

Gold Digger

Written by

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Episode Two

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Part One: 'Her'

1 **EXT. DAY HOUSE - DAY 6**

1

JULIA's face all we can see, twisted up with a gleeful laugh.
All we can hear are her words -

JULIA (O.S.)
I thought I was finished with all
this.

She turns her gaze, and now we see - BENJAMIN. Sat beside her
in her Volvo. Beyond him, the winding approach to her house.

JULIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
That lurching feeling in your
stomach.

Julia watches Benjamin drink in his first view of her home.

2 **EXT. DAY HOUSE - KITCHEN GARDEN - DAY 6**

2

The garden's in full autumnal bloom. We can tell it's Julia's
pride and joy as she shows it off to Benjamin. Her enthusiasm
contagious. She deadheads lupins as she goes. He jogs ahead,
she instantly stops what she's doing - eyes following him -

JULIA (O.S.)
Not being able to get anything
done, because all you're thinking
about all the time - is them.

Julia watches Benjamin keep running, until he's smaller and
smaller and still not at the limit of her land. He stretches
his arms wide - unable to believe all this is hers -

3 **INT. DAY HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY 6**

3

Julia's hand locks into Benjamin's as she gives him the tour.

JULIA (O.S.)
It's...it's terrifying.

An antique Grandfather clock catches Benjamin's eye. Julia's
inherited wealth very much on display. Hearing someone at the
door, Julia smiles at Benjamin - one sec, opens up. Takes in:
TED. In his cycling gear - a tight number. Bike by him.
Julia's face falls, instinctively looking between both men.

JULIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Being in love.

CUT TO: **TITLES**

4 **INT. DAY HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY 6**

4

Julia stares Ted down, doesn't shift from the threshold.

TED
(forced casual)
Is Leo up? I thought he might like
to come for a ride with me.

Julia just looks at him. What utter bollocks. And this is confirmed by Ted peering past her, getting eyes on Benjamin.

JULIA
(calling out)
Leo.

Ted enters without being asked. Stands just looking at - Benjamin. Whatever he was expecting, it wasn't this. Ted's hand subconsciously covers his paunch. Julia clocks it.

TED
You must be -

BENJAMIN
- Benjamin. I'm guessing you're -

TED
- Ted.

Julia weaves through the pair, goes to the stairs - yells.

JULIA
Leo.

Ted follows Julia as if it's his home, his wife. Territorially swings his helmet over the banister, then walks off into the kitchen. Calls through from in there -

TED (O.S.)
Is a tea out of the question?

5 **INT. DAY HOUSE - OPEN-PLAN KITCHEN - DAY 6**

5

Julia yanks open the dishwasher. Full. An infuriating mix of clean and dirty. She finds three clean mugs. Hurries to make the tea - get it over with. Trying not to look at: Ted sprawled on a chair, legs apart. Benjamin sat opposite him.

BENJAMIN
Can I give you a hand, Julia?

TED
Chivalrous as well. My goodness.

Julia shakes her head ever so slightly to herself. Benjamin smiles blandly back at Ted, refusing to be undermined by him.

BENJAMIN

I try.

TED

How are you enjoying your maiden voyage then, Benjamin?

BENJAMIN

Devon you mean?

Ted gives him an empty smile. Doesn't care about the answer. His opinion. Leans back in the chair, gestures about him.

TED

And the house, how are you enjoying the house?

BENJAMIN

Julia's done a lovely job.

Irking Ted. Julia walks past the bristling men, calls out of the door with as much restraint as she can manage.

JULIA

Leo. For the fifth time. Your father is here.

Julia waits. About to call again when she hears movement from upstairs. She's relieved. Behind, the kettle boils.

TED

Kettle's boiled -

Julia just about bites down on her retort. Heads to make the tea. LEO eventually enters, yanking on a not-very-fresh T-shirt. His mischievous face tells us this was no accident.

LEO

Alright, Dad. Benjamin...You've met then.

Julia gives Leo a look. Ted pats the chair by him for Leo. The pair united on one side, Benjamin adrift on the other.

BENJAMIN

Good to see you again, Leo.

Leo gives a barely there nod. Julia can't look any more, cheat-dunks the tea. Goes to toss the tea bags in the food waste bin, it's overspilling. She forces them in. Goes to the fridge. Deflates when she lifts up - the milk - it's off.

TED

(to Leo)

I was just asking Benjamin here how he's enjoying the family home -

His words fade as Julia's taken into a memory. She mechanically pours the milk sludge down the sink, thick white-

6 **INT. DAY HOUSE - OPEN-PLAN KITCHEN - NIGHT - FLASH BACK 1** 6

Caption: Twenty-Four Years Ago

Bright white tea towel. Until - a red spot, then the fast growing expanse of - blood. Julia's applying pressure to a cut in her hand, dumping a broken wine glass in the bin.

TED (O.S.)
Look at me.

A flinch. Julia stays where she is.

TED (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Look at me.

She turns. Ted's face contorted by anger, alcohol. Behind him, the debris of the poker game, the excesses of the night.

TED (CONT'D)
(loud, uncontrolled)
You were encouraging Clayton. You know you were.

He begins advancing on her. Julia's voice is hushed.

JULIA
Please, Ted, you'll wake the kids -

TED
- Admit it.

She just shakes her head. Ted stops. Stares at her. Julia roots gaze away. Sees the tea towel's discharging blood on the floor. Bends to mop it up. Stays crouched there. Waiting for the moment to pass. It does. Julia's whole being relaxes - then - Ted's hand shoots down, grabs her hair, yanks her up -

7 **INT. DAY HOUSE - OPEN-PLAN KITCHEN - DAY 6** 7

Shorter hair, and we know where we are again. Back in the present, behind Julia at the sink. Her hand gripping the empty milk bottle. In her own world, unable to pick out any words from the burble of noise behind her.

JULIA
Black.
(finishing the thought)
We'll have to have it black.

All the men turn to her. Benjamin drags back his chair, which gets Julia's attention. Worried, he comes to her side.

BENJAMIN

You okay?

She looks at him, then Ted. And on instinct, kisses Benjamin. Tongues and everything. Then disengages from him. Benjamin's as taken aback as the others. Julia doesn't even need to look at Ted. Knows that will have hurt.

8

EXT. DAY HOUSE - ENTRANCE - DAY 6

8

Julia pulls the front door behind her. Grips its handle. Biting her tongue as Leo pushes his weathered mountain bike alongside his Dad and his own bike. Their easy bond clear.

LEO

Are we racing or am I going easy on you?

TED

You going easy on *me*?

LEO

Twenty quid says I whip your arse.

TED

What lovely imagery.

Leo grins - extends a hand. Ted shakes it. Leo mounts his bike, pedals off down the drive. Now it's just the two of them, the temperature cools. Neither speak a moment.

JULIA

Got what you came for?

TED

My son joining me on a bike ride?

Julia just looks at him. He acts the innocent.

JULIA

It's...Pathetic's what it is.

Ted forces a snort of a laugh. All bitterness as -

TED

You can talk.

It stings Julia. He mounts his bike to go - can't help -

TED (CONT'D)

To be honest, I didn't realise getting the divorce through would affect you so much.

Before she can spit out a reply, he just pedals off.

9 **INT. DAY HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY 6** 9

Julia walks back in, slams the door shut. Leans against it a moment. Composing herself. Then casts her eyes about for Benjamin. Hears, the creak of a floorboard. She goes to the bottom of the stairs, cranes her neck up, sees:

Benjamin padding along landing, peering in rooms as he goes.

10 **INT. DAY HOUSE - LANDING - DAY 6** 10

Julia rounds the top of the stairs to just catch - Benjamin nudging the door to her bedroom open, heading inside -

11 **INT. DAY HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY 6, CONT.** 11

Julia enters to find Benjamin taking in her bedroom. Her old marital bed. It unnerves Julia, she's about to ask what he's doing when - hearing her, he turns to her with a half-smile.

BENJAMIN

Your home is...incredible.

His appreciation flatters Julia. Makes her proud.

JULIA

Wait until you see the show-stopper-

12 **EXT. DARTMOOR - HAYTOR - DAY 6** 12

Dartmoor laid out in front of us. Bleached moorland, a thick ring of green forest, and the bright blue sky. Julia twists to admire the other view - Benjamin. Stood beside her, silenced by the landscape. We lift up, so we're above them - as they become two dots atop Haytor - and we sweep on -

13 **EXT. DARTMOOR - DAY 6** 13

The pair walk over shrubland and divots that don't announce themselves. Julia's adept, this is her natural habitat.

BENJAMIN

How often do you come up here?

JULIA

It used to be every day.

BENJAMIN

Until I became a horrible distraction?

JULIA
(smiles)
Well yes there is that. But no, it
pre-dated you...I...

Julia keeps on walking, delivers the next as if it's easy.

JULIA (CONT'D)
With everything that happened with
Ted...Marsha...I found myself...
(matter-of-fact)
Not finding pleasure in anything.
Especially my favourite things. So
I just...I didn't do them.

There's a silence. Benjamin connecting to this, but for Julia
it's unbearably quiet - she feels exposed. As if light -

JULIA (CONT'D)
You're wishing you'd never asked.

BENJAMIN
No, I wasn't...I was thinking...
(exhales it)
That's exactly how I felt.

And now Julia turns to him. That rare thing: understanding.

14 **EXT. VILLAGE - OUTSKIRTS - DAY 6**

14

They reach a kissing gate. Benjamin goes first. Bars the way
through, leans over for the customary kiss. As Julia's lips
land on his, he pulls her closer - and it's more than just a
peck. It's lust. He then stands back, opens the gate. Grins.

