

EUSTON, CORNWALL

M. Inkpen

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Euston, Cornwall by M. Inkpen

CHARACTERS (Black/white)

MICK: late 30s, wearing a plaster-cast round his torso and the top of one leg, wears a slightly shabby suit. Not tall. Has an interesting nose and sharp eyes. He is not cocky or a smart-alec, his charisma has a shyness.

DEBORAH: late 30s, seven months pregnant. Short hair.

DENNIS: tall, skinny, lumbering, teeth missing.

STACEY: reedy, once beautiful, teeth missing.

SEAN: thuggish.

OCKENDON: a throwback to the Blues Brothers, dark glasses.

RICHARD: banal looking business type.

LESLEY: a transitioning transsexual.

Three dogs: a Yorkshire terrier, a dachshund, and a poodle.

Four drug addicts, some drunks, and a scruffy prostitute.

Various police, officials, shopworkers.

EXT. STREET. DAY

A beaten-up car with one window missing and badly sealed up with cardboard and duct tape, parked under a pink-blossoming tree at the side of Camden town hall. The other windows are all misted up with condensation.

Back view of MICK in the passenger seat and DEBORAH in the driving seat.

MICK is sitting awkwardly because, underneath his shabby suit, he is encased in a plaster-cast covering his torso and the top of one leg.

INT. CAR. DAY

MICK is making repeated fruitless attempts at sticking a hypodermic syringe into a vein in his arm, trying various veins, with a dog-lead tied round his bicep as a tourniquet, a lemon nearby.

DEBORAH is trying and failing to suppress growing impatience.

DEBORAH

Hurry up, for God's sake.

She wipes the steam off the front window with a sleeve.

MICK

Don't do that!

He hurriedly and awkwardly tries to huff back on the window.

DEBORAH

Well get a move on then. I need to go to the lavatory.

MICK

Ssh.

He makes another effort at stabbing a vein.

DEBORAH looks out of the window and whistles through her teeth.

She turns back to see what he's doing, decides to try a different approach.

DEBORAH

It's not good for the baby. Bladder on the womb.

MICK

You're not helping matters.

DEBORAH

Just stick the sodding thing in.

MICK

I'm trying.

DEBORAH

Well try harder. (beat). Your veins must be like -
(struggles for apt simile)
- *bones*. Nothing's going to penetrate that.

MICK

Got it.

He slowly releases the heroin into his vein.

Sits there without removing the needle, staring into space.

DEBORAH

I don't know why people think drugs are exciting.
I'm bored stiff.

MICK still stares ahead, taking slow gulps.

DEBORAH (cont'd)

I mean, you're not even a professional. No citric,
blunt needles, and what's that you've got for a
tourniquet today?

She has a closer inspection.

DEBORAH (cont'd)

A dog-lead.

MICK comes round a bit.

MICK

This *is* professional. It's only the amateurs who
play safe. I thought you wanted to go to the
toilet.

DEBORAH

That was just to hurry you up.

MICK

(affectedly)
Aw, aren't you sweet!

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He smiles into her face and takes her hand, starts lovingly caressing her hands.

Feels the veins on the back of her hand and starts gently pressing them.

Turns the hand over and does the same to the veins in her wrist.

MICK (cont'd)

I wish I had your veins. You've got beautiful veins.

DEBORAH

I'll leave them to you in my will. Then a little piece of me will always live on in you. Except you'll be dead first.

MICK

Not necessarily. You could die in childbirth. You're old enough.

DEBORAH

I think you'll find the figures suggest you're more likely to die in a toilet with a needle hanging out of your arm.

There is a sharp RAP at the passenger seat window.

TWO POLICEMEN are standing outside the car.

MICK winds his window down.

FIRST POLICEMAN

Will you step outside, please?

DEBORAH

(under breath, to MICK)

If you get arrested again, I'm not bringing drugs into prison this time.

MICK

(to POLICEMEN)

I've hurt my back!

DEBORAH leans back to speak to the POLICEMAN.

DEBORAH

He's hurt his back. And I'm pregnant. See.

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She shows her bump.

FIRST POLICEMAN

Just - step outside.

MICK and DEBORAH scramble out of the car.

EXT. STREET. DAY

TWO POLICEMEN, MICK and DEBORAH outside the car.

SECOND POLICEMAN

Have you got anything on you that you shouldn't?

MICK

A couple of porn mags. But it'll be ok if you don't tell my mum.

SECOND POLICEMAN

Name?

MICK

You know my name.

He gives his name, date of birth etc as he's being searched spread-eagled against a wall.

As the officer feels him up and down, MICK turns and gives DEBORAH a wink.

The POLICEMAN is baffled by the feel of the plaster-cast and pulls up MICK's shirt to get a better look.

SECOND POLICEMAN

What you done here, then?

MICK

I fell off a trapeze.

The FIRST POLICEMAN is meanwhile having a look in the car. He finds a syringe in the dashboard.

FIRST POLICEMAN

What's this then?

MICK

It's my brother's, he's diabetic. I'm looking after it for him. That's true!

FIRST POLICEMAN holds up a crack-pipe.

FIRST POLICEMAN

Is this his too?

MICK

He needs something to take his mind off the diabetes.

SECOND POLICEMAN

Why have you got blood on your shirt?

MICK

I've had it on since yesterday.

DEBORAH

(to POLICEMAN)

It's nice of you to clean the car for us but we have a lady who does.

SECOND POLICEMAN

Right pair of comedians, aren't you.

The FIRST POLICEMAN is still feeling about on the floor of the car.

FIRST POLICEMAN

Hello. What's this.

He raises a bit of crumb for a better view.

DEBORAH

(a little nervously)

It's breadcrumbs, we've had sandwiches,

SECOND POLICEMAN

Why don't you just shut up.

The FIRST POLICEMAN feels around a bit more and pulls out a breadcrumb.

Then he feels about a bit more and finds a small lump of crack.

FIRST POLICEMAN

Ah-ha.

MICK

Found what you were looking for, officer?

The FIRST POLICEMAN goes over to his patrol car.

He subjects the particle to a little device to assess what it is. It is crack.

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FIRST POLICEMAN

Yep. Got you now, mate.

The SECOND POLICEMAN, meanwhile, answers an urgent message on his walkie-talkie.

He calls the FIRST POLICEMAN over to him.

They have a brief discussion.

They get in their patrol-car and zoom off without a further word to MICK and DEBORAH.

MICK and DEBORAH glance at each other, a little bemused.

MICK

The Patron Saint of Class A Substances. Always engineers a crisis on the other side of town in the nick of time.

DEBORAH

(seriously)

I hate you.

EXT. STREET. DAY

A bunch of pigeons flapping greedily around a bag of discarded chips.

Flies buzzing on dog-shit.

A group of DRUG-ADDICTS, including MICK, following a DRUG-DEALER.

They go round a corner and surround him, handing over various coins and notes.

The DEALER spits the rocks on the ground so they have to scabble for them.

INT. KINGS CROSS STATION. DAY

DEBORAH is waiting outside the station lavatory.

Four hours go slowly by on the station clock.

DEBORAH gets more and more angry.

She leans through the turnstile of the men's side of the lavatory.

DEBORAH

MICK!!!

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Another hour goes by.

DEBORAH squeezes through the turnstile into the men's lavatories.

She walks past the urinals, holding her nose, looking away, apologising to all the men using them.

DEBORAH (cont'd)

Sorry. Sorry. Sorry. Sorry.

She knocks on all the cubicle doors.

DEBORAH (cont'd)

Mick!

She crouches along looking under all the cubicle doors.

Finally sees MICK, sitting awkwardly on the toilet seat in his plaster-cast, asleep, dribbling.

She rattles at the door, shouting OI!

DEBORAH (cont'd)

I thought you were dead.

She goes back outside.

She waits another hour by the clock.

MICK finally emerges, wetted hair slicked back, quite perky.

MICK

Coming!

DEBORAH

Six hours I've been stood here. Six hours.

MICK

I fell asleep.

DEBORAH

That's alright then. Six hours. Three hours yesterday morning. Four and a half hours in the afternoon. Two hours the day before when you just went to wash your hands.

They are walking through the station, MICK shambling next to her.

MICK

I can't help it if I'm always tired.

DEBORAH

You're not tired, you're a junkie. You disgust me.

MICK

(faltering)

I'm not a junkie.

DEBORAH

(with real venom)

You *are* a junkie. And you'll always be a junkie. Because you're weak. You loser.

MICK

Please don't say that.

DEBORAH

Why not? Can't face the truth? Junkie. Go on, go and stick a needle in your arm and die in a toilet. Get it over with.

MICK

Please –

DEBORAH

You disgust me. Look at the state of you. I don't know how you can live with yourself. I wouldn't mind so much if it wasn't my money you do it with. You're not a partner to me, you're a leech.

MICK

I'm doing my best.

DEBORAH

Go on, cry. Get it all out of your system, you big girl.

MICK

(getting a grip on himself)

All you ever do is put me down.

DEBORAH

You put yourself down. And you keep yourself there. You're a coward. You're too scared to

give up because then you'd have to face real
life like the rest of us.

MICK

You *make* me want to take drugs.

DEBORAH

You make *me* want to take drugs! Shall I start?
The thing is, it doesn't seem to be helping *you* much,
maybe I won't bother. Let's face it, we don't have
the money for us both to be junkies.

DEBORAH suddenly laughs with a hysterical shriek and hugs him.

DEBORAH (cont'd)

I love you!

INT. NEEDLE VAN. NIGHT

Inside the van that dispenses free syringes and citric acid to drug-users.

A vast array of different sized needles, packets of citric, surgical swabs, etc.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

View from inside the van at the small loose group of addicts waiting to get stuff.

DEBORAH is among them.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

MICK is talking to a BIG ISSUE VENDOR.

MICK

Do you know who's got meth?

BIG VENDOR

Nick's on it. He's selling.

MICK

Where is he?

BIG VENDOR

He's only on 10ml a day though.

MICK

That's no good, it'd take me a year to build up enough to go away with.

BIG VENDOR

Anyway, he has to drink it in the chemists.

MICK

How can he sell it then?

BIG VENDOR

That's not something I want to think about.

MICK

Me neither.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

DEBORAH is getting served at the needle van.

DEBORAH

Twenty 10mls, please. Orange heads.

NEEDLE WORKER

Name?

DEBORAH

NEEDLE WORKER looks her up in the record book.

NEEDLE WORKER

You haven't brought in a sin-bin for months.

