


FINAL SCRIPT
5th December 2023

HARD TRUTHS

Written by

Mike Leigh

© Thin Man Films Ltd



1 EXT. PANSY & CURTLEY'S HOUSE - STREET. DAY. 1

Virgil arrives on his bike. Curtley exits his house.
Curtley opens the van doors. Virgil puts his bike in.
They drive away.

2 INT. PANSY & CURTLEY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM. LATER. 2

Pansy is in bed. She sits up, startled by her dream.

PANSY

Woah!

She gets up, draws the curtains and looks out of the window
at some pigeons in the front garden.

3 INT. PANSY & CURTLEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN. LATER. 3

Pansy, in her pyjamas and dressing-gown, sits with her cup of
coffee.

Suddenly, she rushes to the window and looks out at the
garden, startled by something. After a few moments, she calms
down.

4 INT. PANSY & CURTLEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN. LATER. 4

Pansy is cleaning the sofa.

Moses comes downstairs, and walks past the living room
doorway.

PANSY

Moses! Put on the kettle for me.

Moses returns to the doorway.

PANSY (CONT'D)

And don't fill it up too much. One
cup, not eight. It's a waste.

Moses puts the kettle on in the kitchen and opens the fridge.
He comes back at to the living room door.

MOSES

Mum, I'll see you in a bit.

PANSY
Where d'you think you're going?

MOSES
Out?

PANSY
Where out?

MOSES
For a walk.

PANSY
How many times do I have to tell
you? People are gonna accuse you of
loitering with intent.

Moses turns to leave.

PANSY (CONT'D)
Don't call me if you get picked up
the police. I won't be coming to
bail you out.

Moses puts on his shoes.

PANSY (CONT'D)
My family's never been in trouble
with the law. We hold up our heads.

Pansy knocks on the window.

PANSY (CONT'D)
And make sure you shut the door
properly!

We hear Moses shutting the door.

5 INT. HOUSE - PLUMBING SITE. DAY.

5

Virgil and Curtley are unscrewing bolts from a radiator.

CURTLEY
Alright?

VIRGIL
Wait.

VIRGIL (CONT'D)
Your end?

CURTLEY
Yeah. OK?

VIRGIL
Yeah.

CURTLEY
Good.

They lift the radiator off the brackets on the wall.

They turn the radiator onto its side, carry it out of the French windows into the garden and put the radiator down to drain it.

VIRGIL
Nice day, innit?

Curtley doesn't reply.

6 EXT. STREETS. DAY. 6

MOSES walks along a busy street.

7 INT. PANSY & CURTLEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN. DAY. 7

A peeled banana skin and a knife with peanut butter are on the breakfast bar.

Pansy enters.

She picks up the banana skin and walks to the stairs.

8 INT. PANSY & CURTLEY'S HOUSE - MOSES' BEDROOM. DAY. 8

Moses is lying in bed with his headphones on. He is playing with a model aeroplane.

Pansy appears in the doorway.

PANSY
What's this?

MOSES
A banana.

PANSY
I can't believe you're willing to
lie there, rotting your life away.
(MORE)

PANSY (CONT'D)

Don't you have any hopes or dreams?
 What are your ambitions? This place
 is a pigsty! Look at it. Dirty
 socks, chocolate wrappers, spoon.
 How many times do I have to tell
 you to not bring food stuff up
 here? Toilet paper! What you doing
 with toilet paper in your bedroom?
 Moses Kingsley Deacon, I am not
 your servant.

Pansy leaves, shutting the door.

Moses gives her the middle finger.

9 INT. PANSY & CURTLEY'S HOUSE - SITTING ROOM. DAY. 9

Pansy is lying on the sofa, watching television.

FIRST WOMAN (V.O)

There's a healthy selection of
 properties on the market in Cabo
 Roig, and, depending on the amount
 of work needed, three-beds here can
 start from around £106,000. We
 found a recently renovated option,
 a 30-minute walk to the sea, with
 great space for their dog.
 Penelope. What do you think of the
 neighbourhood?

Pansy gets up and looks out of the front window, then goes
 back to the sofa.

SECOND WOMAN (V.O)

Lovely.

MAN (V.O)

Nice and quiet, very peaceful.

SECOND WOMAN (V.O)

Very clean, isn't it?

10 EXT. PANSY & CURTLEY'S HOUSE. BACK GARDEN. DAY 10

Some pigeons peck the grass.

11

11

INT. PANSY & CURTLEY'S HOUSE. SITTING ROOM/HALL/KITCHEN. DAY

Pansy snoozes on the sofa. Another programme is on the TV. Curtley arrives home from work carrying some taps. Pansy wakes up. Curtley hangs up his work bag in the hall.

PANSY

Curtley?

CURTLEY

Yeah.

Pansy sits up. Curtley passes by the sitting room door.

CURTLEY (CONT'D)

You good?

PANSY

Nah. What's that?

Curtley ignores her and carries on walking through the kitchen. Pansy follows.

PANSY (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

CURTLEY

Where do you think I'm going?

PANSY

I know exactly where you're going. You're going out there into that godforsaken wilderness, digging about in your useless bits and pieces in that rat-infested hovel of yours, stepping in disgusting squirrel doo-doo and rancid bird droppings, so you can traipse 'em back in through onto my kitchen floor. Why you still got shoes on?

CURTLEY

I'm going straight out.

PANSY

So?

CURTLEY

So, what? You expect me to take them off, put them on, then take them off and put them on again?!

PANSY
Yes, of course, I've told you a
million times!

CURTLEY
Tsk.

Curtley goes out into the garden, leaving the door open.

PANSY
Curtley! Don't leave the door open!
I don't want bloody, filthy pigeons
coming in here scavaging.

She closes the door. Curtley goes to his garden shed.

PANSY (CONT'D)
Useless!

Pansy goes back to the sofa in the sitting room, lies down
and closes her eyes.

12 INT. PANSY & CURTLEY'S HOUSE - MOSES' BEDROOM. DAY. 12

Moses is playing with a flight simulator on his computer.
Curtley knocks on the door and opens it a little.

CURTLEY
Alright?

Moses doesn't look up.

MOSES
Yeah.

CURTLEY
You been out today?

MOSES
Yeah.

CURTLEY
Where d'you go?

Moses doesn't reply. Curtley closes the door and goes.

13 INT. PANSY & CURTLEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN. EVENING. 13

Pansy, Curtley and Moses sit around the dinner table, halfway
through their meal.

PANSY

You can't go in or out of a supermarket without being harassed by those grinning, cheerful charity workers, begging you for money for their stupid causes.

Why they gotta skin their teeth like that? Cheerful, grinning people, I can't stand 'em. Loitering out there, demanding your hard earned cash. It's a scam. They're scamming people. Can't trust 'em. They want your phone number, your email. I asked one of them, I said, "why do you want my postcode? I might as well give you my front door keys so you can bruk into my house, tief out my things and kill my only child?" And nobody calls the police on them; the police wouldn't come anyway, they're too busy harassing black boys walking. And him round the corner, with that dog. Got it dressed up in a red coat and green booties. Why's the dog got on a coat? It's got fur, innit? It must be sweating under there. Stinking. That's cruelty to animals, that is, putting it under all that plastic. I've got a mind to report him to the NSPCG or whatever they call 'em. And her, over there, with that fat baby. Cold. Cold. Cold. And she's walking up and down the street with nothing but a big pink bow on its bald head, so everybody can tell it's a girl. Like I care. Parading it around in the little outfit, not dressed for the weather, nah, with pockets. What's a baby got pockets for? What's it gonna keep in its pocket? A knife?! It's ridiculous!

MOSES

It's the RSPCA, Mum.

PANSY

What?

CURTLEY

The Royal Society for the
Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

PANSY

I know. I'm not stupid.

Anyway, when we gonna replace that
broke down sofa in there? Eh?

14

INT. SALON. DAY.

14

Chantelle is doing a client's hair. Another hairdresser is
opposite, braiding another client's hair.

CLIENT

Look here? And look in there. And
round there.

CHANTELLE

What am I looking at?

CLIENT

Grey! Grey, grey, grey. Ashman
grey.

CHANTELLE

(Laughing)

You not have no grey.

CLIENT

Oh, that man give me so much
stress. And you know he don't have
one grey hair upon him head. Not
one. People see him on road and say
'Oh Ashman, you look so young.' Oh,
he love that. Yano? How him vain,
stupid old fool. Nobody knows the
trouble I see. Because I don't show
it, you know?

CHANTELLE

You look good.

CLIENT

Oh, thank you, my darling. I just
get on with it, you know. That's
me.

The other hairdresser with her client.

SECOND CLIENT

(Inaudible)

There are certain battles that I've just got to leave. Do you back me up? I gotta choose my battles wisely.

HAIRDRESSER

No, that's one you've got to pick.

Client yawns.

CHANTELLE

You come from your night shift?