15 **EXT. VILLAGE - MAIN SQUARE - DAY 6**

15

Hands clasped together. Julia squeezes tighter as - they
enter the village. It's the busiest time - DOG WALKERS
wrestle leads around posts so they can pick up their
newspapers from the SHOPKEEPER, a HORSE BOX trundles through,
post-pilates PENSIONERS take tea. To Julia it seems like
everyone turns their gaze on her and Benjamin.

JULIA
Am I going senile or...

BENJAMIN
(cheerfully)
Nope, everyone's looking at us.

She slips her hand out of his, walks faster, mood darkening.

JULIA
This place...sometimes I hate it.

BENJAMIN

So why do you stay?

JULIA

My kids.

BENJAMIN

I'm pretty sure they're classed as adults by now.

JULIA

Spoken like a non-parent. They're always kids. And this is always their home. However...small it is.

After a moment, she stops walking. Grabs his hand back up.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Sod it. Let's go back to London for a few days.

BENJAMIN

(mischievous)

Which wouldn't count as running away..?

JULIA

(smiles back at him)

Which absolutely *wouldn't* count as running away.

16 **EXT. TRAIN / DEVON COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 6**

16

A train rips through frame - leaving Devon behind -

17 **INT. TRAIN - DAY 6**

17

Julia veers unsteadily down the aisle, no hands to balance herself - they're full with mini bottles of prosecco, snacks. Benjamin visible a carriage down, on the phone. As the doors shutter open, Julia just catches what he's saying.

BENJAMIN

(het up, into phone)

- I told you, I'm working on it -

The shuttering of the doors has Benjamin turn, see Julia. He smoothly puts his phone away. Comes to help with her load.

JULIA

Who was that?

BENJAMIN

Oh, just some PPI nonsense.

Unnerving Julia. He waits for her to sit in the window seat. Then twists the prosecco, pours it into plastic cups.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)
Nothing more decadent than drinking
fizz from a plastic cup.

Julia just looks at him as he leads a mini cheers, rips open the crisps. She sips, thoughtfully. Looks out to the view.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)
Where to first then? V&A? Imperial
War? Or...shall we be terribly
behaved, sack off all things
cultural, and go straight to a bar?

She doesn't answer. Eventually turns to him.

JULIA
Do you know what I'd really like to
do..?

BENJAMIN
Please don't say the London Eye.

JULIA
(a challenge)
I'd like to meet some of your
friends.

18 **INT. MEMBERS' CLUB - NIGHT 6**

18

An overly designed place. Chandeliers vie for attention with sexual prints and mismatching chairs. Julia follows Benjamin through the squeeze and bravado. Feeling self conscious. Like this wasn't such a good idea after all. But when Benjamin turns to her she just smiles. Fine. They reach a table where a COUPLE sit kissing, the man's hand inching up her thigh.

BENJAMIN
Get a room.

They spring apart. Meet ZAC (36, wears his wealth and swagger on his sleeve). Shocked at the sight of Julia, fast recovers.

ZAC
(quiet, to Benjamin)
You dark horse.

BENJAMIN
Bianca. Julia. Julia. Bianca. And
this reprobate is Zac.

Zac dispenses a kiss on each cheek to Julia - a painful moment where she was just expecting one kiss and they nearly lock lips. BIANCA (27, at ease with herself) gives a friendly wave. Julia's hand subconsciously drifts to her hair.

BIANCA
(a Spanish accent)
Good to meet you. Come. Sit.

Both Benjamin and Zac go to pull out a chair for Julia. Zac drags his chair closer to Julia, pours out champagne for her.

ZAC
I say we devise a reason to get rid of Benj here - then we can give you the lowdown on his most dire character traits.

BENJAMIN
I think we can spare her the war stories, don't you?

And his look to Zac could be a warning. Zac puts both hands up as if busted. Leans in to Julia -

ZAC
Fine. Then I'll have to settle for grilling you on how this fledgling romance came into being.

BIANCA
(love punches Zac)
Forgive him, Julia, he's excitable.

ZAC
So shoot me, I'm excited. Benjamin, out past eight, and introducing us to a lady no less...
(back to Julia)
I need to know deets - we talking set up or organised vibe?...I'm sensing a no to Tinder.

Zac chuckles at his own joke, Julia reads the inference, smiles, trying not to have it make her feel small.

JULIA
It was just...by chance. In a museum.

Zac claps Benjamin on the shoulder.

ZAC
You lucky fuck - I can't even pick up in a bar.

BIANCA
Not that you are trying.

ZAC
Past tense. Scouts honour.

Benjamin tries to steer the conversation away from Julia.

BENJAMIN

I don't believe for one minute
they'd let you in the Scouts.

ZAC

(waves it away, to Julia)
Tell me his opening gambit.

JULIA

Do you know what, I actually can't
remember. All I know is...he was
nice when he didn't have to be.

This touches Benjamin.

ZAC

And how long's he been hiding you
away for, Julia?

JULIA

Oh, only, what is it -
(to Benjamin as if casual)
A couple of weeks?

ZAC

Don't downplay it. That right there
- is the best bit. Before the sheen
wears off and the truth outs.

BIANCA

(laughs, mock offended)
Thank you baby.

Zac kisses her. But what he's said has unnerved Julia. She darts a glance to Benjamin - smiling at Bianca, at home with them, his peers. Julia drains her drink and as she does - everything slows down - and we're just coming close, closer to Julia. Until she's all we can see. Out of her depth.

19

INT. MEMBERS' CLUB - NIGHT 6

19

'Girls Night Out' by Charli XCX is blasted out by a FEMALE DJ. In the scrum of NOT-DANCING SOCIALITES, stand Benjamin and Zac, trying to get served. Engaged in a tense looking conversation from where - Julia's sat. Nursing an espresso martini with Bianca. Julia can't think of anything to say.

BIANCA

It is nice...

Julia has to lean in to try to catch this over the noise.

BIANCA (CONT'D)

To see Benjamin happy.

JULIA

He's not normally happy?

BIANCA

The last year, not so much. Which makes me sad because, you know, he is...he is really special.

Julia checks to see Benjamin's not yet returning. Then -

JULIA

Because of his break up?

BIANCA

(nods)

This is it. He told you the story, yes?

JULIA

I just, I know it ended badly.

Bianca's face says it ended worse than that.

BIANCA

He bought the ring, he asked her parents permission, you know - everything proper and him taking it seriously, like he does. Then he asks and it's not just a no. It's a no, I've got someone else.

Clearly Julia didn't know this.

JULIA

He must have been...crushed.
(off Bianca's agreement)
What was she like?

Bianca sips her drink, which Julia reads as reticence.

JULIA (CONT'D)

Sorry I don't mean to...

BIANCA

No, come on, it is natural. I already spend three, maybe four hours looking through Zac's profile - checking out his exes. Getting crazy jealous.

Julia gives a half-laugh, a release of tension.

JULIA

Was she...glamorous, like you?

BIANCA

(laughs)

You are funny. When you know me better, you won't say glamorous. But I'll take it...Ally was...I guess you would say pretty. Blonde.

JULIA
(can't help herself)
Young.

A shrug from Bianca. And what?

JULIA (CONT'D)
Would you judge me terribly if I
asked to see a photo of her?

Bianca just laughs. Pulls out her phone, looks for a while.

BIANCA
You are more beautiful. And I don't
lie.

She shows Julia the image: Benjamin behind ALLY (35), blonde, busty, curvy. He's staring at her adoringly. It stings Julia, her insecurities roaring to the surface.

19A **INT. MEMBERS' CLUB - BAR - NIGHT 6, LATER**

19A

On her way to shit-faced, Julia leans over the bar, thrusting cash at a BARMAN. He serves tequila shots to the four of them. Benjamin a little thrown by this new wild side. Zac finding it amusing. We can't hear anything over the music, but Julia thumps her fist to denote 3, 2, 1 - tequila -

20 **EXT. MEMBERS' CLUB - NIGHT 6**

20

Julia spills out first onto the hectic Soho streets, having to rely on a lamp post to keep her vertical. The others emerge a second after her. She twists to them.

JULIA
Where we going?

ZAC
Warehouse party. Manor House.

Julia jabs her chest with one finger -

JULIA
I'm in.

BENJAMIN
Think we better pass. School night
and all.

ZAC
He's clipping your wings. Don't let
him clip your wings, Julia.

Julia nods at Zac. You're so right. Bianca hugs Julia.

BIANCA
I hope I see you soon.

JULIA
So do I. You're...lovely.

Bianca smiles. Zac does a military salute of bye and the pair weave off, arms interlocking. Julia and Benjamin left behind.

JULIA (CONT'D)
I wanted to go.

BENJAMIN
Trust me, you really didn't.

JULIA
Because I'd embarrass you?

It throws Benjamin.

BENJAMIN
Because they're hateful things. The last one I went to with Zac, I ended up with someone else's sick on my shoe...Why would you think you'd embarrass me?

She doesn't want to admit weakness so gives him a drunken kiss. A heat to it. She pulls back slightly so their bodies are almost, but not quite touching. It's turned them both on.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)
That was...

Julia just nods. Has no words. Flings her arm into the road to call for a black cab. One pulls up. Passenger window buzzed down in anticipation of an address. To Benjamin -

JULIA
What's your address?

BENJAMIN
I thought, I thought we'd go back to the hotel.

JULIA
Did you now..?

BENJAMIN
I've been dreaming of that bathtub...
(into her ear)
And everything I'm going to do to you in it.

Julia grows hot, aware of the cabbie. Is hushed in response.

JULIA

All of which you can do at yours.

BENJAMIN

(gives a laugh)

I'm just picturing my bath...and the rest of the flat...Cleaner comes tomorrow - I can't let you see it before then. Health and safety...You'd go right off me.