DEBORAH

Sorry.

NEEDLE WORKER

We're under a lot of pressure from the council. You really need to start bringing them back or we won't be able to give you any more works.

DEBORAH

Yes, I'm sorry.

NEEDLE WORKER

I can only give you ten this time. Do you want any citric?

DEBORAH

Please. Please can I have twenty? I promise I'll bring back the sin bin next time. And some sterile swabs, please. Thank you.

EXT. STREEET. NIGHT

MICK is talking to a pile of blankets which has a small piece of human head protruding from it. They are under a cash-machine.

BLANKET

Cold turkey, mate. It's the only way.

MICK

I'm going on holiday, I can't be throwing up and crapping myself on the beach.

The BLANKET thrusts out a grubby hand to receive money from a passer-by.

BLANKET

Get on a script then. It's the only way.

Another PASSER-BY leans down to put money in BLANKET'S hand.

This person also puts some coins in MICK'S hand.

MICK

Can't. I was on one last year. Fail once, that's it[the government would rather be a smack head. They don't have to pay for that]

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

DEBORAH is walking along checking out all the needles and stuff.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

MICK is standing by a row of telephone boxes.

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A scruffy MALE is going into each phone box and thumping it hard to get the money out.

THUMPER

That Dr. Lee. He supplies it. However much you want, he'll write a prescription.

He goes into another box and thumps it.

MICK

What's his address?

THUMPER

Near Goodge Street. He's not cheap, mind. Two hundred quid straight up, first consultation. Eighty quid a week after that. How much you got?

MICK

Nil pence.

SCRUFFY MALE goes into another box and thumps it.

THUMPER

You'll have to do a Starbucks. Is that an option?

MICK

I don't think my getaway car's up to the job.

DEBORAH arrives and she and MICK move away from the phones and she gives him the needles and citric and sin-bin.

MICK (cont'd)

Thanks, darling.

DEBORAH

Use it this time. (pause). When I was fourteen I wanted to live here in Kings Cross and be a prostitute.

MICK

Well it's nice for young girls to have an ambition.

DEBORAH

Not for the sex. I wanted to live in a seedy bedsit so I could suffer like an artist. I didn't have the freedom to do that at home, my dad wouldn't allow it. Now I'd rather poke my own eyes out with pins than live here for the rest of my life.

MICK

I don't think so.

DEBORAH

What?

MICK

I don't think you'd rather poke your own eyes out.

DEBORAH

I would.

MICK

It'd hurt. Slow degradation is a far finer thing.

They walk into a little park and sit on a bench.

MICK hands her a packet of Pregnacare vitamin pills.

MICK (cont'd)

I got you these. For the expectant mother.

DEBORAH

It might be a bit late. This baby's going to need an extended stay in the Priory. It's been going cold turkey since the day it was conceived.

MICK strokes her stomach tenderly.

MICK

Poor little baby. I will give up, you know.

A squirrel in the tree above them keeps eating the buds and throwing the husks down hard, which hit them so sharply they flinch but they carry on their conversation without mentioning it.

DEBORAH

(trying to hide her bitterness with chirpiness)

Heard it all before.

MICK

No, this time I mean it.

DEBORAH

Heard that too.

MICK

No, really. This time'll be different.

DEBORAH

And that.

MICK

Have faith. I'll be off it by the time the baby's born.

DEBORAH

I had faith. You blew it. Several times.

MICK puts his arm round her waist.

MICK

I just need to be loved.

DEBORAH

I was nice to you for three days last week. It didn't make any difference.

MICK

I've just phoned Sean, he's got methadone. Three litres.

DEBORAH

Why doesn't he want it?

MICK

He prefers the real thing. We'll get that, drive down to Fowey, swim in the sea, warm beach. I can do it there, my father used to take me there when I was a boy, to the regatta. I can reduce down a little bit each day, I'll still be sick but I can handle it, I'll be down to nothing in time for the baby.

DEBORAH stands up.

DEBORAH

Let's go and get it then. I've never been to Devon.

MICK grabs her hand and pulls her back down gently.

MICK

Hold on. He's not become a Benevolent Fund in our absence. He wants paying.

DEBORAH sits back down.

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DEBORAH

Oh – yes. Money. I’m forgetting.

MICK

(trying to jolly her up)

It’s not a problem. You know me – we always
fall on our feet.

DEBORAH lays her head on his shoulder.

DEBORAH

You do. Someone else’s. Usually mine.

MICK

It’s not always going to be like this.

DEBORAH

Of course it is. We’re crippled. We’ve got nothing.

MICK

(gently, almost to a child)

So I’m going to sort it out. I’ll zoom around the
station, we’ll soon have enough.

He stands up in front of her.

MICK (cont’d)

What do I look like? Acceptable?

DEBORAH surveys him.

DEBORAH

Lovely. You look like the centerfold of Junkies
Weekly.

MICK leans down to grin in her face.

MICK

And it’s Cornwall, not Devon.

INT. EUSTON STATION. NIGHT

SPEEDED UP: MICK is darting clumsily around the station in his plaster cast, going from person to
person asking for money.

Slows to see him counting his money. It is about £15 in coins.

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He tries to light a roll-up but his lighter's broke.

He approaches a MALE COMMUTER

MICK

(with mock gallantry)

Sir – could I trouble you for a light, please?

The MALE COMMUTER shakes his head and moves on

MICK approaches a SECOND COMMUTER.

MICK (cont'd)

(with chirpy theatrical politeness)

Excuse me, Sir. Would you have a light please?

SECOND COMMUTER

Sorry, mate.

MICK approaches a THIRD COMMUTER.

MICK

By the law of averages, sir, you must surely have a light for my cigarette?

The THIRD COMMUTER hands over a lighter, looking at him.

MICK (cont'd)

I thank you.

He lights his cigarette and takes a drag.

He hands the lighter back.

MICK (cont'd)

(speaking more normally but still overly polite)

My problem is, I've lost my credit card. Got to get £12 to get to Milton Keynes. You couldn't help me out, could you? I've got £2.50 so far.

He shops some coins in his hand.

THIRD COMMUTER

You were here last week.

MICK

I'm here every week.

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THIRD COMMUTER

You'd lost your credit card then.

MICK

I lose it every week. I'm very clumsy.

He taps at his plaster cast with his knuckles.

MICK (cont'd)

I've been in hospital.

THIRD COMMUTER

Some of us have to work for a living.

THIRD COMMUTER starts to walk away.

MICK

(calling after him)

What do you think I'm doing? I've just walked ten miles round this station. It's hard work getting money out of you tight bastards.

A STATIN SECURITY GUARD approaches MICK.

SECURITY GUARD

What are you doing on the station today?

MICK

Commuting.

The SECURITY GUARD slyly puts a sticker on his back reading DON'T GIVE ME ANY MONEY I'M A PROFESSIONAL BEGGER (sic).

There is a tannoy message describing MICK's appearance and telling people not to give him any money.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

MICK goes up to the car with DEBORAH in it, who is

MICK

They're onto me. Time for a change of clothes.

He sidles into the car and takes his suit jacket off.

INT. CAR. NIGHT

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MICK fidgets into position.

MICK

Lend us your coat. It's time for the impoverished student who needs to visit his very sick mammy.

(answering her unspoken comment)

I've got integrity!

He takes a pair of spectacles out of the dashboard as Deborah struggles out of her oversized mac.

MICK puts on the glasses.

He looks at the coat which she hands him.

MICK (cont'd)

(genuinely appalled)

What have you been doing in it? Fag burns, blood.

He lifts it to his nose to sniff it.

MICK (cont'd)

Smells funny, too.

DEBORAH

That's all from the last time you borrowed it.

A butterfly flaps past the window.

MICK

You're meant to make sure I'm always presentable.

Are these moth-holes?

The butterfly flaps past in the other direction.

MICK (cont'd)

Is that butterfly casing the joint?

He looks at the coat some more.

MICK (cont'd)

I don't do my best work in sub-standard clothing.

What do you think I pay you for?

DEBORAH

You don't pay me anything. You take money off me.

MICK turns to her sweetly and puts his hand under her chin.

MICK

I'm a drug addict, darling. That's what drug addicts do. I've brought you this.

He hands her a top-of-the-range sandwich from Pret-a-Manger.

DEBORAH

How much did you just make?

MICK

Ah – well, I made fifteen quid but I was so tired by the time I got it that I thought I deserved a little livener. So I'll just have this then I'll get cracking again.

He loads up a crack-pipe and smokes it slowly.

Then he falls asleep.

DEBORAH tries nudging him awake.

Then she sits looking irritably ahead and sighing.

Then she reaches under her seat for a wad of leaflets with felt-tip-pen drawings of Mick on the back.

She starts to draw him while he's asleep, rather abstractly.

A SCRUFFY YOUNG PROSTITUTE comes up and leans in the window.

SCRUFFY YOUNG

Got 50p?

DEBORAH

Sorry – I've already got one junkie to support.

The young woman nods towards the drawing.

SCRUFFY YOUNG

It don't look like him.

DEBORAH covers it casually with her hand.

DEBORAH

I'm not drawing him, he just happens to be in my line of vision.

The SCRUFFY YOUNG PROSTITUTE thrusts a magazine through the window.

It is sort of open at a double-page spread entitled Heroin Chic showing a lot of pretty models looking a bit wan.

DEBORAH (cont'd)

What? No, you're right. I mean, where are the scabs on her legs, the varicose veins, arms covered in pin-holes? Vacant staring eyes? Her clothes aren't covered in dried blood and stinking of pee. Yes, if I was a heroin addict I'd be insulted too.

SCRUFFY YOUNG PROSTITUTE

No, not that.

She turns the page over and points to a picture of a famous actress with a baby.

SCRUFFY YOUNG PROSTITUT E(cont'd)

This. It's mine.

DEBORAH

What?

SCRUFFY YOUNG PROSTITUTE

The baby. She adopted my baby. Called him Benedict. Benedict! What a stupid name. I called him John - after my dad. You can't go wrong with a name like John.

DEBORAH

She's American. How can she have adopted your baby?

SCRUFFY YOUNG PROSTITUTE

Same day. I worked it out. Second of August. Same year. She was in England at the same time. He's got the same hair and everything.

DEBORAH

All babies look the same.

SCRUFFY YOUNG PROSTITUTE

You've not had a baby, have you?

DEBORAH shows her stomach.

SCRUFFY YOUNG PROSTITUTE (cont'd)

You'll find out.

