

EastEnders

STUDIO - Wednesday/Thursday 11/12th May, 1988

CAMERA SCRIPT

(347/8) Prog. No. ; 50/SDL K347S/348L

Episode No. 348

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"EastEnders"

EPISODE THREE HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHT

by

Rob Gittins

SUPPOSE CAM Titles:

STUDIO

1. INT. PUB DOWNSTAIRS. DAY.
(noon)

(WE OPEN ON A
PAIR OF LEGS.

CAMERA TRAVELS
UP A MINI-SKIRTED
GIRL.

SHE IS ONE SIDE
OF THE BAR.

FRANK IS ON
ANOTHER.

HE IS ENgrossED
IN CONVERSATION
WITH HER.

WE'RE TOO FAR
AWAY TO HEAR
WHAT THEY'RE
SAYING.

PULL BACK TO
SHOW PAT
WATCHING FRANK
AND THE GIRL.

PAT IS QUITE
NEAR DEN AND
SHARON AND IT
IS THEIR
CONVERSATION WE
FIRST JOIN.

HE HAS JUST
GIVEN SHARON
A DRINK)

SHARON: I can't stop Dad, I
told you -

DEN: Hang on. I only want
you for a minute.

PAT: (UP) Here Den - who's
that?

DEN: Who?

PAT: There - (INDICATES)
- talking to Frank.

DEN: (GRIN) Don't you know?

PAT: No.

DEN: I thought you knew all
the local good-time girls.

PAT: She's never a brass!
Not at twelve o'clock in the
morning!

DEN: 'course she isn't. What
do you take Frank for?

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PAT: (MOLLIFIED) Oh. That's alright then.

DEN: She's a stripper.

(HOLD ON PAT.

THEN:)

PAT: Frank -

(FRANK'S HEAD
JERKS UP.

SHE MARCHES
INTO THE HALL
BEHIND BAR.
HE JOINS HER)

SHARON: Dad - I gotta go -

DEN: (HAND IN JACKET POCKET)
Yeah. But before you do -
present for you -

(DEN HANDS HER AN
INVITATION)

DEN: I thought you'd be
grateful.

SHARON: Oh I am.

DEN: Them tickets'll be like
gold dust on the night. Look
at this -

(HOLDS UP
BUNDLE OF
MONEY)

- advance bookings already -

(WE CUT BACK
TO THE HALL
TO JOIN FRANK
AND PAT)

FRANK: Jimmy sent her round.

PAT: Jimmy! Your mate with
all the contacts!

FRANK: He thought she'd
be great on opening night.

PAT: It's a family evening,
Frank! There's not much
family entertainment watching
some stripper wave her undies
in the air!

FRANK: Yeah, but later on -
after hours -

PAT: Oh great! So the pub's
packed out with perverts all
night! Can't he do better
than that?

FRANK: He's got a couple of
comics might suit.

PAT: (SUSPICIOUS) (OOV) What
kind of comics?

FRANK: Well - they're not exactly
Blue Peter -

PAT: (DEEP BREATH) Frank -
we've got a real chance here!
Between Willmott-Brown and
the Marie-Celeste and Den and
his poncey wine bar, we're the
only family pub for streets
around here!

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FRANK: Yeah, alright.

PAT: So, no dodgy comics, no strippers, just good old-fashioned fun. OK?

FRANK: (MUTTERS) I thought that was good old-fashioned fun.

(PAT LOOKS
AT HIM)

(HOLDS HIS HANDS UP) Alright,
alright -

(WE CUT BACK TO
DEN AND SHARON
IN THE BAR AS
FRANK MOVES BACK.

FRANK AND PAT
WILL COME
BACK INTO THE
BAR DURING
THE FOLLOWING.

SHARON IS
LOOKING AT THE
TICKET THAT DEN
HAS JUST GIVEN
HER.)

DEN: I thought you'd be grateful

SHARON: I'm just wondering who
to take with me, that's all.
This admits two dun' it?

DEN LIFTS HIS
GLASS, KEEPS
TALKING)

(DEN: Bring Duncan.

(SHARON: I didn't think you
liked Duncan.

(DEN: He can give the occasion
his blessing.

(SHARON: (GIVES HIM LOOK, UP)
Yeah, well, I really gotta go -
but thanks -

(DEN CLOCKS FRANK
BACK IN THE BAR
AND PAT)

DEN: (CALLS) Oh - and Sharon -

(SHARON STOPS,
LOOKS BACK)

Will you see Wicksy today?

(DONNA'S HEAD
JERKS UP)

- 6 -

SHARON: I dunno. Why?

DEN: Tell him he's got a ticket
here an' all, will you?

(PAT LOOKS AT DEN)

Well, the boy deserves a bit of
class now and again.

(GLANCES AT FRANK
WHO IS NOW GETTING
RID OF THE STRIPPER)

Doesn't he, Frank?

(FRANK SCOWLS)

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STUDIO

2. INT. THE DAGMAR. DAY.
(12.02 p.m.)

(KATHY IS PORING
OVER A LIST AT
THE BAR.

WICKSY IN FROM
CELLAR/SIDE BAR.
SPOTS HER AND
STOPS)

WICKSY: Don't tell me you're
doing mornings as well now!

KATHY: (STILL ENGROSSED IN
LIST) 'course not. Who'd
look after the stall?

WICKSY: (MOVES TO BAR) Well,
who is looking after the stall?

KATHY: Rod. I've just popped
in for the fruit order.

WICKSY: (PUZZLED) What fruit
order?

KATHY: (LOOKS UP) Didn't
Willmott tell you?

WICKSY: He's never turning this
place into a greengrocer's! I
knew business was bad, but not
that bad -

KATHY: (SHAKES HEAD) Idea he
had last night. Make the place
more - seasonal. (cont ...)

KATHY: (cont) Other pubs have peanuts and crisps on the bar. We have fresh fruit.

WICKSY: And Virgil reckons that'll bring the punters flocking back, does he? Bowls of fruit all over the place?

KATHY: Well the lunchtime trade needs something, doesn't it?

WICKSY: Yeah, I suppose. (LOOKS AT KATHY) And he's asked you to sort it?

KATHY: It'll only take a few minutes. I count it as overtime. And Pete gets the cash for the fruit.

WICKSY: (GRINS) Yeah. And he gets you.

(KATHY LOOKS
AT HIM)

- to sort it for him, I mean.

(KATHY ABOUT TO
RETORT, BUT
PAULINE IN FOR
CLEANING SHIFT)

What time do you call this.

PAULINE: (BREATHLESS) Yeah, sorry I'm late. (CATCHES BREATH)

WICKSY: Did in here for you myself. Just the loos and the disco to do.

- 348/9 -

PAULINE: Do the same for you
one of these days.

(SHE LOOKS ROUND
AT DESERTED PUB)

Here - it is opening time,
isn't it?

WICKSY: Supposed to be.

PAULINE: (SHAKES HEAD) This
place gets worse.

KATHY: (MOVES FROM BAR) I'll
go and get that stuff.

(GREY-SUITED
GENT IN. MR.
MANTEL)

WICKSY: (WHISPER TO KATHY)
Here, I don't believe it! A
customer. Stuff him and put
him on the wall, shall we?
(MOVES TO SERVE HIM) Yes sir,
what can I get you?

(MANTEL DOESN'T
ANSWER IMMEDIATELY.

JUST INSPECTS
THE BAR AS IF
HE'S TRYING TO
MAKE UP HIS MIND)

(PROMPTS) Lager? Whisky?
(cont ...)

- 348/10 -

(WICKSY GLANCES
AT KATHY WHO'S
GATHERED HER LIST
AND IS PASSING ON
THE WAY OUT)

WICKSY: (cont) Stick of rhubarb?

(KATHY LOOKS AT
HIM BUT DOESN'T
REPLY OR STOP)

MANTEL: Mr. Willmott-Brown.

WICKSY: Sorry?

MANTEL: I'd like to see him.

WICKSY: Oh. Oh yeah - right.

STUDIO

3. INT. LOU'S DOWNSTAIRS. DAY.
(12.10 p.m.)

CARMEL: (IN) Hello? Pauline?

(SHE SEES IAN.
HE HAS DISCO
EQIPMENT (COUPLE OF
SPEAKERS, TURNTABLE
ON FLOOR AND IS
MESSING ABOUT
WITH IT)

IAN: (ABSORBED) She's out.

CARMEL: What are you up to?

IAN: I think this
lot got damp when I was moving
it around. Know anything
about electrics, Carmel?

CARMEL: (OOV) Not a thing.

IAN: I'm sure it only wants
cleaning (THOUGHT STRIKES HIM)
here, maybe your boyfriend could
look at it -

CARMEL: (MOVES) I've come to see
Lou actually. She in her room?

IAN: At least plug it in for me,
eh?

CARMEL: You're never going to turn
that thing on in here!

- 348/12 -

IAN: What? Why not?

CARMEL: Lou is supposed to be
resting you know.

(SHE LEAVES.

