

MAGGIE'S BACK

Shooting script 19/5/21

Written by

Greg Davies

Based on Der Tatortreiniger, 'Pigs', by Mizzi Meyer.

Studio Hamburg UK

5 Market Place, 4th floor

London W1W 8AE, UK

T: +44 (0)2071835628

A cottage stands alone in beautiful countryside. Ruth the WPC is standing outside the cottage, her stupid subordinate PC doing 'Policey' things. He drops some equipment.

RUTH

Where the hell have you been?

PC

Concealing the aftermath of the perp's indictment following SOCO's exit Maam.

Ruth's face drops. Beat.

RUTH

(off his guilty face)
Have you been watching 'Line of Duty' again?

PC

No.

RUTH

Yes, you have. I've told you I don't like it. We're going to the Bullring in a bit and I don't want you throwing 'indictment' and 'SOCO' around while people are trying to have a bit of dinner.

Wicky's van pulls up. He jumps out, disheveled but upbeat.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Someone's happy

WICKY

Probably still pissed.

RUTH

(shouts at PC)
Simon, the breathalyzer!

WICKY

I've had a 2p under my tongue, it wouldn't register.

RUTH

(laughs)
That's never worked!

WICKY

Went to see the Mondays last night didn't I?!

RUTH

No way!

WICKY

(sings)

Son, I'm 30, I only went with your
mother coz she's dirty.

Ruth joins in the song. The PC looks horrified. After a beat.

PC

You went with my mum?

Ruth rolls her eyes. The PC fumbles with a breathalyzer.

RUTH

Put that back dipshit.

She playfully slaps his helmet off. He leaves, baffled.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Were they good then?

WICKY

Awesome, it was just like the old
days.

RUTH

Can't believe you went to see the
Happy Mondays and didn't get me a
ticket.

WICKY

You could have come! Weasel's mum
wouldn't let out because he'd been
nicking from her purse so I had a
spare.

RUTH

Bugger it. (Coyly) Always had a
crush on Bez.

WICKY

What, no one had a crush on Bez!

RUTH

He's got such kind eyes.

WICKY

Have you lost your mind? Do you
fancy amazon tree frogs too? (beat)
What's happened here then?

RUTH

This is a mental one. Holiday home
here... next house along is a farm.
Old Macdonald is driving past and
sees it's being burgled. He decides
he's 'Jason Statham', kicks the
door in and lets the poor bastard
have it with both barrels.

WICKY

Dead?

RUTH

Nah but he's a mess. Guess who it was: Tubby.

WICKY

Tubby Rogers? Can't say I'm surprised. He wasn't going to end up being a brain surgeon, was he.

RUTH

Not anymore. One of his hands got blown off.

WICKY

Poor Tubby. Two hands was sort of top of his list of best qualities. So it's a mess in there?

RUTH

Like someone's been kicking boxes of raspberries against the wall. Plenty of Tubby to go round.

PC

The area is secure of OSG and ready for decontamination sweep.

Wicky slaps his helmet off.

WICKY

You been watching Line of Duty again?

RUTH

I've told him.

He starts to walk towards the house.

WICKY

Decontamination sweep indeed, don't be throwing that round the bullring. People are trying to...

RUTH AND WICKY

Have a bit of dinner.

WICKY

Tarra.

Wicky starts walking toward the house.

RUTH

Hey the owner's in and she doesn't like blood.

WICKY

(sings)

Yippee yipee ay ay yay yay

She smiles at his happiness and calls out again.

RUTH

And the next time one of your 50
year old mates gets grounded call
me!

He has gone. She smiles after him.

1A

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

1A

Wicky calls upstairs to the owner

WICKY

Hello?

MAGGIE

Yes?

WICKY

Crime scene cleaner.

MAGGIE

What?

WICKY

I'm here to clean up.

MAGGIE

I can't come down. Blood makes me
heave.

WICKY

Oh right. Well other people heaving
makes me heave so better stay there
for a bit. It'll be gip-a-gedden.

MAGGIE

Is it bad? They said it's bad.

Wicky peers in to the front room. It's carnage. Blood
spattered all over one wall.

WICKY

The world has lost a brilliant
brain surgeon, is all I'm saying.

MAGGIE

What?

Wicky has gone

2 INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

2

Wicky stands in to the front room, there is a horrific, bloody crime scene. An initial wall stain but then spatters all over the owner's pictures and possessions.

