

THE GUEST

EPISODE ONE
SHOOTING SCRIPT

Written by
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QUAY STREET
PRODUCTIONS



CUT TO:

CUT TO:

CUT TO:

The DISCONCERTING LOW HUM of something... MECHANICAL...

Pulling us forward. Drawing us in.

CUT TO:

5 **INT. MAYBURY COURT - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY 1 - 07.01** 5

Inside the IMPRESSIVE ENTRANCE, that MECHANICAL HUM, growing LOUDER. A BLACK CAT on top of the STAIRS, staring down, its head turns, as if watching a tennis match in slow motion --

Then we see it: A little ROBOT VACUUM CLEANER, ominously scuttling across the floor beneath. One way. Then the other.

 FRAN (O.S.)
 Harper, move --

FRANCESCA SHARP, 40s, self-assured, fearless, dodges the CAT, descends the STAIRS. Mobile in hand --

CUT TO:

6 **EXT. RIA'S FLAT - BALCONY - DAY 1 - 07.02** 6

That DISCONCERTING MUSIC continues as RIA SMOKES and DRINKS her TEA on the BALCONY --

From here, way up high, she spies the GLEAMING GLASS and METAL of the CITY CENTRE in the distance --

And just below, the OMINOUS SOUND of BUILDERS, of SCAFFOLDING rising, relentlessly, inevitably, towards her --

Fran and Ria. Two very different women. From two very different worlds. Destined to change each other's lives.

CUT TO:

7 **INT. MAYBURY COURT - KITCHEN - DAY 1 - 07.05** 7

FRAN fixes herself a NESPRESSO-type coffee.

Water. Pod. Steam.

All the while, TAPPING AWAY on her PHONE. Work e-mails.

Fran turns to the NEARBY COUNTERTOP. Last night's DIRTY PLATES and CUPS. *Shit.*

CUT TO:

8 **INT. RIA'S FLAT - BEDROOM - DAY 1 - 07.22** 8

RIA, rushing now, DRESSED for the day, deposits Lee's CUP OF TEA on the bedside table. Scoops up her HEADPHONES etc --

 RIA
 There's no toilet paper. Can you get
 some?
 (MORE)

RIA (CONT'D)

I won't have time before Sharla's
tonight --
(off his silence:)
Lee?

LEE

(still half asleep:)
-- *Said yes!*

Ria grabs her KEYS and departs --

CUT TO:

9

EXT. MAYBURY COURT - GARDEN - DAY 1 - 07.30

9

FRAN sips her COFFEE. A moment of peace. Fresh air. After a beat, Fran turns, back towards the KITCHEN, when --

FRAN

... *Jesus* --

Fran's startled to find her husband, SIMON, 50s, framed behind the GLASS BACK DOORS. He opens the door --

SIMON

All the mugs are dirty --

FRAN

I know. -- We need a new cleaner...

Without another word, Simon retreats. A sense of distance between husband and wife --

MUSIC HARD IN: Jorja Smith, *Bussdown* (feat. Shaybo). A burst of ENERGY now. A shift in MOMENTUM. Driving us FORWARD --

CUT TO:

10

EXT. RIA'S FLAT / INT. RIA'S CAR - DAY 1 - 07.34

10

MUSIC CONTINUES as RIA, RUCKSACK on, hauls a HENRIETTA HOOVER and OVERSIZED BAGS of CLEANING PRODUCTS towards her CAR --

An old FIAT CINQUECENTO --

Inside the car, Ria turns the KEY as the ENGINE struggles to turn over. This ancient car never wants to start --

CUT TO:

11

INT./EXT. RIA'S CAR / CARDIFF STREETS - DAY 1 - 07.44

11

MUSIC CONTINUES (from the radio) as RIA drives. Stopping at a set of TRAFFIC LIGHTS --

A FAMILY CAR pulls up besides Ria. A YOUNG LAD, 6, in the back seat, STARES at her. Ria holds his gaze --

After a beat, Ria waves. Nothing. Pokes out her tongue. Nothing. (All small gestures, nothing too big.) Finally, Ria gives him a SLY MIDDLE FINGER. The boy SMILES. Ria too.

Got him in the end. The LIGHTS turn GREEN and Ria pulls away, moving into the heart of the CITY --

CUT TO:

12

EXT. STUDENT HOUSE SHARE - DAY 1 - 07.59

12

MUSIC CONTINUES as RIA approaches a STUDENT HOUSE SHARE. HOOVER and CLEANING SUPPLIES in tow --

Ria PRESSES an INTERCOM. Nothing. Again. Then:

STUDENT (V.O.)

'Ello?

RIA

Hiya. It's Ria.

STUDENT (V.O.)

Who?

A beat.

RIA

... The cleaner?

The door BUZZES OPEN. Ria heads inside.

First job of the day.

CUT TO:

13

INT. STUDENT HOUSE SHARE - COMMUNAL KITCHEN - DAY 1 - 08.10

13

MUSIC CONTINUES as RIA CLEANS around four or five MALE STUDENTS (English home counties, rugby lads, all in various states of undress) getting ready for the day.

CUT TO:

14

INT. STUDENT HOUSE SHARE - BEDROOM - DAY 1 - 09.08

14

MUSIC CONTINUES as RIA empties a BIN. Crusty, cum-filled TISSUES alongside CEREAL BAR WRAPPERS and EMPTY CANS OF ENERGY DRINK --

CUT TO:

15

EXT. CARDIFF BAY APARTMENT - DAY 1 - 10.30

15

MUSIC CONTINUES as RIA approaches a LARGE APARTMENT BLOCK in Cardiff Bay, still hauling that bloody HOOVER --

Second job of the day.

CUT TO:

16 **INT. CARDIFF BAY APARTMENT - DAY 1 - 11.12** 16

MUSIC CONTINUES as RIA CLEANS an already spotless APARTMENT. One of those built in the early 2000s. A bit tired. Dated.

- Ria loads BEDSHEETS into the WASHING MACHINE. Ria runs her finger inside the rubber lining. Caked in DIRT and GRIME. Sod it, she puts the MACHINE on anyway.

- As the WASHING MACHINE spins, Ria swipes a BANANA from the side, tucks it inside her bag --

- Ria wipes down the WINDOWS that look out over the BAY.

- Ria puts the BEDSHEETS back on the bed. Horrible job.

CUT TO:

17 **EXT. NEW-BUILD ESTATE - DETACHED HOUSE - DAY 1 - 12.30** 17

MUSIC CONTINUES. RIA, munching on the BANANA, approaches a soulless McMansion in suburbia --

That bastard HOOVER hitting every bump along the way --

Third job of the day.

CUT TO:

18 **INT. NEW-BUILD ESTATE - DETACHED HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY 1 - 12.51** 18

MUSIC CONTINUES as RIA pulls CLUMPS OF HAIR from the SHOWER --

Cleans a TOILET which contains a giant, UNFLUSHED SHIT --

CUT TO:

19 **INT. NEW-BUILD ESTATE - DETACHED HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 1 - 13.08** 19

MUSIC CONTINUES as RIA loads the DISHWASHER, when --

JENNY (O.S.)

Ria, hiya, do you have a minute?

JENNY, 40s, in too-tight Lulu Lemon. Ria pulls out her HEADPHONES. MUSIC CUTS.

RIA

... Sorry?

JENNY

No, I was just saying, if you had a minute. I'd love to have a chat about your hourly rate, actually --

Ria's EYES LIGHT UP -- a pay rise?!

RIA

Oh right. Yeah. Okay.

JENNY

You know Claire, across the street? With the dogs. She's got a new cleaner. A lovely young Polack. Only they're charging nine fifty an hour. Which is a bit less than you.

RIA

... Right.

JENNY

Is that something you'd be comfortable with?

RIA

Sorry, is (what) --

JENNY

Could you come down to nine fifty?
(off her hesitation:)
Or let's just call it a day, shall we?

Off Ria, WTF?! A truly hellish day. And it's not over yet --

CUT TO:

20

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY 1 - 15.00

20

FRAN stalks the FRESH FRUIT aisle, scooping up a PACK OF FOUR PEACHES as an AWKWARD TEENAGE SHOP ASSISTANT passes --

FRAN

Excuse me, you used to sell these individually?

The SHOP ASSISTANT stares back, a rabbit in the headlights --

SHOP ASSISTANT

I'm on the cheese counter.

The hapless ASSISTANT scuttles away --

With a well worn sense of entitlement, Fran tears at the PACKAGING, pulls out two PEACHES, pops them in a little BAG and plonks them on the nearby SCALES --

Fran taps the SCREEN to weigh: "PEARS". The LABEL PRINTS. She deposits the PEACHES in her BASKET. Lovely. Job done.

(When you look like Fran, when you carry yourself like Fran, you can get away with shit like that.)

JUMP TO: RIA tacks a FLYER to the COMMUNITY NOTICE BOARD: "Cleaner for hire. References available." Etc --

Next to the notice board, an oversized FOOD COLLECTION BIN. Full of tins, bread, pasta etc.

Ria glances around before scooping a couple of TINS and a loaf of BREAD into her RUCKSACK. Ria scuttles away, when --

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)

Oi --

Ria turns. The SECURITY GUARD, let's call him GWESYN, 30s, over bearing, power hungry knob, approaching --

GWESYN

Can't take those --

A few CUSTOMERS from the CHECKOUTS glance up, including Fran.

