

TITLE Rain Dogs

BY Cash Carraway

EPISODE Episode 2

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GREEN REVISIONS

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PRE TITLES

1 **EXT. WALKERS COURT - DAY 2. 9:50AM.** 1

COSTELLO JONES is looking good and full of swagger. Perfect make-up, big hair, dragging a vintage suitcase. Passing through a world of whores and dealers and neon. Her phone rings. It's GLORIA. She picks up. *

COSTELLO
(on phone) Where the fuck you been hiding? *

1A **EXT. FUNERAL PARLOUR - DAY 2. 9:50AM.** 1A *

GLORIA stands outside work, hungover, guzzling water. *

GLORIA
You hate me, don't you? *

INTERCUT. *

1B **EXT. WALKERS COURT - DAY 2. 9:51AM.** 1B *

As COSTELLO hits Raymonds Revue, she bumps into LOLLY who is waiting for her, also with a suitcase. *

COSTELLO
You were supposed to help me protect Iris from the eviction. *

GLORIA
I messed up. *

GLORIA is filled with guilt. COSTELLO is pissed off. *

GLORIA (CONT'D)
Where you staying? *

COSTELLO
Back at the flat. *

COSTELLO and LOLLY pull their suitcases towards the peepshow. *

GLORIA
What, you're squatting? *

LOLLY listens to the conversation. *

COSTELLO

No, I'm not squatting, Selby sorted it.

This is bad news. GLORIA's unhappy SELBY's back.

GLORIA

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

COSTELLO

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

GLORIA

(small laugh/sneer) That's just not true.

COSTELLO

(abrupt, pissed off) I gotta go work.

GLORIA

I'll make it up to you, yeah?

COSTELLO hangs up. GLORIA heads into the funeral parlour.

LOLLY

How are we this fine morning?

COSTELLO

Skint, tired and got thrush -
(sarcastic) perfect conditions for showing my fanny.

COSTELLO and LOLLY turn into an alley.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

But I'm above ground and got a roof above my head, for now.

COSTELLO and LOLLY head into the peepshow.

2

INT. PEEP SHOW. CUSTOMER BOOTHS - DAY 2. 9:53AM

2

They pass the customer booths, 4 individual spaces with tissues and telephones, awaiting bodies and their fluids.

LOLLY

Ever get desperate again, you can walk the streets with me. I make bank.

The shutters are open so we can see into the dancers' booths too - Two dancer booths (each with a stool and a pole). The booths are divided by perspex. The divide between the customer and dancer is glass, but they have to pay to keep the shop-like barriers up, which are operated by inserting a £2 coin into the slot.

KONSTANTIN is engrossed in scrubbing spunk off the windows.

COSTELLO

Nah, don't wannabe touched.

BBC WRITERS ROOM

LOLLY
(shaking head) Uh-huh, classic
intimacy issues.

COSTELLO and LOLLY push open a door - STAFF ONLY.

3

INT. PEEP SHOW. CHANGING ROOM - DAY 2. 9:53AM.

3

We follow them into a bright yellow changing room, a place no one can hide from their visual flaws. This is a place that could only be glamorous in COSTELLO's head; cracked dirty mirrors and damp carpets layered with stale spunk since the 70s. COSTELLO and LOLLY dump their suitcases in front of the mirror.

LOLLY
Get on the OnlyFans like everyone
else.

As they get ready for their shift, they talk through the mirrors.

COSTELLO
Nah, ain't having that shit online.
I want my writing taken seriously.

COSTELLO pulls a thick diamanté choker from her bag, turns around, gestures for LOLLY to do it up.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
Lolly honey, tie.

COSTELLO removes her dress to reveal her costume underneath, something tacky that pops under UV. KONSTANTIN barges in.

KONSTANTIN
OK, pussy check ladies, chop chop!

COSTELLO and LOLLY hold open their thongs so KONSTANTIN can take a look down, he looks into LOLLY's knickers -

KONSTANTIN (CONT'D)
Oh god, beauty...

He looks into COSTELLO's knickers, he's disgusted -

KONSTANTIN (CONT'D)
(to COSTELLO) And the beast.

He shoos them both away.

KONSTANTIN (CONT'D)
Now get those pussies on parade.

