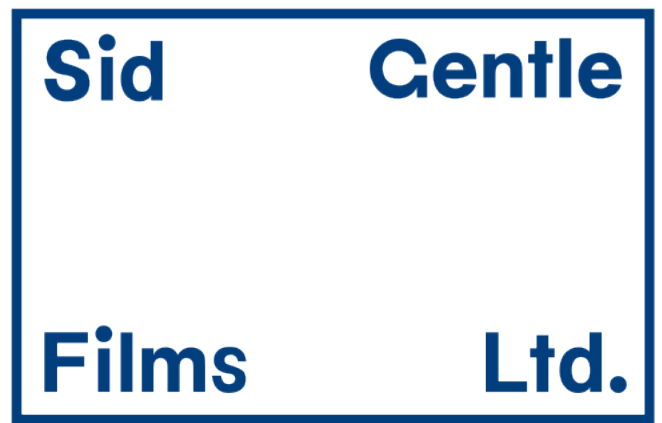


TITLE	Rain Dogs
BY	Cash Carraway
EPISODE	Episode 1
DRAFT	6 th July, 2022
BUFF REVISIONS	



BLUE REVS PAGES: 4, 5, 5A, 6, 6A, 7, 10, 11, 17, 18, 19, 20, 27, 27A, 28, 29, 29A, 30, 31, 32

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YELLOW REVS PAGES: 21, 22, 29A, 30, 31, 32

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GOLDENROD REVS PAGES: 6A, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 11A, 12, 12A

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PRE-TITLE

1 **INT. PIMLICO, COSTELLO'S FLAT. HALLWAY - DAY 1. 7:50AM.** 1

COSTELLO JONES (30's, past her prime, with a rock n roll swagger and glint in her eye) quickly packs her shit into bin liners ready to run from a private rental ex-local authority 1 bedroom flat.

2 **INT. PIMLICO, COSTELLO'S FLAT. IRIS' BEDROOM - DAY 1. 7:51AM.**

IRIS (9, cheeky, scruffy school uniform and headphones around her neck) unpicks posters from her walls - South Park, Christopher from The Sopranos, and carefully places them into her bin bag, with her fairy lights. She's stuffing Happy Meal toys into her pockets as banging starts on the front door -

BAILIFF (O.S.)
Costello Jones...

IRIS is scared, she runs to her mum.

3 **INT. PIMLICO, COSTELLO'S FLAT. HALLWAY - DAY 1. 7:52AM.** 3

COSTELLO holds a protective arm around IRIS as she works out her next move -

BAILIFF (O.S.)
(through letterbox)
Costello Jones!

They both flinch, but COSTELLO collects enough spirit to crouch to meet the BAILIFF's eyes through the letterbox.

COSTELLO
(sarcastic, to BAILIFF) Yeah, I know what you're thinking, living the champagne lifestyle courtesy of the taxpayer! But I ain't even council, I'm private tenant I am, private! Been lining fat cat's pockets for over a decade, and this is how I'm treated!

The letterbox snaps shut, she grabs her phone.

CATH (O.S.)
(to BAILIFF) Told ya she was there.

COSTELLO
(to IRIS, smiling) Looks like we
gotta go!

COSTELLO grabs IRIS' battered school shoes, IRIS puts them on. IRIS picks up her book bag. COSTELLO gets IRIS' iPad, plugs it into her headphones.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
(off the iPad) Don't let 'em see
this.

COSTELLO places headphones on IRIS' ears, blasts music. IRIS slips the iPad into her waistband, out of sight. COSTELLO gives IRIS a reassuring kiss and smile before dialing GLORIA. She moves to take the call in the kitchen.

4

INT. PIMLICO, COSTELLO'S FLAT. KITCHEN - DAY 1. 7:54AM.

4

Phone to ear, she opens a cupboard, takes out anti-depressants, contact lenses and reading glasses, throws them in her bin bag. IRIS watches her mum from the end of the hallway.

Call goes to voicemail - *"This is Gloria, I don't listen to voicemails, text me you twat!"*

She hits the side of the cabinet forcing passports, prison letters, birth certificates, Deed Poll certificates and NHS Child's Records (red book) to dislodge from the back.

COSTELLO
(on phone) Gloria, I cannot explain
how fucking angry I am with you.
They're here. Reason I asked you to
take Iris last night was so she
wouldn't see this. Where are you?

The BAILIFF starts the drills. Time to go.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
(on phone) This is the last time
you let me down.

5

INT. PIMLICO, COSTELLO'S FLAT. HALLWAY - DAY 1. 7:55AM.

5

COSTELLO lifts IRIS's chin gently. They share a beautiful, often unspoken, unbreakable bond.

IRIS
(loud because of music)
Call Selby.

COSTELLO takes IRIS' teddy, puts it safely in her handbag.
COSTELLO lifts the headphones -

COSTELLO
Told you, he's taking care of his
sick mum.

They stick on their fur coats. COSTELLO takes her small
laptop off the table. Starts to stuff it into her jeans. IRIS
takes the laptop off her, puts it into her waistband with the
iPad, covers it with her coat.

IRIS
(still loud) I'll look after your
writing, they can't touch me.

COSTELLO smiles, chip off the old block. She grabs IRIS's
hand, lifts her own head high in a way the middle class deem
entitled and fixes on her protective smirk. Picks up their
bulging bin liners - these contain everything they now own.

6

EXT. PIMLICO, COSTELLO'S ESTATE. WALKWAY. - DAY 1. 7:56AM. 6

Door open. COSTELLO always goes down in a blaze of glory.
COSTELLO and IRIS (headphones on, music loud) move quick. She
drops the door keys with purpose at the feet of the two
BAILIFFS.

COSTELLO
(to BAILIFF, intentionally
common)
Costello Jones don't live here no
more...