JULIA

Impossible.

The moment interrupted by the terse tone of the KNACKERED CABBIE (60) from inside his cab. He's impatient.

CABBIE (O.S.)

Where we going then?

BENJAMIN

Hotel, surely - why have cotton...

This has Julia's amusement die. At not being listened to.

JULIA

And I'm paying I suppose.

BENJAMIN

Why do you say that?

JULIA

Oh come on.

BENJAMIN

I do have money you know.

Suddenly there's no papering over the tensions. Julia desperately wants it to be okay again.

JULIA

Let's go to yours - I promise not to judge any and all unclean surfaces.

BENJAMIN

(unamused)

I've already said, not tonight.

JULIA

O-kay...it's starting to feel like you don't want me to see where you live. Which is a bit...

(forcing the 'joke')

Have you got another woman stashed away there?

Anger twists up Benjamin's face.

BENJAMIN
Is that what you think?

JULIA
It's called a joke. I was joking.

He reaches past her, yanks open the cab door.

BENJAMIN
Yeah well it didn't feel like it.
(puts her bag in the cab)
Look, you go. I, I'll call you -

Before she knows quite what's happened, he's ushering her into the cab. Shutting the door. No kiss. And walking off. We stay outside, looking in through cab window at:

Julia. Lost for words. She tries to keep herself together. Fails. The cabbie's lost all patience by now.

CABBIE (O.S.)
Where to?

Feeling very exposed, Julia tries to give a destination.

JULIA
I...I...

And the words choke up. She doesn't know where to go.

21 OMITTED (CONTENT MOVED TO SCENE 20) 21

22 **EXT. PATRICK & EIMEAR'S HOUSE - NIGHT 6** 22

Julia roughly runs her fingers under her eyes, trying to fix her mascara-face in door's reflection. Rings the bell. Flinching as she hears the loud ding dong echo through the house. Lights flick on. Eventually - the door opens. PATRICK, in pj shorts and mismatching top. Hair askew. Like he's just woken up. It takes him a moment to register the situation.

She doesn't know what to say. Hating how helpless she feels. Patrick comes to, takes her holdall - we'll clock the steri strips over the gash on the middle knuckle of his right hand.

PATRICK
Come in, come in -

23 **INT. PATRICK & EIMEAR'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT 6, CONT.** 23

Julia steps inside. Wobbles. Patrick closes the door behind.

EIMEAR (O.S.)
(hushed and cross)
Who was it?

EIMEAR comes into view at the top of the stairs. Pulling a robe about her. She relaxes when she sees it's Julia.

JULIA
I've caused a fuss, sorry, I
should've called first, I didn't-

PATRICK
- Mum, it's fine. It's my Mum.

EIMEAR
(short, to Patrick)
I can see that. Hi, Julia.

Eimear starts to pad softly down the stairs to join. Patrick is just looking at his Mum, full of concern. And questions.

PATRICK
Are you drunk?

Julia waves this away. Then shakes her head for good measure.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
I thought you were with Benjamin.

JULIA
Can I stay?

Of course. EIMEAR What's he done? PATRICK

Julia's too tired for this.

JULIA
He hasn't *done* anything. I...I
wanted to see my grandchildren.

PATRICK
At one in the morning?

His exposing of her is painful. Julia takes her holdall back.

JULIA
I'll just go up to bed if I may.

Which has Eimear stiffen.

EIMEAR
Get the room ready for your Mum.

Patrick looks at Eimear - realises whatever she's realised.

JULIA
Please don't go to any -

But he's bounded up the stairs by the time Julia's finished.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Trouble...Sorry about this.

EIMEAR
No more apologising. The girls will
be thrilled to see you. As are we.

Kindness is the worst right now. It chokes Julia up.

24 **INT. PATRICK & EIMEAR'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT 6** 24

It's a White Company dream in here. Julia unpacks, skipping with embarrassment over the silk nightie she brought for Benjamin. Patrick pretends he hasn't seen as he draws the blinds. Julia goes to put her novel in bedside drawer and clocks: the bed sheets rumped, a half drunk water glass and Patrick's TAG Heuer. Julia's thrown. Holds the watch up. An unspoken question. Patrick puts it on, overcompensates -

PATRICK
Lottie's into hiding stuff at the
moment. She finds it hilarious. We
find it...less so.

Both know this for the lie it is. Julia doesn't challenge him. He goes to leave. Turns back, wants to know she's okay.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
You got everything you need?

She just nods. Neither being honest with the other.

25 **INT. PATRICK & EIMEAR'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING 7** 25

Patrick and Eimear are putting on a show of being happily marrieds as they go about their early morning routine. Julia's fighting the urge to be sick, head pounding. Trying to act normally as she feigns interest in CHARLOTTE sticking dry pasta on a picture of the sun for school.

CHARLOTTE
What do you think, grandma?

Julia mmm's - even this hurts her head. Forces herself to -

JULIA
Very...sun-like.

Charlotte keeps on with her serious concentrated work, then -

CHARLOTTE
Are we seeing Grampa as well?

Piercing her armour. Julia wavers. Patrick sees this, concerned for her, he fast helps out.

PATRICK

Granny came all the way from Devon
to surprise you, which is nice
isn't it?

Charlotte gives a nod.

JULIA

How about...I pick you up from
school?

Charlotte's nod intensifies. Eimear smiles off it.

EIMEAR

I think that's a yes.

Julia knows Eimear's being extra nice. Appreciates it. Her
phone rings. Hope surges through Julia, she pulls it out. But
it's not Benjamin. Caller ID 'Leo'. He speaks before she can.

LEO (O.S.)

How're the lovebirds?

It hurts. She drags a response out of her.

JULIA

I'm at your brother's.
(to Charlotte)
Do you want to say hello to your
uncle Leo?

Charlotte's not bothered but Julia puts on speakerphone.

LEO (O.S.)

You there with Benjamin?

JULIA

(evades it)
I've put you on speaker.

LEO (O.S.)

(sarcastic)
My favourite.

Everyone murmurs hello to each other.

JULIA

You're up early.

LEO (O.S.)

Not out of choice believe me. Some
dude's here to service the Aga.

JULIA

Right. Well. You know where it is.

Leo's sigh comes through the phone. It annoys Patrick.

PATRICK
Can Mum have her coffee now?

LEO (O.S.)
I'm not stopping her having her
coffee.

Both the women know to intervene at this point -

EIMEAR
Come and stay soon, Leo.

JULIA
Have a good day, darling.

The line goes dead. Julia looks at her phone, as if hoping for more. Pockets it. Snaps in the way the hungover do -

JULIA (CONT'D)
You don't need to always give your
brother such a hard time.

PATRICK
How was that...

But he stops himself when he catches Eimear's eye. He starts dispensing kisses to the kids. Eimear offers up only a cheek.

JULIA
I'd like to cook Sunday lunch. To
say thanks for having me.

PATRICK
No need, obviously, but I'll never
say no to one of your roasts.
(a beat, then he blurts -)
Will it just be...

Julia holds herself together.

JULIA
Yes, Patrick, it'll just be me.

26

EXT. PATRICK & EIMEAR'S HOUSE - DAY 7

26

Julia emerges from the house with the Bugaboo, and sunglasses to cover her enduring hangover. Eimear comes after her - in mid-flow. Julia keeps walking and pushing. Eimear keeps pace.

EIMEAR
- There's nappies, wipes, a
teething ring which she'll chew for
two minutes if you're lucky before
lobbing it out. Here, let me -

She goes to show her where but Julia keeps on moving.

JULIA
Eimear. I have had three of my own.

Eimear takes this as a personal insult.

EIMEAR

Right you are.

JULIA

I'll take her round the park. Give you a chance to get your head down.

EIMEAR

I'd literally murder for a nap...or at the very least maim, but I've a call booked in with my old clerk.

JULIA

(thrown)

You're not going back to work are you?

Which is the worst possible thing she could say to Eimear. She just looks at Julia. And then - simply -

EIMEAR

I want a life for myself.

It hits home with Julia. She gives a nod. Worsening her headache. Then continues on, pushing left, onto the pavement. Trying to keep in constant motion, so as not to stop, think -

27 **EXT. PARK POND - DAY 7**

27

Julia sat. Still. Sunglasses off. Staring ahead of her. The Bugaboo by the bench, TODDLERS feeding ducks with GROWN-UP's keeping anxious watch, including a TIRED LOOKING GRANDPARENT. Life everywhere around Julia, but - leaving her behind.

28 **INT. PATRICK & EIMEAR'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT 7**

28

Alone in the dark, Julia lies rigid - unable to sleep. Phone by her pillow, but still, no contact from Benjamin.

29 **EXT. LONDON STREETS (LOCATION TBC) - DAY 8**

29

Close to Julia's face. Eyes staring ahead of her. At what, we don't yet know. Someone jostles into her - bringing us out -

And into the street scene. Now we see what Julia's looking at. A few doors down from where she's parked herself at a bus stop, is a plaque on the wall that reads: 'HTK Copywriting Agency'. It's not particularly slick or trendy around here.

Julia waits. Every time the door goes, she slips off the plastic bench inside the bus stop, getting ready to act casually. As if she's just passing. But it's never Benjamin.

She slumps down. Pulls out her phone. Looks at his name in her call log. Wants so much to ring, can't bring herself to.

BIANCA (O.S.)
(surprised)
Julia?

Her head snaps up, and there's - Bianca walking out of work on her lunch break. In short shorts despite the temperature. Waving warmly. Julia draws her cardie about her. Bianca gives her a big enveloping hug, but Julia awkwardly disengages.

BIANCA (CONT'D)
You are waiting for Benjamin?

JULIA
(fast, defensive)
No, I, I'm waiting for a bus.
Actually.

