

TITLE Rain Dogs

BY Cash Carraway

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Sid Gentle Films Ltd. — 40 Whitfield Street London — W1T 2RH
info@sidgentle.com — +44 (0)207 034 2660

PRE TITLES

Black screen, drilling -

JADE (O.S.)

Dear Lord, I know you can hear me.
It's Jade Mary Megan James, the one
from Carshalton.

FADE IN:

1

INT. REFUGE, JADE'S ROOM. - DAY 26. 10.06AM.

1

Drilling from next door. Constant. COSTELLO is lying on a double bed reading an old issue of 'Chat: It's Fate'. JADE, is on her knees, eyes closed, sage burning next to her.

JADE

Give us the strength not to become
the stereotypical weak bitches who
live in refuges, like the pathetic
ones you see on telly, crying with
limp lifeless hair.

JADE gestures for COSTELLO to get on her knees too.

JADE (CONT'D)

(to COSTELLO) Now you ask the Lord
for salvation. Ask for something
deep in your heart.

COSTELLO puts the magazine down, reluctantly kneels.

JADE (CONT'D)

(pissed off) Fucking ask him, he
ain't got all day.

COSTELLO

(reluctant) Dear God, please can me
and Iris have a council flat - in
London.

JADE

Why you so obsessed with London?
It's shit.

COSTELLO

It's where we're from.

JADE

Yeah but you came here from a big
country house. Hypocrite much.

COSTELLO

Too right I am when there's a
mansion on offer.

(MORE)

BBC WRITERS ROOM

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

But if I'm gonna be thrown to a slum, it better be at the centre of the universe - which is London.

JADE

(rolling eyes) Yeah, deliver Jesus! And hear my prayers for Costello, whose daughter hates her.

COSTELLO

She don't.

JADE

There's vibes.

COSTELLO

She just hates her new school, and this place - and the fucking noise!

JADE

Yes, heavenly father, silence the greedy folk next door. Cast them into the furnace, burn them alive in their pashminas, lead them to damnation! Thanks God, bye.

JADE jumps on the bed, picks up 'Chat: It's Fate'.

COSTELLO

You ask a lot of him, don't you, Jade? Don't Jesus like women who help themselves?

JADE

(shrugs) Oh yeah, Jesus loves a hustler. So, what you doing for money? Wanna earn some cash?

COSTELLO

Doing what?

JADE

Webcamming and shit.

COSTELLO

Nah, don't wanna fuck Serena off.

JADE

Bitch, it's your funeral.

COSTELLO is willing to play by the rules to get what she and IRIS need.

TITLES - JESUS LOVES A HUSTLER.

BBC WRITERS ROOM

2

INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL, PSYCH WARD. CORRIDOR. - DAY 26.
10:32AM.

2

A tired SELBY stands at a payphone while a queue of patients form behind him. He puts the phone to his ear, dials a number, small change in hand. It rings out to COSTELLO's voicemail - ***"Alright, it's Costello Jones, I don't owe you any fucking money! But go on, leave a message."***

SELBY

(on phone, pumping in coins) Day 12
in Bedlam for me, you'll be pleased
to hear I've bounced back somewhat.

SELBY looks down the queue of mentally ill people, he's not nearly as bad as this bunch -

SELBY (CONT'D)

(on phone) And I'm willing to
concede there's a 10 percent chance
I'm the full nutty, so rest
assured, I'm giving my time here
the good old college try.

FRIDA, fragile, early 20's, wild eyes, stares at SELBY in a way she would describe as coquettish, although he wouldn't agree.

SELBY (CONT'D)

(on phone) I think you'll enjoy my
updates, like postcards from a
demented island.

FRIDA starts fingering herself for SELBY. He sticks on his Persols to shield his eyes.

SELBY (CONT'D)

(on phone) I'm even making friends,
found an interesting 'thing' called
Frida, she helps to pass the time.

He turns away from FRIDA.

SELBY (CONT'D)

(on phone, quiet) Do you think you
could come and visit? You owe me
that, I think. Give Iris a kiss
from me.

He hangs up, walks off down the corridor, FRIDA follows him, although SELBY wishes she wouldn't.

3

INT. FOODBANK. COLLECTION POINT. - DAY 26. 10:45AM.

3

COSTELLO stands in a queue of women and children who hold foodbank vouchers. She watches them collect bags of tins and packets and struggle to carry them out. Grim.

RICHARD

Well, well, well. If it isn't Costello Jones.

COSTELLO looks up to the gallery to see RICHARD looking at her with a mix of embarrassment and sympathy, and wearing a tabard - he volunteers here. RICHARD comes to see her. He grabs her for an awkward hug.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

(disdainful) Heard you moved to the country with Selby.

COSTELLO

Well, I'm back now.

