

MOVING ON SERIES 9

Episode 4

TWO FAT LADIES

Written by

Johanne McAndrew & Elliot Hope

YELLOW SCRIPT

Thursday 11th May 2017

(c) LA Productions 2017

1 EXT. CHURCH HALL. CAR PARK - DAY 1 18.00

1

Best mates DEBS (40s, funny) and CATH (40s, worrier) start undressing as they rush across the car park - coats, scarves, as much as they can disband.

DEBS

Left me bra off.

CATH

You haven't!

DEBS

Flaming well have. Weighed it. 4-
and-a-half ounces!

CATH is halfway between feeling disgusted but also thinking maybe she should have removed hers...

We now see a sign screaming 'Bulge Busters!!! - Thursday,
6pm.'

As they enter, CATH throws her bag at DEBS and starts fiddling around with her bra, DEBS helps her. They giggle.

CUT TO:

2 INT. CHURCH HALL. BULGE BUSTERS - DAY 1 18.15

2

Bulge Busters. A line of overweight people queuing for the weigh-in. DEBS has been on the scales and is now putting her shoes, ear-rings, etc back on. CATH is on the scales.

She walks over, excited, waving her card.

DEBS

Well?

CATH

Pound off. You?

DEBS tries to look pleased for her but is gutted.

DEBS

Pound on.

CATH is a bit of a know all.

CATH

Karen Bannister's 50th. Indian
buffet. What did I say? Curry is
the devil's work.

Yeah, great, that's a big help.

DEBS

Seven poppadums and a mini onion
bhaji. My own fault.

(MORE)

DEBS (CONT'D)

Went in to it with my eyes open.
Knew there'd be a price to pay.

DEBS looks totally demoralised. They start to head out. CATH can see she's gutted.

CATH

I'll split it with you. Half a pound each.

DEBS smiles, appreciates the gesture.

DEBS

Can you try for a stone?

They laugh and head off. But -

BULGE BUSTER LEADER

(ICY) Not staying for the class?

Aargh. Caught.

DEBS & CATH

Love to but we've got Aqua Aerobics/Kick boxing -

Yikes. Guilty glance - should have worked their lie out first!

They dash out, fits of giggles again, like they've been told off by the Headmistress.

CUT TO:

3 INT. BINGO HALL. FOYER - DAY 1 19.00

3

Stressed. Queuing up to get their tickets.

CATH

- and then I said Linz, if you want a block paved drive, then you should get one.

DEBS

Too right. Just had that promotion hasn't she?...Oh come on! Won't get our table if they don't get a move on!

CATH

That's what I said. All them qualifications, why shouldn't she? And he's just had a big interview.

DEBS

Matt has? Another one?

CATH
On the cards for Area Manager.

DEBS
Won't be long before he's Regional.

CATH beams. A dream come true.

DEBS (CONT'D)
(TO TELLER) Hiya Mary. Everything
twice please.

MARY THE TELLER hands over a thick selection of gamecards and
special flyers. CATH fishes for her purse.

CATH
Is it my week?

DEBS
No, you paid for Bulge Busters.

DEBS pays, holds up the cards for CATH to choose her own.
She picks one, kisses it for good luck. They head off into
the hall.

CATH
I said Linz, I said you want to go
to Miami, but what's that? All
that money, blown in two weeks. A
block paved drive, that's for life,
isn't it? An investment. I mean,
four bed semi at their age. Can't
take their eye off the ball now can
they?

DEBS shakes her head. No they certainly can't!

CUT TO:

4 INT. BINGO HALL. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT 1 20.30 4

You could hear a pin drop. DEBS and CATH, determined faces,
concentrating like their lives depended on it, even glancing
over to check each other's cards.

BRYAN THE BINGO CALLER
...all the fours, forty-
four...Three and six, thirty
six...On it's own, Kelly's -

CATH gives DEBS a nudge - but she's already got her arm in
the air, brandishing the winning card.

DEBS
House!

A groan from the entire bingo hall, they all down pens, start
talking.

BRYAN THE BINGO CALLER
We have a call on our last number,
don't move your markers ladies and
gentlemen whilst we do the check -

The CHECKER zooms over, starts to read out the numbers to the CALLER.

CUT TO:

5 INT. BLACK SWAN - NIGHT 1 22.00

5

At a table with DARREN, DEBS' husband (bit rough and ready) and GEOFF (bit of a know all), CATH's husband.

DEBS is splitting the money.

DARREN
(FLAT) Ooh, Brewster's Millions.
Forty eight quid.

GEOFF and DARREN roll their eyes.

DEBS
Forty eight pound fifty if you
don't mind. (TO CATH) Twenty four
pounds and twenty two...three...
four...five pence.

CATH
Pleasure doing business with you.

They toast their lagers.

GEOFF
I'll postpone the yacht.

DARREN
Your Linz'll be buying one soon
enough!

They all laugh. Good friends.

DARREN (CONT'D)
You can put your share towards my
Vesuvius Deluxe 3000 -

GEOFF
The who what where now?

DARREN shoves his iPhone in GEOFF's face.

DEBS
Not this again, he's never shut up
about it -

CATH
What is it?

DEBS
His stupid fire pit -

DARREN
Work of art that.

GEOFF
Nine hundred quid!

DARREN
Worth it -

DEBS
Would be if it had four tyres and a steering wheel!

GEOFF
Cost you a fortune in logs -

DARREN
Got to live a bit, Geoff -

GEOFF
Why would you want one of them -

DARREN
Summer! All year round. Barbecues in December!

GEOFF
And it goes in the ground? Set fire to your decking!

Miserable get.

DEBS
Anyway, dreamer. Won't be getting it this year. Not if we're doing Los Cristianos again. (TO CATH) I put the brochures through your door.

CATH
Oh yeah, we'll have a look at them over the weekend.

DEBS
Second week of September when the schools have gone back?

DARREN
You two might be ready to dare to bare in your bikinis by then -

GEOFF
Steady on. They've only got a clear 8 months!

CATH pulls a face at him. DEBS prods DARREN in the gut.

DEBS

Cheeky things. Don't fancy the thought of you in your budgie smugglers.

He slaps his belly.

DARREN

All muscle that, love... You seriously saying you haven't seen women's head's turning when they've seen me and Geoff on the beach?

The bell goes. Kicking out time. Chairs going up on tables.

DEBS

Seen a few stomachs turning... Anyway, here's to good times with good friends.