Her cold front throws Bianca. But she perseveres.

BIANCA
Okay. In the right spot for it.

Julia just gives a tight nod. Doesn't offer any further conversation. Bianca doesn't get this new version of her.

BIANCA (CONT'D)
I - I will leave you to it. I am in
serious need of caffeine.

Bianca walks off, then - turns back -

BIANCA (CONT'D)
He is working from home. Not that
you asked. But.

Julia still can't admit it, just gives a nod. Faces front. Then - twists her head to see - Bianca nearly out of sight.

JULIA
Bianca?
(as she turns)
Don't tell him you saw me. Please.

Bianca sees all the vulnerability in that moment. Makes a zip lip sign. And Julia gives a grateful nod back. Once Bianca's gone, Julia curses herself - hurries off in the opposite direction. Feeling like a fool.

Julia's face says she isn't sleeping. She heads to answer the door, catches sight of herself in mirror. Taken aback. Tries to fix her hair, tries to fix her smile. From upstairs -

EIMEAR (O.S.)
Patrick?...Door.

Julia stops what she's doing. Hurries to the door. Ding dong.

EIMEAR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'll get it, it's not like I'm knee
deep in shite or anything -

Eimear comes into view at the top of the stairs, box of baby
wipes in hand, looking defeated. She sees Julia's there.

EIMEAR (CONT'D)
Sorry I thought you were -

JULIA
- Patrick. Yes, I gathered.

Embarrassed, Eimear turns on her heel. Goes back to the baby
change. Julia opens the door to: DELLA. She's brushed her
hair, put makeup on and selected her best shirt but it can't
hide how wrecked she looks. Della's thrown her Mum answered.

DELLA
Mum.

Julia's moved to see her daughter. However dishevelled she
looks. She gives her a hug that Della squirms out of. Julia
puts her hands in her apron. The pair just stand there.

JULIA
Darling, you look tired.

DELLA
Thank you, that's the look I was
going for.

JULIA
That's not what I meant.

An awkward silence. Della avoids her mum's searching gaze.

JULIA (CONT'D)
You're okay though?

DELLA
Yes, mother, I'm okay. And you?

JULIA
Yes. Everything's...yes.

Della can hear the dishonesty. Can't handle that her mum's
not okay.

DELLA
Good. Good. These are...

She thrusts on Julia an on-its-last-legs canvas bag.

JULIA
You really didn't need to bring
anything, you've no money.

Della takes this personally. Julia reaches in bag, produces -
a bottle of red wine. Sees the price at the same time Della
does who hastily rubs it off. And - a jar of novelty sweets.

JULIA (CONT'D)
I wouldn't let your brother see.

DELLA
Newsflash, Mum. Kids eat sweets.
Even he can't control that.

Julia goes to chide, thinks better of it. Della walks in -

JULIA
Shoes. Darling.

Della kicks off her trainers without undoing them, revealing
odd socks. Julia sees that one has a hole in the heel -

31

INT. PATRICK & EIMEAR'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 9

31

By the swingball in the garden Della stares at her feet, as -
Patrick talks at her. He's in his version of casual clothes
which is still buttoned up. It looks uncomfortable from where
Julia's standing, inside, peeling potatoes. Patrick looks up,
sees Julia's gaze. Caught out, she bends to rootle in a
cupboard for a pan. Parboils the spuds, deliberately keeping
her eyes from her kids. As they re-enter, as if light -

JULIA
You two are up to something.

She clocks the way her daughter shifts on the spot. Flushes.
Patrick hesitates, but only for a second, before -

PATRICK
I was telling Della about Lottie's
charming new habit of hearing
swearwords and repeating them at
full volume. And as the worst
offender...

Julia looks to Della - sees the lie that this is. Patrick
puts back the wine he chose, selects Della's. A gesture.
Eimear walks in - lipstick on, new top, making an effort.

EIMEAR
At the risk of tempting fate - her
arse is clean *and* she's asleep.

DELLA
Can I go up and give her a kiss?

EIMEAR
Absofuckinglutely not. Unless you
want to sit up there all lunch
trying to get her back to sleep.

Della grins at Eimear. She gives Della a big warm hug. Della
untangles herself from it quickly. Eimear's used to this.

DELLA
You look...hot.

EIMEAR
Wrong sibling - but I'll take it.

Patrick parks deciding if the red wine's too cheap to decant -

PATRICK
I was just about to say -

EIMEAR
- Sure you were.

Eimear gets a bottle of white from the fridge, offers it up.

JULIA
Shouldn't you...aren't you still
breast-feeding?

Eimear pointedly fills up a large glass, slugs at it. Julia
feels small. Della comes by her mum, lifts a saucepan lid up,
inspects the contents. Trying to make this question casual.

DELLA
How long you staying for?

Julia's not ready to be asked about herself. Edges Della
aside so she can be in charge of the hob, have some control.

JULIA
Not sure.

PATRICK
Leo must be losing his shit.

JULIA
(crisply)
Leo is an adult.

Patrick barely hides the guffaw he makes.

DELLA
What, a few more days, a week?

JULIA
It depends.

Della nods to herself. Leaves it. Patrick can't.

PATRICK

On..?

Julia doesn't answer a moment. Grabs knife from the metallic strip, and starts lopping the heads off the peeled carrots.

JULIA

Benjamin. It depends on Benjamin.
Which I know is what you've all
been dying to ask.

DELLA

I was just making conversation.

JULIA

(disbelieving)

I'm sure you were...There's no big
secret. We...had a falling out. So.

She continues chopping. Fast. Patrick snatches on the intel.

PATRICK

What about?

Julia gives a wave of the knife hand, now she's started this, she wished she hadn't. She's beginning to overheat.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Well has he rung you, tried to
apologise?

Julia clatters the knife down. Silencing everyone.

JULIA

Because it would have to be him,
wouldn't it. I couldn't possibly be
in the wrong.

She leans over the sink, tries to open the window. It sticks. Patrick and Della both start coming forward to help, which only flusters Julia more. She waves them away.

PATRICK

It's natural we'd take your side
what with you being our mother and
all. Look, you're obviously upset -

JULIA

- I'm not obviously anything, thank
you, Patrick. Apart from fucking
boiling -

With frustration she gives the window a real push. It opens. Behind her, nobody speaks. Patrick looking to Della like - come on, do something. Julia stays facing away a moment. Cooling literally and metaphorically. After a few beats -

JULIA (CONT'D)
 Honestly, I don't know what the row
 was about or whose fault it was.
 The only thing I do know is I'm too
 old for this.

DELLA
 Sixty is not old, Mum.

Julia twists around to face them all again.

JULIA
 Well it's not young.
 (off everyone's silence)
 Don't all rush in and correct me.

Eimear blurts the first thing she thinks.

EIMEAR
 So it's over then?

A bluntness which takes Julia by surprise. To her horror, she
 feels herself redden. Breath catch. Tears prick. She twists
 away, to face the sink. Her back heaves - sobs engulfing her.

EIMEAR (CONT'D)
 I'm an arse, sorry, come here -

Eimear hugs Julia. Her warmth has Julia's tears spill faster.
 Patrick shuffles forward, pained, robotically pats her arm.
 Della can't look, roots her eyes away. It takes Julia back -

32 **INT. DAY HOUSE - OPEN-PLAN KITCHEN - NIGHT - FLASH BACK 1** 32

Caption: Twenty-Four Years Ago

An odd angle. On the floor, close enough to see the dust and
 hair collecting. An inhuman sound coming from somewhere. Her.

The door pushes open. Two pairs of small feet are what Julia
 sees first, and then: YOUNG PATRICK and YOUNG DELLA. They
 stand in shock at what they're seeing. Patrick's face
 contorts with upset. Della shuts her eyes. Patrick sobs out -

YOUNG PATRICK
 Mummy -

33 **INT. PATRICK & EIMEAR'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 9** 33

Which bleeds into the adult tones of -

PATRICK
 Mum, please don't cry.

Bringing Julia back into the now. She fast detaches from
 Eimear's hug. Wipes her eyes roughly with her apron.

JULIA
I'm not. I'm fine, I -
(twists to the oven)
The chicken will be drying out.

DELLA
Mum, the chicken's fine.

Julia ignores Della and opens the oven - heat seeps out.

PATRICK
Mum let me.

DELLA (CONT'D)
I can do that, Mum.

But Julia lifts chicken out of oven. Wildly tips it up with a fork to get at its juices. Burning herself but not saying.

EIMEAR
It'll be okay, Julia.

Julia gives a tight shrug. Grabs a spoon. Starts basting.

JULIA
The whole thing's ridiculous. *I'm*
ridiculous...
(angry with herself)
I thought I was finished with all
this.

And now we know what we're hearing. Julia's words from the opening. She's speaking to the chicken, not them.

JULIA (CONT'D)
That lurching feeling in your
stomach. Not being able to get
anything done because all you're
thinking about *all* the time - is
them.

Julia tosses the basting spoon in the sink. It makes a clattering sound that cuts through the air.

JULIA (CONT'D)
It's...it's terrifying.

And she shoves the chicken back in the oven. As she does -

JULIA (CONT'D)
Being in love.

Julia pushes the oven door shut. Stands. Not realising what she's said but seeing the surprise on the others' faces.

PATRICK
You're not in love with him?

It's a relief for Julia to name it.

JULIA
I think maybe I am.
(off their silence)
Would it be the worst thing in the
world?

She looks for support. To Patrick, then Della. Gets none.

JULIA (CONT'D)
(it inflames her, so -)
Right then.

