

SAP NO: PAI-0297-BL08
50 DRA E056E



Episode 5286

By Sarah Phelps

POST PRODUCTION SCRIPT

TX : Tuesday 17th May 2016

DURATION : 36:48

DIRECTOR MICHAEL OWEN MORRIS

PRODUCTION MANAGER DEE HELLIER

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER DOMINIC TREADWELL-COLLINS

SERIES PRODUCER SHARON BATTEN

LINE PRODUCER SUE MATHER

STORY PRODUCER ALEXANDER LAMB

SCRIPT PRODUCER NICOLE FITZPATRICK

SCRIPT EDITOR KRIS GREEN

PROGRAMME SCHEDULER ALEX GRASHAM

FIRST ASSISTANT DIRECTOR CHRIS DALL

SCRIPT SUPERVISOR LESLEY WILLIAMSON

SECOND ASSISTANT DIRECTORS CHLOE SWEENEY

..... NATASHA FOURNEL

DESIGNER SHIMON CASTIEL

ART DIRECTOR ROSANNA JOHNSON

PRODUCTION BUYER NICK BARNETT

CHARGEHAND PROP SIMON NAYLOR

NO. 1 PROP BARRY HOWARD-CLARKE

SERIES COSTUME DESIGNER DI HUMPHREYS
COSTUME DESIGNER JANE LANGDALE
WARDROBE SUPERVISOR LUCY VISCOGLIOSI
DRESSERS KEVIN JONES
..... NICOLA DEMUTH
..... KIRSTY HANLON
SA DRESSER THALIA JANE LOONSTEIN
SERIES MAKEUP DESIGNER KAREN PERKINS
MAKE-UP DESIGNER NEIL MARSHALL
MAKE-UP ASSISTANTS CAROLINE MARICONDA
..... KATIE PATTENDEN
LIGHTING DIRECTOR CHRIS DAVIES
STUDIO RESOURCES MANAGER NIGEL HOLMES
CAMERA SUPERVISOR DAVE BOWDEN
SOUND SUPERVISOR ANTHONY BROWN
LIGHTING VISION SUPERVISOR MARK SMITHERS
SENIOR PRODUCTION ELECTRICIAN TREVOR BRYAN
VISION MIXER SARAH GILES-HARLING
VT EDITOR CAROLINE JUDSON
POST PRODUCTION SUPERVISOR AYESHA GRANVILLE
THIRD ASSISTANT DIRECTOR CHARLOTTE BRENAN
ARTIST ASSISTANT DIRECTOR JAMIE MILLS
FLOOR RUNNER BILAL AHMED
PRODUCTION RUNNER ELLIE LECOMBER-CLARKE

EASTENDERS

EPISODE FIVE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTY SIX

BY

SARAH PHELPS

SCENE 5286/1. PHIL'S. INT. DAY LIGHT. 20.00.

STUDIO C

[DIRECT PICK-UP.

KITCHEN. THE TABLE LAID NICELY FOR TWO PEOPLE, PEGGY'S GONE TO SOME EFFORT WITH TABLECLOTH AND SERVIETTES. BOTH PHIL AND PEGGY TURNED, STARING AT GRANT IN THE DOORWAY. THE WAVES OF SHOCK.. AND SOMETHING MORE, THE TENSION AND ANIMOSITY THAT BUILDS FROM GRANT TO PHIL. AND IT'S NOT SOMETHING PHIL CAN COPE WITH NOW.. HIS OWN GUILT BECAUSE HE'S DONE WRONG TO GRANT AND A STRANGE RELIEF BECAUSE HE COULD DO WITH SOME BACK UP TO COPE WITH WHAT HIS MUM'S DECIDED. A LONG MOMENT. PEGGY GETS IT TOGETHER FIRST]

PEGGY: Just in time for dinner, darlin'. Phil, get another plate will you, love?

[PHIL GETS A PLATE, CUTLERY, GRANT GOES OVER TO KISS PEGGY, LOOKS CLOSELY AT HER, SEEING HOW FRAIL SHE IS BUT NOT COMMENTING ON IT, NOT YET. PEGGY BUSIES HERSELF SERVING A THIRD PLATE OF DINNER THAT NO-ONE WILL EAT, COVERING. THE ATMOSPHERE SCREAMS OF AWKWARD. GRANT EVEN IF HE DOESN'T LOOK DIRECTLY AT PHIL, MIGHT AS WELL BE STARING AT HIM. RADIATES HOSTILITY]

PHIL: How long you staying?

GRANT: That's nice. I just walked through the door and you want to know when I'm leaving?

PEGGY: He doesn't mean it like that. It's just well - it's so lovely to see you. Isn't it Phil? But you know so...unexpected.

GRANT: Yeah well, it's a flying visit. Couple of hours. I've got a lot going on back home. Thing's have come a bit on top. You know, Phil? The way it does?

[TENSION SIMMERS, PHIL CHOOSES NOT TO ANSWER, FLICKS HIS EYES AT GRANT WHO'S ALREADY TURNED BACK TO PEGGY, STUDYING HER CLOSELY]

GRANT: So, you alright mum? You don't seem yourself.

[TAKE PEGGY, WHAT DOES SHE SAY? SHE SMILES A LITTLE]

PEGGY: Yeah. Just a bit tired, love. I'm alright.

GRANT: [GENTLY] Mum, you don't have to pretend to me everything's alright. I could see it the second I walked through the door and so can a lot of other people round here.

PHIL: What other people?

GRANT: [IGNORES PHIL] I got a call, saying that you needed me. So, I'm going to take you back to Portugal with me-

PHIL: Just hang on a sec -

[GRANT TURNS ON HIM-]

PHIL: [TO PEGGY] Do you want me to tell him?

PEGGY: No. No, don't, no. Grant, listen.

[SHE TAKES HIS HAND]

I'm afraid I've not been very well, darlin'. I've been a bit poorly.

[TAKE PHIL'S WINCE 'A BIT'? BUT HOW ELSE CAN PEGGY BREAK THE NEWS? GRANT KEEPS HIS EYES ON PEGGY]

GRANT: What d'you mean, poorly? What's up?

PEGGY: It's back.

GRANT: What's back?

A LONG MOMENT, PEGGY KEEPS HOLD OF HIS HAND, KEEPS HER EYES ON HIM.. STAY WITH GRANT AS HE UNDERSTANDS. A DEEP BREATH, STAYING PRACTICAL. AND TAKE PHIL, THIS HITS IT HOME AGAIN AND MORE... WHAT PEGGY'S PLANNING TO DO.]

GRANT: Right. Well, um... What's the specialist say? What treatment are they giving you?

PEGGY: I've stopped having the treatment. There's nothing it can do.

GRANT: There's always something, different chemo, radiotherapy-

PEGGY: No, no not this time, darling. Cos it's gone and got a proper grip on me. Ain't it.

