

The Curse Of Luck  
(A comedy of sorts)  
Episode 3

8/10/17

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**THE CURSE OF LUCK**

EPISODE 3

SUPER: A QUOTE OVER BLACK:

"In short, Luck's always to blame."

-- Jean de La Fontaine

UP ON:

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*.

Still with her back to him, Dowell remains unaware of his presence, until...

SMUTTY

Interesting book.

Dowell turns with a gasp.

SMUTTY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Sorry. Didn't mean to startle you.  
Actually, that's not true. I did.

DOWELL

What do you want?

SMUTTY

Just a chat.

Smutty stands and steps toward Dowell.

SMUTTY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

First off. No need to change the locks. Waste of money, really. I'm going to get in anyway. I'm a criminal. That's the sort of thing we're good at.

(holding up the book)  
You teach this -- in your classes?

DOWELL  
Yes. Not just now, but I have.

SMUTTY  
Hmm... Is it anything like the movies?  
The old ones, I mean.

DOWELL  
No. Much better, I think.  
(re: Miles)  
I haven't spoken to him. Not for some  
time.

SMUTTY  
Is that why you think I'm here?

DOWELL  
Isn't it?

Smuttery steps close to Dowell, hooks his finger between the buttons on the placket of her shirt, and pulls her toward him.

SMUTTY  
Were you afraid I'd come for another  
reason this time? Was that what you  
were thinking?

Dowell doesn't answer.

SMUTTY (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
I could, you know. My brother  
definitely would. He talked to me  
about it. Said he had things he was  
planning on teaching you. Reckoned if  
you liked schoolboys, you'd love to  
have a man.  
(after a beat)  
But he's dead. Did you know that?

DOWELL  
No.

SMUTTY  
Your boyfriend didn't tell you?

DOWELL  
No. I told you, we--

SMUTTY  
Haven't spoken. Yeah.

Smutty leans slowly in toward Dowell, turns his head to the side to inhale the scent of her neck -- then leans back up and slides his finger out from her shirt.

SMUTTY (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Problem is, I don't know if I believe you.

DOWELL  
But I haven't. I swear.

SMUTTY  
And if you had, you would tell me?

DOWELL  
Yes. I don't want trouble.

SMUTTY  
And you haven't called him?

DOWELL  
No.

SMUTTY  
(off her reaction)  
What's this? You're hiding something from me. Don't do that.

DOWELL  
I tried. To call him, that is.

SMUTTY  
When?

DOWELL  
A week ago maybe.

SMUTTY  
And...?

DOWELL  
He didn't answer.

SMUTTY  
He didn't call back? You must have left a message.

DOWELL  
The phone he had isn't working any longer. I think he must have gotten rid of it.

SMUTTY  
That's better... Where's your phone?

Dowell moves slowly toward her bag. With her back to Smutty we see her expression. She's turning something over in her mind...

She fetches her phone from her bag and turns back to Smutty.

SMUTTY (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
What say we give it another try.

Dowell punches up the number. Smutty wraps his hand around the hand Dowell is holding the phone in.

SMUTTY (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Speaker, luv.

Dowell touches the speaker button.

SFX: The number rings once, then twice, then in mid-ring, an automated message comes on to announce that the number is no longer in service.

SMUTTY (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Think he's found someone else?

DOWELL  
I don't know.

SMUTTY  
Maybe, yeah? But then, I doubt that it'll satisfy him for long. Something tells me you're not the type of teacher a lad forgets...

Smutty holds her hand a moment longer, then lets go.

SMUTTY (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
(re: the novel)  
Mind if I borrow this?

DOWELL  
Please. You can keep it if you like.

SMUTTY  
Oh, no. I'll bring it back. That's a promise.  
(exiting)  
And if you're thinking of moving, don't. I'll find you.

CUT TO:

VARIOUS EXTERIORS -- DAY

MONTAGE: A SERIES OF CUTS IN WHICH WE SEE JOSEPH WALKING THE STREETS OF SWANSEA, LOOKING FOR HIS KIDS.

INTERSPERSED WITH THESE SHOTS ARE QUICK SCENES OF JOSEPH STOPPING TO BUY TWO OR THREE PAY-AS-YOU-GO PHONES FROM A NUMBER OF DIFFERENT SHOPS, ELECTRONIC STORES, SUPERMARKETS, ETC.

