

ABOVE THE CLOUDS

20/4/21 - SHOOTING SCRIPT

Written by

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Based on *Der Tatortreiniger* by Mizzi Meyer.

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1 EXT. A MIDDLE CLASS CUL-DE-SAC - DAY 1

WICKY stands in a suburban residential street and looks up at one of the houses. He sighs deeply. There is a tense atmosphere. Trepidation. Something awful is about to happen. The musical score reflects this. Wicky walks up the drive past a UNIFORMED OFFICER who gives Wicky a significant look, and ducks under some police tape. \*

2 EXT. HOUSE. FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS 2

Wicky rings the doorbell and waits. The door opens and a uniformed police officer, RUTH opens it. The two have clearly met before. A sombre exchange. \*

RUTH

You should prepare yourself...

WICKY

Where is it?

RUTH

I told him what to expect...

Wicky cuts her off.

WICKY

Just show me.

3 INT. HALL / KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 3 \*

As they walk through the hall toward the kitchen, the music swells. Ruth hesitates and pushes the door open. As Wicky steps in, the camera tracks back to reveal carnage. The room has blood spattered on every surface. The soundtrack is at fever pitch with the reveal of the horror of the sight that greets him. It stops abruptly and the camera finds Wicky. A beat. \*

WICKY

Bloody hell, this is going to take ages!

Wicky starts assembling a collapsible mop from his bag.

Ruth's tone is now chatty. \*

RUTH

I told your boss it was a bad one.

WICKY

It's 3 o'clock I'm supposed to be...

RUTH

Curry night at the White Horse, I  
told them that...

WICKY

It's on everything! Curtains,  
wallpaper.

(He sees a bloodstained  
white rug)

Oh God! Who has a white rug?! Did  
Siegfried kill Roy?

Ruth suppresses a smirk. Wicky looks around.

RUTH

A woman killed her husband

WICKY

What with a combine harvester?!

RUTH

Stabbed him, 38 times.

WICKY

Why? Just to piss me off?

RUTH

You'll be all right, you've got  
ages.

WICKY

I'm a cleaner not Jesus. The naans  
come out fresh at 7 Ruth, and they  
go stale incredibly quickly. I'd  
want to be seated by half 6 at the  
latest.

RUTH

Well there you go, 3 hours. And I'm  
up there later, I'll get Mervin to  
keep you a jalfrezi.

WICKY

You think this is a three hour  
job!? I haven't looked yet but I'd  
be willing to bet there's blood on  
the ceiling

(beat and look up)

oh there it is.

RUTH

Oh and also, the models need doing.  
They were his pride and joy  
apparently.

We realise there are lots of models around the room, a  
leaning tower of Pisa, a second WW bomber...

Wicky stops near a horse made out of match sticks. It has a huge blood stain across it.

WICKY

He's dead. Who's going to care? His wife who murdered him? Or is it a ghost we're being thorough for?

RUTH

He might be watching... you don't know. My mum saw my nan at the bottom of the garden. At midnight.

WICKY

Grow up, Ruth. Could have been anyone.

RUTH

She was dressed as a Native American and floating 20 feet in the air.

Wicky breathes in deeply. The stress of the job ahead of him punctured by her ridiculous ghost description.

WICKY

Fair play. (beat) Yeah that does sound like a ghost. Right... I'd better get a move on. Glad I did the 'how to get blood off a weird matchstick horse' module (during training.)

She smiles affectionately and they return to easy chat. They have clearly known each other for a while. Wicky starts to prepare his cleaning equipment.

RUTH

You're just grumpy because you're on a promise from 'the tattooed Milf.'

He half smiles and starts to get his cleaning equipment out.

WICKY

No I'm not...

RUTH

She'll be waiting for you no matter how late you get there.

WICKY

I'm not seeing her any more.

RUTH

Aww why not...

WICKY

I think it was when I realised that everyone, including her own mum, calls her 'the tattooed milf.'

She smiles

RUTH

She doesn't even have that many tattoos.

WICKY

You haven't seen her back... it's all anchors and sea monsters, it's like having it off with a treasure map. Oh God, she even hit the pot plants!

He looks around, lost in the carnage. Ruth takes this as her cue to exit.

