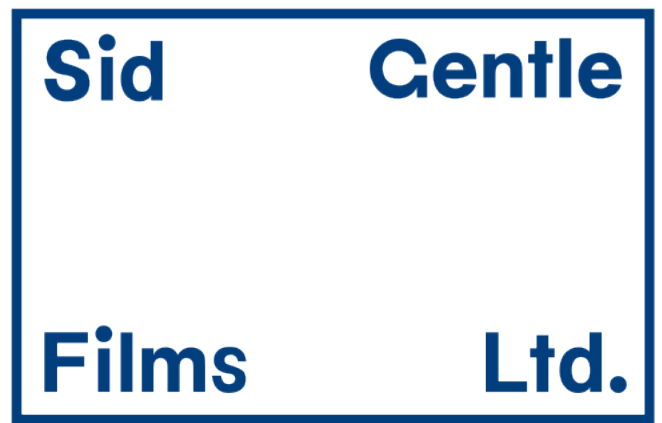


|                |                            |
|----------------|----------------------------|
| TITLE          | Rain Dogs                  |
| BY             | Cash Carraway              |
| EPISODE        | Episode 7                  |
| DRAFT          | 5 <sup>th</sup> July, 2022 |
| BUFF REVISIONS |                            |



BLUE REVISION PAGES: 4, 4A, 9, 10, 11, 11A, 13, 14, 14A, 15, 30

PINK REVISION PAGES: 1, 1A, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 7A, 12, 15A, 16, 16A, 17, 18, 20, 20A, 21, 22, 22A, 23, 23A, 24, 24A, 25, 25A, 26, 26A, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31

YELLOW REVISION PAGES: 1, 1A, 1B, 2, 7, 7A, 16, 20, 20A, 21, 26

GREEN REVISION PAGES: 1, 1A 1B, 5, 6, 7, 7A, 9, 12, 13, 17, 18, 19, 21, 22, 22A, 27, 27A

GOLDENROD REVISION PAGES 04.07.22: 17, 18, 19, 28

**BUFF REVISION PAGES 05.07.22: 7, 7A, 12**

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PRE TITLES

A

**INT. ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, LONDON. MAIN ROOM - DAY 36.**  
**15:55.**

A

COSTELLO and LENNY (in a wheelchair with oxygen tank) sit looking up at Goya's Saturn Devouring His Son. IRIS walks around from painting to painting.

COSTELLO  
(excited) So, I sold my novel.

LENNY  
How?

COSTELLO  
(shrugs, laughs) Discovered on a  
Bloomsbury slush pile by some  
dickhead called Barnaby -

LENNY  
Oh, Barnabys are the worst.

COSTELLO  
He's my editor now, got in touch  
after that pashmina video went  
viral.

LENNY  
I believe Salinger was discovered  
the same way!

COSTELLO laughs.

LENNY (CONT'D)  
You've earned this.

COSTELLO  
Yeah, well, still potless. And the  
council are sending us to Somerset.

LENNY  
Tell them to fuck off.

COSTELLO  
I did, but our last home was in  
Bruton with Selby, so they're  
saying we've got a local  
connection.

LENNY  
They can't force you out.

COSTELLO

If I don't take it, we're  
'intentionally homeless'.

COSTELLO rummages around in her bag, searching for something.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

Oh Lenny, I will miss you, you're  
my favourite pervert.

COSTELLO winks at IRIS - they can begin their 'mission'.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

But we'll be back next spring when  
the book's out.

COSTELLO pulls out an adhesive hook from her bag.

LENNY

Bet you can't believe it's really  
happening?

COSTELLO checks the coast is clear.

COSTELLO

I've been burnt before by posh  
pricks, I won't believe it's real  
'til it's on sale in Foyles.

IRIS checks the other side, gives the signal, all clear.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

But when it is out, I'm gonna ride  
the tube day and night until I see  
someone reading it.

IRIS keeps lookout.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

Because that's when you've really  
made it!

COSTELLO sticks the adhesive hook on the wall, next to Goya.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

And I'll go over to them, pull the  
book down and say - I wrote that, I  
did.

IRIS

(laughing) They'll think you're  
mad!

IRIS takes a painting from COSTELLO's bag.

COSTELLO

(to LENNY) And that will be a great  
fucking day. Back in the city,  
because of my book.

IRIS hands the painting to COSTELLO, mission almost complete.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

Barnaby, reckons it's gonna be big.

LENNY

Bigger than Dickens?

COSTELLO

Yeah, it's basically Oliver Twist  
with big tits.

COSTELLO hangs the painting. It's LENNY's self  
portrait. COSTELLO smiles at him - "our leaving present to  
you." LENNY can't believe he's hanging in the Royal Academy.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

You're a real artist.

LENNY is touched. They all take a brief moment to look at it.

LENNY

(emotional) All you can ask for in  
life is one moment of perfection.

COSTELLO and IRIS hold LENNY's hand.

LENNY (CONT'D)

Because it doesn't last, and it's  
not meant to, remember that.

IRIS spots a SECURITY GUARD heading toward them.

IRIS

Mummy! Lenny! Run!

COSTELLO spins LENNY, they run. SECURITY GUARD chases.