COSTELLO and LOLLY walk through another door - **STAGE.**

TITLES - SCENES FROM A CRUCIFIXION

BBC WRITERS ROOM

4 **SCENE OMITTED**

4

Reworked into Scene 5.

5 **INT. PEEP SHOW. STAGE - DAY 2. 11:00AM.**

5

The shutter slowly rises, COSTELLO lazily begins dancing as a woman in a Burberry mac, 30's, is revealed. She's SOPHIE.

SOPHIE
(shouting through the glass)
Costello Jones, isn't it?

COSTELLO
Yeah, who the fuck are you?

SOPHIE
Sophie Fenster, I write for The
London Reformer.

COSTELLO screws up her nose, she hates journalists.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
(smiling) I follow you online. I'm
a big fan of what you write and
stand for.

COSTELLO
I think you're mistaken darling, I
don't stand for a fucking thing.

SOPHIE slots a token in to keep the shutters open. LOLLY
dances in her booth, the joint is busy, full of life, the air
spunk heavy.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
And I don't talk to journalists.

SOPHIE
(friendly laugh) I get it. We're
awful.

COSTELLO
Wanna see my fanny?

SOPHIE
Not here to judge you, Costello.
I'm here to pass the mic.

COSTELLO - "Pass the mic, condescending shit."

COSTELLO

Well be prepared to have it
returned sticky.

SOPHIE

(laughs) Love the cut of your jib!

COSTELLO

Look at my tits, not my jib.

COSTELLO starts to take off her dress.

6

EXT. CHINA TOWN, MAHJONG DEN. ALLEYWAY. - DAY 2. 11:05AM.

6

IRIS and SELBY walk through China Town.

IRIS

It got well weird when you weren't
here.

SELBY is concerned.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Mummy went wine crazy. I'm gonna
need therapy.

SELBY

(New Jersey accent) Who you think
you are, eh, Tony Soprano?

IRIS

I'm more of a Christopher type.

SELBY laughs.

IRIS (CONT'D)

And I don't want none of that CBT
crap. It's Dr Melfi, or nothing.

SELBY

You want to go private, eh? Harley
Street?

Iris only ever likes to go private - "yeah."

SELBY (CONT'D)

Well, it's never worked for me, but
I'll look into it for you.

They walk into the Mahjong.

7

INT. PEEP SHOW. STAGE. DAY 2. 11:10AM.

7

The shutter next door to SOPHIE opens to reveal a CRACKHEAD, he's pressing close against the window, undoing his trousers, high and desperate.

SOPHIE

I'd love to do an interview with you Costello. You're a voice that must be heard.

COSTELLO

(sighs, to SOPHIE) Fuck off with your interview. I'm a writer.

COSTELLO starts dancing for the CRACKHEAD.

SOPHIE

(sincere) Y'know, in the office we call you the modern day Jean Genet. Do you know who that is?

COSTELLO

Yeah I do, but I consider myself more Simone de Beauvoir. Do you know who that is?

SOPHIE

(smiling) OK, well, how about you write your story, about working here, in your own words?

COSTELLO

Well, I want paying. Fed up of writing for 'opportunities' that never arise.

SOPHIE

How much do you want?

COSTELLO

You risked getting spunk on your Burberry Mac so I must be worth a bit. 500 quid.

SOPHIE

You don't half drive a hard bargain Costello Jones.

COSTELLO

And I won't be writing you a sad story. I'm not the liberals' victim of the week.

SOPHIE

I think this might be the break
you've been dreaming of.

The CRACKHEAD is getting noisy now, face against the glass.

COSTELLO

Fuck you, I'll do it.

CRACKHEAD (O.S.)

What is this, a Job Centre? Take
off your knickers and spread your
legs, bitch.

COSTELLO starts to take off her knickers.

8

INT. FUNERAL PARLOUR. CHAPEL OF REST - DAY 2. 11:20AM.

8

GLORIA and the DUKE stand above a coffin at the centre of the room and the atmosphere is as cold as that body in the box.

GLORIA

How long you gonna keep this up?
I've apologised like 15 times.

DUKE signals for her to help him take the lid off the coffin.

DUKE

What are you apologising for?

They remove it to reveal a dead old man.

GLORIA

Everything Dad. Getting pissed at
work, having a shit in the
mourners' toilet and blaming it on
that old widow. Driving the hearse
while I was high on E that time.