RUTH

Good luck Mr Mop. See you later hopefully.

She exits. Wicky surveys the scene. He sighs, looks at his watch and then a look of determination passes over his face.

WICKY

Okay Wicky, you can do this.

He puts in some earphones and presses play. 'You shook me all night long' starts to play, loud.

4 INT. KITCHEN / EXT. CUL DE SAC - MONTAGE

4 \*

To music we jump cut from action to action: Wicky puts on his white suit... his mask... grabs stuff from his van... mixes chemicals... testing chemicals on various surfaces... a few bursts from a steamer... it's all quite glamorous like the opening credits to a Mission Impossible film...

CUT TO:

5 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

5 \*

The music fades to a tinny sound emanating from the headphones and we see the reality of his job. He is on his hands and knees scrubbing at a huge pool of blood. Time lapse shows it disappear. He looks up, one patch of room is already clear. He looks at the blood stained bucket of water and realises it needs changing. As he stands up he is shocked to see a woman in her late 50s / early 60s in front of him holding a large baked fruit pie. (the next door neighbour, NEETA). He is so shocked he instinctively kicks the pie out of her hand.

It sprays fruit and sauce and pastry all over the area he has just cleaned. At the same time he drops the bloody water that spills all over the floor.

A piece of pastry smashes into the matchstick horse, obliterating it.

Neeta starts screaming.

6 INT. FRONT ROOM - LATER

6 \*

Neeta sits in a chair cradling a cup of tea.

WICKY

How you feeling?

NEETA

I'm a little shaken but I'll live.  
Honestly you're just like my 'boy'  
running around and causing chaos.

She shakes her head in an amiable way.

WICKY

I was quite pleased I managed to  
kick that high if I'm honest.

NEETA

You boys and your karate!

A beat. Wicky was expecting her to leave but she's just sitting there.

WICKY

Well I'd better get on.

NEETA

Yes dear, just waiting for my  
letter.

WICKY

Your?

NEETA

As I say to my boy, a sorry without  
a letter is like a burp in the  
wind.

WICKY

You want me to write you an apology  
letter?

NEETA

Well the pie didn't kick itself out  
of my hand did it dear?

She immediately gets a pen and pad out and hands it to him. He is gobsmacked but decides it's the only way to get rid of her.

WICKY

Yep. Why not!

NEETA

Of course it was no surprise to me that she did this. As my mother always said, 'never trust a woman who doesn't bake.' I used to bring a pie round every Tuesday for Poor Mr Bellingham and now look.

WICKY

Not all women bake do they?

NEETA

All women of my generation bake! We had it drummed in to us and if she's not baking what's she doing?

WICKY

I guess she was into other things.

NEETA

Exactly what Myra Hindley said.

Wicky bites his tongue and finishes off the letter. He hands it to her. She scans it. Seemingly satisfied she puts it away and stands. She walks toward the door.

NEETA (CONT'D)

So you're a policeman. That must be exciting.

WICKY

No I'm here to clean.

NEETA

You're a cleaner?! What did I tell you the world's upside-down. The least they could do for Mr Bellingham is to remove his insides from the walls.

WICKY

I'm a crime scene cleaner and I always leave a place spotless.

NEETA

Yes dear and when my 'boy's tidied his room I go in and it's like a dirty bomb has gone off. It needs a woman's touch. Get me an apron and I'll do it...

She stand up and rolls her sleeves up

WICKY

You're not allowed to. This is a  
crime scene. There are protocols!

NEETA

I get it dear, you were  
academically limited at school and  
you ended up in unskilled labour!  
But I won't have bits of my friend  
left smeared over a wall because  
they sent a simple man to do a  
woman's work.

She goes to grab a bucket, Wicky's hand grabs it stopping her  
in her tracks.

WICKY

Name a stain.

NEETA

Pardon?

WICKY

A stain that is impossible to  
remove.

NEETA

Beetroot on linen.

WICKY

That comes out.

NEETA

It does not. My 'boy' ruined a  
table cloth just last week. Clumsy  
boy splashing beetroot around as if  
he were at a millionaire's party on  
a yacht.

WICKY

Pectinase.