CLIENT

Ah, long night. Midnight, my patient started travelling and by two am she passed over. So sad. Lovely woman. Touch of the dementia, you know.

CHANTELLE

No family?

CLIENT

One son. In New York. Apparently, he too busy to travel.

CHANTELLE

No.

CLIENT

Mm.

CHANTELLE

People are wicked.

CLIENT

Wicked.

CHANTELLE

They don't know how lucky they are.

CLIENT

Thank you - they do not know. Eh? Oh stress, stress, stress, stress. Ashman say I stress too much. He don't stress at all, you know? 'Cause when he go to bed he sleep like a baby. That's why his hair still black.

((MORE))

CLIENT (CONT'D)

Although, it could be hereditary,
because his father never went grey
until what, he was in his eighties.

CHANTELLE

Hmm?

CLIENT

Had one of my dreams again.

CHANTELLE

Is it?

CLIENT

Mark it. I see Ashman stand up in
some clear water. When you look
down you can see him foot, and you
see the fishes, swim through. Swim
through.

CHANTELLE

Him do it again?

CLIENT

Again. Baby-mother number three.
Twenty-two. Half Greek, half
Nigerian. Live in Peckham. My Lord.
At this stage of his life?

Chantelle notices her colleague and client have gone quiet,
and are eavesdropping.

CHANTELLE

You see how you're quiet?

They all laugh.

CLIENT

Big people talking over here!

HAIRDRESSER

As we were saying ...

The ladies turn back to their stations.

CLIENT

When I leave that man, you see, his
head going to spin.

CHANTELLE

Don't make him broke you up, you
know.

CLIENT

Broke who? After all I been through
with that dirty brute. No sir. I
still standing, sister. I still
standing. What you think, I
couldn't meet somebody new?

CHANTELLE

Of course.

15 EXT. CHANTELLE'S FLAT. EVENING. 15

Chantelle returns home from work and walks towards her flat.

16 INT/EXT. CHANTELLE'S FLAT. BALCONY. EVE 16

Chantelle sips a beer on her balcony.

17 INT. CHANTELLE'S FLAT. DAY. 17

Kayla and Aleisha tease each other on the sofa, laughing.

Chantelle waters her plants on the balcony, then joins the
girls. Much laughter.

CHANTELLE

Move!

ALEISHA

No!

CHANTELLE

Move!

CHANTELLE (CONT'D)

So you go out partying last night?

KAYLA

Who?

CHANTELLE

Your friend behind you!

KAYLA

Where?

CHANTELLE

You, innit. What time did you get
in?

KAYLA
I dunno. About one? Two? Three?

CHANTELLE
Four. Five. Six...

ALEISHA
I thought you got in earlier.

KAYLA
No!

ALEISHA
Your door was closed at two-thirty.

KAYLA
Yeah, I closed it.

CHANTELLE
You closed it?

KAYLA
Yes, I closed it. All by myself.

CHANTELLE
Okay. Where you go?

KAYLA
Um, Brixton.

CHANTELLE
Um, Brighton.

ALEISHA
Um, Birmingham.

CHANTELLE
No, where did you go?

KAYLA
Brixton!

CHANTELLE
Right. Who with?

KAYLA
Zara.

CHANTELLE
Is it?

KAYLA
Yes?

CHANTELLE
Is it? Just Zara?

KAYLA
Yeah. Just Zara.

ALEISHA
Wasn't Theo there?

KAYLA
Who's Theo? I don't know any Theo.

ALEISHA
I think I know a Theo that lives in
Walthamstow.

KAYLA
Oh, you mean that Theo?

ALEISHA
Mmmm...

KAYLA
Oohh...

ALEISHA
Mmmm ..

KAYLA
Yeah he was there!

ALEISHA
What does his flat look like?

KAYLA
Oh shut up, man.
(beat)
It was a good night though. They
were playing Bashment.

ALEISHA
Bashment?!

KAYLA
Mmm, Bashment!

CHANTELLE
All them men whining up on you.

Kayla stands and dances Bashment.

CHANTELLE (CONT'D)
Oh!

ALEISHA
 (to Chantelle)
 You should go.

CHANTELLE
 I ain't doing that nonsense
 anymore.

KAYLA
 What you talking about? I see you
 whining up yourself in the kitchen.

Aleisha starts humming a song, dancing. Kayla joins in, they
 both start dancing in front of Chantelle to much amusement.

CHANTELLE
 Fools!

They all laugh.

KAYLA
 I forget - let me see!

Chantelle moves on the sofa.

GIRLS
 Ooh ooh ah ahh etc

KAYLA
 You still got it!

Much laughter.

18 INT. PANSY & CURTLEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN. DAY.

18

Chantelle stands behind Pansy, who sits on a dining room
 chair, wearing a hairdressing cape.

Moses sits at the end of the table and eats toast.

CHANTELLE
 Show me where it's tight.

PANSY
 At the back, look - it's all red.

CHANTELLE
 The scalp's not red. It's flaky
 where you're scratching it.

PANSY
Because it's too tight.

CHANTELLE
Are you drinking water?

PANSY
Of course I'm drinking water.
What's that got to do with it?

CHANTELLE
Keep your skin hydrated.

PANSY
I'm hydrated enough. Anybody would
think you were trying to pull my
brains out. Ah! That's attached to
my head, you know.

CHANTELLE
I know, 'cause I put it there
myself.

PANSY
Boy you really know how to
administer punishment. You should
have been a prison warden. I hope
you don't rough up the customers
like that.

CHANTELLE
No, because they pay me.

PANSY
Oh, the money thing again!

Chantelle laughs.

PANSY (CONT'D)
You should treat your family like
how you treat strangers.

Moses gets up from his seat and takes his plate to the sink.

PANSY (CONT'D)
(to Moses)
Wash that plate.

Moses puts the plate in the sink and runs the tap over it. He
leaves it in the sink and leaves the kitchen.

PANSY (CONT'D)
Look at him.

CHANTELLE

Keep still.

PANSY

Twenty-two year old man and he's still eating peanut butter and jam sandwiches. I talk to him until I'm tired. I say, "Moses, what are you doing with your life? Where do you see yourself in twenty-five years' time?" I'm sick of it.

CHANTELLE

Do you want me to talk to him?

PANSY

And say what?

CHANTELLE

I dunno, just see if I can help him.

PANSY

What, you trying to insinuate yourself into my family?

CHANTELLE

Insinuate how?

PANSY

You wouldn't like it if I talked to your girls like that.

CHANTELLE

And say what?

PANSY

Why you going out exposing your belly to the world? What you doing dressed up in a squeeze-up, tight-up, yoga pants and you're not even in the gym?

(Chantelle laughs)

You wouldn't like it. You wouldn't like it at all.
Some sisters are close, you know.
Some sisters confide in each other.

CHANTELLE

You can confide in me.

PANSY

No. If I don't call you, you don't call me.

CHANTELLE

I call you.

PANSY

No. I have to call you, and say 'Oh Chantelle, my hair needs doing, Oh Chantelle, my back is hurting, can you pick me up a couple of things from Kilburn?'

CHANTELLE

I call you!

PANSY

Eh. Put down them scissors, you're getting aggressive.

Pause.

CHANTELLE

I'm going up the cemetery on Sunday. You coming?

PANSY

You know I got health issues. I can't plan anything. I got to take it one day at a time.

CHANTELLE

It's Mother's Day.

PANSY

Well, I wouldn't know. They don't celebrate Mother's Day in this house. I can't tell you the last time I got a Mother's Day card. Moses must have been about five - teacher made him paint something and bring it home. They probably expect me to get up early and make Mother's Day breakfast for them.

CHANTELLE

It's been five years, you know.

PANSY

Five years. When people die, they die. You got to move on; you can't drag the dead with you for ever.

(MORE)

PANSY ((CONT'D))

I don't want to be held back by the shadow of Pearl.

CHANTELLE

She enjoyed her life.

PANSY

Yeah, well at least *she* did.

Beat.

CHANTELLE

So, I'm going to pick you up?

PANSY

I'm not confirming anything, I might not feel up to mark. I might spend the day lying in bed.

CHANTELLE

Eh! Is it? Who with?

PANSY

Do you always have to sink so low? You're so crude. When are you going to settle down?

CHANTELLE

Why? You have somebody for me?

PANSY

Yes - Jesus!

CHANTELLE

(Laughing)

Well, at least he was a single man!

PANSY

You see, you take everything and make joke. Everything's party hearty. Sweating up yourself in disco.

CHANTELLE

Disco! I can hardly stand up after a day at work! I'm fifty-three!

PANSY

Tell me about it. I'm up and down these stairs all day long, scrubbing out their filthy toilet bowls.

Pause.

CHANTELLE

Do you want to come to the flat
after?

PANSY

What for? You having a function?

CHANTELLE

Well, it will be a function if
you're there, innit.

PANSY

How many people you inviting?