ALL

Good times.

They all toast with the dregs of their drinks, neck them down, coats on, hometime.

DARREN

So, my little shitzu. Gonna treat me out your winnings on the way home? Slap up meal somewhere fancy?

She pinches his cheek, big smiles.

DEBS

You bet!

CUT TO:

6

EXT. CATH & DEBS' STREET - NIGHT 1 23.30

6

The suburbs. Modest semis. Neat. Nothing fancy.

The blokes are carrying their chips and eating out of the paper. CATH and DEBS are starving, eyeing up the grub.

A close-up of DARREN dangling a battered sausage over his gaping mouth. CATH and DEBS are NOT amused.

DARREN

Fancy a bit of me sausage, ladies.

CATH

You're not funny, DARREN.

DEBS

That's about 19 million points at Bulge Busters.

GEOFF

Watch them. They're hungry. And when they're hungry, they're dangerous.

DARREN stuffs the sausage in. DEBS drags him up the path.

The blokes laugh. They go their separate ways, chuckling.

GEOFF/CATH

See you tomorrow.

DARREN/DEBS

See you tomorrow. 'Night.

CUT TO:

7 INT. BINGO HALL. MAIN ROOM - DAY 2 19.20

7

The following week. DEBS and CATH are in a big rush, heading towards their regular table, arms full of cards, dabbers, drinks, etc. N.B. DIALOGUE WITH BRYAN TO OVERLAP - THEY SHOULD TALK OVER HIM.

DEBS

Can't believe I've stayed the same - I only had 2 boiled eggs all day Tuesday!

CATH looks dubious, really? Dismay - no seats!

BRYAN is holding up a lurid coloured bingo card.

BRYAN THE BINGO CALLER

...It's the biggest night of the month ladies and gentlemen! Please make sure you have the Jackpot Jamboree flyer for tonight's super-duper prizepot with a total pay-out of more than £41,000 with an extra £5,000 bonus if you answer before the snowball!

DEBS

Aw. Cow Face is at our table.

A hard looking woman glances over triumphantly. Cow!

BRYAN THE BINGO CALLER

That's the lime green card, folks...About time, Janice, thought you weren't coming. Been the hairdressers, love...Was it shut?

CATH

There's one!

They rush over to another table. But they're not pleased.

DEBS

Never know. Might change our luck.

CUT TO:

8 INT. BINGO HALL. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT 20.40

8

'JACKPOT JAMBOREE' in lights on the stage.

GOD THE TENSION!!! You could hear a pin drop. It's halfway through the big game. DEBS is waiting for 2 numbers, CATH is waiting for four...

BRYAN THE BINGO CALLER

Six-and-two, sixty two...Top of the
shop blind 90...Three and eight,
thirty eight...Unlucky for some -

CROWD

You are!

BRYAN THE BINGO CALLER

...one-and-three, 13...

DEBS is still waiting for two, she takes a nervous gulp of her drink.

BRYAN THE BINGO CALLER (CONT'D)

Four-and-one, forty one...Two Fat
Ladies -

CATH

House!

A HUGE groan from the rest of the players as she leaps out of her chair, DEBS jumps up in disbelief, they jump up and down and scream.

The jackpot! They've won the sodding jackpot!

BRYAN THE BINGO CALLER

Don't move your markers, jackpot
call, all the eights, eighty-eight.

CUT TO:

9 INT. BINGO HALL. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT 2 21.00

9

CATH is up on stage with BRYAN, the BINGO HALL MANAGER and a massive comedy cheque for £46,238.26p.

A PHOTOGRAPHER is taking a shot, DEBS is doing a selfie on her phone - herself to the front and CATH, BRYAN and MANAGER in the background.

With trembling hands she sends it to DARREN.

CUT TO:

10 INT. BLACK SWAN - NIGHT 2 CONT. 10

The Quiz. DARREN, GEOFF, ALAN and KEITH at a table - all with empty glasses.

QUIZ MASTER
...and final question, Lulu scored her only number one hit with which boy band in the autumn of 1993?

They scribble down an answer.

QUIZ MASTER (CONT'D)
If the teams would like to swap sheets and we'll be back in half an hour with the answers.

They are all looking at DARREN pointedly.

DARREN
What?

GEOFF
Your round.

DARREN
Is it? I got the last one didn't I?

ALAN
No that was me. Keith got the one before and Geoff got the first one.

DARREN
Oh yeah. 'Course he did.

Sideways glances. Same old, same old.

He walks to the bar, realises he's got a text - rushes back.

GEOFF
(Sotto) Here goes. The dog ate me wallet -

But DARREN thrusts his phone in GEOFF's face.

DARREN
Seen this!?

CUT TO:

11 INT. BLACK SWAN - NIGHT 2 22.30

11

CATH and DEBS are swamped by well-wishers at the bar. Drinks are flowing. The big comedy cheque is being passed around, people taking photos with it, everybody thrilled to bits. DARREN is taking the drinks he has ordered from BARMAID and paying up.

DARREN

Break open the bubbly! (to crowd)
Here we are, whack them out -

ALAN

Blimey. You getting the ale in?

KEITH

And they say money doesn't change
you!

DARREN laughs along, nothing is going to spoil tonight. He grabs hold of the big cheque, gives DEBS a big kiss on the cheek.

KEITH (CONT'D)

I'd love to see you queuing up at
the building society with that!

GEOFF

Did you get *me* a pint?

DARREN

It's on the bar, right there behind
you -

DEBS

Cath - that's not a real cheque is
it? What are we supposed to do
with it?

CATH

That? No! It's just a souvenir.

DARREN

So when does the wonga land?

CATH

Manager took my bank details, said
head office'll pay it in first
thing.

DARREN

Twenty-three thousand nicker! What
we can do with that!

ALAN

The timing is purely coincidental in that you're now a woman of substantial means but I just want it to be known that I've always fancied you, Deborah -

Laughs.

GEOFF

We need to make a list, Cath. Not just fritter it away. This could be a game changer for us. First off, we should top up the ISA.

Trust him.

DARREN

Yeah, but you've got to have a bit of 'mad' money haven't you? A blast.

ALAN

Don't be wasting it all. Keith needs sponsorship for his breast reduction.

Laughs - apart from KEITH.

DARREN

Four of us should go away. A weekend living it up. Amsterdam?

ALAN

Vegas!