IAN LOOKS TO THE
HEAVENS IN DESPAIR)

STUDIO

4. INT. THE CAFE. DAY. (12.11 p.m.)

(SHARON IS STOOD
UP NEAR COUNTER.

DOT IS AT TABLE
NEAR HER LEAFING
THROUGH HOLIDAY
BROCHURES.

SUE IS AT COUNTER
BUT NOT WORKING.
SHE HAS COAT ON.

SHE'S SHOWING
EXTRAS THE BABY.

SHARON SHOULD
SEEM NERVOUS. AS
IF SHE IS WAITING
FOR SOMEONE)

DOT: (TO SHARON) What I want to
know is, can you get tea in Crete?

SHARON: What?

DOT: Well, I can't start the
day without my cup of tea!

SHARON: I don't know.

DOT: You work in a travel agent's
don't you?

SHARON: They don't put things like
that in the brochures.

DOT: Well, they should. It's
important.

- 348/14 -

SHARON: Get Ali to make you up a thermos if you're that worried.

DOT: I've been waiting ten minutes here for a cup!

(ALI IN CARRYING PLATES ETC. SHARON GETS MORE NOTICEABLY NERVOUS)

Here Ali! I thought this was supposed to be a fast-food shop - I'm still waiting for my tea!

ALI: (FLUSTERED) I'm doing my best - (SPOTS HER) - here, Sharon! You couldn't give us a hand, could you?

SHARON: Er - no - actually - I wanted a word.

ALI: Can't it wait till tonight? I'm rushed off my feet.

(SHARON GLANCES AT DOT, TAKES ALI'S ARM AND LEADS HIM TO OTHER TABLE.)

DOT'S EARS FLAP)

SHARON: I won't be in tonight.

ALI: What?

SHARON: I'm sorry.

ALI: But I gave you a night off on Monday!

SHARON: Yeah - I know.

ALI: Look Sharon. If you're going out - well, you finish at eight. You can go out after that.

SHARON: I'm telling you I won't be in again.

(ALI LOOKS AT HER)

I'm sorry Ali, but the travel agent's have offered me more work. Well, they're building up to the summer, aren't they? School holidays next month. They're opening later to cope.

ALI: But Sharon.

SHARON: So, I won't be needing the job here anymore.

ALI: Oh great!

SHARON: Sorry.

(DOT HAS MOVED
OVER TO THE
COUNTER AND SUE.

WE JOIN THEM)

DOT: Can you get us a cup of tea Sue? I'm gasping.

SUE: (LOOKS UP FROM BABY) Eh?
What's Ali doing?

- 348/16 -

DOT: Oh I wouldn't like to ask
him. Not the mood he's in now.

SUE: Why? What's up with him.

DOT: (LEANS FORWARD, CONSPIRAT-
ORIAL) Well, I couldn't help
overhearing - Sharon's left you
in the lurch.

INSERT

5. EXT. BRIDGE STREET. DAY.
(12.15 p.m.)

(PETE'S STALL.
KATHY IS READING
FROM A LIST.

PETE IS GETTING
FRUIT FOR HER)

KATHY: (READING) Give us some
pineapple too.

PETE: (FETCHING IT) What is this
- yuppies brew?

KATHY: I'm only getting what I'm
told. Blame Willmott, not me.
Oh - (READS LIST AGAIN) and some
mangoes.

PETE: Where am I going to get
mangoes from? (SHAKES HIS HEAD)
He's got ideas above his station
that boy.

KATHY: Alright Pete, don't get
out of your pram. If you haven't
got it, he can't have it can he?

PETE: No.

DONNA: (UP, NODS AT BASKET) You
laying in for a seige?

KATHY: (PANIC) Er - no, no. I'm
working.

DONNA: What - right now?

KATHY: Er - yeah. (HEAD BENT TO LIST) And I've got to sort this - I've got Rod on the stall.

DONNA: Kathy -

KATHY: (CUTS ACROSS HER) Look - I'll see you again Donna, alright? I'm really up to my eyes at the moment.

DONNA: Yeah, but -

KATHY: (HEAD DOWN TO LIST AGAIN)
Sorry.

DONNA: (DISAPPOINTED) Right.

(SHE LEAVES)

PETE: (NODS AFTER HER) I thought you were sorting that.

KATHY: I will.

PETE: Certainly made a big effort there.

KATHY: This isn't exactly the time and place is it! In the middle of a busy street!

PETE: The flat's empty. Ian's not going to be disturbing you is he?

KATHY: I'm working today Pete! Or hadn't you noticed?

STUDIO

6. INT. THE DAGMAR. DAY.
(12.16 p.m.)

(WILLMOTT-BROWN
AND MANTEL ARE
SAT AWAY FROM THE
BAR.

WILLMOTT-BROWN
STUDIES MANTEL'S
BUSINESS CARD)

WILLMOTT-BROWN: London
Investments?

MANTEL: (NODS) We're more
usually based south of the river.
But with the Docklands Development
we're looking to expand around here.

WILLMOTT-BROWN: (HANDS BACK CARD)
I see.

MANTEL: No, no. Please keep that.

WILLMOTT-BROWN: (PUTS IT ON TABLE)
And how can I help you?

(MANTEL OPENS HIS
EXECUTIVE BRIEFCASE.
BUT INSTEAD OF THE
EXPECTED FILES AND/OR
PAPERS THE LID POPS
UP TO REVEAL A
PERSONAL COMPUTER
COMPLETE WITH INBUILT
VDU (HEWLETT-PACKARD TYPE).

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WILLMOTT-BROWN
REGARDS IT SURPRISED)

MANTEL: (PRESSES BUTTONS) The
Dagmar. Tenant: Mr. Willmott-
Brown.

(HE PRESSES MORE
KEYS)

(READING) Conversion programme
started January 1987, official
opening June '87. First year end
- next week.

(WILLMOTT-BROWN
LOOKS AT HIM,
BUT DOESN'T SPEAK)

(STILL READING) Licensed by
Gladstone's Brewery, approximate
conversion cost - (HALF-PAUSE) one
hundred thousand pounds.

(MANTEL LOOKS UP
AT WILLMOTT-BROWN.
THEN LOOKS ROUND)

It's very nice Mr. Willmott-Brown.
Unusual.

WILLMOTT-BROWN: Could you - get to
the point?

MANTEL: Certainly. (BEAT) We'd
like to invest in your business.

(CUT TO PAULINE
AND WICKSY AT BAR.

WICKSY IS PUTTING
MANTEL AND WILLMOTT-
BROWN'S DRINKS ON
TRAY)

- 348/22 -

PAULINE: (NODS AT THEM) Here Simon - who's that?

WICKSY: Dunno. Looks like he's selling insurance or something.

PAULINE: Maybe he's another snooper from the brewery.

WICKSY: Why should he be?

PAULINE: Kathy was telling me Willmott got a right telling-off from Gladstone's the other day.

WICKSY: Yeah?

PAULINE: (NODS) He's on the slide if you ask me.

WICKSY: You reckon?

PAULINE: Yeah.

WICKSY: (BEAT) That'd be terrific. 'cos if he's on the slide ...

(WICKSY DOESN'T FINISH. HE DOESN'T HAVE TO.

HE PICKS UP TRAY,
TAKES IT ACROSS.

MANTEL STOPS SPEAKING
AS WICKSY GETS TO
TABLE)

Drinks gents.

WILLMOTT-BROWN: Thank you, Simon.

(NEITHER SPEAK)

WICKSY: (FRACTIONAL PAUSE, THEN LEAVES) Yeah.

WILLMOTT-BROWN: Go on.

MANTEL: We've identified three or four sites that interest us in Walford. Yours Mr. Willmott-Brown, is top of the list.

WILLMOTT-BROWN: Why?

MANTEL: Potential.

(LOOKS ROUND AT VERY QUIET PUB)

Which you're not fulfilling at the moment.

WILLMOTT-BROWN: No publican is ever satisfied with his trade.

MANTEL: Our research indicates that your brewery are very dissatisfied with yours.

WILLMOTT-BROWN: Who have you been talking to?

MANTEL: Every one we can.

WILLMOTT-BROWN: I'm not sure if I like my business affairs discussed by all and sundry.

MANTEL: Wouldn't you check up? If you were thinking of investing a considerable sum of money?

WILLMOTT-BROWN: (LOOKS AT MANTEL)
How much money?

MANTEL: How much do you need?

WILLMOTT-BROWN: I don't need any
actually!

MANTEL: Oh of course - I forgot.
Your house sale.

(WILLMOTT-BROWN
LOOKS AT HIM.
HOW THE HELL DID
HE KNOW ABOUT
THAT?)

(RUNS SMOOTHLY ON) But do you
really want to risk its proceeds?
Haven't you already risked enough
of your own money?

WILLMOTT-BROWN: (BEAT) So now
you're suggesting I risk yours?

MANTEL: Possibly.

WILLMOTT-BROWN: (SHAKES HEAD) I'm
sorry. It's just not every day
that someone walks in offering me
cash.