WICKY

Old McDonald had a gun
(he sees the horror)
Ee aye ee aye oh.

He puts his headphones on and Kinky Afro by the Happy Mondays plays, accompanying the following:

3 INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

3

MONTAGE of Wicky cleaning up. we see him starting to wipe possessions, picture frames, etc. He is dancing throughout. He takes them to the bottom of the stairs. Wicky pulls back a sideboard to clean and something drops down. It is an envelope, which he wipes and then peers inside. It is full of letters. He immediately knows he shouldn't read the contents but can't stop himself. He takes one out and reads it.

WICKY V/O

Hey babe, Just got back. Love our little getaway. Feels weird not being in bed with you, I swear I can still feel your hands on my body.

Wicky raises his eyebrows like an excited schoolboy. He looks around suspiciously. A shiver of anticipation dances across his face.

WICKY V/O (CONT'D)

Here's a silly poem for you to read before bed.

(he looks disappointed)

Before there was us, there was I. I was not me until you. When we became we I let I die but she watches down with a smile from the sky.

Wicky laughs

WICKY

Absolute shit.

He chuckles to himself but is abruptly sobered by a woman's voice in the room:

MAGGIE

What's shit?

He panics, crams the letter into his pocket and stands guiltily.

WICKY

Oh. That woman that does the deaf signing on Country File. I was just thinking; who's to say she's not making it up?

She is bemused but shrugs it off..

MAGGIE

Okay. (beat) I made tea.

A woman - MAGGIE - is standing there with her back to him. She backs her way into the room, and as they talk she keeps her back to the blood (and to Wicky).

Wicky hides the letters. He'll deal with them later. He walks over and takes a tea that she has gingerly placed on a table.

WICKY

You really don't like blood do you?

MAGGIE

Don't, honestly... I'll heave if we even talk about it. Is it bad?

Wicky picks up a stray severed finger.

WICKY

Quite bad. Your farmer friend will go down for this you know.

MAGGIE

Serves him right, trigger happy bumpkin. He's like a genocidal Chris Packham constantly shooting and strangling.

Wicky smiles, she's funny.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

What happened to the Burglar?

WICKY

Well, he won't be playing the piano again. I'm joking he can't read music, he can't read. I'm pretty sure he never learned to drive.

He smiles at the finger in his hand

WICKY (CONT'D)

Good job you weren't home to catch him red handed.

MAGGIE

Oh we don't live here, it's a
holiday home. I've come down from
Manchester.

He glances in the direction of the letters

WICKY

Ohhh. Must be a 'nice little
hideaway.'

Wicky smirks at his own reference to the letter.

MAGGIE

It's a pain in the arse been trying
to sell it for years. Why would I
want to holiday in the place I grew
up?

WICKY

You are not a brummie!

MAGGIE

I was born in Stourbridge thank
you!

WICKY

Not with that accent you're not,
Liam Gallagher?

MAGGIE

Well you haven't got a Brummie
accent!

WICKY

I never claimed to be born here.

She's slightly irritated now

MAGGIE

I've lived up north for years,
accents change.

WICKY

Do a bit (of Brummie) then.

MAGGIE

No.

WICKY

Fine. You can't. It's fine.

MAGGIE

I just don't want to.

WICKY

You've left Brum behind, I get it.

MAGGIE

Look mate, I could if I wanted to
but under the circumstances I
don't!

A beat. Wicky can't stop himself.

WICKY

There's a good way of getting back
in to it. Just say 'You ain't fit
to babysit'

MAGGIE

What's wrong with you mate?

WICKY

Seriously it works every time.

MAGGIE

Yes I know.

Wicky excitedly answers in Brummie not quite clocking that
someone is using his system.

WICKY

I'm not fit to babysit, you're not
fit to babysit!

MAGGIE

I'm perfectly fit to babysit!

WICKY

You're not babs!

MAGGIE

I am.

MAGGIE AND WICKY

You ain't fit to babysit!

They both freeze in the realisation that they know each
other.

WICKY

Maggie?!

His ex-girlfriend spins around, wide eyed and disbelieving.

MAGGIE

Oh my God!

There is a beat of silence as they take each other in, then
Maggie sees the awful blood and a finger in Wicky's hand and
immediately starts retching. Wicky sees her and it triggers
him, he starts retching too. The two of them switch between
trying to hug and stopping themselves from throwing up. Wicky
eventually indicating between the heaves that they should go
outside.

