIOVANNA is taken aback.

GIOVANNA

What are you talking about? Of course he did.

ALOTTA LONDON

But for which way?

GIOVANNA rolls her eyes.

MIRA  
Shall I make you a sign for Friday?

GIOVANNA  
No, I already have some ideas.

MIRA  
You sure?

GIOVANNA  
I'm a musician Mira, I've got  
creative blood...

Off MIRA's look.

GIOVANNA (CONT'D)  
Trust me.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

GIOVANNA is on the bus, standing near the window, looking out at the world around her.

The sound of a face time call. She grabs the phone from her bag, holding up the phone for video calling. We see the close up - a little too close - of her mother MARIA (60s).

**The whole conversation unfolds in Italian.**

GIOVANNA  
Ciao Ma.

MARIA  
You've put on weight.

GIOVANNA  
It's the camera. Nice to see you  
too by the way, even if it is just  
your nostrils.

MARIA adjusts the frame so GIOVANNA can see her whole face.

MARIA  
You could see my whole body if you  
were home.

GIOVANNA  
We've been through this.

The bus stops and an OLD LADY with a newspaper gets on.

MARIA  
Well it's clear you are not wanted.  
It's all over the news.

GIOVANNA

I don't think it is quite as black  
and white as that.

The bus continues as the OLD LADY opens the paper. GIOVANNA  
can't help but notice the headline on the front page:  
'FREEDOM DAY?'... in black and white.

MARIA

They hate immigrants Giovanna, they  
hate you.

GIOVANNA

It's not about immigrants mum.

The OLD LADY looks at GIOVANNA, speaking in a foreign  
language. She audibly sighs. GIOVANNA smiles trying to ignore  
her.

MARIA

Your father misses you. He cries  
every day.

O.S FATHER

What are you saying. I don't cry!

MARIA

He's crying inside.  
Is it the money? I'll book your  
ticket.

GIOVANNA

No, it's not the money.

MARIA

Then what is it? You look  
depressed.

GIOVANNA

I'm not depressed.

MARIA

It's James, isn't it?

GIOVANNA

No.

MARIA

A mother always knows. Are you sure  
he's right for you?

GIOVANNA

Yes mum.

MARIA

So why hasn't he married you yet?

GIOVANNA

I'm not discussing this now.

MARIA

Everyone's gotten married. You're like the last of the Mohicans. Even Giorgio is gone now too.

GIOVANNA

He's left?

MARIA

No, he's getting married this summer.

GIOVANNA

Who to?

MARIA

You didn't know? Lucia Greco. Don't you two talk? You were such close friends.

GIOVANNA

*(under her breath)*

Until she started dating my ex fiancé.

MARIA

You would have had such nice Mediterranean children.

The bus stops and GIOVANNA gets off. She starts walking without a sense of direction.

MARIA (CONT'D)

Think about it darling, you can always try and crush his relationship. It would be difficult as she is so pretty and funny and smart.

GIOVANNA

Yes thanks mum.

MARIA

I'd be happy to help.

GIOVANNA

Absolutely not. I have to hang up. I don't know where I'm going.

MARIA

That's why I want to help.

GIOVANNA

No, I mean literally. I haven't gotten used to the new address.

MARIA  
Giovanna, it's time to come home.

GIOVANNA  
(sighs)  
This is my home.

MARIA  
Don't say that, you're making your  
father sick.

O.S FATHER  
What? I'm not sick!

GIOVANNA  
I'm losing signal. Bye mum, talk  
later.

GIOVANNA hangs up, with a frustrated sigh.

INT. PRIMARY SCHOOL - OFFICE - DAY

GIOVANNA appears in the doorway, wearing her coat and bag,  
holding a child's drawing. MR KUMAR sits at his desk, neatly  
organised. She knocks.

GIOVANNA  
Can I have a word?

MR KUMAR beckons her in and notices the drawing.

MR KUMAR  
What's that?

GIOVANNA  
Nabir drew it for me.

She holds up the drawing showing a woman on an airplane with  
a storm around her and a child waving goodbye.

MR KUMAR  
So sweet.

GIOVANNA  
That's me.

MR KUMAR  
Driving?

GIOVANNA  
Being deported.

MR KUMAR pours himself some coffee from a flask.

MR KUMAR  
Want some?

GIOVANNA  
I'm ok thanks.

MR KUMAR  
An Italian saying no to coffee,  
whatever next.

GIOVANNA watches as MR KUMAR opens a microwave behind his desk and puts the coffee cup inside. He selects 30 seconds on the timer.

The lights all turn red and the imposing music of *Carl Orff - O Fortuna ~ Carmina Burana* plays.

GIOVANNA watches in pain and horror as the coffee cup slowly rotates inside the microwave while the timer shows the seconds decreasing.

With the 'BING' of the microwave, things return to normal and GIOVANNA is back in the room. She watches MR KUMAR take out the microwaved coffee, and take a satisfied sip. He notices her look.

MR KUMAR (CONT'D)  
You ok?

GIOVANNA  
Yeah. I just... got a bit of  
nausea.

MR KUMAR  
Listen, I know what you're going  
through. When my family arrived  
here they all looked at us like we  
had descended from the moon.  
Then it got worse when my father  
opened his deli. Every local  
business in the borough hated us  
because we were open longer hours  
and made more money.

MR KUMAR takes another satisfying swig of warmed up coffee,  
GIOVANNA grimaces.