MANTEL: Don't you think you're a
good investment then?

WILLMOTT-BROWN: (LOOKS AT HIM)
I'd like to know a little more
about you before I answer that.
And you can tell me at the same
time how you know so much about
me -

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MANTEL: Let me talk plainly
Mr. Willmott-Brown, and let's
keep it to the matter in hand
shall we? We've done our homework,
we like your pub, we like its
location and we like you. But
you're in trouble. We can help.

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PETE: Oh I'd noticed. Noticed a lot of things.

KATHY: And what's that supposed to mean?

PETE: Well, you'll spend hours sorting the poncey Dagmar, won't you?

KATHY: That's work Pete. And it's only a few minutes, not hours -

PETE: And Donna's family. (OOV) Or had you forgotten?

KATHY: No.

PETE: Worrying I call it.

KATHY: What is?

PETE: The way you neglect your family for that toffee-nosed twit.

KATHY: (MOVES AWAY) I've got to get back -

PETE: Here -

(HE REACHES OVER,
THROWS BANANA ONTO
BASKET)

- give Virgil this - on the house -

(KATHY LOOKS AT HIM)

And tell him if he's stuck for a place to put it, I've got a few ideas -

INSERT

7. EXT. BRIDGE STREET. DAY.
(12.20 p.m.)

(DEN IS TALKING
TO PETE AS HE
SERVES AT STALL)

DEN: It's only ten quid a
ticket. You can afford that.

PETE: You think so?

DEN: You've been rushed off your
feet all morning! Must be making
a packet. Give Kathy a treat and
spend some of it in my wine bar.

PETE: She'd be there anyway if
you'd fixed her that job.

DEN: Yeah, well I did my best.

PETE: Yeah, maybe you did. But
I'm not spending all night in your
new gaff while Kathy gets chatted
up by slippery Sid in
the Dag.

DEN: Virgil? He wouldn't know
what to do with it, he thinks its
for stirring his tea.

PETE: (UNCONVINCED) You think so?
(cont ...)

(DEN DOESN'T REPLY.
MICHELLE HAS APPEARED
AT THE STALL)

PETE: (cont) (CLOCKS MICHELLE)
Hello 'chelle?

MICHELLE: Got any strawberries
round the back?
Vicki's gone mad on 'em.

(PETE MAKES FOR
BACK OF STALL)

PETE: Yeah, hang on -

DEN: (CALLS AFTER HIM)
Oi, tight Wad givee her
a punnet. I'll pay.

MICHELLE: (PROTESTS) No, it's
alright -

(BUT PETE HAS
GONE.)

MICHELLE LOOKS
BACK AT DEN,
BEAT:)

I was hoping to see you. Can I
have a word?

DEN: (SHRUGS) Go on.

MICHELLE: Later. In the flat?

DEN: What about Sharon?

MICHELLE: She's in the travel
agent's all afternoon.

DEN: We could talk here.
(cont ...)

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(MICHELLE INDICATES
PETE'S PRESENCE
WITH A NOD)

DEN: (cont) Down the street
then. No-one can hang you for
it.

MICHELLE: (GLANCES AT LAUNDERETTE)
I wouldn't bet on it.

(PETE RE-APPEARS)

(HASTILY) 'bout half-two?

PETE: (HANDS HER PUNNET) Here
y're 'chelle. Hope she enjoys
them.

DEN: (HANDS MONEY) There you are.

MICHELLE: I said it's alright -

DEN: Yeah, I know it is -

MICHELLE: She'll never eat this
lot anyway!

DEN: Rubbish. Give the girl a
treat.

(HE TAKES STRAWBERRY
FROM TOP OF PUNNET.
POPS IT IN HIS
MOUTH)

STUDIO

8. INT. THE CAFE. DAY.
(12.20 p.m.)

(SUE IS AT
COUNTER WITH
ALI.

CAFE FULL)

SUE: I'm sorry Ali, but I'm
taking the baby to the clinic
this afternoon.

ALI: What am I going to do!?

SUE: He can't go on his own.

ALI: Can't Guizin look after
him for a couple of hours?

SUE: She's coming with me. And
you've got a short memory. I've
given all this up.

ALI: But I'm going to have to
work this evening as it is now
Sharon's let me down -

(SPOTS CUSTOMER
TRYING TO ATTRACT
HIS ATTENTION)

- yeah, yeah alright mate - in
a minute.

(
 (MEHMET HAS JUST
 WALKED IN)

(
 SUE: (NODS TOWARDS HIM) Maybe
 now he's made up his mind.

(
 (ALI TAKES HER
 TO ONE SIDE)

(
 (ALI: Look - don't mention
 anything about Sharon leaving -

(
 SUE: What?

(
 ALI: (OOV) Just let me handle it.

(
 SUE: Why?

(
 ALI: 'cos I don't want him to
 know I'm short-staffed.

(
 SUE: He knows you're short-
 staffed.

(
 ALI: He doesn't know I'm
 desperate.

(
 MEHMET: (UP) Alright?

(
 SUE: Er - yeah -

(
 (ALI DOESN'T
 RESPOND. BUSIES
 HIMSELF WITH WORK
 AT COUNTER)

(
 MEHMET: Guizin says she'll be
 round about one, OK?

- 348/31 -

SUE: Great.

(MEHMET GLANCES
FROM SUE TO ALI. :
REGISTERS CURIOUS
ATMOSPHERE)

MEHMET: Seeing you at that
counter like that - I thought
he'd tempted you back here for
a minute.

SUE: No, Ali can cope. Can't
you Ali?

ALI: Course.

DOT: (UP WITH CUPS) Here
y're, Sue.

(SHE PUTS CUPS
ON COUNTER)

MEHMET: (NODS TOWARDS HER)
That's how you're coping is it?
Your old staff back?

ALI: Er -

DOT:
I only popped in for a cup of tea.
But you've got to rally round
when people are up against it
haven't you?

MEHMET: (LOOKS AT HER) Have you?

DOT: What? With Sharon shooting
off like that? I should say.

- 348/32 -

(MEHMET LOOKS
AT ALI)

(ALI: Thanks Dot.)

(DOT PLEASED,
SHE'S BEEN PRAISED)

DOT: Oh that's alright.

(MAKES TO GO,
STOPS)

Here - (TO MEHMET) - do they
serve English tea in Turkey?

STUDIO

9. INT. LOU DOWNSTAIRS. DAY.
(12.30 p.m.)

(IAN IS STILL
FIDDLING WITH
RECORD DECK.)

CARMEL (BACK FROM
VISITING LOU)
HAS BEEN PRESSGANGED
INTO HOLDING LEAD
FOR HIM)

CARMEL: (PROTESTS) I'm supposed
to be making Lou a hot drink!

IAN: This'll only take a minute.

(HE PRESSES THE
PLAY BUTTON ON
THE TURNTABLE.
IT TURNS)

(PLEASED) See! I said it only
wanted cleaning -

CARMEL: Can I go now?

(STOPS AS SHE
NOTICES THAT
IAN'S PUTTING A
RECORD ON THE
DECK)

- hey, I told you - Lou's trying
to rest -

- 348/34 -

IAN: I'm only testing it. And I'll keep it quiet.

(HE LISTENS AS
DOES CARMEL.
THE DECK IS
TURNING. THE
STYLUS IS ON
THE RECORD. BUT
NO SOUND IS
COMING OUT)

CARMEL: (NODS) Yeah. That is quiet.

IAN: (BENDS TO SPEAKER) That speaker lead must still be mucky.

(HE HOLDS OUT
END OF LEAD TO
CARMEL. INDICATES
THAT SHE SHOULD
HOLD CONNECTION
FOR HIM)

(PLEADS) Just one more minute?
Please? I'd be ever so grateful -

(CARMEL LOOKS AT
HIM, THEN SIGHS.
TAKES THE LEAD
AND HOLDS IT TO
BACK OF SPEAKER)

CARMEL: (PURSES HER LIPS)
Actually - when you do get this
thing working -

IAN: (CHEERFULLY) Any minute
now Carmel.

CARMEL: Yeah, yeah. (BEAT) Do
you fancy putting it to good use?

IAN: How?

(CARMEL WHIPS
COLLECTING BOX
FROM BAG WITH
HER FREE HAND)

CARMEL: Save the Community
Centre?

(WE SEE SLOGAN
INSCRIBED ON
SIDE OF THE TIN)

IAN: (UNEASY) Yeah - actually
I'm a bit short at the moment.

CARMEL: (OOV) What?

IAN: In fact I'm not so much
short as a dwarf right now in
the cash stakes.

CARMEL: I guessed that. But
you could put on a disco for
us -

IAN: Eh?

CARMEL: We're fixing up a party
for the end of the month. You
could bring your gear along and
do the disco.

(IAN LOOKS AT
HER DUBIOUSLY)

Well, it'll keep this lot from
rusting up won't it!

IAN: Well -yeah -

CARMEL: (RATTLES BOX) And it means I won't be coming on to you for any contributions.