She spoils him rotten. She's not even married.
I wanted him to have values – you know? But
she gives him everything. It's not right, is it?

DEBORAH looks at her.

SCRUFFY YOUNG PROSTITUTE (cont'd)

I know my own baby! One day he'll track me down,
then everyone will know. I went to the papers, I even
got to see that Max Clifford but he said I was
delusional. He looks like his father.

DEBORAH

How do you know what Max Clifford's father looks
like?

SCRUFFY YOUNG PROSTITUTE

Not Max Clifford, my baby.

DEBORAH

You know who the father was, then?

SCRUFFY YOUNG PROSTITUTE

(offended)

I haven't always been like this. Well – it's a bit of
toss-up but I'm almost certain. You sure you
haven't got 50p?

(to MICK)

Hey – Mickey! It's Marie!

MICK mumbles in his sleep.

SCRUFFY YOUNG PROSTITUTE (cont'd)

(to DEBORAH)

He helped me out the other day – I was clucking,
man!

DEBORAH

I'm happy to hear my social security is being
spent on good causes.

SCRUFFY YOUNG PROSTITUTE

it is. We had a blast!

Oh

INT. OXFAM SHOP. DAY

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MICK is hobbling round Oxfam looking at all the racks of clothes.

He picks up a nice crisp white shirt.

Then he finds a respectable but stylish suit-jacket.

He nods at the till assistant and goes into the changing room.

He takes off his own grubby blood-smeared shirt and jacket and lays them on the chair provided.

He puts on the 'new' shirt and jacket.

He admires himself in the mirror awhile, mouthing the words "Excuse me, I've lost my credit card".

Then he puts his old clothes on the hangers and leaves the changing room.

Shakes his head regretfully at the shop assistant saying the clothes didn't suit him, and puts his own clothes back on the rails, and leaves the shop.

INT. W.H. SMITH. DAY

DEBORAH is looking around the bookshelves in the shop.

She finds a motoring section and pulls out a book on how to drive.

She has a flick through it to ascertain that it is suitable for her needs.

She walks around the shop with the book, surreptitiously slipping it under her coat.

As she gets just outside the door the store detective calls after her and motions to ask what's under her coat.

She opens her coat to show her pregnancy.

He nods and lets her go; she walks on.

Then she goes back, rummages in her pockets, and puts 4p in the slot for the Evening Standard.

INT. MARKS and SPENCER. DAY

MICK is walking round the food shelves of M & S doing a lot of serious pondering.

He collects a huge armful of food.

He walks out of the shop without paying, confidently, unchallenged.

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EXT. MARKS and SPENCER. DAY

In front of M & S are some tables and chairs upon which are lounging four various drug addicts, MATTHEW, MARK, LUKE and JOHN.

DENNIS, a tall lumbering depressed man, is also with them, slightly apart and not joining in their conversation.

There is also a Yorkshire Terrier sitting nearby.

As MICK is walking towards them he takes two M & S carrier bags out of his pocket and puts his stolen food in them.

MICK

Good afternoon, gentlemen. What's that you're reading, Matthew?

MATTHEW shows the cover of the book he's reading, "Surviving Drug Abuse".

MICK (cont'd)

Any good?

MATTHEW

Rubbish. I don't want to be a survivor. I want to do something with my life.

MARK

Like what?

MATTHEW

I don't know. Things. Anything I want to. Without having to worry about scoring all the time.

MICK

You're looking smart, Luke.

MARK

He's been up in court. Judge James.

MICK

He remanded me once for wearing an orange shirt in court. Said it was disrespectful. It was the only shirt I had. I'd just spent half an hour trying to get the blood off it. It still had wet patches on. I dripped all over the stand.

MARK

He's evil. He doubled my time once because I shrugged my shoulders when he asked me a question. I got ten years for that.

LUKE

What were you up for?

MARK

Armed robbery.

JOHN

He's alright. He took me to the opera last year.

They all look at him.

JOHN (cont'd)

He likes me! He usually goes for strapping great black guys but he said he was attracted to my air of vulnerability. He pays well. I mean, no funny business. I think he sees it as an investment.

MICK

Where's Jay?

LUKE

In hospital. His leg's gone rotten.

MICK

So who's looking after the dog?

There is a general lack of interest.

MATTHEW

Search me.

INT. CAR. DAY

DEBORAH is sitting in the car looking through her driving book.

She turns the key in the ignition on and off.

Pink tree blossom blows in through the air vent.

MICK arrives with his M & S bags and gets in the passenger seat.

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MICK

John's sleeping with Judge James.

DEBORAH

John the sweet one who always says he'll
cook me an Italian one day?

MICK looks through his bags of food.

DEBORAH (cont'd)

I'm off dairy. It bloats me.

MICK picks out something to eat.

MICK

Sweet. They're all sweet if they think I've
got something. But they love it when I'm sick,
it brings me down to their level. Not one of
them has ever helped me out.

He picks up the book she's been reading.

MICK (cont'd)

Can't you drive?

DEBORAH

I can't even ride a bike.

MICK

How did you get the car here after the accident?

DEBORAH

Mark drove it round for me. I had to give
him something for his trouble.

MICK

Well just learn the pedals, I can do the gears.
And get the hang of the steering wheel, that'll
help.

There is movement under his jacket and a little yelp.

He brings out the Yorkshire Terrier from under his arm.

MICK

Oh and there's this. Jay's in hospital having
his leg off.

DEBORAH

What are we meant to do with it?

MICK

Love it, nurture it, feed it? Oh look at his little face! I couldn't leave him behind, they'd have sold him to Nando's by the end of the week for the price of a rock.

Please say we can keep him!

He is waving the dog's arms about in a sort of imploring prayer.

DEBORAH

It's like taking a deprived child to the seaside - like on a Sunshine Variety Coach. We can make him wave out the window as if he's enjoying himself.

MICK

He's like you, he's never been to Cornwall.

He'll love it. We'll get him a little swimsuit.

INT. PADDINGTON STATION. NIGHT

RICHARD, a middle-aged slightly bland looking business type, Australian, a bit tight-lipped, is getting off a train.

He walks down the platform to the concourse, and across the concourse to the cash machines.

He gets out a huge wad of money.

MICK approaches him, a few coins in his hand.

MICK

Excuse me, sir. I'm wondering if you could help me. I've lost my credit card and I need £12.70 to get back to Reading. I've got £1.50 so far. You couldn't possibly help me out, could you?

RICHARD looks in silence at the coins in MICK's scabby hand.

MICK (cont'd)

I'm late as it is. I've been stuck here for two hours trying to make my train fare, can you believe? Anything you can spare would be a great help.

RICHARD

Do you know where I can get some crack?

MICK

Crack, sir?

RICHARD

Yes. Do you know where I can get some crack?

MICK

(feebly)

I've lost my credit card.

RICHARD

Yes and I want some crack.

MICK

You mean – crack – cocaine, sir?

RICHARD

Yes. Can you get me some? I'll pay you for -
uh – working for me. Then you'll be able to
get back to Reading.

MICK looks around a bit.

INT. TUBE TRAIN. NIGHT

MICK and RICHARD are sitting on the tube together, not speaking.

INT. THE CAR. NIGHT

DEBORAH is sitting in the car staring ahead irritably, watching hours go by on the clock tower.

In the passenger seat is a white shirt propped up with one of Deborah's drawings of Mick's sleeping face stuck into the collar.

The dog is lying asleep in the 'lap'.

DEBORAH prods the dog.

On her own lap is a drawing of the sleeping dog with Mick's face.

INT. HOTEL DISABLED LAVATORY. NIGHT

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MICK and RICHARD are in a lavatory cubicle, RICHARD sitting on the seat smoking a crack-pipe, MICK somehow or other standing behind him on the seat, tourniquet round his arm, endeavouring to shoot up.

MICK is having such a struggle that sweat is pouring off his face and onto RICHARD below.

RICHARD

(indignant bordering on aggressive)

Are you dripping blood on me?

MICK

It's sweat, man. Sweat.

RICHARD

Don't drip blood on me. I won't have it, I won't have it.

MICK

It's only sweat, man. Calm down. What kind of person do you take me for?

RICHARD

What kind of mug do you take me for? I'm not having anyone dripping blood on me. Do you hear me? Not anyone.

MICK

I wouldn't drip blood on you, I'm not like that. You're the last person I'd drip blood on.

RICHARD glares up at him, hard.

RICHARD

Well alright then. We understand each other. Just don't think you get away with it.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

DEBORAH is leaving the car with the dog and her drawing papers.

She walks around drawing clocks, the station clock, any clock, as time ticks on.

A DRUG-DEALER catches her eye, nods as if he thinks he'll make a sale.

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DEBORAH ignores him but draws a picture of a clenched hand with the middle finger raised.

INT. HOTEL LAVATORY. NIGHT

RICHARD and MICK are still in the lavatory ready to leave when there is a knock on the door.

RICHARD freezes, completely panic-stricken.

VOICE (o.s)

What's going on in here?

MICK

(courteous, indignant, slightly theatrical)

I beg your pardon?

VOICE (o.s)

I've had complaints. Is there two men
in here?

RICHARD is beside himself with panic, almost paralysed.

MICK, throughout, continues finishing his hit and calmly clearing all the accoutrements away.

MICK

Excuse me, I'm answering a call of nature,
which is a very private matter. I'm not
accustomed to being interrogated whilst
doing so.

VOICE (o.s)

I said is there two men in here? You've
been in here nearly four hours.

MICK

And, with all due respect, I said I'm
answering a call of nature and I'm not
sure I appreciate being timed.

There is an almighty hammering on the door.

RICHARD moves as far away from the door as he possibly can in the cubicle, cringing.

VOICE (o.s)

I'll call the police if you're not out of
my restaurant in five minutes. Both of
you.

MICK

Have you got a stop-watch out there?

VOICE (o.s)

This is a respectable establishment and we don't cater for this sort of behavior, I've had it all before, condoms, the lot.

MICK

Sir, I can assure you from the bottom –

He smirks at RICHARD.

MICK (cont'd)

of my heart, the only behaviour taking place in this cubicle is the one for which it was designed.

INT. THE CAR. NIGHT

DEBORAH is sitting in the car with the dog asleep on her lap, drawing a watch on her wrist.

INT. PADDINGTON STATION. NIGHT

RICHARD and MICK are on the concourse of Paddington Station by the bronze model of Paddington Bear, which RICHARD, in a very maudlin mood, is stroking.

RICHARD

I think I need to go home and lie down.