CHANTELLE

No-one. Just you and Curtley. And
Moses. The girls would like to see
their cousin.

PANSY

I blame Curtley. He should have
been training up Moses from he was
small, to learn the trade so he
could take over the business. Every
time I mention it, you know what he
tells me?

CHANTELLE

Yeah. He can hardly tie his own
shoelaces.

PANSY

Yeah! Imagine! Talking like that
about your own child! Meanwhile,
poor little Moses is stuck indoors
while his Father is working side by
side with that imbecile, Virgil.
Doesn't even know how to make eye
contact, can't string two sentences
together. Fool.

Chantelle laughs.

19

INT. ANOTHER PLUMBING SITE - DAY.

19

Virgil carries a new boiler casing up the stairs. Curtley is
taking the lagging off of the copper pipes in a cupboard,
ready for a new boiler to be installed.

VIRGIL

Just me!

CURTLEY
Yeah. You get it?

VIRGIL
Yeah.

Virgil reaches the landing and puts down the casing.

VIRGIL (CONT'D)
You got the time?

CURTLEY
You got a watch, innit?

VIRGIL
At the third stroke the time will
be nine-thirty-one and seventeen
seconds. You owe me five pounds.

CURTLEY
For what?

VIRGIL
The time. I just sold it to you.

CURTLEY
Tsk.

VIRGIL
How much would you charge, then?

CURTLEY
What for? The time?

VIRGIL
Yeah.

CURTLEY
To you?

VIRGIL
Yeah.

CURTLEY
A hundred quid.

VIRGIL
There's a woman who did it.

CURTLEY
Did what?

VIRGIL
Sold time.

CURTLEY

Yeah?

VIRGIL

Yeah. In the 1890's. Ruth Belville,
and she was still doing it during
the Second World War.

CURTLEY

For real?

VIRGIL

Every Monday, she'd go to the
Greenwich Observatory, look at the
clock and set her pocket watch.
Then she'd walk around London all
day, selling the time to people.

CURTLEY

How much she charge?

VIRGIL

We don't know - it's a mystery. Her
Dad did it. And her Mum.

CURTLEY

Family business.

VIRGIL

Mmm.

VIRGIL (CONT'D)

You can't buy time.

CURTLEY

True, that.

VIRGIL

You can't sell it either.

Virgil reflects.

20

INT. FURNITURE STORE. DAY.

20

A young woman is bouncing on the sofa. Her man is sitting
next to her.

WOMAN

Oh my gosh, it's amazing, babe.

She puts her arm around him, pulling him back into the sofa.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

It's so lush!

The woman sits up and pushes her man back into the sofa, they lean back. She kisses his ear.

MAN

Babe, stop.

The woman lies down on the man's lap.

MAN (CONT'D)

Eh, feet off!

He pushes her feet off and they sit up.

WOMAN

It's fine.

Pansy approaches them, having seen them cuddling.

PANSY

Excuse me...

WOMAN

Hey, you alright?

PANSY

Are you gonna purchase this sofa?

WOMAN

Oh.

MAN

So, what if we are?

PANSY

Gyrating all over the place,
perspiring up in the cushions.

The woman laughs.

WOMAN

What?

PANSY

Someone else might want to buy it.

MAN

Are you going to buy it?

PANSY

No, I'm not. I don't want to take your DNA home with me, thank you very much.

Pansy walks away from them. The woman shrieks with laughter and the man looks grumpy.

21

INT. FURNITURE STORE. LATER.

21

Pansy is looking at a sofa label when a store assistant approaches.

ASSISTANT

Hi! Can I help with anything today?

PANSY

No.

ASSISTANT

Just browsing?

PANSY

I'm looking for a sofa.

ASSISTANT

Ah. Well, you're in the right place. We've got loads. We've also got chairs, recliners, foot-stools, tables. Love seats!

PANSY

Listen, I'm more than capable of looking for a sofa. I can walk. I know how to sit down, stand up, lie down to see if it's comfortable. I'm not an invalid.

ASSISTANT

I wasn't suggesting you were an 'invalid'.

PANSY

So what are you standing there for?

ASSISTANT

Just trying to be helpful.

PANSY

Well, I don't need your help.

ASSISTANT

Okay.

The Assistant goes to leave, then turns abruptly.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

Look. I'm just trying to do my job.

PANSY

No, you're not. You're harassing me. Why don't you go and show off to someone else - share your expertise?

ASSISTANT

To be honest, I don't really like your tone.

PANSY

I don't like your face. Why d'you put on so much make-up?!

ASSISTANT

What?

PANSY

What if it comes off on all the furniture? Selfish.

ASSISTANT

Yeah, okay - now you're just getting personal.

PANSY

Are you threatening me?

ASSISTANT

Excuse me?

PANSY

Are you threatening me?

ASSISTANT

I am just trying to do my job, and I'm saying you're being rude.

PANSY

Right. Accusing. Harassing. Intimidating. Insulting. Where's the manager?

ASSISTANT

Oh, would you like to speak to my manager?

PANSY
Yes, I would.

ASSISTANT
Okay, one second, I'll just go and
get her. Make yourself comfortable.

The Assistant exits and Pansy leaves the store quickly.

22

EXT. CAR PARK. DAY.

22

Pansy is sitting in the car.

An old car pulls up abruptly in front of Pansy.

The driver shouts inaudibly from within the car. Then he
beeps his horn.

He then winds down the window.

DRIVER
(from within the car)
Hello darling, are you leaving?
Hello!

The driver gets out of the car, leaving the door open, and
walks round to stand in front of Pansy's car.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Hey babe, just wondering, are you
leaving? Hello! I'm talking to you!

Pansy winds down her window.

PANSY
Who are you talking to?

DRIVER
I'm talking to you! I'm just
wondering. Are you leaving? Only
I've been driving round this car
park for the last twenty minutes,
trying to find a space and you're
the only person behind the wheel,
and I was wondering: are you
leaving anytime soon?

PANSY
This car is stationary.

DRIVER

I know it's stationary. Any chance
of you making it un-fucking-
stationary!

PANSY

Don't swear at me!

DRIVER

Whats with the agg?

PANSY

Hey! Lower your chest! Puffing it
up like you wanna fight me.

DRIVER

How about you wind in your jaw in?

PANSY

What? Are you on day release from
the madhouse?

DRIVER

Madhouse? Fucking madhouse!

The driver slams his hand on Pansy's car bonnet.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

You see this car park? This used to
be my school. I'm from round here.
Alright? Bitch.

PANSY

Nutter!

The driver walks round to his car and starts to get back into
it.

DRIVER

I bet you ain't got no fucking
fella either!

PANSY

Yeah, and your balls are so backed
up you got sperm in your brain!

DRIVER

Yeah, and none of it's for you, you
barren bitch!

He drives off violently.

23

INT. SALON. DAY.

23

Chantelle is putting the second salon client's hair into a pin-up style.

CLIENT

So, I'm finding every time I call up for a cab I'm getting the same driver. "Number 29". It's the same guy. And you know how I like to go shopping twice a week.

CHANTELLE

Mm. Wednesday afternoon and Friday night.

CLIENT

Friday's the big shop. 'Cause the kids give me a bit of money to get a few extras.

CHANTELLE

So they should.

CLIENT

Well, they're working now. Apart from Marvin.

CHANTELLE

What's he like?

CLIENT

Who?

CHANTELLE

The cab man.

CLIENT

Oh - he's alright, you know. Yeah, we have adult conversation, about politics and that. And guess what, he always takes my bags into the house for me.

CHANTELLE

Is it?

CLIENT

Mm. Anyway, a few weeks before lockdown, I'm not feeling well, and I've got a bit of anxiety going on. I don't want to go out.

CHANTELLE

You know what? It was probably Covid, you know.

CLIENT

You know what, a lot of people probably had Covid and ...

CHANTELLE

Didn't even know.

CLIENT

Yeah, so I'm in my yard, yeah, got my headscarf on, my T-shirt is all bite and tear-up, and the doorbell goes. You know I don't like people coming round unannounced. So, I fling open the door. Guess who's standing there? An-nuh the same guy. I'm like, what um raas you doing here? This is so unprofessional. You stalking me or what? He's like, "Oh, I haven't seen you for a couple weeks, I was worried about you, do you want anything?" So I said "Yeah, go and get me a packet of fags."

CHANTELLE

Is that all you asked him for?

CLIENT

Yeah - I couldn't be bothered to go out. Well he got the fags. Didn't even ask for the money back.

CHANTELLE

What does he look like?

CLIENT

He's black, but he's got something else going on.

CHANTELLE

Where's he taking you tonight?

CLIENT

I dunno. Some Turkish place - which I don't mind. Because you know I'm not into them lemongrass, ginger, coconut, mix-up tings with raw fish. And the Turkish people them season up their meat /good.

CHANTELLE

/good.