[THE LONGEST MOMENT. STAY ON GRANT AS IT SINKS IN. PEGGY GENTLY HOLDING HIS HAND AND HIS GAZE. PHIL'S SHOULDERS HUNCHED, HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS. EVERY TIME HE HEARS IT, IT'S A TWISTING KNIFE. GRANT BATTLES TO KEEP A GRIP ON BEING PRACTICAL AND CALM]

GRANT: Did you only just find out? We'll get a second opinion-

PEGGY: No, no, no, I've known for a while.

[AND ANOTHER LONG MOMENT. WE HEAR THE CLOCK TICK AND THE TAP DRIP...]

PHIL WATCHES GRANT AS IT SINKS IN...]

[AND TIGHT ON GRANT'S FACE. A WHILE. SHE'S KNOWN A WHILE. HE STARTS TO LOSE THAT BATTLE WITH BEING PRACTICAL AND CALM]

GRANT: A while? So.. When were you going to tell me?

PEGGY: I've written you and Sam a letter.

GRANT: A letter?

[A BEAT. GRANT TAKE HIS HAND AWAY FROM PEGGY'S.]

GRANT: Oh, a letter. How lovely. What? Something to treasure?

PEGGY: Don't start. I know this is a lot to take in-

GRANT: No. You said a mouthful there, Mum. [BEAT] So you couldn't tell me. [OF PHIL] But you could tell him.

PHIL: Well it ain't like I'm getting an extra helping of ice-cream, is it?

[GRANT DOESN'T LOOK AT PHIL, HIS JAW SETS, THE SHOCK COMING OUT AS RAGE]

PEGGY: Grant, please don't be upset. It - it's alright -

GRANT: No, it's not alright!

[GRANT LOOKS AT THE TABLE, THE TWO PLACE SETTINGS FOR PEGGY AND PHIL AND HIS OWN PLATE]

See, I actually thought I was needed here.

PHIL: This ain't about you-

GRANT: Another word and I swear-

[HE STOPS HIMSELF. A FROZEN FRACTURED MOMENT. RAGE AND GRIEF]

I've got to get out of here.

[GRANT EXITS. THE DOOR SLAMS, PEGGY WINCES FROM THE SOUND. PHIL'S HEAD DOWN, HIS SHOULDERS HUNCHED]

CUT TO:

SCENE 5286/2. SQUARE. EXT. DAY LIGHT. 20.04.

LOT

[FROM THE VIC, THUMPING MUSIC AND LAUGHTER.. AND TIGHT ON GRANT, CAN HARDLY BREATHE WITH THE SHOCK OF IT ALL, FEELING HIS WHOLE WORLD SPIN AROUND HIM, EVERYTHING FAMILIAR IS STRANGE AND DISTORTED.. HEADING BLINDLY AWAY, NOT KNOWING WHERE HE'S GOING, JUST AWAY-]

PICK UP MARTIN, KYLE, KUSH, STACEY AND BELINDA, DRESSED FOR THE STAG BUT LUGGING TOILETS, LOOKING SHIFTY. BELINDA IN FULL MELODRAMATIC MODE]

BELINDA: I am not going to prison for a load of toilets. I'm too pretty for prison. They'll turn me into a lesbian. They won't be able to resist me.

STACEY: [WORRIED] This is all your fault! Do you know what Belinda I do worry -

BELINDA: I've seen the films! I know what they get up to in there! [A WAIL] They'll make me wear an orange jumpsuit! Quick!

[STACEY ROLLS HER EYES, THE GROUP OF KARZI THIEVES IN FULL SWING. ON BELINDA'S STAGGERING BEHIND -

AND WITH GRANT, COLLIDING WITH SHARON AS SHE EXITS THE GARDENS WITH DENNIS, DENNIS IS CARRYING A WRAPPED PARCEL FROM THE CHIPPIY-

THEY STARE AT EACH OTHER. DENNIS EYES GRANT SUSPICIOUSLY. SHARON LOOKS TO THE MITCHELL HOUSE, NOT HARD TO WORK OUT WHERE HE'S COME FROM OR WHAT HE'S JUST FOUND OUT]

SHARON: Where are you going?

GRANT: I don't know.

SHARON: [GENTLY] Come on. Come with me.

[SHE LEADS HIM AWAY, GRANT GOES LIKE A LAMB.

AND WITH DENNIS, NARROWED EYES, WATCHING HIS MOTHER GENTLY LEADING A STRANGE MAN AWAY, HE FOLLOWS.

CUT TO:

SCENE 5286/3. PHIL'S. INT. DAY LIGHT. 20.06.

STUDIO C

[PEGGY AND PHIL HAVE BARELY MOVED. THE CLOCK TICKS, THE TAP DRIPS.]

PHIL: Mum. He's got a right to know.

PEGGY: And now he does.

PHIL: I mean about the other thing.

[AND HE CAN HARDLY GET THE WORDS OUT THROUGH THE LUMP IN HIS THROAT, THE WEIGHT OF HIS OWN RAGE AND GRIEF]

About tonight.

[PEGGY SHAKES HER HEAD]

Mum.

PEGGY: He won't be here. Will he? And it - and it's all in the letter. It'll be easier for him like that.

[A WINCE ON PHIL'S FACE. EASIER FOR GRANT BUT WHAT ABOUT HIM?]

PHIL: So what are we supposed to do now then?

PEGGY: Well... go over to the Vic, buy a drink for Martin and Stacey and toast them and wish them happiness and joy.

[PHIL WINCES AGAIN 'JOY']

Say goodbye in my own way. Just quietly. And then we'll - we'll come back here and - Oh, and knowing you're nearby, Phil. That's all I want.

PHIL: You just - you make it - you make it sound so ordinary.

PEGGY: It's your Mum deciding what happens next. It's like I've always done, ain't it. What could be more ordinary than that?

[AND SHE SMILES AT HIM. ANOTHER LONG BEAT, PHIL CAN HARDLY BREATHE FROM IT ALL. HE SUDDENLY GETS UP, HEADS OUT TO THE FRONT DOOR]

PHIL: I need some air mum. I need some air. Alright? I'll be back. I'll be back in a bit.

[AND PHIL'S GONE, THE FRONT DOOR CLOSING OFF]

[PEGGY ALONE. SHE LETS HER BREATH OUT. THE CLOCK TICKS. THE TAP DRIPS]

CUT TO:

SCENE 5286/4. NO. 27. INT. DAY LIGHT. 20.08.

STUDIO A

[KITCHEN. GRANT'S MIND WHIRLING, SHOULDERS HUNCHED, HANDS TENSED INTO FISTS. WE CAN HEAR SHARON GIVING DENNIS HIS ORDERS IN THE LIVING ROOM]

SHARON: [OOV] Don't get your greasy fingers on the sofa. And keep the noise down.