DUKE

Stop talking.

DUKE checks the dead man's make-up.

GLORIA

Do a girl a favour and just forgive
me.

DUKE

(at the body) Good job on him, he
looks healthier than you.

GLORIA

(sighs) How many guests we got today?

DUKE

(pointing at body) Poor old bastard had hardly any family and no money, so probably no one. But can I trust you to treat him with dignity?

GLORIA

What you think I'm gonna do to him? He's already dead.

GLORIA's on her best behavior.

9

INT. CHINA TOWN, MAHJONG DEN - DAY 2. 11:22AM.

9

IRIS is sat on SELBY's knee as he plays a friendly game with MAI and FEN. IRIS moves their tiles along the rack.

SELBY

Don't show them to Fen, he's a big cheat.

FEN

(in Mandarin) I don't need to cheat to beat a child.

SELBY

(to IRIS) Go easy on him.

IRIS

(laughs, then, serious) What was it like looking after your mum?

SELBY

Tiring. A nightmare. I was very frightened. Sometimes I thought I'd never get out - never get away from her.

IRIS

Sounds horrible.

SELBY

She made me sleep in a bunk bed.

IRIS

That's cool.

SELBY

It wasn't. Creaked every time I turned over, and the mattress was lumpy, and the sheets scratched my skin.

FEN

(in Mandarin, to IRIS) You know his mum is prison, right?

SELBY

(in Mandarin) Shut up.

IRIS looks at FEN suspiciously.

IRIS

(to SELBY) What's he saying?

SELBY

Nothing. Now, say Mahjong and take Fen's money.

IRIS

Mahjong!

FEN

(to Iris) No, when you win you say Hu Le not Mahjong - so you lose!

IRIS

Hu Le!

FEN

(in Mandarin) Little cunt.

SELBY

(in Mandarin) Watch your mouth.

10

INT. FUNERAL PARLOUR. CHAPEL OF REST. - DAY 2.2PM.

10

GLORIA sits by the open casket, respectfully. No one has shown up to view the body. She's bored. She turns up the music on the stereo, she likes this one. Her foot starts tapping. She looks at the body, stops her foot. But her arm starts twitching to the beat. She stops herself. But fuck, she loves this song, she can't help but move - she checks she's alone, and lets the music take her, what's to lose? She's dancing around the room...

A cool guy in his 50's enters the chapel, this is PAUL. He watches GLORIA, but she doesn't notice him, he smiles -

PAUL

Now this looks like my kind of party!

GLORIA turns around, fuck, embarrassed, but also worried he'll complain. But PAUL likes what he sees!

GLORIA

Oh god, I'm so sorry.

She turns off the music.

PAUL

Nah, it's fine mate.

GLORIA

(embarrassed) I'm so sorry for your loss.

PAUL

Let's get a look at him then.

PAUL looks into the coffin, he feels nothing.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(shrugs) This is the first time I've seen him in 45 years. Looks better than I remember.

GLORIA

(leaving, ashamed) I'll give you some time alone.

PAUL

Would you mind staying?

GLORIA smiles - "sure", PAUL pulls out a can of beer.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(opening the beer) Wanna have a drink with the old man.

He points to the speakers.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Start that track again, crank it up.

GLORIA

Long as you're not expecting me to dance for you!

She flicks on the track. Turns it up.

BBC WRITERS ROOM

PAUL holds out a beer for GLORIA. She's like "nah". PAUL puts it on the side. She sits next to him, picks up the beer - one won't hurt, both happy to have found a drinking buddy.

11

INT. CHINA TOWN, MAHJONG DEN - DAY 2. 2:10PM.

11

FEN is doing IRIS' nails on a table across the room from SELBY who is playing a serious game for serious money. IRIS watches him.

IRIS

Selby, I feel like I'm in a movie montage!

He looks over at her, being with her makes him so happy.

SELBY

That's how I live my life. Just make sure it's a good movie!

12

INT. FUNERAL PARLOUR. CHAPEL OF REST. - DAY 2. 3:45PM.

12

GLORIA and PAUL are fucking loud and hard next to the open casket. 'Werewolves of London' is playing on repeat, loud.

GLORIA

Is this disrespectful?