Ria burns with SHAME, almost frozen to the spot --

RIA

Sorry -- I -- thought they were --

GWESYN

Picked up at the end of the week.
Shoplifting that is --

(off her hesitation:)

You gonna put them back or d'you
want me to call the police?

RIA

Why would you call the police?

GWESYN

I just told you. Shoplifting. I'm
gonna need to search your bag --

RIA

How can I be shoplifting when
they're already paid for?

Another SHOPPER, a TEEN, begins to film on their mobile --

GWESYN

First of all, abusive behaviour
towards staff ain't tolerated --

RIA

How am I being abusive --

GWESYN

And B: [sic] I am gonna need you to
open your bag --

Gwesyn moves towards Ria, GRABBING for her RUCKSACK. Ria
snaps it away, adrenaline pumping --

RIA

Don't touch me!

FRAN

(to Gwesyn:)

Hey -- you can't do that --

GWESYN

(ignoring Fran:)

Either leave or I'll call the
police. Your choice --

FRAN

She hasn't done anything --

GWESYN

Miss, I'm dealing with it --

Ria turns towards the CHECKOUTS. Some of the CUSTOMERS,
including Fran, stare. A SHOPPER FILMS on their mobile --

Humiliated, Ria takes the FOOD from her bag and chucks it
back in the bin. TEARS prick her eyes as she flees --

CUT TO:

21

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY 1 - A FEW MINUTES LATER - 15.05

21

RIA perched on a BENCH on the busy HIGH STREET, fighting back
TEARS. The humiliation. The shame.

After a beat, FRAN takes a seat next to Ria. Silence. Then:

FRAN

Bit of a twat, wasn't he?

Ria turns, taking in Fran. *This is all she needs.*

FRAN (CONT'D)

Napoleon complex, isn't that what
they call it? Little, angry men.

(then:)

Francesca. Fran.

(off her silence:)

And your name is...

RIA

(*fuck off*)

Ria.

A beat.

RIA (CONT'D)

Napoleon wasn't a little man.

FRAN

Excuse me?

RIA

He wasn't short. Napoleon. It's a myth, apparently.

Oh. Fran pulls out the FLYER that Ria put up in the supermarket --

FRAN

My last cleaner, Anna, she was wonderful. Ended up moving away and I've been stuck with an agency ever since. They are -- not good --
(off her look:)

You are a cleaner, aren't you?

RIA

I don't need your charity --

FRAN

It's not charity. And it would be a trial shift, not a job. It would pay well, I can promise you that --

Off Ria, who the hell is this woman?

CUT TO:

22

EXT. LOCAL PUB - EVENING 1 - 19.30

22

That night, RIA and LEE approach a local pub. Both a little dressed up now. Well, Lee's put on a shirt --

RIA

And then she was like: "It's not charity, it's a job." Or a trial shift, whatever...

LEE

Who was she?

RIA

I dunno. But she did have great hair.

LEE

Sounds like a dyke!

RIA

She wasn't hitting on me --

LEE

How d'you know? Have you seen you?
You're sexy as shit --

Ria rolls her eyes, no time for Lee's nonsense --

RIA

Did you bring Sharla's card?

LEE

Oh no --

RIA

Lee! I literally asked you to do one
thing --

He SMILES, producing the CARD from his jacket pocket --

LEE

Ta-da.

Lee is infuriating, useless but completely lovable. Ria
playfully hits him --

LEE (CONT'D)

Ow!

RIA

Shut up, that didn't hurt --

Suddenly, Lee scoops Ria off her feet. Twirling her around.

RIA (CONT'D)

Lee! Put me down! Stop!

But Lee keeps RUNNING. And now Ria, despite herself, is
LAUGHING. "Lee!" Off Ria and Lee, HOOTING into the night --

CUT TO:

23

INT. LOCAL PUB - EVENING 1 - 19.33

23

A quiet, old man's pub. Save for the ROWDY TABLE in the
corner. RIA and LEE approach. SHARLA, 20s, gobby, brash and
fiercely loyal, rises from a gaggle of NOISY YOUNG WOMEN --

SHARLA

Riaaaaa!!!

Sharla, in heels, totters over and HUGS Ria --

RIA

Sorry we're late --

LEE

My fault, doing my hair --

Sharla doesn't even pretend to laugh as Ria hands over the CARD --

RIA
Happy Birthday! There's something
inside, it's not much but --
(then, of her NECKLACE:)
Oh my god, is that new?

Ria fingers Sharla's NECKLACE. A heart shaped LOCKET --

SHARLA
Yeah, from my mum --

Sharla opens the LOCKET. A photo of Sharla and her mum --

SHARLA (CONT'D)
Lush, init?

RIA
So lush.

Lee bored now --

LEE
What you drinking then?

SHARLA
Vodka diet coke. And Sambuka.

A beat.

Ria dips into her PURSE, pulls out a CREDIT CARD. Thinks better of it (maxed out), pulls out a different CARD --

RIA
Get me... half a lager. Whatever
they've got.

Lee takes the CARD and departs. Sharla clocks this. Then:

SHARLA
Come on, we're going outside...

Sharla drags Ria away --

CUT TO:

24

EXT. LOCAL PUB - SMOKING AREA - EVENING 1 - 19.35

24

SHARLA VAPES. RIA shivering in the cold --

SHARLA
Has he got a job yet?

RIA
He's... still looking. It's hard,
there's not much out there --

SHARLA

Where's he looking?

A beat.

RIA

Sharla, he's trying. He is.

SHARLA

He's not trying though, is he?

(more serious now:)

Ria, you're stunning and brilliant
and funny and so smart and --

RIA

We've been together since school --

SHARLA

So what? What does that mean? He's
never gonna give you what you want.
Maybe you loved him once, when you
were what, sixteen? You're just --
mates now. D'you even have sex?

(off her silence:)

Ria, you wanna travel. Get married
one day, have kids. He doesn't --

RIA

That's not what he said --

SHARLA

It's exactly what he said.

RIA

We couldn't afford it anyway.

SHARLA

The boy's a leech. Lee the Leech.

(then:)

You were the one who was meant to
get out. Do something with their
lives. You think this is what your
mum would have wanted for you?

Ria glances up. The mention of her mum --

SHARLA (CONT'D)

'Cos it's not.

RIA

Yeah, well. Not here, is she?

We feel the weight of this on Ria. Her absent mother.

SHARLA

Just don't say I didn't warn you.

Sharla turns, heads back into the pub --

As Sharla departs, Ria takes in the tatty old pub. Her tatty old life. Maybe Sharla is right --

Ria takes out her phone, pulls up her CONTACTS as her finger hovers over: "FRAN (POSH)"

Off Ria, perhaps she can do better?

CUT TO:

25

EXT. CARDIFF STREETS / COWBRIDGE - DAY 2 - 11.30

25

A FEW DAYS LATER.

RIA drives, from the rundown outskirts of the city, to the GREENERY and AFFLUENCE of semi-rural COWBRIDGE.

CUT TO:

26

EXT. MAYBURY COURT - DAY 2 - 12.10

26

RIA follows MAPS on her phone as she approaches imposing ELECTRONIC GATES, glimpsing Maybury Court just beyond -

RIA

Oh my god --

Ria leans out of the car window and BUZZES the INTERCOM. Nothing. She buzzes again --

After a beat, the GATES SLOWLY SWING OPEN --

CUT TO:

27

EXT. MAYBURY COURT - DRIVEWAY - DAY 2 - 12.11

27

RIA drives down a long DRIVEWAY, approaching a HUGE HOUSE. As if Charles Ryder arriving at *Brideshead* -

- Ria parks her little FIAT in the shadow of the HOUSE.

- Ria, on foot, HOOVER and CLEANING SUPPLIES in tow, arrives at the FRONT DOOR. Ria KNOCKS. Nothing. Again. Nothing.

- After a beat, Ria pushes at the DOOR which... OPENS.

- MUSIC FROM INSIDE: Something like *Walk It Out* by Unk. High-tempo, RAP / HIP HOP. Impossibly Loud.

CUT TO:

28

INT. MAYBURY COURT - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY 2 - 12.12

28

MUSIC CONTINUES as RIA stands on the threshold --

RIA

Hello?

(then:)

Hello? It's Ria... the cleaner...

No answer. Just that deafening MUSIC, at odds with... everything. Ria moves into the EXPANSIVE ENTRANCE HALLWAY.

It's all... a bit... UNSETTLING.

RIA (CONT'D)

Hello?

She spies the LITTLE ROBOT VACUUM CLEANER scuttling across the floor. (From our TEASER). Moving one way. Then the other.

Ria doesn't know what to do. There's a chair near the door. She places the HOOVER and CLEANING SUPPLIES down --

Ria takes a seat, looks around:

- A GRAND STAIRCASE to one side. HARPER the CAT sits at the top, staring down at Ria --

- ANTIQUE FURNITURE and ART with MODERN TOUCHES. BOSE SPEAKERS embedded in the ceiling --

- After a beat, the MUSIC overpowering, Ria stands again --

RIA (CONT'D)

Hello? -- Is anyone in?

- Ria ventures further inside...

CUT TO:

29

INT. MAYBURY COURT - KITCHEN - DAY 2 - 12.12

29

MUSIC CONTINUES as RIA arrives in the KITCHEN at the rear --

The KITCHEN TABLE overflows with INVITES, ENVELOPES and PIECES OF PAPER. A half-drunk COFFEE --

But nobody there. Just that FUCKING MUSIC.