IAN: (STILL DUBIOUS) Mm - I suppose -

CARMEL: And you did say you'd be ever so grateful -

(SHE INDICATES
SPEAKER LEAD
SHE'S STILL
HOLDING.
IAN BENDS BACK
TO FIDDLING
WITH SPEAKER)

IAN: Alright. I'll do it.

CARMEL: (SMILES) Good.

PAULINE: (IN, TIRED) Do what -

(SPOTS IAN MESSING
WITH EQUIPMENT)

- Ian!

IAN: (QUICKLY) I'm not leaving it here Aunty Pauline! Just fixing it. It'll be gone in an hour.

(PAULINE GIVES
HIM EXPRESSIVE
LOOK BUT DOESN'T
PUSH IT)

PAULINE: How's Mum?

CARMEL: She wants a hot drink.
I was just going to get it but -

(SHE INDICATES
SPEAKER LEAD
SHE'S STILL
HOLDING.)

PAULINE TIRED,
MOVES TO KITCHEN)

PAULINE: Right.

CARMEL: (JUMPS UP) No, I'll
do it. You sit down, you look
shattered.

(SHE RAMS SPEAKER
LEAD INTO ITS
HOUSING AND HEADS
FOR KITCHEN)

PAULINE: Oh, ta.

(SHE FLOPS DOWN
ON CHAIR IN
FRONT OF IAN'S
SPEAKER)

I only popped back for ten
minutes peace before I start
at the launderette -

(SUDDEN GREAT
BLAST OF MUSIC
FROM BEHIND
PAULINE'S CHAIR
AS IAN (FINALLY)
GETS HIS DISCO
WORKING)

STUDIO

10. INT. THE DAGMAR.. DAY.
(12.30 p.m.)

(WE OPEN WITH
MANTEL AND
WILLMOTT-BROWN
STILL SAT AT
TABLE)

WILLMOTT-BROWN: And the level of
investment you're considering?
You must have some idea.

MANTEL: (NODS) Usually we
envise a percentage of turnover.
Reinvested into fixtures and
fittings. Guaranteed for two
years.

WILLMOTT-BROWN: What percentage
of turnover?

(MANTEL HANDS
WILLMOTT-BROWN
SHEET OF PAPER)

MANTEL: If this is typical we'd
be thinking around ... thousand
a year.

WILLMOTT-BROWN: (LOOKS) This is
my last month's return to the
brewery!

(HE LOOKS UP
AT MANTEL)

How the hell did you get hold
of this!?

MANTEL: I said, we try and talk to everybody.

WILLMOTT-BROWN: (BEAT) And what do you expect? In return for your investment?

MANTEL: In the first place we'd just like an indication that you're interested in the idea.

WILLMOTT-BROWN: How can I answer that until I know the deal?

MANTEL: We're not asking you to sign on a dotted line. Just consider in principle whether you're interested in the idea of an injection of cash and - influence from a sleeping partner.

WILLMOTT-BROWN: But in exchange for what? A share of the profits? Which incidentally I share with no-one at the moment.

MANTEL: (SMILES) A share of the profits is better than no profit at all.

WILLMOTT-BROWN: (BEAT) Yes well, things aren't that bad.

MANTEL: (STANDS UP) We'll be in touch. When you've thought about it more.

(HE GETS UP,
HEADS FOR DOOR.

WILLMOTT-BROWN
FOLLOWS HIM)

- 348/40 -

WILLMOTT-BROWN: I'm not sure I want to think about it more. But I'll need to see a lot more figures if I do.

MANTEL: Sure.

WILLMOTT-BROWN: And take advice.

MANTEL: Take whatever advice you want. Look at any figures. But I don't think you'll have much choice in the end.

(DEN IN THROUGH
DOOR AS THEY
STAND THERE.
HE GIVES MANTEL
THE BRIEFEST OF
GLANCES BUT NO
HINT OF RECOGNITION)

DEN: (PASSING) Morning W.B.

(WE STAY WITH
WILLMOTT-BROWN
AND MANTEL)

MANTEL: Look around you. With the greatest respect Mr. Willmott-Brown, you strike us as a man who's rapidly running out of options. (NODS) Bye.

(HE LEAVES.
WE CUT ACROSS
THE BAR TO DEN
TALKING WITH
DONNA AND WICKSY)

DEN: (HANDS WICKSY TICKET) With the compliments of the new management.

(DEN GIVES QUICK AMUSED GLANCE AT DONNA WHO FLUSHES)

DEN: You can bring a guest too. Has Donna mentioned that an' all?

DONNA: No.

DEN: (NODS) I suppose you were just getting to that bit. Aren't you supposed to be working for me?

DONNA: I only nipped out for a couple of minutes.

(WILLMOTT-BROWN APPROACHES FROM DOOR, LOOKING AT MANTEL'S CARD. DEN CLOCKS HIM)

DEN: Yeah, well you'd better get back. There was a rush on when I came out.

(WILLMOTT-BROWN GLANCES AT HIM)

(BEGINS TO MOVE AWAY) Let us know about that ticket, Wicksy. There's plenty'll want it if you can't use it.

WICKSY: Er - yeah. Right.

(DEN STOPS,
A THOUGHT
STRIKES HIM)

DEN: Here -

(TAKES FOLDED
POSTER OUT OF
HIS INSIDE
POCKET)

- you don't want a poster to put
up do you?

(HE GLANCES AT
WILLMOTT-BROWN)

(PUTS IT BACK) No - maybe not -

(HE LEAVES)

DONNA: Well - (GLANCE AT WICKSY)
- I'd better go too.

WICKSY: (TAPS INVITE ON BAR)
Yeah. Alright.

DONNA: (BEAT, THEN DISAPPOINTED)
Yeah ...

(SHE HEADS FOR
DOOR.
WE HOLD ON WICKSY.
LOOKING AFTER HER.
HE SHRUGS)

INSERT

11. EXT. TURPIN ROAD. DAY.
(12.35 p.m.)

(DONNA COMES OUT
OF THE DAG JUST
AS KATHY IS
WALKING PAST
LADEN WITH STUFF
FROM THE STALL.
THEY NEARLY
BUMP INTO
EACH OTHER)

KATHY: (STARTLED) Oh -

DONNA: (MAKES TO GO, SOUR)
Sorry -

KATHY: Donna!

DONNA: Don't worry. I know -
you're busy. And anyway I've got
to get back to the Vic -

KATHY: (BEAT) I thought you
wanted to talk.

DONNA: (STOPS) What?

KATHY: (STRUGGLES) So, OK.
Let's talk.

DONNA: But - I have to get
back now - Den's already given
me a row -

- 348/44 -

KATHY: Come to the flat. After
you finish. OK?

DONNA: (NODS, ENTHUSIASTICALLY)
Yeah. OK.

STUDIO

12. INT. LOU'S DOWNSTAIRS. DAY.
(12.40 p.m.)

(PAULINE IS
FUSSING WITH
KETTLE/TRAY/
CUPS ETC.)

ARTHUR IS
GETTING IN
THE WAY)

ARTHUR: And not content with
that lot, Mr. Karim calmly
announces they're going to
start delivering papers.

PAULINE: (TRYING TO GET PAST HIM)
Yeah - Arthur -

ARTHUR: (MOVES) I tell you
Pauline, if he expects me to
turn in early to get the lads
sorted, he can think again!

PAULINE: (PUTTING CUP ON TRAY)
Don't tell me Arthur, tell him!

ARTHUR: I will.

(HE SPOTS CUP)

Here - I thought that was mine.

PAULINE: Mum's. (cont...)

(WE HEAR WAIL
OF FEEDBACK
FROM SITTING ROOM)

PAULINE: (cont) (JUMPS) Oh ...

ARTHUR: What's going on
in there.

IAN: (HEAD IN, THEN OUT)
Sorry -

(HE HEADS BACK)

PAULINE: I've told that Ian!
If he disturbs Mum -

(WE HEAR SECOND
WAIL OF FEEDBACK
FROM ROOM. NOW
WE HEAR BANGING
ON WALL/FLOOR
FROM A PROTESTING
LOU)

PAULINE: That's what
Doctor Legg said.

IAN: (HEAD IN, THEN OUT) Sorry again.

PAULINE: (SET TEETH) Right.

(SHE MARCHES INTO
SITTING ROOM.
WE FOLLOW HER)

IAN: I've just finished Aunty Pauline.

PAULINE: I know.

IAN: It won't go happen again.

PAULINE: It won't get a chance.

IAN: Oh come on look
I was only trying it out.

PAULINE: Not in this house.
Not anymore.

CARMEL: It is for a good cause
Pauline. Save the Community
Centre.

PAULINE: The next good cause'll
be saving my roof if this goes on!
The second one will be to save
my shattered nerves!

IAN: Aunty Pauline -

PAULINE: (FIRM) No, Ian.
You can find somewhere else to
do your repairs now get
this out - now.

STUDIO

13. INT. THE CAFE. DAY.
(12.50 p.m.)

(MEHMET IS WITH
ALI AT THE CAB
CUBICLE.