(laughing)

It's nice. What are you wearing?

CLIENT

I dunno. He only asked on Friday.
Which is why I had to beg you to
squeeze me in. I ain't wearing
nothing too clingy - don't want him
to get any ideas.

CHANTELLE

Give him ideas, yes.

CLIENT

I've already got six kids, thank
you very much. I'm thinking about
something off the shoulder,
accentuate the good bits and then
skim over the rest, hide a
multitude of sins.

CHANTELLE

Is there sin in there?

CLIENT

No, just a belly. And I've got
these shoes, nice little kitten
heels, still in the box. Chantelle,
d'you mind if I pop out for a quick
fag?

CHANTELLE

Sharon, man, hurry up! I've got a
next appointment.

The client leaves.

HAIRDRESSER

Smoker's break?

Chantelle laughs, and goes behind the counter to call Pansy -
who is in the supermarket, where she answers the phone.

PANSY

What?

CHANTELLE

Hello.

PANSY

Who is it?

CHANTELLE

It's your bloody sister - who d'you think it is?

PANSY

What do you want? I'm busy. I'm in the middle of something.

CHANTELLE

Am I seeing you?

PANSY

What?

CHANTELLE

On Sunday. At the cemetery. Are you coming?

PANSY

I don't know. I said I'd confirm.

CHANTELLE

Well confirm now, innit.

PANSY

I'll confirm when I confirm. I'm not confirming.
I'll call you back.

CHANTELLE

Hello?

Pansy has hung up the phone. The Client smokes her cigarette outside in the street.

24

INT. SUPERMARKET. DAY.

24

PANSY (TO THE CASHIER)

Look at you. Fix your face. Sitting there like a ghost. You're dealing with the public. Handling people's food.

FIRST CUSTOMER

Leave the girl alone. She's only doing her job.

PANSY

Who you talking to?

FIRST CUSTOMER
I'm talking to you!

PANSY
Mind your business.

FIRST CUSTOMER
It is my business. I'm running
late. I've got a new client.

PANSY
Your gentleman client's not my
problem.

FIRST CUSTOMER
You better mind me no lick down
what me no see.

PANSY
Oh, shut your mouth. Spitting all
over the place.

FIRST CUSTOMER
Yes, and I will spit on you.

PANSY
Yeah listen, you better back way.

SECOND CUSTOMER
Stop! Please!

PANSY
And you can pipe down and all.
Standing there like an ostrich.

SECOND CUSTOMER
Oh, shut up.

PANSY
Don't tell me to shut up.

SECOND CUSTOMER
I am telling you to shut up.

PANSY
You shut yourself up with a burger.
You look like a piece of string.

SECOND CUSTOMER
Thanks very much.

The following is overlapping dialogue.

SECOND CUSTOMER (CONT'D)
Just these, please.

CASHIER
I just need to finish these.

FIRST CUSTOMER
Hallelujah! You're killing me. I don't need this. Just pay the girl and go. Up in here carrying on like a mad woman. Just move. If you don't get out of here, I won't. I know how to conduct myself. D'you know what? - shut your big fat cake hole.

PANSY
Don't know who the hell she thinks she is coming in here all hoity toity. And boasting about gentlemen. You should be ashamed much less you're telling people. You see: you're uncouth. You don't have no bring-upsy. You have no manners.

CASHIER
I actually can't scan them until they've gone through - I'm sorry.

SECOND CUSTOMER
Can I pay for these?

CASHIER
I'm sorry, you have to wait for her to pay.

SECOND CUSTOMER
Oh my god. Can I pay cash?

25 INT. COSMETIC COMPANY. DAY.

25

Kayla is presenting a new line of cosmetics for her company, MELO.

Her senior, male Colleague is there to support her as she makes her presentation to the boss of her division, Nicole, who is smelling the contents of a small jar.

NICOLE
It's a nice scent.

COLLEAGUE
It's good, isn't it?

NICOLE
I am super-excited about this. So?

KAYLA
Oh, d'you want me to continue?

NICOLE
That's what we are here for.

KAYLA
Okay. So looking at the market,
there is a real -

NICOLE
Bit tacky though, don't you think?

COLLEAGUE
Maybe, probably, we can look at ...

NICOLE
Yeah it is. Go on, Kayla.

KAYLA
Um, there's a huge trend in the
market at the moment for 'free-
froms'.

NICOLE
Hundred per cent.

KAYLA
All the brands are doing it -
alcohol free, silicon free,
sulphate free...

NICOLE
Which we have been doing like, for
ever.

KAYLA
Er, yes, but what I'm proposing is
that Melo leads with coconut-free.

NICOLE
Coconut?

KAYLA
Yes.

COLLEAGUE
Go on.

KAYLA

Nobody else in the market is doing it. And we know that coconut oil is comedogenic, it blocks pores it's irritating. So if Melo were to lead with a coconut-free line, we would be the destination for sensitive skin consumers.

NICOLE

Hang on a second, hang on. So, what you're saying is that we would be marketing exactly the same product but its USP would be that we're taking out coconut? Right?

COLLEAGUE

Why don't we have a look at the brilliant research that Kayla's been doing in this subject?

NICOLE

Yeah, no - I'm not doubting Kayla's abilities. Go on, Kayla.

COLLEAGUE

You've got great numbers.

KAYLA

Yeah. So fifteen percent of customers are already looking for coconut-free products.

NICOLE

Well, that's a very low percentage.

COLLEAGUE

Of a very big market.

NICOLE

Yeah - I know, I know - there's been like loads of bullshit research into coconut, but there's a reason nobody's doing it. Right?

COLLEAGUE

Why don't we have a look at the focus groups?

NICOLE

Sure.

Using a remote control device, Kayla flicks through some graphic images on a large screen.

KAYLA

Okay. So we tested the new formula with a focus group; seventy-three percent of customers saw results.

COLLEAGUE

In four weeks.

KAYLA

In four weeks.

NICOLE

Well, how do they know that was because we took out the coconut?

KAYLA

Well, we tested the previous formula, and only fifty percent of customers saw results in eight weeks, so this formula has much stronger claims.

(Pause)

NICOLE

This is really disappointing, Kayla. I've given you a fabulous opportunity here, given you all the resources, and this is what you turn up with, okay? You shat on coconut.

KAYLA

I understand that, Nicole, but I really do believe that coconut-free is a strong proposition for Melo.

NICOLE

Listen, we won't be leading with coconut-free.

(Her phone pings)

NICOLE (CONT'D)

It's a non-starter. Okay? Sorry.

Nicole gets up to leave.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

(to COLLEAGUE)

Oh - did you book somewhere for tonight, or shall we just go next door?

COLLEAGUE
I think next door's fine.

NICOLE
Great.

Nicole walks to the door.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
Oh. Well done, Kayla.

Nicole leaves. Kayla and her Colleague begin packing up.

COLLEAGUE
Don't let it knock you. You're
doing great.

KAYLA
Thanks.

Kayla collects up her samples.

26

INT. SOLICITORS' OFFICE. DAY.

26

Aleisha is working at her desk. Her Supervisor joins her.

SUPERVISOR
Aleisha.

ALEISHA
Oh, hello.

SUPERVISOR
Have you got a minute?

ALEISHA
Yes.

Her Supervisor pulls up a chair and sits down next to Aleisha.

SUPERVISOR
It's about the Day Rider case.

ALEISHA
Okay. Is there a problem?

SUPERVISOR
No, but yes. What templates have
you been using when you've been
sending out the letters to the Wolf
Peck legal team?

ALEISHA

Erm, the same ones I was using when I was working within Orange.

SUPERVISOR

Oh. Okay, that makes sense. So, I make sure to go through all of the different documents to make sure our terms and conditions are up to legal precedent. Unfortunately, not all the colour teams do the same as I've done.

ALEISHA

Okay.

SUPERVISOR

And so what seems to have happened is some documents have been sent out to the Wolf Peck legal team and they've pulled us up on the fact that the writing is not strictly legal.

ALEISHA

Okay.

SUPERVISOR

This is on us, but I'm going to need you to go through all the correspondence and update the wording on them.

ALEISHA

Okay.

SUPERVISOR

And send it back to both parties, I'm afraid.

ALEISHA

Yeah, yeah. Do you want me to get started on the case files and the binders as well?

SUPERVISOR

Yes please. If you can shred everything that we've got ...

ALEISHA

Yes.

SUPERVISOR

Bring it up to legal standard and then if you can, send to both parties again, so that we just have no issue.

ALEISHA

Of course.

SUPERVISOR

Thank you.

ALEISHA

I'm sorry.

SUPERVISOR

No, no honestly - this is on us.

ALEISHA

Okay.

SUPERVISOR

Thanks for that.

ALEISHA

Thank you.

The Supervisor smiles and leaves Aleisha to the work.

27

INT. BAR. EVENING.

27

Kayla and Aleisha are in a bar. They are drinking Prosecco.