COSTELLO

(running) Ain't that just like  
life, you get what you want then  
someone comes to ruin it.

They head, joyous, towards the exit, 'Bande a Part' style.  
Leaving LENNY's painting to be removed and destroyed.

**TITLES - RAIN DOGS - You Just Haven't Earned It Yet, Baby**

B

**SCENE OMITTED**

B

C

**SCENE OMITTED**

C

1        SCENE OMITTED

1

2        INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL, PSYCH WARD. VISITOR ROOM - DAY 37.  
9:02 AM.

2

FEN waits for SELBY at a table in the corner, a suitcase next to him.

SELBY  
(off the suitcase) You got my  
letter.

SELBY greets FEN with a friendly kiss, a platonic formality.

BBC WRITERS ROOM

SELBY (CONT'D)  
(in Mandarin) Long time no see.

FEN  
(in Mandarin) You well?

SELBY takes his suitcase.

SELBY  
Broadband's slow, the food  
microwaved and the only other  
homosexual here has had a coldsore  
for the last two weeks, so not  
ideal.

FEN hands SELBY his car keys and slides SELBY's phone across  
the table. SELBY sits, turns his phone on, nothing from  
COSTELLO or IRIS.

FEN  
You look good.

SELBY  
(in Mandarin) Getting better.

FEN grabs SELBY's hand.

FEN  
(in Mandarin) Then we should get  
out of here.

SELBY gently removes his hand from FEN's.

SELBY  
I've still got a way to go.

FEN pulls his phone from his pocket, holds up a screengrab  
for SELBY to see. FEN smirks. It's a press release for  
COSTELLO's novel. SELBY reads -

SELBY (CONT'D)  
'Fiscus Publishing Signs New Novel  
from 'Authentic' Working Class  
Single Mum'.

FEN laughs. SELBY is appalled by the headline.

SELBY (CONT'D)  
She'll hate that.

SELBY pushes FEN's phone away.

SELBY (CONT'D)

Well, she no longer needs me, I suppose.

He thinks he's lost COSTELLO and IRIS now.

SELBY (CONT'D)

Won't be long before the money starts rolling in.

He takes FEN's hand to distract himself from the loss.

SELBY (CONT'D)

(Mandarin) Come on. Come on!

SELBY stands.

SELBY (CONT'D)

Ever fucked in an asylum?

SELBY leads FEN out.

BBC WRITERS ROOM



3        SCENE OMITTED        3

4        SCENE OMITTED        4

5        SCENE OMITTED        5

6        SCENE OMITTED        6

7        EXT/INT. SOMERSET COUNTRY LANE/HEARSE - DAY 37. 12:20PM.        7

Moving Day

GLORIA drives the hearse down a quiet Devon country lane. It's filled with cheap vintage furniture that COSTELLO has acquired (and a battered and dirty pink chaise longue is tied to the roof). IRIS is on her iPad. COSTELLO looks out the window at the state of her new life -

COSTELLO  
(pissed off) They've sent us  
straight to hell.

GLORIA  
Be grateful you've got a place.

IRIS  
Where are all the people?

COSTELLO  
It's the middle of nowhere.

GLORIA  
Loads of writers come out to the  
country to finish their books.

COSTELLO  
Yeah, rich ones, retreating to  
Daddy's holiday cottage.

GLORIA

Pretty peaceful though...

COSTELLO scrolls through her phone, ends up looking on her sobriety app - 14 days sober.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

(to IRIS) ...Means we can be wild!

COSTELLO

Don't wanna live in peace...

GLORIA starts swerving the car to play with IRIS. IRIS laughs.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

I wanna shout at people who don't use escalators correctly.

GLORIA swerves the car more, causing COSTELLO to drop her phone.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

(off the swerving) Stop it, I wanna die in the city.

The blue of police lights flashes behind them.

GLORIA

Shit.

COSTELLO

Well done.

GLORIA pulls over.

7A

**SCENE OMITTED**

7A

8

**EXT. SOMERSET COUNTRY LANE - DAY 37 12:20PM.**

8

GLORIA stands next to the car. COP looks at her suspiciously. He gets the breathalyser ready. GLORIA's nervous.

COP

(to GLORIA) You're over the limit.

COSTELLO - "fucks sake".

COSTELLO

How many you had?

GLORIA

(to COSTELLO, lying) A couple last night.

COSTELLO is pissed off.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

(to COP) Am I being arrested?

COP nods - "yes". GLORIA mouths - "I'm sorry".

COSTELLO

(to COP) Where you taking her?

COP

Minehead.

COSTELLO

(shouting) You've put Iris in danger. What the fuck's wrong with you?

COP

Calm down or I'll arrest you too.

COSTELLO

For what?

COP

Public nuisance.

COSTELLO

There is no public, where the fuck are the public? This place is nowhere.

COP

Last warning.

COSTELLO takes the warning. She's sad as she watches GLORIA get arrested. And wondering how the hell she's getting to Sunset Park...

BBC WRITERS ROOM

9

**EXT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL, PSYCH WARD. GARDENS - DAY 37. 12:28PM.**

The most beautiful, romantic place. Wisteria everywhere.  
SELBY and FEN find themselves against a tree in that brief  
moment where sex ends but before post coital begins -  
basically trousers up but a bit sweaty.