4

EXT: MAGGIE'S HOUSE. GARDEN. OVERLOOKING A VIEW - LATER

4

Wicky sits drinking his tea. A now composed Maggie comes out of the back door and joins him.

MAGGIE

Managed to hold it in.

He speaks mock romantically

WICKY

I can't believe a bit of blood still does that to you?

MAGGIE

A bit?! It's like a pissed werewolf has been in there.

He laughs, immediately remembers how funny she is.

WICKY

That's the first thing you say to me after 20 years?

She hugs him.

MAGGIE

It's never twenty years!

WICKY

It is. I can give you an exact date if you like.

It's a loaded statement and she ignores it.

MAGGIE

What are you doing here Wicky?! Is this your job now?!

WICKY

No, I hoover up the dead to relax. Of course it's my job.

MAGGIE

You're a cleaner, you're the messiest bugger I've ever known!

WICKY

Says the woman who took her knickers and tights off at the same time.

She hoots

MAGGIE

I still do that!

WICKY

They were all over the bedroom: the smelly figures of 8 I used to call them.

MAGGIE

(face drops)
Smelly?

He quickly changes the subject.

WICKY

And I'm not just a cleaner. It's specialist.

She laughs

MAGGIE

You said that when you were working at Burger King.

WICKY

It was Wimpy and I was an assistant manager so...

She giggles, walks over and takes his vape.

MAGGIE

Giz two's up on that. (beat as she looks at him). Haven't you gone grey?

WICKY

I'm a textbook silver fox.

MAGGIE

You look like a tired Kenny Rogers.

WICKY

Still not buying your own fags then?

MAGGIE

I've never smoked Wicky, that's why I still have lovely skin and you look like...

He tries to predict what she's going to say but she changes tack.

WICKY

a tired Kenny Rogers yes...

MAGGIE

An older Richard Branson

He laughs

WICKY

Two homes now is it, you flash
twat.

MAGGIE

Sod off, my husband bought it.

WICKY

Oh, you got married yeah?

She smiles.

MAGGIE

Of course I got married. I'm
incredibly beautiful and it's been
years (since).

She gestures between them.

WICKY

Since you dumped me?

MAGGIE

Did I? I didn't did I?

Wicky smiles at her, they both know she did.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I better ring home...

She goes to walk away. Wicky stays, he's got something on his mind.

WICKY

Maggie?

She stops

WICKY (CONT'D)

Are you not going to ask if I'm
married?

She smirks

MAGGIE

Do I need to Wicky? Have you even
got a partner?

WICKY

Yes I've got a partner!

MAGGIE

What's her name?

Wicky instantly makes up a too formal full name

WICKY

Amanda. Amanda Louise Grafton

Maggie laughs

MAGGIE

Ok.

WICKY

That's her full name like.

MAGGIE

I would think so.

She goes in and he watches her leave, perplexed by the accuracy of her guess. He's left with his thoughts.

4B FLASHBACK: EXT. A FIELD IN THE 1990S - DAWN

4B

Blurred figures dance in slow motion to a 'Happy Mondays' era tune. Wicky's voice can be heard: 'Where's Maggie. Maggie? Where's my Maggie?'

4C EXT. THE GARDEN - PRESENT DAY

4C

Back to present day. Wicky stares at the door where Maggie has re-entered the house. He fishes the stack of love letters out of his pocket.

WICKY

She's back it seems. And she writes shit poems.

5 INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

5

A cluttered bedroom where Maggie has been sorting out things displaced by the robbery. Maggie squats over the pile of things and Wicky pulls up a chair near her.

MAGGIE

They're clean yeah? No blood?

WICKY

Scientifically impossible for them to be cleaner.

Maggie glances up and smiles

MAGGIE

I found something you'll like before. Where is it?

She searches.

WICKY

Do you work now or do you just live
off your super rich husband?

MAGGIE

Yeah that's right 1970s man. I've
got a little gallery for your
information.

WICKY

Art??

MAGGIE

No, a fucking shooting gallery.

WICKY

Still do your painting then?

She looks defensive for a beat.

MAGGIE

Yes?

WICKY

Cool, it's good you stuck with it.

Placated she goes back to what she was looking for and holds up a photo. Wicky stares in disbelief.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Glasto!

MAGGIE

Like 91, 92?