DARREN

Why not! We're rolling in it. Viva lost wages -

DEBS

We're rolling in it? Heard this Cath? All those years laughing at us going the bingo, saying what a waste of time and now -

DARREN

Don't be like that. Me and Geoff, always been very supportive of your gambling addiction, haven't we?

GEOFF

What's that?

DARREN

Just saying, the girls with the bingo, always backed them.

(MORE)

DARREN (CONT'D)

And now we're all getting a slice
of the big one!...I mean you are
splitting it aren't you? (bottle of
Champagne) Here, get that down your
neck.

DEBS fills everyone's glasses with the champagne.

GEOFF

What d'you mean by that?

But nobody's listening now, awash with champagne.

KEITH

(CHAMPERS) Ooh the Ambassador is
spoiling us -

DEBS holds up her glass.

DEBS

Here's to - all the eights!

ALL

All the eights!

But there's GEOFF giving DARREN a look.

CUT TO:

12 INT. CATH & GEOFF'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 2 23.30 12

The big comedy cheque is resting against the wall. CATH has just sat down, kicked her shoes off, rubbing her toes, thrilled to bits.

CATH

These stupid shoes...

GEOFF (O.S.)

Treat yourself to a few new pairs
now, love.

Toilet flushes.

CATH

I'm loaded. I can afford new feet!

He enters. Zipping up.

GEOFF

What about the other fella, eh?

CATH

Who?

GEOFF

Mingebag over the road. I mean you
are splitting it aren't you?

(MORE)

GEOFF (CONT'D)

I tell you what Cath, if the boot
was on the other foot -

CATH

Don't be like that. I don't know
why you let him wind you up all the
time, you're supposed to be mates -

GEOFF

You know he's got a streak in him.
Still owes us 25 quid for Tony
Kennedy's retirement do. Alright
letting us get 50 quid of B&Q
vouchers and sticking their name on
the card aren't they? That was
last September!

CATH

Oh shush.

GEOFF

And who picked up the tab in that
tapas place, Trough of Boland,
Easter Monday -

CATH

He said he'd give you it when we
got back. There wasn't a cash
machine for miles.

GEOFF

Well, I'm still waiting!

CATH just sighs.

CATH

Geoff. Enjoy the moment. We've
never had this money in our entire
lives!

GEOFF

I'm just saying. Why would he say
something like that?

On CATH, rubbing her feet, shrugs, how does she know?

CUT TO:

13 INT. DEBS & DARREN'S HOUSE. HALLWAY/KITCHEN - DAY 3 18.00 13

DEBS, home from work, hardly through the door -

DEBS

That smells nice -

DARREN zooms out brandishing a knife and a half-peeled
carrot.

DARREN

Well?

He can tell by her face.

DARREN (CONT'D)

I'm going over there, right now!

DEBS

Don't be ridiculous.

He follows her through to the kitchen, fuming.

DARREN

Keeping us dangling like this!

DEBS

We only won Thursday. Paid in Friday. It's only Monday now.

DARREN

What they playing at? Bank's all instant now with the internet!

DEBS

Well what can I do? Put a balaclava on and burst through her front window?

DARREN

This is him this. Scheming. Plotting.

DEBS

(WORN OUT) Don't do me any potatoes...

DARREN

Power! Loves it. On his little throne, sitting there all North Korea, doing his stupid mind games -

DEBS' mobile rings. They jump. DEBS shows him the phone - CATH!!

DARREN stops chopping. Frozen.

DEBS

Hello stranger! (Laughs) Been making your shopping list? Us too!...When?...Tomorrow? Ooh lovely. Half seven?

DARREN is nodding his head like a mad man.

DEBS (CONT'D)

Yeah. See you there! Don't look rich!

She snaps the phone shut.

DARREN

What? What she say -

DEBS dances around and whoops it up.

DEBS

Yeah baby! Give us a kiss.

He's pushing her off, agitated.

DEBS (CONT'D)

No honey? No money!

DARREN

Gerroff. Stop messing!
Pack in! Tell me what she said!

DEBS

That Jade Palace thingy place they
love. Half seven for eight. They
want to give us the money!
Celebrate! Make a night of it.

DARREN can hardly believe it. She playfully slaps him across
the face.

DEBS (CONT'D)

So can we start enjoying ourselves
now?

DARREN

That's a weight off. You just
worry don't you. People turn. I
mean you start imagining all kinds -

DEBS

Darren!

She goes in for a hug, he hugs her back.

DEBS (CONT'D)

They're our best friends. They're
sharing the money. It's never been
an issue, only in your imagination.
If people only knew. Darren Gary
Heathcote, the dark side -

DARREN

You're right, you're right. Worry
about everything. Sorry. I'll
just be relieved when the money's
sitting there all nice and safe in
my bank account.

DEBS

Our bank account.

He smiles. Back to normal. Chopping the tea. She waltzes to the fridge.

DEBS (CONT'D)
This calls for wine. Want a glass?

Thinks.

DARREN
Chinese? I hate Chinese.

CUT TO:

14 INT. JADE IMPERIAL RESTAURANT - NIGHT 4 20.30 14

A big exotic banquet being served by the ever-smiling owner, MRS TANG. DARREN's looking at it all very dubiously.

GEOFF
Doh je, Mrs Tang.

He even does a little courtesy bow. Dick.

CATH
Been learning the lingo. Did I tell you? Our Linz is thinking of going to Shanghai for New Year.

DEBS and DARREN force smiles. CATH and GEOFF realise DARREN is prodding the food.

GEOFF
Fifteen courses yet! Get stuck in!

DARREN
I'll just have a prawn. Know where I am with a prawn.

CATH and GEOFF swap a look - can't take him anywhere.

DARREN (CONT'D)
What about a horse?

DEBS
Finish your prawns first.

More laughing. Nothing can ruin tonight.

DARREN
No listen. I've been looking into it. We could go in a syndicate, the four of us.

Now GEOFF and CATH exchange a look - no thanks.

GEOFF
What? A leg each?

DARREN

Well, maybe a leg between us!

DEBS

What d'you think? Days out at the races, passes to the Owner's Enclosure -

DARREN

Watch your mouth. This is a family show!

More laughing. CATH looks to GEOFF, he gives her the nod.

CATH

Anyway, the reason we're all here tonight...

GEOFF taps his knife against the side of a glass, refills all of their drinks. CATH produces a white envelope.

CATH (CONT'D)

Ta-dah!

