

William collects his juice in a coffee shop on Westbourne Park

EXT. PORTOBELLO ROAD - DAY

William swings out of the little shop -- he turns the corner of Portobello Road and bumps straight into Anna. The orange juice, in its foam cup, flies. It soaks Anna.

ANNA

Oh Jesus.

WILLIAM

Here, let me help.

He grabs some paper napkins and starts to clean it off -- getting far too near her breasts in the panic of it...

ANNA

What are you doing?!

He jumps back.

WILLIAM

Nothing, nothing... Look, I live just over the street -- you could get cleaned up.

ANNA

No thank you. I need to get my car back.

WILLIAM

I also have a phone. I'm confident that in five minutes we can have you spick and span and back on the street again... in the non-prostitute sense obviously.

In his diffident way, he is confident, despite her being

genuinely annoyed. She turns and looks at him.

ANNA

Okay. So what does 'just over the street' mean -- give it to me in yards.

WILLIAM

Eighteen yards. That's my house there.

He doesn't lie -- it is eighteen yards away. She looks down. She looks up at him.

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY

They enter. She carries a few stylish bags.

WILLIAM

Come on in. I'll just...

William runs in further -- it's a mess. He kicks some old shoes under the stairs, bins an unfinished pizza and hides a plate of breakfast in a cupboard. She enters the kitchen.

WILLIAM

It's not that tidy, I fear.

And he guides her up the stairs, after taking the bag of books from her...

WILLIAM

The bathroom is right at the top of the stairs and there's a phone on the desk up there.

She heads upstairs.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

William is tidying up frantically. Then he hears Anna's feet on

the stairs. She walks down, wearing a short, sparkling black
beneath her leather jacket. With her trainers still on. He
fuzzled by the sight of her.

WILLIAM

Would you like a cup of tea before
you go?

ANNA

No thanks.

WILLIAM

Coffee?

ANNA

No.

WILLIAM

Orange juice -- probably not.

He moves to his very empty fridge -- and offers its only contents.

WILLIAM

Something else cold -- coke, water,
some disgusting sugary drink
pretending to have something to do
with fruits of the forest?

ANNA

Really, no.

WILLIAM

Would you like something to nibble --
apricots, soaked in honey -- quite
why, no one knows -- because it stops
them tasting of apricots, and makes
them taste like honey, and if you
wanted honey, you'd just buy honey,
instead of apricots, but nevertheless
-- there we go -- yours if you want

them.

ANNA

No.

WILLIAM

Do you always say 'no' to everything?

Pause. She looks at him deep.

ANNA

No.

(pause)

I better be going. Thanks for your help.

WILLIAM

You're welcome and, may I also say... heavenly.

It has taken a lot to get this out loud. He is not a smooth-talking man.

WILLIAM

Take my one chance to say it. After you've read that terrible book, you're certainly not going to be coming back to the shop.

She smiles. She's cool.

ANNA

Thank you.

WILLIAM

Yes. Well. My pleasure.

He guides her towards the door.

WILLIAM