NEETA

What

WICKY

It's an enzyme which breaks down  
pectin, a polysaccharide found in  
plant cell walls. Used in  
conjunction with hydrogen peroxide  
and a microfibre brush I would have  
saved that linen cloth and you know  
why? Because I am a qualified crime  
scene cleaner!

WICKY (CONT'D)

I can get dried blood from a white  
woollen carpet, I can remove skull  
fragments from velvet and you...  
you are a rude judgemental old  
woman!

She is shocked.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Now if you'll excuse me, I am going  
to clean this house in time to go  
to the pub tonight and for the  
record; Rose West bakes. She's  
known for it in prison so do your  
research!

Neeta scuttles out, shocked that she's been shouted at. Wicky  
shakes his head and gets on.

Some more cleaning montage. Wicky is cleaning the pie from  
the floor. He is cursing from the extra work. He is again  
shocked by a voice.

SHEILA

Hello.

WICKY

Hey!!!

A woman is standing in the doorway. She is attractive, well  
dressed but a little dishevelled.

SHEILA

Sorry, I didn't mean to startle  
you. I let myself in.

WICKY

Has everyone got a key to this  
bloody house?

SHEILA

Gosh I hope not. Just me and our  
neighbour now I think. I do  
apologise.

WICKY

It's okay I'm just a bit on edge.  
At least you weren't carrying a  
home-made pie.

SHEILA

Oh no I don't bake.

This phrase seems to register with Wicky.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
It was a source of some irritation  
to my husband.

WICKY  
Oh. You're...? This is...

She is calm and cordial throughout.

SHEILA  
I'm the wife yes. Or I suppose I  
should say widow now.

She chuckles inappropriately. Wicky tries to laugh along.

WICKY  
I suppose you should, yeah. I was  
just getting some murder.

SHEILA  
Some?

Wicky panics

WICKY  
Some murder for the stab. (He  
laughs manically) What am I talking  
about... I was just filling my  
bucket with blood for the murder  
stab... water! To clean the stab a  
man murder the walls of blood  
because of the murder. (Beat)  
Water! Water for my bucket!

She smiles. Wicky manically talks as he's walking away.

WICKY (CONT'D)  
I'll pop out to the van and then we  
can have a nice cup of tea.

He goes to the front door to try and make his escape and is  
stopped by her voice. She is calm and polite but firm.

SHEILA  
I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask  
you to stay.  
(cocks gun)  
If you don't mind awfully..

He turns around. Sheila is holding a gun that is pointed  
directly at him. She smiles apologetically and Wicky sighs,  
this is all he needs.

8

**INT. STAIRS / LANDING / BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

8 \*

Sheila directs Wicky at gunpoint, up the stairs and into a bedroom. She looks serious and somewhat threatening now. They stop at a cupboard.

SHEILA

In the cupboard please.

Wicky's face drops and he freezes.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

I said in the cupboard please.

WICKY

I can't. I'm claustrophobic... and look, it's full of wool coats, and I'm very allergic to wool, I swell up like a puffer fish... it constricts the...

SHEILA

Cupboard.

WICKY

(looking at his watch)  
Look, how long are you going to be?

SHEILA

I'm just collecting some things and then I'll be on my way.

WICKY

So how long am I going to be in there? Like, 10 minutes... or?

SHEILA

Sorry, do you have somewhere to be?

She pushes the gun against his chest menacingly.

WICKY

No... no. Of course not. (Beat)  
Well. Actually yes.

SHEILA

You're being held at gunpoint by a woman who you know has within the past 48 hours used her husband as a knife block so do weigh up your answer to this question very carefully. What is so important?

He is sheepish

WICKY

Well, nothing- I'm meant to be going to the White Horse.

SHEILA

A pub? Your refusing to get in  
because you want a pint?!

Wicky is sheepish.

WICKY

And a curry. It's curry night.

She stares incredulously

SHEILA

It's curry night?!

WICKY

It's only £5. And honestly,  
considering it's made by a white  
guy called Mervin, it's incredible.

SHEILA

Worth risking being shot for? And I  
thought I was desperate.

WICKY

You should come. It's as many naans  
as you can eat, which is an error  
on Mervin's part, I ate nine last  
week before he'd even brought out  
my Madras.