And she strides out -

34 **INT. PATRICK & EIMEAR'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - DAY 9** 34

Julia stands by her perfectly made bed, all her stuff neatly tidied because she never wants to be any bother. Fast dials 'Benjamin'. As the call connects - she goes to speak but -

AUTOMATED MESSAGE
The number you have dialled has not
been recognised.

The line goes dead. She looks at the phone in disbelief. Checks that it was Benjamin's number. There's a gentle knocking at the door, Julia ignores it. Doesn't want to speak to anyone. Jabs redial as - the door opens. In window reflection: Della, awkwardly offering up a glass of wine.

| | |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------|
| AUTOMATED MESSAGE (CONT'D) | DELLA |
| The number you have dialled | You're calling him, aren't |
| has not been recognised. | you? |

Julia twists around, with a savagery -

JULIA
None of your business.

Della actually recoils. She's never been spoken to like this by Julia. Mother and daughter disconnected -

SNAP TO BLACK:

Out of the darkness, a caption appears:

Part Two: 'Her Daughter'

35 **EXT. MAYFAIR STREET - NIGHT 5** 35

Della's eyes stare back at us. All we can see. As over we hear her voice -

DELLA (O.S.)
Everyone lies to their mother.
Fact.

And now we see what she's looking at with her brothers: a black cab, through the window of which is - Julia kissing Benjamin as if no one can see. A moment we've witnessed before, just not from Della's perspective.

DELLA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Call it an act of kindness...You
think Mum really wants to know the
reality of my life?

Consumed with the sight of her mum. Getting what she wants.

36 **EXT. CLAPTON STREETS - NIGHT 5**

36

We're on Della's shoulder as she half runs, half lurches along these near deserted side roads. She's picked out every few seconds by the yellow glow of lamp, then back in darkness. Della's now so drunk she's oblivious to any danger.

DELLA (O.S.)
It would finish her off. Her only
daughter...

Della lurches down a narrow alley -

37 **EXT. CLAPTON STREETS - TERRACED HOUSE - NIGHT 5**

37

Reflected in car wing mirror: Della's face. Sweaty, eyes and hair wild. She tries to fix it. Then approaches a house. Unlike the ones either side, it's clearly loved. She pushes the gate, heads to the door, stumbling into a ceramic planter-

DELLA (O.S.)
(laughs darkly)
The proverbial car crash.

Sound rushes back in as it smashes. Della shushes it, fast tries to scoop the soil and lavender back in to what's left of the planter. Not seeing - lights come on inside the house -

The door opens, revealing a woman with bed hair, and pj's buttoned up right to the top. This is EMILY (36, Australian, it took a while but she's now sorted). She's shocked to see Della, but as Della starts slurring her words, this emotion's rapidly replaced by weary irritation.

DELLA (CONT'D)
(of the planter)
It wasn't me. It was a...cat. A
very large cat.

EMILY
What are you doing here?

Della straightens up, looks at Emily - momentarily losing her words. Shakes her head free of it. All righteous indignation-

DELLA

What am *I* doing here? I live here,
not here here obviously, but I live
here in London. You don't. You live
in LA with all the twats. And yet -

Della does a big arm gesture at Emily.

EMILY

It's two in the morning.

DELLA

What I'd like to know is why I had
to hear from my idiot brother that
you'd moved back. We're talking
basic common courtesy. One text.
Just - 'hey, Della I'm home'. You
know, nothing fancy. Not even a
kiss if you're still pissed off.
Although it has been a year and
that's a long time to hold onto
anger. Just saying.

Della pulls her phone out from her jeans, shows it to Emily.

DELLA (CONT'D)

But no. No text. No call. No
carrier pigeon...So, what? Were you
just planning *never* to see me?

EMILY

Are you done?

DELLA

(thinks, then nods)
For now.

Della goes to put her phone back in her jeans, misjudges it,
tries to steady herself against the gate. It swings
backwards, she loses her balance, spilling onto the ground.
It will hurt in the morning but doesn't now.

DELLA (CONT'D)

That was deliberate. Just so you
know.

EMILY

(sad)
Go home, Della.

From this undignified position, Della sees: tanned bare legs
come into view. They seem to go on and on as Della's gaze
goes up, takes in the woman they belong to - ALEXIS (28). Who
slips her arms territorially around Emily's waist.

Della sits there in a heap. The moment registering. Shame.
Jealousy. And anger - she puts hand to concrete, pushes up -

'Supercut' by Lorde kicks in as we move into MONTAGE -

38 **INT. GROTTY EAST END PUB - NIGHT 6 (MONTAGE)** 38

A hand wraps around a Jägerbomb. See now Della's in a late night, anything goes, type of pub. The song plays loud from the speakers as Della necks her drink with a LETCHY MALE. Most of it spills. He licks his thumb, wipes the stickiness off her chin. Della recoils at this, bats his hand away -

39 **EXT. EX-LOCAL FLAT - WALKWAY - MORNING 7 (MONTAGE)** 39

The song plays on as - Della's hand grips onto a YOUNG BRUNETTE's. The pair drunk-stumbling-kissing. Reaching a door, Della fumbles for her keys. Drops them. The door opens - her FLATMATES, a couple - emerge in jogging gear. The woman, REBECCA (32) gives Della a look. Della blithely waves -

40 **INT. BUS - DAY 7 (MONTAGE)** 40

The song still plays as - A hand flops on a man's lap. See the rest of Della, in work clothes, sleeping head lolling on this COMMUTER's shoulder. He's too polite to shift her, but irked. The blare of ringtone ends the song - AND THE MONTAGE.

Della jerks awake. Sees the commuter looking at her. Fast straightens up. Checks for - yep, drool. Embarrassed, she wipes her mouth with her sleeve, looks down at her phone -

It's Patrick, FaceTime. She untangles her earphones, puts them in, jabs answer. ONSCREEN: Patrick, at his desk. No sign of Heidi. He's inhaling coffee as he multi-tasks.

PATRICK (O.S.)
You look like shit.

DELLA
Morning to you too.

PATRICK (O.S.)
We need to talk about Benjamin.

Della shakes her head, still half in nap land.

DELLA
Have you been speaking to Dad?

PATRICK (O.S.)
Of course not, why, what's he said?

DELLA
Some rambling voicemail about Benjamin being in Devon and what were we going to do about it.

PATRICK (O.S.)
Well he's right about that at
least. I had Mum turn up
unannounced at one in the morning -

DELLA
- Wait, what, is she okay?

PATRICK (O.S.)
She pretended she was. But he'd
upset her. I know he had.

DELLA
Who, Dad?

PATRICK (O.S.)
(irritated)
No, Benjamin. Keep up.

DELLA
You're in a charming mood today.

PATRICK (O.S.)
Anyway I've been doing a bit of due
diligence. The man has no social
media footprint. Like *none*. For a
normal person that's odd, but for
someone of his age, it's positively
suspicious.

DELLA
I don't have any of that shit
either.

PATRICK (O.S.)
Case in point. You're a weirdo.

Della can't help a laugh at this. Patrick likes to see it.

PATRICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm thinking, me and you, we follow
him. Find out what he's about.

DELLA
Follow him? Are you on crack?

PATRICK (O.S.)
If he's hiding something, then
we'll find out, and fast, before
Mum gets hurt any more.

Della realises he *is* serious. She can't compute it.

DELLA
And you think *I'm* the weirdo?
No. Not doing it. No way.

She sees his face fall. Hates to disappoint her older brother. Looks away from the phone, realises where she is - that she's massively overshot. Shoots her hand inches from the commuter's face to - start hammering at the stop bell -

40A **EXT. LONDON STREETS - DAY 7**

40A

Della walks along, in her work clothes, balancing two trays of iced coffees. Four cups in each tray. And looped around one wrist, a brown bag full of pastries. Basically - she's the office gofer. Down a side street she goes, having to swerve past SUITS, all the while keeping the drinks balanced.

She reaches the door to her office, swipe entrance pad. Waits hopefully for someone to come. No one does. She considers setting all the coffees down, then gaining access - the sensible way, but...Decides she can do it alone. Begins the delicate task of extracting one hand from under the coffees to reach in her pocket for her pass. Soon just one hand's balancing all eight coffees, but - she has her pass. Success - she grins - and in her victory goes too fast to swipe - knocks the top coffee - and the whole lot come cascading down. Drenching her in ice cubes and coffee. A silent scream.

41 **INT. EX-LOCAL FLAT - FRONT ROOM - EVENING 7**

41

Jab of chip fork into chip. Della - shovelling cold fish and chips in, a beer on the go, work clothes gone now (back from her day job). She's sat on the sofa consumed by something on her laptop. We now see ONSCREEN: her social media profile page - asking - does she want to 'reactivate'?

Della slugs the rest of her beer down. With its false bravado, she fast reactivates her account.

Searches - 'Emily Lochnan'. Up comes a picture of Emily grinning at the camera. Then, as if she never disconnected from her addiction, Della starts clicking. Sees: Emily and Alexis together on beaches, in yoga poses, drinking smoothies. The whole smug coupledness nine yards.

Hating herself, Della hurriedly deactivates again.

42 **INT. EX-LOCAL FLAT - DELLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 7**

42

Through the darkness we can just make out this hovel of a box room. Old tea mugs. Empties. Comedy fliers. And lying in bed, Della, staring up at the ceiling. Begging sleep to come. Eventually it does - and Della's transported back -

43 **INT. DAY HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT - FLASH BACK 1**

43

Caption: Twenty-Four Years Ago

On Della's shoulder as she runs down here. Reaches dresser. Up on tip toes, flailing for phone. Small fingers falteringly press 9, then 9, then 9. As it connects - the phone's ripped from her. Della's eyes dart up, terrified - and there, clutching the phone, face bruised and bloodied - is Julia -

44 **INT. EX-LOCAL FLAT - DELLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 7**

44

Adult Della jolts awake. That disorienting moment before reality hits. There's just darkness. And terror. She scrabbles for her phone, texts Patrick - 'I'll help'.