SELBY

I am Lazarus. I finally rose!

FEN

(in Mandarin) I really love you.

SELBY covers FEN's mouth with his hand.

SELBY

Don't say that. Don't ever say  
that. Don't you ever fucking say  
that, OK?

SELBY keeps his hand covering FEN's mouth long enough to make  
it clear he really mustn't say it. FEN removes his hand. He's  
angry.

FEN

I deserve better than you.

SELBY

(in Mandarin) Yes, you do.

FEN looks hard at SELBY, realising he'll never give him what  
he needs no matter how much love he shows him.

FEN

Adios, Selby.

FEN walks, head high, towards the gates.

SELBY

You should know Fen, your anus is a  
national treasure!

FEN

It has been said before!

SELBY

(in Mandarin) Goodbye.

SELBY watches him leave, a small wave.

10

**EXT. SOMERSET COUNTRY LANE - DAY 37. 12.56PM.**

10

COSTELLO and IRIS sit by the side of the road on the pink chaise longue, surrounded by a lamp, some of LENNY's paintings, table and chair and bin liners next to them.

IRIS

You angry with Auntie G?

COSTELLO - "yeah". COSTELLO tries to order an Uber.

COSTELLO

But she'll always be alright, she's got family to bail her out.

IRIS sighs - they're stranded in the middle of nowhere.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

Promise you, I'm gonna write us out of here.

IRIS believes her -

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

First comes the hardback, then the paperback, audible, Sunday Times Bestseller, the Man Booker, then Richard and Judy's book club.

IRIS thinks this all sounds good.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

Sell the TV rights to the highest bidder - I'll write the adaptation - that's where the real money is.

IRIS

Can we live in a place with high ceilings in Belsize Park?

COSTELLO looks out into the distance, awaiting the kindness of strangers. And look, it's coming, a man on a horse and cart. COSTELLO nudges IRIS to take a look.

COSTELLO

(sighs) What the hell...

It's fucking weird outside London.

11

**INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL, PSYCH WARD. THERAPY ROOM - DAY 37. 13:00 PM.**

11

SELBY walks into therapy, subdued. KENNETH is waiting.

SELBY

(points to his cock, pleased) It's back. Thanks to you.

KENNETH

Glad to hear. Though I can't take all the credit.

SELBY sits on the sofa opposite.

SELBY

(matter of fact) Costello no longer needs me, and it made me feel worthless - so I fucked Fen.

KENNETH waits for SELBY to open up. SELBY makes an effort to relax, he gets a lot out of his time with KENNETH.

SELBY (CONT'D)

Did you know, Kenneth, I had my first buggering and first heartbreak on the same day.

KENNETH did not know this, but lives for this shit.

SELBY (CONT'D)

We had fagging at boarding school. (playing, not cruel) Allow me to explain - I can tell you 'went state'.

KENNETH smiles - he did go state.

SELBY (CONT'D)

It's where a young boy acts as a servant for one of the older boys.

KENNETH

(sarcastic) Sounds totally normal.

SELBY

(truthful) I enjoyed it, bed hopping in dorms, mutual masturbation. Meaningless, functional - all powerful men do it.

KENNETH

Do you honestly believe that?

SELBY

(joking) Yes Kenneth, I do. Take a dry cock in one's arsehole and you can definitely take a grilling from Andrew Neil.

KENNETH

What was his name? The boy who took your virginity.

SELBY

(serious) Oliver. He's straightened out now, married, kids, Member of Parliament.

KENNETH

How did he break your heart?

SELBY

He didn't break anything.

KENNETH is confused.

SELBY (CONT'D)

(sad) Ten minutes after we'd finished, my Housemaster requested 'a chat'.

SELBY lays down - a true therapy moment.

SELBY (CONT'D)

Father had made yet another attempt on his life, and this time he'd made a success of it.

KENNETH is concerned.

SELBY (CONT'D)

(fake swagger) And that was both the horniest and saddest day of my life.

SELBY feels stupid for telling the truth.

SELBY (CONT'D)

(smiles) Do you want to play a game?

KENNETH - "Sure."

SELBY (CONT'D)

Good. But first I need to teach you the rules.



SELBY sits up to face KENNETH.

BBC WRITERS ROOM

12

**EXT. SOMERSET COUNTRY LANE - DAY 37. 13:10PM.**

12

FERRYMAN (50's, cap, a mystic) and GREY (60's, Scottish, knock off designer bag), have finished loading COSTELLO and IRIS' stuff into the cart and are strapping it down.

FERRYMAN

Uber won't touch the place. No  
Deliveroo, no Ocado, not even Aldi.  
None of 'em can handle Sunset Park.

COSTELLO and IRIS share a look.

FERRYMAN (CONT'D)

Pound each to ride, (pointing at  
COSTELLO's stuff) and £15 to  
deliver that junk to your door.

COSTELLO

(digging into pockets, nothing) Can  
I pay you later?

FERRYMAN

You working?

COSTELLO

Yeah, and I've got an interview  
with some debt collector on the  
estate.