MICK

Yeh you do that, matey.

RICHARD

I wish I had a nice woman to lie down with. I don't have any luck with women, I don't know why. The last nice woman I had took all my money and ran off with my brother.

MICK

That's too bad.

RICHARD

You couldn't find me a girlfriend, could you? You've got a huge circle of friends. You must know someone who's just right for me. Get two and we can have a foursome.

MICK

I've already got a beautiful girlfriend of my own.

INT. THE CAR. NIGHT

It is still only 10pm.

DEBORAH is asleep at the wheel of the car with her mouth gaping wide open.

MICK bursts lumberingly into the car.

MICK

I need a prostitute by midnight.

DEBORAH blinks sleepily awake.

MICK (cont'd)

For some guy. There's £500 quid in it.

DEBORAH

Well don't look at me.

MICK

You wouldn't have to do anything. He'll be too out of it by then to be capable of anything.

DEBORAH

Got a fetish about pregnant women, has he?

MICK

He won't even notice if you're male or female, believe me.

DEBORAH

Thank you.

MICK transfers a wad of banknotes from one jacket pocket to another.

DEBORAH (cont'd)

(mock seriously)

Michael. Did you sell your arse?

MICK

I earned this. And this.

Shows her a huge rock of crack.

MICK (cont'd)

A tiny piece of this'll buy us three
litres of methadone.

He's gone home to Purley to soak
in the bath. We need a woman.

He sees STACEY across the street, a thin prostitute who has seen better days but not in the recent past.

MICK (cont'd)

STACEY!!

DEBORAH

So you're a pimp now, are you?

MICK

Well someone's got to do it and it might
as well be someone with ethics.

I'm just helping two people out.

DEBORAH

For a price.

MICK

For a price. Who else do we know?
Our circle of friends isn't even a dot.

(calling to STACEY)

Over here!

STACEY saunters over, delicately, a little bit drunkenly though she hasn't been drinking.

MICK (cont'd)

Want a lift?

STACEY

Where to?

MICK

Purley. Got a job waiting for you if you want it. Hop in the back.

StACEY saunters round the car a couple of times trying to find a way in.

DEBORAH

Look at the state of her. Who's going to pay £500 for that?

MICK

I keep telling you – he won't notice. She'll look fine once she's had a lick of this pipe.

DEBORAH

And slept for a week. And had a bath. And changed her clothes. And got a square meal inside her.

StACEY gets in the car, smiling with teeth missing.

DEBORAH (cont'd)

And seen a dentist.

StACEY

What's he like?

MICK

He'll be asleep. You just need to lie next to him and collect your money in the morning.

Right. I'll just go and give him a ring and we can be on our way.

MICK leaves the car.

StACEY leans across to DEBORAH drunkenly.

StACEY

Babe – would *you* have sex with a stranger for a million pounds?

DEBORAH

Sadly no. The money would come in handy but I'd never be able to look myself in the face again.

STACEY

You're lucky. / would!

DEBORAH

You have sex with strangers for a fiver.

STACEY

(offended)

I don't actually sleep with them. I'm only a clipper.

DEBORAH

I don't know where the idea comes from that Kings Cross is the sex capital of - Camden.

STACEY

Well, sex. It's all quite mechanical really.
(beat) If you get the right equipment (sic).
(giggling)

I don't even like sex. (beat) Well, I do really.

EXT/INT. PHONE BOX. NIGHT

MICK is smoking his crack-pipe in a phone box.

DENNIS walks past glumly.

MICK opens the door and calls to him.

MICK

Dennis! In here!

DENNIS goes back to the phone box.

MICK (cont'd)

What's the matter with you lately?

DENNIS

(gloomily)

Nothing.

MICK

Have a blast of this.

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He hands over his crack-pipe and Dennis 's eyes light up.

DENNIS

Oh thanks Mick!

He has a smoke of the pipe as MICK watches.

MICK

Now tell me what's bothering you.

DENNIS

I don't want to bore you.

MICK

I won't be bored.

DENNIS

It's not interesting.

MICK

It doesn't have to be interesting.

DENNIS

It's my brother.

Time passes in the phone box as they talk and smoke.

INT. CAR. NIGHT

STACEY is asleep in the back seat with her mouth open, the dog likewise.

DEBORAH is adding Harry Potter glasses and a lightning scar to a drawing of Mick.

MICK arrives at the car with DENNIS.

MICK

(to DEBORAH)

We're taking Dennis to the mortuary.

DEBORAH looks at the rather moribund DENNIS but says nothing.

MICK (cont'd)

It's open till eleven tonight. His brother's been there two months, he had gangrene and his leg was cut off.

DEBORAH

(urgently)

Not in front of the dog!

MICK

Anyway, he can't go on his own.

(to DENNIS)

Get in.

DENNIS, who has been hanging around, does so.

MICK look round the car at DEBORAH, STACEY, DENNIS and the DOG.

MICK (cont'd)

This is cosy. We're like a real family.

He pats DEBORAH on the knee.

MICK (cont'd)

Come on, Mrs. Southwark. We've got half an hour. Then we can go and pick up my medicine in Hackney.

DEBORAH

Is it on the way to Cornwall?

MICK turns round to DENNIS.

MICK

Can you drive?

DENNIS

What, a car?

DEBORAH

A tractor.

DENNIS

Noooo.

DEBORAH

A tank.

STACEY suddenly wakes up.

STACEY

I can drive!

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MICK

You get your beauty sleep.

(to DEBORAH)

Looks like you're the most capable person we have. Ignition on.

DEBORAH turns on the ignition.

MICK (cont'd)

Gears neutral.

MICK does the gear stick.

MICK (cont'd)

Clutch down – the pedal on the left. First gear, as you slowly release the clutch.

Accelerate, right pedal, steer. Very good.

You're a natural.

DEBORAH turns to look at him, biting her lip.

DEBORAH

I'm frightened.

EXT. ROAD. NIGHT

The car is crawling along.

MICK (o.s)

You can go a bit faster if you like.

DEBORAH (o.s)

I don't want to get done for speeding.

MICK (o.s)

We'll get pulled over if you don't put your foot down.

DEBORAH (o.s)

Just concentrate on your gear-stick, I know what I'm doing.

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

The car pulls up outside the mortuary building.

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MICK and DENNIS get out.

DENNIS

You do all the talking.

They go into the building.

INT. BUILDING. NIGHT

They talk to someone in a cubby-hole at reception.

MICK

We've come to see the body of -

(to DENNIS)

What's his name?

DENNIS

Alfie.

MICK

Alfie what? I don't know your surname.

DENNIS

De Bonneville-Hawks. (beat) That's my name.

OFFICIAL

Are you a relative?

MICK

(to DENNIS)

Are you a relative?

(to OFFICIAL)

Yes, it's his brother.

The OFFICIAL points the way through the hall.

They go to where he indicated.

SOMEONE ELSE points a further way down corridors, up lifts.

Then they are sent elsewhere.

Etc.

They finally arrive outside a room.

DENNIS

You go in and tell me what he looks like.

MICK

It'll be OK. They'll have tarterd him up.

Come on –

DENNIS

No, you go first. Tell me if it's him.

MICK goes into the room.

MICK comes out of the room.

MICK

He looks fine, Dennis. Comparatively.

DENNIS

What does his leg look like?

MICK

I didn't see. It was under the sheet.

DENNIS

Could you go and look? Please. I'd be really grateful.

MICK goes into the room.

MICK comes out of the room.

MICK

It's not as bad as you'd think. Quite neatly stitched up.

DENNIS

Has he still got the tattoo? On his left shoulder?

MICK

I'll go and check.

MICK goes into the room.

MICK comes out of the room.

MICK (cont'd)

Yes, he's still got a tattoo.

DENNIS

I was with him when he got that done.
It took five hours.

MICK

Look – do you want to go in? There's
nothing to be frightened of. I'll be with
you.

DENNIS

Has his acne cleared up?

MICK goes in.

MICK comes out.

MICK

Well, he looks like he's had it in the
past but no recent flare-ups.

DENNIS

Does he look happy? You know – at
peace? In your opinion?

MICK

Look at it this way – it's the most painless
way of going cold turkey I can think of.
Are you ready to see him now?

DENNIS

Well, I don't need to now, do I. You've
told me everything.

INT. CAR. NIGHT

MICK and DENNIS get back in the car.

MICK

(to Deborah)

He's got to tell his sister, she still doesn't
know. It's *alright*, it's on the way.

(to Dennis)

So how come you're called de Bonneville-
Hawks?

DENNIS

I don't know.

MICK

How can you not know?

DENNIS

I never asked.

MICK

Are your family well-connected? Money?
Land?

DENNIS

I think my granddad changed it.

MICK

From what?

DENNIS

Oswald Mosley. (beat). He wasn't *the*
Oswald Mosley. He just had the same
name. He said it got to be a burden.

STACEY

(waking up)

My full name is Anastasia. After the Russian
Tsar's youngest daughter. But it's too much
of a mouthful for everyday usage.

MICK looks at DEBORAH while he speaks.

MICK

(to Stacey)

And your mouth's usually full of something
else.

DEBORAH

Ho ho.

STACEY

(pause as she takes it in)

Tch! All you two ever think about is sex.

MICK

Only because we can't do it.

He raps his knuckles on his plaster-cast.

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STACEY

I'll give you some tips if you like. I
used to work for a disabled guy.

EXT. ROAD. NIGHT

Car crawls along.

The car pulls into a low-rise housing estate.

INT. SEAN'S FLAT. NIGHT

SEAN, a thuggish –looking 30 year old, and OCKERNDON, a man in his 40s who looks like he liked the film The Blues Brothers, are sitting staring into space.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE FLAT. NIGHT.

DEBORAH and MICK have left the car with STACEY, DENNIS and the DOG still in it.

MICK

Remember – polite – charming – sunny.

DEBORAH practices a smile, weakly.

SEAN opens the door.

SEAN

Ockendon's here.

He lets them inside.

INT. SEAN'S FLAT. NIGHT.

The flat is bland suburbia but surprisingly neat and clean and tidy.

SEAN

(to DEBORAH)

My social worker says this is the nicest
drug-addict's flat she's ever seen. Did it
all meself.

DEBORAH glances round the room in which OCKENDON is sitting without speaking.

DEBORAH

It's lovely.

They all sit down.

SEAN offers a packet of cigarettes round.

SEAN

(to MICK)

Saw you on the telly the other night, mate.

(to DEBORAH)

Fag?