PAUL

From what I remember of him, this might be the only thing I've done that would've made him proud.

CUT TO:

13

INT. PIMLICO, COSTELLO'S FLAT. BEDROOM - DUSK 2. 5PM.

13

COSTELLO is sat on the lilo, churning out her 1000 words on an old laptop surrounded by tealights. She hears the key in the front door. It's SELBY and IRIS, in high spirits, arriving home with a Chinese takeaway. IRIS and COSTELLO kiss - "you ok?", IRIS is good, so she's straight back to writing.

SELBY

(to COSTELLO) And how's the genius writer doing?

COSTELLO gives him the finger and gets back to it. If It wasn't for the emptiness and the bin bags for curtains, you might think this was a typical family. Selby sits and places the containers onto the floor so they can eat dinner.

SELBY (CONT'D)
(to COSTELLO) Come on, you need a
break.

He slides over a container of noodles for COSTELLO.

COSTELLO
(looking over her article) I just
need to make sure it's really good.

SELBY and IRIS grab fortune cookies, start to open them.

SELBY
It will be, just stick some duck in
your gob and take 5 minutes.

She closes her laptop so she can enjoy dinner.

SELBY (CONT'D)
(smirking, to COSTELLO) Can't
believe you're writing for those
Champagne Socialists!

SELBY crushes his cookie, takes out the fortune, pretends to
read it -

SELBY (CONT'D)
(joking) The only way they'll let
you into the liberal palace is if
you're bloody cleaning it!

They all laugh, SELBY screws up the fortune, chucks it.

COSTELLO
(smiling) Well, I'll just have to
Pick the locks.

SELBY doesn't doubt she will. They eat. This resembles the
closest these people will ever get to domestic bliss.

13A

INT. PIMLICO, COSTELLO'S FLAT. IRIS' BEDROOM - NIGHT 2.9PM^{13A}

SELBY tucks IRIS into her lilo bed. Her posters from eviction
day back on the walls - Christopher from the Sopranos!

SELBY
Wish we could do this all again
tomorrow.

IRIS smiles - "me too", but -

IRIS

Can't, it's Ava's party. Can we get
her a decent present?

There's a knock at the front door. Selby checks his watch.

IRIS (CONT'D)

(sleepy) You can't give rich people
shit from Argos, know what I'm
saying?

IRIS holds up her hand for a sleepy high five, which SELBY
hits gently as she drifts, content. There's another knock.

SELBY

I love you so much.

He listens to COSTELLO open the front door.

GLORIA (O.S.)

Got you a table.

COSTELLO sounds exciting Selby tenses at the arrival of
GLORIA. He controls his breathing as he tries to listen in.

14

INT. PIMLICO, COSTELLO'S FLAT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 2. 9:10PM. 14

A slightly tipsy GLORIA and PAUL are bringing in an old writing desk, chair and lamp.

COSTELLO
(touched, teary) Can't believe you did this.

GLORIA
Chill out you soppy bitch, Dad was gonna throw it in the skip.

They put the desk/chair/lamp down.

COSTELLO
(motioning to IRIS' room) Selby's here.

GLORIA
(Loud, excited) Oh is he?! (to Paul) Well we ain't afraid of Florian Selby, are we Paul?

PAUL
(unsure) Err, we might be? Who's Florian Selby?

SELBY stands in view.

SELBY
Yes, Gloria, who is Florian Selby?

GLORIA
(to PAUL) He's a public school prick, Paul.

SELBY
(smiles) Objection your honour!

GLORIA
(to PAUL) He's just got out of prison.

SELBY
(to PAUL) For *protecting* Costello, Paul.

COSTELLO
Look, this is all very entertaining but I've got a deadline.

SELBY takes it upon himself to usher GLORIA and PAUL out.

SELBY

Thank you for stopping by! Pleased to meet you Paul. And if you're planning intercourse with this one, may I suggest three condoms - 2 on your cock, one on your head. Just to be safe.

GLORIA

Costello, he's insane.

SELBY starts barking, SELBY the mad dog, until GLORIA leaves, dragging PAUL with her. COSTELLO shrugs, she doesn't know what to do with him. The door slams. SELBY's still barking. COSTELLO sits down to write. SELBY stops barking, he smiles at her but she's a bit pissed off with him. He sits on the lilo while she sits writing, lights a cigarette, smiles to himself. He won that battle with GLORIA.