45 **INT. CITY LAW FIRM - PATRICK'S OFFICE - DAY 8**

45

Della's shown in by a far sleeker RECEPTIONIST than she'll ever make. It adds to her feeling of insecurity in here. Patrick lights up on seeing her. Pauses signing contracts for HEIDI who is dressed in trousers despite the heat. He stands -

HEIDI
Courier's waiting.

PATRICK
'Course yes, I'll - one sec, Dell -

He finishes signing the rest of the contracts. Heidi whips them away from him before he's even put his pen lid back on. Patrick tries to soften her, indicates Della proudly.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
This is my sister, Della...And this is Heidi. My associate.

DELLA
So, Heidi, tell me...On a scale of one to ten, how much of a cock is my brother to work for?

Heidi flushes, gathers the contracts. Some spill. She pulls them to her, can't speak for fear she'll cry. Hurries out.

DELLA (CONT'D)
(full sarcasm)
She likes you.

Her brother's reaction is telling. Della twists, watches Heidi all but run out the office, twists back. Eyes Patrick.

DELLA (CONT'D)
You're not...

PATRICK
I'm not what?

Della doesn't want to ask, so shakes her head free of the thought. Lifts up the battered Pret bag she's carrying.

DELLA
Bought us lunch.

PATRICK
You didn't need to. We have people for that.

DELLA
Yep I know. I'm one of those people.

Patrick feels bad, pushes a wodge of papers off a seat, wheels it to his side. Gestures her to sit. She dumps the Pret bag down, he looks inside and makes grateful noises.

DELLA (CONT'D)
Bugger off.

He grins, swivels his desktop to her. Della sees: Benjamin's face, wearing glasses, staring back at her. The staff page of HTK's website.

DELLA (CONT'D)

How d'you get this?

Pleased with himself, Patrick pulls from his jacket - the business card Benjamin gave him in the restaurant. Then knuckle taps Benjamin's face on the screen, between the eyes.

PATRICK

So he is legitimate. In one sense at least.

DELLA

Good. That's good. But how does this help us follow him?

PATRICK

Well it doesn't. Until it does.

He pulls up the 'Client' section on the site. Lots of company names, people. Picks up his phone - dials. On speaker. Shushes Della. She flicks his ear in a 'I wasn't speaking' way. The call connects, a woman's voice, one we'll recognise -

BIANCA (O.S.)

HTK, Bianca speaking, how is it I can help?

PATRICK

Hi there, it's Jonathan from Ardley and Co, I wondered if you could help me? We've had *exceptional* work delivered to us from Benjamin Greene - and I wanted to send him a token of appreciation.

BIANCA (O.S.)

He is a very popular man today.

PATRICK

Doesn't surprise me. Problem is, I think I may have an old address for him on file...

DELLA

(low, to Patrick)

It's genuinely scary. How good a liar you are.

It dents Patrick, but he's fixed on his task. Into the phone -

PATRICK

Flat 58, Jarwood Street -

BIANCA (O.S.)
- No he's at 125B, Ferndell Road,
W2 3CV.

46

INT. RANGE ROVER / EXT. EDGWARE ROAD - NIGHT 8

46

A dismal side street, full of shuttered businesses, a one-stop alcohol and vegetable shop, refuse piling up outside. Above a fried chicken shop - a flat. Tatty blind drawn.

Pull back: realise we're with Della and Patrick watching Benjamin's flat from inside Patrick's car. They're parked across the road. Patrick drinking a Venti coffee.

PATRICK
He could take Mum for a romantic meal at the chicken shop.

DELLA
You've lived in Barnes too long. I knew it'd make a twat of you.

Patrick ignores her, uses his coffee to gesture at the flat.

PATRICK
The man wants to go up in the world. Who can blame him. So he goes out, finds himself a wealthy, older - and let us not forget, vulnerable - woman, and bingo. Goodbye shithole flat, hello six bedroom house in Devon.

DELLA
Why do you always think the worst of people?

Patrick's amusement dies. He twists, so he's facing her.

PATRICK
Why do you think?

And she can't respond, can't hold his gaze. Her phone rings - Della pulls it out - horrified to see - it's 'Mum'. She holds it out to Patrick like it's a foreign object. Whispers -

DELLA
I can't answer. Not when we're...

PATRICK
Why are you whispering?

He takes the phone from her, sets it down - but in the process - accidentally answers. She freezes. They both hear -

JULIA (O.S.)
Della?...Della are you there?

Patrick nudges Della. She tries to sound normal. Fails.

DELLA

Mum, I...I'm about to go on stage.

JULIA (O.S.)

It's just a quick one, are you free for Sunday lunch? I'm doing a chicken, nothing fancy.

Della exchanges a panicked look with Patrick.

DELLA

Thing is, Mum, I -

JULIA (O.S.)

- I know it's a trek for you, but Lottie's been asking on a five second loop when she'll be seeing her favourite Aunty.

DELLA

Only Aunty.

JULIA (O.S.)

Don't be like that, she -

DELLA

- I'm not being like anything, I just...yes I'll come. Thanks.

JULIA (O.S.)

She will be pleased.

DELLA

Sorry, Mum I've got to go -

Della hangs up. Feels awful. Stares at Benjamin's flat.

PATRICK

And *I'm* the good liar?

DELLA

That doesn't count...Everyone lies to their mother. Fact.

And now we know where we are - back with her beginning.

DELLA (CONT'D)

Call it an act of kindness...You think Mum *really* wants to know the reality of my life?

Della shakes her head to herself.

DELLA (CONT'D)

It would finish her off. Her only daughter...

(MORE)

DELLA (CONT'D)
(laughs darkly)
The proverbial car crash.

Her laugh dies a little in the face of Patrick's seriousness.

DELLA (CONT'D)
It's called a *joke*.

PATRICK
Well it's not desperately funny.

DELLA
Then it'll fit right in with the
rest of my new material.

He can see past her deflection. Wants to know she's okay.

PATRICK
You would tell me if you needed -

Della cuts across him - grips his arm - gestures to -
movement. The door by the chicken shop opening. And out steps-
Benjamin. But not as we've met him. He's dishevelled, beard
unkempt, eyes hollowed out from lack of sleep. Instead of his
usual dapper outfit, he's in an old unbranded tracksuit.

He pauses, looks either way edgily, then pulls his hood up.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Drugs. He's a drug dealer.

DELLA
I'm not giving you any more
caffeine.

They watch Benjamin start hurrying away, head down. Track him
with their gaze. Once he's out of sight, Patrick unbelts.

PATRICK
Well come on then.

47

EXT. EDGWARE ROAD - NIGHT 8

47

Della twists about her, expecting discovery any minute, but
Patrick walks with utter assurance to Benjamin's front door.
It's a knackered one, so Patrick can't resist giving it a
light barge - just in case it gives. It doesn't.

DELLA
This is a great look for a lawyer.

Patrick snaps around, confidence wavering. Gets her point, so
instead - bends to the letterbox, peers inside. Inhales.
Hurriedly grabs out his phone, takes a photo of what he sees.

PATRICK

Hate to say I told you so. No I
don't, I love to say it.

Della all but pushes Patrick aside, bends, sees: by one dim light bulb, a shabby inner hallway's revealed, on the floor - junk mail. Atop it in telltale red: 'Eviction Notice'.

48

INT. RANGE ROVER - NIGHT 8

48

Della gets in the car, dips down low in her seat, feeling guilty, whereas for Patrick - he's just looking back at his camera phone image of the proof, the marvellous proof.

PATRICK

No wonder he's moved so fast,
nothing like the threat of imminent
homelessness to oil the wheels of
romance.

Della just looks at her brother. Then shakes her head. The difference between them never clearer.

DELLA

I suppose you've never been late
for your rent in your life.

PATRICK

Hang on, this isn't you feeling
sorry for him is it?

Della doesn't say anything.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

He's taking mum for a ride.

DELLA

We don't know that. We just
know...he's struggling. What's the
crime in that?

Patrick gives a laugh of angry disbelief.

PATRICK

He's nothing to us. Literally
nothing. She's our *mother*.

His aggression has Della grab her backpack to leave.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You can't go, who knows what state
he'll come back in, what else we
might get.

Della opens the car door to leave -

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Well, I'm staying. For Mum's sake.

DELLA

Don't pretend it's for her. For some inexplicable reason you seem to prefer being anywhere but at home with your wife and kids -

PATRICK

- Fuck off -

DELLA

- I don't know what, or who, you're running away from - but stalking Mum's new boyfriend is a curious move, even for you.

PATRICK

Sorry wait, I need to get this straight...You're giving me life advice?

(as Della gets out)

Now there's the real joke. Put that in your next set.

Della shuts the door on him -

49 **EXT. EDGWARE ROAD - NIGHT 8**

49

Della paces from the car, blood up, getting as far and as fast away from Patrick as she can. So he can't see - the rise of heat in her cheeks, the way she has to fight back tears.

50 **INT. PATRICK & EIMEAR'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 9**

50

Trying to fight off the urge to vomit up another hangover, Della crouches by Charlotte. Presents her with the sweets jar. Gets a squeal of glee. Della leans into Charlotte's ear -

DELLA

Don't tell your Dad.

Charlotte flings her arms around Della, then runs out with her sweets. Della stays crouched at child-height, watching Charlotte go. Adores her. The moment broken by Julia's tut. Della stands, slugs back some water as Julia preps lunch.

JULIA

I heard from Leo that Emily was back.

DELLA

The master of discretion.

JULIA

It isn't a secret is it?