MICK

She's pregnant. Let's give the foetus a chance.

SEAN

(to Deborah)

Sorry, darling. Didn't notice. You look so slim.

He puts all the cigarettes out of everyone's reach.

SEAN (cont'd)

(to MICK)

Yeh – some undercover journalist had a camera pinned to his tie in Kings Cross station. There's you, hobbling round in your Armani suit like you own the place. Targetting people, Like everyone's got pound signs in their eyes.

You went up to the reporter at one point but changed your mind at the last minute. Last thing we see out of the corner of the screen is you scurrying out of Boots (sic) with an armful of low-fat sandwiches. So you got the goods then?

MICK prepares a crack-pipe.

He passes it to SEAN.

DEBORAH goes out to find the lavatory, labeled The Little Boys Room.

She looks out of the bathroom window down at the car.

EXT. HOUSING ESTATE. NIGHT

STACEY and DENNIS sink to the floor of the car in the back seat.

A nearby train on a bridge rattles into a tunnel.

There is some graffiti on a wall of a crudely chalked penis.

Two dogs are copulating.

Fireworks explode.

INT. SEAN'S FLAT. NIGHT.

MICK and SEAN are sharing a crack-pipe.

DEBORAH re-enters the room.

SEAN

(to DEBORAH)

Mickey tells me you've never touched drugs.
I've never met anyone who didn't take
drugs.

DEBORAH

I Am Not Of Your World. Well, look at
yourselves.

SEAN

Yeh I'm gonna give up sometime, make
something of myself before it's too late.
I would do if I had a nice understanding woman.

MICK

You had a nice understanding woman. And
a beautiful daughter.

SEAN

Not understanding enough though, was she.
Who'd you get this off?

MICK

Jesus Potter.

SEAN

Had his cousin here last week. Cutting up his work but he's not weighing me in. On my premises – I'm not gonna stand for that. I said, "Do you want me to roll you up in a carpet and drive you to Epping Forest?" Sorted me out quick enough then.

MICK

Deborah likes dealers, don't you?

DEBORAH

I'd report every single one of them.

SEAN

You can't do that, darling.

MICK

I've told her – it's not ethical.

SEAN

Nah, you don't cooperate with the police.

DEBORAH

I wouldn't be cooperating, I'd volunteer. Strolling about in their designer plimsolls. Raising their eyebrows at me – a pregnant woman! They're the anti-christ.

SEAN

I know but they're only supplying a need.

DEBORAH

(to Mick)

Didn't supply much of a need last week, did they?

(to Sean)

He'd spent two hours trying to make £15 - he could hardly walk, he was so sick he kept throwing up. The security guards kept throwing him off the station and there was nobody to ask anyway. Finally got the money, got the stuff. And they'd sold him

crap. Full of mannitol. He had to do the whole thing all over again.

MICK

Well that's my fault, I shouldn't have gone to a dealer I didn't know. But if this one sorts me out...

SEAN

Out here.

They go out into the kitchen.

DEBORAH is left with OCKENDON, who is still sitting in silence.

Silence.

DEBORAH

Do you live nearby, then?

OCKENDON

I do.

Silence.

DEBORAH

What – I a flat?

OCKENDON

I have a bungalow. With a beautiful big garden.

DEBORAH

Oh, do you enjoy gardening, then?

OCKENDON

No.

Silence as he fiddles for a cigarette in a silver cigarette box.

DEBORAH

That's a nice cigarette case.

OCKENDON

(speaks stiltedly)

Yes. The packets say SMOKING KILLS. In huge letters. I know it kills. I don't want to read about it every time I want a smoke.

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Silence.

INT. SEAN'S KITCHEN. NIGHT

DEBORAH enters the kitchen where SEAN and MICK are still smoking crack.

Three litres of methadone are in a little canvas Mills & Boon bag by the sink.

DEBORAH

Are we nearly ready to go yet?

MICK

No problem, all sorted.

He pats the bag, lowering its side so she can see the three litres.

SEAN

I'm glad he don't live with me, no more.
He vanishes for days on end, then comes home at four in the morning, eats everything in sight and sleeps for a week.

DEBORAH

He's not been so bad now we're living outside Camden Town Hall.

SEAN

He puts empty packets of food back in the cupboard. I mean, what's that all about, eh? Cornflakes, milk, jam, you name it - he eats the lot and puts the container back like you won't notice he's finished it. You wake up in the middle of night starving, you remember seeing the box and get all hopeful - but when you get there the bugger's empty. No cornflakes. So you think, "never mind, I'll have a jam sandwich" - the jam jar's empty too. No problem, I'll just have some biscuits. Empty. Don't marry him, whatever you do.

DEBORAH

I don't think he fancies me anymore.

She pats her pregnant stomach.

SEAN

Oh don't you worry about that. Hasn't he told you about the woman who took his virginity?

MICK

(to Deborah)

And! As a special treat to you, my love. Since you're so very very tired. And not a very good driver. I think we can persuade Ockendon to drive us as far as the motorway. That way we might get there before Christmas.

INT. SEAN'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

They've come back into the living-room where Ockendon is still sitting.

MICK

He likes driving – don't you, Ockendon?

OCKENDON lights up.

OCKENDON

Drive? Ye-es!!

MICK

(to Deborah)

He drove me twenty miles once, just for a cup of tea.

OCKENDON

I was a bus-driver till they changed me to the Pay-As-You-Enters. The customers spoil the enjoyment for me.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE FLATS. NIGHT

STACEY and DENNIS still appear to be on the floor of the car, doors open.

The dog is sitting patiently, some distance away.

MICK , DEBORAH and OCKENDON are approaching, MICK clutching the little Mills and Boon bag.

DEBORAH

They're still at it! Gross. In *our* car. Look, even the dog's distancing itself.

MICK

(affectionately)

Ah! You're so innocent. They'll be looking for crumbs of crack. I think sex is the last thing on their minds. Ever.

INT. SEAN'S KITCHEN. NIGHT.

SEAN is going round all the packets in his kitchen seeing if they've still got things in them.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE FLATS. NIGHT

DENNIS and STACEY look up from the floor of the car, slightly abashed.

STACEY

Just doing a little cleaning.

MICK

(to DENNIS)

So where's your sister live?

DENNIS

In that block, over there.

MICK

Well couldn't you *walk* there?

OCKENDON is gingerly going round the outside of the car, touching and checking, respectfully.

DENNIS

I was waiting for you. I thought you might drop me off.

MICK

You don't have to see her if you don't want to.

DENNIS

Can't you talk to her? You're good with words.

MICK

It'll be better coming from you.

DENNIS

I haven't seen her for nine years. She said she never wanted to see me again.

DEBORAH

Women say that all the time. It doesn't mean anything.

DENNIS

I embarrassed her at her wedding.

MICK

Everyone's feelings run high at weddings. I'm sure she's forgiven you by now.

DENNIS

I was shooting up in the toilet. I didn't have any citric so I got some vinegar from the kitchen, it cleans the gear. Only I missed the vein, went straight into tissue. I kept trying but my arm started swelling up, it's never happened so fast. I got in a panic and ran onto the dance floor when they're in a slow number, screaming my head off at her to get an ambulance.

Momentary silence.

DEBORAH

She's probably forgotten all about it by now.

DENNIS

I still had the needle hanging out of my arm.

MICK

(momentarily lost for words)

It probably didn't look as bad as you think. Go on, we'll wait fifteen minutes.

DENNIS doesn't move.

MICK (cont'd)

Well, go!

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DENNIS shambles off.

OCKENDON gets in the driving seat, fiddling with knobs.

STACEY falls asleep in the passenger seat next to him.

MICK looks a bit quiet and thoughtful and gives DEBORAH a quiet smile.

MICK

Oddly enough, my mother lives over there too.

DEBORAH

Shall we go and say hello? We can tell her about the baby.

MICK

Maybe on the way back.

DEBORAH

You didn't embarrass her at her wedding, did you?

MICK

It's late and we need to get going. Come on.

They get in the back seat.

He pulls himself together and taps OCKENDON on the shoulder.

MICK (cont'd)

Come on, step on it.

OCKENDON

Where are we headed, co-pilot?

MICK

The motor-way. South.

He taps STACEY on the shoulder.

MICK (cont'd)

Smarten yourself up a bit, there in the front. He'll be awake when he opens the door.

STACEY

I used to be a model, you know. Grattan

catalogue. Have you heard of them? I
just need another lick of your pipe.

MICK

You'll have to wait till Purley.

OCKENDON drives on, purring with satisfaction.

EXT. ROADS. NIGHT

The car weaves through the roads.

DEBORAH (o.s)

So who was this woman, then? The one
who took your virginity?

MICK (o.s)

Took me for dinner? When? What
woman?

DEBORAH (o.s)

Your *virginity*.

MICK (o.s)

Oh that.

DEBORAH (o.s)

Wake up!

MICK (o.s)

I'm not talking about my sex life with you.

DEBORAH (o.s)

Good god, who do you talk about it with?

MICK (o.s)

I was only fifteen.

DEBORAH (o.s)

And?

MICK (o.s)

She was seven months pregnant. I didn't
stand a chance.

Well, it's nice isn't it. Gives you a warm
glow. Talking of warm glows, time for my
medicine.

INT. CAR. NIGHT.

MICK in the car carefully measuring out a capful of methadone from the Mills & Boon bag.

He drinks it, smacking his lips.

MICK

Sean's mother paid for him to go into re-hab. She's a school dinner lady, her whole life savings. He walked out after a week.

He shuffles up to people in Tesco, puts his face really close to theirs, holds out his hand and says "Elp me out, mate. I'm on me arse". It's quite threatening.

OCKENDON

Permission to land, co-pilot. Permission to land.

MICK

Permission granted. What – are we here?

OCKENDON

I can go further if you want me to. I've plenty of time. It'd be a privilege.

MICK

That's very good of you but I think you've got us through the trickiest part, thank you.

OCKENDON parks the car and sits there reluctant to leave.

OCKENDON

This is a beautiful car you've got here, Michael. Apart from the exterior. Very good engine, drives like a dream.

MICK

Can I pay you for a taxi home?

OCKENDON

There's a bus leaves here at 12.05, I'll get that.

EXT. MOTORWAY. NIGHT

Euston, Cornwall by M. Inkpen

They get out of the car to swap places.

OCKENDON still lingers, looking longingly at the car.

He gently strokes the car.

OCKENDON

The Rolls-Royce of wrecks. I mean that politely.

