

Enough

By

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Second Draft

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EXT. BACK DOOR.

MATTHEW and LEILA are sitting in silence side by side on the back steps, angled slightly away from each other, there is a small gap between the two.

The muffled sounds of music and laughter can be heard faintly from inside the house, outside in the garden however, is peaceful.

MATT is smoking a cigarette and holding a pint in his hand. He starts to say something, but stops.

LEILA sighs and reaches over to take the cigarette from MATT'S hand. She raises it to her lips and inhales deeply.

MATT
You don't smoke.

LEILA
It's my party, I can do as I
please.

The smoke escapes from her lungs into the frosty air.

LEILA
(whispered)
I hate you.

With a sigh, Matt retrieves his cigarette. He inhales deeply.

MATT
Trust me, I hate you more.

LEILA replies with almost laugh.

LEILA
Oh god Matt! What are we doing?

MATT
Leila I'm sorry, I just .. wanted
to tell you how I felt... still
feel. Before it was too late.

Suddenly Leila closes the gap between them. She embraces Matt tightly and he returns it in equal measure. They stay this way for a prolonged moment, neither wanting to let go. Eventually Leila breaks away. She sighs once more.

LEILA
Matt I.. if things were
different... I..then maybe. But as
it stands..

(CONTINUED)

MATT

It's okay. I get it..

LEILA

You do?

MATT turns to face her. He takes her hands in his, an engagement ring clearly visible on her left hand.

MATT

Are you happy? Truly happy? No doubts?

LEILA

(almost apologetic)

I am, Matt.

He smiles and shrugs.

MATT

That's all I want for you. It's enough.

Suddenly, THOMAS opens the door startling them, they break away from each other, relinquishing their touch and the gap returns.

THOMAS

There you are! Everyone's wondering where you'd got to Lee.

LEILA

We were just getting some fresh air.

THOMAS

(laughing)

People think you've ran off on me!

MATT

Nah, not a chance of that, mate.

He smiles weakly at LEILA and she gazes back at him. THOMAS looks to each of them in turn, before clapping his hands loudly, to dispel the moment that appears to be arising.

THOMAS

Right well come on, Mrs soon to be Thomas. Back to our party!

Thomas smiles at Leila and takes her hand, he swiftly pulls her in for a kiss as Jack looks to the floor