WICKY

1990. Oh my God! The whole gang.

MAGGIE

What bunch of losers, do you
remember them...

WICKY

Well... yeah...(looks At the photo)
Look how skinny Daz is.

MAGGIE

Didn't he teach his dog to walk on
its back legs...

WICKY

Yah with a cane and a top hat. He
got it to dance to 'putting on the
ritz' in the end.

MAGGIE

Cruel bastard!

WICKY

Well the dog liked it, so!

She ignores this defence, lost in the photo

MAGGIE

And what was that weirdo's name?

WICKY

Weasel...

MAGGIE

Weasel! Gross! I saw him drink a glass of his own piss once, for a bet.

WICKY

I saw him drink a glass of someone else's piss last week. Because he was thirsty.

MAGGIE

You still see him?!

WICKY

I still see all of them! We drink down the...

MAGGIE

You're not still going to the White Horse!

WICKY

Every Friday.

In mocking disappointment.

MAGGIE

Bloody hell Wicky.

He senses she thinks it's tragic

WICKY

They've done it up like, it's got Sky now. And a tipping point quiz machine.

Maggie is still looking at the photo. She points at someone.

MAGGIE

Is she still down there, the girl with the awful tattoos?

Wicky pretends not to be sure. Maggie is confused by his reaction. He is sure she knows he's having sex with her.

WICKY

The tatoo'd milf? I think maybe...
occasionally... I'm not...

MAGGIE

Milf? she was rough as arseholes
twenty years ago, I doubt
motherhood has helped.

WICKY

Well she's a nice person so..

MAGGIE

Is she?

WICKY

(almost to himself)

No. Not really.

MAGGIE

I shouldn't be mean anyway, none of
us scrub up that well anymore.

WICKY

(wistful)

You look exactly the same to me
Mags.

MAGGIE

You haven't seen me naked. It looks
like a church candle under here.

She gestures around her stomach

WICKY

You look lovely.

MAGGIE

You always were a soppy bugger.

She goes to a different part of the room and starts to gather
things for boxing.

Wicky holds the picture up.

WICKY

Pretty rock n roll place for us to
get together eh?

MAGGIE

You think?

WICKY

At a festival?! Come on... oh I
suppose you don't sleep in tents
anymore.

CONTINUED: (4)

WICKY (CONT'D)

Get flown to your husband's money
mountain in a helicopter shaped
like a big dick do you? Forgotten
the rush of a live band?

She smiles and comes back.

MAGGIE

We didn't see any of the bands that
weekend. I spent the whole of the
Saturday in a medical tent with
you.

WICKY

Oh the bad trip!

MAGGIE

The bad trip. You were a right
mess.

WICKY

Well you still got off with me!

MAGGIE

Yes, you looked vulnerable. (beat)
I've had therapy now, I no longer
find weakness horny.

WICKY

I bet you don't take drugs anymore
either you square.

MAGGIE

Yeah that's me, a big square. Or a
mum, up to you.

WICKY

You've got kids??

MAGGIE

Just one and he's no kid anymore,
leaves uni soon.

Wicky's irritated by this. He walks away.

WICKY

I better get on, blood's harder to
get up the longer it's on a
surface.

She holds her hand up to suggest she will heave if he
continues.

MAGGIE

Go for it, Cleaner Man. We can chat
later.

Wicky walks to the door

WICKY

Funny, you said you never wanted
kids.

MAGGIE

I didn't did I?

WICKY

Yes, you said they were parasites
that make your tits flat.

MAGGIE

Well shows what I knew because my
tits remain perky. Incredibly. Too
perky if anything.

He smiles through gritted teeth and goes to the door.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

No way is it twenty years!

WICKY

Oh it is. I'm nearly 50 and you
left me on my birthday. Remember?

She smiles through what is a pretty barbed comment and then
leaves the room to move things downstairs. The camera lingers
on Wicky, we cut to a flashback:

6 FLASHBACK: EXT. A FIELD IN THE 1990S - DAWN

6

Wicky and friends, silhouetted at dawn, dancing to 'Step On'
by the Happy Mondays. We can't make out faces, we just see
limbs and bodies dancing in slow motion.

7 INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE. DOWNSTAIRS TOILET - PRESENT DAY

7

Wicky sits on the toilet in his SOCO suit, reading another of
Maggie's love letters.

WICKY V/O

Oh Jay, What did I do before we
met? Who was I? Just a poo stick,
drifting on a river of childish
fools just waiting to be plucked from
the water by a real man.