BAILIFF hands COSTELLO a notice. She screws it up, chucks it
off the balcony.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
(gestures loopy)
Heard about her though...

COSTELLO and IRIS pass CATH and 2 RASCAL WOMEN filming the
mid-week spectacle on their phones.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
When she celebrates her birthday
down Harvester she visits the salad
bar an *unacceptable* amount of
times...

COSTELLO and IRIS get to the lift, but it's broke as usual,
yellow tape across the door, so they head on down the stairs.

CATH
(filming) She's vile!

7

EXT. PIMLICO, COSTELLO'S ESTATE. STAIRWELL - DAY 1. 7.58AM. 7

IRIS tightly grips COSTELLO's hand as she gives them a show for their camera phones -

COSTELLO
(mock disgust) Shagging every Tom,
Dick and moron, I reckon.

The WOMEN mock her as they film - "utter disgrace!"

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
One things for certain - she only
goes with men who leave.

CATH
(still filming)
It's the kid I feel sorry for.

COSTELLO
Where's the dad? Where's the dad,
hey? She can't even keep a man!

From the bottom of the stairwell, COSTELLO looks up at everyone as IRIS sneakily lifts one headphone to hear what's going on.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
Causes drama wherever she goes.
By all accounts she's a terrible
cunt!

A look of glee from IRIS as her and COSTELLO hold hands and swagger across the estate together, alone.

TITLES: RAIN DOGS. GLORY DAYS.

8

INT. OUT OF TOWN PRISON. SELBY'S CELL - DAY 1. 8AM.

8

SELBY, late 30's, a boarding school boy educated on Brett Easton Ellis and Goddard, is dressed in a Saville Row suit, shirt, shoes, and putting on his tie - ready for his walk to freedom. His cell mate MASON, 40's, on a long stretch, rough cunt, watches SELBY get ready as he takes a piss with his trackie bottoms all the way down, utter beast.

SELBY picks up a pile of books from his shelf; Marcus Aurelius - Meditations, Crime and Punishment - Dostoevsky, What Matter's Most Is How You Walk Through The Fire - Charles Bukowski, and Russell Brand's Booky Wook. He holds them out to MASON.

SELBY

Here you go, get yourself an education.

MASON

Giving it the big'un now are you?
We both know you've cried every night.

SELBY places them on MASON's bunk.

SELBY

They locked me in a cage and called me savage - doesn't mean I have to be one all the fucking time.

MASON shakes off his cock, pulls up his trackie bottoms.

MASON

Don't forget, if it weren't for me you'd have no arsehole left.

MASON reaches into his pocket, hands SELBY a slip of paper with a bank account number.

MASON (CONT'D)

Put the money in my old lady's account every Friday. When I'm out, we'll settle the balance.

SELBY is terrified of MASON, but he holds his nerve. He places the paper in his top pocket before turning to a picture of IRIS that's been stuck to the wall. He takes down, places in pocket, as a SCREW arrives to collect him.

MASON (CONT'D)

Don't make me come looking for you.

SELBY

Goodbye Mason.

He leaves. He doesn't look back, he never does.

9

INT. OUT OF TOWN PRISON. LANDING - DAY 1. 8:03AM.

9

MASON stands at the cell door watching SELBY (escorted by the SCREW) strut along the landing in his finery, almost a free man.

SELBY reaches into his pocket, pulls out the paper Mason gave him. Scrunches it, throws it off the landing. He knows he's being watched. A performance for the Screws and Mason!

BBC WRITERS ROOM

SELBY

(to everyone and no one)
I'd say it's been a pleasure but
it's been a living hell. Enjoy your
incarceration boys - I'm onto
better things!

SELBY keeps driving forward. MASON watches the paper fall to the ground and spits off the balcony. Stares at SELBY until he is out of sight.

10

INT. LAUNDERETTE - DAY 1. 8:10AM.

10

Arabic music. Run down launderette. Like 70's Scorsese. SHADY, 20, Arabic lad behind the counter, isn't pleased to see COSTELLO dragging her bin bags toward him.

COSTELLO

I'll collect tomorrow.

SHADY fills the ticket, keeping an eye on her. COSTELLO takes the ticket - "thanks". They start to rush out. SHADY's eyes follow her as he feels inside the bags. He's found something. He knew she was up to no good.

SHADY

Oi.

Fuck, he's got her. She faces him. He's holding up her The Replacements CDs, taking them out of the bag, chucking them onto the floor, her books - Didion, Palahnuik, Camus.

SHADY (CONT'D)

Told you last time. This isn't the
Big Yellow Self Storage company.

COSTELLO stuffs as much as she can into her tote. SHADY shakes their clothes into a basket, picking out Iris' stuff, the fairy lights, toys and posters.

IRIS

C'mon Shady, look after my crap.

SHADY looks between IRIS and COSTELLO -

SHADY

Tomorrow morning. Or they go in the
bin.

COSTELLO
(to SHADY) Thank you, thank you!
(to IRIS) C'mon we're late for
school.

11

EXT. LUPUS STREET - DAY 1. 8:12AM. CONTINUOUS.

11

COSTELLO hails a black cab. IRIS is confused -

IRIS
But we don't have money.

COSTELLO winks at her as the CABBIE pulls in.

COSTELLO
Follow my lead.

COSTELLO opens the door, IRIS jumps in.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
(posh) Cheyne Walk please driver.

COSTELLO jumps in, they're off.

12 SCENE OMITTED

12

13 SCENE OMITTED

13

14 EXT/INT. CHELSEA STREETS/BLACK TAXI - DAY 1. 8:29AM.

14

They drive through the city. COSTELLO looks at her sobriety app - she's got 99 days. IRIS has a book of Anne Sexton's poetry open but she's looking out the window, pointing -

IRIS

Bet that house has got a swimming pool. And 3 French Bulldogs.

COSTELLO

With a personal puppy trainer.