[SHARON ENTERS, SHUTTING THE KITCHEN DOOR. GRANT TRIES TO PULL HIMSELF TOGETHER, UNcurl HIS FISTS, UNHUNCH HIS SHOULDERS BUT IT'S NOT REALLY WORKING. SHARON SITS OPPOSITE HIM]

SHARON: Grant I'm sorry I couldn't give you a bit more warning about your Mum. I wasn't even sure it was still your number.

GRANT: If it hadn't been for you, I wouldn't have found out till 'the letter' came. Who does that? Who writes a letter to their son saying that they're dying...

[HE CUTS HIMSELF OFF. A KIND OF SHOCK THAT HE'S SAID IT OUT LOUD. A MOMENT. SHARON IS GENTLE, PRACTICAL. WAITS. GRANT TAKES A DEEP BREATH]

GRANT: I was hoping you were going to tell me that it isn't that bad. But it is. Isn't it? My mum's dying. It's actually happening.

SHARON: I'm so sorry.

GRANT: She's gonna need looking after, isn't she?

SHARON: Yeah, she is.

[GRANT BREATHES OUT, BLOODY HELL. EVERYTHING CROWDING IN ON HIM]

GRANT: I can't stay here. I've got too many things happening back home but... I will come back. I'll find a way. As soon as I can. I'll come back and I will look after her.

[TAKE SHARON, RELIEVED]

SHARON: Well, I'm always here and there's others but let's face it, I'm not exactly the person your Mum would want round her. And Phil can't do it on his own.

GRANT: That's obvious. He's worse than useless.

[AND TAKE SHARON, GRANT DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT PHIL EITHER]

SHARON: Phil's going to need your help too, Grant.

GRANT: No, no. I'm done wiping up after him. He's old enough and ugly enough to look after himself. He can drink himself blind as far as I'm concerned. I've only got time for Mum-

SHARON: He's got cirrhosis, Grant.

GRANT: What?

SHARON: Yeah.

[A LONG MOMENT. TAKE GRANT, SHARON HOLDS HIS DISBELIEVING GAZE. NODS A LITTLE. A MOMENT PASSES. GRANT SITS UP. FACE TIGHT, HARD AND CLOSED]

GRANT: Well, he brought that on himself-

SHARON: [STOPPING HIM] Cirrhosis is what killed Ange so I don't want to hear anything about alcoholics bringing it on themselves, I really don't.

[MOMENT. A GESTURE FROM GRANT, A SORRY, EVEN IF HE DOESN'T SAY IT. SHARON KNOWS IT]

SHARON: Phil's brilliant with Peggy. He loves her as much as you do.

GRANT: He only loves himself.

SHARON: If only that were the case. I mean, why are you so angry with him?

GRANT: Why are you sticking up for him? It's not like you two are together-

SHARON: Because he's going through a terrible time-

[GRANT ROLLS HIS EYES, DOESN'T WANT TO HEAR IT, SHARON PUTS HER HAND ON HIS CHEEK SO HE HAS TO LOOK DIRECTLY AT HER]

He is Grant. And so are you.

[AND A MOMENT, HOLD THE LOOK AND IT CHANGES SLIGHTLY.. NOT LOOKING AWAY FROM EACH OTHER.. THE HUM OF THE OLD CHEMISTRY THAT NEVER WENT AWAY.. AND NOW IT'S SADDER, WISER.. AND MORE DANGEROUS BECAUSE OF IT.. HOLD THE MOMENT.. THEN SHARON BREAKS IT, DROPS HER GAZE, TAKES HER HAND AWAY FROM GRANT'S FACE.]

SHARON: I'll put the kettle on.

[SHARON MOVES AWAY, BRISK AND PRACTICAL WITH THE KETTLE, STAY WITH GRANT RATTLED BY WHAT'S JUST HAPPENED]

CUT TO:

SCENE 5286/5. ARCHES. INT. DAY LIGHT. 20.12.

LOT

[THE ARCHES IN DARKNESS, THE DOOR BOLTED. BEYOND IT WE CAN HEAR THE THUMP OF MUSIC AND THE OCCASIONAL RIBBON OF LAUGHTER AND BRIGHT CHATTER FROM PEOPLE HEADING TO THE VIC. THE DESK LAMP FLICKS ON.. PHIL IS SAT THERE. STARING AT NOTHING, BEYOND, HAPPY VOICES, MUSIC AND THE SOUND OF KIDS PLAYING ON THE SWINGS..

HE SWITCHES THE LIGHT OFF. MURKY GLOOM. ON. OFF. ON...

DISTANT LAUGHTER AND LIFE OUTSIDE, AND WE HEAR A WOMAN CALLING TO THE KIDS PLAYING ON THE SWINGS.. 'COME ON, HOMETIME..' THE KIDS PLEADING 'PLEASE, MUM, JUST A BIT LONGER.. AND THE WOMAN 'ALRIGHT, JUST A BIT LONGER.. AND LAUGHTER..

PHIL'S FACE TWISTS AS HE LISTENS.. PLEASE.. JUST A BIT LONGER]

CUT TO:

SCENE 5286/6. PHIL'S. EXT. DAY LIGHT. 20.13.

LOT

[PEGGY EXITS THE BACK GATE, HANDBAG ON HER ARM, SHE'S PUT SOME LIPSTICK ON, READY FOR THE PUB AND A PARTY.

SHE LOOKS ACROSS THE SQUARE, THE VIC PULSING WITH LIFE AND NOISE. IT LOOKS A LONG LONG WAY AWAY. AND JUST FOR A SECOND SHE LOOKS UNCERTAIN.. BUT THAT'S WHERE SHE'S GOING AND SHE'S DETERMINED..

SHE HEADS OFF WALKING.. ABSOLUTELY FOCUSSSED ON THAT GOAL, GETTING TO THE VIC. A FEW PASSERS BY GREET HER AND SHE SMILES BACK.. BUT THE NORMALITY TAKES SO MUCH STRENGTH...

AND IN B/G WE SEE MARTIN AND KYLE HEADING ACROSS THE SQUARE, LOOKING LIKE THE WORST ROBBERS EVER, VERY SUSPECT...]

[AND TIGHT ON PEGGY AS SHE WALKS.. A PAIN SUDDENLY GRIPPING HER, COURSING THROUGH HER.. SHE GASPS.. CHECKS AROUND HER, NO-ONE NEARBY.. ANOTHER WAVE OF PAIN AND SHE HAS TO BITE HER LIP TO NOT CRY OUT. HANGS ON TO THE RAILINGS OF THE SQUARE..HER KNUCKLES TIGHT.. HER EYES SQUEEZED SHUT, TEETH GRITTED... WAITING FOR IT TO PASS.