KAYLA

I'm sorry, but why are you making excuses for Josh?

ALEISHA

No, I'm not.

KAYLA

Yes, you are.

ALEISHA

I'm not.

KAYLA

I think you are.

ALEISHA

I'm definitely not, I'm just doing my job.

KAYLA

Is it 'cos you think he's buff?

They burst into laughter.

ALEISHA

No, I don't.

KAYLA

Yes, you do!

ALEISHA

No, I don't.

KAYLA

Leisha!

ALEISHA

No, I don't.

KAYLA

You shouldn't let people walk all over you man. Like my girl - what's her name?

ALEISHA

Nadia.

KAYLA

Mmm.

ALEISHA

I do! I tell her!

KAYLA

Tell her, "you've had two Aperol spritzes, one pornstar Martini, one tequila shot, three gin and tonics, you pay for them".

ALEISHA

I do, I tell her! But she makes all these excuses, she goes off to the toilet, or she's got to call her Mum. She's been like that since school. She's tight. That's how she is.

KAYLA

(imitating ALEISHA)

"She's tight, that's how she is".

Aleisha groans.

KAYLA (CONT'D)
So, who's paying for these, then?
You?

ALEISHA
(laughing)
You're annoying.

Aleisha pours herself and Kayla another drink.

ALEISHA (CONT'D)
Anyway, how was today? How did it
go?

KAYLA
Yeah, it was good.

ALEISHA
Really?!

KAYLA
Yeah. It went really well.

ALEISHA
Great! Uh, hello?! Cheers! Well
done!

KAYLA
Cheers. Thank you. Thanks.

ALEISHA
So, what did Nicole say?

KAYLA
She said, she thought it was an
interesting concept.

ALEISHA
Nice.

KAYLA
She said I did a really good job.
And she's gonna think about it.

ALEISHA
Great.

KAYLA
Yeah, Andreas is happy. Everyone's
happy.

They clink glasses.

ALEISHA
 Kay, well done.

KAYLA
 Thanks.

28 INT. PANSY & CURTLEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN. DAY 28

Curtley comes home. He sees that the kitchen is a mess: groceries not put away, a mop and broom lying on the floor, etc.

He hurries upstairs.

29 INT. PANSY & CURTLEY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM. DAY 29

Curtley enters. Pansy is asleep under the covers.

He walks round to her.

He touches her. She wakes up, startled.

PANSY
 Woah! What's wrong with you?

CURTLEY
 Are you okay?

PANSY
 Is that it? No! I'm not okay.
 Flipping heck! I'm just trying to
 get a bit of sleep! Christ!

CURTLEY
 It's twenty-five past six.

PANSY
 Twenty-five past six? I've been up
 since four o'clock in the morning,
 listening to you snoring your
 brains out. I thought you were
 going to swallow yourself. Twenty-
 five past six!

CURTLEY
 The kitchen's a mess.

PANSY
 Then go and clear it up. Hovering
 over me like a ghost.
 (MORE)

PANSY (CONT'D)

I've been harassed by people all day. A man tried to kill me.

CURTLEY

What?

PANSY

In a car park. He could have had a knife.

CURTLEY

What happened?

PANSY

How can I pick up a sofa with my two bare hands? Trashy girl trying to accuse me of thieving a sofa. Customer service is dead. You can't get customer service no more. They're all stupid. "It's a queue. You're supposed to wait". Telling me to hurry up. Telling me to cheer up. Cheer up yourself, with your fat-faced baby. Mind your own business. You don't know what's going on with me. I could be suffering from a terminal disease, for all you know. You don't know my suffering. You don't know my pain. Go and cheer your husband up, put a smile on his face for a change. People should be allowed to make their own decisions in their own time. I'm a sick woman. I can't just jump up and go wherever you want me to go. Go, grieve, fling yourself down at graveside, ball your guts out, put down flowers, but don't try and hijack my grief. I'm sick to death of it.

Pansy lies down.

CURTLEY

Are you gonna cook dinner?

PANSY

(sitting up)

No, Curtley. I am not going to cook dinner. If you want dinner, cook it yourself.

Curtley exits and Pansy lies back down.

30

INT. PANSY & CURTLEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN. EVENING

30

Curtley and Moses are at the breakfast bar eating from a large box of fried chicken.

Pansy comes in, wrapped in a blanket. She sits on the kitchen sofa.

PANSY

Is that chicken?

CURTLEY

What's it look like?

PANSY

Disgusting. You know I can't stand it in the house. My mother used to force me to eat it.

CURTLEY

Yeah, we know.

PANSY

She used to stand over me. Chicken. Turkey. Duck. Cow foot. Fish head. Liver. Bully beef. Pig tail. Tripe. Moses, don't forget to double bag it and put it outside. Did you pick up anything for me?

CURTLEY

I thought you was going to sleep.

PANSY

I'm not well, Curtley. I'm a sick woman. I got chronic migraine ringing in me ears. Stiff jaw. My teeth are killing me. I've got muscle aches. Spasms. My belly's running. Anyway, I've got a doctor's appointment tomorrow, thank God. I'm going to the dentist, as well. Hopefully, I'll get some straight answers for a change.

WOAH! My God!

CURTLEY

What?

PANSY
Curtley! There's a fox! A fox! Get
it out.

A fox is in the garden.

CURTLEY
Eh?

PANSY
Oh, there's a fox! Oh, Curtley get
it!

Curtley goes into the garden.

PANSY (CONT'D)
Shut the door! Curtley! Look at him
staring at me! Curtley - move it!
Get him in the other garden!
Whoah! Curtley!

31 INT. PANSY & CURTLEY'S HOUSE - MOSES' BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS. 31

Moses looks through the window, then sits on the bed. He eats
his chicken.

PANSY
(DOWNSTAIRS)
Curtley! Get it away from the
house!!

32 INT. PANSY'S CAR. DAY. 32

Pansy is driving.

33 INT. DOCTOR'S SURGERY - WAITING ROOM. DAY. 33

Pansy is waiting for her doctor's appointment in an empty
waiting room.

The Doctor pops out of the consultation room to call Pansy
inside.

DOCTOR
Hi, Pansy Deacon?

PANSY
Mrs. Deacon to you. Who are you?

DOCTOR
Mrs. Deacon. I'm Dr. Rosie Bolt.

PANSY
Where's Dr. Goldberg?

DOCTOR
I'm afraid he's had to go to a funeral.

PANSY
Who's dead? Where?

DOCTOR
I believe a close relative in Israel.

PANSY
Why's he bothering with the dead when he's got the living suffering here?

DOCTOR
Would you like to come in for a chat?

PANSY
No.

DOCTOR
Or we can arrange for another appointment for you when Dr. Goldberg's back?

PANSY
Do you know how long I waited for this appointment? Two weeks, only to get a mouse with glasses, squeaking at me.

DOCTOR
Thank you. Are you coming in?

PANSY
I'm gonna have to. I've got no choice. I'm in pain.

DOCTOR
Come on in, then!

Pansy enters the consultation room. The Doctor closes the door.

34

INT. DOCTOR'S SURGERY - CONSULTATION ROOM. LATER.

34

Pansy is sitting on the consulting bed. The Doctor is standing in front of her.

DOCTOR

Are you okay?

PANSY

No, I'm not okay, I'm at the doctor's. I wouldn't be here if I was okay.

DOCTOR

I'm just going to listen to your heart and feel your pulse.

PANSY

What for?

DOCTOR

Because you have a prior history of heart palpitations.

PANSY

I already told you, my heart's not thumping, you're not going to hear anything.

DOCTOR

Do you not want me to examine you?

PANSY

No, it's a waste of time. I want you to get to the heart of the matter. Me head.

DOCTOR

Fair enough. Do you want to lie back?

PANSY

What am I lying back for?

DOCTOR

So I can feel your stomach.

PANSY

Get on with it, then. I haven't got all day.

DOCTOR

Are you feeling alright at the moment?

PANSY
Gurgling.

DOCTOR
Let me know if it hurts when I
touch you.

PANSY
I will.

The Doctor feels her tummy.

PANSY (CONT'D)
No. No. Tender.

DOCTOR
Are you a smoker?

PANSY
No!

DOCTOR
Do you drink?

PANSY
No, I don't drink.

DOCTOR
Take caffeine?

PANSY
I have me three cups of coffee in
the morning, one in the afternoon
with my programmes, and sometimes I
take a little espresso in the
evenings, after dinner.

DOCTOR
Have you ever thought about cutting
back on your caffeine intake?

PANSY
How long have you been a doctor?

DOCTOR
Five years.

PANSY
That's not long, is it?

DOCTOR
And six years at med school.

PANSY

Yeah, well, you was a student longer than you've been a Doctor.

DOCTOR

This all feels okay, it's soft, as it should be.

PANSY

Are you simple? Course it's soft. There ain't nothing in it. I told you already - I was on the toilet for ages this morning. I thought me brains was gonna come out.