Wicky grimaces.

WICKY

Yeah coz 'The rock' loves playing
poo sticks.

WICKY V/O

When you woo'd me my eyes opened
like petals in spring.

CONTINUED:

WICKY V/O (CONT'D)

I have never been wanted before. I never been needed. You lit the first candle in this little heart.

WICKY

Ok, I'm not having this.

He leaves the toilet.

INT. THE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Wicky enters. Maggie has placed a large storage box on the side.

MAGGIE

Save you making loads of journeys.

Wicky is triumphant.

WICKY

I hadn't taken any.

MAGGIE

What?

WICKY

That weekend at Glasto. I hadn't taken any drugs. There was no bad trip.

Her face drops.

MAGGIE

What are you talking about?

WICKY

I just wanted to hang out with you so I pretended I had. I knew you'd look after me so I'd get to spend time with you.

She is not amused.

MAGGIE

What?! Wicky you said you were hallucinating!

WICKY

I know, I really got in to the role!

MAGGIE

You kept saying 'My hands are meat, my hands are as heavy as meat!'

WICKY

Sweet though right? Shows how much
I wanted you.

MAGGIE

It's bloody mental!

Wicky is trying to make light of it but it's just irritated her.

WICKY

It was spontaneous and thoughtful.
I was lighting a candle in your
heart or whatever.

MAGGIE

You were pretending to be on drugs
to get in a woman's pants?

WICKY

Well it worked didn't it. Until you
started taking them off at the same
time as your tights!

MAGGIE

Are you ok, you seem very wound up?

WICKY

No, I'm just saying. It was sweet
for me to try and get you on your
own.

MAGGIE

Well it back fired didn't it. We
had to get a taxi back to Brum
because you kept saying your mum's
head was growing out of your ear.

He laughs at the memory.

WICKY

Who was that weird kid with the
taxi. Who takes a taxi to a
festival.

MAGGIE

Besserman

WICKY

Jamie Besserman. That weird little
gimp.

MAGGIE

He was a hero that night, he got us
home.

WICKY

He charged me! He kept the meter
running!

Maggie smiles

MAGGIE

Yeah, that sounds about right. He
always was going to make money that
boy. Not that that's why I married
him of course.

Wicky's mouth drops open. Maggie leaves and Wicky glances
toward the letters in the other room.

WICKY

No! Not the taxi driver! The taxi
driver didn't pluck the poo stick
of love!

Maggie exits the house with a bin bag of rubbish, Wicky
follows, still shellshocked by the news.

WICKY

You married Jamie Besserman!?
Maggie, I don't mean to be rude but
he was a boring money-grabbing
turd...

MAGGIE

He wasn't boring.

WICKY

He had a collection of feathers!
And not even interesting ones, they
were mainly pigeon.

MAGGIE

Wicky, what does it matter!

Maggie smiles and walks away.

WICKY

Because I thought you'd left me for
someone good. Not a taxi driver
with a massive head.

MAGGIE

A massive head?

WICKY

Grow up, it's like a pumpkin.

She rolls her eyes. An exasperated Wicky follows her.

10 EXT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE. GARDEN, OVERLOOKING A VIEW - LATER 10

Time has passed. They lean against a fence (or something) looking at the view.

WICKY

He stopped talking about his taxi empire long enough to have a kid then?

MAGGIE

He sold the taxi and started importing in the end.

WICKY

Oh far more fascinating, shipping containers...

MAGGIE

Piss off, he worked so hard in the early days, he was barely home...

WICKY

Well at least you didn't have to hear his stories. He spent an hour in the pub once telling me how to hop really high.

MAGGIE

Hey, come on. He was bloody good to me, he worked his arse off so I could get the gallery going.

WICKY

Well who wouldn't? I didn't know you were that serious about art did I?

MAGGIE

You never asked. (beat) I only learned to paint to avoid being dragged to that bloody pub every night!

WICKY

You loved the Horse! We had some amazing times there!

MAGGIE

Oh yeah it was like the Berlin poetry scene of the 30s. So intellectually stimulating.

WICKY

What's that supposed to mean?

MAGGIE

Okay, let me put it like this: and this is very much off the top of my head, I spent an entire weekend once watching you and your mates perfecting an impression of a local butcher.

WICKY

Eh?

(remembers)

Oh! Bill Turner! What a legend.