A MOMENT..AND SHE TAKES HER HAND FROM THE RAILING. SHE'S SHAKY, BRUSHES HER HAND OFF.. PATS HER HAIR, TRYING TO CONTROL HER RAGGED BREATHING. SHE LOOKS SO ALONE IN HER PRIVATE WAR.. IF SHE WAS ANYONE ELSE, SHE'D CALL FOR HELP BUT SHE'S NOT.. SHE WALKS ON, SLOWLY, CAREFULLY... HER EYES ON THE PRIZE OF THOSE VIC DOORS.. COMING CLOSER.. AND CLOSER.. EVERY INCH IS A MILE.. NEARLY AT THE CORNER DOORS.. NEARLY THERE, NEARLY THERE.. HER HAND GOING OUT TO OPEN THE DOORS-

HER HAND ON THE DOOR.. THE WARPED DISTORTION OF HER OWN FACE REFLECTED IN THE POLISHED BRASS PUSH-PLATE. TIGHT ON PEGGY, A DEEP, DEEP BREATH...]

PEGGY: Here we go.

[AND SHE PLASTERS A PEGGY SMILE ON HER FACE AND PUSHES THE DOOR OPEN-]

CUT TO:

SCENE 5286/7. VIC. INT. DAY LIGHT. 20.15.

STAGE 1

[PEGGY ENTERING, STAY WITH HER POV. THE THRONGING PUB. THE NOISE AND THE LIFE INSIDE IS LIKE A TIDAL WAVE.. THE SOUND DISTORTED, EVERYTHING SEEM TOO MUCH, TOO BIG.. A KARAOKE MACHINE SET UP. TINA AND WHITNEY ARE SINGING 'SUMMER NIGHTS'. PEOPLE ARE DANCING, LAUGHING.. ALL OUR REGS, MICK, SHIRLEY, TRACEY BEHIND THE BAR, KATHY IN THE CROWD WITH A LURID COCKTAIL.. RONNIE BEAMS AT PEGGY, SO PROUD OF HER.. TRACEY COLLECTING GLASSES, PEGGY SMILES AND GREETS HER, A WAVE AND A BIG GRIN FOR OTHER FRIENDS.. TO ANYONE ELSE SHE LOOKS LIKE PEGGY MITCHELL, THE BOSS, THE GUV'NOR.. ONLY WE KNOW WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON WITH HER..

STAY WITH HER POV.. FACES FLOODING HER VISION, SMILES, GREETINGS, HANDS REACHING OUT, THE CRUSH OF BODIES.. THE NOISE, THE NOISE.. THE DISTORTED BOOMING VOICES.. PEGGY CONCENTRATES ON GETTING TO THE BAR, CONCENTRATES ON STAYING UPRIGHT.. ON NOT BETRAYING HERSELF.. HER HEART BANGS IN HER CHEST...]

[SHE MAKES IT TO THE BAR... GRIPS IT. CAN FEEL ANOTHER PAIN COMING...SHIRLEY COMES OVER... HER VOICE SOUNDS FAR AWAY...]

SHIRLEY: Peggy. It's good to see you.

PEGGY: And you darling.

SHIRLEY: What are you having?

PEGGY: Well, what do you think?

PEGGY/SHIRLEY: Champagne.

PEGGY: Enough for everyone to have a glass.

SHIRLEY: I'll nip out the back and get some more glasses and a few bottles.

PEGGY: When you're ready darling. No rush.

[SHIRLEY TURNS AWAY TO GET ON WITH THE ORDER.. PEGGY SMILES AT FRIENDS.. AND ON THE BAR, HER HANDS ARE CLENCHED TIGHT, HOLDING IT TOGETHER BUT ONLY JUST]

CUT TO:

SCENE 5286/8. NO. 27. INT. DAY LIGHT. 20.18.

STUDIO A

[GRANT IS AT THE FRONT DOOR ABOUT TO LEAVE]

GRANT: You don't look any different, you know that?

SHARON: I'm 46 and I'm going grey. I look very different.

GRANT: Not to me you don't. I wasn't very good to you, back then. I made a lot of mistakes.

[ON SHARON, TAKEN ABACK]

SHARON: Well I wasn't that great myself, was I?

GRANT: I was a real idiot. But you only work that stuff out when it's too late.

[AND HE KISSES HER CHEEK GENTLY, SHARON TURNS HER FACE SLIGHTLY INTO THE KISS.. AND JUST FOR A FEW SECONDS, THEIR FACES ARE SO CLOSE TOGETHER.. JUST FOR A FEW SECONDS.. AND THEN HE SMILES AT HER.. AND GOES]

[AND WITH SHARON LISTENING TO HIM WALKING AWAY, THE FRONT DOOR CLOSING, ROCKED TO HER CORE. SHE PUTS HER FINGERS TO HER CHEEK WHERE HE KISSED HER]

CUT TO:

SCENE 5286/9. SQUARE. EXT. DAY LIGHT. 20.21.

LOT

[KYLE KEEPING DOG'S EYE AT THE CORNER OF THE SQUARE... MARTIN BEHIND HIM, HOLDING A TOILET.. KYLE HOLDS HIS HAND UP TO STOP MARTIN AS HE SEES GRANT HEADING OUT OF NUMBER 27 AND DOWN TO PHIL'S. MARTIN ENDS UP PUTTING THE TOILET DOWN AND SITTING ON IT. KYLE FINALLY LOOKS ROUND AT HIM TO TELL HIM IT'S SAFE TO MOVE.. AND SEES MARTIN SITTING ON THE TOILET.

KYLE: Wait, wait, wait, wait.

MARTIN: What? Oh come on.

KYLE: What are you doing?

MARTIN: Well they're heavier than they look, mate. Yeah?

[KYLE ROLLS HIS EYES. THEY PICK UP THE TOILET AND SCURRY AWAY]

CUT TO:

SCENE 5286/10. PHIL'S. INT. DAY LIGHT. 20.23.

STUDIO C

[LIVING ROOM. PHIL, THE WEIGHT OF IT ALL PRESSING DOWN ON HIM, THE SHEER DREAD OF PEGGY'S INTENTIONS.. ON THE SHELF, THE LINE OF FAMILY PHOTOS FROM HAPPIER TIMES WHEN EVERYTHING WAS CERTAIN. PEGGY'S BIG, SMILE.. HIM AND GRANT STANDING EITHER SIDE OF THEIR INDOMITABLE MUM... HE HEARS THE BACK DOOR GO-]

GRANT: [OOV] Mum? Mum?

[AND PHIL'S FACE HARDENS. WANTING TO PUNISH GRANT FOR NOT HAVING TO BEAR WHAT HE HAS TO.. GRANT ENTERS THE LIVING ROOM. PHIL DOESN'T LOOK AT HIM]

PHIL: You're still here then.

GRANT: Yeah, I'm still here. So where's Mum?

PHIL: Why do you always get it so easy Grant, eh?

GRANT: What me? Get it easy?

PHIL: Yeah. You. You walk in here like you own the gaff, thinking you know it all and then you slam a few doors and then you just walk off out again. Leaving me to deal with stuff you've got no idea about at all. Well, I take my hat off to you, Grant, I really do because you-

[AND HE PUTS HIS HAND ON GRANT'S SHOULDER - 'FRIENDLY NOT FRIENDLY'. GRANT TENSES, NARROWS HIS EYES]

-you always get it so easy. Don't ya?