SHEILA

So you won't get in a cupboard  
because of Mervin's naans. Okay  
then let's get this over with...

She raises the gun with intent

WICKY

(in genuine mortal fear)  
Okay I'll get in I'll get in!

Wicky backs into the cupboard, Sheila shuts the doors on him. \*

WICKY (INSIDE CUPBOARD) (CONT'D) \*

But could you phone the pub when  
you've gone and tell them to put  
some on one side for me.

She laughs and opens the doors. Wicky's squashed inside. \*

SHEILA

My god, how dull must your life be?  
Come with me.

Wicky sits at a table, Sheila picks up a model of a church.

SHEILA  
This church has a little surprise.

She pulls out a packet of fags from it. She retrieves a lighter hidden in a different model nearby, and lights a cigarette. As she sits down she breathes it in deeply. Real passion in the drag.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Smoke?

He nods and takes one. She lights it for him. As they smoke and talk, she uses another of the models as an ashtray.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

First time I've ever done this in here. He didn't approve of smoking. Of course he didn't. That's why I liked hiding them in his precious models. Minor act of rebellion.

She unzips her coat and reveals a horrifically blood stained blouse underneath. It makes Wicky gasp. The reality of what this woman has done really sinking in.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Oh don't panic, I'll open the window so you don't have to fumigate.

WICKY

It's not that... it's...

He nods at the blood.

SHEILA

Oh yes. Yes I do need to change. Don't panic I have no intention of hurting you. Mind you I had no intention of hurting my husband.

(She laughs)

Funny, I don't really remember what happened. What did I...

WICKY

You stabbed him. 38 times.

SHEILA

Goodness me! I was cross wasn't I!

WICKY

What did he do wrong? Do you mind me asking?

SHEILA

He made models.

She indicates them.

WICKY

No I mean why did you... (kill him)

He mimes stabbing in a ridiculously graphic way

SHEILA

I know what you meant and my answer  
remains.

WICKY

I don't... (understand)

SHEILA

Have you ever been married?

WICKY

No, well sort of... but no... it's  
a long story. (beat) I'd prefer to  
talk about your murder.

She cuts him off

SHEILA

Have you ever had a paper cut?

WICKY

No, a lad I went to school with  
used to give them to himself on  
purpose though.

SHEILA

A cry for help.

WICKY

No he was just mad. Last I saw of  
him he was riding a dog down the  
high street.

SHEILA

A paper cut is small, it isn't life  
threatening, but it really hurts.  
And it bleeds for a long time. And  
that's what my marriage was like -  
tiny papercut after tiny papercut -  
and then one day I decided I'd bled  
enough and it was his turn.

WICKY

But what tipped you over the edge?

SHEILA

Not one thing really, I believe the  
final straw was the re-ordering of  
the fridge.

WICKY

Eh?

SHEILA

All of the bottles re-arranged in  
height order.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Sounds silly doesn't it but I opened the door and there they were and I just thought... I don't want the Yakult at the top and the juice at the bottom... and... well

She indicates the blood.

WICKY

I know what you mean, my ex rearranged the DVDs once and I ran her over with my van.

SHEILA

Did you?

WICKY

Oh. No I didn't. Because I'm not a psychopath.

SHEILA

I'm not a psychopath.

WICKY

Oh no you stabbed your husband to death because he likes a neat fridge, you're lovely

SHEILA

I see... upstairs please

WICKY

I'm not going in the cupboard.

10

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

10 \*

Sheila holds Wicky at gunpoint outside the ensuite bathroom.

\*

SHEILA

Get in the bathroom.

WICKY

Was that always an option? Why did we have to go through the cupboard pantomime?!

Her tone changes. It is chilling.

SHEILA

Please. Don't be fooled by my charming demeanour. I am on the edge and I have little time.

11

INT. BATHROOM / EXT. NEIGHBOURING GARDEN - DAY

11 \*

Wicky immediately heads to the window with a view to escaping. The window is too high to escape from and he curses. He looks out on to the gardens. A hunched figure in the neighbouring garden. Back to the window. He is wearing a grey cardigan and we see the odd flash of leg that indicates he's wearing shorts. He is playing swingball / throwing stones against a tree. Wicky whispers urgently to him. He does not initially turn around.