AT ONE OF THESE STOPS WE SEE HIM PAY CASH FOR A LAPTOP.

CUT TO:

EXT. A BAKERY (REED'S) -- SWANSEA -- DAY

Abbi, Miles, and Dyfed are seated at a cafe table outside a small inner-city bakery.

DYFED

How long have you been in Swansea?

Abbi and Miles give each other a look.

ABBI

Not long.

DYFED

Well, you couldn't have, if you haven't heard of Swansea pie. But you're staying, yeah?

ABBI

For now.

DYFED

So mysterious. You're not with MI-5 are you?

MILES

Well, if we told you that--

DYFED

You'd have to kill me.

MILES

Exactly.

DYFED

I'm beginning to believe it. And your name is...?

MILES

(re: Bond. James Bond)  
Pie. Swansea, Pie.

DYFED

And like Double-oh-seven, I suppose you're well known for your meat.

Miles and Dyfed laugh.

ABBI  
(trying not to laugh)  
That's disgusting.

DYFED  
Sorry. Don't know what got into me.

MILES  
Not my meat, mate. That's for sure.

ABBI  
Stop it.

MILES  
Oh, I'm afraid there's no stopping it.  
It's got a life it's own!

Miles holds up his pie.

DYFED  
Don't point that thing at me, unless  
you intend to use it.

ABBI  
Oh, gawd... And here I was starting to  
like you.

DYFED  
It's his fault. I'm not normally like  
this. He's a bad influence.

MILES  
You're preaching to the choir.

DYFED  
(to Abbi)  
Don't give up on me just yet. I  
haven't even gotten your phone number.

Abbi and Miles give each other another look.

DYFED (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
What? No. Don't tell me you've no  
phones. Now I'm definitely getting  
interested.

ABBI  
We'll find you.

DYFED  
I'm afraid to let you out of my sight.

Dyfed takes a look under the table.

ABBI  
What are you doing?

DYFED  
Just checking to see if you're wearing  
glass slippers.

Abbi rolls her eyes, but can't help enjoying the flattery.

ABBI  
Such a charmer.

MILES  
When he's not talking about meat.

ABBI  
Shut up!

DYFED  
Well, I'm not leaving without you  
telling me your names. And I swear, I  
will take the secret to my grave.

Before Miles can answer...

ABBI  
Sue--

Miles gives Abbi a look.

ABBI (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Souad, actually.

DYFED  
Like the singer...? Souad Massi

ABBI  
(stunned)  
Oh, my god, you know her?

DYFED  
Of course. Love her.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOUSE KITCHEN

Joseph enters the house with the bag of phones, checks to make  
sure he's alone.

Frederick enters the kitchen from the inside door.

FREDERICK

Did you find them? The kids?

JOSEPH

No.

FREDERICK

They'll turn up. Just out for a bit of fun, yeah?

JOSEPH

(nodding)

Did you take care of your thing?

FREDERICK

Yeah. Everything's fine. Again, thank you. I don't--

JOSEPH

You can thank me by telling me you've found someone.

FREDERICK

Sorry...?

JOSEPH

(annoyed)

The documents...

FREDERICK

Oh, right. About that... I've been at it. But it's a bit complicated.

JOSEPH

So, "no."

FREDERICK

You think it's easy? Just go to the high street? Rap on someone's door? Pardon me mate, could you run a few passports off for me?

JOSEPH

(keeping his voice down)

I'm not interested in hearing you talk rubbish to me, Frederick.

FREDERICK

(defensive)

And if I can't get it done, I'll have to pay you back, I suppose.

JOSEPH

For god's sake, quit acting like a child. I'm not worried about the money. I told you that.

After a beat...

JOSEPH (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Forget it. I'll manage. I'll sort it out on my own.

FREDERICK

So all my time is wasted. Is that it? "Do me a favor, Freddie. On second thought, now that you've stuck your neck out, you can fuck off." I'll just pop over and tell my friend, it was all just a bit of a misunderstanding.

JOSEPH

Are you saying you found someone?

FREDERICK

What difference does it make now?

JOSEPH

Frederick, please. It's just so much easier to tell the truth.