DOCTOR

Right, that's the end of your examination. You can put your coat back on.

The Doctor walks to her desk.

PANSY

D'you know what? You ain't got no finesse. Whatever you can say about Dr. Goldberg, he's got good bedside manner. He knows how to talk to patients. That's something they can't teach you at your student medical university place.

Pansy leans back.

PANSY (CONT'D)

No blood tests. No urine sample. It's unacceptable.

35 INT. DENTIST'S. DAY.

35

Pansy is in the dentist's chair.

The Dentist sits on her stool beside her.

DENTIST

Mrs. Deacon, could you put these safety specs on for us, please?

PANSY

Are they new?

DENTIST

No, but we do disinfect them between every patient.

PANSY
Your clean's not my clean.

DENTIST
I can assure you they're clean. I'd wear them myself if I could.

PANSY
I'm not wearing these.

Pansy hands back the glasses.

DENTIST
Okay, Mrs. Deacon. Chin up to the sky and open wide.

PANSY
Yeah, I know. I've been here before.

DENTIST
I know. I know you have. How could I forget?

The Dentist begins the examination.

DENTIST (CONT'D)
Lovely. Wow. You've been doing at great job at keeping your teeth clean.

PANSY
I know how to look after myself, thank you very much. I'm a clean person.

DENTIST
I know. I'm sure. I'm sure you are. Lovely.

She continues the dental examination.

PANSY
Oh! What are you doing?

DENTIST
Mrs. Deacon, this is only a dental probe.

PANSY
Yeah, I know.

DENTIST
We use it to measure your gums.

PANSY

You don't have to stab people with it. Christ!

DENTIST

Oh, I'm sorry, Mrs. Deacon.

PANSY

My jaw's killing me enough as it is.

DENTIST

Oh, I'm sorry to hear that.

PANSY

Crikey!

DENTIST

Let's have a look at it, shall we?

PANSY

No. Yes.

DENTIST

Does it hurt?

PANSY

Yes.

DENTIST

What about here? Is that painful?

PANSY

Oh! Listen: it hurts. It hurts when I talk. It hurts when I eat. It hurts when I drink. It hurts when I laugh. It hurts. Alright?

DENTIST

Mrs Deacon, would you like me to continue with this dental check-up?

PANSY

Of course. But on the proviso that you understand that you've got a living, breathing, human being in your hands. You're not washing up the dishes.

DENTIST

Of course, of course not. I promise to be as gentle as I possibly can.

PANSY

Good. And don't patronise me. I'm not a child.

DENTIST

Okay, then. Lovely.

The Dentist continues working.

PANSY

Agh! It's torture.

She sits up.

PANSY (CONT'D)

Twenty-five pound and eighty pence. It's unacceptable.

DENTIST

Mrs. Deacon, if you are not satisfied with the service of this dental practice, you are very welcome to find a new dentist.

PANSY

Yeah, I will.

The Dentist walks away.

36

EXT. STREET. DAY.

36

Moses walks past a greengrocery store.

Two street boys appear from round a corner. One has the other in a headlock. He takes a drink bottle from the other, and throws it away.

FIRST STREET BOY

What are you drinking?

SECOND STREET BOY

Get off me, bro!

FIRST STREET BOY

Do that thing, to me! Oh, hey - listen, look - there's Chunks!

He has spotted Moses. They both run to catch him up.

FIRST STREET BOY (CONT'D)

Hey Moses! MOSES!

SECOND STREET BOY
Hey, yo, Mo!

FIRST STREET BOY
Moses!

They intercept him. They stand in front of him.

FIRST STREET BOY (CONT'D)
Yo, Moses. You can't hear me when
I'm talking to you, bro?

First street Boy pulls off Moses' headphones.

SECOND STREET BOY
What is wrong with you?

FIRST STREET BOY
Where are you going, bro?

MOSES
I'm going for a walk.

Moses tries to walk past them, reaching for his headphones.

FIRST STREET BOY
Sure.

SECOND STREET BOY
Exercise, you? Nah!

FIRST STREET BOY
Fucking hell, they make double
doors for brothers like you, innit.
Look up at me when I'm talking to
you, bro. Have some manners.

SECOND STREET BOY
Easy, easy.

FIRST STREET BOY
What the fuck is wrong with you?
What you looking so sad for? What,
they run out of burgers?

SECOND STREET BOY
He ate them all. Look at him, bruv,
look at him!

FIRST STREET BOY
Fucking hell. My man will never
change, boy. Stay safe, big man - I
large man. Don't cut your wrists!

The blokes head off on their way. Moses puts his headphones back on and turns around and walks away.

37 INT. PANSY & CURTLEY'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT. 37

Pansy is in bed, tying her headscarf.

Curtley enters.

CURTLEY
Your sister called me.

PANSY
Who?

CURTLEY
Chantelle.

PANSY
I know who my sister is, thank you very much. What's she calling you for?

CURTLEY
She wants to make sure you're going cemetery.

PANSY
We already talked about it. Why you inveigling up yourself in my family? It's none of your business.

CURTLEY
She's asked all of us to come over to her place after.

PANSY
I know. We discussed it. It doesn't involve you. If I don't wanna go, I won't. If I do, I will.

Pansy returns to tying her headscarf.

PANSY (CONT'D)
Turn the light off.

Curtley doesn't move.

38 EXT. CEMETERY. DAY. 38

Pansy and Chantelle approach their Mother's grave.

Chantelle walks to the gravestone and touches it. Pansy watches her.

CHANTELLE
(to Pearl)
Alright?

PANSY
What you talking to her for? She
can't hear you. The dead are dead.

CHANTELLE
And they know who to frighten.

PANSY
We're just coming to pay our
respects and then we go, I'm not
spending the whole afternoon here.

Chantelle rummages in her bag.

CHANTELLE
I used to have a bag of stuff here,
but I think the foxes got to it.

Chantelle hands Pansy a cloth and wets it, with a bottle of soapy water.

PANSY
Foxes?

CHANTELLE
Here... yeah, foxes. Here.

PANSY
I clean 24/7 and you want me to
come to down here and scrub down my
dead mother's tombstone.

Chantelle begins cleaning the gravestone. Pansy dabs it briefly.

PANSY (CONT'D)
They should have people come round
and do this. The amount you have to
pay for a plot. Thief.

CHANTELLE
You never paid for nothing. Pearl
paid for it herself.

PANSY

Oh Pearl, Pearl, Pearl. Precious Pearl. Pearl who could do no wrong.

CHANTELLE

Why are you so angry?

PANSY

How do you want me to be? I'm standing by my dead mother's graveside. D'you want me to be skinning up my teeth and cracking joke? She's rotting beneath our feet.

CHANTELLE

What do you...? Just show some respect. Here.

Chantelle attempts to hand Pansy flowers.

PANSY

I'm not touching those. You put them in.

CHANTELLE

They're supposed to be from you.

PANSY

She won't be able to tell, either way.

Chantelle starts putting flowers into the vase by the gravestone.

PANSY (CONT'D)

Your memory of Pearl is not the same as mine. You, you had it easy. You were the favourite. You two were thick as thieves, ha-ha-ha, he-he-he-ing. And where was Pansy?

CHANTELLE

She treated us both the same way.

PANSY

No, she never. She didn't support me.

CHANTELLE

Yes, she did.

PANSY

No, she never. I was good at maths. I was good with numbers. She didn't push me. Even in death, she chose you. I was the one who had to go round there and find her, lying stiff in the bed, her two dead eyes staring at me. Accusing. Disappointed. 'Oh Pansy, what's wrong with you? Why can't you go outside and play? Why can't you make friends? Why can't you enjoy life?'

CHANTELLE

Why can't you enjoy life?

PANSY

I don't know!

(Pause)

PANSY (CONT'D)

Haunted. Haunted. It's not fair.

Long pause. Chantelle sees to the flowers. She is crying.

CHANTELLE

I wish it was me that found her. I'm sorry.

Pansy starts to cry, too. Chantelle joins her and hugs her. They look at the grave.

CHANTELLE (CONT'D)

She shouldn't have died on her own.

(Pause)

PANSY

I'm so tired.

CHANTELLE

I know.

PANSY

I just want to lie down and close my eyes. I want it all to stop.

CHANTELLE

Let's go back to the flat.

PANSY

No. I want to go home.

CHANTELLE

You're my only family, you know.

PANSY

I can't do this anymore. I'm so scared.

CHANTELLE

I know.

PANSY

They all hate me. Curtley hates me, Moses hates me, the girls hate me. You all hate me.

CHANTELLE

Nobody hates you. We all love you. I love you. I don't understand you, but I love you.

39 EXT. CEMETERY. ROAD/PATHWAY. DAY. 39

As Chantelle and Pansy walk through the cemetery, they are passed by a bikers' cortège, consisting of a motorbike and sidecar hearse, and a dozen or so mourners on their bikes.