WICKY

Psssttt. Hey. Psssttt. Hey kid.

'BOY'

Mum says I'm not to talk to you.

WICKY

What? Why?!

'BOY'

Because you go round kicking pies out of people's hands.

WICKY

Kid I need your help here.

He stands and turns. Dressed in grey shorts and a tank top stands a fully grown 40 year old man. Wicky is shell shocked.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

He senses that Wicky is about to ask questions about how he's dressed.

'BOY'

Problem?

WICKY

No. No problem. (beat) Can I borrow your phone.

The man boy scoffs.

'BOY'

I don't have a phone. I don't want square eyes thank you very much.

Wicky shakes his head in disbelief but knows he must keep the man boy on side.

WICKY

Okay, would you go home and ask your mum if she...

He is smug in his rebuttal.

'BOY'

Ummmm I hardly think she'll want to help you! She's having to do an unscheduled baking session thanks to your anger problems.

Wicky assesses this madness and decides he has to play the game.

WICKY

Yes. Thing is that's what I wanted to ask her. Because of my silly behaviour I didn't get to sample her pie...

'BOY'

Delicious pie.

WICKY

Yes her delicious pie and I wondered if she'd come back and give me a second chance.

The man boy thinks

'BOY'

You'll have to write her a sorry letter.

Wicky snaps

WICKY

I've written her a bloody sorry letter!

The man boy looks horrified at him raising his voice.

'BOY'

Mum!

WICKY

It's okay, it's okay. I'll write her another one.

The camera stays on the man boy while Wicky disappears. OOV we hear him banging around muttering about there being no pen. When he arrives back at the window he has some toilet paper and a tube of toothpaste.

WICKY (CONT'D)

This is all there is.

He looks at the boy in the hope that he will let him off the letter but he just stares at him. Wicky shakes his head and ices the word 'sorry' in toothpaste across the toilet paper. He delicately holds it up.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Best I can do.

Wicky throws the toilet roll out the window and down into the garden. The man boy looks at it for a beat and then picks it up. He skips off toward his house like a child. Wicky stares in to the middle distance. What the fuck just happened? His daze is interrupted by Sheila returning to the room. He composes himself.

WICKY (CONT'D)

All done?

SHEILA

Nearly. I'm afraid I need to use the bathroom.

WICKY

No problem.

He starts to leave

SHEILA

Where are you going?

WICKY

I thought you wanted to...

SHEILA

I do. You'll have to stay in here.

WICKY

Of course. Of course you're going to ask me to watch you have a wee.

SHEILA

Turn around! And it's not a wee I need I'm afraid...

She hitches her skirt in preparation and sits down.

WICKY

You can't... not while I'm in here!

SHEILA

Are you under the impression that women don't?

WICKY

I'm perfectly aware that women do. I just don't want to be in the room when a woman do do!

SHEILA

Well tough! I've spent the last 25 years dancing to the tune of man. I need to defecate and you can damn well stand there and listen.

Wicky turns in horror so that we can see his face up close and her blurred in the background.

WICKY

No no, you carry on. This is as important as when you all got the vote. Go on, poo yourself into history!

There is an awful silence. It's broken by a little fart.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Oh for God's sake.

SHEILA

Be quiet!

WICKY

Me be quiet!

Another trump, more guttural this one.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Maybe it's just gas!

SHEILA

I'm constipated. Hardy surprising I've been eating corned beef in woodland for two nights...

A beat

SHEILA (CONT'D)

It's no good. It won't come while you're in here.

WICKY

Let me stand outside then! I won't run away.

SHEILA

You will!

WICKY

Ok I will run away but...come on!

She considers it.

SHEILA

Stand outside the door. Go slowly and the moment you're out there, start talking. If you stop talking for a second I'll start shooting.

WICKY

Fine!

He gets to the door and glances back at her. She holds the gun up. He shakes his head. This is weird.

**INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING - CONTINUOUS**

Wicky closes the bathroom door and hesitates. He is considering just running when...

SHEILA

Talk!

WICKY

What about?

SHEILA

Anything?

WICKY

The menu tonight will be three types of curry...

SHEILA

Not about your damned curry night, I'm bored of that! Jesus Christ don't you have any ambition in life...