GRANT: I'm warning you-

PHIL: You're warning me what? You're warning me nothing. What you going to do? Eh? [SHOVE] You gonna walk out again because you can't handle it? You gonna, you gonna slam a few more doors? Eh? [SHOVE] Well why don't you ponce off, eh? Just ponce off back to the Algarve cos I don't need you here. Go on. Sling your hook -

[PHIL SHOVES HIM AGAIN AND GRANT FLARES UP, SHOVES HIM HARD BACK. PHIL STAGGERS, NO WAY IS HE REALLY STRONG ENOUGH FOR THIS. BUT HIS TEMPER IS UP -]

GRANT: Sort yourself out, or I will hurt you-

[PHIL THROWS A PUNCH WHICH CONNECTS, KNOCKING GRANT SLIGHTLY OFF BALANCE.. PHIL CRIES OUT FROM THE PAIN IN HIS SIDE, AGONY FROM THROWING THE PUNCH.. BY THE TIME GRANT TURNS BACK WITH HIS FIST CLENCHED, PHIL IS HANGING ON TO THE WALL, HIS LEGS WEAK, TEETH GRITTED.. AND THE MOMENTARY FLARE OF VIOLENCE IN BOTH MEN EVAPORATES ENTIRELY.. PHIL TRYING TO CATCH HIS BREATH, GETS TO A CHAIR, HOLDING ONTO IT, TRYING TO CATCH HIS BREATH.. HE LOOKS LIKE WHAT HE IS.. A DESPERATELY ILL MAN. GRANT CAN HARDLY LOOK AT HIM. GRANT PICKS UP WHATEVER'S BEEN KNOCKED OVER, STRAIGHTENS FURNITURE. A LONG, LONG MOMENT. FINALLY GRANT LOOKS AT HIS BROTHER]

GRANT: You're a mess. I don't even want to begin to think what your liver looks like.

PHIL: Who told you about that?

GRANT: Sharon.

PHIL: Suppose it was her that phoned you and all?

GRANT: Yeah. [BEAT] Where's the money Phil? Where's my money? The rainy day money. The money you leant to Kathy. You swore you'd pay me back. And you haven't.

[A LONG MOMENT]

PHIL: [QUIET, SHAME] I ain't got a penny. If I could put it in your hands now, I would. But I can't because I ain't got it.

GRANT: D'you know how much trouble I am now in because of you? Did you even stop to think about that when you were crawling inside a bottle?

PHIL: Tell you the truth I weren't thinking at all at the time.
[BEAT] And what trouble?

GRANT: [SHAKES HIS HEAD] I don't want to talk about it now. Right now it's rather low on my list of priorities. You and me, we've got to work out how to look after Mum. We got to find out what she needs.

[AND ON PHIL, HE CLOSES HIS EYES BRIEFLY, THERE IS NO LOOKING AFTER MUM.]

So, where is she?

PHIL: At the Vic.

GRANT: Is she alright being there on her own? I mean, is she strong enough?

[AND PHIL CAN'T KEEP THIS TO HIMSELF ONE SECOND LONGER]

PHIL: She wants to say goodbye to it all.

GRANT: What d'you mean, goodbye? Is she going back to Aunt Sal's?

PHIL: No. No, she ain't going back to Aunt Sal's Grant.

[PHIL TURNS TO FACE GRANT TO TELL HIM]

CUT TO:

SCENE 5286/11. VIC - LADIES TOILET. INT. DAY LIGHT. 20.28.

STAGE 1

[EMPTY BUT FOR PEGGY.. MUSIC THUMPS AND SHOUTS AND LAUGHS FROM THE BAR. HER HANDS SHAKING, HER FACE DRAWN, PEGGY OPENS HER PILL BOTTLE, SHAKES OUT TWO.. PUTS THEM IN HER MOUTH, PUTS HER HAND UNDER THE TAP AND WASHES THEM DOWN WITH A HANDFUL OF WATER. BREATHES OUT AND WAITS FOR THE PAIN TO SUBSIDE. WE HEAR THE DOOR OPENING AND PEGGY QUICKLY PUTS THE PILLS BACK IN HER HANDBAG, PRETENDS TO BE REPAIRING HER FACE AS WHITNEY ENTERS, GIVING PEGGY A SMILE]

WHITNEY: Hello Peggy. Alright?

PEGGY: Oh hello darling. Yeah, yeah. Martin and Stacey here yet?

WHITNEY: Er, yeah. Well they had to go get something but they will be back. Something to do with the wedding I think.

[PEGGY ISN'T EVEN LISTENING, A LOOK ON HER FACE AS IF SHE CAN SMELL SOMETHING.]

PEGGY: Are you smoking?

WHITNEY: No, I ain't smoked in ages.

PEGGY: I can smell smoking... strong smoking.

[A LITTLE BEAT, WHITNEY LOOKING AT HER CURIOUSLY AND PEGGY COVERS BRIGHTLY]

PEGGY: Oh, you know that top you've got on - it's lovely and it really suits you darling.

WHITNEY: Thank you.

[WHITNEY BEAMS AT THE COMPLIMENT, PEGGY PICKS UP HER HANDBAG]

PEGGY: Oh, hang on. Is Martin and Stacey here yet?

[whitney frowns]

WHITNEY: Um, I just ... told you ...

PEGGY: Course you did, silly me. It's old age ain't it.

[peggy turns away, take her face as she leaves - her fear ...
she's done it again]

CUT TO:

SCENE 5286/12. VIC. INT. DAY LIGHT. 20.23.

STAGE 1

[PEGGY COMES OUT OF THE LADIES TO FIND GRANT AND PHIL. THE LOOK ON GRANT'S FACE. PHIL'S TOLD HIM, THAT MUCH IS OBVIOUS. SHE LOOKS PAST GRANT TO PHIL. HE'S TOLD HIM, IT'S OBVIOUS. PHIL LOOKS AWAY.

AND QUICKLY TAKE KATHY IN THE CROWD, TAKEN ABACK AT SEEING GRANT]

GRANT: Mum, we need a conversation. Right now.

[PEGGY BRISTLES AT THE 'NOW', HEADS TO THE BAR, THEY FOLLOW. WE CAN SEE SHIRLEY SETTING UP CHAMPAGNE GLASSES ON THE BAR, ICE BUCKETS FULL OF BOTTLES. MICK SERVING. IN B/G, KATHY FLICKS A GLANCE FROM PHIL TO GRANT TO PEGGY...]

PEGGY: [to Mick] Governor, could we go out back for a minute?

[MICK LOOKS FROM PEGGY TO GRANT. TO PHIL. BACK TO GRANT. THEN BACK TO PEGGY]

Nothing'll get broken. I promise you

MICK: Yeah, sweet. I trust you.