GREY helps IRIS onto the cart with her. FERRYMAN moves his hands above COSTELLO's head, in a circular motion. COSTELLO isn't sure what he's doing.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

Mate, watch it.

FERRYMAN

Don't move, don't move, just  
putting a voodoo on you.

COSTELLO

Listen, I'm from London, you don't stop, you're gonna lose those fucking hands.

FERRYMAN quickly finishes his voodoo.

FERRYMAN

You're cursed until you pay me 17 quid.

GREY

Don't worry, puts 'em on me all the time.

COSTELLO jumps onto the cart too. This place is nuts.

FERRYMAN

Always lifted when the debt's done, my curses ain't unreasonable. (to IRIS) You'll like Sunset Park. Only paedo free estate in England.

IRIS

What's a paedo?

FERRYMAN whips the horse.

FERRYMAN

(to IRIS) You'd know if you met one. (to all) And we're off, into the sunset!

They're on the move. Slowly.

13

**INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL, THERAPY ROOM - DAY 37. 13:30PM.**

13

SELBY sits opposite KENNETH shuffling Mahjong tiles.

SELBY

(gestures) 4 players. North, south, east, west...

SELBY encourages KENNETH to shuffle the tiles.

KENNETH

I just think you and Costello seem unlikely friends.

SELBY

...Then we build the wall.

KENNETH tries to work out the game. It hasn't even started yet and it's already complicated -

SELBY (CONT'D)

(off KENNETH's comment) Depends how you view the world.

SELBY sets up a Mahjong wall.

SELBY (CONT'D)

I tend to find you meet a better class of person in the gutter than in the drawing room.

KENNETH

Why is that? Does it make you feel powerful?

SELBY

No.

KENNETH

You have money, you can leave anytime. Costello can't, Iris can't. How many times have you left Iris now?

SELBY

I didn't choose to leave. I love her.

KENNETH

Yet you've sabotaged your relationship with her before she has a chance to reject you. It's what you do...

SELBY leaps across the table, jumps on KENNETH.

SELBY

(shouting) You're wrong. You know nothing about me.

KENNETH pushes SELBY off him. Mahjong tiles everywhere.

KENNETH

I know you're a privileged little shit.

KENNETH composes himself.

SELBY

(reverting to old behaviours) God,  
all I want to do right now is kiss  
you.

KENNETH

(pissed off) Knock that queer shit  
off.

SELBY

(smirk) Have I broken you, Kenneth?

BBC WRITERS ROOM

KENNETH

Not even close. (off the Mahjong tiles) Your game has rules and so does mine, you don't do that in here.

SELBY picks the tiles off the floor.

SELBY

I didn't smash your face in, come on, that's got to be 'growth'?

KENNETH is doing all he can to control his anger.

SELBY (CONT'D)

(standing, serious) Do you want me to leave?

KENNETH

Sit the fuck down, we haven't even started yet.

SELBY sets up the game of Mahjong again.

14

**SCENE OMITTED**

14

15

**EXT/INT. SUNSET PARK ESTATE/HORSE AND CART - DAY 37.**  
**14:16PM.**

15

COSTELLO, IRIS, GREY and FERRYMAN ride into Sunset Park. An optimistic name that could only be given to something truly grim. Isolated, run down, dangerous and miles from civilisation. **SUNSET PARK. A resident has spray painted underneath; 'Where the sun never shines'**

The horse stops. A kid, TENNESSEE (13, dressed like Jarvis Cocker, and wearing a film t-shirt and eyeliner) waves at GREY.

GREY

(to COSTELLO) Aye. This is you.  
(pointing to their new flat) Last woman there died.

COSTELLO jumps off the cart, helps IRIS get down. COSTELLO takes an envelope and letter out of her bag which contains a key to the flat. IRIS looks around in amazement at the junk strewn everywhere; she eyes up a flytip topped with a battered Kemble piano. COSTELLO opens the front door as FERRYMAN unloads. IRIS goes inside.

FERRYMAN

(shifty, to COSTELLO) You landlined  
up, then?

COSTELLO - "what?" TENNESSEE follows IRIS into the slum.

FERRYMAN (CONT'D)

Place is a dead zone. No tv  
reception or wifi. You're off grid.

GREY

Check your mobile. No signal.

COSTELLO checks. No signal - "fucking hell".

16

**INT. SUNSET PARK ESTATE, TEMPORARY FLAT. LIVING ROOM. - DAY 6**  
**37. 14:17PM.**

IRIS looks around the place, TENNESSEE finds the courage to  
talk to her.

TENNESSEE

The name's Tennessee. I'm a film  
maker. I love Dario Argento and  
Mario Bava, and I'm into the  
hellish side of life - it's the  
Italian in me -

He offers his hand, like an old man would. They shake.

IRIS

I'm Iris.

COSTELLO and GREY enter carrying bags.

COSTELLO

Thanks for helping, Grey.

GREY shrugs - "no worries". Her and TENNESSEE start to leave

GREY

When you get settled, give us a  
shout, go down the bingo or the  
beach or something.

COSTELLO

Yeah, I'd like that.

COSTELLO and IRIS watch them leave. They share a smile - they  
can get through this, for a while.