FREDERICK

Fancy that coming from you.

Joseph reacts with a calm quiet stare.

FREDERICK (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I don't want to say it's a sure thing... It's not completely certain.

JOSEPH

Let me worry about that. Just give me a name.

FREDERICK

He only deals with me.

JOSEPH

Bollocks.

FREDERICK

Oh -- you're an expert on this now?

JOSEPH

I've become familiar with people who do things differently.

FREDERICK

Maybe you should call them, Because here they play by their own rules, Joey. And it'll cost.

JOSEPH

How much?

FREDERICK

He didn't give me a number.

JOSEPH

This is exactly why it's better that we do this face-to-face.

FREDERICK

But I talked to him. I mean, you should have told me this right off. I can't just go in now and tell him to piss off.

JOSEPH

I don't expect you to. I'll do it myself.

FREDERICK

No. He made it very clear. Look -- I'll talk to him. But if you insist, it'll cost more.

JOSEPH

We'll see. But you've done your part. Bravo. But it has to be me. No third party.

FREDERICK

Okay. I'm just telling you. Be prepared.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORTHCAWL - DAY

Smutty walks along a Porthcawl street. He stops and looks across the street to a NEWSAGENT, spots a lottery sign in the window, and crosses to the shop.

CONTINUOUS TO:

INT. THE NEWSAGENT

The CLERK is tidying up -- cleaning the glass of a display case with a cloth and window spray.

When he sees Smutty enter, he begins to act as if he's a Butler -- draping the cloth over his arm and bowing properly.

CLERK

Morning, M'lord... Lovely day. How can I be of service?

(breaking character)

Carson. Downton Abbey. You a fan?

Smutty's expression doesn't change in the least.

SMUTTY

I'm looking for someone.

CLERK

Well if they're in Porthcawl, chances are they've popped in my shop. We're famous now. Quite well known.

The Clerk points Smutty's attention to a blow-up of a LOTTERY WINNER'S CHECK he has displayed behind the counter.

Smutty stares at the amount, then the winning numbers, and reaches for his wallet to examine the ticket he carries as a keepsake.

CLERK (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I've become quite the celebrity, really.

SMUTTY

Well, fuck me harder.

CLERK

Sorry. Didn't catch that.

SMUTTY

I said you sold that winning ticket, did you?

CLERK

Guilty as charged. Midas touch. Goose that laid the golden egg. Rum-pel-stilt-skin.

SMUTTY

Right.

CLERK

Spinning paper into gold...

SMUTTY

Didn't happen to get a picture with the winner did you?

CLERK

No. Can you believe it? The winner came forward. Ticket was cashed. Took the money and ran, I suppose. You'd think he would've come in and given me a quid or two.

SMUTTY

Yeah.

CLERK

But lucky is as lucky does. That's what they say. Shall I punch you up a ticket?

SMUTTY

No. But you can help me with something...

Smutty takes a photo from his pocket and shows it to the clerk.

SMUTTY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Seen him?

CLERK'S POV: A PHOTO OF JOSEPH

CLERK

Can't say... Wait a sec. He does look a bit like Churchill.

(doing a voice / miming  
cigar)

"This is our finest hour!"

No reaction from Smutty -- other than a cold, hard, stare.

CLERK (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Don't mind me. Bit of a mimic. Life of the party. Ex-hi-bi-tion-ist. Always fancied the idea of being a ventriloquist, actually.

SMUTTY

Ventriloquist.

CLERK

Yeah. You too?

SMUTTY

Not a fucking chance. So, you're saying you don't know this bloke?

CLERK

Sorry. 'Fraid not. You look familiar, though. Have you been in?

SMUTTY

(curious)  
Why do you ask?

CLERK

It's just...

SMUTTY

I look like someone you've seen? In here?

CLERK

Yeah. Maybe.  
(doing Donald Sutherland)  
I've seen you somewhere before. I don't know your name, stranger, but your face is familiar...?

SMUTTY

(without cracking so much as a smile)  
MASH.

CLERK

(astonished)  
What? Right!

SMUTTY

Hawkeye Pierce.

CLERK

Exactly!

SMUTTY

One of Altman's better films.

Smutty nods, turns, and leaves without another word.

CLERK

...Brilliant!