RIA

Hello? ... hello?

Ria ventures towards the TABLE, slowly, slowly --

In a JUMP SCARE, a HAND REACHES OUT FROM BEHIND RIA --

Ria SCREAMS, turns --

RIA (CONT'D)

Oh my god!

SIMON
(laughing:)
I'm so sorry!

SIMON. Fran's husband --

FRAN (O.S.)
Music off.

MUSIC CUTS. FRAN emerges from the UTILITY ROOM / TOILET --

FRAN (CONT'D)
Ria! I didn't hear you come in --

RIA
The door was -- I thought you
(buzzed me in) --

SIMON
Now you know her dirty little
secret. -- She's a hip-hop hound!

Fran playfully rolls her eyes --

Ria's like: *This is a bit weird.* Simon holds out his HAND --

SIMON (CONT'D)
Simon. Frannie's husband.

Ria SHAKES --

RIA
Ria. I'm... I'm Ria.
(then:)
Scared the shit out of me.

Simon laughs. Ria too. He likes her.

SIMON
Sincere apologies --

Ria nods, notices a WHEELY SUITCASE at Simon's side --

SIMON (CONT'D)
Well, I'll leave you both to it.

Simon approaches Fran --

FRAN
Call me from the airport?

SIMON
Yup. Love you.

FRAN
Love you.

They KISS. Ria watches on, noticing that Fran pulls away first. Simon, beaming, peels off --

SIMON

And lovely to meet you. Frannie's
been singing your praises --

"Frannie's been singing your praises." That seems odd, she hardly knows her. And with that, Simon is gone.

FRAN

Ria, I should have called, we're
going to have to reschedule --
(of the invites:)
The printers were meant to deliver
the invites last week and I need to
get them in the post before --

RIA

I can help?

FRAN

Oh. I --

RIA

If you wanted. I didn't mean to --

FRAN

No. Uh. Yes. Why not? Many hands
make -- whatever that saying is --

CUT TO:

30

INT. MAYBURY COURT - LIVING ROOM/OFFICE - DAY 2 - 12.27

30

Fifteen minutes later, RIA and FRAN have got a good system going. Fran addresses the INVITES (we might glimpse the company name: MAYBURY LIVING) from a printed list as Ria sticks pre-printed LABELS on the envelopes --

Fran's BLACK CAT, HARPER, nearby, always watching --

FRAN

It's high-end furniture. Light
fittings. That sort of thing. We
import from the states, Asia,
Europe, though obviously that's not
as easy as it used to be. We also do
refurbs, refits, design services --
(of the invites:)
But this will be my first studio
space --

RIA

So this is like -- a party?

FRAN

Party. Launch. Grand opening. Stress inducing nightmare. Something like that --

Ria nods. Then, feeling out of her depth, talking business, she pivots the conversation:

RIA

Your husband seemed really nice.

FRAN

I think so. We run the company together.

RIA

Does he travel a lot?

Fran nods --

FRAN

He does. He sources new products, deals with the manufacturing, so he's usually away. India. China. Shanghai. But he loves it.

(then:)

What about you? I don't see a ring --

RIA

Oh. It's just me and my boyfriend.

FRAN

No family?

RIA

Uh. Not really.

FRAN

What does "not really" mean?

Ria glances up. Is Fran always this direct?

RIA

My dad wasn't around and my mum -- she -- passed away, when I was younger, sixteen, so --

FRAN

I'm so sorry. -- What about school? At that age --

RIA

Didn't really finish my GCSEs and after that -- my mum had always cleaned so... Here I am.

FRAN

But what did you want to do? If you could have done anything?

RIA

Dunno. -- Always wanted to travel --

An almost imperceptible beat as Fran's eyes flick up --

RIA (CONT'D)

My gramps was in the army, navy, when he was younger. Went all over the world. New Zealand. Australia. Everywhere. Used to tell me all about it. But Italy was the place he loved the most. Positano, he said. Always banging on about it. I've been to Malaga with my mate Sharla and her mum. That's about it.

FRAN

If you want to travel, you should. The Amalfi Coast is -- incredible --

RIA

Maybe. One day.

But Fran sees that Ria doesn't really believe it. Then:

FRAN

I'm going to tell you something that nobody may have told you before. All of the "successful people" that you see. People with the great jobs, money, prospects, people who travel -
-

RIA

People like you?

Ria meets Fran's eye. Like it's a challenge almost. Then:

FRAN

They're not smarter or better than you. They'd like you to think they are but they're not. They just play by different rules. They've been told, from the day that they were born, that they can. And they do. And they take. It's the only real difference between a private and a comprehensive education in this country. Because the mentality is: if not us, then who? *Someone* has to be Prime Minister, *someone* has to start that company, *someone* has to live in a house like this. Why not you? Why not take?

A beat.

RIA
Not much to take on a cleaner's
wage.

FRAN
Do you want to be a cleaner for the
rest of your life?

Ria glances up. Then --

RIA
No.

FRAN
No. Just because you're born into
something doesn't mean you have to
stay there. My father, he came from
nothing. Gave me everything. But
you, you didn't have that. And
you've been conditioned to think
that you're not capable, that you
don't deserve. Because you're too
busy being grateful for the crumbs.
Take the fucking loaf, Ria.

Ria takes in Fran with wonderment. Admiration. Unease,
perhaps.

FRAN (CONT'D)
Right. Is that it?

RIA
Think that's it.

FRAN
(then:)
Have you eaten? I can order in --
(off her confusion:)
To say thank you.

RIA
Oh. -- Okay.

Relief washes over Ria. A square meal. A *free* square meal.

FRAN
Great. I'll order and I can give you
the tour while we wait. Sushi okay?

Without waiting for an answer, Fran scoops up her phone.

Off Ria, not entirely sure what she's walked into but not
necessarily adverse to it either...

CUT TO:

31

INT. MAYBURY COURT - VARIOUS - DAY 2 - 12.30

31

FRAN gives RIA the grand tour --

-- MEDIA ROOM. Complete with POPCORN MACHINE.

FRAN
Media room.

-- FRAN'S BEDROOM:

FRAN (CONT'D)
Master bedroom. Original fireplace.

HARPER the CAT on the stairs of the walk-in wardrobe --

FRAN (CONT'D)
And Harper. The true love of my life
--

RIA
She's so sweet --

FRAN
Ha. Don't be fooled. She's a total
bitch. And through here is the --

-- FRAN'S BATHROOM:

FRAN (CONT'D)
Master en-suite.

RIA
Oh my god, you've got a settee in
your bathroom --

FRAN
Do you know, I've never sat on it.
'Cos you wouldn't, would you, wet?

RIA
(glancing around:)
Think your bathroom might be bigger
than my entire flat.

Fran SMILES and approaches the LARGE WINDOW that looks out
over the BACK GARDEN --

FRAN
And that's the Guest House --

At the REAR OF THE GARDEN, a perfectly appointed, self-
contained DWELLING. An idyll.

Ria approaches the WINDOW, next to Fran, looking out --

RIA
It's stunning.

A beat. Fran's PHONE PINGS --

FRAN
Food's here.

Fran peels off, leaving Ria gawping out of the WINDOW. But then, in the WINDOW of the GUEST HOUSE below, the fleeting SILHOUETTE of a FIGURE, crossing. Ria blinks and it's gone.

Did she imagine it? A trick of the light?

CUT TO:

32

INT. MAYBURY COURT - KITCHEN - DAY 2 - 12.42

32

FRAN unpacks the SUSHI takeaway etc --

RIA
His last job, he worked security at Asda. But it was like, shift work. Nights. And he got signed off sick but then he posted that he was at The Big Weekend, so they fired him. Hasn't had a job since.

FRAN
So what does he do?

RIA
Plays Playstation.
(off her look:)
We've been together since school.

FRAN
And I've had a varicose vein in my left leg since god knows when, doesn't mean it's a good thing.

Having unpacked the food, they sit at the counter --

Fran effortlessly using her CHOPSTICKS, mixing the wasabi with the soy sauce. RIA not so comfortable with it all.

FRAN (CONT'D)
Do you love him?

RIA
Can't remember not being with him.

FRAN
(then:)
I have a friend who was married for years. One morning she came down stairs and there he was, her husband, tipping the milk from his cereal bowl into his big fat mouth. Like he had done every morning since the day they'd met.
(MORE)

FRAN (CONT'D)

She wanted to kill him. Because in that moment she knew: She'd wasted half of her life with a man she didn't love. Living a life she didn't want.

This lands on Ria, she's done the same --

FRAN (CONT'D)

That summer she got on the dating apps, lined up a new man. Moved out, moved on. Never been happier.

Fran looks at Ria, almost like she's challenging her --

FRAN (CONT'D)

Just saying.

RIA

(then:)

I'm not sure I want to leave him.

(then, knowingly:)

He doesn't even like cereal --

Fran laughs. Seeing Ria struggling with her CHOPSTICKS, she rises, grabs a FORK from the drawer and places it in-front of a mortified Ria --

FRAN

(then:)

No-one's saying you have to leave him. Call it due diligence. I'll get you the name of the app, if you want?

(off her hesitation:)

I should get back to work. How do you feel about starting tomorrow?

RIA

For the trial?

FRAN

Think we're probably beyond a trial.