17      SCENE OMITTED      17

18      SCENE OMITTED      18

18A      INT. DEBT COLLECTORS - DAY 38. 8:30AM.      18A

Next day. A run down former hairdressers. The mirrors, chairs and signage remain but now the place is filled with bailiff hauls. SIMON (50's, cheap suit) and COSTELLO sit in hairdresser chairs facing towards the mirrors.

SIMON  
Why you wanna be a debt collector?

COSTELLO  
(shrugs) Desperate.

SIMON  
(smiles) Well, you've come to the right place.

Place is the gutter, but COSTELLO knows it well.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
Got any other hustles? Most people these days got hustles.

COSTELLO  
I'm in between hustles.

SIMON gets his phone out, he's Googled COSTELLO -

SIMON  
Googled you, due diligence.  
Internet says you're a bit of a dick, darling. Are you?

COSTELLO  
Yeah, sometimes.

SIMON  
Honest. But Costello Jones ain't your real birth name -

COSTELLO  
No, and what?

SIMON  
Internet says you're not proper working class.



COSTELLO

Really? Look at me.

He believes she's rough.

SIMON

What about Battered Bitches?

COSTELLO

Yeah, that hasn't aged well.

SIMON

Whatever, don't give a shit -  
should see the reviews I get.

COSTELLO

In fairness Simon, you're a debt  
collector, no one likes you.

SIMON

Criminal record?

COSTELLO

Couple of cautions.

SIMON

What? Theft? Drugs?

COSTELLO

Assault, criminal damage. (looking  
around) Might come in handy.

SIMON

(impressed) And you look strong,  
like a big tree. Education?

COSTELLO

(embarrassed) 4 A'Levels - AAAB.  
Degree in English. Russell Group.  
First class.

SIMON

(shrugs) Yeah, well, whatever. I  
graduated the university of life  
via the school of hard bloody  
knocks - and I'm about to be your  
boss.

COSTELLO

I got the job?

SIMON hands her a clip on tie like the one he's wearing.

SIMON

Start tomorrow.

COSTELLO takes yet another shit job.

19

**SCENE OMITTED**

19

20

**EXT. SUNSET PARK ESTATE - DAY 38. 8:35AM.**

20

TENNESSEE and IRIS walk through the estate in school uniform.

TENNESSEE

(pointing at doors) 104 that's me  
and my Nana, 108 is Ferryman. Spice  
Boy lives there. Tony the Murderer  
lives there.

IRIS is intrigued.

TENNESSEE (CONT'D)

Don't worry he's never killed no  
one, he's just a plumber and  
terrific karaoke singer. I'm gonna  
make a film about him.

IRIS

You're a weirdo Tennessee, but  
luckily I like weirdos a lot.

TENNESSEE

Aye, thanks. (pointing to a door)  
Apparently Larry David lives at  
number 98, but I don't think it's  
him, I just think it's a bald man  
who shouts at people.

IRIS

Who's Larry David?

TENNESSEE

Absolute lunatic. Google him.

IRIS is intrigued.

20A

**SCENE OMITTED**

20A

20B

**EXT. RUN DOWN TERRACED STREET - DAY 39. 9:16 AM.**

20B

COSTELLO and SIMON walk onto the Victorian-esque slum where the children play loudly in a foreign language, jumping into a faded ice cream van that went out of business years ago.

SIMON

Got a fella?

COSTELLO

Inappropriate.

SIMON

(shrugs) I'll take you out sometime.

COSTELLO

What makes you think I'd go out with you? You got a mirror in your house?

SIMON

I've got 3 mirrors, darling. One's an antique.

COSTELLO

Maybe take a look in one sometime. Pretty sure I'm a few rungs above you on the fuck ladder.

SIMON

(laughs, calm) You miss 100 percent of the shots you don't take, had to take mine.

They stop outside a door. This is the place.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Gotta do something that scares you everyday. Today it was asking you out, tomorrow's it's... Jujitsu.

SIMON knocks, hard.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Best to keep your mind busy in a business where you gotta look the very worst of humanity in the eye.

A weak, scared, OLD LADY answers the door.

OLD LADY

(terrified) Yes?

SIMON

(threatening) You got the money or what?

COSTELLO feels like she's looking into her own future.

OLD LADY

Told you, I got nothing, (pointing to light) can't even top up the meter.

OLD LADY shuts the door, SIMON knocks again.

SIMON

(shouting) Can't hide forever, more times I come back, worse it's gonna get for you...

They walk back towards SIMON's van. COSTELLO feels for the OLD LADY -

COSTELLO

Don't think I can do this Simon, this ain't for me.

SIMON

Thought you were desperate.

COSTELLO is, but not enough to do this.

SIMON (CONT'D)

(smug) If you're not knocking on her door someone'll be knocking on yours.

COSTELLO walks away from SIMON, back towards the house.

COSTELLO  
(shouting back at him) Yeah, but  
they're not knocking on it today.

She knocks on the OLD LADY's door, softly. SIMON's watching.  
OLD LADY looks out of the window.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)  
(shouting through window)  
Don't worry, I'm not a debt  
collector anymore.