(Wicky impersonates his ridiculous voice)

"If you want meat all I've got is chops and off cuts. If you want something special you'll have to come back on Saturday for some sirloin." What a legend! Not with us anymore sadly: "Cancer."

Maggie is just staring at him.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Sorry, go on.

She shudders

MAGGIE

Urgh it's like being back there...

Maggie walks back in to the house. Wicky follows.

WICKY

Maggie. Have you got any of your art. I'm interested. Maggie.

Maggie has retrieved the baby plate from earlier. Wicky is looking at it. It has a date around it.

WICKY

This is what your selling?

MAGGIE

They sell well. Obviously I'm selling full portraits too.

WICKY

It's really sweet. I can't believe you married a taxi driver but it's really sweet.

She smiles

MAGGIE

This was just a practice one when
Tommy was born. Bless him, it's his
20th tomorrow.

Wicky nods and then his face drops.

WICKY

He's 20? When did you get together
with Besserman?

She realises the maths look bad.

MAGGIE

It was way after we split up so
don't start.

WICKY

Oh my god!

He stands up.

MAGGIE

What...

He snatches the plate from her hand.

WICKY

I knew it as soon as I saw him.

MAGGIE

Knew what?

Beat. Wicky looks up tearfully.

WICKY

Stop this. He's got dad's eyes.

Maggie's face breaks in to a broad grin.

WICKY (CONT'D)

And now you laugh at me. You deny
me access to my son for 20 years?
Then I deny my son.

He throws the plate against the wall but it just bounces off.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Plastic plates. Is this the tat you
would emboss our son on!

MAGGIE

He's not yours you tit! He's five
foot three and he likes vegetables!

She howls with laughter.

WICKY

Well you and Besserman must have done it pretty quickly after we finished.

MAGGIE

Well I obviously did didn't I, but come on Wicky, I couldn't have watched my kids father teaching him how to do an impression of a butcher.

Wicky is affronted. He pulls a sheet off and exposes blood. Maggie starts gipping again.

WICKY

That's right, out you go, gip queen.

A time jump. Wicky has cleaned far more. Maggie enters

MAGGIE

Sorry that was mean.

WICKY

We had a good time didn't we Mags?

MAGGIE

Of course we did. Want another tea.

He nods. She leaves and he realises the letters are out. He is about to slide them away when he can't resist taking another out and reading.

WICKY V/O

When you make love to me I know that I've never been touched before. You deflowered me, all previous lovers were dust, thrown in to the wind to tickle and tease me before I opened my petals for you.

WICKY

Oh come on!

Maggie comes back in with tea.

WICKY (CONT'D)

Do you remember our holiday to Greece?

MAGGIE

Of course.

WICKY
It was perfect wasn't it?

MAGGIE
No. You bought Weasel.

WICKY
Well I couldn't leave him behind
could I? He'd had a hernia
operation.

She smiles. Wicky has his eyes on a different prize though.

WICKY (CONT'D)
That's not what I remember about
Greece anyway.

MAGGIE
Eh?

WICKY
Come on, we didn't stop shagging
for the whole trip...

MAGGIE
Yeah, it was a bit early days
frenetic wasn't it.

He glances at the love letter.

WICKY
We always did have good sex.

There is a pause in Maggie's reaction. A hint of side-eye.
Maybe a millisecond too long of pause.

MAGGIE
We did.

Wicky's face drops.

WICKY
What was that?!

MAGGIE
What?

WICKY
That
(he glances sideways)

MAGGIE
Nothing. It was good.

WICKY
But?!

MAGGIE

Well it was a little bit samey
wasn't it?

WICKY

Samey!?

MAGGIE

It wasn't your fault. You're not
built for a variety of angles.
You're too tall.

WICKY

I'm all about angles! I'm known for
angles.

MAGGIE

Wicky it was like being taken from
behind by the Eiffel Tower. And
obviously you couldn't go on top...

WICKY

I'm amazing on top!

She reaches over and pats his belly

MAGGIE

Easy for you to say, you've never
gasped for breath whilst being
trapped under this.

Wicky stands in mortal offence.

WICKY

Your art is rubbish!

MAGGIE

I knew it!

WICKY

Well I'm so sorry that I was the
dust to tickle your petals open!

MAGGIE

What?

WICKY

Don't even... I found the letters
and I don't even feel bad about
reading them. Sounds like dodged a
bullet. I'm amazed you didn't start
heaving while you wrote them.

