

The Cake Shop

By

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EXT. WESTLANDS ROAD - SOUTHAMPTON - DAY

LUKE, looking desperate and withdrawn stares up at the window as ABI, a slight woman of African descent with flaying braids and in an elaborate wedding dress holds their 3 year old son out of the window of their second floor flat.

ABI

(booming in pigeon English)
Just go you son of a bitch... but
with god as my witness, you will
never see Zach again!

Luke staggers to his car, back seat laden with clothes. He tentatively drives up the road, peering in the mirror as his complex past slowly disappears from view. Before he reaches the T junction he brakes abruptly, the car behind swerving, the driver gesticulating furiously. Everything around him has slowed down and is muffled, even the tirade of insults from the yuppie in the BMW are incomprehensible. Luke pulls out something from his wallet and stares at the picture of his son, tears welling up in his eyes. He kisses the picture, breaking his trance and then performs a messy 3 point turn and speeds back down the road. The car screeches to a halt and Luke stumbles out of the car and heads towards the communal entrance of the block of flats.

INT. FLAT - DAY

Luke clumsily opens the door. In front of him is Abi, sitting in the hall, speaking loudly on the phone.

ABI

(Still in her wedding dress
looking up at Luke, mockingly)
I tell you my sister... hold on...
Oh so you have come back. We have
to leave straight away; we only
have 30 minutes to make our slot.

EXT. FLAT - DAY

Abi with Zach in her arms storms through the main entrance, Luke reluctantly following. As the three get into the car and drive off, a nosy neighbour peers through the curtains.

ABI

You have to stop to pick up the
cake. It's the shop before the next
set of traffic lights.

(CONTINUED)

LUKE

(sarcastically)

You had this planned very nicely;
the flowers, cake, on Valentines
Day. Only an idiot would fall for
it but then only a complete bastard
would ruin it for you.

ABI

(ignoring Luke)

Pull over.

INT. CAKE SHOP - DAY

Luke fights his way through the Valentines Day bunting.

LUKE

(sweating, flustered and
approaching the counter)

I have come to pick up a wedding
cake... in the name of Abi?

SHOPKEEPER

(puzzled and taking a plainly
iced cake off the shelf)

That's £50 please sir.

LUKE

Do you take credit cards?

SHOPKEEPER

No sir cash only!

LUKE

(looking skywards and hands
over his face)

Do you know what... Fuck the cake!!

EXT. REGISTRY OFFICE - DAY

Luke and Abi stand with random African guests for the
wedding picture. Luke looks vacantly towards the camera as
Abi kisses him; just as a man who has lost his soul would.

INT. FLAT - DAY - 3 MONTHS LATER

Luke sits at the breakfast table. An excited Abi enters the
kitchen with a brown envelope in her hand. She pulls out the
contents; 2 passports. As Luke pensively leafs through
Zach's passport, Abi takes hers and kisses it shrieking in
delight.