OLD LADY answers, timid. COSTELLO surrenders, arms up.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)  
If you need leccy we can pop over  
to Londis, I can top you up, yeah?

COSTELLO holds out her hand for OLD LADY, gives SIMON the  
finger, he laughs at her, thinks she's a fool.

CUT TO:

20B2

**EXT. BLEAK SEAFRONT - DAY 40. 15:00PM.**

20B2

GREY, TENNESSEE and IRIS wait by an ice cream van, as  
COSTELLO pays for 4 Magnums.

GREY  
(disapproving) Magnums. Cornettos  
are cheaper.

COSTELLO hands out the Magnums.

COSTELLO  
We don't do Cornettos no more...

They unwrap their Magnums.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)  
(joking) I'm about to be a  
published author - only eat fucking  
Magnums now!

GREY's look - "get you".

GREY  
What's the book about?

COSTELLO

4 webcammers, living in a battered women's refuge, undertake a multi million pound jewellery heist. It's called - Diamond Beavers.

GREY

Autobiographical?

COSTELLO

(laughing) No! Who do you think I am, Grey?!

GREY

All sorts round here. (then) So, it's fictional?

COSTELLO

Yeah, I'm a satirist, but 'cause I'm not posh everything I say is taken literally.

IRIS

(to TENNESSEE) But some of it is real, we lived in a refuge.

TENNESSEE

A true artist finds inspiration anywhere, that's what I tell Nana.

COSTELLO

Yeah, well, according to the internet, women like me must only speak the truth...

GREY

Well, the internet's not a real place, is it.

God, these Magnums are fucking good. IRIS and TENNESSEE run off along the beach to play.

COSTELLO

Now, tell me it's not worth paying a bit extra for your ice cream.

GREY - "yeah, you're right", but not all luxury items are within reach -

GREY

Hey, if you like nice things, I've got a load of knock off designer bags, perfume, whatever you like.

COSTELLO

Good copies?

GREY

(nods "yes") Same factory as the real thing.

COSTELLO looks out into the brown ugly sea. It's shit here.

GREY (CONT'D)

I remember my first few weeks out here, lonely, eh?

COSTELLO

Feels like I'm living on the moon.

GREY

Well, you're welcome round ours.

COSTELLO

Can I use your internet? Need to send some new chapters to my editor.

GREY's look - "sure". COSTELLO is grateful to have met GREY, but she really misses her real friends.

20B3

**EXT. SUNSET PARK ESTATE. PHONE BOX - DAY 40. 17:30 PM.** 20B3

COSTELLO and IRIS walks across the estate, COSTELLO spots the phone box, checks her pockets for change, pulls IRIS towards the booth -

COSTELLO

Shall we call Aunty G? Check she's alright.

IRIS would love to -

IRIS

You forgiven her now?

COSTELLO opens the phone box door. IRIS goes in first.

COSTELLO

Yeah, I miss her, don't you?

IRIS

(nods "yeah") Can I talk to her?

COSTELLO - "yeah". She goes inside too.

20B4      **INT. SUNSET PARK ESTATE. PHONE BOX - DAY 40. 17:31 PM.**      20B4

COSTELLO takes her mobile phone, searches for GLORIA's number. She picks up the receiver, pumps in money, dials. It rings.

20B5      **INT. GLORIA'S FLAT, WALWORTH ROAD - DAY 40. 17:31 PM.**      20B5

GLORIA is sat on her bed watching birthing videos, bored. Her phone rings, it's a withheld number. She answers but doesn't speak. Silence.

COSTELLO (O.S.)  
Gloria? It's me.

GLORIA  
(relieved) Ah! Thought you were Sky.

COSTELLO (O.S.)  
They're still calling?

IRIS (O.S.)  
Miss you Aunty G!

GLORIA  
Iris! I miss you baby.

INTERCUT.

20B6      **INT. SUNSET PARK ESTATE. PHONE BOX - DAY 40. 17:32 PM.**      20B6

COSTELLO is happy to hear GLORIA's voice. IRIS gestures - "can I talk to her?"

COSTELLO  
(to IRIS) She misses you.

GLORIA  
You pissed off with me?

IRIS  
Can I talk to her?

COSTELLO to IRIS - "wait"

COSTELLO  
No not anymore.



GLORIA

Dad's basically got me under house arrest.

COSTELLO

How's you and the baby?

GLORIA

Wasn't trying to harm her, y'know.  
I was just so scared, still am.

COSTELLO gets it.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Anyway, had a scan, she's good.

COSTELLO

Wait wait, she's good? (to IRIS)  
She's having a girl!

IRIS

Call her Iris!

IRIS and COSTELLO are excited for her.

GLORIA

Dunno what to call her, see what  
her face suits innit.

GLORIA laughs, she's happy.

GLORIA (CONT'D)  
What's it like out there?

COSTELLO  
Reckon I can get some good stories  
out of this place...

IRIS - "can I talk to her?" COSTELLO - "wait."

COSTELLO (CONT'D)  
Come visit.

GLORIA  
Can't drive no more, can I. You ok?

COSTELLO - "uh huh".

GLORIA (CONT'D)  
Saw that bad shit online about you  
Can't believe someone posted that  
Battered Bitches video.