SUE WITH GUIZIN
AT THE COUNTER)

ALI: (TO MEHMET) Where to?

MEHMET: Fulham. For
three o'clock.

ALI: (TURNS TO MIKE) Right.
MEHMET: Sharp mind, you. I
don't want to miss any action.

(HE MAKES MONEY
GESTURE BY
RUBBING HIS
FINGERS TOGETHER)

ALI: (NODS) That kind of action
is it?

MEHMET: Shame you can't come.

ALI: I'm not interested. And
anyway, fat chance being stuck
here.

MEHMET: If you had this place
sorted properly, you could come
along.

- 348/49 -

ALI: I am not giving up half
this caff for nothing back,
Mehmet. We've been through
that!

MEHMET: (SHRUGS) You go on
working like this, you won't
have anything anyway -

(WE CUT ACROSS
TO SUE AND
GUIZIN.

LITTLE ALI IN
HARNESS AROUND
SUE)

SUE: (UP, ADJUSTS COAT, ETC)
You ready?

GUIZIN: Yeah.

(BEAT.
NODS TOWARDS
ALI AND MEHMET)

You'd think this place was the
Cafe Royal the way those two
go on, wouldn't you?

SUE: (GETTING READY TO GO) On
their own, they're useless.
Together, they're incompetent
as well.

GUIZIN: Sue -

(SUE LOOKS AT
HER)

What we were talking about the
other day - Ali has asked him
to come back into partnership -

SUE: I told you ...

GUIZIN: If he does ... Well, I
meant what I said ... It'll be
me and the kids that reap the
benefits this time.

SUE: Me and little Ali'll do
alright too if we play our cards
right.

GUIZIN: (GRIN) We're getting
more like them by the day.

- 348/51 -

STUDIO

14. INT. PUB DOWNSTAIRS. DAY.
(12.50 p.m.)

(CARMEL APPROACHES
PAT AT BAR WITH
COLLECTING BOX)

CARMEL: Come on, Pat - you too -

PAT: Eh?

CARMEL: (OOV) (WAVES BOX) Save
the Community Centre?

PAT: (PUTS IN COINS) Oh. Yeah.
later.
(THOUGHT STRIKES HER) Here - do
you know any good comedians?

(CARMEL SMILES,
INDICATES DARREN
SITTING AT BAR
WEARING DARK
GLASSES)

CARMEL: Only Darren.

DEN: (UP) Actually I was just
thinking how good he looks in
those new shades -

(DARREN GROWLS,
MOVES AWAY FROM
BAR INTO CORNER)

DARREN: Sunny out there, man.

- 348/51 -

STUDIO

14. INT. PUB DOWNSTAIRS. DAY.
(12.50 p.m.)

(CARMEL APPROACHES
PAT AT BAR WITH
COLLECTING BOX)

CARMEL: Come on, Pat - you too -

PAT: Eh?

CARMEL: (OOV) (WAVES BOX) Save
the Community Centre?

PAT: (PUTS IN COINS) Oh. Yeah.
later.
(THOUGHT STRIKES HER) Here - do
you know any good comedians?

(CARMEL SMILES,
INDICATES DARREN
SITTING AT BAR
WEARING DARK
GLASSES)

CARMEL: Only Darren.

DEN: (UP) Actually I was just
thinking how good he looks in
those new shades -

(DARREN GROWLS,
MOVES AWAY FROM
BAR INTO CORNER)

DARREN: Sunny out there, man.

(CARMEL HEADS OFF
ON ROUND TOO.

SHE'S NOT GOING
TO GET INVOLVED
IN DEFENDING
DARREN)

DEN: I've had a thought about
an act, do you remember that comic
used to do the Star Club down the
docks?

PAT: What?

DEN: You know - bloke with the
funny walk. He'd go down well
here.

PAT: He's dead.

DEN: (GRINS) Exactly.

(CARMEL HAS GOT
TO PETE AND
ARTHUR SAT AT
TABLE)

CARMEL: (WAVES BOX) Save the
Community Centre?

ARTHUR: I've given something
once. And you've caused a
ruction with Pauline with all
this.

CARMEL: Don't blame me, blame
Ian.

PETE: Here y'are Carmel.

(HE DROPS IN
COINS)

CARMEL: (OFF, TO EXTRAS) Save
the Community Centre?

(WE STAY WITH
ARTHUR AND PETE)

ARTHUR: Mind you, mood Pauline
was in she'd have rucked with
anybody.

PETE: (OOV) She works too hard.

ARTHUR: Don't we all.

PETE: Yeah, but Sis overdoes it.
Always has. You want to tell her
to calm down or she'll end up
like Mum.

ARTHUR: Well thanks for the
advice Pete! And where's Kathy
at the moment?

PETE: At her stall. Unless
she's putting in more overtime
down the Dag - (STOPS) -
alright -

ARTHUR: (OOV) You want to tell her
to calm down.

PETE: Alright -

ARTHUR: Next thing you know
you'll be having rucks all the
time an' all.

PETE: I said, alright Arthur.

(WE CUT TO CARMEL
WHO HAS REACHED
CHRIS AND FRANK
WHO ARE AT OTHER
END OF BAR TO
FOOD COUNTER)

CARMEL: (WAVES BOX) Save the
Community Centre?

CHRIS: I've already given once
this week for one up North!

CARMEL: Well this community
needs saving too.

CHRIS: (DROPS COINS) I'm trying
to save it, love. I'm trying to
give it some work - give someone
a job. Here.

(FRANK DROPS
COINS IN TOO)

FRANK: You still had no luck
getting a driver?

(CARMEL MOVES
AWAY)

CHRIS: None. Y'know, they talk
about the North/South divide and
when you live in both you can see
it's really true.

FRANK: Yeah?

CHRIS: Definitely. Up North, I
can get drivers a-plenty - but no
work. Down here I can get lots of
work - but no drivers. (cont ...)

CHRIS: (cont) Now how do you sort that?

FRANK: I can't get acts for my opening night either. They're either booked, too blue or completely out of my price range.

CHRIS: (NODS VIGOROUSLY) Same thing Up North, there's acts going ten a penny and the Clubs are folding.

Down here the clubs are open - and no-one can get any acts!

(WE CUT TO PAT
PUTTING ARTHUR
AND PETES' MEAL
ON PLATES AT
SERVING COUNTER)

DONNA: Pat -

PAT: (MOVES AWAY WITH PLATES)
Not now Donna -

(PAT HEADS FOR
ARTHUR AND PETE.

WE HOLD ON DONNA.
WE SHOULD SEE
THAT SHE LOOKS
EXCITED AND
ANIMATED DESPITE
THE BRUSH-OFF)

(PUTS PLATES DOWN) Two sausage and chips.

ARTHUR: Ta.

PAT: Here - do you remember that singer - the rock and roller used to do the Elvis impressions?

PETE: Yeah. I saw him a few months ago.

PAT: (HOPE) Yeah? He was pretty good. How do I get in touch with him?

(
ARTHUR: I wouldn't bother.

PAT: He's not just died an' all has he!

PETE: He's become a pie and licor.

(
PAT: What!

(
ARTHUR: (NODS) Got religion a couple of years back. He's a Vicar now..

PAT: Oh great!

(SHE HEADS BACK
TO SERVING COUNTER
AND WE FOLLOW HER.
DONNA IS STILL
THERE)

DONNA: (TRYING AGAIN) Pat -

PAT: (INTERRUPTS) Here - can you sing Donna? Or tell jokes?

(
DONNA: What?

PAT: I know you tell good stories. But I don't suppose you'd do it on stage, would you?

DONNA: Sorry?

PAT: Doesn't matter.

(SHE SPOTS FRANK
BACK FROM TALKING
TO CHRIS AND
HEADS UP THE BAR
TOWARDS HIM.

DONNA FOLLOWS)

You had any more bright
ideas?

FRANK: I'm working on it.

DONNA: (DAWNING) Oh, is this
for the opening?

PAT: (LOOKS AT HER) Why?
Have you got anyone in mind?

DONNA: No. But - well I was
going to ask you if I could have
the night off.

FRANK: What?

DONNA: I - might have a date.

PAT: On our opening night!

DONNA: I think so.

FRANK: Where're you going?

(DONNA STEALS
QUICK NERVOUS
GLANCE AT DEN NOW
CHATTING TO EXTRA.
PAT DOESN'T MISS IT)

PAT: Oh I get it! The other half of Simon's ticket.

DONNA: Well -

PAT: Has he actually asked you then?

DONNA: Well - not yet - but I'm sure he will.

FRANK: Then you'd better hope he doesn't. Because you're not having our opening night off anyway.

DONNA: But -

PAT: Specially not to attend someone else's.

(SHE SHOOTS
FIERCE LOOK AT
DEN.

WE PICK UP THE
END OF HIS
CONVERSATION TO
EXTRA)

DEN: - ten quid a throw. They're a steal.