EXT. MOTORWAY. NIGHT

The car is driving very slowly down the motorway being overtaken by everything.

INT. CAR. NIGHT

MICK and DEBORAH in the front seat, STACEY asleep in the back with the dog.

DEBORAH

I'm not really sure we should be taking her to this bloke. We don't know anything about him. It doesn't seem right.

MICK

She needs the money. It's what she does for a living. Like my job is pretending I've lost my wallet.

DEBORAH

Yes and I'm not happy about that either. It's so – dishonest.

MICK

Only in the detail. It's true that I need money.

DEBORAH

I don't like people being made to look stupid through their kindness.

MICK

I don't think they're stupid. I have total respect for anyone who gives me money. Anyway, they only help me because they think I'm one of them.

It's better to be taken advantage of now
and then than to be hard and cynical.
It's not like I'm doing anything to them
that's going to ruin the rest of their lives.

DEBORAH

Unlike this.

MICK

Believe me, this'll be the easiest money
she's ever made – being paid to get drunk
with an Australian.
Why – do you think we should rehabilitate
her? Get her a job as a shelf-packer for £2.50
an hour? Where's the dignity in that?

DEBORAH

Obviously we need to change the whole
fabric of society.

MICK

(serious and a little worried)

Can we leave it till after our holiday?

EXT. STREET. NIGHT

MICK and DEBORAH are leaning against the car outside a small pre-fabricated kind of housing block.

DEBORAH

I thought you said he was well off.

MICK

Well-off in the sense that he's got plenty of
money for crack, booze and prostitutes – not
rent.
Try to tart her up, will you, while I go in and
sort things out.

He disappears through the communal doors.

DEBORAH gives STACEY a bit of a nudge and her head lolls about.

She gets in the back seat next to her.

INT. CAR. NIGHT

DEBORAH keeps trying to nudge STACEY awake, who opens her eyes then shuts them again.

She attempts to untangle her hair with her fingers as the dog jumps excitedly all over her.

She goes through STACEY's pockets and finds an old lipstick, which she applies very badly, not helped by the dog getting in the way.

She sits and twiddles her thumbs.

She gets out some paper and draws STACEY in all her open-mouthed glory.

Finally MICK returns.

MICK

He's got the whole seduction scene going
on up there – wine, low music, candles.
Like he's got to get her in the mood.

DEBORAH

(panicking)

Candles? What's he gonna do with candles?

MICK suddenly notices the lipstick round STACEY'S mouth.

MICK

What the hell have you been doing to her?
She looks like she's been eating paint.

DEBORAH

Well why have you been so long?

MICK

He wanted to reminisce about the old times.
I couldn't get away.

DEBORAH

But you only met him a few hours ago.

MICK

A lot happened.

DEBORAH

Well I can't wake her up. Can we get her
a cup of coffee?

Euston, Cornwall by M. Inkpen

MICK

This'll get her going much quicker than any coffee.

He gets out his crack pipe and loads it.

MICK (cont'd)

Stacey! Wakey wakey! Breakfast!

STACEY rouses with a mumble.

STACEY

Thanks, babe.

She has a smoke of the pipe.

DEBORAH

Coffee's cheaper.

MICK

(to STACEY)

Time for the night shift.

STACEY

Right. (beat) Is he nice?

MICK

He's nearly unconscious. Tell him in the morning how good he was.

STACEY gets out of the car and MICK slips two fifty pound notes in her hand.

STACEY

Thanks, babe. I won't forget this.

DEBORAH

You don't have to do this. You can come to Cornwall with us and get clean.

MICK

Top floor, the door will be open.

She disappears into the block of flats.

MICK (cont'd)

Think you can get us to the next service station without any pedestrians overtaking us?

Euston, Cornwall by M. Inkpen

DEBORAH

(sweetly)

You don't get pedestrians on the motorway,
Michael.

She moves the car off.

INT. RICHARD'S FLAT. NIGHT

STACEY and RICHARD are lying asleep at opposite ends of the bed.

STACEY'S hair catches fire on one of the nearby candles.

The end of RICHARD'S bathrobe catches fire on a candle at the other end of the bed.

EXT. PETROL STATION. NIGHT

The car is grinding to a halt by a petrol pump.

DEBORAH inhales out of the window.

DEBORAH

Ah – petrol.

MICK

You fill her up while I go and get us
something to eat.

DEBORAH

Can't I choose for a change? We've got
money now.

MICK

I need to save that for essentials. Write me
a shopping list and I'll see what I can do.

DEBORAH

Essentials.

She hurriedly writes a shopping list.

DEBORAH waves him off disgustedly while she struggles out of the car.

She starts pumping petrol into the car.

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INT. SHOP. NIGHT

MICK is hobbling around the service station shop filling his arms with food.

LESLEY, a masculinely-built woman, is also wandering around the shop, eyeing him suspiciously.

He looks up and sees her and gives her a dazzling smile.

Then he leaves the shop.

INT. CAR. NIGHT

The car is still parked by the petrol pump as MICK unloads his food, including a packet of Quorn Meat Free Bacon Rashers.

MICK

For Fido. They had prawns, poor things.
I always think they look rather like a
curtain design from the 1960s.

MICK puts some Evian in a little container for the dog.

DEBORAH and MICK start picking through the food.

MICK (cont'd)

Howard Marks likes Minute Mice. You
go in the restaurant and the walls are all
lined with cages of breeding mice. You
order a Minute Mouse – a mouse that's
a minute old – and it's served on the plate
all writhing and covered in blood, and you
knock it back with brandy.
He likes the feel of it struggling to get
out of his throat. Says it makes him feel
alive.

DEBORAH

Has he never tried a nice bracing walk in
the countryside?

MICK

When you've lived on crack your whole
life you need more and more extreme
highs.

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DEBORAH

I'll knit him a scarf, shall I? And send him membership of the Ramblers' Association.

DEBORAH drinks an Innocent smoothie.

DEBORAH (cont'd)

What extreme high is next on *your* list?

MICK

You having my baby.

There is a sharp rap on the window.

TWO POLICE OFFICERS are standing there.

MICK winds down the window.

MICK (cont'd)

Problems, officer?

FIRST POLICEMAN

Paid for this little lot, have you?

MICK

Of course I have, officer. Why? Are you implying something of an illegal nature?

FIRST POLICEMAN

Got the receipt? Because the shop assistant doesn't recall serving you.

MICK

He didn't give me a receipt.

FIRST POLICEMAN

It's a woman. They're re-winding the video tape now. Would you like to get out of the car, please?

MICK starts to shamle out of the car.

FIRST POLICEMAN (cont'd)

(to DEBORAH)

And you.

Ah, here he comes now.

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A THIRD POLICEMAN is hurrying excitedly towards them carrying a photographic still.

The photograph is of MICK picking up a pack of Quorn Meat Free Bacon Rashers.

MICK

That's not me.

DEBORAH cranes to have a look.

DEBORAH

They've caught you looking like Richard Burton. Can I have a copy?

SECOND POLICEMAN

And who do you think you are? Mr. Big? Are you known to us?

DEBORAH

I don't know who you know and who you don't know.

SECOND POLICEMAN

What's your name and date of birth?

He has got out his notebook.

FIRST POLICEMAN

(to MICK)

You've quite clearly got a packet of Quorn in your hand.

He indicates the photographic still.

MICK

I put them back.

FIRST POLICEMAN

And you quite clearly have a packet of Quorn in your car.

He indicates the packet in the car, next to the dog, which has a Quorn Rasher hanging out of his mouth.

MICK

We bought those earlier.

LESLEY is hovering in the background.

FIRST POLICEMAN

If it were up to me I'd take you straight to the station. But it's late. We've spoken to the proprietor, they don't want to prosecute.

Got a full tank of petrol there, have you?

MICK

Yes thanks. Long journey ahead.

FIRST POLICEMAN

Got a receipt?

LESLEY comes forward proffering a receipt for the petrol.

LESLEY

Here you are, officer.

FIRST POLICEMAN

And who might you be?

LESLEY

We're travelling together.

SECOND POLICEMAN

Where are you all off to?

MICK

The British Library. Do you want to join us?

FIRST POLICEMAN

Just get out of my sight.

MICK, DEBORAH and LESLEY get in the car and the police move away.

INT. CAR. NIGHT

MICK and DEBORAH in the front, LESLEY and DOG in the back.

She shows them a credit card.

LESLEY

Not mine, unfortunately. (beat)
So! Where are going?

MICK

Cornwall.

LESLEY

How lovely! I've never been to Cornwall.

DEBORAH

(aside, to Mick)

What does a person have to do to get some privacy round here?

The dog climbs onto LESLEY's lap and promptly falls asleep.

EXT. MOTORWAY. NIGHT

The car trundles off down the motorway.

INT. CAR. NIGHT

The dog, in close-up, comfortably asleep on LESLEY'S lap while she talks over it, occasionally flapping its ears up and down.

LESLEY (o.s)

Your dog's not *quite* sure of me, is he? I sense he's wondering about my sexuality and my life history. He's got a lot of unanswered questions, this one. Well, to cut a long story short. I've had me knob chopped off but my money ran out before the reconstructive surgery could take place, and now I'm just not sure. All my life I wanted to be a woman but now I'm here it's not like I imagined. Maybe I'm not really a woman inside after all, maybe I'm just a poofy bloke. Except I'm not a poof. Or I wasn't when I was a man. But I suppose I am now. I'm very confused. And, if truth be told, I'm starting to miss the old whanger – you know? I don't know what to do for the best. I'm beginning to feel a bit of a tit walking round as a woman.

DEBORAH (o.s)

I feel a bit of a tit walking around pregnant.
I don't recognize myself anymore. All
the old landmarks are gone.

LESLEY (o.s)

Exactly. All my old landmarks are well
and truly gone.

DEBORAH (o.s)

Surely you wouldn't want it back, though?
Don't they get in the way? All that swinging
about?

MICK (o.s)

Oh you hardly notice it's there most of
the time.

DEBORAH (o.s)

I think – if I were a man. I'd be a bit of a
wimp. I'd wear sarongs and kaftans,
sandals and long white tunics.
I'd slob about in my favourite chair all
day eating bags of crisps and cashew nuts and
I'd have bottles of gin everywhere.
I'd be pleasing myself because I'd be all on
my own as nobody would have me.
I'd be bald as a coot. I'd be one of those
big fat blokes with breasts.
It's hardly worth going through an operation
for that.