DARREN

The bit we've been waiting for. Drumroll, Maestro, if you please!

CATH

Here it is! Been today, got a Banker's Draft so you can put it straight in.

DEBS and DARREN clap with glee. CATH hands them the envelope. DEBS opens it. Excitement!!!

GEOFF

I know it's not Euromillions but just nice to have a cushion isn't it -

DARREN

Too right. Bit of bunc in the bank, treat yourself now and again, not have to worry about a rainy day...

But DEBS' face has changed from delight to distress.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Let's have a look then. I want to count all the noughts.

DEBS

(TO CATH) Has there been a mistake?

CATH and GEOFF swap guilty looks.

DARREN snatches the Banker's Draft.

DARREN
What's this! You having a laugh?

GEOFF
Six grand, Darren!

DEBS
Halves, Cath, we always go halves -

GEOFF
This is different Debs, you know
that -

DEBS
Different! Why? Why is it
different? Every single time we've
had a win we've split it 50/50 -

GEOFF
A few quid here and there -

DARREN
So now it's big bucks all the rules
have changed? Surprise, surprise -

GEOFF
What's that supposed to mean?

DEBS
(to CATH) Was this your idea?

CATH
We talked about it, all weekend -

DARREN
I bet you did -

CATH
And we thought it was a very
generous offer.

DEBS
An offer? Is this a joke Cath?
I'm entitled to half that money,
you know I am.

GEOFF
See. That word. 'Entitled' -

DEBS
Twenty three thousand-

DARREN
- one hundred and 19 quid!

GEOFF

Well I don't know anyone else in the world whose friends would take them out for a lovely meal -

DARREN

£13.50 All You Can Eat buffet -

*

GEOFF

- and throw a gift of six thousand pounds back in their faces.

DEBS

I'm asking you again Cath. You're not sharing the money? Not properly?

CATH can't look at her.

DEBS is in shock.

DEBS (CONT'D)

This is wrong. You must know that!

DARREN

'Course they do, look at their faces -

DEBS

Eleven years we've been going to that bingo. Even when one of us has been on holiday we've split any winnings...Cath?

DARREN

You keep the nice round forty thousand for yourselves and fob us off with a few lousy quid?

CATH

We thought that was a nice amount. We thought you'd be pleased.

DEBS

Cath...Just tell me again. Is this for real? Because I can't believe you're trying to do this.

CATH stares at her plate.

GEOFF

Debs, I must say I'm very surprised by this attitude I really am.

DARREN

Oh wind your neck in, Geoff.

DEBS

(Fighting tears) Cath?

DEBS thrusts the Banker's Draft under her nose.

Beat.

CATH

That's it.

DEBS picks up the Banker's Draft, she's shaking with shock, anger, disappointment.

So what now?

She suddenly thrusts it over the flame of the candle in the middle of the table. Flakes of blackened paper float in the air. GEOFF looks around anxiously to see if MRS TANG has noticed, he flaps, waving the evidence away.

GEOFF

Well that's charming behaviour, I must say.

DEBS wants to burst into tears. DARREN grabs her arm.

DARREN

Get your coat. We're leaving.

DEBS scuttles off, too upset to speak.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Fine friends you are. You haven't heard the last of this.

Walks out.

GEOFF and CATH are traumatised. GEOFF throws MRS TANG a 'sorry' look.

Alarm as a wild-faced DARREN returns.

DARREN (CONT'D)

And I want me strimmer back!

CUT TO:

15 INT. BLACK SWAN - NIGHT 4 21.45

15

DEBS is devastated, DARREN is raging.

DEBS

- she stood at that bar -

DARREN

Bold as brass!

DEBS

Champagne flowing -

DARREN

That I paid for!

DEBS

- never once said oh by the way,
what d'you think you're doing?

DARREN

Precisely!

DEBS

Why are you celebrating? Did you
think this had something to do with
you? Biggest win we've ever had!
Can't believe it.

She knocks her drink back.

DARREN

Never saw that coming.

DEBS

I mean, why? Why act like this?

DARREN

Greed. What other explanation is
there?

Beat.

DEBS

So where do we go from here? How
can we still be friends?

He places his empty glass down with finality.

DARREN

We can't.

CUT TO:

17

INT. DEBS & DARREN'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT 4 04.10

17

Middle of the night. DEBS can't sleep, staring at the ceiling, fretting.

DEBS

(Whisper) Darren! You awake?

DARREN

(Groan) I am now.

She flicks on the bedside lamp, he recoils in horror.

DEBS

(Whisper) Can't get it out of my mind. Churning over and over...

DARREN

(Whisper) Yeah, well, think they can get away with this? I'm not letting this go. They'll get the fright of their lives. Don't you worry about that.

DEBS

(Whisper) What d'you mean?

DARREN

(Whisper) There was an agreement.

DEBS

(Whisper) But there wasn't!..Why are we whispering?

Normal voices.

DARREN

There was! In theory. A verbal understanding. A moral obligation!

DEBS isn't buying any of it.

DARREN (CONT'D)

I'm telling you. They're going to have to hand over what's rightfully ours!

DEBS

They obviously don't think they owe us anything. How we going to force them?

DARREN

Doesn't matter. Half that money is yours, fair and square.

DEBS

It's useless. It's not like we
signed a contract
(MORE)

DEBS (CONT'D)

DARREN

You've been going to that bingo
every Thursday for donkey's years.
We can get a hundred witnesses.
Every single win was split right
down the middle.

DEBS

Well it isn't now.

DARREN

Exactly! The rules have suddenly
changed but you had a precedent.
All winnings, shared fair and
square! Like that from the very
beginning! Equal partners! We need
legal advice!

He jumps out of bed.

DEBS

It's quarter past four. Where are
you going?

DARREN

To Google!

CUT TO:

17A INT. FURNITURE SHOP - DAY 6 14.00

17A

CATH is anxious and jittery but GEOFF is indignant.

He's lying prostrate on a hideous leather reclining chair.

GEOFF

Look. A special hole for your
drink! Thought of everything.

CATH

I just didn't expect them to react
like that.

GEOFF

Made a right show of us in front of
Mrs Tang...What's this - a holder
for the remote!

CATH

Her face. I've never seen her so
mad.

GEOFF

Well, just shows you. Money brings
out the worst in people.

(MORE)

GEOFF (CONT'D)

Shown their true colours
now... (CHECKS LABEL) Hey.
They'll Scotchguard it for an extra
50 quid!