He takes the letter out of his pocket and reads aloud

WICKY (CONT'D)

My little pooky is wet from the moment you open the door to our little love nest. Oh god, you've named our vagina! I want you inside me forever, even if I must share you with her. I mean you should be ashamed of yourself.

Wicky breaths heavily with defiance and then starts to realise what the letter said. Maggie speaks softly and in such a way that Wicky realises she's telling the truth.

MAGGIE

I never sent Jamie letters Wicky. But you've probably worked that out yourself.

WICKY

These aren't your letters.

MAGGIE

They are not my letters.

Wicky's face drops. He tries desperately to find an answer.

WICKY

Oh Someone else must have written these to...

MAGGIE

To my husband. Yes.

A time jump. The two of them are drinking whisky on the couch. Maggie curled up at the end. We see all the letters spread out over the table. Wicky looks at her for a moment and down at the letters.

WICKY

I'm so sorry Mags.

MAGGIE

It's okay. I think I always knew he was cheating really.

She picks a cushion up and throws it at him.

WICKY

I'm relieved to be honest. They were making me gip.

(beat)

He must have been doing it for years then?

MAGGIE

Long business trips. Coming here on
his own to 'brainstorm new
ideas'.... The bastard! In our
holiday home!

WICKY

Bet you wish you'd turned up to my
birthday party now eh?

She smiles and rolls her eyes.

MAGGIE

Here we go...

WICKY

You missed a great party/faithful
life partner.

MAGGIE

It makes no difference...

WICKY

I can still see it you know. Like
it was yesterday.

We cut to a flashback, the same as before.

Magical 90s dancing in a field. We hear Wicky in voice over.

WICKY V/O

It had been such a laugh in the pub
and then the boys revealed they'd
set a rave up... I Remember feeling
so... so bloody free... I kept
looking for you...

The figures dance in the moonlight. We cut back to the room.

WICKY

And then you just... didn't come.

She leans forward

MAGGIE

I know and I'm sorry.

WICKY

But why Mags? You're the only one I
wanted there.

MAGGIE

I'm here now?

Instinctively they kiss. Gently at first and then it becomes a little more insistent. Maggie pulls away.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I can't Wicky.

WICKY

Why?

MAGGIE

It would just be revenge. It's not fair.

Wicky thinks for a moment.

WICKY

I'm up for a bit of revenge.

She smiles

MAGGIE

Really?

WICKY

Too right, fuck him and besides, I've got something to prove.

She laughs.

They have pulled some items off but are still clothed, and the atmosphere is fun. Maybe a Madchester era song plays. Maggie ends up on her hands and knees, with Wicky standing behind her... the angle isn't going to work.

MAGGIE

I told you, it's physically impossible.

He looks around.

WICKY

I could put you on some books?

MAGGIE

You're not jacking me up! I'm not a car!

We montage cut through them trying other sexual positions, all hilarious. Eventually Wicky gets on top of her.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I can't breathe!

WICKY

Hang on, I just need to...

MAGGIE

I can't breathe!

She pushes him off and climbs on top of him.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

See, just like the old days.

Wicky smiles

WICKY

Just like the old days.

It is a sweet moment. They kiss and we cut as they begin to have sex.

Wicky lies in bed opposite Maggie who is dressed, sitting up with a sketch pad. She is drawing him. He scratches his nose.

MAGGIE

Stay still. I've got a point to prove too.

WICKY

Sorry.

She carries on.

WICKY (CONT'D)

What will you do?

MAGGIE

Go home for my son's birthday.

WICKY

Really?

MAGGIE

I've got to be there for his birthday... you understand that, being his dad.

Wicky laughs

WICKY

But what about Besserman. Will you forgive him?

MAGGIE

What do you think?

Wicky knows her well. There will be no forgiveness. Something in his eyes makes her pause.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

What?

WICKY

Nothing.

MAGGIE

Come on I know that face, say what's on your mind.

WICKY

It's funny, I've been practising what I wanted to say to you for so long and now I've got the chance I don't have a voice.

MAGGIE

What would 'he' say?

WICKY

Who?

MAGGIE

Well the legend of course. Bill Turner.

Wicky smiles

WICKY

(as the butcher)
I suppose that fundamentally speaking.

Maggie giggles at the impression.

WICKY (CONT'D)

(as the butcher)
What I'm struggling to express myself is that, speaking from the centre of my soul...