RICHARD

Probably for the best, he's a total knob, isn't he?

COSTELLO

No he's not, he's my best mate and you know nothing about his life.

RICHARD wasn't expecting that -

RICHARD

(awkward) Well, OK, now, c'mon, let's get you some food!

COSTELLO

Bit presumptuous, aren't we?

She reaches into her pocket, pulls out a volunteer application.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

I wanna volunteer.

She hands him the completed application. RICHARD is completely shocked. He's meant to help women like COSTELLO, not live alongside them.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

I can do weekday mornings.

RICHARD
(surprised) Oh. OK. Great. (then)
Well, in that case, follow me, and
I can show you how food banking is
done!

COSTELLO cringes.

HARD CUT TO:

4

INT. FOODBANK. STORE ROOM - DAY 26. 11:30AM.

4

RICHARD pushes a trolley through a room of industrial shelves filled with tins and bags of pasta, and trollies filled with donations. COSTELLO strolls next to him.

RICHARD
(unwittingly condescending) You're
a survivor Costello, never down for
long. And I hope, despite it all,
you're still doing your writing -

He puts a tin of peas and a tin of beans in the trolley.

COSTELLO
Ugh, why's everyone always saying
that?

RICHARD throws in a tin of meat.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
Hemingway had other things going on
his life too y'know. Some days he
went fishing...

He takes pasta from the shelf, throws carbs into the trolley.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
Or got drunk, or went to the
theatre, and sometimes, he'd just
spend the day knocking his wife
about.

RICHARD smiles at her while handing COSTELLO a carrier bag so she can pack it. She packs it, RICHARD throws in a multi pack of basic crisps. He points to the food package COSTELLO has just packed.

RICHARD
(attempted cool) Keep that if you
like.

COSTELLO

Fucks sake Richard, I know you
think you're better than me but I
am actually here to volunteer.

COSTELLO accepts that do-gooders like RICHARD will always
look down on her, whether she's handing out foodbank packages
or eating them. She starts creating the next package.

5

INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL, PSYCH WARD. TV ROOM - DAY 26. 1:07PM

SELBY shuffles a deck of cards. FRIDA hovers above him but he
ignores her. Patients are littered about the place, mostly
out of it/sad. The TV blasts, the shopping channel, but SELBY
blanks it all out.

FRIDA

(to SELBY) I know what's wrong with
you.

SELBY lays out a spread and a stack for a game of Patience.

FRIDA (CONT'D)

I know what's wrong with everyone
here. I'd be a psychiatrist if they
let me out.

SELBY

Well, given the fact you were elbow
deep in your vagina earlier, I
think you'd make a wonderful
psychiatrist!

He returns to his solitary game.

FRIDA

See her -

But, shit. She's got him now. SELBY half looks over at an OLD
WOMAN picking at her face skin.

FRIDA (CONT'D)

Schizoid Personality Disorder. I
can tell.

SELBY plays cards, trying to freeze out FRIDA.

FRIDA (CONT'D)

And check out that nurse.
(whispers) Avoidant Personality
Disorder.

SELBY looks up at her. She's not going to leave him alone. He looks around the room, points at a MAN (50's, sleazy, sagging jowls).

FRIDA (CONT'D)

Narcissistic Personality Disorder.
I 100 percent know that 'cause my
Grandad was the same

SELBY

(genuinely interested) And what is
wrong with you?

FRIDA

Borderline Personality disorder.
And I've been anorexic since I was
8, had ADHD since I was 11, and
complex PTSD since like - forever.

He actually feels a bit sorry for her.

SELBY

Well, you're quite the collector.

FRIDA

I've been watching you since you
got here. Got you sussed. Are you
ready for my diagnosis?

SELBY goes back to his cards.

SELBY

If you must.

FRIDA

Antisocial Personality Disorder.
All your relationships have been
violent. And you've got big daddy
issues. Am I right?

She's got SELBY down. He thought he'd been doing a pretty good job of hiding his true self. Now he's exposed, he can no longer tolerate being around her. SELBY scoops up his cards, stands.

SELBY

Well, you can be the judge of that
when I tell you how I want to grab
your stupid little head and ram it
into that cuntin' television.

SELBY leaves. FRIDA's in love.

6

INT. FUNERAL PARLOUR. CHAPEL OF REST. DAY 26. 2:46PM.

6

GLORIA is doing make-up on a corpse, COSTELLO watches, worried about her friend.

GLORIA
I've been holding out for a
miscarriage, but it's still up
there.

COSTELLO
You've never been very lucky, have
you?

GLORIA
You ever think about getting rid of
Iris?

COSTELLO
Never. From the moment I found out,
all I knew was that I was gonna
take my baby and run.

GLORIA
I'm not as strong as you, ain't
doing that shit on my own.