BBC WRITERS ROOM

15 SCENE OMITTED 15

16 SCENE OMITTED 16

Scene 16 has been reworked into scene 13.

PAGE 12 HAS BEEN OMITTED.

BBC WRITERS ROOM

17 **SCENE OMITTED** 17

Scene 17 have been moved to Scene 21A.

18 **SCENE OMITTED** 18

Scene 18 has been moved to Scene 21B.

19 **EXT. LENNY'S COUNCIL BLOCK, SOHO. - DAY 3. 2PM.** 19

The following day. Establishing shot of Lenny's building.

20 **INT. LENNY'S COUNCIL BLOCK, SOHO. LIFT. - DAY 3. 2PM.** 20

COSTELLO is dressed down, hair back, no make-up. No glamour.
A cleaning tabard and a mop and bucket.

The lift doors close.

21 **INT. LENNY'S FLAT - DAY 3. 2:02PM** 21

COSTELLO searches under a plant pot for Lenny's key.

COSTELLO
Lenny, you decent?

LENNY's hoarse laugh-cough always arrives before he speaks.
She pushes open the door into a filthy studio flat. A council
version of Francis Bacon's Kensington studio. LENNY sits
upright in his bed sucking on an inhaler.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
(looking around the flat)
Oh, aren't you filthy.

LENNY manages a dirty laugh through the breathlessness.

21A **EXT. CHURCH HALL - DAY 3. 2:25PM.** 21A

SELBY sits on a wall smoking as he watches men go into the
hall. They look rough, convict types, yet there is a humility
to them. He contemplates leaving, but walks inside.

21B

INT. CHURCH HALL - DAY 3. 2:29PM. CONTINUOUS.

21B

SELBY walks in to find 12 men sat in a circle. SELBY grabs a chair and joins them, they start to hush up as he sits down, they think he is the group leader.

BILLY THE CUNT

Sir, we're waiting for you to start.

SELBY realises they think he is above them - he can have a lot of fun with this. He stands.

SELBY

Gentleman, welcome to Punch Club.
The first rule of Punch Club, you don't punch anyone.

A do-gooder in his 40's, MATT, walks in, watches SELBY.

SELBY (CONT'D)

Second rule of Punch Club, you do not punch anyone. Seriously, it defeats the purpose of you being here, it's kind of the point. The third rule of Punch Club -

MATT

What are you doing?

BILLY THE CUNT

(to MATT) Sit down and listen. He's telling us the rules.

MATT

(holding up his lanyard with ID)
I'm your new Group Leader.

All the men are pissed off with SELBY, who smirks.

MATT (CONT'D)

(to Selby) What's your name?

MATT pulls a piece of paper from his pocket.

SELBY

Selby.

MATT studies the list of names.

MATT

Florian Selby?

SELBY

That's right.

A few of them chuckle at his name.

MATT

Sit down please, Florian.

He does.

MATT (CONT'D)

My name is Matt and this is a rehabilitation group for men who have committed violent crimes. You should know it's a requirement of your probation to regularly attend this group or you will be returned to prison. (to SELBY) This is no joke.

22

SCENE OMITTED

22

Scene 22 is now Scene 23A.

23

INT. LENNY'S FLAT - DAY 3. 2:45PM.

23

The place is looking a lot cleaner, COSTELLO has done a good job, she's almost done. LENNY hands COSTELLO a rolled joint which she lights and sticks in his mouth. COSTELLO hands him his beer from the bedside table. He coughs for a bit.

COSTELLO

C'mon, do your worst, be as dirty as you like, it's all going in my article.

LENNY rubs his hands together to get them warm.

LENNY

Well, don't you dare change my name and piss on my hard on. I may not be famous for my art but I want to leave something behind.

He presses his hands against the electric heater.

COSTELLO

What you doing? You cold?

LENNY

Oh no, darling, just nothing worse than frigid hands on a warm cock.

She gets on her knees to clean. He enjoys watching her.

LENNY (CONT'D)

Tell your readers why I'm banned
from the peep show -

COSTELLO

It's bad etiquette to spunk on the
peep booth window, it stains.