Ria smiles. Nods. Delighted, she watches Fran eat --

Fran BRUSHES HER HAIR BEHIND HER EAR. So put together.

CUT TO:

33

INT. RIA'S FLAT - BATHROOM - NIGHT 2 - 20.00

33

LATER THAT NIGHT, RIA stares at herself in the mirror --

She BRUSHES HER HAIR BEHIND HER EAR, just like Fran.

And, in this moment, there's something cold about her.

A touch of the *Tom Ripley*...

CUT TO:

34

INT. RIA'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 2 - 21.01

34

Later, RIA and LEE on the sofa. Lee's PLAYSTATION on the floor. Ria has just filled Lee in on Fran's job offer --

LEE

What about your other jobs? You can't just give them up?

RIA

The jobs wanting to pay me nine fifty an hour? Fran's gonna pay double that. More --

LEE

How much?

RIA

Twenty quid an hour.

LEE

(impressed:)
Shitting hell.

RIA

And she wants me to do like four days a week. This could be real money coming in. A chance to pay off what we owe and maybe even get a proper place --

LEE

We've got a proper place.

Ria EXHALES, a conversation they've had many times before --

RIA

Lee, I can hardly sleep anymore, worrying about it. They're going to find out, and when they do --

LEE

Nobody is going to find out. Why would they find out?

Ria just looks at Lee. He never loses sleep. It's all on her.

RIA

Did you do any applications today?

LEE

Yes!

RIA

For what?
(off his silence:)
You didn't, did you?

LEE

What you starting on me for now?

Lee returns his attention to the telly. Silence. We PUSH IN on Ria. Something she needs to say.

RIA

I've been stealing food from work.

Lee turns as Ria burns with shame --

RIA (CONT'D)

For weeks now. 'Cos we haven't got any money, Lee.

A beat.

LEE

You just said you were getting twenty quid an hour --

Ria stands, furious now --

RIA

Fucking hell -- my overdraft is maxed out, credit cards too, I can't get anymore. And I don't know what to do. I can't keep doing this --

LEE

Ria, calm down --

TEARS in Ria's eyes now --

RIA

No! You keep telling me you're gonna get a job, but you don't and I have to do *everything*, all the time --

Lee stands --

LEE

I *am* gonna get a job. I'm doing everything I can --

RIA

Well you're obviously not!

LEE

Ria --

Lee rises to comfort Ria, who's already darting out --

CUT TO:

35

INT. RIA'S FLAT - BATHROOM - NIGHT 2 - 21.30

35

RIA perched on the toilet, wiping TEARS from her eyes, as she downloads a DATING APP (the same one Fran told her about) --

And then, Ria shakes her head. *What the hell is she doing? This isn't the answer.* Ria holds down on the APP. Her FINGER HOVERS over DELETE --

But she can't seem to go through with it.

FADE TO:

36

INT. RIA'S FLAT - KITCHEN - DAY 3 - 07.02

36

THE NEXT MORNING, RIA makes herself a TEA --

- Ria turns the RADIO ON. Something like Beyonce, *Freedom* --

The SCAFFOLDING just below her window now. High enough that a couple of CONSTRUCTION WORKERS are peering into her flat --

CUT TO:

37

EXT. MAYBURY COURT - DAY 3 - 07.50

37

MUSIC CONTINUES as RIA approaches Maybury Court, HENRIETTA HOOVER and CLEANING SUPPLIES in tow --

Then, her PHONE PINGS. DATING APP: **REQUEST TO MATCH.**

Ria stares at her PHONE. A fork in the road. But she can't deal with this right now. Sliding her phone back into her pocket, she heads inside for her first full day --

CUT TO:

38

INT. MAYBURY COURT - LIVING ROOM/OFFICE - DAY 3 - 10.00

38

MUSIC CONTINUES as FRAN taps away on her laptop, RIA nearby --

RIA

Any special instructions, or --

FRAN

Sorry, what do you mean?

RIA

Like. Is there special polish for specific woods, or --

FRAN

(laughing:)

Oh. No. Just -- no --

RIA

What about -- you've got that little
robot cleaner-thing --

FRAN

Oh you can chuck that out. She was
the interim cleaner --

Ria smiles, *what a breath of fresh air this is --*

CUT TO:

39 **INT. MAYBURY COURT - FRAN'S BATHROOM - DAY 3 - 11.11** 39

MUSIC CONTINUES as RIA scrubs the WALK-IN SHOWER, full of
luxurious shampoos, conditioners and body scrubs --

CUT TO:

40 **OMITTED** 40

41 **INT. MAYBURY COURT - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY 3 - 12.50** 41

MUSIC CONTINUES as RIA vacuums. She tries a DOOR at the far
end of the hallway. LOCKED. Strange. She tries again, when --

FRAN (O.S.)

That's Simon's office.

MUSIC CUTS. Ria spins.

FRAN (CONT'D)

He doesn't like anyone going in
there.

RIA

Oh. Okay. Sorry.

A beat.

FRAN

Food's arrived.

And with that, FRAN turns and departs. Off Ria, her gaze
returning to the LOCKED DOOR. *There's something about it --*

CUT TO:

42 **INT. MAYBURY COURT - KITCHEN - DAY 3 - 13.04** 42

RIA and FRAN EAT TAKEAWAY. Ria shows Fran her new match on
her DATING APP. MICHAEL RICE, 30s, athletic, fit.

FRAN

He's gorgeous. When are you meeting
him?

RIA
I'm not. He just asked to match with me. I'm just -- looking.

FRAN
Just looking. Right. I believe you.
(then:)
Oh before I forget --

Fran digs into her pocket, pulls out an ENVELOPE --

FRAN (CONT'D)
Figured you might want your first week up front --

Ria looks inside. CASH! HER WAGES! Ria almost overwhelmed.

FRAN (CONT'D)
It's okay. Take it.

RIA
Thank you.

Ria takes the ENVELOPE/MONEY as Fran tops up her *Pellegrino*. She could get used to this --

CUT TO:

43 INT. RIA'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 3 - 21.00

43

That night, the WINDOWS now wrapped in SCAFFOLDING, eclipsing any LIGHT that might be coming in. A sense of CLAUSTROPHOBIA.

RIA on her phone, on the SOFA next to LEE, who plays PLAYSTATION. On the floor, the LITTLE ROBOT CLEANER scuttles. (Ria didn't throw it out, she took it for herself) --

- A MESSAGE comes through from Mike from the DATING APP. We see it's the second or third he's sent without a reply: **I'm being ghosted, aren't I? **CRYING EMOJI****

- Ria sits up, tilting her phone away from Lee.

- Ria TEXTS Fran. **Hot guy keeps messaging!**

CUT TO:

44 INT. MAYBURY COURT - LIVING ROOM/OFFICE / INT. RIA'S FLAT 44
NIGHT 3 - 21.00

FRAN working late on some designs as Ria's TEXT arrives on her laptop via iMessage. Fran smiles to herself, glad to hear from Ria --

INTERCUT BETWEEN FRAN AND RIA:

- Fran types her reply on the laptop.

- On Ria's phone, THREE DOTS appear. Fran's reply arrives.
Reply! Then: Play it cool, Trigger. Then: You're far too young for that reference!

- Ria smiles. Laughs. Sends Fran a REPLY: **Me and my mum used to love Only Fools and Horses!**

LEE

... What's so funny?

RIA

Nothing.

LEE leans into Ria, snuggling. Ria stiffens. They couldn't be closer -- and yet, so far apart. Then, decision made, Ria replies to Mike: **Hey. Sorry. Was at work.**

Off Ria's rush. A dangerous thrill. A tipping point --

CUT TO:

45

EXT. RIA'S FLAT - DAY 4 - 07.31

45

MUSIC BACK IN. RIA heading to her car as she and Mike swap messages, as they have been all night --

MIKE: Have you met many people on here?

RIA: IRL?

MIKE: Yeah...

CUT TO:

46

INT. MAYBURY COURT - KITCHEN - DAY 4 - 09.30

46

MUSIC CONTINUES as RIA cleans the kitchen. No Fran.

- As Ria empties the DISHWASHER, she messages Mike:

RIA: Just checking it out really. It's kinda weird...

MIKE: Yeah, I hate these apps so much!

- Ria SMILES, heads to the table and picks up Fran's empty COFFEE CUP next to her LAPTOP in the KITCHEN --

Ria turns and, in a JUMP SCARE, an ELDERLY MAN stares back through the BACK DOORS. Ria SCREAMS and drops the CUP --

-- SMASH! --

RIA

-- Oh my god! --

FRAN comes running in --

FRAN

Ria?

RIA

There's someone out the back --

Fran turns to spy the MAN --

FRAN

You mean Derek?

(off her look, laughing:)

Music off.

MUSIC CUTS.

FRAN (CONT'D)

Derek helps with the garden.

Fran laughs. And now Ria can see that DEREK, 70s, ailing, is scooping up LEAVES. But he wasn't doing that a second ago.

Derek was staring directly at her... *Wasn't he?*

CUT TO:

47

INT. RIA'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 4 - 20.48

47

RIA on the SOFA next to LEE, who plays PLAYSTATION.

- Ria is watching a YouTube video on how to use Chopsticks correctly when a message comes through --

MIKE: Been meaning to ask, you got any pics?

RIA: ... Pics?

MIKE: ;)

RIA: Haha nice try...