(DEN STOPS. LOOKS
TOWARDS THE DOOR.
BRAD HAS JUST
APPEARED AT THE
DOOR.

BUT IT IS NOT
BRAD THAT CLAIMS
DEN'S ATTENTION.
BEHIND HIM STANDS
JOANNE. SHE LOOKS
CLASSY AND GOOD.

WE CUT TO ARTHUR
AND PETE)

PETE: (NODS) Here Art
have a butchers at that.

ARTHUR: (MOUTHFUL OF SAUSAGE)
I'm eating.

PETE: You can still look can't
you!

(BRAD AND JOANNE
HAVE MOVED TO BAR.

COLIN HAS COME
IN BEHIND THEM
AND ON OUR WAY
TO THE BAR WE PICK
UP CARMEL APPROACHING
HIM)

CARMEL: (WAVES BOX) Save the
Community Centre?

COLIN: (SHORT, MOVES PAST HER)
No.

(WE PICK UP
BRAD AND JOANNE
AT THE BAR WITH
DEN)

BRAD: (INTRODUCING) Den Watts,
Joanne.

DEN: You're the staff I've been
hearing about, are you?

(JOANNE SMILES.
SHE IS)

- 348/60 -

BRAD: Yeah, well, I thought you two should meeet as soon as possible. You'll be seeing a lot of each other when the wine bar opens.

DEN: (EYEING HER) Will we?

CARMEL: (UP) One last chance to save the Walford Community Centre.

DEN: Here - Carmel - come here.

(CARMEL APPROACHES.
DEN MAKES BIG SHOW
OF TAKING FIVER
OUT OF HIS WALLET)

DEN: (PUTS IT IN BOX) I'm a sucker for a good cause.

(BRAD STEALS
QUICK, AMUSED
GLANCE AT JOANNE)

INSERT

15. EXT. BRIDGE STREET. DAY.
(1.00. p.m.)

(PAULINE GOING
INTO LAUNDERETTE
BUMPS INTO
MICHELLE COMING
OUT OF SHOP)

PAULINE: Oh - 'chelle. I was
just coming to see you before I
start.

MICHELLE: (UNEASY) Er - yeah.

PAULINE: Have you typed that
letter yet?

MICHELLE: (PUZZLED) Letter?

PAULINE: (OOV) For Mum! About the
cemetery.

MICHELLE: Oh. Yeah.

PAULINE: She's been bending my ear
about it all dinnertime.

MICHELLE: Yeah - I was just -

PAULINE: And when she hasn't
been going on I've had Ian's
disco blaring in my other one.

MICHELLE: (STOPS) I thought all
his stuff was at Colin's.

PAULINE: It is. Now. But never mind that - the letter 'chelle.

MICHELLE: I'll get down to it this afternoon. Promise, alright?

PAULINE: (BEAT) You been busy then have you?

MICHELLE: (UNEASY AGAIN) Er - well - I have a bit.

PAULINE: (OOV) So I suppose you haven't had a chance to sort any other unfinished business yet?

(BEAT)
Like Den?

MICHELLE: (LOOKS ROUND) Not here Mum!

PAULINE: I'll be shouting from the rooftops if you don't see him soon.

MICHELLE: He's coming round later if you want to know.

PAULINE: And then you'll tell him. He leaves Vicki alone. No more of his - presents.

MICHELLE: (LOOKS AT HER)
Don't have much choice do I?

STUDIO

16. INT. PUB DOWNSTAIRS. DAY.
(1.01 p.m.)

(DEN, BRAD AND
JOANNE ARE STILL
AT BAR. DEN IS
GETTING DRINKS)

JOANNE: A Jack Daniels.

(DEN REACHES
UNDER BAR FOR
SPECIAL BOTTLE)

DEN: Anything with it?

BRAD: (SOUR) Just a glass.

DEN: Why don't you have
a word with Pat and Frank
they're looking for a comic?
... Ice?

JOANNE: Nothing. Thanks.

BRAD: (MOVING) We'll sit over
there, OK.

DEN: Yeah, I'll bring them over -
(STOPS) - here.

(DEN INDICATES
DARREN WHO HAS
MOVED AWAY FROM
CORNER OF PUB
AND IS NOW HEADING
TO DOOR OUT OF
BRAD'S WAY (COMPLETE
WITH NEW SUNGLASSES)

DEN: (GRINS) Wouldn't think a
black eye'd bother him that much
would you?

(DARREN SCOWLS AT
DEN AND EXITS.

(
BRAD AND JOANNE
GO TO SIT DOWN.
DEN FOLLOWS JOANNE)

DONNA: (GIVES PETE HIS DRINK)
Here - Pete.

(
(PETE'S EXPRESSION
CHANGES AS HE
CLOCKS DONNA)

(
PETE: Yeah?

(
DONNA: (EXCITEMENT) I've got to
tell you. I'm seeing Kathy
later. At the flat.

(
PETE: Yeah?

DONNA: (NODS) She wants to talk.
About us. Clear the air - all
that.

PETE: Good.

(HE STOMPS OFF
WITH DRINKS BACK TO
ARTHUR.

WE PICK UP COLIN
AND CARMEL ON WAY.

COLIN IS SAT
DOWN NOW. BRAD
AND JOANNE HAVE SAT
IN THE CORNER.

CARMEL APPROACHES
HIM)

COLIN: Here Frank, can I have
a packet of nuts?

CARMEL: Colin sure I can't change
your mind?

COLIN: (STUBBORN) Sorry. You
know my views.

CARMEL: Ian's doing the disco for
us.

COLIN: So what's that got to do
with it?

CARMEL: Just that not everyone
thinks the same.

COLIN: I'm sorry Carmel. It's
a point of principle.

CARMEL: That's what you call
it is it!

COLIN: I don't think that
volunteers should provide
community care. It just gives the
council an excuse to do
nothing.

CARMEL: I'll explain that to all
the kids who are going to lose
their play facilities!

COLIN: (GETTING HEATED,
VOICE RAISED) That's not
my fault!

(DEN UP WITH
DRINKS, CLOCKS
ROW)

DEN: Here, keep it down will
you!

(COLIN LOOKS AT
HIM.
WE STAY WITH
DEN WHO PUTS THE
DRINKS ON THE
TABLE)

JOANNE: (SIPS) How are the
tickets selling?

DEN: Great. We'll be full.

JOANNE: What about the local
interest?

DEN: (OOV) They're interested.

JOANNE: Champagne dinners
though. Might all be a bit
upmarket for this area.

DEN: (LOOKS AT HER) Some of us
are used to the finer things
in life.

BRAD: You sure? Joanne's been
with us on quite a few openings.
We trust her.

DEN: Well, I'm experienced too.
(cont ...)

DEN: (cont) (TO JOANNE) We must compare notes sometime.

(BRAD, EYES TO
CEILING AT
DEN'S CHAT-UP
ROUTINE)

(BRAD: What about this place?

(DEN: (SNORTS) What? On opening night? No contest.

JOANNE: What are they doing?

DEN: (OOV) At the moment, running round in circles.

(BRAD: Yeah?

(DEN: (NODS) I hear everything don't I? I'm still the guv'nor here y'know.

BRAD: (GLANCES AT JOANNE) Yeah well, that's another reason I called in -
(HE GETS UP)
'xcuse us.

(HE REACHES INTO
POCKET/BRIEFCASE
FOR A SMALL
PACKET.
WE CUT TO COLIN
AND CARMEL)

COLIN: If it wasn't for people like you Carmel, the kids wouldn't have to fight for their facilities in the first place!

CARMEL: Don't blame me for helping out!

COLIN: You're the safety net.

CARMEL: Yeah. And take that away and the kids get hurt.

COLIN: Then the Council would have to step in and provide! You just act as their fall-guy.

CARMEL: That's better than doing nothing!

(WE CUT BACK TO
DEN.
HE IS LOOKING
AT PACKET BRAD
HAS JUST HANDED
HIM)

DEN: Don't suppose this is my bonus.

BRAD: Just put it through the till, OK.

DEN: I'm out of here next week!

BRAD: So, put it through the till, quickly.

DEN: We could put it through the Wine Bar when I start there.

BRAD: We won't be putting money through there, I told you.

DEN: So what will we be doing there?

BRAD: (LIGHTLY) Running a
wine bar.

DEN: (MUTTERS) Life will be
simple. (HE LOOKS AT PACKET)
This won't be easy. There's
still other money to get
through.

BRAD: It's probably the last.
And as you said - you're still
the guv'nor -

DEN: Yeah.

(WE CUT BACK TO PAT
CLEARING TABLES.
SHE HAS JUST GOT
TO JOANNE'S TABLE)

PAT: (INDICATES BRAD AND DEN)
They left you on your own,
love?
(JOANNE SMILES, BUT NO ANSWER
PAT CONTINUES TO PICK UP
GLASSES)
Always the same with men,
half of what they say they
don't want you to hear and
the other half isn't worth
hearing anyway.

JOANNE: I shouldn't be
missing much then.