His hands are warm enough now, he unzips his trousers.

LENNY

It's wokeness gone mad. Not my
fault I've got stubborn cum. (he
touches his cock, enjoys it) You
are a cleaner, Costello, you've
done such a good job, you're a real
cleaner aren't you? Tell me you're
a real cleaner, I've always wanted
one.

He warms his hands again on the heater, not warm enough!

COSTELLO

(laughing) Yeah, yeah I'm a real
cleaner.

He goes for his cock again. She carries on scrubbing.

23A

INT. CHURCH HALL - DAY 3. 2:55PM.

23A

Sharing time at Punch Club, SELBY is bored -

BILLY THE CUNT

Knocked my missus about for years,
but she always let me back. And I'd
never change.

A few of the men nod along. They get it.

BILLY THE CUNT (CONT'D)

But this time it's different. Tell
you what it is -

A dramatic pause. SELBY awaits an earnest response, a true
life lesson.

BILLY THE CUNT (CONT'D)

Paintball. I go paintball. Every
Saturday. Shoot a load of kids,
treat myself to some extra ammo,
smoke bombs, armed to the teeth.

(MORE)

BILLY THE CUNT (CONT'D)

Get generations of violence out my system. Then I go home. Missus cooks a nice bit of dinner. We make love. Lovely.

SELBY laughs, as he hits the self destruction button.

SELBY

(loud) Oh God. Think I prefer prison!

BILLY THE CUNT

(to SELBY) Now you my friend are a man in need of a Saturday afternoon paintball sesh. Chill you right the fuck out.

SELBY

(to MATT) Matthew, who do I need to suck off to get out of here?

No one in the group likes SELBY.

23B

INT. LENNY'S FLAT - DAY 3. 3PM.

23B

LENNY cums, then coughs, for ages. COSTELLO straps on his oxygen mask, and he starts to catch his breath.

COSTELLO

(posh, like Vivien Lee) It's an awful life, but we do it with such dignity!

She throws him a tea towel - it's of the Welsh flag. He holds out a £20 note for COSTELLO, she slips it in her bag.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

Lenny can I steal a painting? Need a birthday present for one of Iris' friends.

LENNY

(pointing) Take that. It's almost child friendly.

COSTELLO

Your ex-wife's vag, you can't give that away.

LENNY

She always did, very generous woman.

COSTELLO
(studying it) What does this remind
me of?

LENNY
Fucked if I know, all I see is
gash.

COSTELLO takes the painting, kisses Lenny on his head..

COSTELLO
You're like a Dad to me, Lenny -
one that rapes me!

LENNY laughs into a coughing fit, on goes the mask again.

24 **SCENE OMITTED**

24

25 **SCENE OMITTED**

25

PAGE 20 HAS BEEN OMITTED.

BBC WRITERS ROOM

26 SCENE OMITTED

26

27 INT. CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA. AVA'S HOUSE - DAY 3. 6:10PM.

27

Early evening. Ava's party. COSTELLO's back to glam, sat at the kitchen island with IMMY, LUCY (40, red dungarees) and two others in Boden bland. They are studying LENNY'S painting as the kids all play in the garden.

IMMY

I think it's a very moving sunset,
it looks familiar, somewhere in
India, perhaps?

IMMY pours wine for everyone, slides a glass in front of COSTELLO (which she tries to ignore, but God, she's tempted)

LUCY

I see a symbol of transience, I
don't think we're looking at
something tangible.

IMMY

(to COSTELLO) So, Iris told Ava
you're a writer!

COSTELLO would love to fit in with this world, she doesn't want to expose her commonness too much (but of course, these women can smell it, and they seem to like it...)

LUCY

(smug) What are you working on at the moment?

COSTELLO

(awkward, but -) An undercover piece about peep shows.

They're all listening now, shocked but excited -

IMMY

(sincere, to everyone)
That's just fascinating.

COSTELLO

I get right in amongst it.

LUCY

What, like Stacey Dooley?

COSTELLO

(being polite, but true) A little bit, but more like Tom Wolfe or Joan Didion.

IMMY'S face - "Get you!". LUCY is less warm. So COSTELLO tries to explain -

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

I sort of write in the style of the New Journalism movement. Y'know like reporting the truth but subjectively, using fictional techniques.