CUT TO:

48

INT. RIA'S FLAT - BATHROOM - NIGHT 4 - 22.30

48

Later, RIA takes a SEXY SELFIE. She SENDS to Mike.

Almost immediately, he replies --

MIKE: Shit. You're *fire emoji*.

Ria's breath catches. She hasn't felt wanted for a long time.

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK on the BATHROOM DOOR --

LEE (O.S.)

Ria, what are you doing?

RIA
I'm on the toilet!

LEE (O.S.)
Hurry up --

Ria exhales. How is this her life? But then:

MIKE: We should go for a drink?

But this pulls Ria up. This is too much. Too far.

What the fuck is she doing?

LEE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Ria?! I'm busting!!

CUT TO:

49

INT. MAYBURY COURT - KITCHEN - DAY 5 - 15.30

49

The next day, FRAN on her LAPTOP as RIA CLEANS around her --

FRAN
It's just a drink. Go for the drink.

RIA
I dunno, doesn't feel right --

FRAN
Okay. Then don't. Don't go.

A beat. Ria cleaning near the AGA COOKER now. As she wipes it down, she notices that it's hot --

RIA
... Did you turn the oven on?

FRAN
It's an Aga, Ria. It's always on.

Oh.

RIA
(then, of Mike:)
I don't even have anything to wear --

PENNY (O.S.)
Aunty Fran, we need you!!

PENNY, 9, in COOL DANCE SCHOOL OUTFIT, comes running in --

PENNY (CONT'D)
Aunty Fran! Aunty Fran!!

HELEN, 40s, Fran's sister, a mother above all else, follows, BABY MARTHA in one hand, a BABY BAG slung over the other --

HELEN

Martha's shit herself everywhere --
(not angry, of the shit:)
It's all over the car seat --

Shit all up BABY MARTHA'S legs and backside (not that we have to see it!) --

FRAN

Helen, that key is for emergencies --

HELEN

This is an emergency, look at her!
We were on our way to Penny's dance
class and -- boom. An explosion!

Ria's just like: *What the hell?!*

FRAN

Oh God -- it stinks --

HELEN

It? This is your niece.
(pointed:)
This is what happens when you're a
mother. Chaos. Everyday, chaos.
(to Ria:)
Who are you?

RIA

Uh --

FRAN

Ria's the new cleaner.

HELEN

Oh, hi --
(then, re Martha:)
Right, I need to sort her out. Penny
tell your auntie what you want to
drink --

Helen peels off, for the DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM --

HELEN (CONT'D)

(to Ria, as she goes:)
And I'd love a cup of tea, if
there's one going?

And she's gone. Ria bristles at being treated like the help.

PENNY

Aunty Fran, do you want to see my
dance?

Off Fran, she'd rather clear up Martha's shit.

CUT TO:

50 **INT. MAYBURY COURT - DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM - DAY 5 - 15.48** 50

RIA cleans up after Helen and Martha. She can hear MARTHA CRYING / SCREAMING from the kitchen. The tinny sound of Penny's YOUTUBE VIDEOS that she watches 24/7 --

After a beat, FRAN appears in the doorway --

 FRAN
 Sorry about them. My darling sister.
 And her brood.
 (then:)
 Come on Cinderella, with me --

CUT TO:

51 **INT. MAYBURY COURT - DRESSING ROOM - DAY 5 - 16.04** 51

FRAN and RIA in the DRESSING ROOM / WALK IN WARDROBE. From downstairs they can still hear Martha's faint CRIES --

Fran pulls out an LBD and holds it up to Ria --

 FRAN
 What do you think?

 RIA
 I don't know. It was only meant to
 be a casual drink anyway --

 FRAN
 Just try it on --

Fran hands over the DRESS. Ria hesitates --

 FRAN (CONT'D)
 Come on, haven't got all day.
 (off Ria's hesitation:)
 Fine, I'll turn around!

Fran turns as Ria, uncomfortable, pulls off her TOP, pulls down her JEANS. Martha's SCREAMS grow louder --

 RIA
 Are you close, with your sister?

 FRAN
 I mean we have nothing in common.
 Helen thinks that being a mother is
 the most important thing in the
 world. But that's only because she
 never had an ounce of ambition for
 herself.

 RIA
 Take that as a no then?

Ria stands in front of the MIRROR in her UNDERWEAR --

We see hundreds of TINY SCARS on her STOMACH, THIGHS, the backs of her LEGS. Self-inflicted wounds that have healed and are now thin and white --

RIA (CONT'D)
Did you ever want kids?

A beat.

FRAN
We talked about it. Simon and I. But
-- no -- wasn't for us --

A sense that there's more to this. But then --

FRAN (CONT'D)
Helen could never quite understand
that.

Ria slips on the dress --

RIA
You can turn now --

Fran turns. She ZIPS Ria up at the back and stands back.

FRAN
Look at that. Fits perfectly.

Fran tussles Ria's hair over her BARE SHOULDERS. Ria stares at herself in the MIRROR. She looks stunning.

RIA
(then, doubt creeping:)
I'm a terrible person --

Then, Fran removes her NECKLACE --

FRAN
Here, you can borrow this.
(off her look:)
It's okay, I've seen you look at it.
Not like they do these on a
cleaner's salary, is it?

Ria pulled up. Fran's directness. Bluntness --

- Fran places it delicately around Ria's neck.

FRAN (CONT'D)
Almost there --

Fran scoops up a LIPSTICK from nearby. She applies it to Ria's lips. Slowly. Carefully. Exactly.

Then, Fran stands back. Grimaces. Doesn't like it.

FRAN (CONT'D)
Sometimes less is more --

Then, using her FINGERS, Fran RUBS off the LIPSTICK. It's invasive. Intimate. Visceral. Almost sexual.

- Fran steps back, takes in her new creation.

- Ria looks at herself in the MIRROR. The dress. The necklace. She can't help but think that this is who she's meant to be. There's an intensity behind her eyes.

- A yearning. An ambition.

PENNY arrives in the doorway. She takes in Ria.

PENNY
(sotto:)
She's prettier than you.

Nothing more truthful than a child.

FADE TO:

52 **EXT. VICTORIAN ARCADE - NIGHT 5 - 19.29**

52

RIA approaches a trendy bar in a Victorian Arcade --

CUT TO:

53 **INT. VICTORIAN ARCADE - BAR - NIGHT 5 - 19.30**

53

As a nervous RIA ventures inside the TRENDY BAR she fingers Fran's NECKLACE that hangs around her neck.

Ria surveys the bar. She sees HIM. MIKE. Ria approaches --

RIA
... Hey.

Mike stands --

MIKE
Hey. Hi.

He's a bit awkward now. Sweet. Endearing. Finally:

RIA
You weren't this shy on the app --

Mike LAUGHS --

MIKE
Sorry. Do you want a drink? / I mean
what do you want to drink?

RIA
/ Yeah. Sure.

MIKE
Wine? Cocktail --

RIA
Uhhh -- cocktail. Yeah.

MIKE
Mojito -- or --

RIA
Yeah. Okay. Thanks.

As Mike peels off, Ria pulls out her phone, as we --

CUT TO:

54 **INT. MAYBURY COURT - LIVING ROOM/OFFICE - NIGHT 5 - 19.31** 54

FRAN in the living room, curled up on the sofa. TV on. Her phone PINGS!

A text, from Ria: **Here. No idea what I'm doing...**

Fran replies: **Is he hot?**

Ria: **So hot!!**

CUT TO:

55 **INT. VICTORIAN ARCADE - BAR - NIGHT 5 - 20.00** 55

At the bar, RIA and MIKE finishing up their first drinks. It's going well. Conversation flowing --

MIKE
I was lucky, apprenticeship straight out of school. At it ever since --

RIA
That's really great.

MIKE
Yeah, it's good money. Most years I clear 100K, easy. This last year, probably pushing 150K --

RIA
Wow. That's -- that's great.

Mike nods. Yeah, it is. Then:

MIKE
Not that I have much to do with the finances. My sister, she deals with all of that for me. I'm just good at spending it. -- What about you? What do you do? For work?

A beat. We PUSH IN on Ria. Her mind turning.
And in that moment, Ria makes a decision --
A decision that will change everything --

RIA
I run a company.
(off his look:)
High end furniture, light fittings,
refurbishments. That sort of thing.

Ria surprises herself, how easily she was able to lie --

MIKE
That's -- So you're your own boss
too?

RIA
(parroting Fran:)
Yeah. It's -- uh -- you know -- we
source from all over the world. The
States, Asia. Europe. Which isn't as
easy as it used to be. Obviously.

MIKE
How long have you been doing that?

RIA
You know. Few years now.

MIKE
That's. That's really cool.

Ria drains her cocktail. Then:

RIA
Same again?

MIKE
I can -- I'll get them --

RIA
(light, charming:)
Relax. I can buy a round.

Mike nods as Ria peels off to the bar --

We FOLLOW Ria. A new sense of CONFIDENCE now. The DRESS. The
NECKLACE. (Fran's life.) It's working for her --

And Ria is working it --

CUT TO:

At the BAR, the BARMAN finishes RIA's two COCKTAILS --

BARMAN

That's twenty-four please --

RIA

Twenty-four quid? For two drinks?

BARMAN

Two cocktails. Twelve pounds each.

Ria's like: *Fuck*. She pulls out the little ENVELOPE Fran gave her previously and hands over some cash. She spies a little TIP JAR on the bar. *Fuck that*.