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOUSE LIVING ROOM -- LATER

Abbi and Miles are back at the house. Layla is furious with them. We pick the scene up in mid-conversation.

LAYLA

What's it take to get through to the two of you? You had us worried sick.

ABBI

Nothing happened.

LAYLA

And that's your explanation. Well I hope you enjoyed it because that's the last adventure you're having.

ABBI

What?!

LAYLA

Tell them.

ABBI

You can't force me to stay inside.

LAYLA

Oh, I can.

ABBI

Just because you're afraid to leave the house doesn't mean I am. I have a life!

MILES

Not much of one, though.

ABBI

Why don't you just shut the fuck up.

Louise enters.

LOUISE

What's all the yelling about?

LAYLA

You can stay out of this.

(to Abbi)

And you can mind your smart mouth. Maybe it didn't make much of an impression on you, but your talking to someone who is lucky to be alive.

ABBI

(under her breath)

Or unlucky.

LAYLA

What did you say?

ABBI

Well, look at you. You're not living. It's like a curse. You'd be luckier if you didn't have to be constantly terrorized by your own -- existence.

LAYLA

Don't you dare speak to me that way.

ABBI

You can spend the rest of her life peeking through curtains and hiding behind doors, but I don't plan to.

Abbi storms out.

LOUISE

You're daughter's right, you know.

LAYLA

Oh, fuck off, Louise!

That gets Miles attention.

LAYLA (CONT'D) (cont'd)

And try not to look so happy.

LOUISE

I don't know what you mean.

LAYLA

You just love it, don't you?

Joseph enters the room.

LOUISE

I get no joy from it, dear. But you were always a bit proud.

LAYLA

Do you hear her? Are you listening to her?

Layla storms off.

LOUISE

That wife of yours is horrid.

Joseph looks to Miles.

JOSEPH

What just happened?

MILES

No big deal. A little tiff between the ladies. Uh, this may not be the right time to ask, but is it possible for me to get a phone?

Joseph leers at Miles.

MILES (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
(off his look...)  
No hurry.

Joseph starts out -- stops -- pulls a phone from his bag, and hurls it at Miles.

MILES (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
Oh, perfect. Thank you, Da.

JOSEPH  
(stern / unequivocal)  
That is just for our use. Nothing else.

From off screen we hear a door open...

ABBI (O.S.)  
I hate you! I hate my fucking life!

The doors slams.

We follow Joseph through a hallway. As we travel behind him, a bathroom door opens. Frederick steps out, racing form in hand...

Joseph steps right up to him, pointing a finger in his face.

JOSEPH  
Get me that meeting.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK

INT. SWANSEA NIGHT CLUB

SUPER OVER PICTURE: SWANSEA, 1999

Joseph is doing his side work -- closing up for the night -- cleaning, setting tables, etc.

Layla passes by the doorway to the club, spots Joseph, and takes a few steps in.

LAYLA  
Hello...

Joseph glances toward her, and immediately realizes who she is.

JOSEPH  
Oh, hi. Can I help you with something?

LAYLA

Is it alright if I come in?

JOSEPH

Yeah, please. We're just closing, but I can get you something if you like.

LAYLA

I just wanted to --apologize for earlier.

JOSEPH

No need. That's nice of you, though. Thank you.

LAYLA

Gemma can be such a snob. She likes trouble, I'm afraid. I hope we didn't get you in a bind.

JOSEPH

Not at all.

LAYLA

I was afraid those men might be upset, or complain, or something.

JOSEPH

No.  
(after a beat)  
I told them you were lesbians.

LAYLA

What? You did not.

JOSEPH

I believe the exact phrase I used was: "prominent lesbians."

LAYLA

Prominent?

JOSEPH

I just felt like you deserved more than to be grouped in with the ordinary ones.

LAYLA

That was thoughtful of you.

JOSEPH

You're not are you?

LAYLA  
Ordinary or lesbian?

JOSEPH  
Both.

LAYLA  
No.

JOSEPH  
Good.

LAYLA  
You have something against lesbians,  
do you?

JOSEPH  
No, no. Absolutely not. In fact, I  
share their feelings toward women.

LAYLA  
Good for you. Well... I suppose now  
Gemma and I have a reputation.