IRIS

Yeah, and a grand piano - a big white glorious gay one - like Elton John would play.

COSTELLO laughs.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Can I have piano lessons soon?

COSTELLO

Promise you, once we're sorted you can have piano lessons.

For a moment IRIS is pleased, then -

IRIS

(worried) Will I have to change schools again?

COSTELLO's phone rings.

COSTELLO

(arms around IRIS) No bubba.

Screen reads: SELBY - DON'T ANSWER. COSTELLO's worried, then angry. She rejects it. COSTELLO looks out of the window, they're close to their destination.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
(smiling) You gonna be sick? I
reckon you're about to vomit...

IRIS smiles, makes a show of being poorly - a hustle.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
(loud) Oh, bubba, you ok darling?
Oh no, you can't be sick in here.

COSTELLO gets the attention of the CABBIE.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
(to CABBIE) Excuse me driver, pull
over, she's gonna be sick.

CABBIE pulls over, last thing he wants is vomit in the cab.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
(to CABBIE, sincere) I'm so sorry.

COSTELLO opens the door.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
(to CABBIE) This is a twatty thing
to do.

IRIS jumps out. COSTELLO jumps out.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
(to CABBIE) I'm not usually a
prick, I promise. Well, sometimes I
am. (to IRIS) Run!

They start to run.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
(to CABBIE, shouting) I'll pay it
forward, I promise.

COSTELLO and IRIS run up the street laughing.

16

EXT. CHELSEA SIDE STREETS - DAY 1. 8:37AM.

16

COSTELLO and IRIS hold hands as they run. COSTELLO knows how to make living on the edge fun. She checks the coast is clear. They're free, they've lost him. They get to the corner of the street near school. A 10 year old girl waves at IRIS. COSTELLO and IRIS hug, hard -

COSTELLO

Love you.

IRIS

Don't die. I need you.

COSTELLO

You think I'd die and leave you all alone in this world? Never.

A kiss on the head from COSTELLO, this little girl is loved.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

It's gonna be alright.

They let go of each other.

IRIS

How do you know?

COSTELLO

(joking) Well, as you know I'm very connected to the spirits.

COSTELLO jokingly acts like a spirit is talking to her.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

And an old ghost says by 5pm we'll have a safe place to stay!

IRIS laughs.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

(serious) We will though. (then)
Love you.

IRIS runs off to join AVA.

IRIS

I love you.

COSTELLO blows a kiss and IRIS catches it. COSTELLO watches IRIS and her friend walk up the street. She thinks about what to do next - 6 hours to sort this shit out. She looks at her phone, the call she rejected from SELBY. She misses him.

17 SCENE OMITTED

17

18 INT. ESSEX VILLAS, KENSINGTON. HALLWAY. - DAY 1. 9:30AM.

18

SELBY opens the door into a silent grand hallway.

SELBY

Allegra.

He walks through the house expecting to be greeted by someone.

SELBY (CONT'D)

I'm back.

He puts his keys on the table, there's a handwritten note on pink paper: "Wasn't expecting you back so soon, couldn't cancel my plans. Mummy." Next to the note is a few hundred quid. He places it into his inside pocket.

BBC WRITERS ROOM

19

EXT. GLORIA'S FLAT - DAY 1. 9:32AM.

19

COSTELLO banging on the door, looking through the letterbox.

COSTELLO
(through letterbox)
Gloria?

Dials GLORIA. Ringing. She follows the sound all the way to GLORIA's car. Through the window; empty bottle of vodka, 2 crushed cans of wine, stubbed out fags, GLORIA's phone - 22 missed calls from COSTELLO.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
Silly fucking bitch.

CUT TO:

20

EXT. LEICESTER SQUARE. PHONEBOX. - DAY 1. 9:35AM.

20

GLORIA (30's, dressed for a wild night in a tight dress) is slumped in a phonebox, the terrified face of a woman coming out of blackout. The phone receiver hangs over her face like she'd tried to make a desperate call before losing her way. A man climbs over her to place tart cards in the windows. This is LENNY (60's, fedora hat, dirty pyjamas).

LENNY
Young lady. Young lady, what *is*
your name? Do you even know?

She looks at him, trying to work out where she is. What the hell has she done to arrive here? She feels exposed and ashamed.

GLORIA
(shivering) It's Gloria.

LENNY
Well, Gloria. You're in the West
End of London. Theatreland. W1.
You're across the road from an
Aberdeen Angus Steak House. Just
around the corner from The M&M
World. Families! Tourists! People
have come from all over the planet.
America! Paris! Copenhagen!
(Spanish accent) Barcelona! And YOU
are what they see. Gloria, I ask
you, what would your God say?

GLORIA's eyes focus. She takes the world in; it's awful. She is filled with fear and shame. And she feels exposed.

GLORIA

I know you, Lenny, you old wanker!

LENNY

(smiling) You're Costello's friend.

Reality hits her, as the flashbacks begin. She pads her body down looking for her phone, and coat, which has gone.

GLORIA

Fuck, where's my phone? I'm in so much trouble. What day is it? What's the time?

LENNY ain't got a clue, but he holds out his hand for her. Pulls her up, she leans onto him.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Can I borrow your coat?

He takes off his coat, he's left in his PJ's. GLORIA wraps herself up.

LENNY

Come on, let's get you another drink before the blues set in.

They walk off together.

21

INT. PEEPSHOW. CUSTOMER BOOTHS. - DAY 1. 11AM.

21

COSTELLO and KONSTANTIN stand in front of the empty booths.

COSTELLO

I need a shift today.

KONSTANTIN

(shakes head) Last week you were a no show, left me a girl down.

COSTELLO

Been looking for a place to live, Konstantin, I'm all over the shop.

KONSTANTIN

Don't need your life story. You get your pussy out and dance Tuesday and Thursday, I don't need to see up your arsehole!