WICKY

I can't think?!

SHEILA

Why not!

WICKY

I guess because I'm being held by an armed murderer who's having a shit!

SHEILA

Sing then!

WICKY

Sing what?!

SHEILA

What does it matter?! Any song!

Wicky pauses and he starts to sing (Sinatra's 'It had to be you')

WICKY

(Sings)

*Why do I do just as you say, why must I just give you your way? Why do I sigh why don't I try to forget?*

Wicky glances up the stairs. He decides that he might be able to sneak away whilst singing. He starts creeping towards the stairs, as he continues to sing:

WICKY (CONT'D)

*It must have been that something  
that lovers call fate. Kept me  
saying I had to wait, I saw them  
all just couldn't fall till we met.*

Sheila visibly relaxes and starts to focus on her ablutions

A beat. As Wicky creeps down the stairs and starts to sing the chorus, a swing band kicks in, and Wicky enters a surreal dreamlike wonderland: as he sings, he's floating into the clouds...

WICKY

(sings)

*It had to be you...*

We hear Sheila, joining in with the song:

WICKY AND SHEILA

(sings)

*it had to be you....*

Wicky floats past Sheila, who is on a cloud, sitting on a golden loo, harmonising with him. They are essentially performing a twisted duet, while a flock of kitchen knives fly past, and tins of corned beef float by.

WICKY AND SHEILA (CONT'D)

(sings)

*I wondered around and finally found  
somebody who, could make me feel  
blue. And even be glad just to be  
sad thinking of you.*

*Some others I've seen could never  
be mean. Might never be cross or  
try to be boss but they wouldn't  
do. For nobody else gave me a  
thrill with all your faults I love  
you still. It had to be you,  
wonderful you, it had to be you.*

A toilet chain floats down into shot next to Sheila on her cloud. She pulls it and the sound of the flush brings Wicky crashing back to reality. Wicky rushes back down the stairs and makes it just in time. She opens the door and he is standing there, red faced.

WICKY

Success?

SHEILA

Yes thank you. Sorry you'll have to  
go back in.

WICKY

It's fine, I'm used to odours.

He goes back in and she locks the door.

**INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Wicky inhales the aftermath.

WICKY

Fair play. That's awful.

Wicky gets distracted by something he spots on the floor.

**INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Sheila, preparing for her escape. A suitcase is open on the bed. She takes a snorkel and mask from the cupboard, tests the snorkel and is about to continue her packing when there is a steady knocking on the bathroom door. She looks up irritated.

SHEILA

Shut up!

The knocking continues. Sheila unlocks the door and snaps.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

I've told you to be quiet...

Her sentence is cut abruptly short.

Wicky is standing there with the gun in his hand. It is pointed at her.

WICKY

Forget something?

Sheila's face drops. The game is up.

WICKY (CONT'D)

I wondered why you stabbed him to death when you had a perfectly good gun... but this is...

He holds it up

SHEILA

One of his stupid models, yes...

WICKY  
It's very good.

SHEILA  
I didn't say he wasn't good at  
them.

The doorbell downstairs rings and Sheila sighs. She knows  
it's surely over now. We hear the neighbour Neeta. \*

NEETA (O.S.)  
Hello? Hello there. I got your  
apology. I have a pie.

Wicky hesitates.

Wicky  
I don't understand. If he was so  
bad why didn't you...

SHEILA  
I thought about pushing him down  
the stairs a few years ago.

WICKY  
No! I don't mean why you didn't  
kill him sooner, I mean why didn't  
you just leave!

NEETA (O.S.)  
Hello? I can see you're in there. I  
have accepted your apology.

SHEILA  
Sunk cost fallacy.

WICKY  
What?

SHEILA  
It's a term I learned at business  
school when I still had ambition  
before I gave my life to him.

WICKY  
What does it mean?

NEETA (O.S.)  
Hello??

The doorbell rings.

SHEILA  
What does it matter. It's over. Do  
what you need to do.

Wicky walks up the stairs.

17

**INT. FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS**

17

Wicky walks to the door and opens it. Neeta is standing there with a pie in her hand. Wicky kicks it in to the air and slams the door. He turns around, Sheila has followed him up the stairs. She is half smiling and confused as to why Wicky hasn't turned her in.