JOSEPH  
(shaking his head)  
Not really. I was just winding you up.

Layla smiles.

LAYLA  
Gah -- am I that gullible?

JOSEPH  
Oddly enough, I think Gemma's note  
actually got them more interested in  
the two of you.

LAYLA  
Really. Well, Gemma will like that.

JOSEPH  
But -- between you and me, I'd be  
careful. They're a bit... shady, if  
you know what I mean.

LAYLA  
That too? That will definitely make  
Gemma happy.

CUT BACK TO:

REAL TIME.

INT. THE HOUSE -- LATER IN THE DAY

Miles is seated at the kitchen table, tucking into some roasted chicken. Abbi is seated across from him.

Both are wearing their coats. Abbi has her arms wrapped around herself -- trying to ward off the chill in the house. (Being terribly cheap, Mamie and Louise refuse to turn up the thermostat.)

MAMIE

Well, you're the hungry one, aren't you?

MILES

Ravenous.

MAMIE

Your mother's welcome to use the kitchen, you know. Probably do her good, going to the market.

MILES

Yeah. Not much chance of that. She's not what you'd call, "domestic."

Abbi gives Miles a look.

MILES (CONT'D) (cont'd)

What? Just saying -- she's no Nigella Lawson.

ABBI

Figures you'd pick that slag out of the bunch. She makes me want to eat poison.

MILES

She's good -- and fit.

ABBI

(to Mamie)

She spent a whole episode explaining to idiots like him, how to make toast.

MILES

That's not true.

MAMIE

And don't speak to your brother like that.

MILES

It was avocado *on* toast. Much more complex. Anyway, you're better than both of them, Auntie.

Abbi rolls her eyes.

MAMIE

Well I like to cook -- especially for someone who enjoys it as much as you. I just thought it might help your mother feel more -- at home.

MILES

Nope. Not likely.

MAMIE

She doesn't seem happy, does she?

MILES

Does she ever?

Abbi shoots Miles another look -- which he ignores.

ABBI

She used to come here, right? To Swansea?

MAMIE

Oh, yes. She and her family. On holiday. That's how your father got to know her. It was sort of an "Upstairs, Downstairs" type of thing.

MILES

You mean, like... physically?

MAMIE

What?

ABBI

Ewww... She's talking about the television show, you twit.

MAMIE

Abbi!

Miles makes a hand motion indication Abbi's comment went right over his head.

MAMIE (CONT'D) (cont'd)

I don't want to talk out of school, but... Your mum was quite, well... social.

MILES

Really? Can't see it.

MAMIE

Oh, yes. She had her connections. Her circle of friends. Doors opened for her, if you know what I mean.

MILES

Not really.

MAMIE

But times change, don't they?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Layla stands alone in the dark, wearing a coat and staring out the front window.

Her hair is done up nicely. She's wearing a necklace, makeup -- by all appearances ready for a night out.

She takes a breath, as if collecting her nerve, and then starts toward the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOUSE

As Layla steps tentatively out, we:

BOOM UP to a second floor window. The blue glow of a computer screen illuminates the room.

Pushing in, we see Joseph concentrating on a laptop display.

Several windows are open on screen including: a Delaware (U.S.) LLC site (InstaInc), a Nevada LLC site (IncorpCorp), two offshore sites (Caymans and Bahamas), and sites advertising real estate opportunities in Wales and abroad.

As he clicks back and forth and takes notes on a pad, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK -- A PORTHCAWL PUB -- DAY

Joseph and Millie are seated at a table. Millie is enjoying a sandwich. Joseph is getting by on a cup of coffee. The Pub isn't full, but there's a fairly good crowd of drinkers considering it's mid-day.

JOSEPH

Do you like what you do?

After pondering the question for a moment...

MILLIE

I suppose. I've never given it much thought. But I've been doing it for years without complaint.

JOSEPH

If you suddenly had to stop, would you miss it?

MILLIE

Yes. Yes, I would. You're asking me this because of how you feel, aren't you?

JOSEPH

Is that dreadful?

MILLIE

Not completely. You impress me as a man of passion, Joseph. And believe me, I've seen that lead to worse.

JOSEPH

It's hard to imagine worse, right now.

MILLIE

Weren't you ever frightened -- of getting caught, that is.