[PEGGY HEADS OUT TO THE BARREL STORE, GRANT AND PHIL FOLLOWING. MICK WATCHES THEM GO. KATHY ALSO WATCHES, GLAD TO BE OUT OF MITCHELL DRAMAS]

SHIRLEY: [LOW, OF GRANT] SO that's the brother is it?

KATHY: [HEAVILY] Yeah, that's him.

CUT TO:

SCENE 5286/13. VIC - BARREL STORE. INT. DAY LIGHT. 20.32.

LOT

[PEGGY ENTERS, HIGH TEMPER, EYES SNAPPING, GRANT AND PHIL FOLLOW AND PEGGY CLOSES THE DOOR. KEEP VOICES LOW, DON'T WANT ANY EARWIGGERS. GRANT BIG AND TAUT, PHIL WITHDRAWN, LIKE HIS HEAD IS THUMPING]

PEGGY: Sit down-

GRANT: Mum, I'm doing the talking and I'm not sitting down-

[PEGGY JABS A FINGER AT SOME CRATES]

PEGGY: Grant, put your backside down there on that barrel or so help me...

[A MOMENT. PEGGY'S GLARE. GRANT AND PHIL SIT, LIKE A PAIR OF NAUGHTY BOYS. PEGGY TAKES A DEEP BREATH. KEEPS HER VOICE LOW]

I have made a choice-

GRANT: [HISST] What to off yourself?

PEGGY: I am not offing myself-

GRANT: Yes, you are-

It's giving up. It's wrong and I'm not going to let you do it.

[A LITTLE BEAT, PEGGY HOLDS IT TOGETHER. ALL HER DIGNITY, ALL HER COURAGE]

PEGGY: Grant, it is in my bones and it's in my brain and I'm not going to get any better-

GRANT: Mum-

[GRANT OPENS HIS MOUTH TO SPEAK, PEGGY HOLDS UP A HAND TO STOP HIM, PHIL KEEPS HIS HEAD DOWN, STARING AT HIS FEET]

PEGGY: I hurt, darlin. I can't hold onto myself. I am losing myself. My thoughts. They just slip - slip through my fingers, you know, just like water.

GRANT: We'll find a doctor to help with the pain. There's help out there mum. Look, I know that you're frightened and you're down but we're here.

PEGGY: Phil, please. Will you talk to this brother of yours. Will you make him see sense?

[AND ON PHIL HIS FACE DRAWN]

PHIL: But he's right mum.

[AND THE BOTTOM CRASHES OUT OF PEGGY'S WORLD. TAKE GRANT, 'FINALLY, THANK YOU']

Grant's right. We can't let you do this.

PEGGY: ..but you said you understood.

PHIL: Yeah well I don't. I'd do anything for you, Mum. Anything. I'd rip my heart out for you. But not this. I mean, you're making out it's romantic and easy and simple. But it ain't. It's not like going to sleep or just slipping away. It's horrible. It's terrible. It's cruel.

GRANT: The hospital will know how to look after you.

[GRANT AND PHIL GO TO PEGGY, KIND AND GENTLE]

We will look after you-

PEGGY: You. You're going back to Portugal-

GRANT: Yes and Sam will be over on the next flight and I'll be back as soon as I can. Night and day mum, we'll be there for you. We'll have time to say all the important things, you won't be alone, mum.

PHIL: Listen, it's our turn to look after you.

GRANT: Alright?

[AND TAKE PEGGY, STRICKEN. LOOKS AT THEIR FACES, ALL THEY WANT IS TO DO THE RIGHT THING.. AND SHE NODS. PHIL AND GRANT'S RELIEF. THE DOOR OPENS.. TRACEY ENTERS]

TRACEY: Sorry, lager's gone.

PEGGY: That's alright. You go ahead, darlin'. Me and the boys are done.

CUT TO:

SCENE 5286/14. VIC HALLWAY. INT. DAY LIGHT. 20.36.

STAGE 1

[BEYOND THE NOISE OF THE BAR.. PHIL, GRANT AND PEGGY COMING THROUGH.. PEGGY HESITATES]

PEGGY: Um... Give me a moment, I want to check me lippy.

PHIL: [LOW] Mum, you don't have to say goodbye now. You can it that another day. Okay?

[PEGGY NODS, HIDING HER DESPAIR. PHIL AND GRANT GO THROUGH INTO THE BAR.. AND STAY WITH PEGGY. THE WHOLE POINT OF THIS EVENING IN PIECES. AND THAT LOOK ON HER FACE, AS IF SHE CAN SMELL SOMETHING... AND HER WORLD SHRINKS. aLL THE NOISE FROM THE BAR MUTED AND DISTORTED AS IF SHE'S NOT THERE AT ALL. THE DIMENSIONS OF THE HALLWAY FEEL STRANGE. LINDA COMES FROM THE KITCHEN, A BOX OF CHAMPAGNE FLUTES, TAKEN ABACK WHEN SHE SEES PEGGY, IN HER HALLWAY]

LINDA: [SURPRISE] Oh. Peggy, isn't it?

[peggy starts a little - and she's back in the room]

PEGGY: [COVERING] Yeah. Oh, got all the glasses you need?

LINDA: Yeah, more than. I'll just, er, I'll run them through the washer and then we'll be all set.

[AND WITH PEGGY, THAT TOAST, DRINKING TO MARTIN AND STACEY, THE SECRET GOODBYE TO IT ALL.. THAT'S NOT GOING TO HAPPEN NOW]

PEGGY: Yeah, um... Martin and Stacey here?

LINDA: Oh, they'll be back in a bit. Not going to miss their own stag and hen, are they?

PEGGY: Um... Would you do me a favour.

LINDA: Yeah, course.

PEGGY: Will you make the toast to them on my behalf?

LINDA: Me? No, no, you should do it.

PEGGY: No, no. I've got to get home. But I'd love you to do it. You know? From the old landlady of the Queen Vic to the new landlady. Um... the Champagne toast, do you know it?

LINDA: Yeah, I know it. It's my Mum's favourite. It'd be my pleasure.

[PEGGY SMILES A THANKS, GOES TO PASS HER AND PAUSES.

PEGGY: Thank you. Someone's smoking. Can you smell it?

LINDA: It's probably Shirley having a crafty fag. I can tell her till I'm blue in the face, but I might as well be talking to myself.

[LINDA GIVES HER A GRIN AND HEADS THROUGH TO THE BAR WITH HER CRATE OF GLASSES. A MOMENT WITH PEGGY. SHE TENDERLY TOUCHES THE WALL OF HER BELOVED VIC AND LOOKS LOVINGLY UP THE STAIRS]

PEGGY: Oh you dear old, lovely, lady...

CUT TO:

SCENE 5286/15. VIC. INT. DAY LIGHT. 20.40.