DELLA

Nope, no it's fine. It's not even worth talking about. Honestly.

JULIA

Have you seen her?

DELLA

(defensive)

Why would I see her? That's like asking if you've seen Dad.

Della regrets it as soon as she's said it but it's too late, her mum's been silenced. Patrick comes in from the garden holding the sweets like contraband. There's a moment where neither sibling speak, Della's vulnerability showing.

PATRICK

I assume these are from you?

And the vulnerability goes. Della matches her brother's tone.

DELLA

You assume correctly.

He puts them high up in a cupboard. One with a child safety catch. Della looks at him like he's from another planet.

JULIA

(peacemaking)

Della brought a nice bottle of red.

Della watches as Patrick inspects her wine, picks a different bottle. She feels the shame return. Goes into attack mode.

PATRICK

It's just this is a Malb -

DELLA

- A far superior wine, yes, I'm sure it is.

Julia gets in there while she can. Warmly, to Della -

JULIA

It's good to see you, darling.

Discomfort surges through Della.

PATRICK

(to Della)

Can I borrow you quickly?

51 **EXT. PATRICK & EIMEAR'S HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY 9, CONT.** 51

Della looks down at her socks. Waits for Patrick to start.
And we realise now we're getting the moment from the garden,
Julia framed in the kitchen window behind. Looking on.

PATRICK
I'm thinking we do it after lunch -
just the two of us. I haven't told
Eimear.

DELLA
Do what?

PATRICK
Tell Mum about Benjamin.

Della stares at her brother. Then -

DELLA
And how do you imagine we do that?

PATRICK
Show her the picture. Obviously.

DELLA
Which we'll say we obtained how?

Patrick just gives a tight shrug.

DELLA (CONT'D)
We do this, she'll never trust us
again.

He doesn't say anything, can't argue with that. Looks up,
sees: Julia looking right at him from inside the kitchen. She
ducks out of sight. Patrick shakes his head, frustrated.

PATRICK
So what, we just sit on it?

DELLA
Better still - we forget about it.

Patrick considers this a moment, then with renewed energy -

PATRICK
Or...We build a watertight case
against him.

Della looks back at her brother. Torn.

52 **INT. PATRICK & EIMEAR'S HOUSE - LANDING - DAY 9** 52

Della stands outside Julia's shut bedroom door. Carrying a
glass of wine for her mum. For a moment, she considers
leaving Julia to it. But her worry overrides that.

Della gently knocks, then opens up, and sees: a moment we've witnessed before, just not from Della's perspective. There's her mother stood, defiantly ignoring her. Instead hunched over her phone, jabbing wildly at it.

DELLA
You're calling him, aren't you?

Julia twists around - and with ferocity -

JULIA
None of your business.

It has Della stagger back. She just - looks at her mum - and then averts her eyes, and before Julia can see her upset -

Della pulls the door shut. Rests her head against it. And shuts her eyes. Until - they snap open. A decision made.

53

EXT. EAST LONDON PUB - BEER GARDEN - EVENING 9

53

Della's fingers fiddle nervously at beer bottle label, her other hand busy with forming a rollie. A couple of empties already by her. She sees Emily push through a glut of SMOKERS. It does something to Della's insides. She gives a weak wave. Doesn't get one back. Della goes to stand, sit, stand, decides to stay sat. Emily doesn't sit, stays standing. Della stands, offers Emily her rollie.

EMILY
I don't smoke any more.

DELLA
Please don't tell me you don't drink either?

Emily just looks at her, unimpressed.

EMILY
I thought you were...you sounded upset, when you rang.

DELLA
You know me, I don't do upset.

Emily shakes her head, turns to leave -

EMILY
I'm going to go.

DELLA
Please don't.

Emily turns back. Waits for more. Begrudgingly -

DELLA (CONT'D)

Had a weird day is all. And I...the only way I knew it could stand a chance of improving was if I saw you.

Which tugs at Emily but she hates herself for it.

EMILY

What was the other night? What's this, like *really*, what is this? Because it's not normal for exes to call exes, however weird their day.

Della can't handle it, jokingly, as if to a crowd -

DELLA

She makes a fair point.

EMILY

(without patience)
What do you want, Della?

DELLA

(laughs darkly)
I haven't known the answer to that for so long...

She grinds out the rollie in the ashtray. Directs this next to the ash embers, otherwise she wouldn't be able to say it.

DELLA (CONT'D)

What I want is not to fuck up any more. Which covers a lot of things, well - everything really. Family. Work. Me...
(eyes up to Emily)
You.

Emily just stares at her. A silence grows. One that threatens to break Della's heart.

EMILY

I can't believe you. A year. A whole year you've had to say this -

DELLA

- How could I? It wouldn't have been fair.

EMILY

And you think *this* is fair?

Della exhales. Hating herself.

DELLA

No, no I don't.

EMILY

Just when I get my life sorted,
find someone who actually makes me
feel good about myself, you turn up
and do what you always do. Make it
all about you.

DELLA

(with venom)

You're right. I'm a cock.

EMILY

Don't talk about yourself like
that.

DELLA

Sorry -

She tries to say more. Finds the words catch. Clears her
throat. Again. And then with as much self control as she can-

DELLA (CONT'D)

For...for so much.

Emily just shakes her head. Can't do this any more.

EMILY

(means it this time)

I am going to go -

DELLA

(blurted)

- I love you. I still love you.

An involuntary groan from Emily. She covers her face with her
hands. Della can't bear to see it, steps closer, inches from
Emily now. Tentatively reaches to take a hold of Emily's
wrists, pull her hands from her face. So their eyes meet.

Emily shakes her head over and over, swamped with emotion -
and Della - kisses her. Once. Draws back, tentative -

54

INT. EAST LONDON PUB - BACKSTAIRS - EVENING 9

54

With new confidence, Della has Emily up against the wall in
moments, hand scrabbling for Emily's trousers, unzipped,
moving inside her. All urgency. And control as quickly,
moments really, she makes Emily come with a roar.

55

INT. EX-LOCAL FLAT - DELLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 9

55

The sweat and stick of post-coital. The pair lie, entwined,
duvet kicked down for air. Della looking every inch of
Emily's face over as if she needs to commit it to memory.
Emily's close to drifting into sleep. Murmurs -

EMILY
What are you thinking?

DELLA
Who said I was thinking anything.

EMILY
You forget. I know your face.

DELLA
(a half-smile)
I was thinking...I'm going to
deserve you this time. Promise.

Emily's whole face lights up - all she needs to hear. Della kisses her softly. Emily then twists into Della, limbs enveloping her. Moments later, Emily falls asleep.

Della lies, just watching Emily. Her eyes fill, overcome with it all. And then - she snuggles herself right into Emily as little spoon and shuts her eyes. A peace to her face.

Until, it clouds over, and she's taken back -

56 **INT. DAY HOUSE - PATRICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASH BACK 1** 56

Caption: Twenty-Four Years Ago

By the glow of the solar system, Julia tucks Della into the bottom bunk. Gives a smile as if everything's okay. It has blood reappear from her swollen lip. She goes to kiss Della, but Della flinches. Stung, Julia walks out. Shuts the door.

Della lies there wide-eyed, staring up at the slats of the top bunk. Unable to move or speak or anything. There's a rustling sound above her and then Patrick climbs out of his bed, down the ladder, and gets in with Della. Grips onto her. The pair tight in their terror. Della squeezes her eyes shut -

57 **INT. EX-LOCAL FLAT - DELLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 9**

57

Della's eyes snap open. Instinctively, she disentangles herself from Emily. Rolls onto her back. Stares up at the ceiling, getting her breath back. Emily stirs, comes to, a panicked hand feels for Della - finds her. Relief.

EMILY
You okay?

Della can't speak, just gives a too quick nod. Emily snuggles back into her, drifts off. Della doesn't. She lies there rigid. Feeling the doom close in on her. That this can't work. *She* can't make it work. Can't make anything work.

58

INT. EX-LOCAL FLAT - FRONT ROOM - DAY 10

58

Della perches on a chair, a cold cup of tea forgotten, staring at a blank page. She's scrawled 'New Material' as her header. Below - nothing. Mild panic has set in.

Her phone rings. Desperate for the distraction, Della grabs it. Sees caller ID is 'Mum'. A little thrown, she answers -

JULIA (O.S.)
I'm outside.

58A **EXT. EX-LOCAL FLAT - WALKWAY - DAY 10, CONT.**

58A

Della leans over the walkway balcony, thrown to see:

Julia standing below, and stepping into view - Benjamin. He's visibly altered from the other night - hair slick, beard trimmed, in a crisp shirt. Julia smiles adoringly at Benjamin, restored.

59 **INT. EAST LONDON CAFÉ - DAY 10**

59

Della watches Benjamin at the counter as he waits for their order. Scanning him, looking for clues to the version of him she saw the other night. Doesn't get any. Her gaze shifts to - Julia, across from her, also looking in Benjamin's direction.

DELLA
How was the peace brokered then?

Julia reluctantly turns her gaze from Benjamin's direction.

JULIA
Always so dramatic.

DELLA
It felt pretty dramatic. Last time.

Julia feels guilty, remembering her behaviour to Della.

JULIA
I couldn't get hold of him, and I,
I don't think I dealt with it
desperately well.

Her version of an apology. Della can't acknowledge it. Doesn't meet her mother's eye. Darts a glance instead back to where Benjamin's smiling at a FEMALE BARISTA as she loads up his tray with melting sandwiches and tepid coffees.

DELLA
Why, what was he up to?

JULIA
His phone was in his jeans. His
jeans were in the wash. So.

Della just looks at her mother. Doesn't buy it.

DELLA
What about your falling out?