RIA

I want the change.

CUT TO:

57

INT. VICTORIAN ARCADE - BAR - NIGHT 5 - 22.00

57

WIDE: RIA and MIKE DRINK. LAUGH. A great night. Ria places her HAND on Mike's ARM. Flirty. Suggestive. Fun.

CUT TO:

58

EXT. VICTORIAN ARCADE - NIGHT 5 - 22.15

58

The end of a great evening as RIA, not drunk but nicely TIPSY, waits for her Uber. MIKE next to her --

RIA

"Jesus" is on his way apparently.

MIKE

Toyota Prius?

RIA

Yeah.

MIKE

Course he is.

(then:)

Can I -- text you?

Ria glances up. The next step. To exchange numbers.

RIA

Uh. Yeah. Text me.

MIKE

Don't have your number.

Ria takes Mike's PHONE, taps in her number, hands it back.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'll call you so you have mine.

Mike calls Ria's PHONE. Ends the call. Then:

MIKE (CONT'D)

I had a really nice time.

The UBER rounds the corner --

RIA

He's here --

As the UBER pulls up. Mike gently takes her hand --

MIKE

Hey, wait --

They LOCK EYES. The sexual chemistry SIZZLES. And then, Mike leans in to KISS Ria. Their lips almost touching when --

JESUS (O.S.)

For Ria?

Ria and Mike break away. They LAUGH.

MIKE

Jesus arrived.

RIA

... Bye.

Ria KISSES him on the CHEEK and heads into the Uber...

CUT TO:

59

INT. RIA'S FLAT - BEDROOM - NIGHT 5 - 23.12

59

RIA and LEE are having CRAZY HOT SEX --

Ria on top, in total control --

But it's not Lee that Ria is thinking about, it's Mike --

As they both climax, Ria falls beside Lee --

LEE

... Fuck. Where did that come from?

Lee in shock. They haven't fucked like that in years --

Off Ria, the tiniest hint of a smile playing on her lips. The danger of it all, has awoken something deep inside --

And Ria's not entirely sure she'll be able to contain it --

FADE TO:

60

INT. MAYBURY COURT - KITCHEN - DAY 6 - 15.00

60

RIA MOPS the floor. Cold light of day. FRAN at the table --

FRAN

"He was nice." Is that it?

RIA

He was nice. I dunno. It's too weird. It feels -- wrong --

FRAN

Did anything happen?

RIA

No, course not. But it made me realise that I wanna try and make things work with Lee.

A CRASHING SOUND! They both turn to spy DEREK, having fallen from a ladder outside --

FRAN

Oh God --

Off Fran, rushing to Derek's aid --

CUT TO:

61

EXT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - DAY 6 - 15.02

61

RICHARD ABBOTT, 40s, a brilliant and loving father, plays FOOTBALL with his kids, ALICE, 9 and WILL, 7 --

His wife, ELERI, in GOAL. BABY JAMES, 8 months, in his BABY BOUNCER nearby, coo-ing along. Richard with the BALL now --

RICHARD

Ronaldo on the ball. To Messi --

Richard passes to Alice, who passes back --

RICHARD (CONT'D)

It's a quick one-two. To Rashford --

Richard passes to Will --

RICHARD (CONT'D)

It's Rashford to shoot --

Will shoots and --

RICHARD (CONT'D)

It's a goal!!

ELERI

That wasn't fair, I wasn't ready!

Richard and the KIDS celebrate but then, his PHONE RINGS --

RICHARD
(answering:)
Hello? --

A shadow falls across Richard's face --

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Is he okay? --

Eleri glances up, this doesn't sound good --

RICHARD (CONT'D)
I'm leaving now -- I'll be there
right now --

Richard ends the call. Panicked now --

ELERI
Richard, what's happened?

CUT TO:

62

EXT. MAYBURY COURT - BACK GARDEN - DAY 6 - 15.15

62

RIA sweeps up outside --

She receives a TEXT MESSAGE from Mike --

MIKE: Had fun last night. You around this weekend?

Ria puts her phone away without replying. No intention of ever seeing Mike again.

Then, she spies a RANGE ROVER approaching from the SIDE OF THE HOUSE (where employees usually park and enter) --

The car stops as RICHARD alights. Without acknowledging (or perhaps even seeing Ria) he heads up the concrete stairs and into the BACK DOOR --

Off Ria, *who the hell is that?*

CUT TO:

63

OMITTED

63

64

EXT. MAYBURY COURT - BACK GARDEN - STAIRS - DAY 6 - A FEW MINUTES LATER - 15.25

64

RIA, rubbish in hand, stands at the OPEN BACK DOORS, straining to hear VOICES coming from the KITCHEN. She might catch glimpses of FRAN, RICHARD and DEREK as they move about --

FRAN
Maybe it's time he retired?

RICHARD

Without work, he's going to get worse, that's what happens --

DEREK

I wish you two would stop talking about me like I'm not here. I slipped that's all...

As Derek grows increasingly frustrated, Richard remains gentle and compassionate --

RICHARD

Dad, we're just having a conversation. Why don't you wait in the car?

DEREK

I'm not a child, Richard.

RICHARD

Nobody said you were. Let me walk you out --

DEREK

I can manage!

Derek emerges from the KITCHEN, out the back entrance, moving past Ria.

RIA

... Are you okay?

Derek stops, turns, LOCKS EYES with Ria. Then:

DEREK

Get out of here while you can...

Ria's blood runs cold as, after a beat, Derek peels off.

Ria almost frozen. What does she do?

Ria turns back to the kitchen. She strains to hear Fran and Richard. But nothing now. Silence. Can't see them either.

She turns back towards the GARDEN. Does she follow Derek?

After a moment of indecision, Ria heads towards the house --

CUT TO:

65

**EXT./INT. MAYBURY COURT - KITCHEN / UTILITY ROOM - DAY 6 - 65
MOMENTS LATER - 15.28**

RIA tentatively ventures into the kitchen. No Fran. No Richard. Where the hell have they gone?

Then, a SOUND, a NOISE (possibly some sort of GRUNT?) coming from the UTILITY ROOM --

Moving slowly towards the UTILITY ROOM, she spies the door slightly ajar. Ria approaches. Through a CRACK IN THE DOOR, reflected in a MIRROR she spies RICHARD and FRAN. Talking. Quieter now. Closer. But wait. Are they talking?

Ria can't hear them --

Then, she spies Richard's jeans around his ankles, Fran's legs wrapped around his waist.

They're fucking --

Fran on top of the washing machine, arching back --

Ria frozen, in shock --

And then, her EYES FIXED on the tangle of BODIES, Ria slowly pulls out her PHONE, raises it, and starts to FILM --

CUT TO:

66 **INT. MAYBURY COURT - FRAN'S BEDROOM - DAY 6 - LATER - 16.06**

RIA vacuums as she hears a car drive away. She moves towards the WINDOW to spy RICHARD depart with DEREK --

And then, she raises her PHONE. Watches that recording. Fran and Richard FUCKING. Off Ria, inscrutable. Ice cold.

What's she playing at?

CUT TO:

67 **INT. MAYBURY COURT - LIVING ROOM/OFFICE - DAY 6 - LATER - 18.45**

FRAN at her laptop as RIA enters --

RIA
That's me done for the day.

Fran nods, barely looks up from her laptop --

RIA (CONT'D)
(faux nonchalance:)
Who was the man earlier, in the Range Rover?

FRAN
Oh that's Richard. Derek's son. He handles all the shipping. Logistics. We've known him for years.

RIA
Is Derek okay?

FRAN

He's getting old. I think he's got some type of dementia but he won't go to the doctors, doesn't want to stop working. So -- it's tough. On Richard, especially --

Ria nods. Makes to depart. Hesitates. And then --

RIA

I saw you.

(off Fran's look:)

With Richard. I didn't mean to. But I did.

They LOCK EYES. A long silence. Finally:

FRAN

Would you like to stay for a drink?

CUT TO:

68

EXT. MAYBURY COURT - GARDEN - EVENING 6 - 18.50

68

RIA and FRAN sit around the FIRE PIT, near to the GUEST HOUSE. Drinks in hand.

FRAN

Simon's away so much, working. And Richard -- he's here. And he's nice. And I know he's got a wife and kids and I'm married and I'm meant to feel awful but... I don't.

(then:)

Suppose that makes me a terrible person.

RIA

I don't think it does.

FRAN

Simon and I, we've been together for so long that -- You don't want to hear all of this --

RIA

I do. I'm a right nosy cow --

Fran SMILES. Then:

FRAN

My husband is kind and lovely. Except when he's not.

A beat. Ria takes in Fran. Her vulnerability. Then:

RIA

How come you asked me to work for you? I mean. I've worked for people who wanted me to be their therapist, not their cleaner. Happens all the time. I've had people who the only person they see once a week is me. And that's fine. But you're --

FRAN

What?

RIA

I dunno. Different.

A beat.

FRAN

I felt sorry for you --

(then:)

I saw you take that food. Nobody should live like that.

Ria burns with shame.

FRAN (CONT'D)

But turns out you are a great cleaner. And I like having you around. You're smart, Ria. You just don't know it. Because nobody's ever told you. Well I am. I'm telling you. You can be so much more than you are. You deserve so much more.

A beat. This lands on Ria. For someone like Fran to tell her that. That she's smart. That she deserves more. Then:

RIA

Thank you.

And there they sit. Employer and employee. Or are they friends now? Finally:

FRAN

Forgot to ask: If you're free this weekend -- any chance you could housesit?

CUT TO:

69

INT. RIA'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING 6 - 19.20

69

RIA arrives home, chucks her COAT and BAG down --

RIA

Lee? Guess what we're doing this weekend?!

Silence. Ria checks the BEDROOM --

RIA (CONT'D)

Lee? -- Where are you? Lee?

No Lee. Which is weird. She pulls out her mobile. Dials.

After a beat, he answers --

LEE (O.S.)

Hey -- can I call you back?

RIA

Where are you?

CUT TO:

70

INT. PAWNBROKERS / RIA'S FLAT - EVENING 6 - 19.20

70

LEE, on the PHONE, having just stepped away from the COUNTER of the local pawn brokers, separated from the PAWNBROKER WORKER by a robust, PERSPEX PARTITION --

LEE

I'm at my mum's. TV bust again --

We INTERCUT BETWEEN RIA AND LEE --

RIA

You're not at your mum's. I can hear people --

LEE

Yeah, it's the -- uh -- TV --

RIA

You just said it was broken?

LEE

Ria, I need to call you back.

RIA

You're at the pub --

LEE

No, I'm not, Ria, I'll call you back, five minutes --

RIA

Are you seriously at the pub? With what money?

LEE

Ria, I can't talk right now --

RIA
(then, *decision made:*)
I'm going away this weekend. With
Sharla.

LEE
What? Where?

RIA
Bristol. We're staying with her
friend --

LEE
Ria, I'll literally call you back in
five minutes --

But Ria HANGS UP. *Fuck you.* Lee exhales, when --

PAWN BROKER EMPLOYEE
Can give you -- a hundred for both?

Lee glances from the EMPLOYEE to his PLAYSTATION 4 and the
ROBOT CLEANER on the counter. He was hoping for more, but --

LEE
Fine.

Off Lee, doing his best to step up and provide --

Back with Ria, furious with Lee, as she impulsively TEXTS
Mike: **Do you want to come over tomorrow night?**

Off Ria, playing an increasingly dangerous game.

FADE TO:

71

INT. MAYBURY COURT - KITCHEN / HALLWAY - DAY 7 - 16.16

71

FRAN grabs at her SUITCASE / KEYS, heading for the DOOR --

FRAN
Any problems just give me a call.
(light:)
No wild parties please --

RIA
I'm just gonna chill. Got *Married at
First Sight* to catch up on, so --

FRAN
There's some face masks in the
bathroom. You're welcome to them.
Enjoy yourself --

Off RIA, *oh she intends to...* UP-TEMPO MUSIC IN. The same
track that Fran was listening to when Ria first arrived --

CUT TO:

72 **EXT. MAYBURY COURT - DAY 7 - 16.26**

72

MUSIC CONTINUES as RIA, framed in the FRONT DOOR, watches FRAN drive away --

Off Ria, Lady of the Manor --

CUT TO:

73 **INT. MAYBURY COURT - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY 7 - MOMENTS LATER** 73
16.44

MUSIC CONTINUES as RIA moves around, removing PHOTOS of Fran and Simon, placing them in DRAWERS.

CUT TO:

74 **INT. MAYBURY COURT - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT 7 - 19.35** 74

MUSIC CONTINUES as RIA tries on Fran's CLOTHES, settling on an expensive but casual JUMPER --

Her JEWELLERY, settling on a NECKLACE --

CUT TO:

75 **INT. MAYBURY COURT - FRAN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT 7 - 19.58** 75

MUSIC CONTINUES with RIA in-front of the MIRROR, all of Fran's make-up and cosmetics in-front of her. Getting ready.

Glancing up to the MIRROR, Ria PULLS HER HAIR BEHIND HER EAR, just like Fran does. Getting into character --

Then, the SOUND of KNOCKING at the FRONT DOOR --

RIA
(just like Fran:)
Music off.

MUSIC CUTS. Deep breath! *Oh shit*. This is really happening.

CUT TO:

76 **INT. MAYBURY COURT - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT 7 - 20.00** 76

RIA opens the FRONT DOOR to --

MIKE
Wasn't sure if this was the right house?

RIA
Come in...

MIKE ventures inside, his jaw almost on the floor --

MIKE

Bloody hell. This is a bit nice.

Ria LAUGHS. She LOCKS the front door.

RIA

It was -- my parents'. Originally.

(then:)

... Tour?

CUT TO:

77

INT. MAYBURY COURT - VARIOUS - NIGHT 7 - 20.06

77

RIA gives MIKE the grand tour (like Fran previously) --

- THE OFFICE:

RIA

... Office.

Mike nods. Almost amused.

- FRAN'S BEDROOM:

RIA (CONT'D)

Master bedroom. And through here, is the --

MIKE

Nice.

- FRAN'S BATHROOM:

RIA

En-suite. With settee. Not that I've ever sat on it. Because you wouldn't, would you, wet --

MIKE

(still amused:)

Guess not.

Off Ria, totally at ease, in control --

CUT TO:

78

INT. MAYBURY COURT - KITCHEN - NIGHT 7 - 21.25

78

RIA and MIKE finishing up a TAKE AWAY. Sushi. Ria proficient with those chopsticks now. Harper watches on, knowing.

Ria pours Mike a fresh glass of wine --

MIKE

Feel like a bit of a knob now.

RIA

Why?

MIKE

When we met, I spent like twenty minutes banging on about being a plumber and being my own boss and giving it the big "I am." And the whole time you're like -- Kim Kardashian or whatever --

RIA

I'm really not.

Out of the corner of her eye, Ria clocks another FRAMED PHOTO of Fran and husband Simon that she forgot to remove. *Shit.*

RIA (CONT'D)

Do you wanna watch a film or something?

MIKE

Yeah. Sounds cool.

A beat. Ria "accidentally" KNOCKS OVER HER GLASS of wine --

RIA

Oh no --

MIKE

I've got it --

Mike grabs some KITCHEN ROLL from the side but it's the very last of the ROLL --

RIA

There's some more --

MIKE

I've got it --

Mike opens a nearby CUPBOARD and pulls out a FRESH ROLL. (Ria doesn't notice -- and we may not either at this point -- but how the hell did he know which cupboard to open?!)

With Mike's back turned, Ria clandestinely swipes the FRAMED PHOTO and tucks it in a drawer. Out of sight.

CUT TO:

79

INT. MAYBURY COURT - MEDIA ROOM - NIGHT 7 - 21.39

79

MIKE and RIA in the MEDIA ROOM, watching a comedy. Both LAUGHING. Drinking more wine. On the way to being tipsy --

Mike reaches out, takes Ria's hand in his. She likes it. It feels good. It feels -- right --

A beat. Mike LAUGHS a little -- (not at the movie) --

RIA
What?

MIKE
Nothing.

RIA
(then:)
Why are you looking at me like that?

MIKE
Not looking at you like anything --

He LAUGHS again. Fun. Flirtatious.

RIA
Yes you are! Oh-my-god -- what?!
(off his look:)
Say it... Just say it...

A beat.

MIKE
D'you ever do coke?

Off Ria, she can't do coke in Fran's house. -- *Can she?*

CUT TO:

80

INT. SNOOKER HALL - NIGHT 7 - 21.40

80

LEE and his mate, BOATS, 30s, mid-pint --

BOATS
You wanna work construction?

LEE
Why's that so funny?

BOATS
Mate, look at you. You're a lanky
streak of piss --

LEE
Mate, just ask him.

BOATS
I'll ask him.

LEE
(then:)
And after I get a job I'm gonna
propose.
(off his look:)
When I've got money -- I'm gonna do
it all properly --

BOATS

Fuck me. You smack your head or what? Look at you. All grown up.

GAYNOR (O.S.)

Oh, what you being a prick for?!

They turn. A COMMOTION at the BAR. A DRUNK WOMAN, GAYNOR, 40s, KICKING OFF. Strong Cardiff accents all round --

GAYNOR (CONT'D)

Just gimme a drink, init?!

A shadow falls across Lee's face --

BARMAN

Gaynor, I ain't gonna serve you --

GAYNOR

My money not good enough for you, is it? You big, bald twat!

BOATS

Oh mate, your mum is on one again...

Lee burns with SHAME --

LEE

I've gotta go --

Lee departs, head down. Near the entrance, he bumps into SHARLA, arriving with a GAGGLE OF MATES --

SHARLA

Alright, Lee?

LEE

... What are you doing here?

SHARLA

You what?

LEE

Where's Ria?

SHARLA

I dunno. She's your girlfriend --

LEE

Why aren't you in Bristol or wherever the fuck you're meant to be?

SHARLA

What are you talking about, Bristol? Don't fucking swear at me. I ain't even heard from Ria --

Off Lee, a horrible, sinking feeling...

CUT TO:

81

INT. MAYBURY COURT - KITCHEN - NIGHT 7 - 21.43

81

We come in on RIA and MIKE having just done a line of coke off the kitchen table. Ria gets a bit of a head rush --

MIKE

Yeah, it's good stuff.

Ria has some COKE on the end of her nose --

MIKE (CONT'D)

You've got some -- can I?

Mike reaches out, wipes it. They LOCK EYES. That SEXUAL CHEMISTRY again. It CRACKLES.