CATH

Maybe if we gave them a bit
more... Rounded it up to ten? I
mean that's a nice amount isn't it?
She could get her kitchen done,
she's been saying for ages.

GEOFF

After that behaviour? Has she
called to apologise? Even a lousy
text?

It's a no.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

If they were true friends, they'd
have been over the moon for us, not
grasping for every penny they could
get.

CATH

I know... but me and her, it was
kind of our thing, we'd been going
for years.

GEOFF

How many times! Like you said - if
Keith at the quiz plays the fruit
machine and wins a tenner, does he
have to give me a fiver just
because I'm standing next to him?

She's still torn. He zooms up on the recline, sits up
properly.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

You need to get this straight in
your head. Stop letting them make
you feel guilty. We've done
absolutely nothing wrong. They're
the ones out of order - not us!

CUT TO:

18

EXT. SOLICITOR'S OFFICE - DAY 6 14.55

18

DARREN is leaping up the steps but DEBS is hovering.

DARREN

What?

DEBS

I just - I mean, is this the right thing to do? Going all legal.

DARREN

Yes! We need to know where we stand -

DEBS

What if it goes to court or something, we end up all over the papers!

DARREN

We're just asking advice that's all.

She reluctantly walks up the steps

DARREN (CONT'D)
And talk fast. The first 15
minutes are free.

CUT TO:

19 INT. SOLICITOR'S OFFICE - DAY 6 15.15

19

MISS SAMFIELD is listening. DEBS is very nervous and restrained, DARREN is virtually out of his chair with indignation.

MISS SAMFIELD
...so for the past 11 years, there
has never been an opportunity to
keep your own winnings, you always
split it 50/50 with Mrs Cooper?

DARREN
To the last penny!

MISS SAMFIELD
And she with you?

DEBS
Yes. Everything.

DARREN
Never thought for a minute to keep
it all herself, did you love? Not
like that are you? (to MISS
SAMFIELD) Very generous, always has
been. Too generous at times. I've
always said, haven't I love, I've
said you want to watch that, people
think you're soft, take advantage,
mistake kindness for weakness -

DEBS
(Hisses) Darren!

He shuts up.

DARREN
What d'you think, Miss Samfield.
You reckon we've got a case?

MISS SAMFIELD
You need to be aware that there is
no legal undertaking for Mrs Cooper
to share her winnings.

Downcast faces.

MISS SAMFIELD (CONT'D)
But with your history...there is a
certain moral obligation
(MORE)

MISS SAMFIELD (CONT'D)

DARREN

(to DEBS) I said that didn't I?
What did I say? Exact words! (to
MISS SAMFIELD) So you reckon the
jury would find her guilty?

MISS SAMFIELD smiles.

MISS SAMFIELD

It would be a civil hearing... A
judge would *probably* find in your
wife's favour...

DARREN punches DEBS in the arm triumphantly. Ow!

MISS SAMFIELD (CONT'D)

But - for the amount of money
involved, by the time legal costs
were taken into account, court
time, Barrister's fees...

DEBS

There'd be nothing left?

Precisely.

DEBS (CONT'D)

So what do we do?

MISS SAMFIELD

You've said Mrs Cooper is one of
your closest friends?

DEBS

(GUTTED) Best friend...

DARREN clutches at her hand.

DARREN

Don't cry, love...

MISS SAMFIELD proffers a box of tissues.

MISS SAMFIELD

Friendships being torn apart, it's
always upsetting... Sometimes when
two people sit down, take a moment
from all the madness, talk things
through like sensible adults... You
think that's an option? You could
have a calm, measured conversation
with your friend?

DEBS nods vigorously. Yes, of course she could.

CUT TO

:

19A EXT. CATH & GEOFF'S HOUSE - DAY 6 16.00 19A

DEBS is on the path. She steels herself then marches towards the front door.

CUT TO:

20 INT. CATH & GEOFF'S HOUSE. HALLWAY/BATHROOM - DAY 6 CONT. 20

A terrified CATH, in a towel with her hair in a showercap, peeks out nervously down the stairs - the sound of the doorbell ringing, letterbox clattering.

DEBS (O.S.)
Stop being so bloody stupid, Cath!
Open this flaming door!

CUT TO:

21 EXT. CATH & GEOFF'S HOUSE - DAY 6 CONT. 21

DEBS peers through the front window.

She stomps back to the letterbox and shouts through it.

DEBS
I know you're in there. Come out!
Speak to me! Five minutes. That's all. You could at least give me that.

Desperation.

She steps back, shouts at the upstairs windows.

DEBS (CONT (CONT'D))
Cath! Cath!

But CATH doesn't answer.

DEBS eventually gives up.

CUT TO:

22 EXT/INT. STREET/CATH & GEOFF'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - DAY 6 CONT 22

CATH peeks through the upstairs bedroom window to watch a defeated DEBS traipses back to her house.

CATH feels victimised....but is that also a flicker of guilt?

CUT TO:

23 INT. BLACK SWAN - NIGHT 6 20.00

23

ALAN and KEITH are in shock

ALAN~
Six grand?

KEITH
Bit harsh.

ALAN
I thought they were best mates?

DARREN
Like sisters.

KEITH
And they've kept the lion's share?

ALAN
Your Debs must be gutted.

DARREN
We both are!

ALAN
People eh?

DARREN
Tell you what, didn't see that coming. All those years, weddings, christenings, holidays with the kids. I gave him a tow once all the way from Lytham St Anne's... (THINKS) And I carried his father's coffin! You think you know someone...

ALAN
Right rum do, I'll give you that -

DARREN
You ask me, I don't even think it's Cath's idea, it's him pulling the strings -

KEITH
Does like to take control, our Geoff -

ALAN
I know, but fair's fair. He must know that's not on -

KEITH
Never had him down as a -

GEOFF enters.

GEOFF
Evening! What are we having. My
shout
(MORE)

GEOFF (CONT'D)

ALAN and KEITH bounce up with their empty glasses for refills.

DARREN glares at them. Traitors!

CUT TO:

24 INT. CATH & GEOFF'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT 6 21.00 24

He's brought chips home from the pub, dishing them out on to two plates, scoffing half of them whilst he's doing it.

CATH

I told you they're on the banned list -

GEOFF

This diet. Does my head in. And I'm not even on it -

CATH's text buzzes. He can tell by her face.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

Not again.