JOSEPH

Terribly. Always. But that may have been part of the... thrill.

MILLIE

Like an affair. It's not the sex, is it? It's the danger.

JOSEPH

It wasn't all about the money. The real beauty was in setting up the layers -- the network of different shell companies that were all inter-connected.

MILLIE

Not to mention the business trips you must have taken -- the Caymans, Bahamas.

JOSEPH

(perplexed)

What...? No, no, no. You don't go there. It's all done over the phone, and now -- online. And you know where some of the most friendly locations are...? The U.S. -- Wyoming, Florida, Nevada, Delaware...

MILLIE

Really?

JOSEPH

Oh, yes.

Joseph is becoming more animated. He spots a plate of fried onion rings sitting in the kitchen window.

JOSEPH (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Just a moment.

Joseph hurries over to the kitchen, speaks to the server quickly, and then returns with the onion rings.

JOSEPH (CONT'D) (cont'd)

You start in a state like Delaware -- where there are the tightest of secrecy laws. For as little as 200 pounds -- about three hundred U.S. dollars -- you can form a company and do business anywhere in the world.

MILLIE

But someone must have to put their name on the papers.

JOSEPH

Yes. But it could be anyone -- usually a lawyer or a straw-man of some type. The whole process can take less than a half hour to set up. Then, once that's done--

Joseph holds up one onion ring.

JOSEPH (CONT'D) (cont'd)

You begin setting up subsidiaries...

He breaks the onion ring and loops it around a second...

JOSEPH (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Next: Nevada, the "Delaware of the West" as they call it.

There they have "corporate incorporators" to do the work for you. Most are shell companies themselves -- owned by former members of the Nevada legislature. There's even a list of them on their Secretary of State's web page.

(adding another onion ring to the chain)

Then, Wyoming...

(another onion ring is added, with each locale)

Florida, The Caymans, Belize, and then back to Delaware again... One company is listed as the owner of the next, and so on, and so on. Funneling the money through them is even simpler... Am I boring you?

MILLIE

Dear me, no. Not at all. I think you've put me under a spell.

(taking a bite of an onion ring)

And it's all so deliciously naughty...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A SWANSEA STREET -- SAME

Layla walks with rigid resolve -- each step purposeful to the point of being forced.

She turns a corner and starts down a street toward the River Tawe.

After taking a few steps we see her expression change. Panic takes over. Her breathing becomes short. The surroundings begin to close in on her.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK

EXT. A SWANSEA STREET -- NIGHT

SUPER OVER PICTURE: SWANSEA, 1999

The younger Layla walks along Swansea's Wind Street. Rain is falling but the street is still teeming with life. Her eyes are glassy. Her expression is a blank.

Young girls hurry past her in pairs, sheltered beneath umbrellas -- creating a slightly surreal scene of all these headless creatures with bared legs, wearing heels and tight skirts, as they rush along under multicolored brollys.

As seen through Layla's eyes, the images become distorted. The sound is warped. Lights are refracted. Movement is blurred...

Someone calls her name, which she hears echoing as if from a distance.

She turns her head slowly toward the voice...

It's Gemma, who we see standing arm-in-arm with one of the men who sent them drinks. The other man who we saw seated at the table stands nearby.

The second man extends his hand to Layla, takes her by the arm, and she follows them toward the entrance of a night club where a long queue of people stand waiting in the rain.

CUT BACK TO:

REAL TIME

EXT. THE SWANSEA STREET -- NIGHT

Layla is doing her best to continue along the walkway. She becomes weak-kneed, dizzy, disoriented -- finally collapsing alongside a wall.

CUT TO:

SUPER OVER PICTURE: Swansea, 1999

INT. A SWANSEA NIGHT CLUB -- LATER THAT NIGHT

The club is packed with people. Layla follows Gemma and the two men through the crowd.

They arrive at a VIP area. A large man in a dark suit reaches over and unhooks a velvet rope to let them through. He nods to the two men.

The four of them continue past booths, banquettes, and tables toward a back door.

Layla hesitates -- pulling away from the hand of the man escorting her.

Layla shakes her head, "no."

The man reaches out toward her and takes her by the arm.

CUT BACK TO:

REAL TIME

EXT. THE SWANSEA STREET

Layla stares us at the hazy figure of Joseph standing over her.