COSTELLO
I ain't strong.

GLORIA
I can't do it with Paul. No choice
but to abort.

COSTELLO
Sounds like you want rid of him,
not the kid.

GLORIA thinks COSTELLO has a point.

GLORIA
Tried to split up with him like 3
times.

COSTELLO
I could call him, tell him you just
died.

GLORIA
(laughing) Where's Florian Selby
when you need him, hey?

COSTELLO

He called for the first time today,
wants me to visit.

GLORIA

Don't you fucking dare.

COSTELLO

I was so relieved, thought he hated
me. I miss him, G.

GLORIA

You know what you need? A
distraction.

GLORIA holds her hand out to COSTELLO like she's asking her
to dance.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Would you have this abortion with
me?

COSTELLO takes her hand to dance and spins into her.

COSTELLO

I've been waiting for you to ask me
that for years.

GLORIA

If I do it. I mean, I think I'm
probably gonna do it. I'm gonna do
it. Maybe.

COSTELLO doesn't reckon GLORIA's gonna go it.

7

EXT. ISLINGTON BACKSTREET, REFUGE - DAY 26. 4:21PM.

7

COSTELLO and IRIS are coming back from school.

IRIS

I never wanna see him ever again.

The house next door is still covered in scaffolding, their
front garden filled with WORKMEN and the owner of the house
PASHMINA WOMAN (late 40's) is discussing plans with the
ARCHITECT. The drilling is still unbearable.

IRIS (CONT'D)

He's not my dad. And I wish you
weren't my mum.

COSTELLO is hurt. She inputs the code into the front door.

IRIS (CONT'D)

You both said Allegra was sick, but that was a lie. He was in prison because he's bad - and you're both mad - and now we're here.

COSTELLO holds the door open and they go inside. Unsure how to rebuild her relationship with her daughter.

8

INT. REFUGE, HALLWAY. - DAY 26. 4:22PM.

8

SERENA is waiting for them as they enter.

SERENA

Costello, I need a word.

COSTELLO - "sure." COSTELLO hands IRIS their room key.

COSTELLO

(to IRIS) Go up and do your homework.

IRIS

(angry) Oh, just put me up for adoption why don't you!

IRIS storms upstairs.

COSTELLO

Iris...

SERENA gently touches COSTELLO's arm - "leave her", leads her into the office.

9

INT. REFUGE, OFFICE - DAY 26. 4:24PM.

9

Gospel music. A 6ft neon cross. SERENA and COSTELLO sit opposite each other. SERENA takes COSTELLO's hands -

SERENA

It's a joy to see you at communal prayer each morning.

COSTELLO

Well, it is mandatory, Serena. But I've been a good girl. No contact with Selby.

SERENA

(proud) God rewards the good.

COSTELLO

No men. No work - I've started
volunteering at a food bank.

SERENA

This is all good, good, good. So, I
want to talk to you about an
organisation we work with who house
wayward mothers.

SERENA opens COSTELLO's file.

SERENA (CONT'D)

I know this is quick, and you're
barely settled here but we've found
you and Iris your forever home.

COSTELLO

(almost happy) In London?

SERENA

(looking at file)...2 bedrooms, a
balcony. It's by the sea. Thanet.
The Lord giveth.

COSTELLO

Am I fuck going to Thanet.

SERENA

(disappointed) And the Lord taketh
away.

COSTELLO

(angry) I've been a good person for
12 days now. And I'm not a good
person, Serena, I've been
pretending to be good. And it's
exhausting. And now I'm being shat
on.

SERENA

(serene) The Lord moves in
mysterious ways.

COSTELLO

Serena, the Lord's a knob. And if
the Lord thinks I'm leaving London,
then he can go fuck himself.

SERENA

Ah, "your murderers come with
smiles, they come as your friends".

COSTELLO

That ain't even the bible, that's
Goodfellas. You're getting your
gospels mixed up.

SERENA keeps her composure, women like COSTELLO are sent to
test her. SERENA puts COSTELLO's file away.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

Suppose you're chucking me out now?

SERENA

No. Why would I do that? The
government pay me £600 a week to
keep you here.

COSTELLO

Ah, capitalism, the real religion
of the 21st century. Hallelujah!

COSTELLO spins round in the chair and into the cycle of shit.

9A

INT. FOOD BANK, STORE ROOM - DAY 27. 10:30AM.

9A

COSTELLO is foodbanking, pushing the trolley around, RICHARD
is stocking the shelves. They are both in tabards.

COSTELLO

This'll be my last shift today. I
need to get a job that pays, gotta
get myself a private flat.

RICHARD

What about the refuge?

COSTELLO

I've got six months there and the
clock is ticking until they kick me
to the council, who'll fuck me.

RICHARD

Is there anything I can do?

COSTELLO

How much money you got on you right
now?

RICHARD

(shrugs) A fiver?

She holds out her hand - "hand it over". Always wanting to do
'the right thing' he goes into his pocket and gives her £5.

COSTELLO
And now eat me out.

RICHARD looks from the £5 to COSTELLO.

RICHARD
(awkward) Err, is this a...? Ohh,
I'm not a... Listen, I support sex
workers...but I don't pay for it...

COSTELLO
Let me stop you before you say
something stupid again. The pussy's
free, I just want five pounds.

She lays down on the abundance of pasta. RICHARD's excited,
but unsure -

RICHARD
Is it ethical to lick out a woman
who lives in a refuge?

COSTELLO
Look, this pussy doesn't have any
ethics. I just need a distraction,
if you don't want it, fuck off.

COSTELLO takes off her knickers.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
But this is best offer you're gonna
get in any foodbank today.

RICHARD checks the coast is clear as he falls to his knees in
excitement to lick. COSTELLO doesn't make any noise or
movement. It's just the sounds of RICHARD's licking. After a
while, RICHARD wonders if he's doing it right -

RICHARD
(coming up for air) Does that work
for you?

COSTELLO
Yeah. It's alright. Keep going.

He licks again, he's such an enthusiastic man.

RICHARD
Would you object to me touching
myself?

COSTELLO
Yeah I would. Don't be so
disgusting.

RICHARD knows his place, he gets back to licking.

9B

INT. FUNERAL PARLOUR, RECEPTION - DAY 27. 1:13PM.

9B

GLORIA is behind the reception desk, while PAUL stands in front of her looking lost.

GLORIA
I just can't ever imagine loving
you.

PAUL
Mate, that hurts.

GLORIA's look - "I'm sorry".

PAUL (CONT'D)
Is that a reason to call it a day?

GLORIA
Yeah, I think it is. (then)
I've never had to break up with
anyone before. Normally, when I'm
horrible they just leave.

PAUL
I don't believe you could ever be
horrible, G.

GLORIA can't believe this is so difficult.

GLORIA
I bury people for a living but this
conversation is tough.

GLORIA walks to the door, opens it for PAUL. PAUL is hovering by the door, he hates to leave.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
Good luck, you're a lovely guy, but
not for me.

PAUL
Yeah, thanks. (then, upbeat)
Listen, would you like to grab a
drink sometime?

GLORIA
Think that would be weird, don't
you?

PAUL's look - "Yeah, suppose."

PAUL
See you soon, Gloria.

GLORIA
No, probably not, but you take
care.

PAUL's gone. GLORIA's sigh of relief.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
(to herself) One down, one to go.

She looks down at her notepad on the desk. It reads: To do
list - Paul, Baby, Cancel Sky. She crosses out Paul.

She takes her phone, makes a call -

GLORIA (CONT'D)
(on phone) Hello. I think I'd
really LOVE to book in for a
termination.

GLORIA crosses out 'Baby' on the to do list.

10

INT. REFUGE, LAUNDRY ROOM. - DAY 27. 2.03PM..

10

COSTELLO is dressed in her peepshow costume, complete with
slutty make-up, sat on top of a washer dryer. JADE is wearing
a tracksuit, no make up, and is scrubbing COSTELLO's face
with a baby wipe. They have an iPad on a tripod filming them.

JADE
(wiping) Get this muck off your
mush then stick on the trackie.

JADE scoops out some vaseline and rubs it into COSTELLO's
hair to make it greasy and limp.

COSTELLO
What you doing? Get off!

JADE
Making you look like someone who
actually lives in a refuge.

JADE rubs vaseline in her own hair too.

JADE (CONT'D)
Can't look all fancy, this ain't
Babestation.

JADE gestures to COSTELLO to put on the tracksuit.

JADE (CONT'D)
Authenticity is what they're after.

COSTELLO puts on the tracksuit.

COSTELLO
Well, this ain't authentic to me.

JADE
Yeah, but everyone out there thinks
it is.

MAN 1 pops up on the screen. JADE gets straight into it.

JADE (CONT'D)
(sad, to MAN 1) Hiya. We're a
couple of horny babes trapped in a
battered women's refuge with no men
to satisfy us. Wanna help us out?

The ticker reads £5.40. COSTELLO sees money - she's gonna
throw herself into this, back in full blown hustler mode.

MAN 1
You run away from horrible men did
you?

The ticker reads - £12.49

JADE
(sad) Yeah, please help us. We're
both 100% battered British bitches.

The ticker reads - £17.00. The ticker reads - £30.90

JADE (CONT'D)
She's new here. Fresh from being
abused. Tell him -

COSTELLO
Yeah, it's true. (performative,
sad) been abused all my life. By
men and women.

MAN 1
You got any bruises?

The ticker reads - £36.76.

COSTELLO
Oh, you have no idea. So press that
donate button and I'll give you the
whole sordid story.

COSTELLO gives a horny sad look into the camera, so does JADE. MAN 1 starts wanking.

11 **SCENE OMITTED** 11

12 **SCENE OMITTED** 12

Scene 12 has been reworked into Scene 9A.

13 **INT/EXT. REFUGE (MONTAGE)** 13

Whoa, and here we go - a fucking montage! This is where we see COSTELLO doing everything she possibly can to get the money for her and IRIS to stay in London.

Let's use the music from the Scarface montage - '**Push it to the Limit**' or something equally 80's.

Only the money ticker is constantly moving up in ridiculously small increments - it's not easy for COSTELLO to make the money. But God loves a trier! Or does he?

£37.98, £38, £41.33, £42.02, £48.07, £52.74 etc. This is not big money, but it's better than nothing...

13A **INT. REFUGE, COSTELLO'S BEDROOM. DAY 28. 9:20AM..** 13A

- COSTELLO and JADE pulling their hair into Croydon Facelifts.

- COSTELLO and JADE pulling shell suits and gold jewelry and Reebok classics out of a bag and trying them on. God, don't they just look so authentically common!

13B **INT. REFUGE, LAUNDRY ROOM. DAY 28. 10:30AM.** 13B

- COSTELLO and JADE sad webcamming.

- JADE gives £20 to COSTELLO!

- COSTELLO following a YouTube stage make-up tutorial and painting a black eye on JADE.

- COSTELLO and JADE webcamming in the tracksuits with their black eyes.

MAN 2
(wanking) Tell me where he hit you.

MAN 3
(wanking) How many refuges have you
lived in?

MAN 4
(wanking) You've got a face I wanna
punch.

The ticker still rising slowly, constantly. Money!

13C **EXT. ISLINGTON BACK1STREET, REFUGE. DAY 31. 10:30AM.** 13C

- COSTELLO in her tracksuit having a fag on the steps,
watching the WORKMEN next door digging. JADE gives COSTELLO a
£50 note. They both look at the WORKMEN in disgust. A STUDENT
approaches COSTELLO. She gives him £50 for a clunky old
laptop.

13D **INT. REFUGE, LAUNDRY ROOM. DAY 32.11:45AM.** 13D

- COSTELLO and JADE in cheap frumpy underwear. COSTELLO is on
her laptop, writing her novel. And we see a revolving film of
men;

MAN 3
(cumming) I wouldn't have let you
out of my sight.

MAN 4
(wanking) List all of your injuries
for me.

MAN 5
I'd never hurt you.

MAN 1
You deserved it didn't you?

MAN 6
I'll look after you.

MAN 5
I'd hit you. With my big dick.

13E **EXT. ISLINGTON BACKSTREET, REFUGE. DAY 33. 3PM.** 13E

- COSTELLO and JADE on the door step, JADE gives COSTELLO
£50, they high five and smoke a Hamlet cigar.

13F INT. REFUGE, COSTELLO'S BEDROOM. DAY 33. 3:20PM.

13F

- COSTELLO puts her money under her mattress, she's saving up to stay in London but the returns from the webcam are small. She sighs, she's going to be doing this for some time. The drills are loud next door, plaster falls off the ceiling and onto her bed.

14 INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL, PSYCH WARD. CORRIDOR - DAY 34. 11AM 14

A new day, in a place where montages don't exist. SELBY walks towards the payphone, Persols on (he doesn't want to see FRIDA, who is trailing behind) and small change in hand. He picks up the receiver, dials COSTELLO's number. It rings out to voicemail. He pumps money in. FRIDA stands close to listen.

SELBY

(on phone, turning from FRIDA) Day 29 in the Funny Farm. I miss you both. Why won't you visit me?

FRIDA

She's already forgot you mate, they always do.

FRIDA ends his call for him. She thinks she's being cute.

SELBY

I suppose you think this is some kind of 'meet cute', don't you? Two nutters in an asylum falling in love...

He drops the phone, annoyed but controlled.

SELBY (CONT'D)

Well, this isn't that movie, darling.

SELBY walks away from her, fast up the corridor. She starts trailing behind him as usual, but SELBY's not having any more of it.

SELBY (CONT'D)

And when I say fuck off, I don't mean follow me and love me. I mean fuck off, fuck off. Bye bye.

FRIDA is totally rejected. SELBY walks, FRIDA doesn't follow.

15

INT. ABORTION CLINIC. RECEPTION. - DAY 34. 2:26PM.

15

GLORIA, drunk, dressed like she's going to a wedding (not her own), is being held up by COSTELLO.

COSTELLO

Are you sure you wanna do this?

GLORIA nods, unsure.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

Because you've clearly had a lot to drink...

GLORIA

Dutch courage.

COSTELLO

And why you tarted up like this?

GLORIA

I can dress up for my own abortion if I like.

COSTELLO

Dress for the abortion you want to have, not the abortion you've got to have...

GLORIA

I split up with Paul and I'm happy about that. But I think I want the... baby.

COSTELLO

OK, then let's go.

GLORIA

No, no, no, you know me, I'll only fuck it up. I'll fuck it up. Best to deal with it.

RECEPTIONIST

Gloria Duke?

GLORIA's up, staggering towards the RECEPTIONIST. COSTELLO walks beside her to keep her upright. The RECEPTIONIST hands a clipboard of forms to GLORIA, who sways as she takes them.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Sorry, I have to ask, but have you consumed alcohol in the last 24 hours?

GLORIA
Couple over lunch.

RECEPTIONIST
I'm afraid you can't legally
consent to the procedure under the
influence of alcohol.

COSTELLO can see that GLORIA is an abortion saboteur.

GLORIA
(shouting) No. I want my abortion,
I've made up my mind now, give it
to me!

COSTELLO tries to get GLORIA out - "come on"

GLORIA (CONT'D)
No! Give me my abortion. No. I
demand an abortion. What has
happened to this country? A woman
can't even have an abortion after a
couple of wines.

COSTELLO
Come on, lets go.

GLORIA
Look at me! Do I look like someone
who should be having a kid?

COSTELLO
Let's get you to bed, talk about it
in the morning.

GLORIA
Don't make me go Vera Drake, don't
make me go backstreet!

COSTELLO gently leads GLORIA out.

15A

INT. REFUGE, SERENA'S OFFICE - DAY 35. 7.02AM.

15A

SERENA and COSTELLO sit opposite each other. The drilling
continuous.

SERENA
You just don't seem very...
vulnerable. Abused women are
usually a bit more humble.

The drills stop.

COSTELLO
So, what, you think I'm lying?

Then - a bang. The roof falls down. Cracks appear in the wall. Debris. Dust. Screams. Alarms.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
Iris!

COSTELLO runs out of the room to get to IRIS. SERENA follows, stunned and scared.

16 **SCENE OMITTED** 16

17 **INT. REFUGE, STAIRCASE - DAY 35. 7.04AM.** 17

COSTELLO runs up the stairs through the dust. JADE, and other women, run into the hallway, terrified. Loud alarms.

IRIS (O.S.)
Mummy, Mummy!

SERENA
Oh Lord, oh Lord!

COSTELLO runs upstairs, a shellshocked JADE following.

18 **INT. REFUGE, COSTELLO'S BEDROOM - DAY 35. 7:05AM.** 18

COSTELLO and JADE follow the sounds of IRIS and CANDI, who they find clinging to each other, scared. Pieces of ceiling have started to fall. COSTELLO is calm, assessing the situation pragmatically. JADE is breathing heavy, unable to speak. COSTELLO kisses IRIS, she's terrified.

COSTELLO
(calm) Everything's OK. We're all ok.

IRIS
What's happening, mummy?

COSTELLO grabs her rucksack, throws in her laptop, notepad, important documents - passports, deed poll forms, NHS red book, IRIS' iPad and headphones. She's been trained with trauma her entire life, to deal with moments like this.

COSTELLO
(to JADE, calm) Get your money and
let's go. Now.

JADE rushes out. COSTELLO quickly puts on IRIS' coat and shoes, she doesn't panic.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
(to IRIS) It's all gonna be fine.

They hear screaming, wailing from JADE next door. This scares IRIS and CANDI. COSTELLO wraps CANDI in her coat. She reaches under her mattress for her meagre savings, pockets them.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
OK, let's go. Hold hands. Quick.

COSTELLO grabs IRIS and CANDI's hands, they leave.

19

INT. REFUGE, HALLWAY/JADE'S ROOM - DAY 35. 7:06AM.

19

JADE is standing at her door to her bedroom, screaming, wall has fallen onto JADE and CANDI's bed.

JADE
My baby could've died.

COSTELLO
(calm, to JADE) She didn't. Let's
go.

COSTELLO moves JADE, IRIS and CANDI along the hall, as other women who've come upstairs to grab their children make their way down too.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
(calm) Everyone just stop crying
and get out. Keep moving, keep
going.

At the bottom of the stairs is SERENA, standing in the same spot as before, unable to move.

SERENA
Oh Lord, Oh Lord. Why?

COSTELLO takes her arm.

COSTELLO

Come on Serena, you can talk to him
in a bit. Let's get out before the
whole fucking house falls down.

They all walk out into the street together.

20

EXT. ISLINGTON BACKSTREET. REFUGE - DAY 35. 7:07AM.

20

They all walk into the light. The WORKMEN emerge from the house next door and a small crowd gathering around the refuge with their camera phones. The building work next door has caused the refuge to collapse. The sound of sirens approaching. COSTELLO and IRIS hug tight, the first time since they left Bruton.

SERENA

Is everyone out? Everyone's here?
OK, we're all safe that's the main
thing, thank you god. Everyone's
safe.

JADE is hugging her crying daughter. COSTELLO and IRIS hold hands, happy to be together and have each other.

20A

INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL, PSYCH WARD. THERAPY ROOM. DAY 35. 9:16AM.

20A

SELBY stands by an open window, lighting two fags, while his therapist, KENNETH (40's, with the enthusiasm of someone who has come to the job later in life) sits on the sofa opposite.

KENNETH

You said, and I quote - "I want to
grab your stupid little head and
ram it into that cunt
television."

SELBY

I'm a work in progress.

SELBY offers him a fag.

KENNETH

No. I've quit.

But before SELBY lets the smoke drop from the window, KENNETH stands.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

Oh, go on then.

KENNETH takes the fag and the window next to SELBY. He now conducts the session out of the window.

KENNETH (CONT'D)
You doing ok?

SELBY
(staring out of the window) I miss
Iris more than anything. I just
want to get back to them both and,
and make it all better.

KENNETH
How would you make it all better?

SELBY shrugs. He hasn't thought that far ahead. They stand in silence for a while.

KENNETH (CONT'D)
What would you say to them?

SELBY
(a stream of consciousness...)
That I have all the right feelings
in my heart... but I just don't
know how to love like everyone
else... because no one ever taught
me how to do it right.

KENNETH takes it in, lets it hang. SELBY finishes his fag, flicks it out, looks at his watch, embarrassed with himself for being so inarticulate.

SELBY (CONT'D)
I sound like an absolute twat.

KENNETH smiles, happy with SELBY's progress.

KENNETH
You're attempting to change, most
don't have the guts to try that.

SELBY
(self mocking) Well, I am a big,
brave boy.

SELBY's quite pleased with himself. Small steps.

21 SCENE OMITTED 21

22 EXT. ISLINGTON BACKSTREET, REFUGE - DAY 35. 9:20AM. 22

A FIREMAN tapes a cordon around the refuge. The building's condemned. SERENA, COSTELLO, JADE, IRIS, and all the women and children stand behind it. Most of the women are crying, they've lost all their stuff. Local residents have come down to check out the wreck, most are filming it on their phones. Quite the crowd has gathered.

COSTELLO notices PASHMINA WOMAN and her big bellied HUSBAND, running out of their property, towards the cordon, pulling suitcases. They stand next to the woman and PASHMINA WOMAN starts to cry. The HUSBAND places a beautiful Native American blanket over her as she sobs, it sends COSTELLO into a rage.

COSTELLO
Oi, Pashmina! What you crying for?
You haven't lost your home.

PASHMINA WOMAN and her HUSBAND are affronted.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
Ain't you got enough? How much do
you lot actually need?

The camera phones turn to COSTELLO.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
You've got a huge house, why do you
need more? And you're barely even
here, you live in Oxfordshire.
Everything is never enough for you
lot is it? You take more and more
without thinking who's getting
less. We lived here, it was just a
shitty room and it wasn't forever,
but it was ours. It's lucky no one
died. My daughter could of died.
Posh cunts.

A weak round of applause breaks out from the rubber neckers as they stop filming. The NEIGHBOURS walk away. IRIS is embarrassed, she wishes her mum would keep her mouth shut.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)
(to IRIS) I'm gonna sort this. I
promise.

IRIS doesn't believe her. COSTELLO picks up her phone, makes a call.

23 **INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL, PSYCH WARD. QUIET COMMON ROOM - DAY 35. 2:15PM.** 23

SELBY lounging on a dirty cream sofa, with terrible cushions, reading John Fante.

FRIDA
(excited) Selby! You've got a visitor! Come on.

SELBY
(sitting up) Who?

FRIDA
(shrugs) Some woman. Come on. She's got a little girl with her who's just so cute.

SELBY verges on happiness. He sprints down the corridor. FRIDA follows him slowly. He stops outside of the Visitor Room and transforms himself into the SELBY that IRIS loves best.

24 **INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL, PSYCH WARD. VISITOR ROOM - DAY 35. 2:17PM.** 24

The door slams behind SELBY as he searches for COSTELLO and IRIS on the sofas. He looks at the other patients sitting with visitors but cannot see them. SELBY gets the NURSE's attention.

SELBY
Visitors?

The NURSE shakes their head - "no". SELBY feels foolish.

25 **INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL, PSYCH WARD. CORRIDOR - DAY 35. 2:19PM.** 25

SELBY leaves the visiting room to find FRIDA leaning against the wall, laughing hysterically. He moves towards her, ready to headbutt her to the ground, but finds himself able to take pause, knowing that it will only keep him further away from IRIS and COSTELLO.

SELBY
(soft) That was a horrible thing to do, but I know you're just looking for attention. Well, you have it, and you're turning my stomach.

He turns away and walks back with his head high to his room, noting the evidence of his change. It's a nice feeling.

FRIDA knows there's nothing she can do to get him - she's ready to move onto the next freak.

26

EXT. ISLINGTON BACKSTREET, REFUGE - DUSK 35. 6:46PM.

26

Women and children scramble onto SERENA's minibus like it's the last helicopter out of Saigon, but they're headed for Skegness which of course means COSTELLO and IRIS won't be boarding. SERENA is in the drivers seat -

SERENA

The Lord pours scorn upon the ungrateful. There's refuge for you in Skegness. Now, get in.

COSTELLO

No. We live here.

JADE and CANDI step out of the line with COSTELLO and IRIS

JADE

(making a stand) That's right. We live here too. (to the women inside bus) Ladies, get off. Costello's staging a protest about social cleansing.

COSTELLO

Yeah, I'm really not. I'm just not leaving.

No one gets off the bus anyway.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

(to JADE) You should go. Get a little flat by the sea, your mum and sister will visit at weekends, you won't be alone.

COSTELLO hugs JADE goodbye.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

(whispers) And I'm sure they've got a God in Skegness.

JADE laughs and COSTELLO lets her go. JADE and CANDI get onto the bus. JADE turns around as the doors close.

JADE

We'll keep you in our prayers.

COSTELLO and IRIS wave at the bus as it drives away.

IRIS
We should've got on.

COSTELLO
(shaking head "no") This is our
home.

IRIS
It don't feel like it is, mummy.

COSTELLO
I know.

They walk aimlessly, away from the refuge, with just the
clothes on their backs.

HARD CUT TO:

26A **EXT/INT. ISLINGTON BACKSTREET, REFUGE/GLORIA'S CAR - DUSK 26A.**
7:04PM.

GLORIA is up front, ragged from her failed abortion.
COSTELLO puts IRIS' seatbelt on in the backseat.

COSTELLO
(to GLORIA) You alright?

GLORIA
Ain't I always.

COSTELLO
So, to abort or not to abort - that
is the question.

GLORIA
(firm) Not to abort.

COSTELLO
The Loneliness of the Unwed Single
Mother - name of your memoir!

GLORIA smiles, knows it's going to be tough but if COSTELLO
can navigate it, anyone can.

GLORIA
You can stay at mine until you get
something sorted with the council.

IRIS is sad, another move. COSTELLO is about to sit up front,
but decides against it, takes a 20 from her purse, hands it
to GLORIA.

COSTELLO
Will you take her for dinner?

GLORIA
Sure. The practise will come in handy.

COSTELLO just needs to get away.

COSTELLO
Need to clear my head.

COSTELLO blows a kiss at IRIS, who ignores it. COSTELLO walks slowly down the street.

27 **SCENE OMITTED** 27

28 **INT. COVENT GARDEN, GLORY HOLE TOILETS. - NIGHT 35.8PM.** 28

COSTELLO sits on the toilet (not shitting, not pissing), she's holding a large glass of wine, which she's bought from a bar and taken away. She looks through the glory hole, she's alone. She takes her first sip of wine in over a year. Fuck, it's a taste that takes her back to beautiful oblivion. Perfection. She takes her phone, goes onto her sobriety app. She looks at it - 569 days sober - 1 year 4 months. She presses END. The sobriety app returns to zero. She takes another sip, rests the phone on her lap, listens to a new voicemail on speaker. "First new message, sent today at 11.42am." It's from SELBY.

SELBY (O.S.)
(serious, broken) Day 30 in the Loony Bin. "Stop all the clocks, cut off the telephone, prevent the dog from barking with a juicy bone..." (hysterical laughing)
Saccharine wank!

COSTELLO smiles. Lights a smoke.

SELBY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Don't worry, I haven't gone the full mental - it's still a terrible poem and Four Weddings is still a fucking awful film! What was it you said, Costello?

COSTELLO laughs, almost cries. Takes a big sip of wine.

SELBY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The world is a vile place and
neither Richard Curtis or WH Auden
will ever change that. I hope to
see you soon, and I hope you and
Iris are OK. I let you down, and
I'm sorry, and right now I can't
reach you, and it's fucking
terrifying...

End of messages. COSTELLO takes another big sip of wine.

END.

BBC WRITERS ROOM