PAT: With those two, I should
say not. (SLIGHT BEAT)
You're new round here,
aren't you?

JOANNE: Yes.

PAT: Thought I hadn't seen
you here before.
(AGAIN JOANNE DOESN'T REPLY.
PAT PROMPTS)
You just moved into the area?

JOANNE: I'm more -
passing through.

PAT: I see (ANOTHER SLIGHT BEAT)
JOANNE DOESN'T ELABORATE)
Well, if you're still here
next week and you fancy a good
knees-up, we've a special night
here on Thursday.

JOANNE: I've just been hearing
about it.

PAT: (GLANCES AT DEN)
Yeah, well as I said, most of
what they say ain't worth listening
to.

JOANNE: I usually make up my
own mind anyway.

AT, TO JOANNE)
How's the Wine Bar looking ?
/Q CARMEL/

JOANNE: Decorator's have nearly
finished. We're going over
there now -

2S A/B

1L
MCU DEN

HOLD HIS TURN

DEN: Yeah? I might take a
look - (STOPS) - oh no -

(WE HEAR NOISE,
(OFF), FROM
COLIN AND CARMEL)

CARMEL: (HEATED) There's no
need to be so offensive!

COLIN: (HEATED TOO) Y'know
Carmel, when a heart bleeds
as much as yours, the patient's
in real risk of dying!

3M
2S COL/CA
SEE DEN IN Cof
/2 CLEAR FAST/

PAN DEN R TO 3S
DEN/BRAD/JOANNE

DEN: (SHOUTS) Oy! I won't
tell you two again! You want
to argue politics, get outside
and stand on soapboxes, OK!

(BEHIND DEN, BRAD
INDICATES TO
JOANNE THEY SHOULD
LEAVE.

(1 next)

(ON 3)

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BRAD AND JOANNE
STAND)

CARMEL: I'm only collecting
for the Community Centre!

DEN: You've done that. So
do the rest outside.

(HE TURNS BACK
TO BRAD AND
JOANNE WHO ARE
READY TO GO)

JOANNE: I thought you believed
in good causes.

BRAD: (GLANCE AT JOANNE) Lost
causes are more our Den's style.
C'mon -

1L
MS DEN
/3 TIGHTEN FAST/

DEN: (EYES HER) Don't you
believe him, Joanne. (BEAT)

3M
MS JOANNE (REACTION) I'm all heart -

T/STOP

TO: 348/17 Michelle + Sharon's

STUDIO

17. INT. MICHELLE AND SHARON'S.
DAY. (1.15 p.m.)

(MICHELLE IS SAT
IN FLAT. BITING
NAILS. CLOCK-
WATCHING.

VICKI WITH HER.
THE DOOR OPENS)

SHARON: (IN) Hi 'chelle ...

MICHELLE: (STARTLED) Sharon!

SHARON: (LOOKS AT HER) What's
the matter?

MICHELLE: I thought you were
working!

SHARON: Got an hour off.

MICHELLE: (NERVOUS GLANCE AT
CLOCK) What?

SHARON: Yeah. Well I told you
they want me to work on late
tonight. (SHRUGS) So they've
given me a bit of time in the
afternoon while it's slack.

MICHELLE: (GETTING VERY NERVOUS)
Oh -

SHARON: And I thought what better than an hour's lie-down, eh? (GREETS)
Hiya Vicki -

MICHELLE: Er - yeah -

SHARON: (STRETCHES OUT LUXURIOUSLY) Trouble is - I can't -

(
MICHELLE: What?

(
SHARON: (SHAKES HERSELF) Dot asked me to pick up some holiday brochures for her. And I've got to see Joan and tell her I can't go round tonight now.

(
MICHELLE: (RELIEF) Oh ...

(
SHARON: (LOOKS AT HER) Vicki been playing you up?

(
MICHELLE: Eh? No. Why?

(
SHARON: You ain't half on edge.

(
MICHELLE: Yeah - actually - I just fancied a breath of fresh air. C'mon Vicki.

(
SHARON: I'll come out with you.

(
MICHELLE: Eh?

(
SHARON: If I sit here any longer, I'll fall asleep anyway.

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(SHARON PICKS
UP SOME
BROCHURES AND
HEADS FOR
MICHELLE AND
THE DOOR)

MICHELLE: (FRACTIONAL HESITATION)
Right -

INSERT

18. EXT. MICHELLE AND SHARON'S
FLAT. DAY. (1.17 p.m.)

(MICHELLE AND
SHARON WITH
VICKI, EMERGE
FROM THE FLAT.

(VICKI UNSEEN))

SHARON: Not past the caff if
that's OK, 'chelle. I'm not
exactly flavour of the month
there.

MICHELLE: I just want to stand
here anyway. (BEAT) Ali took
it badly, did he?

SHARON: Just keep out of his
way tomorrow morning, alright?
He'll have you on volunteer
duty before you can say ten-
four.

MICHELLE: Alright.

SHARON: Ali can be a right little
Ayotollah sometimes. I'm glad
to be out.

MICHELLE: (DEEP BREATH) Oh - I
feel better now.

SHARON: (LOOKS AT HER) You sure?
You still look on edge.

MICHELLE: Yeah. Think I'll get
back. (cont ...)

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MICHELLE: (cont) Got to type
that letter about the cemetery
for Mum.

SHARON: (NODS) Alright -
(STOPS - here - talking of
Ayotollah's -

(SHE NODS
TOWARDS THE
VIC.

MICHELLE FOLLOWS
HER GAZE.
WE SEE DEN
ATTENTIVELY
LOADING JOANNE
INTO BRAD'S
CAR)

I wouldn't mind chopping his
hands off sometimes.

(MICHELLE DOESN'T
REPLY.

(SHAKES HER HEAD) He can't
leave 'em alone, can he?

MICHELLE: (BEAT) No.

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STUDIO

19. INT. THE DAGMAR. DAY.
(2.15 p.m.)

(WICKSY HOVERS
AT END OF
(LARGELY DESERTED)
BAR, NERVOUSLY.

WILLMOTT-BROWN
HAS JUST COME
IN FROM UPSTAIRS
AND WICKSY MOVES
TO INTERCEPT HIM.

HE CLEARLY HAS
SOMETHING ON HIS
MIND)

WICKSY: Er - Mr. Willmott-Brown -

WILLMOTT-BROWN: Yes, Simon?

(WICKSY, BEAT,
HE CHANGES
TACK, MAKES
CONVERSATION)

WICKSY: Er - (COUGHS) - upmarket
punter in here earlier -

WILLMOTT-BROWN: Oh. Yes.

WICKSY: From the brewery?

WILLMOTT-BROWN: Er - no.
Well - I don't think so.

WICKSY: Looked as if he meant
business anyway.

WILLMOTT-BROWN: Oh he did Simon.
He wanted to give me money
actually.

WICKSY: Throwing it around was he?
He can bung some my way if he
wants.

WILLMOTT-BROWN: I wouldn't hold
your breath. He's probably just
a chancer.

(
(
(
WICKSY: Yeah. (AWKWARD PAUSE,
TRIES AGAIN) Er - Mr. Willmott-
Brown -
(DEEP BREATH) I - was
wondering if I could have a night
off next week -

WILLMOTT-BROWN: (OOV) Which night
next week?

(
WICKSY: Er - Thursday.

(
WILLMOTT-BROWN: Any special
reason?

(
WICKSY: (UNCERTAIN) (Well -)

(
WILLMOTT-BROWN: (SMILES) Don't
worry. I can guess.

(
WICKSY: Well I have got a free
ticket.

(
WILLMOTT-BROWN: I heard. I think
I was supposed to.

WICKSY: Well we're not usually rushed on a Thursday are we?

WILLMOTT-BROWN: (LOOKS ROUND) Not rushed at all the moment.

WICKSY: No.

(KATHY IN THROUGH FRONT DOOR.

WILLMOTT-BROWN
CLOCKS HER. HE
TURNS TO WICKSY,
QUICK SMILE:)

WILLMOTT-BROWN: Yes, of course you can Simon. Enjoy yourself.

WICKSY: Er -right.

(WILLMOTT-BROWN
GOES TO MEET KATHY
AND WE FOLLOW HIM.
WE HOLD ON WICKSY
WATCHING KATHY AND
WILLMOTT-BROWN.

CUT TO THEM)

KATHY: I've only got a minute.
But I want to ask a favour.

WILLMOTT-BROWN: (OOV) Ask away.

KATHY: Bit of time off.

WILLMOTT-BROWN: Not you as well!

KATHY: What?

WILLMOTT-BROWN: (OOV) Not next Thursday?

KATHY: Eh? Oh - no. No. Couple of hours later on this evening.

WILLMOTT-BROWN: Oh.

KATHY: Got a bit of bother to sort out at home. Only it might run on a bit. So I might not be in early like I said.

WILLMOTT-BROWN: Not trouble with Pete.

KATHY: No. Well - not really -

WILLMOTT-BROWN: Tell him his fruit's delicious anyway. And - yes of course. Take whatever time you want.