MAGGIE

Get on with it Bill!

WICKY

(as the butcher)
That since the day you left, I have, if I was strictly speaking the truth... I...

Maggie's amusement has dropped off a little as she knows what's coming.

WICKY (CONT'D)

I have been waiting for you.

Her face drops.

MAGGIE

Oh Wicky.

WICKY

That if I were to speak with my defences, as it were, down. That no one else has come close to replacing you and that with every birthday that passes I wonder if you will come back time.

She puts the sketch pad down on the side and cups his face.

MAGGIE

I have to go.

She slips out of bed. Wicky sighs. He knows there is no going back for them either.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE. FRONT ROOM - LATER

Maggie is packing a few things in to a bag. Wicky walks in, wearing an incredibly short dressing gown. Maggie smiles up at him.

WICKY

Not a big man is he?

Maggie smiles.

MAGGIE

Yeah, he's the freaky sized one.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE. AT THE FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Maggie is about to leave.

WICKY

I guess we'll never know what might have happened if you'd turned up to the birthday party.

MAGGIE

I reckon we do. Loads of weekends in the White Horse watching a man drink his own piss.

He laughs.

WICKY

I'd give it up. I'd have given it up then. If you'd said, I'd have left Birmingham with you.

MAGGIE

I know.

WICKY

I still will. Now. You can't go
back to him.

MAGGIE

I have no intention of going back
to him.

WICKY

So. Good. So this could be good.
You left me for the wrong man

MAGGIE

No Wicky, I didn't leave you for
Jamie, or because your friends are
weird or for any other conspiracy
theory.

He smiles

WICKY

Great so I'll pack and come with
you.

MAGGIE

No. We had our time Wicky and a
bloody good time it was too.

She smiles at him.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

But it wasn't enough for me. It
still isn't. You still aren't. Is
it enough for you anymore
sweetheart. The Happy Mondays
aren't going to tour forever.

She raises her eyes and kisses him on the cheek and is gone.
Wicky watches her go. It was an affectionate dig but it has
landed.

A time cut. Wicky is dressed and is doing his final bit of
tidying. He picks up the picture Maggie drew earlier. It is
absolutely dreadful.

WICKY

Yep, shit.

He looks around and sighs. As a 90s anthem starts to play
Wicky goes in his pocket and takes out his phone. He stares
at it for a minute and then dials a number.

WICKY (CONT'D)

All right? Yeah just finished. It
was a very messy one. Very.

(beat)

Do you... umm, I was just wondering
if you wanted to do something some
time.

For the first time we see who he's talking to, it is Ruth.

RUTH

What are you talking about?

WICKY

Well, you know. Just. You know if
you fancied going out.

RUTH

Do you mean on a date, Paul
Wickstead?

WICKY

No of course not!

Ruth smiles. She knows that's what he meant.

RUTH

Thank God for that, thought you'd
gone soft in the head.

He awkwardly brushes it off.

WICKY

No. A bloody date?!

RUTH

Right, well you buy me a drink when
I see you on Friday and I'll keep
it quiet.

WICKY

Friday? Am I seeing you?

RUTH

Yeah at the Horse. It's your
birthday innit?

He's pleased she has remembered.

WICKY

Oh... yeah. Yeah it is.

RUTH

See you then, then.

WICKY

Yeah see you there.

Wicky hangs up and the camera stays on Ruth. She smiles to herself. They both know that this is a date.

FLASHBACK: EXT. A FIELD IN THE 1990S - DAWN

Aston: '1999.' A taxi pulls up on the brow of a hill. A young Maggie gets out of the car and looks down in to a field. For the first time we see the truth of Wicky's birthday party. Five sad bastards dancing around a ghetto blaster. Wicky is topless and shouting:

WICKY
(shouts)
Lads, lads, I want to stay like
this forever.

Maggie gets back in the car

MAGGIE
Take me away from this.

A voice from the front answers OOV.

JAMIE (O.S.)
Where to?

MAGGIE
Anywhere Jamie. Anywhere.

MAGGIE'S HOUSE. AT THE FRONT DOOR

Wicky closes it and the camera finds the front room. A pile of Maggie's possessions slowly falls from a chair they've been propped on. Amongst them a photo. It is Maggie with her arm around her son. He is clearly Wicky's...

'This is how it feels to be lonely' by the Inspiral Carpets plays. Or something.

END