STAGE 1

['TIME OF MY LIFE' FROM DIRTY DANCING IS BEING HAMMERED OUT ON THE KARAOKE.. PEGGY EMERGES FROM OUT THE BACK AND MAKES HER WAY THROUGH THE BAR, THROUGH THE LAUGHING CROWDS TO THE DOORS... SHE LOOKS BACK ROUND THE PUB, IT LOOKS GOLDEN, THE SUN SLANTING IN THROUGH THE WINDOWS... AND SHE TURNS AWAY, OPENS THE DOORS AND EXITS]

CUT TO:

SCENE 5286/16. VIC/ SQUARE. EXT. DAY LIGHT. 21.41.

LOT

[EVENING SUN. PEGGY EXITS. GRANT AND PHIL WAITING FOR HER]

PEGGY: I'm so tired now.

[THEY OFFER HER AN ARM EACH, PEGGY TUCKS HER HAND THROUGH THEIR ELBOWS AND THEY WALK. THE BOYS SO PROTECTIVE, PEGGY LOOKING SO TINY. THE SENSE OF BOTH PHIL AND GRANT'S RELIEF, THEIR PROTECTIVENESS. THEY'RE DOING THE RIGHT THING]

PEGGY: You, um, you boys made up have you?

GRANT: Yeah, course.

[PHIL SHOOTS A LOOK AT GRANT'S PROFILE, RELIEVED]

PEGGY: Good. I'm glad. Cos, just in case you didn't know it, you boys, you're my world.

PHIL: And you're ours mum. You're ours...

[PEGGY DRAWS THEM CLOSER TO HER, THEY WALK ON]

[AND IN B/G KUSH AND KYLE CATCH THEIR BREATH, LEANING ON A WALL]

KYLE: How many left?

KUSH: Too many.

BELINDA: Will you hurry up?

[AND BELINDA APPEARS ON THE CORNER, BECKONING THEM FRANTICALLY TO COME AND GET MORE BLOODY TOILETS. THEY ROLL THEIR EYES AND GO]

CUT TO:

SCENE 5286/17. PHIL'S. INT. DAY LIGHT. 20.43.

STUDIO C

[PHIL, GRANT, PEGGY. PEGGY PUTS HER HANDBAG ON THE SIDE. ALL OF THEM SO QUIET, SO SUBDUED]

GRANT: Cheers Phil.

PEGGY: Right, well... Um, look... I'm going to get ready for bed. You two have a proper catch up. Eh?

GRANT: Mum, where are your pills?

PEGGY: Oh, they're - they're in my bag.

GRANT: Can I have a look?

PEGGY: Yeah. Yeah, of course.

[A MOMENT, GRANT TAKES THE PILLS OUT OF THE HANDBAG.. PHIL FEELS ASHAMED ABOUT THIS BUT IT HAS TO BE DONE. GRANT READS THE LABEL, RAISES AN EYEBROW, THESE ARE STRONG.. HANDS THE PILLS TO PHIL]

PHIL: We'll look after 'em, Mum. Alright? I'll leave a couple on the side for you. For later. But just let me know if you need them. Okay?

[AND WITH PEGGY, THEY MEAN SO WELL, BUT EVEN THIS IS MAKING HER HELPLESS, TAKING HER DECISIONS AWAY, LIKE A LITTLE CHILD]

GRANT: We're just taking care of you. That's all.

[GRANT KISSES PEGGY]

I love you and I'll be back as soon as I can.

PEGGY: Have a safe journey darling, won't you? Night Phil.

[PEGGY SMILES AT THEM BOTH AND LEAVES THE KITCHEN, THEY LISTEN TO HER GOING UPSTAIRS. THEY DON'T QUITE LOOK AT EACH OTHER]

PHIL: I'll buy you a pint.

[GRANT NODS. PHIL EVEN OPENS THE BACK DOOR FOR HIM.. THEY GO.. THE SOUND OF THE TAP DRIPPING. THE CLOCK TICKING]

CUT TO:

SCENE 5286/18A. INT. PEGGY'S BEDROOM. INT. NIGHT. 20.43.

[PEGGY TAKES A PILL. SHE STARTS UNPINNING HER HAIR, WIPES THE LAST OF HER MAKEUP OFF]

CUT TO:

SCENE 5286/18B. INT. PHIL'S DOWNSTAIRS.
INT. NIGHT. 20.44.

[PEGGY DESCENDS THE STAIRS IN HER SLIPPERS/ 'LITTLE BLACKBIRD' LOOK]

CUT TO:

SCENE 5286/19. PHIL'S. INT. DAY LIGHT.
20.44.

STUDIO C

[PEGGY GOES TO THE SINK AND GETS A GLASS OF WATER TO TAKE HER PILL]

PAT: Are you alright girl?

PEGGY: No. No I ain't. I was all ready and I weren't frightened but now... Everything's change and I'm frightened. So frightened.

CUT TO:

SCENE 5286/20. PHIL'S/ SQUARE. EXT. DAY LIGHT. 20.47.

LOT

[EVENING SUNSHINE SLANTING ACROSS THE SQUARE. PEGGY OPENS THE GATE, COMES OUT INTO THE SQUARE.. LOOKING AROUND]

PEGGY: Hello? You there?

[NOTHING.. SHE COMES A FEW STEPS FURTHER LOOKING ACROSS THE SQUARE, THE BRIGHT VIC PUMPING WITH MUSIC AND LAUGHTER..

AND THEN, PIERCING THROUGH IT ALL.. THE SOUND OF A BLACKBIRD'S SONG FROM THE TREES IN THE GARDENS..

PEGGY GOES OVER TO LISTEN.. HER FACE LIT UP, TRANSFORMED.. THE SONG SO PURE AND PERFECT..

AND WITH SHARON EXITING RONNIE;S FRONT DOOR, PUTS A BAG OF RUBBISH IN THE BIN AND SEES WITH SHOCK, PEGGY STANDING BY THE RAILINGS OF THE SQUARE...

SHARON GOES OVER...]

[WITH PEGGY, UTTERLY ABSORBED, LIKE THE BLACKBIRD IS SINGING FOR HER AND HER ALONE- SHARON APPROACHING.. AND THE SIGHT OF PEGGY, SO UN-PEGGY, THE WOMAN UNDERNEATH HER ARMOUR, KICKS SHARON IN THE HEART...]

SHARON: Peggy?

PEGGY: Sssh. Listen.

[SHARON LISTENS.. THE BLACKBIRD'S SONG, PEGGY'S RAPT FACE]

PEGGY: Oh hello love. Just so perfect.

SHARON: Yeah, let me take you home-

[PEGGY TURNS TO LOOK AT HER, SO MANY YEARS OF THEIR BATTLES, THEIR CONFLICTS.. WHAT DOES THAT MATTER NOW?]

PEGGY: We've never really liked each other, have we, Sharon?

SHARON: Well that's blunt.

PEGGY: Yeah. True, though. But I suppose I've ended up being quite fond of you now.

SHARON: [HALF-LAUGHS] Quite fond. High praise indeed. I'll take it.

PEGGY: And I trust you to keep an eye on Phil. When I can't do it.

SHARON: I'll always have his back. And I've got yours Peggy, cos as it turns out, I've grown quite fond of you and all.