(KATHY NODS TOWARDS BOWLS ON BAR:)

KATHY: You're sold on that are you? Bowls of fruit all over the bar?

WILLMOTT-BROWN: Well - (STRUGGLES) - it's not gone that well actually -

KATHY: (LOOKS ROUND AT PUB) Not made that much difference either has it?

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WILLMOTT-BROWN: No. But - (LOOKS AT KATHY) - I'd still like you to pop in early again tomorrow night if you can. Might have a few more ideas I'd like to chat over - and I found last night's little session very useful -

KATHY: (BEAT) Yeah. Yeah, OK -

STUDIO

20. INT. MICHELLE AND SHARON'S
FLAT. DAY. (2.30 p.m.)

DEN: (HANDS VICKI STRAWBERRIES)
Here y'are, Vicki.

MICHELLE: She's had a load of
those already.

DEN: Well, she likes them!

MICHELLE: Doesn't mean she should
pig herself on them.

DEN: Can't get them all year round
though, can you?

MICHELLE: (OOV) She'll be sick.

DEN: Come on darling just one
more, eh?

MICHELLE: (SHOUTS) Will you stop
feeding her those bleeding
strawberries!

DEN: (LOOKS AT HER) Alright.
It's nothing to get worked up
about.

MICHELLE: (BEAT) Sorry.

DEN: (NODS) That's better. Now -
can she have one more?

MICHELLE: Den - just sit down,
will you?

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DEN: Eh?

MICHELLE: Just sit down for a minute.

DEN: (SHRUGS) Alright.
Now don't let your mum know
you've got that.

STUDIO

21. INT. PETE AND KATHY'S. DAY.
(2.30 p.m.)

(KATHY LETS HERSELF
IN TO EMPTY FLAT.

SHE PUTS HER BAG
ON TABLE. PUTS
HEAD INTO HER HANDS
BRIEFLY THEN SHAKES
HERSELF.

SHE SITS DOWN.

HOLD ON HER.

SHE BEGINS TO
BITE HER NAILS.

WE HEAR RING OF
BELL/KNOCK ON DOOR.

KATHY MOVES TO
ANSWER IT)

STUDIO

22. INT. MICHELLE AND SHARON'S
FLAT. DAY. (2.35 p.m.)

(MICHELLE TURNS FROM
DRAWER AND HOLDS OUT
BUILDING SOCIETY
BOOKS TO DEN)

DEN: What's this?

MICHELLE: I want you to keep them.

DEN: If you're worried about the
flat being turned over keep 'em in
the bank.

MICHELLE: Mum found them. Went
mad.

DEN: Serves her right for
snooping.

MICHELLE: She is Vicki's Grandma!

DEN: And what am I? The
Aga Khan?!

MICHELLE: Alright -

(BEAT)

DEN: (GESTURES TO BOOKS) I'm not giving all this out of the goodness of my heart you know. I have a right.

MICHELLE: This is the easy bit Den. Anyone can put their hands in their pockets.

DEN: Yeah? And the hardest bit's keeping my hands in my pockets sometimes, 'chelle. You ever thought about that?

MICHELLE: Alright.

DEN: And it gets harder as Vicki gets older.

MICHELLE: I didn't tell Mum you were Vicki's Dad!

DEN: As I said, it gets harder.

(BEAT)

MICHELLE: She - wants you to stop giving Vicki presents.

DEN: Why should I?

MICHELLE: (LOOKS AT HIM) It won't do you any good for it all to come out now you know.

DEN: But the only person that'll
hurt is Vicki!

MICHELLE: Yeah well, Mum holds the
whip hand at the moment, doesn't
she?

(DEN GLANCES OVER
AT VICKI WHO IS
PLAYING)

STUDIO

23. INT. PETE AND KATHY'S. DAY.
(2.35 p.m.)

KATHY: You're early.

DONNA: Sorry.

KATHY: I told Pete I wasn't
seeing you till four! (LOOKS AT
HER) Oh sit down Donna.

DONNA: (STILL STANDS) I can't
I'm excited. Not every day you
find about your real family -

KATHY: (BEAT) Yeah ...

DONNA: And you're the only person
who can tell me about my Dad
y'know. No-one else knew him.

KATHY: For God's sake sit down,
will you? You're making me
nervous!

DONNA: Alright.

(SHE SITS DOWN.
KATHY JUMPS UP,
HEADS FOR KITCHEN)

KATHY: Oh, you've got me at it
now!

INSERT

24. EXT. MICHELLE AND SHARON'S
FLAT. DAY. (2.45 p.m.)

(WE PICK UP
PAULINE OUTSIDE
HER HOUSE.

SHE LOOKS UP THE
STREET, AND THEN
STOPS.

DEN HAS JUST
APPEARED FROM
MICHELLE'S FLAT.

HE GLANCES UP
TOO, AND SPOTS
PAULINE LOOKING
STRAIGHT AT HIM.

HOLD MOMENT WHILE
THEY LOOK AT EACH
OTHER.

HE TURNS, AND
WALKS AWAY)

STUDIO

25. INT. PETE AND KATHY'S. DAY.
(2.45 p.m.)

(KATHY IS STILL
IN THE KITCHEN
FIDDLING WITH
CUPS.
DONNA JOINS HER)

DONNA: Look just tell me about
him.

KATHY: I - don't want to talk
about him, yet Donna. OK?

DONNA: (LOOKS AT HER) Yeah,
but -

KATHY: I want to explain a few
things first.

DONNA: (BEAT) I don't want the
moon Kath. Just to feel close to
my real family. Find out - who
they were. It's - natural - Please

(KATHY HEADS
BACK FOR CHAIRS)

KATHY: Look Donna. I know I've
been funny with you - but well,
it's been difficult for me too -

DONNA: Because of my Dad?

KATHY: (NODS) (OOV) Yeah ...

DONNA: Is Pete the problem?

KATHY: Eh?

DONNA: (OOV) Is he jealous?

KATHY: No.

DONNA: You knew my Dad before
Pete. He can't blame you for what
happened before you knew him.

KATHY: He never has!

DONNA: Yeah, but I must bring
back the past for him. He can't
find that easy.

KATHY: Pete's not the problem.

DONNA: You sure? You must have
loved my Dad once Kath. I know
it went wrong/ but there must have
/been something there./ Maybe
that's what Pete can't take.

KATHY: I - didn't know him that
long, Donna.

DONNA: (OOV) I know. He died.

(KATHY STANDS
UP AGAIN, AGITATED)

KATHY: Yeah, look - I can't
really think straight at the
moment - maybe we should leave
it -

DONNA: But you haven't told me
anything yet!

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KATHY: (FLARES) What is there to tell you! Twenty years ago I had a kid. That was you. What else is there to say?

DONNA: A lot more if you were the kid!

KATHY: Like what? What do you want from me Donna?

DONNA: (OOV) At least tell me what he was like?

KATHY: (BEAT) It was a long time ago.

DONNA: Just tell me something about him.

(BEAT)

(OOV)
Like, how long did you go out with him?

KATHY: Not long.

DONNA: Five minutes? A year?

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DONNA: (ADVANCES) Know what I reckon?

KATHY: What?

DONNA: That you really loved him.

(KATHY LOOKS
AT HER)

That's why you're so funny about it. You loved him and then he died young. Pete's never really took his place, and you're scared to admit it.

KATHY: (EYES CLOSED) I never even knew him Donna. Not really.

DONNA: (LOOKS AT HER) Course you did.

KATHY: It's the truth. Now leave it will you!

DONNA: (BLINKS) What - are you telling me you were some kind of slag?

KATHY: No!

(DONNA GETTING
MORE AGITATED)

DONNA: Well, what then? That you kicked him out? Like Pete did with Pat?

KATHY: No! It wasn't like that.

(DONNA GETTING
MORE WORKED UP)

DONNA: Here - Is that what happened? He killed himself? 'cos of you!

KATHY: He didn't kill himself.

DONNA: (LOOKS AT HER) /

KATHY: I don't even know what happened to him.

DONNA: (INCREDOULOUS) He's still around! Is that what you're trying to tell me?

KATHY: No! Will you stop making up stories!

DONNA: What else can I do when no-one'll tell me the truth!

KATHY: I'm trying.

DONNA: (SHOUTS) So why don't you do it!

(KATHY, FLARING,
UNDER PRESSURE)

KATHY: Alright Donna! You want the truth, I'll give you the truth. And I only hope you can live with it 'cos I've had to for the last twenty years.

DONNA: (LOOKS AT HER) So tell me!

KATHY: (EYES CLOSED AGAIN) I don't know the animal you keep calling your Dad, because he raped me Donna -

(HOLD ON DONNA)

And that's the truth. One night, twenty years ago, I was bundled into an alley and raped - and you were the result -

(KATHY LOOKS AT
HER)

And the reason it's been so difficult Donna and the reason I've been so odd - is that everytime I look at you - all I see is him -

SUPPOSE CAM

End
Titles:

FADE OUT

END OF EPISODE 348