MICK (o.s)

If I were a woman, I'd be –

DEBORAH (o.s)

Stacey.

MICK

Certainly not. I think I'd be a bride of
Christ.

LESLEY (o.s)

This is all very amusing but it's a serious
issue for me. I don't want to end my
life in a cabaret. What's my choice?

I can be a man without a todger or a woman with excessively broad shoulders.

DEBORAH (o.s)

Well. We're not the ones who are going to have to live with the decision. Man, woman. Woman, man. It's a pain either way.

LESLEY (o.s)

I wasn't talking to you, I was asking the dog.

DEBORAH (o.s)

I'm very tired.

Camera off the dog and onto LESLEY.

LESLEY

Ooh can I drive? Please can I drive to Cornwall? I used to work on the vans with Group 4 security. Until my trouble.

DEBORAH stops the car in a lay-by.

EXT. LAY-BY. NIGHT

They all get out of the car.

MICK goes over the map in great detail about the route to Cornwall with LESLEY, who pays little attention.

LESLEY gets in the driving seat with the dog strapped in next to her.

MICK and DEBORAH get in the back to sleep, awkwardly holding onto each other, his hand on her stomach.

The car moves off.

EXT. MOTORWAY. NIGHT

LESLEY drives the car all over the place, getting more and more confused.

Finally goes over the Severn Bridge into Wales.

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Pulls into a lay-by.

EXT. LAY-BY. DAWN

LESLEY gets a fishing-stool out of her bag and a bundle of knitting.

She sits there enjoying the sun-rise, doing some knitting, with the dog on her lap.

MICK wakes up, bleary-eyed, looks around.

He sees some road-signs in Welsh.

LESLEY sees him waking and goes over to him.

MICK

Where are we?

LESLEY

It's Wales.

MICK shakes DEBORAH gently awake.

MICK

We're in Wales.

DEBORAH cranes to have a look.

DEBORAH

Oh. Green, isn't it.

LESLEY

Exactly. I got a little confused somewhere along the way but it's all worked out for the best. There was this *beautiful* bridge I just had to drive across and everywhere looks so fresh and green I thought *why not?* So here we are. Can we stay? That's what I'm picking up from your dog. Oh and you owe me £2.50 for the toll.

MICK and DEBORAH get out of the car for a stretch, and notice the fishing-stool, which strikes her as oddly ominous.

DEBORAH

You're not planning to do something ... nasty to us, are you?

LESLEY

(a little alarmed)

Why? You're not planning to do something nasty to me, are you? I'm quite vulnerable out here on my own.

DEBORAH

(reluctantly)

But you're weirder than us.

LESLEY looks them up and down.

DEBORAH has on a short tee-shirt that has ridden up so that her naked bulge is sticking out.

MICK's hair is all over the place, his trousers are un-done and his plaster-cast on one leg is visible.

LESLEY

I've never met anyone who took so much cough medicine. You haven't even got a cough.

MICK

That's why.

He gets out some methadone and measures some out.

DEBORAH

The thing is, it's very beautiful here and all that. But we're going to Cornwall.

LESLEY

(indignantly)

Have you got something against the Welsh? Because I think you'll find they're a very hospitable race of people, and much misunderstood.

DEBORAH

I'm as fond of Welsh people as the next person. But – we're going to Cornwall.

LESLEY

(in a flounce)

Oh well. I concede defeat. I best be off, then.

She starts to pack her knitting and fishing-stool.

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MICK

There's nowhere for miles.

LESLEY

(martyred)

Don't you worry about me. I'm a survivor.

She walks off with her thumb out for a lift.

The dog is walking next to her.

DEBORAH and MICK get back in the car.

They turn the car around and head back for England.

INT. CAR. DAY

DEBORAH with her how-to-drive book on her lap.

DEBORAH

She's left a lovely scent in the car. It reminds me of privet hedges in my childhood.

MICK

I thought you had a horrible childhood.

DEBORAH

Still better than now.

MICK

She's taken the dog.

He gets out his stash of crack and just as he goes to use it a gust of wind blows it away.

EXT. LAY-BY. DAY

MICK is still searching for the crack on the roadside.

DEBORAH is getting increasingly bored and/or irritated.

DEBORAH

We've been here over two hours. Face it, it's lost.

MICK

It's not lost. I'm not going without it,
and that's that.

DEBORAH

It was only a *tiny* little bit –

An Amish-looking FAMILY has rolled up and is having a picnic nearby.

A CHILD comes up to MICK and stands directly in front of him.

CHILD

My dad says what are you looking for
and can we help?

MICK

I've lost a very precious...rock. About
this big. But it has dangerous qualities.
It's white and it's wrapped in cellophane.
If you find it you mustn't touch it.

CHILD

How did you lose it?

MICK

I fell asleep and it rolled off my lap and
the wind blew it away.

The CHILD runs back to its FAMILY.

The FAMILY get sup and comes to help.

DEBORAH gets out an A4 envelope from the dash-board and starts reading through the wad of
papers inside.

DEBORAH

Here's the court print-out of all your
previous convictions.

MICK

Keep your voice down!

The FATHER gives MICK a smile.

DEBORAH

Your real name is listed as your sixth
pseudonym. What they've got down as
your real name is actually just a typing

error. You've even got an alias date of birth.

MICK

Deborah! These are my friends!

MICK smiles back at the FATHER.

The MOTHER comes over to MICK very gravely, holding the rock of crack in front of her, between thumb and forefinger.

MOTHER

Would this be what you're looking for?

MICK

Wow, that's excellent. Thank you.

As MICK goes to take it she closes her hand around it and puts it behind her back.

MOTHER

Why?

MICK

(faltering)

Because it's mine and I lost it.

MOTHER

I think you know what I mean.

MICK doesn't know how to respond.

She hands it over to him with a sad smile and simply walks away.

MICK gets back in the car, visibly upset.

DEBORAH notices but doesn't question him.

She drives the car.

EXT. MOTORWAY. DAY

The car is still going slower than anything else on the road.

DEBORAH (o.s)

So what was that theft you got twenty days in prison for in Norfolk in 1996.

MICK (o.s)

Strawberries.

DEBORAH (o.s)

And you got twenty days?

MICK (o.s)

I hired a van and answered an ad for strawberry pickers. So I could suss the place out, logistics, ins and outs. Then I hired a team of my own to go picking in the middle of the night. We had headbands with torches on them. Load it all into the van, put on my suit and drive round fifteen fruit retailers selling the trays at £1.50 a punnet. One night the police surrounded the field.

DEBORAH (o.s)

You naughty naughty boy.

MICK (o.s)

I paid my pickers a damn sight more than the farm paid theirs.

DEBORAH (o.s)

So what was the theft in Norfolk six months later?

MICK (o.s)

Strawberries.

EXT. CEMETERY. DAY

DEBORAH and MICK are sitting on the stone bench of the porch of an old, small country church.

The car is parked nearby.

MICK

My father loved this church. He was fascinated by small spaces. So many people came to his funeral they couldn't close the doors.

Peaceful cemetery, blazing sunshine, birds twittering.

MICK (cont'd)

People think you're – *unwell* – if you carry on loving someone ten years after they died. It makes them nervous every time you mention it. Should have got over it by now. I don't want to get over it. I'm not going to act like he never existed. If that's mental health, you can keep it.

DEBORAH takes his hand for a while.

DEBORAH

They had to leave the doors open at my dad's funeral too. In the hope that some passers-by would wander in and fill up the gaps.

His funeral was a celebration – of the fact he was no longer around to make everyone's life a misery. Git.

MICK puts his hand on hers.

MICK

I'll be a good father to our child.

DEBORAH

I know you will.

A POODLE suddenly appears a few feet away.

DEBORAH (cont'd)

Dog. We need a dog.

MICK

It's nothing like Jay's dog.

DEBORAH

It'll do until we find a better one.

MICK

It's not like replacing a goldfish – he'll notice.

DEBORAH

Maybe he'll die in hospital and he'll never find out. We can but hope.

They get up to chase after the dog, albeit very lumberingly.

SPEEDED-UP:

They chase the dog twice round the cemetery.

The dog makes off into a little woodland.

They chase it all round the woods.

Every time they nearly catch it up it moves off again, playfully.

They finally manage to coax it to them and grab it.

MICK holds it while DEBORAH takes his shoe-laces out and ties the dog with a makeshift lead.

EXT. WOODS. DAY

They walk back through the woods to the car in the cemetery.

MICK

I used to run about in here with my father.

DEBORAH

You see, you shouldn't be taking drugs, you had a nice childhood. Theoretically I'm the one who should be on drugs.

MICK

Well it wasn't all sunshine in the woods. Ah, I'm just a bad boy.

DEBORAH

I'm just too scared of getting told off.

MICK

You must at least have had a little puff on a joint? Or even *touched* someone else's? Or been in the same room as someone who was rolling one?

DEBORAH

I'd sort of like to know what it's like but I don't want to lose my virginity. I'm wary of anything that might make me feel better. Though looking at you I'd have nothing to worry about.

MICK stops to fill a crack-pipe and smoke it.

DEBORAH (cont'd)

It's only short-term anyway. What do you get? Thirty seconds? It's so juvenile. You're all arrested adolescents. It's something you should grow out of. Like acne. It's bizarre when you hear about sixty year old addicts.

MICK is inhaling on his pipe, eyes popping, looking far away.

DEBORAH (cont'd)

Like Downs Syndrome. They're very cute when they're little but it's a bit sad when you see them still shambling along holding their mum's hand when they're forty. You're all just holding mummy's hand.

She looks at him inhaling his pipe.

DEBORAH (cont'd)

Or sucking on mummy's nipple.

MICK attempts to reply with a smoke-number throat.

MICK

So if our child had Downs Syndrome you'd want an abortion?

DEBORAH

I didn't say that. But left to their own devices they'd die naturally anyway. After a certain point everyone should be able to look after themselves. And if they can't...

MICK

You'd play God.

DEBORAH

It's playing God to keep them alive.

They walk on.

MICK

There is such a thing as *kindness*.
Anyway, we'll have to get back to London
before my own *lump* runs out.

He has another smoke.

DEBORAH

(sucking her teeth mischievously)
Suck all that goodness in. Feeling nice and
warm and cosy...

MICK

Not that I want a crackhead girlfriend – but
you'd love it if you tried it. It makes everything
more intense.

DEBORAH

That's a complete insult to life. Like saying
life isn't good enough. It's all disgusting.

They are at the car.

MICK

I wish you wouldn't use that word.

