

# EastEnders

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

CAMERA SCRIPT

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

Episode No. 348

by ROB GITTINS

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STUDIO: 11th,12th May, 1988

TRANSMISSION : Tuesday, 14th and Thursday 16th

JUNE,1988(Sun.19th)

LIGHTING UP TIME : 2149

SUN RISES: 0443

"EastEnders"

EPISODE THREE HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHT

by

Rob Gittins

SUPOSE 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.

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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 -



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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?

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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)

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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 ...)

- 348/8 -

(  
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.

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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 ...)

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(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.

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STUDIO

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

( CARMEL: (IN) Hello? Pauline?

(SHE SEES IAN.  
HE HAS DISCO  
EQUIPMENT (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)

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

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.

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(  
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!

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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?

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- 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.

- 348/18 -

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?

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- 348/20 -

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)

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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.

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(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?

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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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- 348/25 -

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)

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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'are '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)

- 348/29 -

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.

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- 348/30 -

(  
(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?

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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'are, 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.

- 31 -

- 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?

- 32 -

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?

- 34 -

- 348/35 -

( 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 -

- 35 -

- 348/36 -

(  
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 Auntie 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?

- 36 -

- 348/37 -

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)

- 37 -

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  
envisage 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!?



- 348/39 -

(  
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)

- 39 -

- 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)

- 40 -

- 348/41 -

(  
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.

- 41 -

(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)

- 348/43 -

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 -

- 43 -

- 348/44 -

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

DONNA: (NODS, ENTHUSIASTICALLY)  
Yeah. OK.

- 44 -

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...)



- 348/46 -

(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.

- 46 -

- 348/47 -

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.

- 348/48 -

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.

- 48 -

- 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 -

- 49 -

- 348/50 -

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.

- 50 -

- 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.

- 51 -

- 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.

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- 348/52 -

(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  
ruccion with Pauline with all  
this.

CARMEL: Don't blame me, blame  
Ian.

- 52 -



- 348/53 -

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.

- 53 -

- 348/54 -

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 ...)

- 54 -

- 348/55 -

(  
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?

- 55 -

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?

- 348/57 -

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)

- 57 -

- 348/58 -

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.

- 58 -

- 348/59 -

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)

- 59 -

- 348/60 -

(  
(  
BRAD: Yeah, well, I thought you  
two should meet 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)



- 348/61 -

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.

- 348/62 -

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)

- 348/64 -

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.

- 64 -

- 348/65 -

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!

- 65 -

- 348/66 -

(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 ...)

- 66 -

- 348/67 -

(  
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!

- 67 -

- 348/68 -

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?

- 68 -



- 348/69 -

( 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 gov'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/

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

PAN DEN R TO 3S  
DEN/BRAD/JOANNE

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

(1 next)

(ON 3)

- 348/70 -

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)  
I'm all heart -

( 3M  
MS JOANNE (REACTION)

T/STOP

TO: 348/17 Michelle + Sharon's

- 348/71 -

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 -

- 71 -

- 348/72 -

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

- 72 -

- 348/73 -

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

MICHELLE: (FRACTIONAL HESITATION)  
Right -

- 348/74 -

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 ...)

- 74 -

- 348/75 -

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.

- 75 -



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.

- 348/77 -

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.

- 77 -

- 348/78 -

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?

- 78 -

- 348/79 -

( 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?

- 79 -

- 348/80 -

(  
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 -

- 348/81 -

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?

- 81 -

- 348/82 -

(  
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)



- 348/84 -

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)

- 84 -

- 348/85 -

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.

- 85 -

- 348/86 -

(  
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)

- 86 -

- 348/87 -

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!

- 348/88 -

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)

- 88 -

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 ...

- 348/90 -

( 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!

- 90 -

- 348/91 -

(  
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.

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

( KATHY: No! Will you stop making  
up stories!

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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 -

SUPOSE CAM

End  
Titles:

FADE OUT

END OF EPISODE 348