COSTELLO  
Yeah, it's shit. Barnaby said some  
women wrote to him demanding I lose  
my deal.

GLORIA  
Those mental bitches are on a witch  
hunt, you need to deal with them  
like you did with Stacey Backshaw  
in the London Dungeon.

COSTELLO  
(laughs) Would love to.

IRIS - "can I talk to her?" COSTELLO - "wait".

COSTELLO (CONT'D)  
Anyway, Iris wants to talk to you.

IRIS takes the phone.

IRIS  
OK, G so, will I be it's aunt or  
it's cousin? And can I babysit? And  
by the way, this place is full of  
freaks.

GLORIA laughs.

GLORIA  
Then it's perfect for you.

IRIS laughs. COSTELLO's mind is fucked by the shit online.

CUT TO:

20B7

**INT. SUNSET PARK ESTATE, GREY'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM -  
NIGHT 40. 20:58 PM.**

20B7

IRIS looks at the walls piled high with VHS films and memorabilia from 90's video shops. A film plays on the telly - a gaillo. COSTELLO sits in the kitchen on her laptop.

TENNESSEE

My Nana's at bingo.

IRIS picks up a video tape and studies it, it's weird.

TENNESSEE (CONT'D)

Nana used to work in a place called the 'video shop'.

IRIS shrugs, she hasn't a clue what that is.

TENNESSEE (CONT'D)

Total crazy place, you'd go inside, choose a film, borrow it for one night only - then take it back.

IRIS

Crazy.

20C

**SCENE OMITTE**

20C

20D      **SCENE OMITTED**      20D

20E      **SCENE OMITTED**      20E

20F      **INT. SUNSET PARK ESTATE, GREY'S FLAT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 40. 21:00PM.**      20F

COSTELLO Googles herself, scrolls down past the publisher press release to a forum with a thread about Costello titled - "**Costello Jones' is a Liar**". She reads the horrendous things written about herself. She is calm, controlled, she takes a sip of tea, starts an Insta live -

COSTELLO  
You write shit about me online but  
I tell stories. So here's a fucking  
story - it's 1999...

20F2      **INT. SUNSET PARK ESTATE, GREY'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 40. 21:01PM.**      20F2

IRIS and TENNESSEE are intrigued by what COSTELLO is doing, they hide and watch, through the crack in the door.

COSTELLO  
Everyone thinks the world's about  
to end, and Bruce Willis is busy  
seeing dead people, but I'm 13, and  
yet to be kissed.

IRIS  
(quietly) Gross.

TENNESSEE laughs.

INTERCUT.

20F3      **INT. SUNSET PARK ESTATE, GREY'S FLAT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 40 21:02PM.**      20F3

COSTELLO lights a fag. 32 people are watching online.

COSTELLO  
I was a freak. That's what Stacey  
Backshaw called me anyway. She also  
called me Fatty Fishy Fanny. She  
was in my year. Type of girl who  
peaks by 15.

98 people are watching.

TENNESSEE

(quiet) Fatty Fishy Fanny!

IRIS laughs. COSTELLO doesn't notice them.

COSTELLO

So, I'm on the 176 towards  
Tottenham Court Road.

(MORE)

BBC WRITERS ROOM

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

Stacey's sat next to me and she says - "Marty Casella thinks you're proper fit." Then she says - "He wants to meet you after school, outside the Imperial War Museum, to kiss you by the big guns".

IRIS and TENNESSEE share looks - this is weird.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

And this kid, Marty, he is popular, the David Beckham of the Walworth Road. So, cut to me standing by the big guns.

338 people are watching.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

Marty Casella's face is close to mine, and as he moves in for the kiss, he shouts - (common accent) "I don't kiss big pigs." And I look round and Stacey and everyone from the 176 is laughing at me, and I'm nothing but a fool.

769 people are watching. IRIS is worried for her mum.

COSTELLO (CONT'D)

And that's what you lot are, Stacey Backshaws. But I took care of her, beat the shit out of her in the London Dungeon.

IRIS

(quiet) OMG, she's doing a Britney.

COSTELLO

And I'll say this, because I can - because I did live in a women's refuge - some of you bitches could do with a proper beating, and I'd love to dish it out.

TENNESSEE

(quiet) She's definitely doing a Britney. I love it.

COSTELLO gives them a big fake smile. 1325 watchers.

COSTELLO

Anyway, you huns do you, and I'll keep writing and telling stories. But just know - I see you, cunts.

She stubs out her fag. IRIS is mortified.

20G      **SCENE OMITTED**

20G

20H      **EXT. BLEAK SEAFRONT - DAY 41. 11:00 AM.**

20H

Another day in isolation. An afternoon run. COSTELLO in a tracksuit, headphones blaring. Her phone rings, it's BARNABY. She slows down to answer, jogging hands free. A bad connection -

BBC WRITERS ROOM

COSTELLO

Hello. Hello? Barnaby.

BARNABY (O.S.)

Can you hear me?

She slows into a walk. COSTELLO knows it bad.

COSTELLO

You're about to fuck me, aren't you? I know when someone's about to fuck me, because my mum fucked me - and not just in the Phillip Larkin way....