COSTELLO

I need money.

KONSTANTIN

Do one of your other jobs, your
telesales, pretend to be Gordon
Gekko, whatever.

LOLLY, 20's, walks towards the dressing room.

BBC WRITERS ROOM

COSTELLO

Oi, Lolly can I take your shift today?

LOLLY

No. Can't you work your psychic webcam?

KONSTANTIN

(laughs) Blimey, she got more jobs than a Tory MP!

COSTELLO

(to KONSTANTIN) What about an advance? You know I work hard.

KONSTANTIN

Don't shit in my mouth and tell me it's a Big Mac, you spend all your time tweeting and writing your crappy novel. If you worked hard you'd have money!

COSTELLO turns and walks away. She tried.

21A

EXT. PEEP SHOW. - DAY 1. 11:05PM.

21A

COSTELLO checks her phone. Goes to call 'SELBY - DON'T ANSWER', but resists. But she's desperate. Fuck it - she calls 'SELBY-DON'T ANSWER'. He picks up.

COSTELLO

Well, well, well, the bitch is back! Where are ya?

22

EXT. STREET NEAR SCHOOL - DAY 1. 1PM.

22

SELBY watches IRIS with her friends, in a crocodile, to their school swimming lesson. She's at the back, chatting with a friend. As they wait at the traffic lights, SELBY walks alongside her, like he's just your average passerby. She looks up at him, he puts his fingers to his lips and smiles - "shush". She's happy to see him, but knows to play it down so the teachers don't clock them.

SELBY

I missed you. Did you miss me?

IRIS nods - "yes".

IRIS

(guarded) Is your mummy better now?

SELBY realises this is the excuse Costello gave for jail.

SELBY

Much better!

They cross the road. SELBY tries to be discreet.

SELBY (CONT'D)

Oh. Dropped something.

BBC WRITERS ROOM

He slips her a £20. Winks. She puts it in her coat pocket.

SELBY (CONT'D)

You haven't seen me.

They've crossed the street. He points the opposite way.

SELBY (CONT'D)

(waving) Gotta run, before I'm
mistaken for a nonce!

IRIS isn't sure what he means. She carries on in the
crocodile. SELBY watches her walk away, he's been waiting so
long to see her - it hurts when she doesn't look back.

23

INT. NIKKI'S NISA - DAY 1. 1:05PM.

23

COSTELLO dumping Kettle Chips on the counter. Luxury.

NIKKI (O.S.)

Posh crisps, who you think you are -
the fucking Queen?

Behind the counter is NIKKI, 50's, rough bird, a forgotten
working class woman of old London.

COSTELLO

And £10 cashback, please.

COSTELLO scans her bank card, awaits authorisation. Tense. A
bloke in his 40's joins the queue, BRETT. Incel type in high
vis, always desperate to join the conversation.

NIKKI

Made a right tit of yourself this
morning. No shame, you.

COSTELLO

Oh do shut up Nikki.

NIKKI

(bright smile) Card declined.
Why don't you just get yourself a
council place?

COSTELLO

Yeah, cos they're giving 'em away,
aren't they?

BRETT is taking all of this in, concerned for COSTELLO.

NIKKI

Well they are if you're foreign.

BRETT laughs - "true".

NIKKI (CONT'D)
(to BRETT) Her and her kid got
evicted this morning. Made a proper
show of it.

COSTELLO
Try the card again.

BRETT
I feel for ya, girl. Was brought up
by a single mum myself, it's tough
out there.

NIKKI
Declined.

COSTELLO leaves as BRETT pays cash for his newspaper (The
London Reformer), he buys the Kettle Chips, chases after
COSTELLO.

24

EXT. NIKKI'S NISA - DAY 1. 1:10PM. CONTINUOUS.

24

BRETT'S walking fast to catch COSTELLO -

BRETT
Alright, girl. I can help.

COSTELLO acknowledges him, sort of "bet you could."

BRETT (CONT'D)
Got a studio flat on the Millbank
Estate. Ain't a palace or
nothing...

He's awkward with women. COSTELLO keeps walking.

COSTELLO
When's it available?

BRETT
Now. Yeah, straight away. No
deposit.

COSTELLO
What's the rent?

BRETT
(breezy) Come see it. Then we talk
terms and conditions.

COSTELLO
Terms and conditions?

BRETT
Rent, whatever. Keep it cas'.

COSTELLO stops, this might be a good offer. He hands her the pack of Kettle Chips she couldn't afford. She smiles at him, warily. He seems decent enough. Pathetic, but decent.

HARD CUT:

25

INT. BRETT'S FLAT. LIVING SPACE - DAY 1. 1:30PM.

25

BRETT gestures around the room - kitchenette, bed, he opens the door to a tiny shower room. Horrific, but COSTELLO could make this work. And BRETT's hardly tough, he's harmless.

COSTELLO
We can move in today?

BRETT
Sure. But I sleep here. (opening cupboard door) This is where you and the little one'll live.

Flicks on the light. Windowless cupboard, a single mattress on the floor, a small chest of drawers.

COSTELLO
A cupboard.

BRETT
Some fairy lights and it's proper cosy. Last mummy I helped out stayed 2 years.

COSTELLO
(sarcastic) What's the catch?

BRETT
(sitting on bed) Listen girl, not gonna make you sign a contract. Rent free. Room's yours if you need it.

COSTELLO'S been around long enough to know nothing's free.

COSTELLO
I'll let you know.

Door's open. She's out.

26

EXT. BRETT'S FLAT. FRONT DOOR. - DAY 1. 135PM.

26

COSTELLO thinks BRETT's a weirdo, somethings off, she just can't stay there. She checks her phone. Goes to call 'SELBY - DON'T ANSWER' , but resists. But she's desperate. Fuck it - she calls 'SELBY-DON'T ANSWER''. He picks up.