There's just a flicker of discomfort from Julia that Della can't just drop it. That she's having to explain herself.

JULIA

We did what people do - we
apologised. Well he did, profusely,
even though I'm sure he didn't need
to...Most importantly we vowed
never to drink tequila together
again.

Della considers this all, scrutinises her mother.

DELLA

(needs her to be)
And you, you're okay?

Julia just nods back in return. This is all Della needs to
know - that her mum's alright. Then Julia risks some honesty -

JULIA

I missed him. Which scared me.
(hurries in with -)
Sorry you probably don't, it's not
what you want to hear I'm sure.

DELLA

Mum, it's me...I get it...
(with a hint of bleakness)
'The heart wants what it wants - or
else it does not care.'

A surprised laugh burbles out of Julia.

JULIA

The number of times I tried to get
you to read Dickinson when you were
little. You refused point blank.

DELLA

What did you expect me to do? There
was so much Sunset Beach to watch.

Julia shakes her head with affection at her daughter.
Benjamin returns with the tray, super careful not to slop the
coffee's. He hands everything out, sits. As he does, Julia
rests her hand easily on his inner thigh. Della clocks it.

BENJAMIN

Julia mentioned you had a gig the
other night, it go okay?

DELLA

Tonight I do, but I haven't had one
for...well, for an embarrassing
amount of time.

JULIA

But when I rang...

Guilt hits Della. Remembering what she did. She tries to cover badly and in a rush.

DELLA

It was five minutes playing to an audience of one. The organiser.

BENJAMIN

Being a comedian must be...Well it can't be easy.

Della just gives a nod, hates talking about herself.

JULIA

She's a stubborn old thing, my girl... We tried to get her to become a banker. Well, Ted did.

DELLA

Fortunately I could barely operate a calculator.

Della sees her chance, eyes narrowing in on Benjamin.

DELLA (CONT'D)

Plus without the struggle what is there, Benjamin?

It connects to Benjamin. He gives a thoughtful nod.

BENJAMIN

Nothing worth having.

His gaze drifts to find and settle on - Julia. Della sees this, sees the care there. And it reassures her.

60

EXT. (EAST LONDON) PARK - RAILWAY ARCH - DAY 10

60

Della watches the lovebirds weave through people. Benjamin puts his arm around Julia, protective. Della stays watching until they're gone. She pulls out her phone. Sees another missed call from 'Dad'. Great. Forces herself to redial -

TED (O.S.)

I've been calling you. Leaving messages.

DELLA

(instantly irritated)
I am aware.

TED (O.S.)

And?

DELLA

And I don't agree.

TED (O.S.)
(as if she hasn't spoken)
It's one thing your mother having
some kind of tragic later-life
crisis in London, but bringing her
man-child down *here* -

DELLA
- You don't have a monopoly on
Devon, Dad.

TED (O.S.)
I never said I did. I just think
she's making a fool of herself, and
as someone who cares about her, I
think we need to intervene before
it becomes any more absurd than it
already is.

DELLA
Patrick is your man for this.

TED (O.S.)
Patrick is even harder to get hold
of than you... Bottom line is -
your mother needs saving.

The fury bubbles out of Della. Needing to be heard.

DELLA
What she actually needs is for us
all to mind our own fucking
business and let her be happy.

There's a silence at the end of the line. The longer it goes
on, the more scared Della gets. Just Ted's breathing. Then -

TED (O.S.)
Do you know how much I have to
defend you, Della? Even now, now
you're apparently a fully grown
adult. When your mother rings me in
a state, worrying that you'll never
get a proper job, never have kids,
never have all the things a person
is supposed to have, I say - she's
doing her own thing. Let her.

It bottoms Della out. She doesn't let on to him.

DELLA
Good to know -

And she hangs up. Stares at the screen, in fury as we -

SMASH CUT TO:

61

INT. PUB - BASEMENT ROOM - EVENING 10

61

A half empty room of faces staring back at us. Expressions range from the unimpressed, to the visibly disappointed, to the bored - on their phones. The one universal thing - no one's laughing. And now we see what they're looking at:

Della. Gripping a mic. Dressed up. On a knocked together platform with a stage black coming off behind her, and a spotlight making her sweat. The vibe - low-rent. Windowless.

DELLA

I think we can safely say that
didn't work.

Nobody laughs with her. Della's confidence evaporating by the second. Into the room, late, comes Emily - looking drained. But she gives Della a supportive thumbs up as she sits.

DELLA (CONT'D)

But fear not - plenty more gold
where that came from...

She dries. Looks at her hand, scribbled there - prompt words.

DELLA (CONT'D)

So I'm at my day job - I know -
shocking that I can't make a living
entertaining you lovely people.

Della looks up from her hand, out to the unsmiling crowd.

DELLA (CONT'D)

Entertaining may be too strong a
word.

(sees only Emily laugh)

Anyway, I digress - I'm at my day
job - about to begin the high-
octane task of...drumroll please...

(as there isn't one)

Sorting the mail.

A laugh comes from the crowd. From Emily. Della begins to flounder, consults her hand again. Breathes. And again.

DELLA (CONT'D)

When I realise something. It's my
ten year anniversary. Not of my
marriage. Not of my sobriety. No,
of sorting the mail.

She waits for the laugh. Even Emily only manages a smile. Della's really off her stride now, fighting to regain it.

DELLA (CONT'D)

Now I know what you're thinking -
(does a voice)

(MORE)

DELLA (CONT'D)
'We didn't pay to hear about your
middle class existential bollocks,
get to the funnies -

Interruption comes in the shape of a BOORISH MALE HECKLER -

MALE HECKLER
- Better yet, get off.

Every grimacing face seems to bleed into the next. The heckler laughing with his LAD MATES. It's nightmarish. She goes to speak, can't. Utterly paralysed in that moment.

EMILY (O.S.)
You were great.

62 INT. PUB - STORE ROOM - EVENING 10

62

Della angrily yanks off her sweaty stage outfit to change back into her clothes, whilst Emily tries to be helpful - packing away Della's notepad, water. There's barely room to manoeuvre with the boxes of Scampi Fries, cases of booze.

DELLA
I don't know what show you were in.

EMILY
They were a miserable crowd, no one
would've made them laugh.

Della won't accept her kind words. Just gives a dubious mmm.

EMILY (CONT'D)
I've missed seeing you perform.

And she goes to slip her arms around Della, kiss her neck. Della shrugs the affection off, in a furious mood as she yanks on her jeans. Zips them up. Emily makes a joke.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Honeymoon period was pretty short.

DELLA
Don't. Don't do that...Read stuff
into everything. I had a shit gig,
I'm in a shit mood, that's all.

Her criticism has Emily visibly step back from her. And the question Emily's been burning to ask, blurts out.

EMILY
Why didn't you move in?

DELLA
Seriously? You want to ask that
now?

EMILY

I've had a year to come up with
excuses for you - none of which
really make up for me sitting there
like a...

(swallows the expletive)

Waiting for you to arrive with your
stuff...And then realising -

(a half laugh)

You're just not going to show.

Della's flooded with guilt, shame. Can't handle it. Bends to
lace her trainers up - anything to avoid eye contact.

DELLA

Can we do this after a drink? Or
several. Ideally several.

EMILY

I've just come from breaking up
with Alexis, which was...

Emily trails off - can't say it for the pain.

EMILY (CONT'D)

So no, Della, we do it now.

Della stops mid-lace.

DELLA

You broke up with her?

Infuriating Emily. She can't get a response out. Shakes her
head. Della averts her eyes, scared now. Finishes her laces.

EMILY

It's a simple enough question. If
you hadn't stopped loving me, which
you claim not to have, then why
didn't you move in?

DELLA

I hadn't. I haven't.

Emily looks like she doesn't believe her. Della shakes her
head to herself. Okay then. Directs this next to her
trainers. It's the only way she'll be able to do it.

DELLA (CONT'D)

My prick of a father.

EMILY

What's he got to do with it?

DELLA

I was packed. Ready. And would you
believe this - genuinely excited...

She darts a look to Emily, the ghost of a smile and then - Della's face clouds over. Matter-of-fact as if it doesn't hurt. It does.

DELLA (CONT'D)
Then Mum rang...Told me he was leaving her for Marsha, that it'd been going on for ages...basically that he'd shat on her from a very high height.

EMILY
I, I'm sorry...Why didn't you tell me?

Because she couldn't. Della waves her concern away.

DELLA
The worst part was - I wasn't surprised...because deep down, I'm just like him...
(spits this word)
Toxic...And I didn't want to bring that into your home. Into your life.

Emily has no words for a moment. Della instantly hates having opened up, grabs her bag from Emily as if nothing's happened.

EMILY
You really think that?

Della shrugs. Her phone rings. She goes to pull it out.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Leave it. Please.

But Della sees who's calling. 'Patrick'.

DELLA
I can't. It's my brother.

EMILY
Yeah, I'm sure it is, but this is more important, Della. You're more important.

Della makes an apologetic shake of the head, then answers. Sees the disappointment in Emily's face. Can't look any more.

PATRICK (O.S.)
You have to see this.

DELLA
(short)
If it's about Benjamin, I really don't. They're good together, he likes her, I can tell -

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INT. RANGE ROVER - DUSK 10

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Della's eyes all we can see. Wide, disbelieving at whatever she's looking at. We pull out, see the siblings. Patrick taking photos with his phone of whatever they have a vantage point on. Della shakes her head, trying to understand.

PATRICK

Mum can really pick 'em.

We now see what she sees, across the road, in a candlelit bistro, stands Benjamin. He's helping a woman into a coat - her back to us. And then he offers his arm to her - gallantly. She takes it - and turns towards us -

An OLDER WOMAN. Just like their mother.

END OF EPISODE TWO