WICKY

Try me.

SHEILA

Let me show you something.

18

**INT/EXT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER**

18

Sheila leads Wicky out of the house and to the garage door.

WICKY

Where are we going?

SHEILA

I don't imagine you've travelled much?

WICKY

Why would you think that?

SHEILA

Sorry darling where have you been?

Wicky pauses for too long.

WICKY

France.

SHEILA

School trip.

WICKY

No! (yes)

SHEILA

Have you ever been to the Dolomites?

WICKY

Yes, I think that's where they have the big... castle from... the man...

She cuts him off

SHEILA

It's a mountain range in Italy. My grandfather is from the region and when I was a little girl he would tell me tales of their beauty... crystal clear lakes... around every corner a more godlike vista, air so pure you feel drunk with every inhalation... I spoke to him so often about it I thought we would go on our honeymoon but there was a miniature railway he wanted to ride on in Wales so...

WICKY

So twenty five years later you thought you'd fill him full of holes because he made you ride on a little steam train... I get it...

SHEILA

No you don't. Every year I thought he would surprise me. I thought the one thing I'd ever dared to express an interest in would have got through his head, full as it was with model conventions and camping in the rain and on my 50th birthday he brought me out here and said 'I have a surprise for you...'

WICKY

What?

She leans over to the garage door and dramatically pulls it up. As the dust clears, something inside comes in to focus. It is a giant scale model of the Dolomite mountains... train stations, lakes and snow capped mountains. It's basically going to be a nightmare for the art department and the budget.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

She doesn't take her eyes off the model whilst she speaks.

SHEILA

He'd been coming out here for months, working for hours. Just coming in to eat and to get in bed. The stench of glue will haunt me for life.

WICKY

It's sort of sweet? He knew you loved them.

SHEILA

What?!

WICKY

Well it shows he was listening a bit eh? My dad bought my mum a telescope one year and she was registered blind.

SHEILA

A lifetime following him around from tedious hobby to another my soul screaming... screaming to be free. And rather than surprise me with a trip to a place I've longed to experience, he makes me a damned model! I want to live! Not stare at an approximation of life.

WICKY

What did you expect! You married a nerd! Why stay with a nerd?!

She traces a river on the model with her finger tip. She is quiet now.

SHEILA

I told you... Sunk cost fallacy. It's the mistake that failing businesses make... they've put so much time and effort and money in to something pulling out would mean all those years were wasted.

WICKY

So why kill him?! Why didn't you just leave him.

She looks surprised and her voice lowers to a whisper.

SHEILA

Well because I loved him.

Long beat from Wicky.

WICKY

Ok you're an absolute nut job.

SHEILA

I was addicted to the hope, don't you understand? You smoke and it's bad for you? Why?

WICKY

Well... because... I guess...

SHEILA

You don't think you'll be one of those to get cancer and you'd miss the company? Everyone gets divorced now but it just wasn't in my DNA. I had to kill him to understand how much I wanted to be free.

WICKY

You're never going to get away with it. Where will you go? There will be pictures of you everywhere.

She calmly looks at Wicky.

SHEILA

I have absolutely no intention of getting away with it. Tea?

She walks back in to the house leaving Wicky baffled.

**INT. KITCHEN - LATER**

Sheila puts down a tea tray. Teapot, cups, biscuits, down onto the table where there's still a pool of blood and milk.

\*  
\*

WICKY

I think you should turn yourself in.

Sheila pours Wicky cup of tea.

SHEILA

I agree.

WICKY

You do?

SHEILA

Oh yes. Biscuit?

(offers Wicky biscuit)

I could put together a pretty strong argument for why I cracked, how I have paid my dues in advance by living with him but that is not my intention. I killed him and I must pay the price.

WICKY

So what's all the packing, they don't have swimming pools in prison and I'm no expert but I'm pretty sure cocktail dresses are redundant.

SHEILA

Since he died I see beauty everywhere, so many wonderful people, so much light. I feel reborn. Now, I must go to prison, of course I must, but before that I shall go there...

WICKY

Where?

SHEILA

I shall visit the Dolomites. I shall breathe in that air and swim in those waters and for once, just for once I will feel alive. In the moment, no past no future just alive. Two weeks of true freedom. Cold gelato, dry white wine, eating lemons directly off a tree.