COSTELLO

Well, well, well, the bitch is back! Where are ya?

27

INT. COVENT GARDEN, GLORY HOLE TOILETS - DAY 1. 2PM.

27

COSTELLO looks under the doors - in one is a man on his knees, in another are expensive shoes, SELBY's! She leans on the urinals, awaiting sounds of a blow job to abate. An OLD MAN rushes out of a cubicle and runs out of the toilets, ashamed. COSTELLO talks to the closed door -

COSTELLO

Sucking off old men? Times must be tough - he's the spitting image of our old English professor.

COSTELLO taps open the door to reveal SELBY sitting on the toilet, trousers up (not shitting).

SELBY

Ugh, he claimed to be a 6 foot 2 barista from Fitzrovia!

COSTELLO and SELBY take an adoring look at each other.

COSTELLO

I've missed you.

SELBY

Life's shit without me, isn't it? I mean, things still happen, but they're just not as exciting.

COSTELLO

(smiling) No, I've missed being around someone as vile as me.

SELBY

(laughing) Well, you're nothing if not self aware.

SELBY gestures for her to get into the cubicle next door. She does. This is what they do. They kick their doors shut.

COSTELLO

How was it inside?

SELBY sticks 2 long cigarettes in his mouth. Lights them. He passes a lit cigarette through the hole, she takes it.

SELBY

Don't pretend to care. But since you ask - exhausting! Who'd have thought three meals a day and all the cock you can eat could become tiresome! And how's the writing going?

COSTELLO

(shrugs) Great. Alright -

SELBY

Good. Shame you couldn't write me a fucking letter, I was there a year.

COSTELLO

Consider it punishment for fucking up my life again. And anyway, you went fully mental.

SELBY puts his pinky through the hole.

SELBY

(baby voice) Does that mean we're not best friends anymore?

COSTELLO links his finger lovingly. They are best friends, but he pulls her finger towards him, tight, starting to hurt.

SELBY (CONT'D)

Suppose you need money.

COSTELLO

(in pain) Can you lend me some?

He lets her finger go, sighs. Reaches into his pocket.

SELBY

You mean give. (then, sighs)
Allegra stopped my allowance while I was inside so until it's reinstated I don't have much -

And they spar. Old patterns don't die.

COSTELLO

Oh Allegra! Back living with mummy.
What are you, 5?

He rolls up around £100 and slips it through the hole. She goes to take the money, he pulls it away.

SELBY

At least my mummy loves me!

COSTELLO

C'mon, she tolerates you.

He pushes the money through again, then takes it away.

SELBY

Too slow!

He does it again, and again. COSTELLO is getting pissed off.

COSTELLO

(frustrated) You're an asshole.

She slams the wall. He smirks -

SELBY

And they say I'm the violent one!
By the way, how are your family?

He puts his money away, he's had enough of this.

COSTELLO

Still dead.

SELBY

Yes, but still very much walking around.

COSTELLO

(bored) Just stay away from me and Iris.

She awaits his riposte. Where is it? She looks through the hole, she can't see him.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

Selby?

She looks under the door, nothing. She leaves the cubicle to see his door wide open, he's left her hanging. His fag burns on the toilet seat. She needed him. What the hell's she's gonna do now?

27A

INT. BUS, TOP DECK - DAY. 1. 3PM.

27A

COSTELLO sits near the back, phone to ear, waiting to speak to someone at the council - "you are number 18 in the queue" while also reading a copy of Simone De Beauvoirs' A Woman Destroyed.

A man, 50's, high on crack, dressed like Dennis Hopper in Apocalypse Now and carrying a small typewriter, walks up the stairs and addresses the commuters. His name is CHRIS.

CHRIS

Ladies and gentleman, bespoke poems
for sale!

COSTELLO watches him make his way down the bus.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

£5 for 7 stanzas. Now, that's the
best price in this borough! Anyone?

He gets to COSTELLO, plonks himself next to her, she always attracts the fucking nutters. CHRIS looks at her book.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Oh, a book. An actual intellectual
on a London bus.

CHRIS rests his typewriter on his knee.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I assume you'll be needing a poem
today.

COSTELLO

(laughs) I don't have any money.

CHRIS

(studying COSTELLO's face) No, but
you have a spectacular aura.

COSTELLO's pleased with this - "oh thank you"

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Or is it the crack I've just
smoked?

COSTELLO

Not gonna lie, you're a big boy for
a crack addict.

CHRIS

That's rude. (then) OK, I'll give
you one on the house.

CHRIS gets ready to type.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Tell me some things about your life
and I'll write a verse that'll
knock your bloody socks off.

COSTELLO

OK, well (thinks) I haven't had sex
in a decade...

CHRIS looks her up and down, starts typing -

CHRIS

(angry, typing) WHORE!

COSTELLO is surprised by this but she finds it funny.

COSTELLO

I'm a hopeless alcoholic but I'm
trying not to be... And I wonder
every day if I'm the worst mother
in the world...

CHRIS

SHIT MUM!

COSTELLO is bemused, she loves this shit -

COSTELLO

And I feel like I'm being forced
out of my city, y'know?

CHRIS

Ugh. POVERTY AND VIOLINS!

COSTELLO

I just can't afford to live here
anymore...

CHRIS slams the keys, he can't bear to listen to her anymore.

CHRIS

(standing) Listen, if you don't
want me to write you a great
fucking poem just say so.

COSTELLO

(confused) No, I do.

CHRIS

No! Too late, you had your chance.

COSTELLO stands.

COSTELLO

Oh well, this is my stop anyway.

CHRIS sits rigid, to not let her pass.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

Excuse me, please.

CHRIS

(wild, blocking her) Nope. I'm riding 'til Earls Court - I need to get some crack and printer ink.

COSTELLO climbs over him.

COSTELLO

(smiling) Have a good day!