[PEGGY SMILES, A LITTLE MOMENT BETWEEN THEM BOTH. THEN PEGGY PATS SHARON'S ARM, TURNS TO GO]

PEGGY: [OF THE MOCKINGBIRD, LEAVING] Oh. Wasn't that the most beautiful thing, eh?

SHARON: I'll pop by and see you tomorrow?

[BUT PEGGY JUST DOES A BACKWARD WAVE OVER HER SHOULDER, NOT TURNING. SHARON WATCHES AS SHE GOES IN TROUGH THE GATE AND CLOSES IT. A MOMENT WITH SHARON, THE BIRD SINGING IN THE TREES AND SHE TURNS AND HEADS BACK]

CUT TO:

SCENE 5286/21. PHIL'S. INT. DAY LIGHT. 20.51.

STUDIO C

[PEGGY RETURNS TO THE HOUSE AND MAKES HER WAY TO THE STAIRCASE WHERE SHE CAN SEE SMOKE FILLING THE HALLWAY. PAT IS SAT SMOKING A CIGARETTE]

PEGGY: Oh, I might have known it was you. With your earrings rattling like Marley's bleedin' chains.

PAT: What? These are my favourites! I think I look smashing.

PEGGY: Yeah you do. Look at the state of me though. Eh? The state of me. I'm like a litte old bird that's fallen out of it's nest. Anyway, shift yourself you mad old tart. I've got stuff to do.

[PAT HAS VANISHED AND PEGGY MAKES HER WAY UPSTAIRS]

CUT TO:

SCENE 5286/22. VIC. INT. DAY LIGHT. 20.53.

STAGE 1

[FRUIT MACHINE AND DART BOARD END. THE STAG AND HEN ROARS ELSEWHERE, PHIL AND GRANT SIT TOGETHER IN A QUIETER CORNER, BY THE DARTBOARD.. JUST GLIMPSE SHIRLEY EYEING THEM, INTRIGUED AND WATCHFUL FROM THE BAR. GRANT HAS A LARGE SCOTCH WHICH HE SWIRLS ROUND THE GLASS BUT DOESN'T DRINK, PHIL HAS A JUICE]

PHIL: I'll do everything I can to get you that money back. As long as me and you are OK, then anything can everything'll get sorted, can't it?

GRANT: No, that was just for Mum.

PHIL: [BEAT] What?

GRANT: You might be able to pay that money back one day but it ain't going to be now and now is when I really need it. And it ain't just my money, it's Courtney's aswell. My daughter, rememebr her? Yeha well that money was her future. So no, we're not OK.

PHIL: ...right.

GRANT: Mum won't know. No-one else will know. Just you and me. And when the time comes that I don't have to play nice, I am going to bring you a war, Phil. Just so we're clear.

[A MOMENT, TAKE PHIL, ALRIGHT, IF THAT'S THE WAY IT'S GOING TO BE]

PHIL: Well, cheer up. I might not make it.

GRANT: No. But if you do, that's what's coming your way.

PHIL: Fine.

[GRANT GETS UP. LOOKS DOWN AT HIS BROTHER, HIS FACE LIKE GRANITE. AND HE PUSHES THE WHISKEY TOWARDS PHIL]

GRANT: Here. Have a drink. Fill your boots.

[AND THEN HE EXITS. PHIL STARES AT THE DRINK AND VERY SLOWLY AND DELIBERATELY, HE PUSHES IT AWAY FROM HIM...]

[HE LOOKS UP AND SHIRLEY IS WATCHING HIM FROM THE BAR, SEEING HIM PUSH THE GLASS AWAY. SHE DROPS HIM A LITTLE WINK, A LITTLE LOOK, SOMETHING TO SAY SHE'S PROUD OF HIM. MOVES AWAY TO SERVE]

[PHIL SIPS HIS JUICE]

CUT TO:

SCENE 5286/23. BRIDGE STREET. EXT. DAY LIGHT. 20.56.

LOT

[A BLACK CAB WAITING. GRANT ABOUT TO GET INTO IT BUT PAUSES AND LOOKS BACK, ACROSS THE SQUARE TO PHIL'S HOUSE.. AND FOR A SECOND HE HESITATES WITH GOING BACK TO PEGGY.. THEN HE CHECKS HIS WATCH.. NO TIME]

GRANT: [TO CABBIE] City airport mate.

[AND THE CAB TRUNDLES AWAY..

AS THE BEALE BACK GATE OPENS AND A BLITHE IAN EXITS, HEADING TO THE VIC FOR THE STAG]

CUT TO:

SCENE 5286/24. PHIL'S BEDROOM. INT. NIGHT. 20.57.

STUDIO C

[PEGGY SITS AT HER MIRROR, HAIR AND MAKE-UP PERFECT. SHE SPRAYS HERSELF WITH PERFUME.

PAT IS SAT ON HER BED WATCHING HER.

PEGGY OPENS A POT OF PILLS AND POURS THEM ON THE DRESSING TABLE INFRONT OF HER]

PEGGY: You know what I think about?

PAT: Yeah. That day the pair of us got drunk in the ice cream van. Remember? Oh, Phil's face when he had to come and get us. He was fuming! Fit to be tied.

PEGGY: Yeah. It was such a laugh. Weren't it?

PAT: What? I was hungover for a week! But yeah it was a good day. It was like being young again, the whole world there for the taking.

PEGGY: My old Granny used to do this. Open a window and let the soul fly out.

[PEGGY OPENS A WINDOW]

PAT: Oh, you've got a soul then have you?

PEGGY: How beautiful it all is. How much I've loved it. I've loved it all so much and - Am I doing the right thing?

PAT: What are you asking me for? I'm not even here am I?

PEGGY: Will they ever forgive me? The kids... Am I going to break their hearts?

PAT: Oh Peggy, you know the answer to that. Don't you?

PEGGY: I just can't wait. You know. I'm- I'm being eaten alive and it hurts and I can't wait. I don't want that to be me. No. I don't want to be that little old lady in the bed being looked after, knowing that people would say 'oh remember her? Remember? Yeah. Peggy Mitchell. Such a feisty one she was. Now she's all skin and bone and helpless'. No. No. Not me. I will go as I've lived. Straight back. Head high. Like a Queen. Well what do you reckon?

PAT: Not bad for a bottle blonde.

PEGGY: You bitch.

PAT: You cow.

PEGGY: Oh, my friend. Oh my dear friend. You won't ever leave me will you?

PAT: No sweetheart. Not for one single second.

PEGGY: Thank you.

[PEGGY RETURNS TO THE PILLS AT HER TABLE AND STARTS TO SWALLOW THEM AS WE MOVE TO THE SQUARE.

ROLL CREDITS.

WE SEE A NOTE LEFT FOR PHIL ON THE DRESSING TABLE.

THE EMPTY PILL POT.

A CLOCK TICKS.

IT STOPS]

FADE OUT