CATH

(READS OUT) *I don't know what I did wrong. Can we just meet for a coffee?*

GEOFF is disgusted, carries on sharing the chips. CATH hovers, not sure what to do.

GEOFF

Not going to reply are you?

Shrugs.

CATH

She's upset!

He's outraged.

CATH (CONT'D)

We have been best friends since first day of infants -

GEOFF

Not acting like a best friend now! She's practically stalking you!

CATH

Don't say that -

GEOFF

The facts, Cath. Basically she's
trying to bully you into handing
over 23 grand. It's not on!

(MORE)

GEOFF (CONT'D)

It's turning into harassment.
Only thing she's going to get from
us is a Restraining Order.

CATH wavers.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

Look at you. You won that money,
not her! You're stressed out. Why
should you be made to feel like
this? What kind of a friend is
that?

CATH thinks he's right, tosses her phone onto the kitchen counter. Splurts ketchup on her chips. Sod them.

CUT TO:

25 INT. DEBS & DARREN'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT 6 02.00 25

DARREN is fast asleep. DEBS is awake, staring at the ceiling. She checks her phone for the nth time.

No reply from CATH.

CUT TO:

26 INT. DEBS & DARREN'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY 7 08.00 26

DEBS is not eating her breakfast, staring into the distance.

DARREN rushes in, getting ready for work. Oblivious.

DARREN

Seen my work shoes?...You leaving
that toast?

He grabs a piece of toast, clocks that she's not dressed.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Better get a move on hadn't you?

DEBS

Called in sick.

DARREN

Again?

DEBS

I've decided. It's been a month.
I'm going to make it up with her.

DARREN

After what she's done to you!

Why can't he realise this feels like her only option

?

DEBS
What else can I do?

CUT TO:

27 INT. CATH & GEOFF'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 7 13.00 27

DEBS and CATH having an emotional cup of tea in the kitchen.

DEBS
...so I wanted to apologise for
y'know all the shouting and the
madness and stuff. Never in a
million thought we'd ever have a
fallout like that.

The relief.

CATH
We can get back to normal now? Put
this whole thing to bed.

DEBS
Definitely.

CATH
Been the worst time of my life, I'm
not joking.

DEBS
Look at the time! Told them I'd do
a late shift. Have to go.

They stand, hug.

CATH
See you Thursday?...You've lost
weight by the way.

DEBS
Think so? Haven't really been
eating...All the upset...

CATH
I've gone the other way. We've
been doing nothing but eating out.

Nice. If you can afford it.

They walk to the door. DEBS hovers. Awkward.

DEBS
Shall I take it now?...Or do you
need to go to the bank again?

Eh

?

DEBS (CONT'D)
The six thousand...

Is she kidding?

CATH
You think after all this -

DEBS
I thought we were friends now -

CATH
That's the only reason you've come
round? To get your mitts on the
money?

DEBS
What? No -

CATH
That's why you're here! I thought
it was a bit sudden -

DEBS
No, you're wrong -

CATH
You can swing for any winnings now
Debs after all the nastiness you've
caused -

DEBS
I was upset! I thought we just
talked about it -

CATH
And I fell for it. Thinking you
just wanted my friendship! To be
mates again. Out! Go on, get out!

She pushes a shocked and bewildered DEBS out of the house.

CUT TO:

28

EXT. CATH & GEOFF'S HOUSE. DOORSTEP - DAY 7 CONT.

28

A traumatised DEBS, not knowing what the hell she's done
wrong as the door slams shut behind her.

CUT TO:

29

INT. CHURCH HALL. BULGE BUSTERS - DAY 8 18.35

29

A defeated DEBS is in the queue, anxiously looking over her
shoulder for the arrival of CATH. No sign

.

She's even forgotten to take her coat and shoes off for the weigh-in.

BULGE BUSTER LEADER
Another three pounds!

DEBS barely registers it.

BULGE BUSTER LEADER (CONT'D)
Definite contender for Slimmer of
the Month!

A raft of jealous faces all looking at her. *Bitch!*

She scuttles out.

BULGE BUSTER LEADER (CONT'D)
Not staying for the class?

But she's gone.

CUT TO:

30 INT. BINGO HALL. MAIN ROOM - DAY 8 19.25 30

DEBS feels weird. She's uncomfortable, at their usual table. No sign of CATH.

She looks around. Everyone chatting in gangs. She seems to be the only person on her own. Right Billy No Mates.

It's rubbish on her own. She feels like everyone is looking at her.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. CATH & DEBS' STREET - DAY 9 18.00 31

A delivery van outside CATH and GEOFF's.

DEBS, carrying bags of shopping, stops in her tracks, grim face, trudges up her own path.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. DEBS & DARREN'S HOUSE - DAY 10 08.00 32

Days later. DARREN's putting the wheelie bins out. Yet another van - a smiling CATH signing for something.

DEBS appears at the door with an empty egg box.

DARREN
Ignore it.
(MORE)

DARREN (CONT'D)

DEBS hands him the egg box, says nothing, goes back inside.

CUT TO:

33 EXT. CATH & DEBS' STREET - DAY 11 08.30

33

DEBS is even thinner now. A few weeks later.

DEBS and DARREN are just about to get in their car, DARREN driving.

A big delivery van outside of CATH and GEOFF's. You can't miss it. He can see that she's livid.

DARREN

I thought we said.

Beat. She gets in the car.

CUT TO:

34 INT/EXT. DEBS' CAR/CATH & DEBS' STREET - DAY 11 08.32 34

But as they drive down the street towards the open back of the van, DARREN goes nuts, screeches to a halt.

DEBS

Bloody hell Darren -

DARREN

The Vesuvius Deluxe 3000!

CUT TO:

35 EXT. CATH & GEOFF'S HOUSE - DAY 11 CONT.

35

DARREN jumps out of the car.

DARREN

Think that's clever do you?

The DELIVERY MEN freeze. GEOFF feels he has to act big, storms down his path (shuts his gate, mind). CATH lurks.

The two blokes square up to other over the gate.

GEOFF

What now?

DARREN

You know what. My fire pit -

The DELIVERY MEN are caught right in the middle.

GEOFF

Yours

(MORE)

GEOFF (CONT'D)

?

DARREN

Been after one for months, you know full well -

GEOFF

Grow up you maniac.

DEBS

Don't talk to him like that -

CATH

What's it got to do with you what we've got? None of your business!