40 EXT. PARK. DAY. 40

Kayla is jogging.

41 EXT. CHANTELLE'S FLAT. DAY. 41

Kayla comes running down the path and stops to stretch. Curtley and Moses pull up in the car and get out. They spot each other.

CURTLEY

(laughing)

Yes, running girl!

KAYLA

I'm sweating. You alright?

Kayla and Curtley hug.

CURTLEY

Yes, good to see you!

KAYLA
I'm good, how are you?

Kayla hugs Moses. Aleisha calls down from the balcony.

ALEISHA
Hey, Uncle Curtley!

CURTLEY
Hey! You good?

42 INT. / EXT. CHANTELLE'S CAR - CHANTELLE'S FLAT. DAY 42

Chantelle and Pansy pull up. They remain in the car.

CHANTELLE
Alright?

Pansy shakes her head.

CHANTELLE (CONT'D)

I'm not going to leave you in the
car, you know. Come on. Please?

PANSY
Alright.

Chantelle gets out of the car, and goes round to open Pansy's
door. Pansy gets out.

43 EXT. CHANTELLE'S FLAT - GROUND FLOOR. DAY. 43

Pansy and Chantelle walk towards the lift and stairwell.
Chantelle calls the lift.

CHANTELLE
You're not going to come up in the
lift, are you?

PANSY
No. You go on. I'll see you up
there.

44 EXT. CHANTELLE'S FLAT. DAY. 44

Chantelle stands at the top of the stairs, waiting for Pansy.

Pansy climbs the stairs slowly, reaching her sister, who is waiting for her on the top landing.

Chantelle unlocks her front door and they both enter the flat.

45

INT. CHANTELLE'S FLAT. DAY.

45

Chantelle, Kayla and Aleisha are hosting Pansy, Curtley and Moses.

Kayla and Aleisha serve up food.

ALEISHA
Chicken or fish?

MOSES
Chicken, please.

KAYLA
Uncle Curtley, there's chicken and fish.

CURTLEY
Just chicken.

ALEISHA
You can have both, if you want.

KAYLA
Just chicken?

CURTLEY
Yeah.

KAYLA
Are you sure?

CURTLEY
Yes.

KAYLA
You doing a lean diet thing, yeah?
Taking after me?

ALEISHA
Don't do it, Uncle Curtley! No,
don't do it. (To Moses) You want
mac and cheese?

KAYLA
(to Curtley)
Do you want rice and peas, gravy,
macaroni, plantain?

MOSES
Yes please.

CURTLEY
Er, yeah. Everything, please.

ALEISHA
Sweet potato?

MOSES
Yes please.

ALEISHA
I'm hungry, you know.

KAYLA
Yeah, same.

ALEISHA
Plantain?

MOSES
Yes.

KAYLA
We've got to eat it whilst it's
hot.

ALEISHA
Here you go.

KAYLA
There you go. And there's salad,
there's coleslaw.

ALEISHA
I made the salad!

KAYLA
And Mum made the coleslaw so you
know it bangs.

Aleisha places Moses' plate in front of him and makes her way
round to Pansy.

ALEISHA

Auntie Pansy, do you want me to make you up a plate? I can leave it here for you right here.

PANSY

I don't want anything.

ALEISHA

You sure?

KAYLA

Mum, you want everything, yeah?

CHANTELLE

Later.

KAYLA

Eh?

CHANTELLE

I'll eat later.

(Pause)

KAYLA

Okay. You good?

MOSES

Yeah. Can I start?

KAYLA

Yeah, yeah - go for it.

ALEISHA

So you just making up a plate?

KAYLA

Yeah, no-one else wants one anything.

Kayla, with her plate of food walks to the sofa, passing Chantelle.

KAYLA (CONT'D)

Why are you not eating?

Chantelle leaves the room. Kayla follows her.

46

INT. CHANTELLE'S FLAT - BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS.

46

Chantelle stares out of her window. Kayla joins her.

KAYLA

What's been happening? Has she
upset you? What's she been saying?
Mum!

Chantelle turns to face Kayla.

CHANTELLE

She says that we hate her. We don't
hate her.

KAYLA

Of course we don't hate her. But,
look at her, she's maddy-maddy.

Chantelle takes Kayla's face in her hands.

CHANTELLE

We don't hate people.

She releases Kayla's face.

KAYLA

I know we don't hate people, but
she makes everything about her.
What about you? Granny Pearl was
your Mum too. I just think she's
rude, man. She's out of order.

CHANTELLE

You have to be kind to people for
them to be kind back to you.

KAYLA

Am I not kind?

CHANTELLE

Boy!

Chantelle hugs Kayla.

KAYLA

Come on.

Kayla begins to leave the room.

CHANTELLE

Go easy, Kay - yeah?

KAYLA

Yes.

47 INT. CHANTELLE'S FLAT. CONTINUOUS.

47

Chantelle and Kayla rejoin the others.

ALEISHA

Okay, everybody! Happy Mother's Day!

KAYLA

Happy Mother's Day!

CHANTELLE

Happy Mother's Day!

KAYLA

Uncle Curtley, Happy Mother's Day!
Happy Mother's Day, Moses!

ALEISHA

Happy Mother's Day, Mum!

CHANTELLE

Love you.

ALEISHA

Happy Mother's Day, Auntie P!

KAYLA

Leish!

ALEISHA

In the eyes. Happy Mother's Day!

KAYLA

Happy Mother's Day.

Chantelle raises her glass to Pansy who does not move.

CHANTELLE

Come on - it's bad luck.

Pansy holds her glass to Chantelle's, but she doesn't drink.

CHANTELLE (CONT'D)

Happy Mother's Day.

Pause.

CHANTELLE (CONT'D)

How's your people, Curtley? How's your Mum?

Pause. Curtley continues eating, and doesn't say anything.

ALEISHA

Okay, Moses Deacon, here's a question for you. Where exactly do you go, on your walks?

MOSES

Anywhere.

ALEISHA

Ah, anywhere. Right.

KAYLA

You should come on a walk with us!

ALEISHA

Yeah, we should all go together.

KAYLA

The three of us. Yeah? What about next weekend?

ALEISHA

You think about it. Alright? Yeah?

MOSES

Yeah.

ALEISHA

Deal.

Chantelle stands and takes Pansy by the hand, leading her out of the room.

48

INT. CHANTELLE'S FLAT. DAY.

48

KAYLA

What's going on?

CURTLEY

I don't know.

49

INT. CHANTELLE'S FLAT - BEDROOM. DAY. CONTINUOUS.

49

Chantelle sits on the edge of the bed. Pansy stands in front of her.

CHANTELLE

Sit down. Come on.

Pansy remains standing.

PANSY

I'm tired.

CHANTELLE

You want to lie down? You're worrying me, you know. And this can't go on. What are we gonna do about it? They don't hate you, you know.

PANSY

I don't care if they do. I don't like them much.

CHANTELLE

Well, leave them, then.

PANSY

What?

CHANTELLE

You've got to look after yourself.

PANSY

I'm so lonely. I'm lonely when they're there, I'm lonely when they're not. I don't feel safe. Stuff happens when I go out.

CHANTELLE

What stuff?

PANSY

People.

CHANTELLE

Let them fend for themselves.

PANSY

He didn't stand a chance, did he?

CHANTELLE

Who?

PANSY

Moses.

CHANTELLE

He's a grown-arse man. He's twenty-two years old.

PANSY

And him - I can't even stand the sound of his voice.

CHANTELLE

Oh, god. What d'you marry him for?

PANSY

I was scared. Didn't want to end up on my own.

CHANTELLE

What's wrong with being on your own? I'm on my own. Pearl was on her own.

PANSY

Carlton should never have left us.

CHANTELLE

But he did, didn't he? And she just got on with it. She went out, she got herself a job.

PANSY

Tell me about it.

CHANTELLE

I know. She put a lot on you. You looked after me.

PANSY

She was always criticizing me.

CHANTELLE

She couldn't have done it without you. And she knew that. You did a good job. You were just a kid.

PANSY

I just want it to all stop.

CHANTELLE

Why don't you stay here with us? Mm? Just for the night.

PANSY

I can't.

CHANTELLE

(Getting up)
Why not?

PANSY

All the plants, the insects.

CHANTELLE

There are no insects...

PANSY

What about the balcony, the birds?

CHANTELLE

We shut the door at night.

PANSY

What if something gets in?

Chantelle leaves the room. Pansy hesitates, then follows her.

50

INT. CHANTELLE'S FLAT. DAY.

50

Chantelle and Pansy rejoin the group.

KAYLA

Alright?

CHANTELLE

Mmm. Your belly full?

ALEISHA

Almost. Mum, can I make you a plate? You haven't eaten yet.

CHANTELLE

No, I'm drinking.

KAYLA

Is it?

ALEISHA

You want some more Prosecco?