JOSEPH

Layla... Layla, are you alright.

Still disoriented, Layla responds to Joseph as if she's still lost in her dream.

LAYLA

Where were you?

JOSEPH

At home.

LAYLA

Why didn't you come?

JOSEPH

I didn't know you'd gone. I'm here now. Let's go home.

Layla finally gets her bearings as the world around her comes into focus.

JOSEPH (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Let me take you home.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A PORTHCAWL STREET -- NIGHT

A man walks out of a building and onto the sidewalk of a deserted street. A dampness permeates the air. We hear his footsteps echo as he walks.

We see the figure of a someone emerge from the shadows and approach the man from behind.

THE BLADE OF A KNIFE catches a flare of light.

A hand holding the knife reaches around the man's neck, and in one swift move -- slices the man's throat.

The man collapses -- falling at the feat of his assailant.

The camera pans slowly to a close up of a patch on the man's jacket that reads: NATIONAL EXPRESS BUS LINE.

A hand flips a lottery ticket down onto the body. It lands on the bus driver's chest, and becomes soaked with blood, as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EARLY MORNING - AN ALLEYWAY

The sun has yet to come up. The street is shrouded in a heavy fog. A man hops down from the cab of a gas delivery truck and hurries to the back of a building.

CLOSER ON THE MAN: we reveal that it's Frederick.

Frederick moves directly to the back door of a shabby commercial building. Over the door is a faded sign that reads: PARK TERRACE VACUUM REPAIR CENTRE.

Frederick bangs on the door.

FREDERICK

Robat! Wake up...! Robat...!

He tests the doorknob and finds it's locked. Taking a moment to check up and down the alleyway and seeing no sign of life, he knocks again.

FREDERICK (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Robat! Come on! Open up!

A small, wiry man ROBAT LLYGOTTA answers the door. He's unshaven, his hair is disheveled, his clothes rumpled, and his eyes are bloodshot red.

ROBAT

What the fuck, Frederick?

Frederick pushes past Robat.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BACK ROOM

The small claustrophobic room is cluttered with boxes, dust-caked vacuums, and shelves piled high with parts. Carved out of the mess is a small area where a cot has been set.

ROBAT

What do you want, mate? I've got no money, if that's what you're after.

FREDERICK

I'm about to make you some money.

ROBAT

I could stand for a bit of that.

FREDERICK

How do you feel about becoming a forger?

ROBAT

Forger? Come on, Freddie. I wouldn't know the first thing about it.

FREDERICK

You're not going to have to.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE HOUSE -- LATER THAT MORNING

Miles walks along an upstairs hallway, looking at the mobile Joseph gave him.

He passes the loo and pushes the door open. Abbi is inside staring into a mirror.

ABBI

Pardon...!

Then, noticing the phone...

ABBI (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Where'd you get that?

MILES

Huh?

ABBI

The phone.

MILES

Oh. Da gave it to me.

Abbi lunges forward and tries to grab the phone -- but Miles pulls it away.

MILES (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Get your own. He has a whole bag of them.

(then...)

Are you wearing makeup?

ABBI

Oh, piss off.

Abbi pushes past Miles and exits down the hallway.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A HALLWAY -- SCOTLAND YARD -- LATER THAT MORNING

Millie is walking down a corridor -- carrying a paper take-away bag and a container of coffee, when her mobile rings.

She fumbles with the things she's carrying, fishes the phone out of her jacket pocket, and looks at the display.

MILLIE'S POV: The caller ID is blocked. She is about to refuse the call, when a thought hits her and she answers.

MILLIE

Yes?

CONTINUOUS TO:

EXT. A SWANSEA STREET -- SAME

Joseph stands in the shadows of an alleyway, holding a mobile phone to his ear.

JOSEPH

It's me.

INTERCUT BETWEEN JOSEPH AND MILLIE

MILLIE

Bloody hell. Where are you?

JOSEPH

We're alright.

MILLIE

Why haven't you called me? I knew if you were alive, you'd call me?

JOSEPH

We're safe. That's all I can say.

MILLIE

Joseph, tell me where you are.

JOSEPH

I have to go.

MILLIE

Give me a moment, for chrissake. I'm on my own here. I'm not trying to run a GPS. I promise.