Mike LICKS his finger, dips it in the BAGGY of coke and raises his FINGER to Ria's MOUTH --

Ria takes his FINGER inside her MOUTH as Mike rubs the coke on her gums. After a beat:

MIKE (CONT'D)

You're so hot. You're so fucking hot.

They start to KISS. It's HOT. And HEAVY. And HORNY.

Mike pushes Ria up against a kitchen counter. He runs his hand up Ria's thigh, into her pants. It feels good --

Ria MOANS. Reaches for Mike's crotch. She unbuttons his JEANS and reaches inside --

Ria and Mike are going at it when her MOBILE RINGS.

Ria pulls away. **"Lee Calling."** She promptly CANCELS the call.

Then, a TEXT comes through, from Lee: **Where are you?**

A shadow falls across Ria's face --

MIKE (CONT'D)

Are you okay? Who is it?

RIA

No-one.

Another TEXT: **I've just seen Sharla. Call me.**

A shadow falls across Ria's face. *Shit-shit-shit--*

Her PHONE RINGS again. **"Lee calling."** --

MIKE
Turn it off...

RIA
I am!

But, before she can, ANOTHER CALL: "**FRAN CALLING**".

RIA (CONT'D)
Fuck --

MIKE
What's going on?

Ria CANCELS the call. Off her fear, as we --

CUT TO:

82 **INT./EXT. FRAN'S CAR / CARDIFF STREETS - NIGHT 7 - 21.44** 82

FRAN drives. Back towards the house.

She leaves Ria a v/mail:

FRAN
It's me. Got half way there and
realised I forgot the bloody key!
Absolute shit show. Anyway --

CUT TO:

83 **INT. MAYBURY COURT - KITCHEN - NIGHT 7 - 21.44** 83

MIKE chops up another line of COKE on the table as RIA
desperately cleans up, listening to the V/MAIL from Fran --

FRAN (V.O.)
Waze says I'm ten minutes away --

Ria's blood runs cold. Then:

RIA
Uh. We -- we need to leave. We
should go out somewhere --

MIKE
What?

Ria collects the EMPTY GLASSES and BOTTLES OF WINE etc.
Cleaning up --

RIA
Let's go for a walk or something.

Mike LAUGHS. *Is she serious?*

MIKE
What are you talking about?

Ria grabs a FLEECE from the nearby RACK, pulls it on, covering Fran's top --

Mike SNORTS another line --

RIA
Can you not do that please?

Another call. **"Lee Calling."** She cancels it.

RIA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry but... you really have to leave --

MIKE
Why? Who keeps calling?

A beat. Ria tries a different tack --

RIA
My boyfriend's on his way home.
(off Mike's silence:)
He's on his way back and you need to leave --

MIKE
I can't tell if you're being serious right now?

RIA
I'm being serious. I'm sorry.
(off his shock)
I'm really sorry.

MIKE
This is fucked.

"Lee Calling." She cancels it. Again.

RIA
I know. But you need to go. Just -- go --

MIKE
(then, indignant:)
I need to use the toilet.

RIA
Fine. Use the downstairs one. Then please, fuck off --

Mike's hackles up now. Drunk. High. Emotions running high.

MIKE
What you being like that for?

RIA
I'm not being like anything! Just
get out!

Mike takes in Ria. His FURY barely in check. How dare a woman
speak to him like this?

MIKE
Think I'll use the toilet first. And
maybe I'll take a big fucking dump --

RIA
Oh my god, JUST LEAVE!!

Mike takes in Ria. And then --

He almost swaggers towards the DOWNSTAIRS LOO. Turns out, a
coked up Mike is the poster boy for TOXIC MASCULINITY --

Ria on the verge of a PANIC ATTACK now. A text from Fran: **You
at the house?** *Fuck-Fuck-Fuck!* The walls closing in --

JUMP TO: Ria frantically CLEANS the KITCHEN. Wiping remnants
of COKE from the table. She places her phone down --

Then, she suddenly remembers. Fran's NECKLACE, EARRINGS --

Ria pulls off the jewellery, shoves them in a nearby
cupboard. After a beat, Mike returns --

MIKE
You forgot one --

He holds up a FRAMED PHOTO: Fran and Simon. Ria forgot to
hide the one in the downstairs loo --

RIA
What? -- That's -- my aunt. She's --
It's my aunt --

But Ria is less than convincing. She's spiraling --

MIKE
You're a shitty liar.

Ria's PHONE RINGS again. "**Lee Calling**". It continues for the
rest of the scene. Building. Loud. Piercing. Relentless --

MIKE (CONT'D)
Who are you? Come on, tell me. The
PA? House keeper? -- *Cleaner?*

Mike sees a shadow fall across Ria's face --

MIKE (CONT'D)
That's it, isn't it? You're the
cleaner --

As Mike LAUGHS HYSTERICALLY --

MIKE (CONT'D)
YOU'RE THE FUCKING CLEANER?!

RIA
GET OUT! I SAID GET OUT!! GET OUT!
GET OUT! GET OUT!

Ria, drunk and high, grabs a GLASS (a WHISKEY TUMBLER) and without realising what she's doing she HURLS it at Mike --

The glass hits the CORNER OF MIKE'S HEAD and SMASHES on the floor. Mike STUNNED. Ria STUNNED.

Did that really just happen?!

After a beat, Mike raises his HAND to his head. BLOOD.

Ria's PHONE stops ringing. Silence.

Mike turns back to Ria. RED MIST descending --

RIA (CONT'D)
(then, suddenly terrified:)
No. Don't --

Ria grabs at her PHONE and *runs, runs* --

CUT TO:

84 **INT./EXT. FRAN'S CAR / CARDIFF STREETS - NIGHT 7 - 21.47** 84

FRAN drives back to the house. Closer now.

CUT TO:

85 **INT. MAYBURY COURT - DINING ROOM / MAIN ENTRANCE / STAIRS /
UPSTAIRS HALLWAY / GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT 7 - 21.47** 85

RIA *runs* through the side DINING ROOM -- She dials 999 as MIKE gives chase --

Ria emerges into the MAIN ENTRANCE but her escape route is BLOCKED by Mike, who emerges from the other direction --

RIA
-- *Get away from me!* --

A split-second decision as Ria rushes up the STAIRS --

Mike right behind her, in pursuit --

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Emergency, which service do you require?

RIA (ON PHONE)
Police! Help! Please!

Mike DIVES and GRABS at Ria's LEG, pulls her to her knees --

MIKE
I'm going to fucking kill you!

RIA
Help! Help me!

Ria's PHONE falls down the stairs -- still connected to 999 --

Ria turns and KICKS Mike in the FACE. He momentarily releases his grip as Ria scrambles to her feet --

-- *Run, run, run!* --

Ria rushes up the stairs, along the HALLWAY and into the GUEST BEDROOM --

Mike gets back to his feet and gives chase once more --

CUT TO:

86 **INT. MAYBURY COURT - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT 7 - CONTINUOUS -86**
 21.49

RIA rushes inside. But she realises she's now cornered. Trapped. The ORIGINAL FIREPLACE --

The CAST IRON poker, small shovel etc next to it --

The sound of MIKE's BREATHING from outside. Approaching.

Ria needs to do something. Fast.

CUT TO:

87 **INT./EXT. FRAN'S CAR / MAYBURY COURT - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT**
 7 - 21.52

FRAN turns into Maybury Court. The GATES OPEN.

-- *Hurry! Hurry!* --

BACK IN THE BEDROOM: MIKE enters. He glances around. No Ria.

Then, he spies a WARDROBE DOOR ajar. *She must be inside* --

Mike approaches. Slowly. Purposefully.

OUTSIDE: Fran alights from the car. Approaches the house --

BACK INSIDE: Mike SLOWLY opens the wardrobe door when --

-- *WHACK!* --

From behind, RIA SWINGS AT MIKE with the POKER! He ducks as Ria misses. With Mike distracted, Ria dashes out --

Ria rushes back into the HALLWAY and UP THE NEXT FLIGHT OF STAIRS now --

RIA
No! Please!

Mike bursts out of the bedroom, chasing Ria --

CUT TO:

88

INT./EXT. FRAN'S CAR / MAYBURY COURT - NIGHT 7 - CONTINUOUS8-21.54

A CIRCULAR BANNISTER with a TWO STOREY DROP below --

RIA
Get away from me!

MIKE tries to get to Ria as she moves around the CIRCULAR BANNISTER. But Mike's too quick, he GRABS HER --

They TUSSLE as Ria struggles to break free --

RIA (CONT'D)
Get off!

Mike PUNCHES Ria. Hard. In the face. Brutal. Shocking.

Then, the SOUND OF THE FRONT DOOR OPENING below --

With Mike momentarily distracted, Ria charges at Mike, almost rugby tackling him --

The force of the COLLISION, forces Mike BACKWARDS --

He FALLS THROUGH THE BANNISTER --

-- **MIKE FALLS THROUGH THE AIR, DOWN TWO STOREYS** --

As his body reaches the bottom --

-- **BANG!** --

Mike IMPALED on the LIGHT FITTING affixed to the BANNISTER.

-- The LIGHTS in the HOUSE FLICKER --

FRAN enters, as MIKE'S BODY FALLS to the GROUND BELOW.

In shock, she glances up at Ria, descending the stairs. Her face red and sore, as she stares down at **MIKE'S DEAD BODY.**

Off Fran and Ria, their lives changed forever, as we --

SNAP TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE ONE.