DEBORAH

What word would you prefer? Revolting?

MICK

How about not mentioning it at all.

DEBORAH

Then you'll think I approve.

MICK

Yes, and that's the only way I'll be able
to give up.

DEBORAH

(strangled pause)
I don't think I can do that. It disgusts me
me too much.

EXT. ROAD. DAY

They are driving slowly along the sea-front.

The POODLE is in the back seat with its head stuck out of the window enjoying the breeze.

A GROUP OF DRUNKS flags them down.

They stop the car and MICK winds his window fully down.

FIRST DRUNK

(West Country accent)

I wonder if I could trouble you for the price
of a cup of tea, sir?

MICK

Of course you can.

He hands over a couple of quid.

MICK (cont'd)

Earl Grey, is it? In a shiny blue can with Tennent's
Super on the side.

FIRST DRUNK

Aye, indeed. Some of my close friends are
mighty thirsty too. Dar-jeeling.

The OTHER DRUNKS come clamouring nearer for money.

MICK gives a few of them some coins.

MICK

(to Deborah)

It's like India.

SECOND DRUNK

Much obliged to you.

FIRST DRUNK

And a lovely holiday to you and your lady-
wife.

MICK and DEBORAH drive off.

Euston, Cornwall by M. Inkpen

INT. CAR. DAY

MICK counting out how much money he has left.

DEBORAH

Why couldn't you just be an alcoholic?
It's much cheaper.

MICK

The cost is part of the thrill. Spending £15
you haven't got is so irresponsible.

DEBORAH

And there's the camaraderie.

MICK turns to look back at the drunks.

EXT. STREET. DAY

The GROUP OF DRUNKS is now fighting among itself in the street and not in a friendly way either.

INT. CAR. DAY

DEBORAH

Do you know the story of Malcolm Lowry?
Late of the Bowery? He was a drunk but it's
the same sort of thing as what you've got.
He ended up checking into a mental hospital
to dry out because there was nowhere else
available.
When he went in they took all his things off
him, which included a bottle of whiskey.
Two months later when he came out – cured -
they handed all his belongings back to him -
including the bottle. They laughed, Well
you won't be needing this anymore! And
he laughed. No, I won't be needing that
anymore. And he walked off down the street
feeling happy – and when he passed a rubbish
bin he put the bottle of whiskey in it and
carried on walking.
Then he walked back, got the bottle out of the

bin, went into a pub, crawled under a table in the corner, and started drinking.

EXT. STREET. DAY

The car has pulled up outside a mini-supermarket.

MICK measures out some methadone and drinks it.

MICK

Wait here and I'll go and get us some breakfast.

He disappears into the supermarket.

DEBORAH gets out of the car with the POODLE.

She walks along by some touristy seaside shops.

She tries some accessories against the dog's skin – none suit.

Finally sees a black headscarf with pirates skull and crossbones on it.

She ties it against the dog's 'collar' and walks on.

EXT. STREET. DAY

DEBORAH arrives back at the car with the POODLE.

MICK is already there, sort of attempting to clean the windscreen.

DEBORAH motions to the dog's new attire.

DEBORAH

I thought I'd try to butch it up a bit.

MICK

I've tidied up! I've cleaned all the windows!

He indicates the patched-up back window.

MICK (cont'd)

And the cardboard! I've binned all the empty drink cans and thrown out that pile of parking fines with the squiggles on the back.

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DEBORAH looks a bit askance but says nothing.

MICK (cont'd)

And!

He picks up a bag of food.

MICK (cont'd)

I've got breakfast for two. And a half.

DEBORAH strokes her stomach.

DEBORAH

That's sweet.

MICK

Actually I meant the dog. But come on,
I've got radishes too.

They walk on.

MICK (cont'd)

For mum-to-be. Full of folic acid. Or
folic acid, as the old lady next to me said
the luncheon meat under her anorak.

DEBORAH looks through the bag of food.

DEBORAH

Does any of this come with a receipt.

MICK fishes out a pack of chewing gum.

MICK

Only this. No point wasting good money.
I'll need that for the crack when we get
back to London.

DEBORAH

(conspiratorially)

Let's not go back.

They have arrived at a bowling green.

EXT. BOWLING GREEN. DAY

A game of bowls is in full swing, with some of the bowlers being the drunks from earlier on.

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MICK and DEBORAH sit on a bench and arrange their picnic between them.

The POODSLE is tied to the leg of the bench, obediently seated.

DEBORAH watches the bowls game while MICK sorts out something for the dog to eat.

DEBORAH

The lack of excitement is almost
therapeutic.

She suddenly starts crying.

MICK puts his arm around her and she leans her head on his shoulder.

Then she suddenly starts laughing.

DEBORAH (cont'd)

I feel sorry for my own innocence.

MICK

Things *do* change. I can feel a whole new
start for us.

DEBORAH

Oh don't say that. We'll probably die in
a crash on the way back.

MICK

One day you'll look back on this time and
think, "Was that life?" It will seem like it
was so easy and we made a big fuss over
nothing. I'm not saying things haven't been
hard, I know you've had a lot to put up
with. But I've got my medicine, we're by the
sea, and if I cut down a ml every other day
we'll be out of this in a month. Come on,
we're together. That's all that matters.

DEBORAH

Just don't say We Are Strong and I'm the
wind beneath your wings.

MICK

(mischievously)

We could get jobs!

DEBORAH

Let's not get ahead of ourselves.

A DACHSHUND runs across the bowling green.

MICK

Now that *is* like Jay's dog.

DEBORAH

It's shorter. And it's the wrong colour.

MICK

Did you ever actually *look* at that dog?

DEBORAH

Well it was in the back seat. And I was concentrating on my driving. But I know it was nothing like that.

MICK

It's identical. Let's get it.

They chase the dog until it goes over to the poodle and lies down.

MICK (cont'd)

I can't keep chasing dogs in my condition.

DEBORAH

Me neither.

EXT. PROMENADE. DAY

They are walking along the prom with the two dogs in tow.

MICK

So how do we tell which one is most like the dog we lost?

DEBORAH

When Jay comes out of hospital, we go up to him with both dogs – what was his dog called?

MICK

Sally.

DEBORAH

We go up to him with both dogs, all

nonchalant, and whatever one he says,
“oh Sally!” to, well that’s the right one.

MICK

What if he just says, “Where’s Sally?”

DEBORAH

We run. But I really don’t think that’s
going to happen.

MICK has turned to lean against the wall to look out at sea.

There are lots of little boats bobbing about in the sunshine, and some tall ships in the distance for the regatta.

He gazes in silence for some while.

After a while DEBORAH knocks gently on his plaster-cast.

DEBORAH (cont’d)

Can we come in?

MICK turns to her and the two dogs sitting there.

He smiles gently, then gets irritated with his plaster-cast.

MICK

I want to go swimming. I’m sick of this
thing. Where’s my hospital appointment?

He empties all his pockets on the ground.

Lots and lots of scraps of paper fall out.

He bends awkwardly to try to sort through them.

A CHILD being pushed past in a buggy suddenly starts crying.

MICK (cont’d)

I’m frightening children!

He finds a particular piece of paper.

MICK (cont’d)

See. Here. It should’ve been off two
weeks ago. Right. I want a sharp implement.

INT. HARDWARE STORE. DAY

An old man is quietly dusting his counter.

MICK bursts in in a whirl, followed by DEBORAH and the dogs.

MICK

I want something sharp!

OLD HARD MAN

Well now, lad. Why don't you go away for a couple of hours and come back when you've calmed down.

MICK

I'm not about to do a blood-bath on the sea-front. I just want to get this thing off me.

HARD OLD MAN

Ah now. I've got me circular saw out back but I'm not covered by health and safety.

DEBORAH

Perhaps if you went for a swim and turned over on your back you'd float like a log.

MICK

Show us your knives.

The HARDWARE MAN leads them to a tinier room off the main shop with glass cases of knives on the walls, ornate, scimitar-like, and very big.

OLD MAN HARD

Here's my beauties. It's like a ballet, I always say. The elegance, the precision, the team-work.

MICK

On second thoughts, I don't want to be doing any damage to my vitals. We're dealing with very sensitive regions.

OLD MAN HARD

Well there's always me scissors, sir.

MICK

Scissors.

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OLD MAN HARD

Oh you'd be surprised at the quality of scissors these days. I've got scissors as could cut through sheet metal.

MICK motions to be shown the scissors.

They are led to an equally large selection of these.

The OLD HARD MAN chooses one and hands it to MICK.

HARD OLD MAN (cont'd)

I think these might be suiting your requirements, sir. Mind, you need the leverage.

MICK

I like the look of these. Yes, squire. We'll take a pair of your finest scissors.

THE HARD OLD MAN wraps them up with infinite care.

MICK pays for them.

MICK (cont'd)

(very very courteously)

And a very good day to you, sir.

They leave the shops sedately with the dogs.

OLD HARD MAN

And remember the leverage!

EXT. STREET. DAY

Once outside the shop, MICK hobbles round a private little corner at great speed.

He starts scissoring open his plaster-cast from the top.

They are outside a tea-shop with lots of interested old ladies looking out of the window.

DEBORAH

Michael – are you naked within? There are susceptible ladies present.

He looks up and gives them a little wave.

EXT. BEACH. DAY

They are on the beach taking it in turns to work the scissors.

MICK

Leverage – he said leverage.

Once it is cut down the front it doesn't just slip down but stays in place.

MICK (cont'd)

I had a fantasy it would just fall away
like a butterfly.

DEBORAH pulls the two sides forward so he can step out of it.

MICK (cont'd)

It's more like open-heart surgery.

Once out of the plaster-cast MICK has a stretch and a bend.

DEBORAH has a feel.

DEBORAH

I've missed you!

They walk down the beach towards the sea.

He strips down to his boxer shorts.

MICK

I'm gonna do it!

DEBORAH

It looks cold.

MICK

(derisive in a friendly way)

Cold!

He walks into the water up to his ankles.

The dogs are jumping about.

MICK goes further into the water up to his waist.

He turns back to smile and wave at DEBORAH.

He starts swimming and swimming and swimming.

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ENDS.

UNFASHIONABLE MUSIC FOR THE JOURNEY

Frankie Vaughan: Nevertheless

Roger Whittaker: New World in the Morning

Winifred Attewell: The Poor People of Paris

Nellie Lutcher

Sophie Tucker

James Taylor: Home by Another Way

Billie Holiday: These and That and Those

and James: Waltzing Along