COSTELLO walks towards the stairs, phone still to ear.

CHRIS

(shouting) Your loss. (pointing to typewriter) That was the best poem that never happened.

COSTELLO

(laughs) Well, I'll tell you what, I'll keep an eye out for work for you -

COSTELLO starts heading down the stairs.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

(sarcastic) Only the other day mate of mine was having an emergency, asking if I knew any poets!

COSTELLO smiles to herself, she loves this shithole city - "you are number 17 in the queue"...

28

EXT. GLORIA'S FLAT - DUSK 1. 5PM.

28

COSTELLO and IRIS knock on GLORIA's door. No answer. IRIS shivers as she eats the Kettle Chips that Brett bought earlier. COSTELLO hugs IRIS warm as they walk towards night.

29

INT. LAUNDERETTE - NIGHT 1.8:45PM.

29

COSTELLO is sat on the bench as IRIS sleeps next to her.

SHADY

You can't stay here.

COSTELLO

(pointing to 24hr sign) Waiting for
my washing.

SHADY

We're unmanned between 9 and 6,
ain't safe.

COSTELLO strokes IRIS' hair, looks out the window.

SHADY (CONT'D)

Y'know can get a B&B for like 40
quid, just do that.

COSTELLO

(sarcastic) Yeah, yeah you're
right, why didn't I think of that?

She wakes up IRIS, time to move on.

30

INT. CHINA TOWN, MAHJONG DEN - NIGHT 1. 8:50PM.

30

The den is packed, noisy, smokey. Tables packed together.
Tables of four, mostly Chinese men and women, playing
Mahjong, a fast game with high stakes. SELBY plays with 2
ELDERLY CHINESE WOMEN - let's call them JU and MAI, and FEN -
a dainty Chinese homosexual with eyeshadow and hoop earrings.

SELBY

Mahjong!

SELBY wins a £50.

FEN

(in Mandarin, to SELBY) You are the very worst of cultural appropriation!

SELBY

(in Mandarin) Not me. Daddy's bank was in Shanghai.

He throws his winnings back onto the table.

SELBY (CONT'D)

(in English, to FEN) Let's up the stakes.

FEN agrees, rubs SELBY's leg, all the way up to his cock.

FEN

Hasn't been the same here without you, welcome home.

SELBY

(throwing dice, feeling lucky) Too fucking right.

31

INT. DUKES FUNERAL PARLOUR - NIGHT 1. 9PM.

31

GLORIA arrives for her shift, doing what she thinks is a pretty good impression of herself sober. But the DUKE knows a mess when he sees one -

DUKE

You're late. And drunk. And appear to be dressed as a tramp.

GLORIA

What you talking about?

She takes off Lenny's coat and her shoes (she'll be off to get changed as soon as she shakes off the DUKE).

DUKE

You promised you'd stop this.

She can't hide she's been drinking -

GLORIA
(sighs) Dad, weren't you young
once?!

DUKE
You're not that young.

GLORIA
(sighs) How many bodies we got
tonight?

DUKE
(ignoring her question) My love,
there are predators out there,
don't make it any easier for them.
People are shit, Gloria.

GLORIA turns to him broken, her eyes begging for help.

GLORIA
Can I have a hug?

He understands her pain, but hugs are not his thing. She
grips him, he holds her lightly.

DUKE
Go home to bed. Get your shit
together, we go again tomorrow.

GLORIA
I won't to do it again.

DUKE
Don't make promises you can't keep.

GLORIA
I'll try not to do it again.

The DUKE - "uh-huh". He knows she will. She knows she will.

32

EXT/INT. GLORIA'S FLAT/CAR - NIGHT 1. 10PM.

32

A moped gang of teenage boys hang about as COSTELLO tries all
the doors on GLORIA's car, it's locked. COSTELLO picks up a
chunk of concrete, motioning for IRIS to step back. COSTELLO
smashes the concrete through the passenger window. The moped
gang notice.

IRIS
Mummy!

COSTELLO
Aunty G won't mind.

COSTELLO opens the door, clears away the glass, puts Gloria's phone in her pocket. IRIS climbs over into the back. COSTELLO follows. It suddenly starts to piss down. Looks like they'll be here a while.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
Got any homework?

IRIS nods - "yes". She digs into her book bag to get her book. The moped gang circle the car, looking inside. MOPED BOY pokes his head through the broken window.

MOPED BOY
(to COSTELLO) You're dench.

COSTELLO turns away. IRIS holds onto her mum, scared.

MOPED BOY (CONT'D)
You gonna get raped out here.

He circles them a few times, revs, howls. COSTELLO kisses IRIS on the head.

IRIS
I'm scared. Call Selby.

COSTELLO
Told you, he's with his sick mummy.

IRIS
No. She's better now. He came to school.

IRIS reaches into her coat pocket for the £20.

IRIS (CONT'D)
He asked me not to tell you.

COSTELLO'S first instinct is to be angry with Selby but she spots a glimmer of hope. COSTELLO takes the £20.

COSTELLO
(like a preacher) Thank the lord!

33

INT. NIKKI'S NISA - NIGHT 1. 10:45PM.

33

COSTELLO is studying the scratch cards behind the counter as IRIS looks at the ice creams.

COSTELLO
A number 2, two 4's, four 5's, a 7.
How much is a 9?

NIKKI
Fiver.

COSTELLO wants it - Jackpot is a million, but she knows there's better odds on the cheaper cards.

COSTELLO
Another number 7.

NIKKI
(getting the cards) Thought you had
no money. No wonder if you're
spunking it on scratch cards.

COSTELLO
I need 40 quid for a B&B, what
other fucking choice I got?

She slams the £20 down, shakes 2 pennies from the charity box to scratch with. COSTELLO and IRIS scratch the cards. NIKKI takes a pack of sandwiches from behind the counter, slides it over to COSTELLO.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
(touched and ashamed) Thank you so
much Nikki, that's really kind.