GEOFF

Sorry lads, ignore these nutters, through the back, I've left the side gate open -

DELIVERY MEN go up the path.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

(GOADING) Look a treat on the new patio. Limestone. Might buy one for our Lindsey.

DARREN

Princess Lindsey? Surely she's got everything already?

CATH

See, always with the snidey comments -

DARREN

Ooh, our Lindsey's got a power shower, ooh, our Lindsey's got one of those American fridges that does all the ice -

CATH

What's it got to do with our Lindsey?

GEOFF

What about you with your Liam?

CATH

You never shut up about him.

DEBS

Don't you say one word about my son!

CATH

Our Liam and his A stars. Our Liam
and his Duke of Edinburgh award.
Our Liam walks on water -
(MORE)

CATH (CONT'D)

DEBS

You horror. You're his godmother!
He's at Uni doing Business Studies.
We never said he was Bamber bloody
Gascoigne!

Horns - their car and the delivery van are blocking the road.

DARREN

Green eyed monsters the pair of
you!

GEOFF

Us? It's you two who can't stand
anyone else having anything. Just
get lost.

He gives DARREN a bit of a push in the chest to get him out
of the way so he can bolt the path gate closed.

DARREN

Who you pushing?

Handbags at dawn.

CATH

Stop it -

DEBS

Darren, don't -

CATH

Geoff, your sciatica!

Luckily for them DELIVERY MEN reappear and wade in to break
it up. DARREN and GEOFF do a great job of pretending that
they REALLY want to fight.

GEOFF

Next time! I'm warning you -

DARREN

I'll knock your bloody block off -

It's no *Rocky IV*. DEBS pulls DARREN away.

DEBS

Come on, just leave it.

But as they get to the car.

CATH

You know what Debs. People always
said you were jealous of me, I
never believed it. But they were
right.

Oh really

?

DEBS
Jealous? Jealous of what, Cath?

CATH
You tell me.

DEBS
No. Go on. I'd love to hear.

CATH
Well...everything.

DEBS
Oh really. Jealous of you at
Bangor-on-Dee races was I?

CATH drains.

GEOFF
Bangor-on-Dee races?

DEBS
Julie Flynn's hen party!

DARREN has no idea where this is going - but doesn't like it.

GEOFF
Julie Flynn's hen party? Why?
What happened there? (to CATH)
What's she talking about?

DEBS
Ask her! Ask her about that fella
from the Carphone Warehouse.

It's out there now. And in that second, 40 years of
friendship between CATH and DEBS is destroyed FOREVER.

Car horns. Shocked faces all round. DELIVERY MEN in trauma.

CUT TO:

36 INT/EXT. CAR/CAR PARK - DAY 11 08.55

36

Twenty minutes later. Awful silence. DEBS shaken up.

DARREN has driven, drumming his fingers against the steering
wheel.

DEBS looks like hell. He's waiting for an answer.

DEBS
I just - I don't know why I did it.
Her face. When she said I was
jealous. I mean, of what?
(MORE)

DEBS (CONT'D)

Who says that? Who *thinks* like that? I dunno...just lost it.

She knows that's not good enough.

DEBS (CONT'D)

We should go straight back. Right now. I'll explain.

DARREN

You've done enough damage.

DEBS

Oh God, Darren...

DARREN

We had the higher ground. We were the injured party. But *this*...

DEBS

I know, I know, stop saying it!

She's dying.

DARREN

So what were you doing?

DEBS

When?

DARREN

At Copping-Off-On-Bloody-Dee! If everyone was gadding about like Geordie flaming Shore -

DEBS

Me? Nothing! Don't be stupid.

DARREN

I can imagine. Gang of daft women, off your heads on Slimfast, running amok, egging each other one -

DEBS

I never did a thing! Never have done! I wouldn't do that to you!

Hmph. He's not convinced.

DARREN

Because tell you what, I'd go off me rocker! I'm not joking! Making me the laughing stock.

Beat. They calm down.

DEBS

What d'you think Geoff'll do
(MORE)

DEBS (CONT'D)

?

Does she really have to ask?

DEBS (CONT'D)

You think he'll leave her?

Thinks.

DEBS (CONT'D)

(PANIC) You think they'll get divorced?

DARREN

Dunno. Depends.

DEBS

On what?

DARREN

Well how bad was it?

CUT TO:

37

EXT. PRINTING FIRM. CAR PARK - DAY 12 17.35

37

Geoff's workplace. GEOFF can see DEBS but ignores her, walks briskly to his car.

GEOFF

Whatever it is, I don't want to hear it -

DEBS

I just want to apologise, Geoff -

GEOFF

Bit late for that.

DEBS

It was a nothing, a laugh, everyone had too much to drink -

GEOFF

Cath's told me all about it.
Everything.

DEBS

It was just some stupid drunken madness, I swear.

GEOFF

Yeah. That's what she said. Some daft lad chancing his arm.

DEBS

That's right. He just threw the lips on and that was it

(MORE)

DEBS (CONT'D)

-

GEOFF

Built it up though didn't you?

DEBS

I never wanted to cause to trouble.

GEOFF

Yes you did. You thought you could rake up a bit of ancient history, a bit of tittle tattle, push Cath into a corner, get your mitts on the money. That's what all this is about.

DEBS

No -

GEOFF

You're hacked off so that gives you the right to wreck our lives?

DEBS

It wasn't like that!

GEOFF

Then what is it? Because I earn more than Darren so Cath doesn't have to work?

DEBS

Don't be ridiculous, I like my job -

GEOFF

Well there's some beef with Cath. Something that makes you want to attack her. She won that money, fair and square and you know it.

He gets in his car.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

Or tell you what, is it just because she's thinner than you?

And he drives off.

CUT TO:

CATH is putting some bits into a basket for one. DEBS appears.

CATH

Have you followed me here?

DEBS
I need to talk to you
(MORE)

DEBS (CONT'D)

CATH ignores her.

CATH

I've got nothing to say to -

DEBS

I went to see Geoff.

CATH freezes.

CATH

At Doreen's?

DEBS is shocked.

CATH (CONT'D)

Yeah. He's left. Run back to his mother's.

DEBS

For good? He's coming back?

CATH

How do I know? Says he needs a few days to sort his head out.

DEBS

Cath, I'm sorry. Really. I never meant...If I could take it all back...

CATH

What did you expect? Dropping a bombshell like that? How much must you hate me -

DEBS

I don't!

CATH

Then what possessed you?

