

44 INCH CHEST

Written by

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PROLOGUE

Stagnant black water ... Greasy. Pitch. Thick. Oily.
Dense. Heavy... Lapping... Slow.... A desolate canal... Night.

Onto dark stones... rain-slicked... darkest slate-grey cobbles...

And on through streets... Narrow. Grimy. Sooty.
Rank...
Deserted...

Pastal-disused Victorian broken-windowed, derelict
buildings and wharf side warehouses with rotten oak loading
beams and rusted iron chains... Mossy, mildewed walls... Dripping
fetid water from corroded dilapidated ancient ruined
guttering...

Moving... Turning... Into a pinched, arched, alleyway -- If
anything darker, blacker... Foreboding... Forsaken...

And if we listen -- If we strain our ears -- listen -- we can
hear music -- faint. Ghostly. Haunting ... "Take Me Back To
Dear Ol' Blighty " as if sung by a jolly girl in a long gone
bar surrounded by drunken men...

We keep moving... The music growing... In the distance a faint
glow.... Dirty-yellow, diffused, misty light... We move towards
it... Towards the piss-coloured light...

We stop... In the middle of nowhere... Dark nowhere... and the
music fades... Fades away... Vanished... Extreme silence... All we
have is all we can see...

The gable end of an old house.... Limey-light bleeding weakly
from a broken, filthy window... All is still -- suddenly it
comes crashing down -- the end wall comes crashing down - a
flurry of bricks and mortar... Crashing down... The tumble of
masonry... And through clouds of brick-dust and rubble we see
figures inside... Through a smokey powdered fog we can see a
group of men in the downstairs room of the derelict house...

On the walls faded 40's wallpaper, peeling in parts to reveal older dim patterns... damp patches... A window crudely boarded up... A few unmatched armchairs in various states of disrepair -- a 60's black vinyl, a deco-patterned smoker, a 70's cream plastic, a brown wooden kitchen chair etc... The colours in the room are browns, greys, caramels, darks, muted...

In the middle of the room, standing on dusty, bare wooden floorboards, his fist clenched aggressively by his sides, is OLD MAN PEANUT, aged 80... Skinny... Wearing a dark three piece suit... Gold watch chain... Black Homburg... He is squaring up to us... Staring...

3.

CONTINUED: (2)

Slightly behind, to his left, sitting nonchalantly cross-legged in a battered brown leather wingback armchair and casually smoking a Davidoff cigarette, is MEREDITH, late 40's... Suave... Immaculate... Wearing black handmade boots, black Saville Row suit, black cashmere roll neck sweater, herring bone overcoat with a black velvet collar, brown leather gloves, his jet-black hair is heavily brilliantined... Behind him an old wardrobe...

Standing with his back three quarters to us, and leaning on a broken, chipped, mantelpiece over a smashed tiled fireplace is ARCHIE, aged 52... Big... Avuncular... Wearing a car coat and casual nondescript clothes... he is pouring himself a Captain Morgan's rum from a bottle into a polystyrene cup... He sort of sees us -- is not fussed -- drinks...

Standing at the back of the room, in front of a door which

*

has at some time been on fire, (it's yellowing, tobacco-ey paint charred and blistered), is MAL, aged mid-40's... Wearing a silver-grey suit, white shirt, duck-egg blue silk tie...

There is another man in the room but we do not see his face -- for he sits slumped, head in his hands in one of the armchairs - a picture of despair. He wears an olive green shirt, brown trousers, maroon braces... This is COLIN, aged late 40's...

CUT TO

Blackness and silence...

In the silent black an outsize boot appears - scuffed and tatty... Attached to skinny legs in black tights... The legs gangle and flip pulling into view a bony, pasty, bare torso which is undulating oddly -- and here comes the head! - Long, lank, shoulder length hair... Dripping from a white domed pate - The face poker straight in contrast to the comedic body-antics -- A grave-grey face -- Fleshy, bulbous, rubbery... Ladies and Gentlemen -- MAX WALL!

He goon-walks about for a bit in the black space... Baboon-bottomed... As if knees tied together... Aflickin' and akickin' his clown boots... His unhappy face... Like death... Prancing... Ridiculous dancing... Absurd...

Giant C/U on his morose contorted phizzog...

MAX

(Directly to us... darkly)
...Evenin'!

CUT TO

Music... Loud... "BREED" by NIRVANA...

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4.

CONTINUED: (3)

CUT TO

TITLE

44' CHEST in Caucasian-flesh-coloured writing on black...

We

see chest hairs in the lettering...

CUT TO

1 INT LIVING ROOM DETACHED SUBURBAN VILLA NIGHT
1 *

MUSIC... 'WITHOUT YOU' by NILSSON...

We are out of focus on purple... white... scattered sparkling "jewels"? begin to come into focus and we see that they are in fact pieces of broken glass... Thousands of splinters and shards strewn across a purple Wilton carpet... the white fur of a luxurious sheepskin rug in bits... Ripped to shreds... In extreme C/U we begin to move along the floor slowly taking in more debris of destruction... Smashed chair... Smashed photographs... Broken records... Ripped, shredded record sleeves -- 'THE POWER OF LOVE' by JENNIFER RUSH -- 'HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU' by OLIVIA NEWTON JOHN -- 'I WILL ALWAYS LOVE YOU' by WHITNEY HOUSTON etc.

The TV remote smashed to smithereens... The television -- widescreen -- TOTALLED!... We move along the plush 'World of Leather' leather sofa... See that a chunk has been bitten out of it... See teeth marks -- like a bite out of cheese!... Moving on past an area of slashed carpet and underfelt... Approaching the legs of a sideboard and seeing into the blackness underneath... We can just make out the quizzical, frightened eyes of a white poodle... We move on... Past twisted, wrecked lampshades... Broken plates, ornaments... An up-ended vase of half-eaten flowers... NILSSON continues his self-pitying overwrought ballad and as he hits the massive, masochistic chorus/crescendo we come across COLIN lying rigid on his back in the corner of the devastated room... His shocked eyes staring wildly... His body petrified. Paralysed... As if frozen at the height of an epileptic fit -- Like something from Pompeii -- Like Max Schrek as Nosferatu hit by light... We stay on COLIN... His uncomprehending terror-filled eyes... His sheer rigor mortis-like horror... We move in on him... Into the black of his eyes... The tragic, agonised black..

CROSS FADE TO

5.

2 **EXT DETACHED SUBURBAN VILLA NIGHT**

2 *

We are outside, square on to an upstairs window of a detached suburban villa... We hear muffled sounds from inside the house... Yells... Screaming... Cries... Commotion... And suddenly the glass window explodes towards us as a desperate terrified woman comes crashing through... Having run full pelt to escape from something... This is LIZ, aged 44...

CUT TO

3 INT LIVING ROOM SMALL TERRACED HOUSE NIGHT
3

Television on... ARCHIE'S MUM aged 80 is eating soup from a tray on her lap... ARCHIE, aproned, watches on fondly...

ARCHIE

...'Ow's that, Mum?

MUM

`S gorgeous, Archie!

ARCHIE

Put hairs on your chest, that will!...
Panarama'll be on soon -- after the
new s... Da vi d Dim bl e- bim bl eb y! Your
favourite!

MUM

(Pleased... eating)
What is this?

ARCHIE

That -- Mulligatawny! King of soups!

MUM

`S nice!

Now a phone rings elsewhere in the house...

ARCHIE

Whoops -- there's me mobilus! `Scuse I!...

He leaves the room... Goes into the darkened pokey hallway...
Takes his mobile phone from his car-coat pocket... Answers...

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

...Who is this?... I'm not understandin'
ya!... I'm not getting' ya!... `Ooever you
are, stop cryin'!... Stop it! Listen -- I
wanna help you... but I can't help you if I
don't know who you are... and what you're
on ab out ! W hat a re yo u on ab ou t? ...
(listens)... Yeah, Archie, that's me... slow
down... we'll get there much quicker if you
-- (re al is es) -- Col?

(MORE)

3 CONTINUED:
3

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

Colin ?!... Wha's happened?... (alarmed)
Whaaat?!... No?!... When?!...

CUT TO

4 INT LIVING ROOM DETACHED SUBURBAN VILLA NIGHT
4

Music 'WITHOUT YOU' by NILSSON...

COLIN, as before, lying in the wrecked room... The music ends...
Suddenly we hear ARCHIE'S voice ...

ARCHIE'S VOICE

(Gently)
... Col... Col... C'mon mate this is no good...
Colin...

We now see ARCHIE sitting in a nearby armchair, smoking,
patient...

ARCHIE

... C'mon mate, you can't lie `ere forever!

The rigid COLIN, ignoring him, has suddenly, belatedly,
realised that the music has stopped... Desperately needing his
friend, NILSSON -- like a man in excruciating pain reaching
for a gallon of morphine, he frantically, urgently twists his
body on the floor and reaching behind, hammers the play
button on the nearby ghetto blaster... And slowly, gently,
kindly, the piano intro of NILSSON'S gorgeous wallow re-
commences... Colin, somewhat soothed, eases back into his
former rigid, mortified position.

CUT TO

5 INT LUXURIOUS THAMESIDE PENTHOUSE NIGHT
5 *

MEREDITH, sits on a sofa staring intently at another man on
*
an opposite sofa. A phone begins to ring.
*

CUT TO

6 INT HUGE TASTEFULLY DECORATED LIVING SPACE PENTHOUSE NIGHT
6

The phone continues to ring...

*

MEREDITH

`Allo?... (amiable) `Allo, Arch!...

CUT TO

7 **INT VAN DAY**

7

We are on MAL in the back of the scruffy van seated on the wheelbase... Opposite him is MEREDITH calmly smoking ... ARCHIE drives... COLIN slumped beside him in the passenger seat...

7.

7 **CONTINUED:**

7

ARCHIE

(concerned)

You alright, Col?

But COLIN is sobbing... quietly sobbing... sobbing his heart out... ARCHIE looks in the rear view mirror at MAL... Who in turn looks to MEREDITH who calmly smokes raising an eyebrow... Now the van swings into a cul-de-sac, headlights illuminating a row of tatty garages and picking out OLD MAN PEANUT who stands there stony-faced... MAL opens the rear door... OLD MAN PEANUT clammers in... ARCHIE throws the van into reverse and takes off again....

CUT TO

8 **EXT/INT VAN HIGH STREET DAY**

8

The van double-parked engine running ... COLIN still slumped in his seat staring teary-eyed at the dash-board... MEREDITH and OLD MAN PEANUT in the back focused on the exterior of an Italian restaurant...

CUT TO

9 **INT FRENCH RESTAURANT DAY**

9 *

Busy, bustling atmosphere... Customers becoming aware of a commotion at the back of the restaurant... Now their

consternation grows as MAL who has got hold of one of the waiters (we cannot see his face as his red shirt has ridden up over his head in the struggle) is violently, relentlessly, frog-marching him at great pace towards the door... We are with ARCHIE overseeing the 'operation'... Staff terrified... Customers alarmed... ARCHIE wheels round wielding an outside pepper grinder like a club... Crash/zoom in on him...

ARCHIE

(Menacingly)

Just get on with yer meals! Concentrate on your snails!

*

He too backs out of the door...

CUT BACK TO...

10 **EXT/INT VAN HIGH STREET DAY**
10

MEREDITH and OLD MAN PEANUT watching as MAL, THE WAITER and ARCHIE spill onto the street... ARCHIE discarding the giant pepper grinder as he goes... THE HAPLESS WAITER is bundled into the back of the van... ARCHIE gets in... It drives off...

CUT TO

8.

11 **EXT STREET OUTSIDE CORNER SHOP SUNNY DAY**
11

ARCHIE, holding a carrier bag of shopping, is in conversation with another man, BIGGY WALPOLE, aged 58, wears tweed sports jacket, cavalry twills, brown suede brogues, handlebar moustache, Daily Mail under his arm, his dog ROSEMARY, a wire-haired terrier, by his side...

BIGGY

...That's a bad show.

ARCHIE

'S a fuckin' bad show... He couldn't do nothin'... like a wet lettuce! (they both shake their heads)

BIGGY

Liz, eh? - Who'da thought it?!... Poor Colin! (PAU SE) S o you 're b ack t here tonight then?

ARCHIE

(Wearily)
Yup, back again... Round two... Poor bastard... anyway... Anyway...

BIGGY

Cuckoldry - Cuckoldry - terrible word! - Terrible Thing!... Is he up to it d'you think? Will he do it?

ARCHIE

(Protective)
Oh, he'll do it! He'll do it! He'll kill 'im! 'S gotta in'he?! Just needs a bit of time that's all - get over the shock... Oh, he'll do it - no question!

BIGGY

Well g ive h im my rega rds.. . Sen d my condolences.

ARCHIE

I will - I will, Bigg - I'll pass them on.

BIGGY

(Almost to himself. Suddenly sinister)
... Meredith, eh?... Meredith.

ARCHIE

... And Mal... and Peanut ... and me...

BIGGY

... Meredith.

ARCHIE

(Changing the subject)
'Ow's Rosemary?

BIGGY

... I dunno... ask her!

ARCHIE

(Looking down at the dog)
Allo, Rosemary... 'Ow's you?

We are on ROSEMARY'S expectant face looking up at ARCHIE ...
Over this we hear...

BIGGY'S DOGGIE VOICE

(Gruff)
I'm alright, 'spose -- thanks for askin'.

ARCHIE

(To Rosemary)
'S he lookin' after you? Keepin' you in
sausages?

We are on ROSEMARY...

BIGGY'S DOGGIE VOICE

What this cunt?! Jokin' intchya?! - If
he opens another tin of Chum, I'm gonna
bite his bollocks off!

ARCHIE smiles. Looks back to BIGGY...

BIGGY

(Tuts)
Charmin'!

ARCHIE

(Beginning to move off)
...Well I'll catch ya later, Biggy ...
Bye Rosemary!

BIGGY

(Beginning to walk off in the
other direction)
Toodle pip!

ARCHIE is walking away... BIGGY and ROSEMARY in the other
direction... Suddenly BIGGY stop's... turns... stares darkly
at the departing figure of ARCHIE who ambles off unaware...
BIGGY is staring with such hatred... we move in on his
face... His hating face... we are close up... he stares just
off camera... seems he is growling... low... primal growls...
and now his hand, claw-like, comes into frame... he is
reaching towards us... threatening-ly ... and slowly his
hating eyes follow... and he is staring right at us...

CUT TO.

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10.

12 INT ROOM IN DERELICT HOUSE NIGHT

12

The room is as described in the prologue albeit with gable wall intact... MAL stands by the crumbling mantelpiece his back to the room... Touches the back of his head as if something has brushed against him... Over this we hear...

ARCHIE'S VOICE

...Bells, aintcha?

MAL glances over his shoulder... ARCHIE is crouching over and sorting through a card-board box containing various bottles of spirits...

MAL

Yeah, that's me... or Teachers!... This is beginnin' to piss me off, this is!

ARCHIE

And me!... 'Ere y'are!

MAL is handed a bottle of Bells whiskey - he slumps in one of the armchairs... Opens the bottle...

MAL

...I mean, I'm sorry for the cunt an' all that but there's no point in draggin' it out, is there?... We're goin' round in circles!... Fair do's, the guy's hurtin' but fuck me!

ARCHIE

I know, I know... it's mental!

MAL

Shit 'appens... deal with it!

ARCHIE

'Ow's your hand?

MAL

(Flexing his fist)
'S throbbin' like fuck!...' Ad it in a bowl of iced water when I got back ... It's my own fuckin' fault!

ARCHIE

That'll teach ya! (PAUSE)... He was on the phone to me last night...'our and a 'alf!... Woke me up!..."Cunt" this and "cunt" that ... r eckon ed he coul dn't sle ep .. pi ss ed ou t of hi s hea d! . . . Talkin' a load of cobblers!... Doesn't know where he is!

MAL

I been there!

11.
12 CONTINUED:
12

ARCHIE

Not like this!... Not like `im!... Not like Colin!... Not like Colin Diamond!

CUT TO

13 EXT DARK RAIN SOAKED DESERTED OLD STS & ALLEYS NIGHT
13

Back view of a rain-coated man slowly walking the bleak ancient streets.... We follow him... Over this we hear...

ARCHIE'S VOICE

...Believe me, you shoul da heard `im... fuckin'ell... On and on!... Tellin' me 'is fuckin' dreams! - Get this - He's in a phone box - only it's not a phone box -- it's her cunt!

The man turns a corner and we see his face... Sad, sorry, lost, self -pit yin g, b een thr oug h th e m ill. .. This is COL IN DIAMOND...

CUT BACK TO

14 INT ROOM IN DERELICT HOUSE NIGHT
14

ARCHIE and MAL as before...

MAL

Her what?

ARCHIE

Yeah!... With teeth!... No, pardon me,
so r r y , l e t ' s g e t t h i s r i g h t - n o t
teeth... Dentures!

MAL

Dentures!

ARCHIE

Dentures!... Her cunt's got dentures!

MAL

Jesus Christ!

ARCHIE

Oh, yeah!...

CUT BACK TO

15 **EXT DARK RAIN SOAKED DESERTED OLD STS & ALLEYS NIGHT**
15

The lonely figure of COLIN walks...

ARCHIE'S VOICE

... Snappin'... Clackin' at 'im... On
'im...

(MORE)

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15 **CONTINUED:**
15

ARCHIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Nibblin' his arse... Bitin' his balls... I
was tryin' not to laugh... I'm knackered
-- It's 'alf three in the fuckin' mornin'
hearin' this shit!

MAL'S VOICE

Fuckin' `ell!

COLIN walks under an old iron bridge...

ARCHIE'S VOICE

That's right!... It goes on... A door
opens... In walks a cock -- Yeah, you
heard, a cock!... In walks a cock!...
Massive... Not his - guess who's?...
That's right!... Fuck's sake!... Then
he's on a plane... Club class... 'avin'
is dinner... dressed as a clown!...

COLIN stops... Lost in thought... Staring down at/into

puddles...

ARCHIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

...Big red nose!... Like Ronald fuckin' McDonald!... Waitress comes up the aisle, starts punchin' im in the head!!

Big C/U on COLIN'S little boy lost face...

ARCHIE'S VOICE (CONT'D)

...You make sense of it... It's fuckin' tragic!

CUT BACK TO

16 **INT ROOM IN DERELICT HOUSE** **NIGHT**
16

ARCHIE and MAL as before...

MAL

He needs pullin' back... He's on the slippery slope... We better watch'im ... (slight pause)... Dressed as a clown?!

ARCHIE

Fuckin' Coco, mate!

Immediately the door opens and COLIN enters... Atmosphere. He takes a seat at the table... And sits in one of the battered armchairs...

ARCHIE and MAL look at each other...

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

...Alright, Col?

COLIN grunts... ARCHIE resumes sorting through the cardboard box... MAL lights up... smokes...

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16 **CONTINUED:**
16

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

(Holding up a near empty bottle of Smirnoff)
...He is vodka, Old Man Peanut, I'n'e?

MAL

Yeah, he's vodka

ARCHIE

(Showing Mal the bottle)
Cor, he's taken a sizeable lump outa this
look...

COLIN

(Surly)
You can look at me, you know... I'm not
invisible!

MAL

(Jokingly looking around the
room)
Who said that?

The three men smile ... MAL and ARCHIE look at COLIN...

ARCHIE

(Kindly)
You alright, son?

COLIN

(None too convincingly)
I'm bearing up, Arch, I'm bearing up.

MAL

It's never easy, mate, its never easy.

Silence...

COLIN

Give us a fuckin' drink!

ARCHIE tosses him a bottle.

ARCHIE

'Ere y'are, brandy... Doctor's orders!

COLIN opens it and drinks... ARCHIE and MAL watch him
intently...

COLIN

(Paranoid)
What are you starin' at?... 'Ave I got a
knob on my forehead or somethin'?!

16 CONTINUED: (2)
16

MAL

Shut up, Colin! You're amongst friends...
Don't make this any more difficult than
it already is... Y'hear me?... Y'hear
me?... Colin?... Look at me...

COLIN

(Grudgingly)
...I hear you.

ARCHIE

C'mon, mate, be brave.

COLIN

... Yeah... I will... I've got to ain'i?

ARCHIE

That's the stuff!

MAL

That's the spirit!

COLIN

I can' t bel ieve it... I st ill c an't
bel ie ve it .. . I j us t c an 't fu ck in '
believe it...

MAL

Yeah, I know, it's unbelievable... It's
like a bad dream, innit?

ARCHIE and MAL look at each other... knowingly...

ARCHIE

Where's Old Man fuckin' Peanut?

Suddenly the doo r flies open an d there stands O LD MAN
PEANUT...

OMP

I'm fuckin' here!... That's where he
is!... Cunt!

MAL

Sorry, Pop... We wondered where you was.

OMP

Don't Pop me!... I'm fuckin'.ere!...
Give's a fuckin' drink... Bunch o' cunts!

OLD MAN PEANUT sits... ARCHIE takes him the bottle of vodka
and a plastic cup... stands over him...

ARCHIE

D'you want me to pour it for you?

15.

16 **CONTINUED: (3)**

16

OMP

(Snatching the bottle and cup)
Give it 'ere!... Treat me like a fuckin'
cunt!... Tossler!

ARCHIE shrugs...

OMP (CONT'D)

(indicating Colin)
...'Ow is he, alright?

MAL

Yeah, he's doin' good... Aintcha, Colin?

COLIN

(Weakly)
Yeah, I'm good.

...OLD MAN PEANUT gets up ... goes over to him... stares him
in the eyes...

OMP

You get it together, you cunt!... You
hear me?... Eh?... (slaps COLIN)... Get
it to-fucking-gether!... We can't 'ave
this... Can 't' a ve it !...Y ou we re a
fuckin' disgrace last night! Inept!...
Tonight the kid gloves are off... Show
some fuckin' backbone! - You're a man...
Fucking act like one!

ARCHIE

He'll get there... He'll get there.

OMP

(Vociferously)

...And the bloodied slave rose to 'is feet, thrust his hand into 'is defiant chest, tore out `is own heart and threw it at the aggressor, sayin' "Free from bondage!... Free from fuckin' bondage' you CUNT!!"... Eh?... Eh?...

MAL

(Offhand)

Yeah, you're right, Pop.

OMP

Eh! . . . F u c k i n' r i g h t I 'm r i g h t! . . .
Fuckin' right I'm fuckin' right!... It's
t h e s t r o n g t h a t s h a l l i n h e r i t t h e
earth... Not the fuckin' weak!...

ARCHIE

(Flat ... Patent)

You tell 'em!

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16 CONTINUED: (4)

16

OMP

Not the fuckin' weak!

MAL

Yeah, well, whatever ... But this's gotta
be finished tonight cos I'm busy tomorrow

OMP

(Riled)

You break every other fuckin engagement
... Every other fuckin' engagement! ...
This! ... This takes top priority! ...
Above everything ... Everything!...'Til
this is done and dusted ... Put to bed...
Lai d to re st .. No bo dy do es fu ck in '
nothin' but this! ... This - This is
where we are... 'Ere! ... Now! ... This..
Where's fuckin' Meredith?

ARCHIE

He's late.

OMP

Late? Late!.. No such fuckin' word!...
And I'll tell you this ... If Brighton
Billy - God rest his tortured soul - had
ever caught anyone being late ... He
would've cut their eyelids off, stuck 'em
in a f u c k i n ' s a c k w i t h a s n a k e , a
cockerel and a dog and chucked 'em in the
fuckin' sea!

MAL

Charmin!

OMP

(Vehement)

It was! It fuckin' was!... That was how
it was! ... Believe you me - Once he'd
made up his mind, that was it!... That
was it !... Nothi n wou ld sw ay 'i m...
Nothin!.. No surrender!... Immovable he
was!... Immovable! A mountain!... A
f u c k i n ' C o l o s s u s ! . . . Y o u h e a r m e ,
Colin?... A fuckin' giant!... A Titan!...
Spectacular!... My God!!

COLIN

(Miles away)

I can't believe it ... I still can't
believe it...

OMP

(T h r o w i n g h i s h a n d s u p i n
despair)

OOWW!!

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17.

16 CONTINUED: (5)

16

Suddenly the wardrobe wobbles... Creaks... They all turn to
look at it... Faint sounds of struggle from within... It
stops... Is still... Silence eventually...

ARCHIE

(Peer ing i nto t he c ardbo ard
box... Nonplussed)

Who wants crisps?

CUT TO

17 EXT GRASS VERGE BY ELEVATED MOTORWAY RAIN
17

NIGHT

Sounds o f traffi c... LIZ is try ing to s cramble up the embankment ... Trying... Failing ... She is cold, wet, muddy, bloody ... No shoes ... Her white dress torn and blood-soaked ... She tries to climb ... In vain ... Slips in the mud ... No strength ... Cries in frustration... Falls on her back... Lies there...still ... Curls up... Above her the traffic zooms by.

CUT TO

18 INT ROOM IN DERELICT HOUSE
18

NIGHT

Now t he do or o pe ns. .. M ER EDI TH s ta nds f ra me d b y th e doorway... Immaculately dressed... A wry smile... He raises his arm in a Romanesque salute...

MEREDITH

Salutee!

OMP

(Mouthful of crisps)
You're late!

MEREDITH

So sue me!...

*

He sits... Looks around the room.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

...Cor, fuck me - Deja Vu!...

*

(studies OLD MAN PEANUT)

*

... You enjoying those?

OMP

(Munching)
Fuck off!

MEREDITH smiles...

MEREDITH

...So, Kittens, what's happenin?

MAL

More of the same.

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18 CONTINUED:
18

MEREDITH

How are you today, Colin? ... You look terrible!

OMP

He's good ... He's fuckin' strong.

MEREDITH

Oh, that's good... That is good... He don't look it!

MAL

No, he's alright... He's alright.

ARCHIE

Better than 'e was last night!!

JUMP CUT TO

18A EXT DERELICT HOUSE NIGHT
18A *

19 INT ROOM IN DERELICT HOUSE NIGHT
19

COLIN slumped in an armchair... See the men...

ARCHIE

'Ere Meredith, I bumped into Biggy Walpole this mornin'. He was askin' after you...

MEREDITH

Was he?... That's funny... He hates me!

ARCHIE

Does he? ... Didn't seem like it...

OMP

(Sneeringly to Meredith)
'S he an iron an' all?

MEREDITH

(Staring at OMP)
... Not sure... Is he, Arch?

ARCHIE

Oo, Biggy?... Don't think so...

MEREDITH

(Staring at OMP)
Arch doesn't think so, Pea...

OLD MAN PEANUT snorts derisively ... MEREDITH turns to ARCHIE

MEREDITH (CONT) (CONT'D)

... What was he wearin'?

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19 CONTINUED:
19

ARCHIE

... Dunno... Jacket?

Suddenly ... From his armchair...

COLIN

I get waves...

MEREDITH

Jacket?

COLIN

...Up and down...

ARCHIE

Tweedy...

COLIN

...state of me...

MEREDITH

Tweedy, eh?

COLIN

All I ever did was love 'er ...

Now the men all look to COLIN ... pause...

COLIN (CONT'D)

*

... Maybe I loved 'er too much ...

*

Maybe that's it ...

*

CUT TO

20 EXT DRIVEWAY DETACHED SUBURBAN VILLA PREVIOUS DUSK
20

COLIN is opening the back doors of a grey mercedes... Merrily

*

takes out a massive bouquet... a big box of chocolates ...

*

Laden and happy he awkwardly approaches his front door ...
Enters...

CUT TO

21 INT HALLWAY DETACHED SUBURBAN VILLA PREVIOUS EVE
21

COLIN

(Calling out)

He's 'ome!!

A Poodle greets him enthusiastically.

COLIN (CONT) (CONT'D)

Yeah, alright Muffles, got somethin' for
you an' all - choc-choc! ... Liz! ...
It's me!... I'm `ome!!!

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20.

21 CONTINUED:
21

He enters the kitchen...his wife LIZ, is standing in a white
dress at the far end ... Looking away ... Gazing out of the
window...

COLIN (CONT) (CONT'D)

(Cheerily)

'Ere he is! ...

She does not react ... He places things on the table.

COLIN (CONT) (CONT'D)

... He comes bearing gifts, look! Look
what I gotcha!

He goes to the fridge...

COLIN (CONT) (CONT'D)

Avril's been at it again! Fuckin' up big
style! ... She's useless almost cost us a
sale on an XKR Jag!

*

He takes out a pint carton of full fat milk

COLIN (CONT) (CONT'D)

... Fuckin' 'ell, Saab last week and now
a Jag! - She didn't... but she almost
did! I gave her a verbal warnin'. Told
her if she didn't buck her ideas up she'd
be out of the showroom - stick her desk'
in the backyard beside the khazi!. -
Stupid cow! - And you know what she said?
- This is what I have to put up with! "Do
it then"! Can you believe that?! - - 'F
she wants sendin' back to the job centre
I'll do it!

*

He knocks back the full pint in one ... LIZ glances at him
... He reaches into the fridge again and takes out a can of
coke...

COLIN (CONT) (CONT'D)

... Anyway, that's me! 'Ow's you?... Oh,
an another thing 'fore I forget, ow d'you
fancy the Algarve? 'Cos that bird from
the travel agent phoned me... I know
we were... talkin' bout the Med but this is

*

dirt cheap - I said I'd speak to you...

*

He begins glugging the coke ... Finishes it...

COLIN (CONT) (CONT'D)

What d'ya reckon?

LIZ is silent...

21 CONTINUED: (2)
21

COLIN (CONT'D)

(Fondly... Indulgent)
... Alright, it's the Med, I give in!!

He opens a cupboard. Takes out a packet of chocolate biscuits. Unwraps one..., eats it...

LIZ looks at him ... Looks away ... Stares out of the window ... Worried... Puts her hand to her forehead ... She is biting her lower lip...

COLIN (CONT'D)

(Munching)
... What?

LIZ

(To herself. Desperately)
Oh, fuck...

COLIN

What is it?... 'S a matter?... 'S up?...S'appened?

She looks at him ... Tears in her eyes. .. Eventually struggling...

LIZ

... Colin ...

Words fail her. She sighs heavily

COLIN

Liz, love ... what's wrong?

Eventually...

LIZ

(Weakly)
... This is really, really difficult,
Colin...

COLIN

(Worded)
What is?

LIZ

(With great difficulty)

... This is the hardest thing I've ever done in my life ... I'm so sorry...

COLIN

(Gently. Helping)
For what? What you sorry for?... What you sorry for, Liz?

LIZ

I'm sorry, Colin...

21 **CONTINUED: (3)** Pink Revised 21st May 2008 22. **21**

COLIN

(Serious faced)
So you've said ... You've said that, Liz... I've got that ... What `re you sorry for?

She can't look at him. Stares at the floor ... Eventually ...

COLIN (CONT) (CONT'D)

You're scarin me Liz...

A LONG PAUSE...

LIZ

(Tinily)
I've met someone else...

22 **A LONG PAUSE...** **22**

COLIN

(Stunned. Absolutely Stunned)
Wha?

23 **A LONG PAUSE...** **23**

COLIN

(Small)
y`kiddin'

LIZ

(Sadly)
... I'm sorry.

COLIN

(Reeling)
...'Someone else'??!! . I don't understand, Liz ... I've just

come in through the door ...
and ... now I'm ... I'm ...
(TRAILS OFF)... 'met someone
else'?

* She can't look at what she's done to him ... She gazes out
* of the window ... Far, far away ...

LIZ

(From a million miles away)
... I'm so sorry.

Slowly ... Slowly ... We move in on COLIN ... He begins to
blink ... Is swallowing ... His chin wobbling ... Can't
speak... Uncomprehending little eyes... His gullet begins to
spasm ... He swoons ... Stumbles back ... His knees go ... He
grips the toaster for support ... Looking at her as she
stares out of the window ... Looking ... Looking ... His
desperate eyes pleading ...

CUT TO

23.

24 **INT ROOM IN DERELICT HOUSE** **NIGHT**
24

* The men are watching him...

COLIN

* I know what you're all thinkin'... you're

* all feelin' sorry for me - Poor Colin...
* Think I'm pathetic... Come on, say it ...

* I can take it... Well you can all fuck

* off - Sling yer dirty hooks! ... I'll

* deal with this myself ... Well, what are
* you waiting for? - Piss off - Sorry to
* have inconvenienced you an' all that ...
* but your services are no longer required -

* Slags! - Laughin' at me! I may look like
*

a cunt but I'm not stupid!

ARCHIE

No it's 'er that's stupid, Col ... It's Liz...

COLIN

(Rounding on him)

What would you know about 'er! - What would you know 'bout what it means to be married?! You're still livin' with your fuckin' Mum!

*

MAL

(Stepping in)

Oi! Oi! Oi! Oi!

OMP

(Rises. Enraged)

Th is is wh y Lo ve r bo y mus t b e killed !...Th is is why s he mus t be ki l le d ! . . . To d o t ha t t o a ma n (indic ates C OLIN). . .Jes us fuc king Christ almighty! ... Fire and fucking sword! ... It's unforgiveable!... It's de-fucking-plorable! ... (points at COLIN with a long bony finger) Look at the man ... where is he? ... Look at 'im! He aint there! ... That's someone else! ... That's a shell! If that!... A sad, empty shell! ... It hurts your fucking eyes! ... Can 'ardly look at 'im!... Make ya weep! ~_ Mother of God! They will suffer... Oh, yeah! - The y wil l su ffe r! . . . Th at is m y promise!... They will fucking suffer!

The seething PEANUT paces the room...

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24.

24 CONTINUED:
24

COLIN

I'm sorry, Arch ... I don't know what I'm sayin'... I've gone crackers ... don't

listen to me...

ARCHIE

'S alright, mate ... forget about it- 's understandable.

MEREDITH

'Ere, Colin, this'll cheer you up...Ave a guess `ow much I won last night...

OMP

(Still ranting)
Oh yes, they will suffer!

MEREDITH

'Ave a guess...

COLIN

(Distractedly)
I don't know.

MEREDITH

Ask me how much I won...

OMP

... Fucking suffer!

MEREDITH

Ask me!

COLIN

(Half-heartedly)
...'Ow much did you win?

MEREDITH

... Well...

CUT TO.

25 **EXT NASH CRESCENT LONDON**
25

PREVIOUS NIGHT

MEREDITH, alone, strolls along the lamplit street ... Over this we hear...

MEREDITH'S VO

... after we left here last night I was buzzi n'... was on m y wa y to the Buckingham for a quick one ... none of you wet willies wanted to come ... who'd I run into? ...

MEREDITH walking ... Suddenly, from out of nowhere a metallic blue Rolls Royce Corniche thunders and screeches up beside him almost mounting the pavement ...

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25.
25 **CONTINUED:**
25

Simultaneously the curb side back door flies open and crashes/smashes into a lamp-post shattering its window and buckling... MEREDITH turns at the sound of the impact... And is immediately greeted by a figure emerging from the back seat ... The man is larger than life ... 60-ish... He wears a full length white mink coat over a tuxedo ... His coiffured hair sports a pink rinse ... He is over-excitedly pleased to see his friend, MEREDITH... Terrifyingly so...
Psychopatically happy he stands in the middle of the pavement like a frenzied polar bear...

MEREDITH VO
... Tippi Gordon!

TIPPI GORDON bellows insanely at MEREDITH...

TIPPI
CHUBBYBUMMYWUMMY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

CUT TO

26 **INT ROOM IN DERELICT HOUSE** **NIGHT**
26

The men listen to MEREDITH'S story...

MEREDITH
...Off his fuckin'face! Pumpin'! Zoomin'!
Pupils the size of a sixpence!...

CUT BACK TO

27 **EXT NASH CRESCENT LONDON PREVIOUS NIGHT**
27

TITANIC C/U ON TIPPI'S maniacally ecstatic face...

TIPPI
(To us/Meredith)
Y'UP FOR IT??? Y'WITH ME??? NIGHT OF

IT???? `AVE SOME???? BEAUTY BOY??? --
Y'UP FOR IT?????? -- BOYS NIGHT
OUT????????????????!!!!!!!

JUMP CUT TO

28 INT ROLLS ROYCE CORNICHE CHAUFFEUR DRIVEN PREV NGT
28

MEREDITH and TIPPI in the back of the Roller as it travels through London ... TIPPI chopping out huge lines of cocaine on a walnut veneer tabletop...

MEREDITH VO

... He was on his way to the Grenadier
... Invites me along...

28 CONTINUED: Pink Revised 21st May 2008 26.
28

TIPPI

(Chopping them out)
I like a li ne th e siz e of a fuc kin'
toblerone!! ...

To the UNIFORMED CHAUFFEUR, indicating the coke

Oi, Bumface -'ere y'are!

JUMP CUT TO.

29 EXT BUSY WEST END STREET PREVIOUS NIGHT
29

The Rolls Royce has stopped at a red light ...THE CHAUFFEUR casually gets out of the front and climbs into the back ... The lights change to green ... Cars behind get impatient ... Start tooting...more and more horns sound ... Blaring out...

CUT TO.

30 INT HIGH CLASS CASINO PREVIOUS NIGHT
30

We move through the elegant casino ... Over this we hear...

ARCHIE'S VOICE

Come on then, whad ya win?

MEREDITH'S VOICE

Forty thousand and six 'undred pounds is what I won...

MAL'S VOICE

Fuck me!... 'Ow?

We now come across MEREDITH and TIPPI laughing, engaged in conversation...

MEREDITH'S VOICE

... Well , I' ll te ll ya . . . we w er e fucking about...

MEREDITH turns from TIPPI and speaks directly to us into camera...

MEREDITH

... And I bet Tippo five grand that he couldn't win six grand in a minute...

TIPPI

(Excitedly to Meredith)
I fucking can!!

MEREDITH

(To Tippi)
Go on then!!

TIPPI heads for the nearest roulette table...

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27.

30 **CONTINUED:**

30

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

(To us)
... He's off... Steams into the nearest table and smacks six thou down on the black...

We can see TIPPI intently staring down at the wheel almost crowding THE CRO UPIER wh o smile s polite ly at hi s high spirits...

TIPPI

(Screaming over to Meredith)
RED!!!... CUNT!!!

MEREDITH

(To us)
We were laughin' like fuck!

TIPPI

(Calling over)
Double or quits!

MEREDITH

(To us)
... He bets black...

We can see TIPPI intently staring down at the wheel ...
hungry ... childish....excited...

TIPPI

(Screaming over to Meredith)
RED!!!...CUNT!!!...

MEREDITH

(Smiling to us)
Double or quits twice... bets black...

We see TIPPI staring intently down at the wheel... almost
wetting himself with anticipation.. until...

TIPPI

(Screaming over to Meredith)
**RE D ! ! ! . . . C U N T ! ! ! . . . D O U B L E O R
QUITS!...**

MEREDITH

(To us)
For the third time... only this time -

We are on TIPPI staring intently down at the wheel...

MEREDITH'S VOICE

... He bets red...

C/U on the roulette wheel-the ball spinning and hurtling
round ... we watch as it comes to rest...

TIPPI'S VOICE

(Screaming)

BLACK!!!!!!

Massive C/U on TIPPI'S thrilled by losing face...

TIPPI

**CUNT! CUNT! CUNT ! MER EDITH YOU' RE A
CUNT!!!**

CUT BACK TO

31 INT ROOM IN DERELICT HOUSE

NIGHT

31

MEREDITH

..."Meredith you're a cunt! Thank you very much, 'ere's your forty thou... See ya!"... For a giggle. I've stuck four hundred pound on the pontoon table - splatt! -- Blackjack! Six to four! Lovely! That's me done!... 'Ad some dinner in the corner - fillet steak, coupla spuds... last drink - large calvados... Home met hinks, "Get me a cab", over the bridge, bung 'im a nifty -. "Ta, guv", wipe my feet, cup of cocoa, into me jim-jams, lights out ... ain't life grand!

ARCHIE

Nice one!

OMP

What, you mean you didn't stop off at the poof's club?

MEREDITH turns slowly to stare at him...

MEREDITH

No, Peanut, since you so kindly ask, I did not stop off at The Clayton ... Not last night ... but I shall be there tonight ... later on ... looking for some hot male action... Is that alright with you?

OMP

Yerr!

ARCHIE

Don't fucking start you two!

OMP

... I'm beggin' you to stay - I beg you not to leave me... I beg you... on my bended knees... Please... I just don't understand what I've done wrong - and I beg you not to leave me this way - don't leave me this way.

*

LIZ

(Softly)
... Come on, Colin...

COLIN

...What?...

LIZ

(Gently)
... Have some dignity...

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30.

32 CONTINUED:
32

COLIN

(Chest heaving with sobs)
I - don't - want din-gity - I want you!!
... Is that bad? ! ... Is t hat a bad
crime? - Ov- ver - lovin'???

Pause... he fights his tears... struggles to get it together
... breathes ... breathes hard ... sucking in air ... trying
to gather strength ... from somewhere... calms a bit ...
stares hard at her ... eventually- .

COLIN (CONT'D)

... You've made a mistake, you 'ave ...
You're gonna miss me! - You're really

*

gonna fuckin miss me! ... Coupla days
time - when it sinks in ... Oh, you'll
reg re t t ha t! Wh at a n e r r o r ! W ha t a
booboo! ... You've fucked up! Boy, 'ave
you fucked up!... An' you know what? -
when you realise 'ow ... (selects a word)
silly you've been -- `ow impulsive ...
reckless and stupid - 'ow ... (selects a
word) feminine you've been - you stupid
woman ... you're gonna come runnin', back

with your tail between your legs pleadin'
to be let in out of the cold - and will I
take you back? - Will I fuck!! No way!!
Not a snowball's chance in hell! Not on
your nelly !!... 'Ang on Colin -' ang on
son - you're lying to yourself! - Course
you'll take her back! Of c ourse you
will!!... I'll take you back, Liz - I
fo r g i ve y o u - c o s t h a t ' s w h a t
overlovers', do, you see -they 'overlove'
- they love too much!

LIZ

(Delicately)

Colin, its not working between us - well
for me its not working - and it hasn't
been working for a long time...

COLIN

Yeah, that's because you ain't been doing
your bit, Liz ... you ain't been doing
your bit! ... Love is like a garden and
in order to keep it looking beautiful you
gotta work at it ... Gotta do the weedin'
and you ain't been doing any weedin', Liz
- and that's cos you're lazy - You're a
lazy lover, Liz - And now the garden's
over-run -'s a jungle, innit? - we're
lost in the jungle - can't see each other
-

32 CONTINUED: (2)

31.

32

LIZ

(Softly)

I don't feel like that, Colin - I don't

*

feel the same as you - just have to get
out -

COLIN

(Petulant)

Well fuck off then!!... Go on, go!...
Fuck off!... I'll be alright ... You
cru el ba st ar d! . . . Go on - I' m no t
stopping you... Take your stuff and get -

Leave mine - I'll attend to that! Just
fuck off!... You're a horrible cunt!
Traitor!

*

LIZ

(Had enough)
Well if you're going to start calling me
names -

COLIN

(Affronted. Interrupting)
Don't you - a dirty, unfaithful cow who's
sucked another man's bell-end -tell me -
tell me that I'm callin' you names!! Who
is he?

There is a pause as LIZ decides how to play this...

LIZ

... Does it matter?

COLIN

Oo is he? Tell me the cunt's name - I
wanna know.

LIZ

... He's just a guy.

COLIN

Oh, a guy is he? - A guy! - What he's not
a bloke? Not just a. bloke? He's a `guy'!
Cunt - I'll cut `is cock off when I find

*

'im!

LIZ

(Forcefully)
Oh stop it, Colin!

COLIN

Oh, th at's right , pro tect the cunt!
Course you're on `is side... on the side
of the 'guy'! ... I'm tellin' you, Liz -
mark my fuckin' words - I will tear the
flesh off 'is face with my fuckin' teeth
and stick it in your fuckin' `andbag!

LIZ

Right, that's it, I'm going ... we'll talk later.

LIZ makes towards the door. But COLIN beats her to it ... slams it shut...

COLIN

(Darkly)

Where d'you think you're goin'?! You ain't goin' nowhere!

LIZ, frightened, has stepped back.

COLIN (CONT) (CONT'D)

(Darkly)

... You think you can say that to me an' then j ust g o?! - Leav e me here with that?! - Drop a bomb in my brain and just go?! ... No, you can't!...

We are C/U on COLIN'S hand by his side... it begins to tighten ... begins to ball itself into a fist...

COLIN'S VOICE

(Menacingly)

Tell me his fuckin' name...

CUT TO

33 INT ROOM IN DERELICT HOUSE NIGHT

33

COLIN standing ... the men listening...

COLIN

(Confessionally)

I caught her right on the fuckin' chin... Her head bounced off the door frame... She fell lookin' at me...

OMP

Good boy!

COLIN

(Emphatically)

No, not good boy!... I hit her so fuckin' hard... Heard her teeth rattle in her hea d. .. Sh e was l yi ng th er e.. . Sh e wouldn't look at me..."Tell me!"..."Tell me!", I said... "Tell me 'is fuckin' name!"... but she wouldn't look at me...

MAL

Well, she wouldn't, would she?!... She
couldn't, could she?!

33.

33 CONTINUED:

33

ARCHIE

Too ashamed!

COLIN

I 'ad her b y the thro at . . . pun ched
her..."Tell me!"...punched her... "Tell
me!" ... punched her "Tell me `is fuckin'
name!"...

(PAUSE)

... She said it ... She told me...

MAL

What? Just like that?!

OMP

Brazen! -- Fuckin 'audacity!

ARCHIE

Cheeky cunt!

MAL

Takin' the piss, mate!

COLIN

(Quietly)

... Yeah, just like that ... right in the
heart.

...OLD MAN PEANUT goes to him... puts his arm around him...
comforts him... ARCHIE, seeing this, goes over the wardrobe
... addresses it...

ARCHIE

(To the wardrobe)

... You hearin' this? ... What you've
done? ... What you're responsible for?
... Are you proud of yourself? ... Was it
worth it? ... All this pain?

MAL joins him... addresses the wardrobe...

MAL

(To the wardrobe)

Fucked his wife?! ... Fucked his
fuckin' wife?! ... You fuckin' wife-
fucker you!... You fuckin' fucked his

*

wife you wife-fuckin' cunt!...

*

(beat)

Fuckin' his wife?!... Fuckin' his fuckin'

*

wife?!... Another man's wife?!... Are you

*

fuc ki n' th ic k? - Yo u cunt !... Fu ck
another man's wife?... What's the matter
with you?! You don't do that!... It' not
done!... You do that - it ends in this! -
Th i s! - T h i s i s w h e r e i t e n d s ! I n
this!... You hear me? ... you listenin'?
Shitter!... Little shitter!

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34.

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

ARCHIE

(To the wardrobe)

Should've got your own fuckin' wife to
fuck!

CUT TO

34 INT WARDROBE NIGHT

34

Blackness ... tiny light leaking in from cracks/joints in
wood ... a shape ... breathing

MAL'S VOICE

(From outside... me nacin gly
quiet)

...You're in deep shit, mate ... You're
in the worst possible place a man can
find himself...

Pause ... breathing in the blackness...

CUT TO

MAL

(Turns to Colin)
When d'you wanna do this, Col? When are we doin' it? Come on, is time innit?!... Get i t fuc ki n' do ne . . . W hat d 'yo u reckon? ... Come on, my blood's fuckin' up! What are we sayin'? Yes? No? - what? ... Colin?- S up to you, mate - you're the one in the cunt hat!

ARCHIE

(To Colin)
It's about time, mate...

OMP

(Rising)
Get the fucker out 'ere!

MAL

...Well!... Col?...

COLIN is staring at the wardrobe but suddenly he rises and heads for the door...

COLIN

I gotta find her! (he exits)

The men thwarted, sit in silence ... MAL looks at PEANUT ... PEANUT looks at ARCHIE ... MEREDITH looks at MAL ... PEANUT looks at MEREDITH ... ARCHIE looks at MAL ... MEREDITH looks at ARCHIE...

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35.

35 CONTINUED:

35

ARCHIE

....What?!... Well, don't look at me!

35A EXT DERELICT HOUSE NIGHT

35A *

COLIN exits the house.

*

35B INT ROOM IN DERELICT HOUSE NIGHT
35B *

MEREDITH

What age is Liz, Arch?

MAL

She's forty-two

ARCHIE

Forty-four

MEREDITH

Fucking hell, she looks good for forty-four!

OMP

'Ow would you know?!

MEREDITH

(Pointing)

Peanut - would you like me to spank your bony arse?

OLD MAN PEANUT giggles... MEREDITH smiles...

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

... Y eah . . . g orgeo us w oman ...
glamorous... vivacious ... sparklin'...

ARCHIE

You're not wrong.

MEREDITH

Beautiful face.

ARCHIE

Lovely

MEREDITH

It's a shame

ARCHIE

That it is.

CUT TO

36 EXT RAINY, DESOLATE, STREETS NIGHT
36

COL IN i s r un ni ng ... r un ni ng. .. r un nin g- ... De spe
ra te ...

running... Away from us... Towards us ... Past us...

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36.

36 CONTINUED:
36

Running until... Eventually... Having run himself into the ground... He collapses against a brick wall in shadow... Holds onto it ... Buries his head into it... Pitifully... Like Judah Ben Hur when first seeing his mother and sister emerge from the leper colony...

COLIN

(Agonised)

She could be anywhere!

CUT TO

37 EXT GRASS VERGE BESIDE ELEVATED MOTORWAY RAIN NIGHT
37

LIZ lying still in scrub at the foot of the embankment- her eyes slowly open ... her POV....the cloudy night sky.

CUT TO

38 INT ROOM IN DERELICT HOUSE NIGHT
38

MEREDITH, ARCHIE, MAL & OLD MAN PEANUT chatting...

ARCHIE

(TO OMP)

Nah!... That was Tommy Yardley, y'cunt
... the stouter of the two! - He couldn't drive!

MAL

Never stopped `im though, did it?!

OMP

Beard?

ARCHIE

That's 'im!

OMP

Poof?

ARCHIE

No!... Who you thinkin' of?

MAL

He's thinkin' of Faraday ... He's been dead years!

MEREDITH

Faraday was alright! He was a gentle giant...

MAL

He was only five foot four

MEREDITH

I fucked `im back in the seventies - I'm tellin' you - he was a gentle giant!

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37.
38 **CONTINUED:**
38

MAL

Did ya? I never knew that.

OMP

Well we do now!

MEREDITH

Very shy man ... I liked him.

OMP

No ... it's not that cunt I'm thinkin' of. It was that other cunt... the cunt with the ears!... Pen and inked somethin' terrible!...

MAL

That's Dougie Clark ... the human stink-bomb!

ARCHIE

... Fuckin' hell!... I remember once at this p arty. .. he 'd go t hol d of some bird... gone upstairs with her... next thing you know she come. crashin' out of the bedroom, run downstairs in her bra and knickers, screamin' blue murder that he'd put 'is armpit in her face!... his great, stinkin', hairy oxtter right in her mooey! She's like that - (pulls an about

to vomit face)!... And `im - 'Ol' Smelly'
-- `s at the top of the stairs with 'is
todger stickin' out of 'is trousers,
laughin' his head off!

OMP

I've got a bone to pick with that cunt!

MAL

(Laughing)

Yeah but you can't get near him though,
can you!

ARCHIE

Not without a gas mask!

MAL

Ai n ' t h e h e a r d o f a b a t h ? ! . . . A n
invention called a bath?... 'Ere can you
imagine under his foreskin?

ARCHIE

Cor, fuck me ... I think I'm gonna throw
up!

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38.

38 CONTINUED: (2)
38

MAL

You would'nt want to go there for your
summer 'olidays, would'ya?! ... Imagine
that! Fuck me!

They all laugh ... The door opens ... COLIN comes in ...
speaking...

COLIN

(Uncomprehending)

It's not as though we didn't fuck... we
did!... Just last week!... Just last
Thu rs day !. .. Sh e wa nte d to !... . Sh e
ins ti gat ed i t!. .. S he ca me !... . Sh e
did!... In fact, I didn't!... But that
didn't matter... It wasn't about that...
it wa s a b o u t b e i n ' c l o s e . . . ' b o u t
warmth... 'bout bein' a normal married

couple... why would she do this?... Flush
it all down the fuckin' toilet... why?

OMP

Jezebel!

COLIN

What a terrible waste!...What a waste of
time! . . . En ergy! . . . Everyt hin' !. . .
What's it all mean?... Surely a marriage
is somethin'?!... I mean, what's it all
about? What is the fuckin' point! Twenny
one fuckin' years, good times and bad -
dow n th e fuc ki n' pl ug 'ol e! Up th e
fuckin' Swanee, eh?!... W e ' ad

*

somet hin' goin' !... Soli d!... A
life! . . .We wer e a f amil y! - The
Diamonds!.. What're they gonna say?...
What am I gonna tell `em?... What does
one tell the children? - This's gonna
affect their studies!...

MAL

Where're they again?

COLIN

Well, Colin J's doin' computer somethin'
at Car diff ... a nd Sa manth a's doin'
drawin' in Hull ... fuckin' `ell! Oh,
fuckin' `ell! - My poor babies! - Your
Mum's a whore!!... I can't bear this... I
can' t br eath e!.. . Ca n't fuck in'
breathe!... I'm serious...

He begins to tug at this collar...

MAL

Colin, stop it!

39.

38 CONTINUED: (3)

38

COLIN

(Serious)

No, I can't ... I can't breathe ... I'm
not jokin'...

ARCHIE

You're just panickin'!

COLIN

(Gasping)
'Elp me!!

MAL

Stop it!

ARCHIE

You'll be alright ... calm down!

COLIN

(Panicking)
Someone!

ARCHIE

*

Deep breaths, mate...

*

MAL

*

Is he alright?

*

OMP

This is shameful! ... Get a grip you
cunt!

COLIN

My l u n g s - t o o t i g h t ! . . . H e a r t s
burstin'... Please! -- Mercy! - 'Ave pity!
(gurgles)

MAL

*

Colin!

*

MEREDITH

(Quiet. Firm. Measured)
... Colin...Colin ... Look at me... Look
at me ...

COLIN does. Pop-eyed.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

(Quiet. Firm. Measured)
... That's, it ... That's it...

ARCHIE

Talk `im down Meredith...

COLIN, calming, stares at MEREDITH...

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38 CONTINUED: (4)

38

MEREDITH

You're alright, mate ... you're alright
... That's it ... easy does it ... listen
to me ... you're alright ... Alright? -
You're alright ... Right - Now listen to
me ... You're a good man... Got that?

COLIN is staring at him. transfixed. like a snake in front of
a charmer.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

... Never forget that ... Cling to that
... You've done nothin' wrong ... You
listenin'? ... You've been wronged ...
You're in the right!... Remember that!...
Right... now there's characters in the
world - characters like that handsome
young macho boy ...

Indicates the wardrobe. COLIN looks at it. darkens ...
MEREDITH calms him

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

...Easy! - Who will come along to test
you and cause you to doubt yourself ...
to hate yourself ... to turn your life
upside down ... and its times like this
you find out who you are ... You

*

listenin' to me? You hear this?

COLIN dumbly nods

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

...Listen to me... you don't disgust
me... You're not pathetic... you're not
weak - you're normal! - you're human -
and human's hurt!... Alright?

ARCHIE

That's right!

COLIN

(Somewhat soothed)

'Ave you 'ad this, Meredith?

MEREDITH

...Me?... No... but I'm quite lucky... because I'm different to you... I don't share your emotions... I don't love like you... like you do... Maybe I should... but I don't!... I'm not a family man - with me, sex is sex... no more... no le s s . . . C o l d . H a r d . Dark... and sweaty... Sudden. Excessive... When I've shot my wad, I leave the room... I put my coat on and I leave the room... No "thank you's"...

(MORE)

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41.

38 CONTINUED: (5)

38

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

no "I really enjoyed that" - I leave the room!... And I don't go back!... I can aff or d t o do th at . . . I 'v e got t ha t luxury... I'm charismatic... People are drawn to me . (PA USE) Now m aybe it's cowardly but I choose to live without turmoil... without entanglements... All that bores me! - With me it's the five Fs - find 'em, follow 'em, finger 'em, fuck 'em and forget 'em!... But you, Colin, you possess different qualities... that's what makes you you... You're more caring stroke sharing... Your capacity to love lea ve s y ou v uln er ab le - bu t t ha t ' s admirable!... You care... and you should be proud of that!

COLIN

... Proud?

MEREDITH

Yes, proud, you should be proud.

COLIN

Why?

MEREDITH

'Cos that is what you should be!

OMP

P r o u d ! Y o u f u c k i n ' p i l c h a r d ! !
Proud!...'Ave a bit of pride!

COLIN

(Ignoring OMP)
What would you do Meredith?

MEREDITH

'Bout what?

COLIN

Everythin' ... my situation...

MEREDITH

I'd prioritise...

Slowly MEREDITH turns to look at the wardrobe ... COLIN Does likewise ... looks back to MEREDITH...

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

If it was me he'd be dead already!

COLIN

... But if you were me?

MEREDITH

Well, that's a big leap for me, Colin...

COLIN

Please ... try...

MEREDITH

... I'd toss a coin ... Heads I'd skin
him alive ... find her ... do the same...

COLIN

... And tails?

MEREDITH stares hard at COLIN ...

MEREDITH

... Well, that's the hard part, Colin ...

COLIN shrinks back with the realisation of what is being implied... Scared...

COLIN

(Aghast)

... Oh, I can't do that! ... I don't think I could do that!... What let `im go?!... How can I do that?'

MEREDITH

Well let's hope it's heads then!...

COLIN dumbfounded can only stand and watch as...

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

... Who's got a coin?

ARCHIE begins to fish in his pocket...

OMP

(To Meredith)

You're a nasty bastard, aintcha!

MEREDITH

Am I?

ARCHIE

I've got a 2p!

COLIN finds himself holding the coin... He swallows ... Closes his eyes as if in prayer ... Opens them ... Is about to toss the coin...

MEREDITH

Hold on, Col ... (TO MAL) A oner says its heads!

MAL

Yeah, alright, yer on!

ARCHIE

I'll 'ave some of that!

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43.

38 CONTINUED: (7)

38

MEREDITH

Anybody else? ... No? ... Alright... Go
on, Col!

OMP

(To Meredith)
Nasty bastard!

COLIN, gulping, looks at each of them in turn ... Looks at
the coin ... Swallows again-tosses it ... The coin spins
upwards- into the air ... Humungous C/U of the coin spinning
... Music begins, CHILLS & FEVER by TOM JONES...

CROSS FADE TO.

Music continues. Huge C/U... S/M... The coin spinning...

The men watch the coin land on HEADS!

CROSS FADE TO.

The music continues...

39 CUT
39

40 INT ROOM IN DERELICT HOUSE NIGHT
40

THE MUSIC CONTINUES...

We fade in on ... MAL in motion ... Pacing like a lion ...

*

Serious faced hard eyed ... Intent ... Focused on something
just off camera ... Studying it...

We see MEREDITH seated ... smokes ... Super sexy-slowly...

*

Focused on something just off camera ... Studying it...

PEANUT standing... Staring... super- slow... Caught mid-

*

expression... Mid horrible expression... Vicious denture
manoeuvres... Old man horrendousness ... Focused on something
just off camera ... Studying it...

And ARCHIE... dear old ARCHIE... Swigging from a bottle...

*

And focused on something just off camera... Studying it...

... And COLIN... Poor COLIN... Seated... Staring down... Down
at the floor... The floorboards ... The music fades ...

Disappears... silence ... More silence...

And now we see the room...

The men as described and the object of their focus... Seated on a small, wooden kitchen chair is a figure with a scruffy

*

old Tesco carrier bag over it's head... The wardrobe is open... The figure is cowed. Broken. Beaten.

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44.

40 CONTINUED:

40

Scared ... The men are relaxed-all the time in the world ...
Eventually...

MAL

(Very quietly)
Squeeze 'er tits, didya?

He draws relaxedly on his cigarette...

ARCHIE

(Measure d l y m a s h i n g o u t a
cigarette)
'Ow was that?

MAL

Do the trick, did it?... Get her going?

ARCHIE

Ha n d u p t h e s k i r t ? . . . I n s i d e t h e
knickers? ... That's alright, innit?

MAL

Loverboy!

ARCHIE

Wanker

MAL

Get it out? ... Give it a rub?

ARCHIE

In the noddy? ... On the bed?

MAL

Spit 'n' polish?

ARCHIE

I bet

MAL

Cop a feel?

MEREDITH

David Copperfield?

MAL

Nice 'n' wet was she?

ARCHIE

Do you like that?

MAL

You make me sick!

ARCHIE

I love you!

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45.

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

OMP

Use a banana?!

ARCHIE

Blimey o'Reilly

OMP

You cunt!

MAL

Go on, what's your secret? ... Old Spice?

ARCHIE

Splash it all over!

MAL

Now you're talkin'!

L'il bit kinky?

ARCHIE

Ha, ha, golden shower!

MEREDITH

The erotic world of Jacques Cousteau.

MAL

That's right!... Is that right? ... So,
what was it? ... Eyes meet across the
room?... Fireworks?... Crashin' waves?...
I think I love you?... Will you... marry
me? . . . O h , d a r l i n ' . . . F o r e v e r . . .
Bollocks!... Bum her did you?

ARCHIE

Cor, dear!

MAL

Karma Sutra? 69?

ARCHIE

99? ... Flake?

MAL

Lickety split?

OMP

Lick it! Lick it!

MAL

The ol' Vaseline?

ARCHIE

Nice `n' easy!

MAL

Playboy!

OMP

Arsehole!

ARCHIE

Playmate!

MAL

Cunt!

ARCHIE

Fucker!

OMP

Knee-trembler!

MAL

Polaroids?

OMP

Bombay roll?

ARCHIE

That's handy!

OMP

Pearl necklace?

ARCHIE

That looks nice!

OMP

Terrible thing to do!

MEREDITH

Rock -'ard 'Udson

ARCHIE

Upstairs, downstairs? Round the back?

MEREDITH

Bullseye

MAL

You're a bit of a boy, aintcha?... Bit of a fucking boy?

ARCHIE

Stud!

MAL

That's 20th Century Casanova, sitting there, in a plastic bag!

ARCHIE

Certainly is!

MAL

Right rascal!

ARCHIE

Oh, you didn't use a candle, did ya? ...
Don't tell me that!

MAL

He didn't, did he?

OMP

Fuckin' did!

MAL

'Uckin' `ell!

ARCHIE

Not love-eggs?...That's awful

MEREDITH

The man's a love machine!

MAL

(Angered)
She's a mother!!

He moves towards the seated figure...

MAL (CONT'D)

That's somebody's mother, you idiot!!...
She's got children!

OLD MAN PEANUT joins MAL by the figure...

OMP

She's a wife ... can't be off gobblin!

They are joined by ARCHIE...

ARCHIE

Got a grievin' 'usband!

He indicates COLIN who remains seated.

ARCHIE (CONT) (CONT'D)

... That's him! Colin!

MAL

You've ruined him!

OMP

He's a husk!... Nothing left of him!

MAL

He's shattered!... You've shat on him...
You shit!

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40 **CONTINUED: (5)**

40

OMP

That's his missus ... That was his missus
you diddled ... That was Liz! That was
h i s L i z ! . . . T h a t w a s h i s L i z y o u
fucked!... That's Mrs. Diamond!... Mrs.
Colin Diamond!... A married woman, you
berk!

MAL

...And you a fucking waiter!... A fucking
waiter!... frog waiter!... You cuntin'

*

spunka!... You sorry fuck! You'll be
fuckin' sorry!... If you thought
yesterday was something... today's gonna
be somet hin' else!.. Yes terday was
nothin' !... I 've be en hom e... h ad a
bath... had a kip... somethin' to eat...
watched a bit of telly ... I've got a
l i f e ! . . . B e e n t o t h e p u b . . . h a d a
drink!... Had a laugh!... Had a dance!...
And you?.... You stink!.. Locked in a
wardrobe!... Chucked in like a puppet!...
Like an unwanted toy!... Sack o' shit!...
Where's that bottle opener?... where's that
corkscrew?... Got a knife?

ARCHIE

(Doing nothing)
'Ere it is!

MAL

(Doing nothing)
Ta!... I'm rollin' my sleeves up!... Say
your fuckin' prayers!

They watch as the figure twitches, winces, evades imagined

blows ... Eventually

COLIN

I want to be alone with it

The men look at COLIN...

MAL

Is that a good idea?

ARCHIE and MEREDITH look at each other...

MEREDITH

... Yeah, alright, Col... We'll leave you alone for a bit ... why not?

MAL

You sure?

ARCHIE

If that's what he wants!

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49.

40 CONTINUED: (6)

40

MEREDITH

We'll have a fag in the passage.

The men begin to leave ... OLD MAN PEANUT approaches COLIN...

OMP

You dare get emotional... You dare get emotional... Don't you dare... Leave that out... You hear me?... You kill him quick and you're a cunt! ... Got that?

ARCHIE

(From the door)

... Peanut!

OMP

Remember ... He's had your wife!... Nice 'n' slow, boy ... Nice `n' slow!

OLD MAN PEANUT leaves the room ... the door is closed ... long pause ... eventually ...

He glances at the wardrobe

*

The door opens and ARCHIE pops his heap in...

*

ARCHIE

Everythin' alright, Col?

COLIN

Everythin' alright?!... This cunt's been up my wife!!... (HE CALMS)... Yeah, I'm alright, Arch!

ARCHIE goes, closing the door...

CUT TO

41 INT HALLWAY, DERELICT HOUSE NIGHT

41

Bare floorboards. Bare walls. Dim lighting. The colours grey, brown, ochre, dirty cream, black,- Sombre... At the far end is a dilapidated front door... To the right of rotting stairs with broken, wooden banisters... MEREDITH sits smoking on top of a knockered upright piano... O L D M A N P E A N U T sits grouchily on the keys... MAL, partly hidden, sits smoking on the stairs... ARCHIE is gently closing the door to the main room... walking up the corridor towards the men/us...

MAL

(Casually)

'S he alright?

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50.

41 CONTINUED:

41

ARCHIE

(No sweatishly)

Yeah, he's alright.

CUT TO

42 INT ROOM IN DERELICT HOUSE

NIGHT

42

COLIN and LOVERBOY as before...

COLIN

You didn't know she was married to people like me, didya? ... Or didya? - Maybe you did -- probably did - Maybe it made it more excitin' ... the risk element ... Yeah, I can see that! (PAUSE) ... You're thinkin', aren't you? ... Under that stupid bag ... thinkin' away ... I can hear it ... Can hear your brain whirrin'... let me 'ave a stab at what you're thinkin' apart from the obvious - Sweet Jesus, please help me!"... My guess is you 're thinkin' , 'Why am I still alive? These are honourable men I've done a bad thing - Why am I still alive?"... Is that right?... Is it? ... Nod your fuckin' head if that's right!...

THE FIGURE, slowly nods

COLIN (CONT) (CONT'D)

... Thank you... ... Alright - I'll tell you why you're still alive ... but this is just between you and me, mind ... Thing is, I've got a dilemma! Which is - and this is stupid, I know - I'm thinkin' that with you dead - which is what I want - don't get me wrong - I want you dead - I think you owe me that - I do! ... Coz that's what you've done to me - you've killed me - but see, with you dead ... She... Liz...Elizabeth. .. will hate me

*

forever - end of story... However ... on the other hand... 'f I let you live ... well ... maybe ... Me an' Liz ... we can ... who knows ... who fuckin' knows ... (PAUSE)... So that's the state of play...

*

That's where we're at! (PAUSE)... D'you know, I don't even know what you look

*

like!.. It's all been a blur to me... Last night I couldn't see anythin' what with all the rage and that - The disappointment - Come on then, let's `ave

*

a look at you...

Slowly COLIN goes towards the figure... Stands in front of it... Stares at it...

51.

42 CONTINUED:

42

Suddenly his hands grab at the black plastic- he roughly tears it open eventually revealing the bloody vest and pant-ed body ... Now he slowly lifts the crumpled Tesco bag from the head and we see the bowed, beaten face of LOVERBOY, early 30's ... Eventually...

COLIN (CONT) (CONT'D)

You know-you're not a bad looking boy!..
Yeah, I can see the attraction!... Young
... fit ... well built ... sexy ... but
if you don't mind my sayin' so - isn't it
all a bit obvious? Bit of a cliché? ...
(PAUSE) What was she doing? ... Silly cow
... What a stupid woman!...

COLIN slowly returns to his seat ... Uncaps the brandy ...
Pours some into the cap and drinks it...

COLIN (CONT'D)

(To Loverboy)

You don't know the first thing about
her! ... Bet she's never farted in
front of you, has she! ... Has she?
... No! ... I thought not!... it's not
romantic, is it? ... you just wanted
the perfumed clouds of love! ... The
magicalness of it all! ... All the
false crap!...Well I've got news for
you, s onny J im - t hat's not l ove!
That' s in - erm - whatdyamacallit -
fatuation ... tha t's wh at it is...
that's not fuckin' love!... Y'dildo...
Love's `ard work! `Ard graft! Love can
be murder! It's putting her first- not
you ... her! ... Watching what she
wants to watch on telly ... taking her
the papers and a cup of tea in bed on
a Sunday morning ... And enquiring...
as to how she might be feeling... "you
alr ig ht, L iz ?.. . Pl ump in g up he r
pillows... and she might get irritated
by tha t... ' leave me in peace for
God's sake! Constant attention!"...
and that might hurt, hearing that ...

*

her saying that... but you've got to
ta k e i t o n t h e c h i n . H a v e b r o a d

shoulders. 'Cos she's the queen and
you're the bee ... the Dad... and so
wh a t i f y o u c o o k t h e d i n n e r a n d
there's no thanks for it! Don't do it
if you expect thanks for it! That's
not w h y y o u d o i t ! ... E n j o y t h e
washing up-whistle while you work ...
and if she shouts through for you to
"shut up please stop whistling`---
then shut up! Stop whistling! Doesn't
c o s t n o t h i n g ! . . .

(MORE)

52.

42 CONTINUED: (2)

42

COLIN (CONT'D)

And, yes, you've ignored the dripping
tap or whatever for five years but one
day, for whatever reason, fuck knows
why, you get up off your fat arse and
you find yourself under the sink with
a span ner in your hand and yo u're
s m i l i n g a
way like fuck...'Cos you know that its
gonna please her! ... And if she don't
notice it, she don't notice it. It
don't matter. It's plumbed It's fixed.
It counts. It's the maintenance of a
marria ge. Th e nuts and bolts. The
nitty gritty. The reality... That's
life. That's love. It ain't easy ...
Nobody ever said i t'd b e easy and
they're right! It's hard work.... But
love c an be lovely ... (meanin gful
pause)... One day... you're shaving in
the bathroom mirror - with a soapy
face - and you 'll fee l h e r
approaching... entering... she's come
in for a pair of tights drying on the
radiator... on the way out she pats
your bum and she'll give you a tiny
smile - almost not a smile - almost
invisible - but a smile nevertheless
and it'll mean the fucking world to

*

you... The whole incredible world...
The f u c k i n g u n i v e r s e ! (p a u s e) . . .
Me?... I'm old fashioned ... I'm like
swans-one partner for life! ... And

now you come along in your tight
trousers to spoil it all! You've

*

spoiled my life! Degraded me! Brought
me to my knees! Humiliated me!... You
ugly cunt ... your heart's ugly ...
selfish ... selfish, ugly, cunt!...
Love is give and take, mate ... give
and take... give... and... take... You
to o k. . . a n d I g i v e . . . I g i v e . . .

(STARES AT LOVER BOY LOSES IT BALLS

HIS FIST MENACINGLY) I give you such a
fucking punch in the mouth in a minute
... (PAUSE) I wet the bed last night
... coz of you ... cried myself to
sleep . . . C r i e d m y s e l f t o f u c k i n '

*

sleep! ... Thanks to you! ... Look at
me... Look at me crying!... Look at
these tears! ... Fucking look at me!
You fucking look at me! ... Look at
me!... You fucking cunt!... I said
look at me!

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53.

42 CONTINUED: (3)

42

LOVERBOY gradually, painfully, lifts his bowed head ...
Slowly, very slowly, he turns ... And looks at COLIN ...
They look at each other...

CUT TO.

43 EXT WEST PIER, BRIGHTON MISTY NIGHT 1954

43

His face is blank. Heartless. Matter of fact. Grizzled.
Cold. His eyes dull. Black. Stony ... He is thick set... Bear-
like... He wears a scruffy tweed coat ... A flat working man's
cap a thick, battered gypsy belt-and he is busy bundling a
live cockerel into the Hessian sack before him ... In with
the snake ... In with the dog ... In with the man - the
beaten, terrified, whimpering man in the sack...the four
creatures in there together ... Pandemonium in the sack as he
ties it off ... Brutishly dragging the hellish parcel to the

edge of the pier-and lazily booting it into the dark sea below . . . He turns now . . . His task completed . . . And couldn't give a monkeys as he looks with zero compassion down the barrel of the camera at us... He walks off, disappearing into the foggy night ... This was BRIGHTON BILLY...

CUT TO.

44 EXT UNDERWATER NIGHT
44

In the gloomy dirty, silent water the tethered sack descends ... Hellish movement inside...

CUT BACK TO

45 INT HALLWAY, DERELICT HOUSE NIGHT
45

The men as before ... Eventually...

MEREDITH

'Ow's yer Mum, Arch?

ARCHIE

(Modest. Fond)

Yeah, she's alright... fine... doin' very well ... (SLIGHT PAUSE) `Ad a bit of a scare last week, though ... She

*

fell outa bed, middle of the night! ... I didn't hear `er! ... Found 'er in the mornin' sleepin' on the floor! Frightened the life out, of me! - but she 's a l r i g h t . . . D o c ' s a y s i t 'appens...

MAL

She's tough, your Mum ... she'll go on forever!

54.
45 CONTINUED:
45

ARCHIE

(Sweetly. Lovingly)
... Yeah ... she'll outlive me -- that's
for sure!

MEREDITH

Give 'er my regards!

ARCHIE

(Gratefully)
Yeah, I will ... I will ... course...

Silence- eventually...

OMP

D'you remember Samson?...Who remembers
Samson?

MAL

'Ad a petshop on the Roman Road.

OMP

No! The Bible! ... A strongman!

MEREDITH

Victor Mature...

*
*
*
*

(beat)

... Never fancied 'im.

OMP

... I'm talkin' about the real McCoy ..
the actual bloke!

MAL

(To Peanut)
What about 'im?

MEREDITH

Now Rod Taylor - that's different! - What
a shag! Mamma Mia! -- Big fat back!

OMP

(Ignoring)
This is a man who's got everything! ...
Power. ' Influence. Upper body strength.
Friends in 'igh places!

MEREDITH

And John Saxon! - Enter the drag - queen!
-- Sex-ee!

OMP

He meets this bitch...

MEREDITH

Boyd'y! - Stephen Boyd! - Scrumptious!

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55.

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

OMP

(Persevering)

... Falls in love with the cunt...

*

MEREDITH

... And Paul McCartney, strangely enough!

OMP

(Pestered)

...He falls in love with the cunt...

ARCHIE

...'S Sir Paul now, innit?

MEREDITH

Hedi Lamarr!

OMP

(irate)

Oh, please! Let me say what I'm sayin'!

MEREDITH

But that's who it is. In the film - Hedi Lamarr!

O.M.P.

(impatient)

In the film, yeah ...

*

MEREDITH

Delilah

OMP

Yeah, right hooer! ... He's got this lovely long hair ... as was the style in them days ... and its where he got `is

st r e n g t h f r o m . . . O n e n i g h t s h e ' s
d r u g g e d ' i m . . . p u t a p o t i o n i n ' i s
d r i n k . . .

CUT TO

46 INT BED CHAMBER BC NIGHT
46

C/U on a bejewelled, golden goblet of red wine on a marble surface... Now a many braceleted beautiful arm and heavily ringed hand of a woman comes into view... Powder is gently poured into the goblet...

CUT BACK TO

47 INT HALLWAY, DERELICT HOUSE NIGHT
47

OMP

... He's gone all woozy and he's conked
out on the marble floor...

(MORE)

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56.
47 CONTINUED:
47

OMP (CONT'D)

She's crept off like the rat she is and
she's come back.. with a pair of scissors
... And she's give'im the full monty ...
short back and sides!

CUT TO

48 INT BED CHAMBER BC NIGHT
48

We are C/U on the back of a head of extremely long hair,-the same ringed hands wielding scissors, frenziedly hack and chop in a flurry of hair barbarism!

CUT BACK TO

49 INT HALLWAY, DERELICT HOUSE NIGHT
49

OMP

... Next mornin' he's woke up ... gone
into the bathroom for a wash ... Looked

in the mirror ... seen the state of his
barnet and he's flipped `is lid! ... He's
hit the roof!...-He's gone apeshit!..

CUT TO

50 **INT OLD TESTAMENT BATHROOM DAY**
50

We see SAMSON... 6'5"... Hunky, handsome, beefcake... His
hair cut superman-style ... Going beserk! ... Smashing the
room up ... Wa il ing .. . Sc rea mi ng .. . H ow li ng ... W
it h
displeasure at his new style...

CUT BACK TO

51 **INT HALLWAY, DERELICT HOUSE NIGHT**
51

OMP

... H e's r each ed fo r hi s tru sty
broadsword only to discover he can't pick
it up - weighs a ton!! ... His strength
was in his hair you see ... He can't even
pick up his fuckin' toothbrush! ... From
then on his life was terrible ... Fell
apart!... They stabbed 'is eyes out ...
blinded 'im! Stuck `im in a dungeon!...
Bread and water!... Whipped! Lashed!
Mornin', noon and night!...

CUT TO

52 **INT DUNGEON BC NIGHT**
52

SAMSON, chained up, sporting a pudding basin cut ... His bare
back being lashed by TWO BURLY, UNIFORMED SOLDIERS ... Crack!
Crack! Crack!.. Over this we hear...

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52 **CONTINUED:**
52

OMP (VOICE)

... His life was a fuckin' misery!..

C/U on SAMSON'S agonised face as he's being whipped, his hair something of a `bob'... Over this we hear...

OMP (VOICE) (CONT'D)

... But all the while see, his hair's growin' back in!

JUMP CUT TO

C/U on SAMSON'S agonised face as he's being whipped, his hair somewhat 'pageboy'... Over this we hear...

OMP (VOICE) (CONT'D)

... He's gettin' stronger!

JUMP CUT TO

SAMSON. Long haired, chained up alone in the, dungeon ... Presently the sound of the heavy door being unbolted ... Slowly it eases open ... And there stands DELILAH, tears in her eyes...

OMP VOICE

... She comes to visit `im ... Tries to make it up...

She throws herself on him ... Is all over him ... Smothering him with kisses ... We see SAMSON'S harsh, hard, set face as he's being kissed...

OMP VOICE (CONT'D)

But he don't want to know! - Well he sort of does ... but anyway...

Sud de nl y t he c ha ine d up S AMS ON s pu rns t he r epe nt an t

DELILAH... He lashes out with his sandaled, foot ... And boots her across the room ... She lands like a sack of potatoes against the wall...

CUT BACK TO

53 INT HALLWAY, DERELICT HOUSE

NIGHT

53

OMP

... Now by this stage his hair's down 'ere... (INDICATES ON HIMSELF) ... And his might's comin' back - Slowly but surely!... Comes the day of the big party in the temple and he's well up for it! Can't wait! Bent on vengeance!... But

he's got fuck all on `im - no weapons -
no nothin' - No matter!...

CUT TO

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54 INT TEMPLE PARTY BC NIGHT

54

MUSIC 'CANNED HEAT' BY JAMIROQUAI...

Lavish, debauched frivolities- PHILISTINES, MACEDONIANS,
PERSIANS ETC having a ball...to one side of the dance floor
we see the forlorn figure of SAMSON...

OMP VOICE

He's chained up between these two columns
... Great thick pillars ... And all the
guests are taunting 'im ... slaggin' 'im
off...

We see this ... Liberties being taken with poor SAMSON ...
Women teasing him ... Dwarfs kicking -him ... A camp chap in
a robe lifting SAMSON'S tunic to reveal his undergarments-
SAMSON, somewhat mincily, twists and writhes, squirms, in a
vain attempt to protect his modesty ... But it is hopeless
... The tau nter s s quea l w ith del ight at his pa thet ic
plight... .

OMP VOICE (CONT'D)

... Callin' 'im this and that ... every
name under the sun and he thinks - right -
fuck you lot, 'ave some of this...

SAMSON, incensed, begins to push mightily against the pillars
-his face a mask of crazed revenge

CUT BACK TO.

55 INT HALLWAY DERELICT HOUSE NIGHT

55

OLD MAN PEANUT is determinedly pushing against the walls of
the hallway ... The others, slightly bored, vaguely amused,
watch him...

OMP

(Pushing the walls)
... And with 'is bare hands...'is simple,
big, bare fuckin' hands - he's pushed and

he's pushed... pushed and pushed -'uffin'
an' puffin' 'eavin' an 'oin'... until the
v e r y f o u n d a t i o n s o f t h e h o u s e o f
debauchery start to crack - to yield...
to crumble... and I'm tellin' ya, they
built things proper in them days. Built
to last - this was no mean feat...And
with one mammoth shove ... One terrible
thrust... He's brought the whole kaboodle
crashin' to the ground!... He's killed
the whole fuckin' tot of 'em!!

CUT TO

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59.

56 INT TEMPLE DEVASTATED NIGHT

56

Chaos... Panic stricken party-goers fleeing in terror...
Rushing towards and past the camera... Behind them the temple
in ruins ... People crushed ... Limbs sticking out of the
rubble...

CUT BACK TO

57 INT HALLWAY, DERELICT HOUSE NIGHT

57

ARCHIE

And 'imself!

OMP

And 'imself! ... He didn't give a fuck
about 'imself by this point! ... And all
because....

MUSIC begins "THIS & THAT" by TOM JONES...

CUT TO

58 INT ROOM DERELICT HOUSE NIGHT

58

MUSIC CONTINUES-...

LOVERBOY is as before ... We see the back of COLIN as he
leans on the mantelpiece ... Deep in thought...

OMP VOICE

... And all because?...

CROSS FADE TO

59 EXT DESERTED STREETS/ALLEYWAY RAIN NIGHT

59

THE MUSIC CONTINUES...

The streets deserted..... Bleak.... Drizzly.... Foreboding

CROSS FADE TO...

60 INT ROOM IN DERELICT HOUSE NIGHT

60

THE MUSIC CONTINUES...

COLIN sits in front of LOVERBOY... staring intently at him...

OMP VOICE

... And all because?...

CROSS FADE TO...

61 EXT DESERTED STREETS/ALLEYWAYS RAIN NIGHT

61

THE MUSIC CONTINUES...

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60.

61 CONTINUED:

61

The streets seemingly deserted... Bleak.... Drizzly...

Foreboding.... We become aware of the gentle clicking of high heel shoes...

CROSS FADE TO...

62 INT ROOM IN DERELICT HOUSE NIGHT

62

THE MUSIC CONTINUES-

COLIN stands directly behind LOVERBOY ... staring down murderously at him...

OMP VOICE

... And all because?...

COLIN slowly lifts his head ... and stares down the barrel of the camera...

CUT TO

63 **INT HALLWAY, DERELICT HOUSE NIGHT**
63

C/U on OLD MAN PEANUT...

OMP
... of a woman!

THE MUSIC STOPS.

CUT TO.

64 **INT ROOM IN DERELICT HOUSE NIGHT**
64

COLIN staring darkly at LOVERBOY...

COLIN

...(QUIETLY)... I was up at the window... the broken window... I called to her ... She

*

couldn't have heard me... couldn't have heard me... I went fuckin' bananas ... ballistic ... went fuckin' spare ... You ain't seen nothin' like this ... like what I did ... I 'was possessed ... I smashed my home up! With my bare hands I smashed my home to pieces!'... BANG! Elbowed the telly!... BANG!... There goes the coffee table!... BANG!...That's the stereo fucked!... BANG!., Gonna need a new settee now!... And carpets!... And it's BANG this and its BANG that! BANG! BANG! BANG! - Like Sonny and fuckin' Cher!... I almost killed the family dog! - You almost killed the family dog! D'You

*

accept that you've spunked all over my marriage? (LOVERBOY SLIGHTLY NODS) ...

(MORE)

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61.

64 **CONTINUED:**
64

COLIN (CONT'D)

Note that the prisoner has nodded his head ... How do you plead? ... Exactly! As sin!... Before sentence is passed, do you have anythin' to say for yourself? No you don't! Take him away... come'ere!... I'm gonna strangle your eyeballs out! Gonna embed your 'ead in that wall!...

He lunges towards LOVERBOY ... murderously, his hands about to strangle...

SUDDENLY...

LIZ'S VOICE

(From outside. Distant)

No!

COLIN freezes in his tracks, shocked at what he has heard... What he thinks he has heard... Backs away from LOVERBOY... Gathers himself... Makes his way gingerly to the filthy window... Tries to clear the accumulated grime with the palm of his hand... Eventually can just about see through onto the street... All seems quiet, deserted... But no... He catches a glimpse, a blur, of red -- A figure? ... Disappears...

Colin shocked... backing away from the window slightly... Then edging closer again... Peering through ... Seeing ... 30 yds away, standing stock still, staring back at him... LIZ... She is glamorous ... A slinky red cocktail dress... High heels... No bag... No coat... Un-bloody, un-marked, un-scathed... Full make up... A fantastic face... A fantastic face...staring back at him...

COLIN

(Shell-shocked)

... Liz!

She turns ... Walks into the dark ... And is gone... COLIN desperate, can't see properly, smashes the filthy pane of glass with his elbow... Suddenly legs appear at the window... Striding silently past ... But they are giant- she must be 50ft tall... And now they are gone ...

64A INT ROOM IN DERELICT HOUSE

64A *

COLIN turns back into the room now populated with OMP ,
*
MEREDITH, MAL and ARCHIE. COLIN stands strong... As strong as
*
he can ... Braced ... Holding his head high - as high as he

can ... Expectant ... Looking towards the door ... As it slowly begins to open ... LIZ enters...

*

MAL

She's got some fuckin' balls, I'll tell ya... she has got some fuckin' balls!

And now she appears ... In the doorway ... And COLIN is looking at her ... At LIZ... The men have taken their seats ... Interested ... Very interested...

64A CONTINUED:

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62.

64A

OMP

I knew she'd show her Jezebel face!

MAL

(To Loverboy)

'Ere, Romeo, things are lookin' up ... the cavalry's arrived!... Can't you smell it?!

COLIN is looking at her ... But her loveliness is sapping his strength ... He can't take it ... He can't take the beauty... He crumples into a nearby armchair ... His face averted from all ... Eventually

LIZ

(Look ing a t Lov erbo y. So tto voce)

... Bastards...

MAL

What's that, slag?

ARCHIE

Now that's something I don't like - A woman swearin'... Its unbecomin'!

OMP

She wants her fucking mouth washed out with soap, she does!

MAL

Jokin', mate ... she'd fuckin' love that!

LIZ

You all must be very proud of yourselves.

OMP

Not yet we ain't but we're gettin' there!

LIZ

What have you done to him?

ARCHIE

It's a ll se lf in flict ed... all self
inflicted.

OMP

He's a masherkest!

MEREDITH

A what?!

OMP

A masherkest!... You must know what a
masherkest is! Don't you know what a
masherkest is? - A masherkest!

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63.

64A CONTINUED: (2)

64A

MEREDITH

(Laughing ... Can't bear it)
Don't say that word anymore ... please!

LIZ

(Takes out a cigarette)
... Mal, have you got a light?

MAL

What? Yeah...

MAL goes to LIZ ... Lights her cigarette ... She touches
his hand gently as he does so... MAL looks at her ... She
looks at him...

OMP

(To Mal)
What you doin'?

MAL

(Dumbly)
Giving her a light...

OMP

Well just give her it, then! Doesn't `ave
to be all that!

MAL hesitates ... Returns to his seat ... Eventually...

LIZ

Thanks, Mal.

LONG PAUSE...

MEREDITH

'Ere Liz...'ere's a funny thing ... Last
week, right, I went to get a new pair of
shoes ... down Bond Street ... So I've
popped into this shop and I've said I
want that pair - those in the window - in
a ten... So he's brought'em to me and I
tr i e s ' e m o n . . . b e a u t i f u l . . . l i k e
slippers... bit loud for this lot but me
to a 'T'... I'll 'ave 'em... Ow much?...
Four 'undred and forty four pounds!... So
I'm counting out the money and I can feel
the assistant standing too close - like
here - like his head's by my chin ... So
I've eased him back a tad and I says, 'ow
much were these again? ... and he's told
me ... repeated it ... Four 'undred and
forty-four pounds ... Tell you what, I
say s. . . I ' l l g i v e y o u f i v e ' u n d r e d
for'em... I'll get the box, he says ...
but I've called him back ...

(MORE)

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64A CONTINUED: (3)

64.

64A

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

Never mind the box, I says, stick `em in
a paper bag!... Right you are, sir, he
says ... and toddles off.

LIZ

I know you hate me.

MEREDITH

Lovely shoes! ... Hate you? ... No-one's
hating ... not in this room ... So shut
your fucking mouth!

ARCHIE

(Pointing to Meredith's feet)
Is that them?

MEREDITH

(Eyes on Liz)
... No... these are boots ... this was shoes ... Would you like something to drink, Liz? ... (he walks over to her with his whiskey bottle) ... Sorry we ain't got a glass ... D'you mind the bottle?

OMP

Up yer arse!

MEREDITH

(Tuts. Waves his finger at Old

*

Man Peanut)

Peanut!... (To LIZ) ... Apologies for that ... That was uncalled for ... Do you forgive 'im?

LIZ

I didn't hear him.

MEREDITH

... I said sorry we ain't got a glass ... D'you mind the bottle? And he said, `Up your arse!`... D'you forgive 'im?

LIZ ignores- reaches for the whiskey bottle ... Takes a swig ... Hands it back... MEREDITH returns to his seat...

ARCHIE

Why'd you give 'im five 'undred for 'em?

MEREDITH

You wouldn't understand.

ARCHIE

No I don't!

OMP

He was bein' flash!

OMP (CONT'D)

*

Is it true?... Is it? ... Is it true,
Liz?

LIZ

Is what true?

OMP

Is it true you're expectin'?

MAL

(Surprised)

Is she?!

OMP

(Relishing the thought)

Could be!... Could be, Col!... (COLIN
IS LISTENING. ALARMED. ALL EARS) ...

Eh? ... A little one . . . a l i t t l e
bastard!...

LIZ

(Dismissively)

Oh, shut up ... you idiot!

COLIN looks at her, weighing it up, unsure...

OMP

Coz if it's true ... if it is true ...

*

you're comin' round my house ... get in
the back room ... bottle of gin ... in
the tin bath ... and my Agnes'll take
care of it - with a coat hanger!... Then
that'll be ta ken ca re of and we can
forget all about this slack behaviour of
yours...

MEREDITH

It's not exactly BUPA, is it?!

OMP

(To Meredith)

It's the way it's done! It's what you
do!... To amend!

MAL

Nah ... you're just gettin' your rocks
off! - He's just gettin' 'is rocks off,
Colin!

OMP

If she were mine I'd stone 'er!

LIZ

*

Like you've been stoning Agnes for years?

66.

64A CONTINUED: (5)

64A

OMP

You what?... What did you say?... You're wrong!... Fucking fornicator!... -She's loyal to me... Faithful and true! ...

LIZ

She's just scared...

OMP

You bitch!... Bad-mouthing me!... You!... Its outrageous!... Knock some sense into her , C o l i n ! . . . B e a t i t o u t o f h e r ! You're in trouble you cunt and you know it! . . . You hear me? ... W h o r e ! ... Colin, if you're not gonna do something about this ... I'll do something!

LIZ

Like what? Piss your pants?

OMP

'Ow dare you!...'Ow dare you!... I'll mark your face forever!... I'll knock your fuckin' teeth out (as he says this his dentures slip out of his mouth. his jaw grapples to re-grip them)

LIZ laughs at his plight...

LIZ

Come on then...

OMP

(Flustered)
Colin!

LIZ

What are you waiting for?

OLD MAN PEANUT, furious, rises...

ARCHIE

Don't rise to it, Pop!

OMP

(Sitting)

...Yeah, you're right! ... Why give her the satisfaction?! ... I wouldn't give her the epic kings of f my handkerchief! ... (TO LIZ) In time ... In time lady ... All in good time ... I'm gonna enjoy watching you squeal like the sow you are! ... And yer little piglet!

LIZ

Oh, grow up!

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64A CONTINUED: (6)

64A

MAL

(Indicating Loverboy)

He 's n ot sa y in ' m uc h , i s h e, To m Cruise?!

ARCHIE

He's keepin' his head down...'Opin it'll go away...

OMP

Well, it won't!... Whoremonger!

MAL

(To Loverboy)

Oi, fi shface ... S he's lookin ' at you!... Now she's lookin' at me! ... Now she's lookin' at you again!... (TO THE MEN) ... Did you see that? How she went f rom lo ve to hate in a s plit second?

OMP

Typical!

MAL

(To Loverboy)
Come on then! ... Give her a look! ... A
look of love! ... Oi, buggerlugs, you
listenin?...Am I talkin' to myself 'ere?!
Fuckin' look at 'er! ... Look at `er, you
worthless'cowson!

OMP

Adulterer!

ARCHIE

Look at 'er!

MAL

Cunt!!

LIZ

Stop it!

MAL

Shut up!... (TO LOVERBOY) Look at `er!

Slowly, painfully, LOVER BOY lifts his head to look at
LIZ...they stare into each other's eyes...

ARCHIE

(Falsely moved)
Aahh!

MAL

... By the way... Do you still love her?

64A CONTINUED: (7)

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68.
64A

Slowly LOVERBOY looks away from LIZ...

MAL (CONT'D)

There's your answer!... I think we can
take that as a 'No'!... Well we've learnt
something ... Fear is stronger than love!

ARCHIE

I knew that!... Everyone knows that!...

MEREDITH

(Staring at Colin)
... Do they?...

LIZ is staring at LOVERBOY... COLIN watching her every move like a hawk....she rises from her chair ... Goes to LOVERBOY ... Kneels beside him ... Gently turns his face to look at her ... She smiles at him with great tenderness - COLIN, heartbroken, watches ... LIZ kneeling beside LOVERBOY... Tenderly stroking his face ... The men chatter quietly feeling for COLIN...

MAL

(Sotto voce)
Should he be seein' that?

MEREDITH

(Sotto Voce)
Can't be favourite!

OMP

(quietish)
They may as well be fuckin' doin' it in front of 'im!

ARCHIE

(Sympathetically sotto voce)
That's gotta smart!

MAL

(Sotto voce)
You do not wanna see your wife tendin' to another man in that way! - That's 'usband only stuff!.

MEREDITH

'S quite beautiful, really...

OMP

What you on about?! 'S ugly! 'S `ideous! - it's pornogrographic!

MEREDITH

...'S like a paintin'...'Loverboy bein' tended to by 'is Liz ... (ARCHIE and MAL suppressing laughter) ... with spare prick Colin lookin' on'! ...

(MORE)

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

(giggling schoolboys) ... Oil on canvas!
... I might paint that when I get home
... give it to Archie's mum on Pancake Day...

MAL

(Wetting himself)
Shutup!!

ARCHIE

(Wiping away a laughter tear)
Poor bastard!

MAL

(Sobering)
... You alright Col?

Now COLIN turns from the Pieta ... Towards the men...

COLIN

(to MAL)
... Yeah, I'm alright, Archie!

MAL

What?

ARCHIE

I'm Archie!

MAL

I'm Mal!

COLIN

I'm not Colin!

MEREDITH

That's interestin'!

OMP

(Confused)
Eh!

COLIN

He's gone.

ARCHIE

Gone? ... Where? ... Where you gone, son?

COLIN

There is no Colin... No such man... No such person... Not anymore... There was a man called Colin... He looked like me... But not anymore ... (pause) His boots were covered in icing...

OMP

Eh!

70.
64A CONTINUED: (9)
64A

COLIN

*

... Little mornin' suit...

*

MEREDITH

*

(Cheerily tipping an invisible

*

hat)

Mornin'!

COLIN

... Little gentleman... (goes over to LIZ...) You remember Colin, don't you?... Course you do!... No?... He had a big heart!... Don't you remember? 'Ave you forgot? - his kindness... His sweet nature ... Couldn't do enough, could he?... Family man... Proud... His kids... Home... His wife... How he used to make her laugh... Spoil her... Dote on her... Different treats... Ah, well!... Do you know what happened to him? - I do!... Yeah!... He was murdered! Yeah!, In his kitchen - that's right!... in his own fuckin' kitchen!... Had his fuckin' heart ripped out... standin' by the fridge... Should've seen his face - Stupid! Looked like a cunt !... He did!... You would've laughed!

ARCHIE

(Straight)

No one's callin' you a cunt, Col.

COLIN

(To Liz ... indicating
 Loveboy)

... He met Colin! ... Didn't you? ...
Last night ... Do you remember? ... He
wasn't very nice to you was he?! ...

No he wasn't! (DIRECTLY TO LIZ) Didn't know what fuckin' hit him! He remembers Colin, alright! ... The man Colin!...

MAL

Yeah, he fucked 'is fuckin' wife, didn't he?! Fucked 'is fuckin' wife!

LIZ

(Rises takes out a cigarette)
What and you wouldn't?

MAL is stunned ... LIZ sits by OLD MAN PEANUT ... who without thinking, lights her cigarette...

MAL

What did you say? What did she say?...

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64A **CONTINUED: (10)**

64A

LIZ

I said that given half a chance you'd try to fuck me.

All eyes on MAL...

MAL

(Defensively)
Not now I wouldn't!

COLIN

(Studying him)
Well when, then?

MAL

Never! Fuck off! - What is this?! ...
(a l l e y e s o n M A L) F u c k ' s s a k e ! . . .
What?. .. Wh at th e f u c k is this? !...
Don't! ... Don't do this, Col... this
ain't right! ... What you tryin' to do -
put me in the fuckin' wardrobe?! ...
Wel l, I' m n o t g o i n' in th e f u c k i n'
w a r d r o b e !. .. I r e f u s e t o g o i n th e
f u c k i n' w a r d r o b e !.. A l r i g h t ? !... F u c k i n'
make me out to be a... to be a...

COLIN

To be a what?

MAL

Look she's a good lookin' woman - she's beautiful - she's sexy - she's horny - fuckin' Meredith said as much - You'd have to be blind not to notice - deaf and dumb - but if you're expectin' me to deny that ... I'm not gonna! ... But one thing I am fuckin' not ... one thing I am most definitely not - is -

LIZ

- A liar.

MAL

That's fuckin' right! Fuckin' right!... Look, Colin, you've obviously got a bee in your bonnet about somethin' but all I did was give her a light!

COLIN

I've told you ... I'm not Colin

MAL

(Irate)

Yeah? Well I'm not fuckin' Liz!

- He is! (Points to LOVERBOY)

72.

64A CONTINUED: (11)

64A

* COLIN looks to LOVERBOY ... looks back to MAL ... stares at

*

him ... eventually lets it go ... looks at the men... looks

*

at LIZ, who sits smoking ... looks to LOVERBOY...

*

CUT TO

65 INT ROOM IN DERELICT HOUSE

NIGHT

65

COLIN and LOVERBOY alone ... COLIN studying him...

COLIN

You 'r e m o r e 'an d s o m e t h a n m e. M o r e
virile. Younger. Probably more sexually
experienced ... patient, considerate,
tender, sensitive, kind, thoughtful,
sh a r i n g , g i v i n g , i n t e l l i g e n t ,
passionate... D'you want me to go on? ...
Bet you get her goin' ... take her there
... talk to her, listen to her, hear her -
y o u h e a r h e r! . . . Y o u l a u g h -
together!... God you're manly! Fuckin'
manly! ... What a man ! "Go d's g i f t!
You're everythin a woman could want... I
can just see your wardrobe! - Everythin'
colour co-ordinated! Whatever you pick
out to wear ... whatever combination - it
works! - You look superb! ... And your
underwear - immaculate ! 100 % cotton!
Dazzlin'!... Not like my pinky grey-y
things! Nah, you've just got it - good at
everythin'! ... Me - on the other hand -
I'm good at sittin'!... Sit, sit, sit...
watch, watch, watch ... drink, drink,
drink... Honestly, she must've spent

*

half our marriage yawnin "... The kids --
d'you know what they call me? - Captain
Arsehole! - Oh, but they do! Captain
Arsehole! - They were thinkin' of gettin'
T-shirts printed up for the whole family
with my photo on them and the legend
"Captain Arsehole" printed underneath!...
And you know what? - I'd ave worn one! -
I would've! If it'd've pleased them -
given 'em a laugh - I'd a worn one! ...
Wouldn't I, Liz?

He turns-but the room is empty ... Just him and LOVERBOY ...
COLIN realises he's been seen talking to himself ... Turns on
LOVERBOY...

COLIN (CONT'D)

What you starin' at?!... French Cunt!...

*

Sittin' there all superior... Shut your
mouth - shut your noise... (pause) Shut
your eyes!... Shut your fuckin' eyes!...
(LOVERBOY does so ... COLIN grabs a
chair... sits facing LOVERBOY)...

(MORE)

65 CONTINUED:
65

COLIN (CONT'D)

Right - you're comin' with me!... (pause, stares hard at terrified LOVERBOY) ... This is it... here we are... The Master bedroom, look...

CUT TO

66 INT MASTER BEDROOM DETACHED SUBURBAN VILLA DAY
66

We enter the bedroom just behind COLIN ... He looks over his shoulder ... Talks/refers directly to camera/LOVERBOY ...

COLIN

...recently painted... That's the bed... see the tangled sheets?!... (indicates a door. Opens it.)... Bathroom! - en suite look ... gold taps! - but never mind that... ignore all that... that's not why you're in `ere... It's that - that look - this - this look - this 'ere... (he has moved to a chest of drawers)... this chest of drawers... Inside here, mate, is treasure .. . (caresses the chest of drawers). Treasure like you wouldn't fuckin' believe! - Should we have a look inside it?... Shall we?...We fuckin' shall!... (slowly opens a drawer)... What we got 'ere? 'S her underwear, look ... all soft a n' warm .. . a n' pretty ... (slowly turns to us. Stares darkly. Turns away. Shuts the drawer)... Shut that... 'Ow about this one? (opens another drawer) My socks and pants ! (closes it)... What about this one? This could be interestin'... (slowly opens another drawer. His face lights up). Bingo! (He extracts an old document. holds it up for us to see) ... See this? See it? D'you know what this is? No?... I'll tell ya what this is - 's the contract!...'s the marriage contract! (stares smugly)... Lets see what it says, shall we? (READS) 'Mr and Mrs Colin Diamond!'... It's there in black and white. Plain as the broken nose on your face...'Married!' 'By law! 'Before God'!... There's no gettin' round

that!... We must accept that!... So...
this piece of paper's gonna be a bit
tricky... yeah, difficult ... hmm ...
(MUSES) Tell ya what, lets lay it aside
for a bit... (puts it back)... 'Allo ,
what's this? (takes out a photograph) 'S
a photo! That's us on our wedding
day!... Don't laugh at-the suit ... pony
'aircut!.. (stares at it intently) But
didn't she look lovely!... What else we
got in 'ere? (rummages) The stuff you
keep!... 'Ere's 'er garter, look!

(MORE)

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74.

66 CONTINUED:

66

COLIN (CONT'D)

(shows it to us) ... Blue, of course!...
What's in this box? (opens a small
box)... Oh, it's cake! Bit of cake! Still
all right. . still moist - you could eat
that!... (looks at it intently... then
returns it to the drawer. Now his eye
catches something inside and slowly he
reaches in ... gently extracts a fancy,
pearl handled, gleaming, 12" knife.)
'Ere's the knife we cut it with!... (he -
confronts us. Holding it staring at us
darkly. Murderously ... Eventually...)
... Best put this away, eh? . (slides
the knife back into the drawer. Finds
something else ... Something 2 inches
tall. His face fills with wonder)...
'Ere's a little man, look ... off the top
of the cake! Ain't he 'andsome! (looks
closely at it)... In 'is little mornin'
suit ... aahh!! - Top hat - spats 'n'
all! . . . It's me!! . . . (S u d d e n l y ,
violently, he thrusts the 2 inch groom
towards us/camera. Holding. It. Shaking
with rage) ... You've made me feel that
small!! (pulls himself together .
Retracts the figure) ... He's goin' back
in the drawer! (QUICKLY RETURNS IT) ...
Safe! ... Away from you!!...

CUT BACK TO

75-78.

LOVERBOY with his eyes shut ... COLIN, upset, opposite...

COLIN

Away from you!! ... (TURNING to THE ROOM) Away from him!!

He turns...and we now see the others back in the room ... But... LIZ's head is on MEREDITH'S body she smokes ... MEREDITH'S head is on ARCHIE'S body he leans on the mantelpiece ... ARCHIE'S head is on MAL's body standing ... MAL's head is OLD MAN PEANUT's body sitting...

C/U on COLIN'S face ... He can't believe it ... Addresses the MEREDITH/LIZ person

COLIN (CONT'D)

(Perplexed)
What's 'appenin', Meredith?

But this figure does not reply ... The response comes from the LIZ/MEREDITH combo...

LIZ/MEREDITH

(But with Old Man Peanut's voice)
Oh, I'm not Meredith!

OMP

(but with ARCHIE,s gruff voice)
Oh, gawd! !

COLIN confused ... Fascinated ... Scared ... Especially by the relaxed, cross legged, smoking, sexy-bodied, feminine form disturbingly topped with the nasty old head of OLD MAN PEANUT ... it speaks...

OMP/LIZ

(but with MEREDITH'S smooth voice)
... My name is Max.

COLIN

- No - Sacha! ...

CUT TO

We take in the splendor of a grand old stately house...Over this we hear...

68 CONTINUED:
68

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78A.

MEREDITH V/O

Sacha is it...Alright...Sacha it is...It's your nightmare, Col...I'm only the chauffeur...

We now see MEREDITH... Immaculate in a dove grey chauffeur's uniform - below the window ... On the impressive gravel drive ... Tending to an orange coloured Bentley... Over this we hear...

MEREDITH VO

Liz hates me ... She's a lady ... Rich bitch ... Fuck all to do 'cept shop and wank... Bored out of her box... She's at the window ... looking out ... looking down...

We see the upper regency window ... Behind it, staring through, looking down, is LIZ ... Wearing electric pink jodhpurs ... Leaf-green, silk, blouse and stock ... Riding boots ... Her face spectacularly made up - severe.... Over this we hear...

MEREDITH VO (CONT'D)

I'm in the drive, waxing the Bentley... I can feel her eyes... on me... scorching through my dove-grey uniform... but I'll be damned if I'm gonna look at her... I know she's crying... and I can feel her loneliness ... emptiness... longing... So I'm buffin' away with my cloth... my little chamois - leather!...

MEREDITH stops waxing ... LIZ at the window staring down... he does not look at her...

MEREDITH VO (CONT'D)

... Think I'll `ave a fag... One deserve one ... Its hard work rubbing

a car down... I smoke - What do I
smoke Col?

*

COLIN (V.O.)

Sovereigns!

*

He takes out a pack of cigarettes- studies the box with
mild disapproval...

MEREDITH VO (CONT'D)

*

Sovereigns!...Alright!...Get the ugly

*

old silver pack out ... put one in my

*

mouth ... yellow 'clipper'... light it
... lean on the bonnet... puff away
... She's still fuckin' looking at
me...

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78B.

68 CONTINUED: (2)
68

MEREDITH THE CHAUFFEUR

(Not looking at Liz)
... Aintcha?!

MEREDITH (V.O.)

*

...Hang on, you're playing safe `ere

*

Col. This is more Mal...

*

MAL (V.O.)

*

Oh. Fucking cheers Meredith.

*

Suddenly Mal is the chauffeur -looking as though he's
dressed in a hurry...

*

MAL VO

*

What am I doin' `ere?... Is she
looking at me?...She is ain't
she...She's looking at me!...

We see LIZ at the window... She is slowly, erotically,
flagrantly, licking the glass...

MAL VO (CONT'D)

*

Hold up!...What's she doin'
now?...She's licking the bleedin'
window...Licking the bleedin'
glass!...What's she doin' that
for?...That's a bit weird,
innit?!...Bloody `ell!

Now he turns ... C/U on him as he looks up at the window
and stares ... Over this we hear...

MAL VO (CONT'D)

*

... That's not right! - That ain't -
That's wrong!...Take note Colin, this

*

has nothing to do wi' me ...I'm just

*

mindin' my own business ... I'm just
'aving a break - `Aving a kit kat!

CUT TO

69 INT ROOM IN DERELICT HOUSE NIGHT

69

All in the room...'normal! Again...MAL snaps a piece of
chocolate off a bar and hands it to ARCHIE...

ARCHIE

(To Meredith)

They ain't lookin' for a gardener at
this place by any chance, are they?

MAL

*

I don't think you'd like that job.
Don't think you'd be interested in
that particular post.

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78C.

69 CONTINUED :
69

ARCHIE

Why's that?

MEREDITH

Gardener fucks the maid!

ARCHIE

Sounds alright!

MEREDITH

You ain't seen the maid!

ARCHIE

Be alright, I'll be wearin' muddy
gloves!

They all laugh...

*

COLIN

*

What about me?

*

MEREDITH smiles... Eventually looks at COLIN.

*

MEREDITH

*

You? Well, Colin, since you ask...

*

you're the thing in the basement...

*

with the hood on... ain't he Peanut?

*

OMP

*

Eh?

*

CUT TO

70 INT NARROW STONE STAIRCASE LEADING TO DUNGEON NIGHT
70

We are at the foot of the stairs ... can hear footsteps
descending ... and now OLD MAN PEANUT appears ... carrying

a battered old suitcase ... he opens the heavy, wooden, studded, creaking, dungeon door and enters ... we see a figure, trussed up in bin bags and with an old Tesco bag on its head hanging from a meat-hook ... it struggles...OLD MAN PEANUT slams down the case ... opens it ... inside a jumbled variety of rusty tools /gadgets/ implements.... from the tangled hardware he manages to extract a thick, rusty file ... an ancient heavy plane...a mallet-and a six inch nail ... uttering to himself...

OMP

This is gonna 'urt you much more than its gonna'urt me!... I feel for ya, I really don't... (turns and addresses the hanging figure). You're mincemeat, mate! - 'Mincemeat!

**CUT TO:
78D.**

71 INT ROOM IN DERELICT HOUSE NIGHT

71

All in the room...COLIN on his feet. his blood up...

COLIN

I am gonna kill `im, Liz - and I'm glad you're here to see it! ... To see the man you said `I do' to, defend his honour! I'm gonna kill `im... like the beast you think I am!

ARCHIE

Go on, son, fill yer boots!

OMP

'Bout fuckin' time!

COLIN

'Throttle 'im! Kick his sorry arse from here t o Sun day! (HE I S LOO MING OVER **LOVERBOY, THREATENINGLY, FISTS CLENCHED**) ... Tell me you don't love me, Liz...

LIZ

I don't love you.

COLIN

Break 'is fuckin' neck!... (TO LIZ) Come on, I can take it! Say it!! - Say you don't love me!...

LIZ

I don't love you.

COLIN

(Shocked. Rocked)

Don't say that! ... What did you say?

ARCHIE

She don't love you, Col.

OMP

'ow 'urtfull

MEREDITH

He's a masherkest!

COLIN

(To Liz. Devastated)

... You don't love me?

She stares at him...

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79.

71 CONTINUED:

71

COLIN (CONT'D)

... Not even a little bit?

She stares at him...

COLIN (CONT'D)

(Intimate. Tender)

You were my Queen. You were my rock ... I can't - I wish - Wish I could tell you - I wish - wish you could feel how much - how very very very much - how very much I - I - I'd lay down and die for you! - If that would get you back, that's what I'd do! -- Oh, that sounds stupid doesn't it?! But you know what I mean... I mean... Id cut both my arms off if I could hold you one last time -- oh, that' s mad an' all, innit!... I love you -- `S as simple as that! -- Or as complicated! -- whichever it

is -- I'm not sure -- I wish I knew -- I wish you `adn't've done this, Liz... I really wish you `adn't've done this!... I just wish that we --

At this moment LOVERBOY shifts ever so slightly in his chair to ease his discomfort... COLIN flips...

COLIN (CONT'D)

(Apoplectic)

FUCKIN' SHUTUP YOU CUNT !!!... I'LL PULL YOUR FUCKIN' ARSEHOLE OUT IN A MINUTE !!! (Turns back to Liz, immediately loving again)... That we -- (trails off)... I love you, Liz... I just need you to understand -- that I love you!... (Getting desperate)... I'm a good bloke, Liz! -- A really good bloke!... (she is staring at him)... Liz, please -- you gotta give me somethin'... so me th i n' ... p le as e... I d es er ve somethin'... Twenty one years is a long -- that's a lotta life -- to dedicate -- surely -- please... Liz... somethin'...

LIZ staring at him...

LIZ

... Help me.

COLIN

(Taken aback)

Wha'?

LIZ

Help me.

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80.

71 CONTINUED: (2)

71

COLIN staring at her...

CUT TO

72 EXT GRASS VERGE BESIDE ELEVATED MOTORWAY

NIGHT

72

A car has parked on the motorway... It's door ajar... The DRIVER is hurriedly/scrambling down the muddy grass verge... Towards the body of LIZ... She turns her head slowly and with great difficulty towards him...

LIZ

(Faintly)

Help me...

CUT TO

73 INT KITCHEN/HALLWAY/LOUNGE DETACHED SUBURBAN VILLA NIGHT

73

Chaos... Violence... Terror... Screaming... LIZ, battered, scrambling around on the kitchen floor... COLIN, mad, grabbing a knife... After her... On her... Screaming in her face... Insane... With rage... Fighting... Struggling... LIZ somehow managing to squeeze through the kitchen door... COLIN after her like a fiend... Her going down again... Him stamping on her... Kicking... Booting... Like she's the worst dog in the world... Horrific... Horrendous... Horrible... He's going to kill her... A howling, wounded beast... he r l a s t v e s t i g e o f s t r e n g t h ... F o r c i n g h e r s e lf u p ... Running/scrambling in absolute terror... Through the lounge... Banging off walls and furniture... And still he's in pursuit... Her life's going to end here... She takes her chances... Runs at it... To get away... runs at it... Running at the window... Straight at the window... And crashing through... And down... And COLIN shocked... And can't believe it... and horrified... And brought closer to his senses... Him going to it... going to the shattered window... A weak man... Trembling... And frightened... And holding onto the window frame to stay upright... And looking out... And down... And seeing her getting up and struggling... And limping... And broken... And bleeding... And running away... Running away... Fleeing... From him... From the monster at the window... From COLIN...

COLIN

(Shell-shocked. Distraught.

Pathetic)

Liz... I'm sorry... Let's talk... (She

*

has gone into the night)... I love you, Liz!... I love you... Liz... Liz, it's

*

rainin'... (Sobbing and sobbing and

*

sobbing

Dunno if he got any -- but seemingly he was quite the thing... Supposedly a right laugh. `Ad a sense of humour -- well you'd `ave to `ave really, wouldn't ya?!

MEREDITH

... An' this chap was a good dancer?

ARCHIE

`S wha t the y sai d -- n ifty! Reg ular twinkletoes! A right Gene Kelly!... Sad tho' -- top yourself like that... Over a cat.

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82.

75 **CONTINUED:**
75

MAL

... He must've loved it.

ARCHIE

Well a nimal s don 't di scrim inate , do they?... To the cat, he was beautiful!

MAL

Did they bury them together?

ARCHIE

Now that I don't know... Be nice if they

*

`ad... But it's all red tape, innit -- depends on the different by-laws...

MAL

...And what borough you live in!

They sit in silence... Eventually...

MAL (CONT'D)

(Rising)

...Well, come on then... this won't get the washing done!

ARCHIE

Yeah, he's `ad long enough!

OMP

What's the pillock doin'?!

MEREDITH

(Jumping down from the piano)
My arse has gone to sleep!

ARCHIE

The ol' numb-bum?

MAL

(his ear t o the liv ing r oom
door)
...It's all gone a bit quiet in there...

ARCHIE

Whadya reckon?

MAL

Let's go in... fuck it!

OMP

`Ope to Christ he's done somethin'!

MEREDITH

Don't hold your breath!

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83.

75 CONTINUED: (2)
75

They enter the room...

CUT TO

76 INT ROOM IN DERELICT HOUSE NIGHT
76

The men file in... COLIN sits in one of the armchairs... LOVERBOY
sits with his head bowed...

MAL

What's been `appenin' then?

ARCHIE

We any further forward?

MAL

He's still with us I see...

ARCHIE

(Going to the cardboard box)
I'm `aving a beer... Who wants one?

MAL

Ill `ave one.

OMP

Nothin g's h appen ed! -- Why' s not hing
happened?! -- Don't you want your pound of
flesh?

ARCHIE

(Opening a can)
It's not looking like it!

OMP

Lord love a duck!... Fuck this!... I give
up!... Streuth! (sits)... Fucking baby!
Milksop!

MEREDITH

Had any thoughts, Col?

COLIN does not reply...

MAL

Col?

COLIN

...Eh?

ARCHIE

`Ad any thoughts?

COLIN

Thoughts?

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84.
76 **CONTINUED:**
76

MAL

Yeah, thoughts!

COLIN

...One or two...

MEREDITH

Oh, yeah?... Like what?

COLIN

I'm letting him go.

OMP

Do what?!... You ain't!!

COLIN

It's my decision... That's my decision...
It's what I've decided.

OMP

Cobblers!

COLIN

Maybe.

OMP

Poppycock!

ARCHIE

No, it's his call!... It's your Col' call...

*

`Col call'! -- `ark at me! -- I'm tired!

*

MEREDITH

Lightweight!

ARCHIE

... Well an' truly cream crackered!

MAL

...So what are we saying'?... He's walkin'?...

COLIN

Yeah... He's free to go.

OMP

"Free to go"! "Free to go"!!... Why don't
you give `im a kiss goodnight as well,
while you're at it!... Let's `ave a whip-
round for the cunt!... I can hear Brighton
Billy spinnin' in his fuckin' grave!...
"Free to go"!!

ARCHIE

(Nudgi ng MA L, in dicat ing
LOVERBOY)

`Ere, he's listenin'... His ears are out on stalks... He can't believe it!

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85.

76 CONTINUED: (2)

76

MAL

It's not too late to change your mind,
Col!... Think about it... I'll do it for you
if you like... Freebie!

COLIN smiles...

MEREDITH

...And Liz... wherever she is... what about
her?... She free?

COLIN dips his head... bites his lip... sadly nods...

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

...Well, that's that then!

ARCHIE

He's a very lucky boy!... (To LOVERBOY)
You're a very lucky boy!... He fucking is!...
Very fortunate!

MAL

Well come on then... Do the honours, Col...
It's your party... Some of us `ave got
homes to go to!

OMP

I'm really upset about this!

Pause... COLIN stares at LOVERBOY... Stares... Stares... Then
slowly
looks away... Eventually...

COLIN

You're free to go, mate.

LOVERBOY does not move... pause...

COLIN (CONT'D)

(Not looking at him)
You're free to go, mate.

LOVERBOY shifts in his seat ... OLDMANPEANUTS
n or ts
derisively...

COLIN (CONT'D)

(Looks at Loverboy)
Go on...

LOVERBOY, with great difficulty, gets to his feet...

ARCHIE

Attaboy!

MAL

`S he finding his land-legs?

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86.

76 **CONTINUED: (3)**
76

LOVERBOY struggles to walk... Shuffles on painful legs... The black plastic bin bags trail around him...

MAL (CONT'D)

In your own time!

LOVERBOY, very slowly, begins to cross the room... But he is not heading for the door... He is heading towards ARCHIE...

ARCHIE

What's this... The fuckin' Mummy?!

The men chuckle... LOVERBOY reaches ARCHIE and with extreme gratitude he takes ARCHIE's hand...

MAL

Oh, he likes you! You're his favourite!

ARCHIE

(Lightly shaking LOVERBOY's hand)
Yeah, alright, mate... now fuck off `fore I give you another slap!... Door's there, look!...

LOVERBOY shuffles to the door...

MAL

Mind how you go!

OMP

`Ere you!...

LOVERBOY stops...

OMP (CONT'D)

Look at me...

LOVERBOY turns...

OMP (CONT'D)

Don't you go blabbing off, now, will ya?

LOVERBOY slowly shakes his head...

OMP (CONT'D)

Good boy... Now get out of my sight you
piece of shit!

LOVERBOY goes...

MAL

Close the door behind you!

Pause... Slowly the door is closed... The men sit in silence...
Eventually...

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87.

76 **CONTINUED: (4)**

76

MEREDITH

....So, Kittens, what're we up to?

MAL

Dunno... What you doin'?

MEREDITH

Me an' Peanut are off to The Clayton,
ain't we Pop?

OMP

Yerrr!

MEREDITH

You might like it.... Never know!

Slight pause...

OMP

D'they do grub there? I'm ready for my
breakfast.

*

*

MEREDITH

Do what you want.... Y'comin'?

OMP

...Yeah... why not?... Be an eye opener, won't
it?

ARCHIE

(Crushing his empty beer can)
...Right , we f or the off then? (To
MAL)... You want droppin' off?

MAL

Yeah... you stoppin' off for one?

ARCHIE

If you like!... Colin?

COLIN

(Deep in thought)
... I might catch you later, Arch... (to
the men)... I just wanna say.... Thanks...

ARCHIE

Ah, shutup! We'll be in the Old Bamboo
if you fancy one... Right, we're off then...
Cheerio!

The men all leave... We hear the front door closing...

COLIN

sits there... Alone in the room... Sits there...

*

He slowly gets up... Slowly puts his raincoat on... Goes to

*

the door... Stops... Does not turn... We are on his back... His
head bowed...

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76 CONTINUED: (5)
76

He goes...

We take in the empty room... See the open wardrobe... hear
the front door open...

CUT TO:

77 INT LOUD RED SPACE
77

Hyper- OLD MAN PEANUT squaring up to use... Super-aggressive...
cantankerous... Ultra-mean

OMP

(Direct to camera)

Two years later I was dead... I passed
away in the small hours in a nursing
`ome in Slough, with a drip in me arm,
me gnashers in a mug by the bed and me
boots most definitely on!... I'd done
me hip in the spring and couldn't cope
with meself no more at `ome, if you
must know... I died in a `orrible
fuckin' room they'd give me in the
midst of a bunch of doddery, decrepit,
dribbling old mongers!... Come the time,
this dragon-witch-bitch of a nurse,
arsked me if I wanted a fuckin'
priest?! To make my peace!... I arsk
you!!... I told `em where to get off!...
Told `em all to fuck off out of it and
leave me to meet my maker on my Jack
Todd!... I lay on my pit like a scabby

*

baby and waited for it... waited for
it... waited for it to come... and get
me! It came alright... The Reaper
came, alright... in the middle of the
fucking night -- Like a burglar -- Like
a worry... I opened my milky mince's
and saw... saw Death... The ugly brute
of it... It's black mouth... it's cocky
eyes... `ungry like the wolf... for me!...
My time was up! I was wanted!...
"I'll break you", it said... "I'll
fucking' break you!"... I stared at it...
hissed at it... spat at it... I raised

myself up from the stinky cot with my weak, bony arm... got myself in a proud position -- my spine ramrod straight... It was reaching for me... grabbing at me... laughing at me... "FUCK YOU!", I said... `FUUUUCCCKK YOOUU!!!!!"

CUT TO

89.

78 INT PURPLE SPACE

78

MEREDITH

(Direct to camera)

I've got a new boyfriend... I haven't had a steady in years... He's black, aged 21, beautiful... Works in the city... Ray!... I love that name... Ray!... Met him in a sauna... he looked at me -- I looked at him -- He looked at me... that sort of thing. Just clicked... Got talking... Learnt one or two things about each other... he can't swim -- I like cars, so on and so forth... Took it from there... We've been together three weeks now... Play it by ear... (pause)... Yesterday... he went off to work... I fancied a stroll... `opped on a bus... Hyde Park and I'm walkin'... Serpentine... Past the ducks... I see this rowing boat... man rowin',... He turns... looks at me... still rowin'... It's him... It's Ray... The boyfriend... We don't acknowledge each other... and I just carry on walking... (pause)... Is he a liar or shouldn't I have been there?... What d'you reckon?... I know what I think!

CUT TO

79 INT AN AZURE BLUE SPACE

79

ARCHIE

(Direct to camera)

...I've met someone... Her names `Azell... I was a bit nervous at first... fear of

the unknown I s'pose... well you get set
in your ways, don't ya... anyway, I like
'er... like 'er a lot- 's a nice feelin'
-- an' she says she likes me an'' all!
-- So you never know -- watch this
space!... And Mum an' her? -- Do they
get on?

He looks over his right shoulder... His POV...

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90.
79
79

CONTINUED:

A vignette of his MUM and HAZEL (50) sitting on an old
sofa, drinking tea and chatting happily... Behind them on a
floral wallpapered wall is a painting -- Spanish/Woolworth's
style... Carmenesque... A wounded 18th Century soldier is
slumped in a chair being tended to by a wild, exotic,
gypsy, flamenco-type woman... Nearby, standing alarmed,
humiliated and cuckolded wearing a white frilly, puffy-
sleeved shirt, red breeches with a gold stripe, black
boots, is the shocked faced husband... These three
characters bearing an uncanny resemblance to guess who?...
C/U on ARCHIE as he turns back to look at us... (the vignette
has gone)...

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

(proud)

...They get on brilliantly!!... I'm
taking them to Ikea this afternoon...
(raises his eyebrows. Intimate with
us). Say a prayer for me!

CUT

TO

80 INT MONOCHROME SPACE... GRAINY... SHADOWY...
80

We can just see part of MAL... His face half in shadow... He
is looking at us... Edgy... Defensive... Dodgy... He slips into
the shadows... Is gone...

CUT

TO

81 INT ROOM IN DERELICT HOUSE NIGHT
81 *

CUT

*

82 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HOUSE.
82

COLIN emerges onto the street... Closes the door behind him... We move in on his brave/sad face as he gazes up at the old, bluey, London sky, and says to Liz's spirit...

COLIN

(Humbled. Accepting. Very
quiet) Be lucky, Liz.

Slowly he begins to walk the wet street... Away from us... Towards his new life...

THE END