COSTELLO places it next to IRIS so she can eat.

NIKKI
Don't make a fuss, have 'em,
they're disgusting.

IRIS
(to COSTELLO) We won! Mummy! A
tenner!

They scratch the others. All losing cards. Then -

COSTELLO
(she holds up her card) £10!

They're excited. They're winning. But not enough.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
(to IRIS) Means we've still got
£20. We go again.

She slams the winning tickets on the counter. Feeling lucky.
That million sure would be fucking nice - "fuck it!" IRIS
eats the sandwiches fast, she's starving.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
Give me four 9's. One of these
babies gonna land us in The Ritz!

HARD CUT TO:

34

INT. BRETT'S FLAT. CUPBOARD - NIGHT 1. 11:30PM.

34

IRIS lies asleep on a single mattress without sheets.
COSTELLO covers her with her coat. BRETT stands by the
cupboard door holding two mugs of tea.

COSTELLO
Sorry for calling so late.

BRETT
Happy to help.

He gives COSTELLO a cuppa, he's so hospitable and caring.

COSTELLO
Just one night. Thank you, Brett.

BRETT
(points to her tea) Sure you don't
want something stronger?

COSTELLO does, but - "no".

BRETT is awkward, reaches into his back pocket. Pulls out some kind of tacky nightdress. He passes it to her.

BRETT (CONT'D)

Put this on.

She looks at the nightdress, then to BRETT, then to sleeping IRIS.

COSTELLO

(firm) Just this. Nothing more.

BRETT

Yeah, course. I'm not a pervert.

COSTELLO

Oh really? You do a fucking good impression of one.

COSTELLO reckons she could handle him, if she had too.

CUT TO:

35

INT. BRETT'S FLAT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 1. 11:35PM.

35

COSTELLO sits on the toilet taking a piss. The nightdress is on the floor at her feet.

BRETT (O.S.)

Last mummy here had an eating disorder, so the nighty might be... tighty.

BRETT laughs. God, he's disgusting. COSTELLO calls Selby. The call rings to voicemail.

COSTELLO

(on phone, quiet) Can you come and get us? 11 Carbridge Gardens, Millbank Estate. Think we're in danger.

COSTELLO wipes, flushes. Stands up. Holds the satin nightdress up against her. Looks in the mirror. A deep breath. She knows what she's got to do. This is fucked.

36

INT. CHINA TOWN, MAHJONG DEN - NIGHT 1. 11:36PM.

36

SELBY is engrossed in a game, he doesn't notice his phone alight with a call from COSTELLO. He's winning. A crowd gathers. He's a showstopper, FEN is pawing away at SELBY, pleased he's home, but it's distracting SELBY.

SELBY

I've told you time and time again -
never get between a man and his
Mahjong!

FEN understands, there's big money at stake. FEN blows on the
dice, SELBY rolls.

37

INT. BRETT'S FLAT. LIVING SPACE - NIGHT 1 12:15AM.

37

COSTELLO stands in front of BRETT who sits on the bed. She is
wearing the nightdress.

BRETT

Don't worry. You're not fat. Just
got a food bank body.

COSTELLO

What the fuck's that?

BRETT

(does a pig face)
Lots of carbs.

BRETT gets into bed, pats a space for COSTELLO, starts
removing his clothes under the covers.

BRETT (CONT'D)

I prefer kissing over penetration.

He's down to his vest and pants. Big smile. Pulls his pants
down to flash his cock.

BRETT (CONT'D)

(half joking) Terms and conditions
apply.

COSTELLO

I'm not gonna sleep with you Brett.

BRETT

(angry) Look, there's plenty of
other mummies who need my help. Do
you and your daughter want a home
or not?

COSTELLO finally realises he could hurt her. She makes a run
for it, slamming the living room door on BRETT.

38

SCENE OMITTED

38

39 **SCENE OMITTED**

39

40 **INT. CHINA TOWN, MAHJONG DEN - NIGHT 1. 12:30AM.**

40

The game continues. The crowd is bigger. There's about 2 grand on the table which SELBY is about to win. He turns over his tiles slowly, always the showman.

SELBY

Now that, that's Mahjong
motherfuckers!

FEN

Hu le!

FEN proudly counts out SELBY's money. SELBY checks his phone, notices COSTELLO's missed calls. He listens to the voicemails. Grabs his money from FEN, runs out. He needs to get to them, quick.

41 **INT. BRETT'S FLAT. CUPBOARD. - NIGHT 1. 1AM.**

41

IRIS is fast asleep. COSTELLO is sitting against the door. The buzzer on the front door sounds loud and continuously.

SELBY (O.S.)

(shouting) Costello! Let me in or
I'll kick the fucking door down.

COSTELLO

(calm) Better let him in.

COSTELLO gets up from the floor. Opens the door to face BRETT in pants and a vest, covered in garlic sauce and various stains. COSTELLO smirking, ready to fight. SELBY doesn't stop shouting or kicking the door or buzzing. BRETT is terrified.

BRETT

(sad, opening the door) You're
ungrateful you are.

BRETT (CONT'D)

Thought you were a charity case.

The door opens to reveal SELBY with his arrogant smile and a piece of scaffold from a skip.

SELBY

(to Brett, soft, threatening) Hello darling.

SELBY presses up against BRETT, strokes his face. BRETT wants to cry. COSTELLO approaches.

COSTELLO

He prefers kissing over penetration.

SELBY kisses BRETT lightly on the lips.

SELBY

Me too.

BRETT

Entitled little bitch.

COSTELLO punches Brett in the stomach.

SELBY

Get Iris for fucks sake.

COSTELLO walks away to the sound of SELBY beating BRETT.

43

INT. BRETT'S FLAT. CUPBOARD - NIGHT 1. 1:10AM.

43

IRIS is asleep. COSTELLO quietly puts her coat and clothes on by the door as she listens as BRETT takes a beating, she enjoys it. The beating abruptly stops. SELBY whistles as he enters - blood on shirt. COSTELLO is so proud of him for coming to save them. SELBY looks at sleeping IRIS and back to COSTELLO as he pushes her against the wall, holding her neck, angry she's put IRIS in danger. They speak quietly - these are bad people, not bad parents.

SELBY

What were you thinking?

COSTELLO

(southern accent) I've always depended on the kindness of strangers.

She slaps him. He goes to hit her back, she grabs his hand.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

(gloating) No, or you'll end up
back in prison with the butch boys.

BBC WRITERS ROOM

He smiles, resigned to the fact this is the 'thing' she has over him now. He kisses her on the head, lets go of her neck.

SELBY

Enough of this shit chat.

IRIS stirs, SELBY goes straight to her.

SELBY (CONT'D)

(to IRIS, loving)

Hello beauty.

He sweeps her up. She opens her eyes, delighted to see him.

SELBY (CONT'D)

Need you to close your eyes until
you feel fresh air on your cheeks,
okay?

IRIS screws her eyes shut. COSTELLO grabs their stuff. SELBY puts IRIS' headphones on her ears.

SELBY (CONT'D)

Shall we listen to our favourite
song?

IRIS, eyes still screwed shut, smiles, nods as SELBY plugs her headphones into his phone to play 'Glory Days' by Bruce Springsteen. He turns it up loud.

SELBY (CONT'D)

(to COSTELLO, clicking
fingers)

Now move.

COSTELLO will do whatever he says, he's just saved her.
Again.

44 SCENE OMITTED

44

45 SCENE OMITTED

45

46 EXT. PIMLICO, COSTELLO'S ESTATE. WALKWAY. - NIGHT 1. 1:30AM.

COSTELLO kicks front door. Then SELBY does. They alternate.
Team work. IRIS watches on (headphones on).

SELBY

How much do you owe the landlord?

COSTELLO

3 grand.

SELBY takes the money from his pocket. Counts it out.

SELBY

Sort it tomorrow.

One final kick from COSTELLO and it's open (locks busted but still on its hinges). IRIS runs in first -

BBC WRITERS ROOM

IRIS (O.S.)
Whoa! It's empty.

SELBY gives COSTELLO the money, they follow her in.

46A

INT. PIMLICO, COSTELLO'S ESTATE. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 1.
1:35AM.

46A

They all take in the emptiness of the place. Empty flat. Anything of use - gone. Just a sad mess of old toys and duvets. IRIS is excited, exploring the empty mess.

SELBY
I saved you tonight. Again. Now
give me your phone. I'm putting a
tracker on.

COSTELLO hands SELBY her phone. He puts the tracker on.

COSTELLO
(shouting to IRIS) Iris, come and
say goodbye to Selby, he's leaving.

SELBY
I love you, Costello.

COSTELLO
I love you too, Selby.

He hands her phone back.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
(besotted) Now why don't you fuck
off and die?

IRIS runs into the room to hug SELBY, a beautiful embrace.

SELBY
(smiling) I can't do that,
(sarcastic cockney) we're family.

COSTELLO and SELBY share that hateful loving look that only exists between the closet families. He waves. COSTELLO and IRIS watch SELBY walk away. COSTELLO grabs an old bit of shelf and uses it to jam the front door - her only way of keeping them safe.

47

EXT. PIMLICO, COSTELLO'S ESTATE. BALCONY/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
1. 2:30AM.

An hour later. COSTELLO and IRIS can't sleep so instead they lean on the balcony looking down on the London they almost lost. They huddle close together to keep warm.

COSTELLO

Are you ok?

They look at each other, lovingly. IRIS nods.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

Bet that house this morning had a kingsize bed!

IRIS

And goose down duvets.

COSTELLO

And like 200 Le Creuset pans!

COSTELLO strokes IRIS' hair. She wishes she could give her those things. Her phone pings - her sobriety app - 100 days sober. A fucking miracle! IRIS looks at the app through her sleepy eyes.

IRIS

(sleepy) Proud of you mummy.

COSTELLO holds her lovingly. There is a knock at the door. COSTELLO gets up to answer. She waits by the door, worried about who it could be. Another tap -

GLORIA (O.S.)

Told you I'd come.

COSTELLO

(relieved) Fucks sake Gloria!

COSTELLO is relieved. She moves the piece of wooden shelf that she had jammed the door and lets GLORIA in - who is dressed in Lenny's coat, holding the bottle of vodka from the car and IRIS' book bag. GLORIA in walks through the flat, taking in it's emptiness as COSTELLO jams the door with the wood again. This is bad.

GLORIA
(looking around) Shit, they took everything. So what - you squatting now?

IRIS
No. Selby sorted it.

GLORIA hugs IRIS, strokes her hair.

GLORIA
(controlled) So, Florian Selby's back in the free world. God help us all.

GLORIA's unhappy SELBY's back. COSTELLO's trapped but safe.

COSTELLO
When the shit hits the fan, sometimes you need a man like Selby.

There's a firm knock at the door. COSTELLO, GLORIA and IRIS are anxious - "who the fuck now?!" COSTELLO looks at her phone, it's 02.38. Another knock, louder, she goes to see who it is.

48

INT. COSTELLO'S FLAT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 1. 2:38AM.

48

COSTELLO heads toward the sound of police walkie talkies. The letterbox flips open. COSTELLO crouches to meet their eyes.

POLICE OFFICER
Costello Jones?

COSTELLO
(smirks) Who the fuck you looking at?

A hint of fear from COSTELLO. The letterbox flips shut.

CUT TO BLACK.

CLOSING CREDITS. END OF EPISODE.

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