JOSEPH

I'm sorry. And I'm sorry for all the trouble. But this is the way it has to be.

MILLIE

Joseph, listen to me. You're making a big mistake. We can work this all out.

JOSEPH

I can't talk. I just wanted you to know.

ON MILLIE. She starts to say something, but the call has already been disconnected.

In frustration, she slams the take-away bag and coffee into a bin, and stomps off.

CONTINUOUS TO:

EXT. THE ALLEYWAY -- SAME

Joseph removes the battery from the phone and drops it into a bin.

He takes the SIM card out of the phone, drops it on the pavement and grinds it with his shoe, then deposits the rest of the phone in a second bin.

CUT TO:

EXT. A SWANSEA STREET

EXTREME CLOSE UP ON: the vinyl card Dyfed handed Abbi. It's a bold, two-color design, in black and vivid red.

The words "BHAGAT SINGH BAGS" arc around a red, monochrome portrait of Bhagat Singh wearing his iconic fedora. His head in encircled by a noose, with the quote: "Don't ask for rights, take them" printed above a phone number.

[ALTERNATE QUOTES:]

["If the deaf are to hear, the sound has to be very loud."]

["Lovers, lunatics, and poets are made of the same stuff." ]

Abbi glances up to see an identical sign attached to the front of a garage.

CONTINUOUS TO:

INT. DYFED'S SHOP/GARAGE

Dyfed is inside cutting a vinyl sign into small sections. The door of the shop cracks open. Light floods in...

ABBI

Dyfed...?

DYFED

Souad. It's you. I'd thought I'd lost you forever...

Abbi steps toward Dyfed, who wraps his arms around her.

CLOSE ON ABBI'S face smiling.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CELLAR OF THE HOUSE -- SAME

Miles sits on an old wood crate, dialing his mobile. The call connects and we hear a tone from the earpiece of the phone.

DOWELL'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hello...?

MILES

Guess who...?

The camera sweeps up the cellar steps.

Below the cellar door we see the shadow of feet.

The door cracks open ever so slightly and we see the silhouette of someone -- a woman -- looking down toward Miles.

MILES (CONT'D) (cont'd)

(into phone)

...Surprise!

CUT TO:

EXT. A LADBROKES BETTING SHOP -- LATER IN THE DAY

The shop sits in the middle of a shabby, lower middle class neighborhood, amidst terraced houses, tattoo parlors, local pubs and night clubs.

CONTINUOUS TO:

INT. LADBROKES

Frederick is watching a horse race on a big screen. He's tense -  
- perspiring.

ANNOUNCER

It's Gum Shoe by four lengths going  
into the turn. And here comes You-Da-  
Man -- breaking away from the pack...

FREDERICK

Oh, yeah...

ANNOUNCER

Around the turn, it's Gum Shoe -- with  
You-Da-Man coming up fast on the  
outside.

FREDERICK

Come on, You-Da-Man...

ANNOUNCER

It's down the stretch they come. On  
the outside it's You-Da-Man. On the  
inside -- Gum Shoe, with You-Da-Man  
hot on his heels!

FREDERICK

Come on...

ANNOUNCER

And heading for home. Gum Shoe! You-Da-  
Man! You-Da-Man -- Gum Shoe! Head to  
head! Stride for stride!

Frederick rises to his feet.

FREDERICK

Come on. Come on...

ANNOUNCER

...Into the final fifteen, it's Gum  
Shoe holding on!

FREDERICK

Please...!

ANNOUNCER

Coming to the wire -- it's Gum Shoe --  
You-Da-Man. You-Da-Man -- Gum Shoe...  
And... it's--

FREDERICK

You-Da-Man, You-Da-Man...

ANNOUNCER

You-Da-Man BY A NOSE!

Frederick stares at the TV -- stunned. It appears as if he is actually growing in height.

FREDERICK

I won... I don't believe it! I won!

ANNOUNCER

When he went off he was twelve-to-one. When he finished he was closer to fourteen-to-one... And there it is on the board. The result is *official*. You-Da-Man paying fourteen-fifty, a nice return for a shiny penny of a horse...

FREDERICK

I won!

CUE MUSIC: SOUAD MASSI'S "GHIR ENTA"

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW