

THE CURSE OF LUCK
(a comedy, of sorts)

Episode 2
8/10/17

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THE CURSE OF LUCK

EPISODE 2

SUPER: A QUOTE OVER BLACK:

"I wasn't lucky. I deserved it."

-- Margaret Thatcher

UP ON:

A RAPID-FIRE SERIES OF CUTS:

1. A POV LOOKING THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN OF A CAR -- SPEEDING DOWN A MOTORWAY -- HORNS HONKING -- WHIPPING IN AND OUT OF LANES, PASSING CARS.

2. ECU -- A FLAT SCREEN TV -- SAME

The chaotic action of a video game ala "Grand Theft Auto." A car races through city streets -- zig-zagging, leaping curbs, crossing road dividers, running signal lights, hitting pedestrians, nearly avoiding accidents.

OFF SCREEN: we hear the sounds of a two boys reacting to the action, intercut with sounds of a different kind of excitement

3. ECU -- HANDS CLUTCHING THE STEERING WHEEL OF THE CAR.

4. ECU -- HANDS PULLING AT CLOTHING

5. ECU -- HANDS PUNCHING THE BUTTONS OF A GAME CONTROLLER.

6. ECU -- LAYLA'S HAND PUNCHING THE DIAL BUTTON OF A MOBILE PHONE.

7. ECU -- A MAN'S TONGUE PROBING A WOMAN'S EAR.

8. ECU -- Layla shouting into her mobile's speakerphone.

LAYLA

I'm coming to pick you up.

JOSEPH (O.S.)

What's happened?

LAYLA

Where are the children?

JOSEPH

Abbi's here. Miles is at his mate's.
What's the matter?

LAYLA
I'm coming for you!

CUT TO:

INT. THE LIVING ROOM OF A HOUSE

SOUND: VIDEO GAME PLAYING IN BACKGROUND

POV: RAMPING SPEED, the Camera flies up a flight of stairs and toward the closed door of the loo.

From inside we hear rhythmic panting and muffled voices.

BACK TO:

LAYLA IN THE CAR -- SAME

Layla drives furiously, while waiting for her mobile to ring Miles.

LAYLA
Answer your bloody phone!

CUT TO:

INT. THE LOO -- SAME

Miles has Tarren (the MILF he met at the football game) pressed against the wall. Her legs are wrapped around him, and his hands are cupping her ass while he sucks on her ear and thrusts with his hips.

We hear a steady buzzing sound.

CAMERA glides down to find the impression of a phone in Miles' back pocket.

Miles reaches for the phone, takes it from his pocket, and with it still vibrating, he slides it between Tarren's legs.

Tarren's eyes widen...

TARREN
Oh... my... god...!

BACK TO:

LAYLA IN THE CAR -- SAME

She reaches Miles's voice mail.

MILES'S VOICE

You know who I am. You know what to do. Do it.

LAYLA

Call me. Stay where you are. Call me! I'll be there straightaway!

BLACK OUT.

UP ON:

EXT. HARRY'S BOAT - DAY

Camera drifts slowly over the boat as it cruises down the Thames. Harry lounges in the sun at the back of the boat. The camera settles on a close up of Harry's face. His eyes are closed.

We hear the vibration of a cell phone off-screen.

SMUTTY (O.S.)

Archie, you ol' cunt. Give me the good news.

Harry's mouth curls into a slight grin.

SMUTTY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(cont'd)

What...? Who is this...? Yeah. He's my brother... What? What do you mean?

Harry's eyes open...

CUT TO:

EXT. A HOUSE -- CORNELLY, WALES - LATER

Layla pulls to a stop, with Joseph and Abbi in the car. Miles is waiting outside with Rory and Tarren (who is wearing a rather revealing top).

Layla hurries out of the car. Tarren approaches her.

TARREN

So nice to meet you. Is everything all right?

Layla tries to be cordial.

LAYLA

Yes. Sorry. It's just that... In a bit of a rush.

Tarren slides her arm through Miles's and kisses him on the cheek...