Wicky stares at her and has to concede.

WICKY

Yes, that does sound nice to be fair. (beat) Except the bit about eating lemons off the tree.

Her face slowly lights up, something has occurred to her.

SHEILA

Come with me!

WICKY

What?! You're....

SHEILA

Crazy? I know I am and it feels wonderful... come with me. I'll tell the police I took you at gunpoint... you wouldn't even get in trouble when I'm caught!

WICKY

(suspicious)

Why would you want me to come?

SHEILA

Don't flatter yourself you're not my type.

We register a bit of irritation in Wicky's face.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

I would love someone to have pulled me off course before all this happened, showed me that life is worth living.

WICKY

Hang on a minute, I'm perfectly happy!

SHEILA

Ha! With what? Going for a curry?  
Your life is going nowhere. A single 50 year old man, no children, in a job he tolerates at best...

WICKY

I'm very good at my job and I'm sort of seeing this tattooed milf... oh God.

SHEILA

What have you got to look forward to?! Tell me one actual thing.

He struggles

WICKY

Well... I'm... my friends and I are going to see Slack Sabbath next year.

SHEILA

You mean Black Sabbath.

WICKY

No they're a tribute band. They're very like them, but fat.

SHEILA

Another night in a pub with a load of balding old men, is that it!?  
It's heart-breaking. Come with me... live! Live for once!

Wicky stands up, she looks with trepidation. He breathes in deeply.

WICKY

Okay. Sod it. I will.

SHEILA

Really?

WICKY

Yeah, what the hell.  
(leaping to his feet)  
The tattooed milf will keep!

SHEILA

Wonderful. I'll just get the rest  
of my things... you need clothes. I  
could drop you at your place?

Wicky is taking his boiler suit off. He is enthused.

WICKY

We'll take my van, they won't have  
put a port stop on it.

SHEILA

Wonderful...

As she's leaving

SHEILA (CONT'D)

I hope you like vino bianco!

She has gone.

WICKY

I'm more of a beer man but those  
continual lagers are delicious!

He smiles. He feels free and lost in the moment. The camera  
stays on his face just a little too long.

It's evening. Wicky brings her case out as she is coming up  
the stairs with extra bags. She takes out a dress.

SHEILA

I hope we'll find somewhere to  
dance.

WICKY

We will I'm sure.

She holds the dress up against herself.

SHEILA

I bought this for myself. I never  
even showed it to him.

Wicky smiles warmly at her. A moment.

WICKY

It's really lovely.

SHEILA

Wait until you see it on, it has  
sequins to catch the light!

WICKY

Fancy!

She beams

SHEILA

Isn't it!?

WICKY

We better go, the sooner we're on  
the road the safer it is.

She opens the door and light floods in. In slow motion they both walk out, the music score is serene and hopeful. As the light in the lens fades away we see that the house is surrounded by armed police. She looks at Wicky, stunned.

We jump back to the scene before. She has just left the room and Wicky walks to her case. He takes out the phone that she had taken from him earlier in the show and we see him dial. His face determined but conflicted.

SHEILA

I don't understand.

WICKY

You should have given him a chance.

SHEILA

I gave him 25 years of my life.

WICKY

You should have given him a chance  
to be 'left.' To learn from losing  
you. You didn't have the right.  
(beat) You killed him because he  
was boring. I mean, you're a bloody  
psycho.

She bows her head, and as the police lead her off she turns back to Wicky:

SHEILA

It's Sheila, by the way.

WICKY

What is?

SHEILA

My name.

She's escorted away. Wicky goes to light a cigarette. He thinks better of it. Maybe he doesn't need it. His attention is drawn by some yelling over the road.

The 'boy' of the neighbour steps on to the driveway and shouts back in to the house.

'BOY'

I don't want to stay in, I want to go to Jonathans to play pool and you can't stop me.

Neeta steps out, she has a pie in her hand.

NEETA

What's got in to you? I won't be spoken to like that young man you can get in here are write me a letter.

The boy kicks the pie out of her hand. She screams and looks at him in shock. He walks away from the house leaving her in the drive. Wicky smiles.

**END**