CHANTELLE

H-hm. And bring your Auntie's glass.

KAYLA

Fill it up Leish!

Aleisha dances and sings across the room, pouring Chantelle's Prosecco.

KAYLA (CONT'D)

Turn up, turn up turn up, turn up!

ALEISHA

Auntie Pansy, you know you've got a surprise waiting for you when you get home?

CHANTELLE

Is it? What is it?

ALEISHA

Mo, you not told your Mum?

CHANTELLE

Moses.

MOSES

I got her some flowers.

CHANTELLE

Ah!

KAYLA

Yeah. For Mother's Day. But you went to the cemetery before he could give them to you. So sweet.

Pause. Pansy smiles, then slowly begins to laugh, laughing that gradually becomes crying.

PANSY

Thank you. Flowers. Thank you, Moses.

She is now crying hard, tears streaming down her face. Chantelle takes her hand. She too is upset. Everybody sits in stunned silence.

51 INT. CAR. DAY. 51

Curtley, Pansy and Moses drive home in silence.

52 INT. PANSY & CURTLEY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY. 52

Pansy and Curtley look at Moses' bunch of flowers on the breakfast bar.

CURTLEY

Do you want a cup of tea?

Pansy exits the room heading towards -

53 INT. PANSY & CURTLEY'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. CONTINUOUS. 53

- the living room. Pansy stops in front of Pearl's portrait, just for a moment.

54 INT. PANSY & CURTLEY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS. 54

Curtley is standing by the kettle, waiting for it to boil. Pansy enters, takes a glass from the counter and fills it with water from the fridge.

She then exits, heading upstairs.

55 INT. PANSY & CURTLEY'S HOUSE. MOSES' BEDROOM. DAY. 55

Moses is lying on his bed, reading an aircraft book. His headphones are on.

56 INT. PANSY & CURTLEY'S HOUSE. LANDING/BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS. 56

Pansy pauses outside of Moses' bedroom. She hesitates for a moment, then goes into her bedroom.

She opens the wardrobe and pulls out CURTLEY's belongings, throwing them onto the landing.

She does this until the wardrobe is bare.

She gets into bed.

57 INT. PANSY AND CURTLEY'S HOUSE. LANDING/PANSY'S BEDROOM. 57
LATER.

Curtley discovers his clothes on the landing and goes into the bedroom to find Pansy trying to sleep.

CURTLEY

Pansy? Pansy?

PANSY

What?

CURTLEY

What's going on?

PANSY
I'm trying to sleep.

CURTLEY
What're you doing with my clothes?

PANSY
I don't want you in here, Curtley.
I'm trying to get to sleep.

CURTLEY
What?

PANSY
(sitting up)
How's your family, Curtley? How's
your Mum?

CURTLEY
What?

PANSY
Your Mum. How is she? You're
sitting there in my sister's house,
yumming out her food. And she asks
you one civilised question - how's
your Mum? And you don't have the
manners or decency to answer her.
You just sit there, stuffing your
face, like a pig. You disgust me.
You're disgusting!

(She lies down. Pause.
Then she sits up again)

PANSY (CONT'D)
What? Why you standing there?

Alright...!!

Pansy gets out of bed and leaves the room.

After a few moments, Curtley sits down on the bed.

58

INT. PANSY & CURTLEY'S HOUSE. MOSES' BEDROOM. DAY.

58

Moses lies on his bed reading his book, his headphones on.

59 INT. PANSY & CURTLEY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY. 59

A short time later Pansy is sitting in a chair looking out at the garden.

Curtley enters, quietly. He stands in the doorway. She doesn't notice him.

Slowly, Pansy moves towards the garden door. She opens it, a little.

Cautiously, she steps outside and moves onto the patio. She looks around.

She moves back inside and briefly notices Curtley.

Pansy fills a jug with water. Gingerly, she unwraps the flowers. Then she places them in the jug.

Pansy exits, leaving Curtley alone.

Curtley walks over to the flowers and pauses. He takes them out of the jug and throws them into the garden. He shuts the door.

He sits down at the dining table.

60 INT. PANSY & CURTLEY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY. 60

Early morning.

Curtley has fallen asleep on the kitchen sofa. He wakes and makes his way over to the sink. He leans against the counter, trying to wake up.

61 INT. HOUSE BUILDING SITE. DAY. 61

Curtley and Virgil are having their tea break.

VIRGIL

It has four parts, right? And it's made up of twenty-three measures. Haydn arranged it for two bassoons, two clarinets, two flutes, two horns, two oboes, two trumpets, a timpani drum and a small string section. It lasts twenty-seven minutes, and it premiered on the 3rd March 1794.

(MORE)

VIRGIL (CONT'D)

Haydn was very impressed by the range of clocks he saw in London. But that couldn't include Big Ben, because that didn't start construction until 1843 and was completed in 1859. But, poor old Haydn had died in 1809, so he was never going to see it. Of course, Big Ben is only the bell inside the tower and the tower itself has now been renamed the Elizabeth Tower. Did you know that, Curtley?

CURTLEY

Yes, I did know that. Come on, let's get on with it.

VIRGIL

Okay.

62 INT. HOUSE BUILDING SITE. LATER.

62

Curtley and Virgil are moving a large cast iron bath down a flight of stairs.

It's heavy and cumbersome, and both men are struggling.

Nearly there now, Curtley takes one final step but misjudges the height of it. He jars his back with the fall and the weight of the bath.

CURTLEY

Ow!

VIRGIL

Are you okay?

CURTLEY

No, I'm not okay. Come, come. Come. Come.

They bring the bath down the remaining steps, slowly. When it reaches the floor, Curtley holds his back in pain. Virgil jumps down from the stairs to check on him.

VIRGIL

Are you alright?

CURTLEY

I think I've done my back in.

63 EXT. HOUSE BUILDING SITE. LATER.

63

Virgil exits the house with his bags and Curtley's tool bag.

He shuts the door behind him then goes to help Curtley, who is leaning against a skip. He is in pain.

CURTLEY
Here, take the keys.

VIRGIL
Yeah, I got them.

CURTLEY
Alright. You got me?

VIRGIL
Yeah yeah. I got you.

CURTLEY
Okay, okay.

VIRGIL
I'm going to put the bag down.
There you go. In you get.

He helps Curtley into the van.

CURTLEY
Ah.

VIRGIL
Sorry.

CURTLEY
Wait.

VIRGIL
Watch your foot. Move it.

Virgil shuts the door and walks round to the driver's side.

64 EXT. PANSY AND CURTLEY'S HOUSE. DAY.

64

Pigeons peck in the front garden.

The van pulls up. Virgil helps Curtley out, and into the house.

65 INT. PANSY & CURTLEY'S HOUSE. HALLWAY/KITCHEN. DAY.

65

Virgil assists Curtley through the front door.

VIRGIL
Okay? Yeah.

CURTLEY
Yeah.

VIRGIL
Okay, I'm on it, here I am. Come on.

CURTLEY
Take it easy.

VIRGIL
I will. There you go

In the kitchen, Virgil helps Curtley into a chair.

CURTLEY
Go and get Pansy. Go on, she's upstairs.

Virgil exits for upstairs.

66 INT. PANSY & CURTLEY'S HOUSE. LANDING/BEDROOM. DAY.

66

Virgil arrives upstairs to see all of Curtley's clothing still on the floor.

He knocks gently on Pansy's bedroom door. And again.

No answer. He slowly opens the door to reveal Pansy sound asleep.

VIRGIL
Pansy? PANSY?

Pansy leaps from her bed.

PANSY
WOAH! Fuck off! Who is it?

VIRGIL
It's only me, Virgil.

PANSY
Yeah, Virgil. What do you want?

VIRGIL

I'm sorry.

PANSY

What you doing in my bedroom? I could have been naked!

VIRGIL

I'm sorry. It's Curtley.

PANSY

What about Curtley?

VIRGIL

He's hurt his back at work. He's downstairs in the kitchen. Sorry.

Virgil goes downstairs.

Pansy sits down.

67 INT. PANSY & CURTLEY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY. 67

Curtley sits, waiting for Pansy.

Virgil watches him.

VIRGIL

She's just coming. You alright?

Long pause.

68 EXT. PICCADILLY CIRCUS. DAY. 68

Moses sits on the steps of the Eros statue, wearing his headphones. A young female tourist takes some photos and sits near Moses.

She offers him a strawberry lace. He takes off his headphones and accepts. She moves next to him. They start a conversation.

69 EXT. PANSY & CURTLEY'S HOUSE. DAY. 69

Virgil takes his bike and helmet out of Curtley's van. He puts his helmet on, locks the van and cycles off.

- 70 INT. PANSY & CURTLEY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY. 70
Curtley waits alone downstairs.
- 71 INT. PANSY & CURTLEY'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. DAY. 71
Pansy remains upstairs, sitting in her chair.