TARREN

Well, we just loved having him. He's such a sweet boy.

ANGLE ON ABBI rolling her eyes.

LAYLA

Thank you.

MILES

(to Joseph)
What's going on?

JOSEPH

Just get in the car.

Car doors slam shut. They roar off.

TARREN

(calling after)
Maybe next time you can stay.

CUT TO:

INT. SCOTLAND YARD - MILLIE'S OFFICE - LATER

Millie is on the phone. Another officer (BEXLEY) steps in. Millie indicates that she'll be just one moment while finishing her call.

MILLIE

Ham, cheese, and I think the fried egg as well. Runny. Definitely runny, yes. And if you'd be so kind, could you drop in an extra side of the Chimichurri sauce...? Lovely.

She clicks off the call. The officer, slides her a report and photo.

MILLIE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

What am I looking at, Bexley?

BEXLEY

Bit of a situation in Porthcawl, I'm afraid. One of Stepford's, apparently.

MILLIE

(looking)
He appears quite dead.

BEXLEY

Mm-hmm. Yes.

MILLIE

Anything from our tenants?

BEXLEY

I tried to raise them, but no luck.

MILLIE

Have you been in touch with the
locals?

BEXLEY

They're on their way.

MILLIE

Excellent. So much for lunch.
Gather the team. I'll be joining you
directly.

Bexley hurries out as Millie punches a number into her mobile
and waits for an answer, but the phone continues to ring.

MILLIE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Bloody, hell.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A MODEST SMALL TOWN HOTEL -- MAGIC HOUR

CUT TO:

INT. A HOTEL ROOM - SAME

The family is gathered in a simple room with twin beds and a
foldout cot. Miles is sprawled on one of the beds playing a
mobile game. Joseph is busy with a laptop.

LAYLA

I thought I told you to stay off the
internet.

MILES

I'm just playing a game. And besides,
Dad is doing it.

JOSEPH

(still focusing on computer
screen)
Turn it off.

MILES

But--

JOSEPH

Do as your Mum asks!

Miles slaps the mobile device down on the mattress.

MILES

Can I call room service?

LAYLA

There is none.

MILES

Well, I'm hungry.

Layla grabs her purse and violently dumps its contents out on a table near the TV.

ABBI

(to Miles)

Oh yes, let's take care of you.

We see the Lotto Ticket from earlier as Layla shuffles through her things, grabs some money, and tosses it at Miles.

LAYLA

Here! Find a machine. Get yourself some crisps! Just go!

MILES

Could you spot me for a fizzy drink as well.

LAYLA

Go!

Miles shrugs out.

LAYLA (CONT'D) (cont'd)

(to Joseph)

My god, is he so dim? Is all he cares about food and fizzy drinks.

ABBI

Hardly.

JOSEPH

Look at this. Luxury condos on the Spanish Mediterranean are thirty to forty percent below value.

LAYLA

What?

JOSEPH

(reading)

Fully furnished. Security. Reception area. Heated pool...

LAYLA

Have you lost your bloody, fucking, mind?

JOSEPH

(reading)

"Right now British buyers drive the market..."

(to himself)

Rental prices must be even better. What do we have in cash...?

LAYLA

I'm not going to Spain.

JOSEPH

We can't go back to Porthcawl. London is definitely out of the question. And we can't stay here -- or anywhere nearby. They found us once. We're too visible.

LAYLA

Don't lecture me, Joseph. You're the one who put us in this situation.

ABBI

Mum...

Joseph grabs Layla by the shoulders, forcefully holding her still.

JOSEPH

(Louder)

How many times do you want me to apologize? It's done.

LAYLA

How did they find us?

JOSEPH

I did it for us.

LAYLA

He had a knife. He was going to kill me.

JOSEPH

I'm sorry.

Layla shoves Joseph away.

LAYLA
Get your hands off me! Sorry... I
supposed that makes it all fine.

ABBI
Mum!

LAYLA
What? What?!

ABBI
Is this yours?

Abbi holds up the lottery ticket.

LAYLA
What are you talking about?

ABBI
This. It was in your bag.

LAYLA
Yes? Yes? Right?

ABBI
Is it yours?

JOSEPH
Why does that matter?

ABBI
(pointing to the TV / to
Joseph)
I think she's won.

ANGLE ON: THE TV. The winning numbers for the National Lottery
are on the screen.

ABBI (CONT'D) (cont'd)
The lottery.

JOSEPH
Let me see that.
(to Layla)
When did you buy a lottery ticket?

As if in a daze, Abbi hands the ticket to Joseph who takes it
toward the TV.

LAYLA
I've won?

Abbi nods. Joseph double checks the numbers.

JOSEPH

Abbi, go get your brother.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. - THE PORTHCAWL HOUSE - MAGIC HOUR

Police led by Millie approach the house. Millie notices something is off.

ANGLE ON: The half-open front door.

Millie signals to the police team, who split up. Two circle the house to the right, two to the left. The others fall in around Millie.

CONTINUOUS TO:

INT. - THE HOUSE

The team enters the front room with weapons raised.

There's no sign of life, but no sign of a struggle. A sound is heard in the kitchen. The officers ready themselves as:

MR. TINKLER, a fat man in coveralls, walks out of the kitchen carrying a large sandwich. The moment he steps into view we hear a cacophony of shouts ("Down! Drop it!")

Taken completely by surprise the man inhales quickly -- and begins choking on the mouthful of sandwich he had just previously bitten off.

The man tries to breathe, but can't. He begins waving his arms frantically, grasping at his throat, and generally turning a shade of purplish red.

MILLIE

(re: the firepower)

Everyone, down...

(turning to an officer)

Bexley, would you mind?

Bexley hurries over to the man to administer the Heimlich maneuver.

MILLIE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I'll have questions for him, so do your best.

(addresses two other
officers)
Would you two check upstairs? I'll do
the kitchen.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - THE KITCHEN - LATER

Millie is interviewing the fat man while picking at the other
half of his sandwich.

MILLIE
Tinkler...

TINKLER
Jimmy Tinkler. Right.

MILLIE
And how do you spell that?

TINKLER
J - I - -

MILLIE
The last name, if you would.

TINKLER
Oh. Right. Tinkler. With a "k." T - I -
N - K - L - E - R. Tinkler.

MILLIE
Wonderful. You're the landlord.

TINKLER
Manager. I look after the properties.

MILLIE
And you say you found them gone? The
house just as it is now.

TINKLER
That's it. Haven't touched a thing.
Except for the sandwich. I made that
myself. But the people, the family --
and they were an odd lot, if you ask
me -- gone.

MILLIE
And you were alerted to this, how?

TINKLER

Coincidence, really. The lady had called to complain about the drains being a bit clogged. So's when I found no one here, I just let myself in. The bread's quite good, isn't it.

MILLIE

It's the coconut.

Bexley enters kitchen.

BEXLEY

It appears they left in a rush. Most of their things are still here.

MILLIE

Thank you, Bexley. We'll be going then. Enjoy the rest of your day, Mr. Tinkler. And do chew your food.

CUT TO:

EXT. AN UPSCALE HOTEL BY THE OCEAN - CARDIFF - SEVERAL DAYS LATER

CONTINUOUS TO:

INT. THE HOTEL LOUNGE

DOTTY PETTWOOD, a portly woman wearing a pantsuit sits down at a table. The lounge is empty except for Joseph.

Dotty offers her hand.

DOTTY

Dotty Pettwood. And you must be...

JOSEPH

Yes. Please. Sit down.

DOTTY

Thank you. Well, surprisingly, I believe you're our first from Cardiff. Funny how the winners always live in the more remote areas.

JOSEPH

Mrs. Pettwood.

DOTTY

Call me Dotty.

JOSEPH

Yes, Dotty. I appreciate you coming right out.

DOTTY

We always do.

JOSEPH

And I don't mean to be rude, but if you wouldn't mind...

DOTTY

Getting on with it. Of course. I understand. Based on our previous conversation I assume you still want to remain anonymous?

JOSEPH

Exactly.

DOTTY

No chance of getting you to make an appearance before the press? Getting the big cardboard check? People just love seeing that.

Joseph doesn't respond.

DOTTY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Okay, then.

Joseph slides an envelope to her.

JOSEPH

I think you'll find this contains all the information you need.

DOTTY

Aren't you prepared.

Dotty sorts through the paperwork

JOSEPH

It's what I do.

DOTTY

Well, most are still in shock when I meet with them. In fact, it's not unusual to spend the first sit-down simply trying to calm them. That's also part of what I do. I'm what we call a "winner's counselor." As much as people dream of winning, we find most are completely unprepared.

JOSEPH

I would imagine. But I have some experience in financials, so I'm sure you'll find everything in order.

DOTTY

Mm-hmm... I see you have chosen to take the lump sum, minus the appropriate taxes, of course. Please tell me you're not planning to run out and buy a fleet of jet skis.

She laughs. Joseph doesn't.

DOTTY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

So... If you don't mind, then. Might I verify the ticket?

JOSEPH

Oh. Sorry. Yes. Of course.

DOTTY

Not that I doubt.

JOSEPH

No, no, no, of course.

DOTTY

It's just...

JOSEPH

No, please. My mistake. Absolutely.

Joseph reaches into his breast pocket for a second envelope and hands it to Dotty.

Dotty slides her reading glasses on, examines the ticket, and concludes with a smile.

DOTTY

We have a winner. Congratulations. I do love saying that.

JOSEPH

Now, as far as the transfer of funds is concerned... And, not to be rude, but I've read that it can be done within twenty-four hours.

DOTTY

You certainly are up on it all, aren't you? We'll get things started straightaway. And...

Dotty takes a business card from her purse and hands it to Joseph.

DOTTY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

If you should need to contact me... Of course, it doesn't have to be all about business. I love staying in touch with our winners. I've received so many postcards from the most exotic places.

JOSEPH

I am in a bit of a hurry.

DOTTY

Let's get on with it then. We should have the net amount of your winnings transferred to your London account within the next business day.

JOSEPH

Thank you.

DOTTY

Congratulations, Mr. Peepers.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - EAST END OF LONDON - DAY

A steady rain falls on a small crowd of men standing grave-side as Archie's coffin is lowered. The service is over. The mourners are starting to disperse, each reaching out to Smutty who stands next to Harry.

As Smutty and Harry are left alone, the grave-diggers move in to complete their work.

SMUTTY

Move off. I'll do that.

Harry hands some cash to the grave diggers, who back away. Smutty grabs a shovel...

SMUTTY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

(to the grave)

There'll be payback for this.

HARRY

We'll find them. It takes a very strong person to not reach out to friends or family.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A RAIN SOAKED STREET -- EARLY MORNING

EXTREME CLOSE UP of milk bottles rattling inside a metal carrier.

CUTTING TO A WIDE EXTERIOR we see a small electric milk cart -- the type that might be found in a provincial country town -- moving slowly through the fog of a quiet street.

The cart stops along a curb.

In an EXTREME CLOSE UP we see a man's boot-clad feet land on wet pavement.

The camera follows him -- close on a metal carrier holding six bottles.

The man climbs a stoop and raps on a door.

A hand pulls a window shade to the side. We see the shadow of a face peek out...

The door opens partway, revealing FREDERICK (Joseph's twin brother).

FREDERICK

What the hell is it?

His expression shifts from puzzlement to surprise.

FREDERICK (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Joseph? Is that you?

JOSEPH

Yeah. Let me in.

FREDERICK

What are you doing here?

JOSEPH

I'll explain. Open the door.

Frederick opens the door.

CONTINUOUS TO:

INT. THE KITCHEN -- SAME

Joseph steps inside. Frederick stares at him as if he's seeing a ghost.

As they talk, Joseph notices that Frederick's right hand is bandaged and his fingers are swollen and bruised.

FREDERICK

I can't believe it's you.

JOSEPH

I know. I'm sorry. I had to do it this way. Couldn't risk a call.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(yelling)

Frederick, who's at the door!?