An uncomfortable pause. COSTELLO stops walking.

BARNABY (O.S.)

Look, publishers don't run publishing these days. It's 45 year old women posting on gossip forums after a couple of gins...

COSTELLO

Please don't take this from me, I've got nothing else. Is there nothing I can say to stop you doing this?

BARNABY (O.S.)

Costello, first you do Battered Bitches, then you offer to dish out a beating. That's not how authors behave.

COSTELLO

Thought you wanted 'authentic' working class? Guess not.

And in that moment, hope disappears. She cries for a brief second, then fuck it, fuck them, onwards, etc.

21 **SCENE OMITTED**

21

22 **INT. SUNSET PARK ESTATE, TEMPORARY FLAT. LIVING ROOM.**  
**- DAY 41. 15:35PM.**

22

COSTELLO is asleep on the chaise longue, 2 empty bottles of wine and a mug of fag butts next to her. Her laptop open on the gossip forum -



IRIS is sad, picks up a blanket, covers her mum with it. She picks up COSTELLO's phone and what is left of the wine and leaves the room.

BBC WRITERS ROOM

23      **INT. SUNSET PARK ESTATE, TEMPORARY FLAT. KITCHEN - DAY 41.** 23  
**15:35 PM.**

IRIS pours the wine down the sink. IRIS sneaks towards the front door, opens it quietly, leaves it on the latch.

24      **EXT. SUNSET PARK ESTATE - DAY 41. 15:36PM.** 24

IRIS bolts across the estate. Past kids playing and women rummaging through the flytip. Heading for flat 104.

25      **EXT. SUNSET PARK ESTATE, GREY'S FLAT - DAY 41. 15:36PM.** 25

IRIS knocks on the door. TENNESSEE answers - "hey".

IRIS  
Can I use your landline?

TENNESSEE nods "yeah". IRIS goes inside.

26      **INT. SUNSET PARK ESTATE, GREY'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 41** 26  
**15:37 PM.**

IRIS pulls out COSTELLO's phone, searches for SELBY's number.

TENNESSEE  
Just use our wifi.

IRIS looks for the phone.

IRIS  
No, my mum can't find out.

TENNESSEE points to a rotary phone at the corner of the room. He's intrigued by this secret call. IRIS heads over to it, picks up the receiver, listens to the dialing tone, unsure what to do.

IRIS (CONT'D)  
(into receiver, slowly) Call Selby.

She looks at TENNESSEE, shrugs - "nothing's happening". TENNESSEE laughs, takes COSTELLO's phone off IRIS. He dials SELBY's number.

TENNESSEE  
Takes a while...

He carries on dialing.

27

**INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL, PSYCH WARD. TV ROOM - DAY 41.**  
**15:37PM.**

27

SELBY is watching TV, bored out of his brain. His phone rings. A withheld number. He is apprehensive, but cannot resist. A bad connection -

SELBY  
(on phone) Yes? Hello.

IRIS (O.S.)  
Hello. Hello?

He listens.

28

**INT. SUNSET PARK ESTATE, GREY'S FLAT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 41**  
**15:37 PM.**

28

IRIS sits on the floor, TENNESSEE next to her.

IRIS  
(whispering) Selby. It's me.

INTERCUT.

29

INT. SUNSET PARK ESTATE, PSYCH WARD. TV ROOM - DAY 41.  
15:37PM.

29

SELBY turns the TV down. Happy to hear from her -

SELBY  
(whispering) Why are you  
whispering?

IRIS  
I don't know.

SELBY  
Are you ok?

IRIS  
Yeah, it's weird here. But it's  
alright. Yeah it's good, actually,  
but...

SELBY can tell something is wrong.

IRIS (CONT'D)  
(whispers) Mummy lost her book deal  
and now she's drinking and talking  
to the internet.

TENNESSEE is taking it all in. SELBY is worried.

IRIS (CONT'D)  
Can you visit?

GREY opens the front door.

SELBY  
Yes. Where are you?

IRIS  
Somerset. I've gotta go.

IRIS hands the phone to TENNESSEE who hangs up.

SELBY  
Somerset? Iris?

She's gone. SELBY thinks about what to do next.

CUT TO:

30      **INT/EXT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL, PSYCH WARD. CORRIDOR - DAY 41. 16:22 PM.**      30

SELBY tracksuit on, packed bag in hand. He's leaving. SELBY pushes open the fire escape. Loud alarms.

SELBY  
Yeah, sound the alarms - Florian  
Selby's back in the free world!

He's out. The alarms continue.

31      **SCENE OMITTED**      31

32      **SCENE OMITTED**      32

33      **SCENE OMITTED**      33

33A      **EXT. SUNSET PARK ESTATE - DAY 41. 21:15 PM.**      33A

A loud car alarm sounds across the estate. FERRYMAN jumps off his horse and cart. From a speaker is the sound of an ice cream van, alerting the residents to his arrival. COSTELLO goes over to him, half cut, she points to the wine, signals for two bottles. He hands them to her, she pays him the cash. COSTELLO heads back into her flat as the neighbours come out for their food and wine. This is life now.

CUT TO BLACK.