IMMY

(kind) You're very bright aren't you? You should've gone to university.

COSTELLO remains polite, she knows IMMY isn't being mean.

COSTELLO

Yeah I did. I have a First in English from Durham.

LUCY

(impressed) Never judge a book by it's cover, that's what I say.

COSTELLO knows they know she's common as muck, so she gives them a bit of what they want -

COSTELLO

(jokey) That's right, I might have
cracking pair of tits, but I'm
proper fucking clever.

And they love it! She's salt of the fucking earth, she is!

IMMY

Can't wait to read it!

COSTELLO

So, I'll be back to pick Iris up at
8?

COSTELLO starts to leave. IMMY escorts her.

IMMY

Can't you stay?

COSTELLO likes IMMY, she tries to fit in with her -

COSTELLO

Gotta work unfortunately. (to all)
But you girlies keep calm and drink
gin, yeah!

They love their new working class pal. COSTELLO leaves happy,
knowing that once the article's out, they'll want to hang
with her all the time!

28 **SCENE OMITTED**

28

This scene has been reworked into Scene 25

29 **SCENE OMITTED**

29

30 **INT. PEEP SHOW. CHANGING ROOM - DAY 4. 9:45AM.**

30

COSTELLO sits opposite the mirror, on her laptop. LOLLY and
DASHA get ready for their shift. COSTELLO is writing -

KONSTANTIN brings a guy in, late 30's, Jacob Rees Mogg hair
and a Carhartt jacket - just COSTELLO's type. This is
RICHARD. COSTELLO doesn't notice their arrival because she is
submitting her article.

COSTELLO

And it's in!

KONSTANTIN

Costello, a respectable man is here
to see you.

COSTELLO turns to face RICHARD.

RICHARD

(holding up his camera) Hi
Costello, here to get some photos
for your article.

He finds COSTELLO attractive but tries to hide it.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Everyone else, act natural, like
I'm not here.

LOLLY and DASHA look at him like he's a prick.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

(to COSTELLO) Read some of your old
pieces online the other day, very
funny. Looking forward to this one.

COSTELLO

Thanks. Where do you want me?

RICHARD

Wherever you're comfortable.

COSTELLO isn't really comfortable. He gets some shots. He
flicks through the reel, shows some shots to COSTELLO.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

What do you think? Cool, yeah.

She likes them. They also seem to like each other.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Shall I get a picture of you in
your costume?

COSTELLO

No. Wannabe taken seriously. No one
ever asked Hemmingway to get his
tits out, did they?

RICHARD gets it - "sure".

32 SCENE OMITTED

32

33 INT. NIKKI'S NISA - DAY 5. 9:10AM.

33

SELBY is buying all the copies of The London Reformer.

NIKKI

What you got, a fucking paper
round?

SELBY laughs, hands over the money.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Her Majesty treat you well?

SELBY

As well as she would treat one of
her sons!

NIKKI

(to SELBY) Prison's like boarding
school I bet.

SELBY

Oh no, no, it's much lovelier than
that!

COSTELLO rushes in. She notices SELBY carrying a stack of The
London Reformer. She knows it's bad.

SELBY (CONT'D)

They didn't run your article. They
turned your words into a sad little
interview -

He holds up the page. The headline - **'Below the breadline: A
Single Mother & Sex Worker Speaks...to Sophie Fenster'**. Below
the headline is a picture of COSTELLO looking sad and poor,
and nothing like a writer, she knows she was stupid to have
had hoped they would treat her like one.

COSTELLO

They fucked me.

She slumps to her knees, dramatic. SELBY'S face - "bit
dramatic."

34 SCENE OMITTED

34

35

EXT. PIMLICO, COSTELLO'S ESTATE - DAY 5. 9:35AM.

35

COSTELLO and SELBY sit next to each other on abandoned 90's style pleather armchairs, reading the 'interview.'

SELBY

(peaking over newspaper at COSTELLO) Costello Jones says "I'm not ashamed to use my body to pay the rent. Sex work is real work."

COSTELLO

I never fucking said that.

SELBY lights a cigarette.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

(head in hands) Iris' going to be so embarrassed. God I want a drink.

SELBY passes COSTELLO the cigarette.

SELBY

No you don't.