DEBS

I was mad, just blurted it out -

CATH

Liar! You knew what you were doing.

CATH's in the fishfingers.

DEBS

I just want you to know...He won't hear from me what really happened.

CATH explodes now.

CATH

You wicked, spiteful cow! So now
you're trying to blackmail me?

DEBS

What? No, I'm saying I would never
tell him -

CATH

Come on! I'll give you a lift.
We'll go round there right now.
Doreen's never liked me, this'll be
the icing on the cake -

DEBS

You're not listening -

CATH

So I spent one night at a crappy 2-
star guest house with another man
fourteen years ago and you've been
storing it all up to use against
me! Nice! You know full well we
were going through a bad patch.
What kind of a friend is that! Six
grand? Shouldn't it be 30 pieces
of silver?

The slams her basket down on the floor and marches out. On
DEBS. Oh god.

CUT TO:

39

INT. DEBS & DARREN'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY 12 19.35 39

Mood is awful.

Eating their tea on their knees. She feels terrible, hunched
over, can't face eating. DARREN has finished his.

DARREN

You haven't even touched that.

Beat. TV on. Neither really watching.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Not eating. Not sleeping. Not
going out.

Beat.

DARREN (CONT'D)

All this. Needs to be put to bed
right now.

Beat

.

DARREN (CONT'D)
Deborah. Are you listening to me?

DEBS
I just can't...

DARREN
I don't want to hear one more word
about it. All that money has done
is caused a ton of aggro. I'm sick
to the back teeth.

Beat.

She finds it too much, gets up and trudges off to the kitchen
with her plate. He fumes.

Then a crash.

DARREN (CONT'D)
Debs?

Nothing.

DARREN (CONT'D)
Deborah!

He flings his plate down rushes out to the kitchen...

CUT TO:

40 INT. DEBS & DARREN'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY 12 CONT. 40

DARREN's expression, rushing into the kitchen, seeing DEBS
lying on the floor.

CUT TO:

41 INT. CATH & GEOFF'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY 12 19.50 41

GEOFF is looking surly, he's got a hold-all and is stomping
around throwing random stuff into it, books, DVDS, etc. CATH
is nervy and aloof.

GEOFF
And all my Jeremy Clarksons. Where
are they?

She shakes her head. Like she wants to keep that. Then
hears the siren/sees the blue light flashing outside. She
rushes to the window, GEOFF behind her.

They realise it's at DEBS and DARREN's house.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. DEBS & DARREN'S HOUSE. DAY 12 CONT.

42

Ambulance, lights flashing, DEBS strapped into a wheelchair, hooked up to oxygen, being loaded into the back of it.

DARREN is about to climb in. GEOFF and CATH rush over.

CATH
What's happened?

DARREN
She collapsed!

CATH
We'll come to the hospital -

DARREN
You stay the hell away. It's all
your fault! You caused this!

GEOFF and CATH watch helplessly as the ambulance doors are locked shut and it speeds off down the road.

They look at each other - what have they done?

CUT TO:

43 INT. DEBS & DARREN'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY 13 11.00 43

About a week later.

DEBS in her dressing gown, on the couch, recuperating, listlessly watching the telly with a cup of tea.

The letterbox (a struggle) makes a lot of noise.

CUT TO:

44 INT. DEBS & DARREN'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - DAY 13 CONT. 44

DEBS stares at a big thick Jiffy bag of an envelope on the mat. Handwritten. Addressed TO MY BEST MATE.

DEBS picks it up and opens it.

It's wads of cash, all bundled up.

CUT TO:

45 INT. CATH & GEOFF'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - DAY 13 11.10 45

CATH's heard a noise - rushes out into the hall to see the envelope being shoved right back through (or the cash wads being dropped one by one if the envelope won't fit in).

CATH watches in dismay. Now what?

CUT TO:

46 EXT. CATH & DEBS' STREET - DAY 13 CONT.

46

DEBS is making her way back to her own house.

CATH rushes out, brandishing the wads of cash.

CATH
Debs!

DEBS carries on walking.

CATH (CONT'D)
Debs! Please! Wait! Just give me
a minute.

DEBS reluctantly stops. They face each other.

CATH (CONT'D)
This - have it - it's yours -

DEBS
It doesn't matter now. I honestly
don't want any of it -

CATH
It belongs to you, it always did.
I was wrong, stupid, greedy -

DEBS
Keep it. You and Geoff, have a
good time -

CATH
Take it -

DEBS
Cath, stop it -

CATH
If you don't take it, I'll - I'll
burn it!

DEBS
Don't be ridiculous -

CATH
I will.

DEBS
Geoff'll do his nut -

CATH
Up in flames, the whole lot, I mean
it! (Inspired) On his new
firepit!...Which is absolutely crap
by the way.

Rueful smiles. A breakthrough?

CATH (CONT'D)
Please
(MORE)

CATH (CONT'D)

DEBS

Nah. You be happy. We're fine.
I'm ok now. I got carried away,
made myself ill. Crazy...

CATH

We're best mates, Debs. Like
sisters. Never had a fallout in
our lives. *A good friend will cover
up a murder. A best friend will
help you bury the body...* 40 years,
Debs.

DEBS

Yeah, well...Had a good run...

Awkward beat.

DEBS (CONT'D)

Door's on the latch, best get
back...

CATH

We can all get together..I mean,
sometime? Maybe? There's a band
on The Swan, Friday night. Supposed
to be really good, all covers.

DEBS

I'm um...Not sure I'm ready to be
going out just yet.

CATH

Well, when you feel better? Next
week? Oh - and Geoff's been going
on for ages about trying that new
Tepannyaki place. We could go
there? The chef cracks open the
eggs on your head!

A half-hearted nod from DEBS.

CATH (CONT'D)

Japanese food. Hardly any
calories. Not that you need to
worry, not now...You look great by
the way.

DEBS

Thanks...Yeah...maybe...I'll text
you...

Beat.

CATH

You're not going to are you?

DEBS doesn't answer but it's painfully obvious. CATH is devastated. Nothing left to say.

DEBS traipses back to her house.

CATH is stuck in the middle of the street, frozen to the spot, clutching the damn envelope and the wads of cash.

She watches sadly as DEBS goes right inside, waits for the front door to close before finally heading back to her own home.

A final look over to DEBS house. It feels like it's a million miles away. CATH's rock bottom, goes inside.

The two doors close. And that's that.

THE END