FREDERICK

(calling into the house)

It's--

A woman, Joseph's older sister, Mamie, enters the kitchen, wrapping herself in a housecoat.

MAMIE

I swear to god, it's like living with an animal. Seriously, Frederick, are you trying to heat the whole outside--

Her eyes land on Joseph.

MAMIE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Oh, my god. Joey? Is that you?

JOSEPH

Hello, Mamie.

Mamie hurries over and takes Joseph's face in her hands.

MAMIE

Look at you! It's my little Joey. Frederick, why are you just standing there? Put on the kettle! Get your sister!

(To Joseph)

She's going to have a heart attack. We all thought -- Why are you dressed like a milkman?

LOUISE ENTERS.

MAMIE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Look who it is.

Louise looks at Joseph - slaps his face -- and then begins fawning all over him.

LOUISE

Oh my god, Joey! Our sweet Joey!

She hugs and kisses him -- and then slaps him again.

MAMIE

He's a milkman.

JOSEPH

I'm not a milkman.

LOUISE

(looking outside)

And where did you find a cart? I haven't seen one of those in twenty years.

MAMIE

Everyone buys milk at the supermarket now, Joey. You're not going to make a living doing that.

JOSEPH

Forget the milk cart. I was trying to come unnoticed.

MAMIE

Well you picked a horrible way to do that. The whole neighborhood will be asking.

FREDERICK

When did you get here?

JOSEPH

That's what I'm trying to explain.

LOUISE

Yes, Frederick. He's trying to explain. Now leave him alone.

Louise reaches for Joseph's face. He flinches -- but she grabs it again.

LOUISE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Our darling little Joey. You've come home... Where's the woman?

MAMIE

She left you.

LOUISE

She took the children, didn't she?

JOSEPH

No. They're here. They're all here.

MAMIE

Oh, my lord, Joey. The children. You brought the children? Louise, we're finally going to see the children.

LOUISE

Please tell us they're not in the cart.

JOSEPH

They're in the car. I have a car.

LOUISE

Well, why didn't you just drive it up, honey?

JOSEPH

Ah, god. We've had some trouble.

MAMIE

Oh, dear.

FREDERICK

You haven't brought it here, I hope.

LOUISE

Brought what here?

JOSEPH

I've been careful.

MAMIE

Shut up, Frederick. Our Joey isn't an idiot.

JOSEPH

I promise you, I wouldn't have come here, but we've nowhere else to turn.

MAMIE

(to Louise)

The woman. I told you this day would come.

CUT TO:

INT. MILLIE'S OFFICE / SCOTLAND YARD -- DAY

START ON AN EXTREME CLOSE UP of an untouched BACON BUTTY resting sadly ignored in a grease-stained wrapper.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

Millie at her desk, pouring over a stack of papers, searching databases, etc.

Pictures of Joseph and his family spill partway out of a file folder.

Bexley leans into her open doorway.

BEXLEY

Everything alright, Mum?

MILLIE

No, Bexley, I'm afraid it's not. I've never lost one before.

BEXLEY

Not you're fault.

MILLIE

I just don't understand it. I really felt like we'd made a connection. Like we had a friendship -- a *trust* that went beyond the day-to-day. Does that sound silly?

BEXLEY

Not at all.

MILLIE

What was I missing? Why didn't he come to me?

BEXLEY

I'm afraid this one caught us all by surprise, Mum. But we're working hard. We're tracking down leads.

MILLIE

Oh, I know. You're doing wonderfully. But for all we know -- they could be dead. And if they are -- it's my fault.

BEXLEY

For what it's worth -- I think they're still out there. Something will turn up.

MILLIE

Let's hope you're right. Keep at it.

Bexley starts off, then spots Millie's untouched food.

BEXLEY

You haven't touched your breakfast. I can get you something else if you like?

MILLIE

What? No. Sorry. It's lovely. I just -- don't have the appetite.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOUSE -- LATER

ABBI AND MILES enter through the kitchen door carrying luggage -
- with MAMIE AND LOUISE gushing over them.

LOUISE

(re: Miles)

Will you look at him? He's gorgeous!

MAMIE

He's like Omar Sharif! Look at him, Louise, he's like Omar Sharif!

MILES

Who's Omar Sharif?

MAMIE

(to Abbi)

And you honey, you remind me of your father when he was your age. I could just eat you up.

LAYLA enters.

Silence.

LOUISE

Hello, dear.

LAYLA

Louise.

MAMIE

It's good to see you.

LAYLA

Hello, Mamie.

MAMIE

(coldly)

So nice to see you.

Pause.

LAYLA

(To Joseph)
We're leaving.

JOSEPH

(trying to keep the peace)
We can't. Mamie, we need your help.

LOUISE

Anything, honey. All you need to do is
ask. We don't live on pride. We're
family.

The camera settles on Layla as we...

CUT TO:

INT. A NIGHTCLUB

SUPER OVER PICTURE: Swansea, 1999

A young Layla sits at a table with a friend -- an attractive blonde (GEMMA). Both are stylishly dressed, with Gemma pushing the limits of her sexuality.

A young man in a waiter's coat, (a 19-year-old JOSEPH) approaches their table carrying two drinks on a tray.

JOSEPH

Excuse me. The gentlemen at the table
in the corner asked me to bring you
these.

From the reverse we see two men looking their way. They are clearly older than the girls -- definitely of questionable character.

GEMMA

Are they?

JOSEPH

(puzzled)
Are they -- what?

GEMMA

Gentlemen.

JOSEPH

No. Not even close.

GEMMA

You're certain.

JOSEPH

Yes. Quite.

Gemma brightens.

GEMMA

Good. Will you do us a favour?

JOSEPH

Absolutely. Happy to. Anything.

GEMMA

Go back over there and tell them to fuck off.

LAYLA

Gemma...

JOSEPH

Sorry? What?

GEMMA

Tell them to: Fuck. Off. And you can leave the drinks.

Joseph doesn't move.

GEMMA (cont'd)

(to Joseph)

Yes? What are you waiting for?

JOSEPH

I'm afraid that might get me fired.

GEMMA

Do you want me to do it for you?

JOSEPH

What do you mean, do it for me? It's not my idea.

GEMMA

Oh, alright. Do you have a pen?

Joseph hands her a ballpoint. Gemma takes it and writes on a napkin.

GEMMA (CONT'D) (cont'd)

(writing)

Fuck... off.

(handing it to Joseph)

There. Now go.

Joseph takes the napkin. He looks at Layla who smiles and offers him an apologetic shrug.

CUT BACK TO:

REAL TIME

EXT. A SWANSEA STREET -- PRESENT

Joseph parks a car (that looks as if its been pieced together) several blocks away from the house.

FREDERICK

It'll be fine here.

They exit the car. Frederick's injured hand causes him to struggle a bit.

JOSEPH

What happened to your hand?

FREDERICK

Just a little accident.

JOSEPH

You're still at it, aren't you?

FREDERICK

It's nothing!

JOSEPH

How much do you owe?

FREDERICK

Well, aren't you the smart one. The golden boy. The young prince.

JOSEPH

Do you need some help?

FREDERICK

What do you mean? You came to me, remember? You're the one who came banging on my door.

JOSEPH

Because we're family.

FREDERICK

Bollocks. You never had any use for us, or this place. Don't pretend. You show up and it's like the second fucking coming. "Dear Joseph.

Darling Joseph. And his lovely family." I know why you're here.

JOSEPH

No, you don't.

FREDERICK

The hell I don't. I've heard. People are looking for you. And you walk in like you're better than I am.

JOSEPH

We've been here an hour, and we're back to that.

FREDERICK

I had a girl once. I had plans.

JOSEPH

I know...

FREDERICK

Nellie. Beautiful. Perfect. We were happy. We were going to start a life. And those two witches ran her off. Not good enough. An outsider.

JOSEPH

That's why I had to leave.

FREDERICK

And I'm the one who bloody paid the price. For you. I'm the one who had to bear it, aren't I? And now you show up here with your education, and your wife and children, and judge me?

JOSEPH

How much are you down?

FREDERICK

Oh, you're going to help me, are you? You can't even help yourself.

JOSEPH

(quietly)

I have a bit of money, Frederick. How much do you need?

Frederick's attitude changes abruptly. Joseph has his attention.

JOSEPH (CONT'D) (cont'd)

How much?

FREDERICK

It's a lot...
(hesitating)
Five thousand.

JOSEPH

Ah god, Frederick...

FREDERICK

I just hit a bad run. I had no choice.
I had to borrow.

JOSEPH

From who?

FREDERICK

Well, not a bank.
(holding up his injured hand)
You think a bank would give me
anything, much less those two witches?
Tight as ticks, they are. And I'm up
against it, bad. I'm out of time.

JOSEPH

Alright. I can take care of it. This
time. But, this is the end.

FREDERICK

I'll pay you back.

JOSEPH

I'm not going to worry about the
money. What I need is your help.

FREDERICK

Anything. Bless you. Anything you say.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- LATER

Louise and Mamie are seated inside watching telly. Layla enters.

MAMIE

Find everything you need? Comfy?

LAYLA

Yes. Where are the children?

LOUISE

They went out.

LAYLA

You let them leave? Where did they go?

LOUISE

Into the town. Out to explore, I suppose. They took the milk cart.

MAMIE

(off Layla's reaction)
Did we do something wrong?

LOUISE

They're young. They need to get out. You don't expect them to sit around here all day do you?

Layla starts to exit, stops, and turns back.

LAYLA

Don't parent my children.

Layla storms out. Mamie waves.

MAMIE

Tarra...

CUT TO:

EXT. A SHOP-LINED STREET -- DAY

The milk cart is parked at a curb on a street lined with small shops. Miles is inside one of the shops, chatting up a woman.

Abbi sits in the milk cart reading a paperback book.

A young man (DYFED) 20s, Middle-Eastern, but Welsh born, tall, thin, longish dark hair, walks past and stops. He has an odd looking messenger bag slung across his shoulder.

DYFED

(re: the cart)
This yours?

ABBI

(unsure)
Sorry...?

DYFED

The lorry? Is it yours?

ABBI

Yeah. I guess.

DYFED

What's it for?

ABBI

Milk, I suppose.

DYFED

Milk? Really...? Is it working?

ABBI

The cart? Yeah.

DYFED

No. I mean the business -- of delivering milk? Is it going well?

ABBI

Well -- we are all out.

DYFED

Yeah, I guess you are. Brilliant. Well done.

ABBI

Thank you.

Abbi tries her best not to smile.

DYFED

What's the book?

ABBI

Nothing.

Dyfed leans down to look at the cover.

DYFED

Maya Angelou? The poet? Get out!

ABBY

You know her?

DYFED

Totally. You from university?

Abbi shakes her head, "No."

DYFED (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Well, you're not from around here. Visiting? Or, just trying to expand your turf?

ABBI

I don't know what you mean.

DYFED

Your territory. The milk delivering empire that you and your creamery cartel control.

ABBI

We're not delivering milk. We just took it out for a ride.

DYFED

We?

ABBI

My--
(pointing toward Miles)
He and I.

DYFED

Ah... That your boyfriend?

ABBI

No.

DYFED

No...? Right. Well, this is my lucky day, isn't it? What's your name?

Abbi pretends not to hear, changing the subject to the rather unique messenger bag Dyfed has slung across his body.

ABBI

Where did you get your bag?

DYFED

Well, first, you've just -- not too subtly -- avoided my question. And secondly, I make them.

ABBI

Really? You?

DYFED

Yes. Why so surprised?

ABBI

From what?

DYFED

The strap is from reclaimed climbing ropes. The rest is made from vinyl billboard signs. I have a little shop...

Dyfed takes a card from his bag and hands it to her.

DYFED (CONT'D) (cont'd)

A garage, really. We sell them to tourists. Surfers love them. So... Now that I've answered your question. What about your name?

Before Abbi answers, Miles exits the shop.

MILES

(to Dyfed)

Hey, mate.

(to Abbi)

Who's this?

DYFED

Dyfed.

(to Abbi)

See, nothing to it.

MILES

David?

DYFED

Sorry. No. *Dyfed*.

ABBI

That's what he said.

DYFED

Dyfed, with a "Y," and an "F". Don't ask. It's fucking Welsh.

MILES

Must be hell when you go to Starbucks.
Fancy a ride?

CUT TO:

INT. - ARCHIE'S EAST LONDON FLAT - DAY

Smutty is boxing up some of his dead brother's belongings, stopping to lift certain things and reminisce.

He steps toward a dresser and opens a small drawer.

SMUTTY'S POV: The drawer is filled with old LOTTERY TICKETS.

Smutty lifts several of the tickets from the drawer and spreads them across the top of the dresser.

As he glances at the different tickets Smutty's expression slowly shifts to a wry smile.

SMUTTY

Archie... Always played the same numbers...

He dumps the tickets into a bin. Then, on second thought... He picks one up and slips it into his wallet as a keepsake.

CUT TO:

INT. A SWANSEA PUB -- DAY

Frederick enters.

Sitting at a table in the shadows, two shady looking men (WOLFIE & IGNIS) take notice.

WOLFIE

Is that you, Freddie?

IGNIS

Funny you should pop in.

WOLFIE

You got something with you?

Frederick sets an envelope down on the table.

IGNIS

Hello. What's this?

Ignis picks up the envelope, and flips through the cash inside.

FREDERICK

It's all there. Three thousand.

Ignis hands the envelope to Wolfie, who removes a notebook from his jacket pocket.

IGNIS

What did I tell you, Wolfie? I says, Freddie's good for it. Give him a bit more time. He'll come through. But he says to me, there's no way.

WOLFIE

That's what I said.

IGNIS

He said we should pay you a visit.

WOLFIE

I says, there's no fucking way he's going to come up with it.

IGNIS

But fuck me, here it is.

WOLFIE

Three thousand pounds.

FREDERICK

So, we're square.

IGNIS

For now. Unless there's something else we can help you with?

FREDERICK

Thank you, no.

WOLFIE

See you next time.

On Frederick's look...

CUT TO:

INT. THE KITCHEN -- LATER

Joseph enters the kitchen. Layla is pacing -- agitated.

LAYLA

Where have you been?

JOSEPH

Out. Freddie wanted to show me around. Some of the old places. What's the matter?

LAYLA

Miles and Abbi are gone.

JOSEPH

What do you mean?

LAYLA

They've gone out. And with no phones.

JOSEPH

Who told them they could do that?

LAYLA

Your sisters. They told them to go out and have a run around town.

JOSEPH

I'll find them. They can't have gone far. Abbi knows better.

LAYLA

I can't take it here, Joseph. Not even a day and I'm already suffocating. They hate me, they always have.

JOSEPH

You have to try and find a way to get along.

LAYLA

You think it's that easy. They're controlling, vindictive, angry, women.

JOSEPH

They mean well.

LAYLA

You think this is funny?

JOSEPH

We'll be out of here soon enough.

LAYLA

They're going to find us here.

JOSEPH

No. They won't. Louise is a widow. The house, utilities-- Everything is still in her husband's name. Mamie and Frederick aren't connected with the address in any way. You have to trust me. I've done my homework.

(after a beat)

Okay...?

Joseph reaches for Layla to try and comfort her. She slaps his arms away, and pushes past him.

CUT TO:

INT. -- ELIZABETH DOWELL'S LONDON FLAT - LATE AFTERNOON

Dowell unlocks her door and enters while sorting through the day's mail.

The camera follows Dowell down a narrow hallway that's sandwiched between a set of stairs (on her right) and a wall (to her left).

She enters the main room of the apartment and sets her coat and bag on a chair.

From the reverse we reveal that Smutty is seated at the bottom of the stairs, reading a paperback copy of Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*.