COSTELLO

I'm 106 days sober. Is this my life now? Why can't I just have a glass of wine like a normal person?

SELBY lights another cigarette. His look to COSTELLO - "You're not a normal person."

SELBY

Darling, when you drink, bad things happen.

She holds up the paper.

COSTELLO

I knew writing that article was risky.

SELBY

Well, writing is the most dangerous sport.

SELBY hugs COSTELLO, gives her a kiss on the head. COSTELLO stubs out her cigarette on SOPHIE's byline pic.

SELBY (CONT'D)

Do you want me to have her whacked?!

COSTELLO laughs, she's over it now. She always cuts herself off from emotion when she's hurt. Self-defense. Fuck it.

COSTELLO

Fuck her. She's going in my novel
and she's gonna be a fucking
monster.

SELBY takes a bottle of white spirit out of his coat pocket,
douses the paper with alcohol.

SELBY

The best revenge is winning the Man
Booker Prize, after all!

SELBY throws his fag onto the papers.

COSTELLO

They's have done the same to Jean
Genet if he'd had a cunt.

They stand and watch the flames before turning and walking
away. Heads high.

36

INT. PEEP SHOW. DRESSING ROOM. - NIGHT 5. 9PM.

36

COSTELLO sits talking to GLORIA. COSTELLO is in her costume, but getting changed to go home. GLORIA in her normal clothes (she doesn't work here!). Music drifts in from the booths.

COSTELLO

Peep show, strip club, sex chat
line operator, telephone psychic.

GLORIA

Charlatan.

COSTELLO

Shut up, I've got the gift.

GLORIA

You ain't got the gift. And what
you calling this book?

COSTELLO

'Dispatches from the Gutter'. Get
my head down, finish it, get a
publisher, finally make Iris proud.

GLORIA

Gotta hand it to you, you don't die
easy.

COSTELLO puts on her coat, ties up her hair. KONSTANTIN walks in to find COSTELLO slacking off.

KONSTANTIN

(to COSTELLO) Why you here? There's still customers out there with fistfuls of coins and cocks.

COSTELLO

I'm done for the night. See you next week.

KONSTANTIN

Get back on the stage.

COSTELLO ready to go, she ignores him, grabs her suitcase.

KONSTANTIN (CONT'D)

OK then. Get your hairy arse out of here. You're fired.

COSTELLO and GLORIA are trying not to laugh as they leave.

KONSTANTIN (CONT'D)

And don't forget to take your pussy with you!

COSTELLO is happy to go.

38

EXT. PEEP SHOW. ENTRANCE. - NIGHT 5. 9:10PM.

38

RICHARD is holding up a copy of The London Reformer and a lit lighter as COSTELLO and GLORIA leave the peepshow. COSTELLO is not pleased to see him.

RICHARD
Solidarity sister!

RICHARD clumsily lights a copy of The London Reformer.

COSTELLO
(to RICHARD) As performative
gestures go, I've seen better. I've
seen better today.

GLORIA
What's this?

COSTELLO
He's the photographer from that
thing.

RICHARD
Just want you to know I had no idea
Sophie was going to fuck you over.

He throws the burning paper to the floor.

GLORIA
I mean, this is fucking weird, but
you've got to hand it to him - he's
done a thing.

KONSTANTIN comes out of the peepshow carrying the spunk
bucket.

RICHARD
Would you like to grab a coffee or
something?

COSTELLO
Pick up a lot of women outside peep
shows do you?

RICHARD
Um, well, no, this would be my
first.

COSTELLO checks him out, he is quite fit. GLORIA likes him -

GLORIA
(to COSTELLO) He's good value ain't
he?

COSTELLO

(to RICHARD) Go on then.

RICHARD's happy. COSTELLO, RICHARD and GLORIA start to head out of the alleyway just as KONSTANTIN pours the spunk water onto the pavement.

KONSTANTIN

(to RICHARD) Taking a real risk with that one, big old mouth on her and a real mangled minge. Seriously it's like Fritzels basement down there.

COSTELLO and GLORIA walk ahead, laughing arms linked.

RICHARD

(shrugs) Well, nobody's perfect.

RICHARD rushes to catch up with them and the three rush into the Soho night. This feels like a new start for COSTELLO.

CLOSING CREDITS. END OF EPISODE.

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