MR KUMAR (CONT'D)  
My point is they always blame the  
immigrants when they can't get  
their shit together. But you'll be  
fine, you don't look like one.

GIOVANNA is unsure on the 'compliment'.

GIOVANNA  
Thanks.

MR KUMAR  
So, what is it you wanted to talk  
to me about?



GIOVANNA  
The application.

MR KUMAR  
I seem to remember you weren't  
interested.

GIOVANNA  
Can't a girl change her mind?

GIOVANNA smiles.

MR KUMAR  
What about the music career?

GIOVANNA  
I'm reevaluating.

MR KUMAR looks at her suspiciously.

MR KUMAR  
You're aware it's full time.

GIOVANNA  
Yes.

MR KUMAR  
All day, every day.

GIOVANNA  
Yes.

MR KUMAR  
I'd have to see with Mr Banner but  
I'm pretty sure his wife is  
concerned about him returning to  
work. I mean, he's nearly seventy.  
Plus he's got these aids.

GIOVANNA  
Hearing aids.

MR KUMAR shoots her a look.

MR KUMAR  
Yes.

He opens a draw and pulls out the application form.

MR KUMAR (CONT'D)  
This is a serious profession. Not  
just something to fall back on.

GIOVANNA  
I know.

MR KUMAR hands GIOVANNA the form.

GIOVANNA (CONT'D)  
You won't regret this!

MR KUMAR  
No guarantees, understand?

GIOVANNA  
Of course.

INT. BEDSIT BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

The top of Giovanna's head as she is putting on a pair of shoes with the Italian flag designed on them. When she lifts her face we see in the mirror that it's painted as the EU flag, completely blue with yellow stars dotted around. She looks at PERTINI.

GIOVANNA  
How do I look?

PERTINI doesn't reply.

INT. BEDSIT ENTRANCE - LATER

GIOVANNA picks up her made up sign "*I love sausage rolls.*" As she opens the door to leave, she finds JAMES and his parents CAROL (60's) and EDDIE (60's) in front of her.

CAROL  
Oh, Gio, that's very... festive.

JAMES  
(To GIOVANNA) Did you forget?

GIOVANNA's burning red cheeks don't show up through the thick blue paint.

INT. BEDSIT KITCHEN - NIGHT

The small claustrophobic atmosphere as GIOVANNA, JAMES and his parents squeeze around the small fold out dining table eating linguine. GIOVANNA's face still covered in paint.

CAROL  
Dad's getting a vasectomy.

GIOVANNA  
Oh. Is that the thing with...

EDDIE  
With the...

EDDIE makes a scissor with his fingers.

JAMES  
Can we talk about something else  
please?

CAROL  
(beat)  
This linguine's lovely.

CAROL has pronounced it wrong.

JAMES  
It's linguinee.

CAROL  
Alright, we don't all get to spend  
as much time surrounded by Italians  
as you do.

EDDIE  
Well, they are everywhere.

JAMES shoots a look at EDDIE.

CAROL  
Eddie?!

GIOVANNA  
I'll get the salad.

GIOVANNA leaves.

JAMES  
Why are you talking about Dad's  
vasectomy?

CAROL  
Just making conversation. I didn't  
want to bring up... you know... The  
B word.

EDDIE  
Babies?

CAROL  
(Mouths)  
Brexit.

JAMES  
Yeah, there's a wide scope of  
conversation to be had between  
Brexit and vasectomies.

They eat for a moment in silence.

CAROL  
What happens if she leaves?

JAMES  
Why would she leave?

EDDIE and CAROL share a look.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
It's only just happened. And anyway  
it doesn't mean that every European  
has to go.

EDDIE helps himself to more pasta as GIOVANNA returns.

EDDIE  
Ah, here we go. "Just'a lik'a mama  
used to make?"

GIOVANNA smiles politely as she places some salad on the  
table.

GIOVANNA  
Actually my Dad does all the  
cooking at home.

EDDIE  
Papa John?

EDDIE looks around for some appreciation of his joke. Doesn't  
get it.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
That was a little... a little pizza  
joke for you there.

CAROL  
Well it looks delicious.

CAROL digs in and places the salad on top of her linguine.

The lights all turn red and the imposing music of *Carl Orff -  
O Fortuna ~ Carmina Burana* plays.

GIOVANNA watches in pain as CAROL mixes the salad with the  
pasta and takes a bite.

O.S JAMES  
Giovanna? Giovanna?

Things return to normal and GIOVANNA is back in the room.

GIOVANNA  
Sorry what?

JAMES  
Dad asked you a question.

EDDIE

Do you often hear that? How good  
your accent is, people can't really  
place you. You could be from  
anywhere in Europe.

GIOVANNA

Yeah. All the time.

GIOVANNA tries her best to smile at the "compliment".

EXT. TRAFALGAR SQUARE - NIGHT

GIOVANNA, still with her face painted, walks through pockets  
of protestors now chilling in the square. It's been over for  
a while. No sign of MIRA. ALOTTA LONDON's rendition of  
"Jerusalem" from before plays in the background.

She tries to call MIRA, no reply. She sends a text:

*"I'm here, you guys still around?"*

She sees on her phone that MIRA has read the text. She's now  
typing something then stops.

Two TOURISTS pass by, a DRUNK MAN spits on the floor then  
collapses.

GIOVANNA stands all alone under the column, holding her sign.

"Jerusalem" carries on playing.