

## EPISODE TWO: 'COLD FEET'

### FADE IN:

### INT. COMEDY CLUB. NIGHT.

A tiny, dirty room above a pub with a bedsheet bearing the club logo on the wall and about nine people in the audience.

COMPERE

And now, ladies and gentlemen - oh.  
sorry. Just gentlemen - I've never  
seen him before, so I've no idea if  
he's any good or not, but please give  
it up anyway for ... Luke Deacon!

There is a pathetic ripple of applause. LUKE appears and grabs the mic. In his late 20s, he is well meaning and bright, but his brain has yet to win a race with his mouth.

LUKE

Hello, Wandsworth, and good evening!  
now, I saw an observatory the other  
day -

HECKLER

You're shit!

LUKE

Uh ... give us a chance, mate! anyway,  
this observatory I saw ... That gave it  
a taste of its own medicine!

There is silence.

HECKLER

You're ginger!

LUKE

Well now. All hail Mr Eagle Eyes! Why

do you think I do stand-up and not catalogue modelling? Now, if I was an adonis, maybe, instead of writing jokes in my dingy flat all day and performing them to ungrateful drunks all night, I'd be enjoying frantic six-in-a-bed sex with the Lithuanian water polo team. so the fact that the man making an ass of himself in front of you for free is not a paragon of physical perfection should *not* come as a complete surprise!

HECKLER

Get off, Duracell.

LUKE

(cocky) Are you going to make me? ...

(eyebrow raised) Oh.

Luke dives away, too late. Camera pans away to compere, wincing. we hear the sound of shiny new bruises being made.

Opening credits

**INT. LUKE'S BEDROOM. DAY.**

Ice patterns zigzag across the bedroom window. Pan down to bedside table, which has a model tree on it. Suddenly the tree clicks and starts belting out U2's It's A Beautiful Day. Cut across to Luke's hand, shooting out to turn it off, and slamming down on the spiky branches.

LUKE

Oww! Stupid Joshua Tree alarm clock.

Pan across to Luke, shaking his head and getting up. He throws back the covers, gets up, shivers, and puts on his dressing gown. He breathes out; his breath is visible. He shivers again. He grabs another dressing gown, puts it on and leaves for the bathroom. we hear the water come on. there is a girly scream.

**INT. KITCHEN. DAY.**

LUKE enters wearing three dressing gowns and a balaclava. TRIX is there, in winter gear, pottering. Trix is 26-ish, bubbly and attractive, and thinks Aeros go flat if you leave them out too long.

LUKE

Trix. You haven't used up all the hot water again, have you?

TRIX

Mff mff mff mff mff-mf.

LUKE

What?

TRIX pulls her scarf down a bit.

TRIX

There is no hot water. In fact, there's no heat.

LUKE is about to speak, when ...

TRIX (CONT)

It's all right. I called a plumber.

GUY enters. Guy is cool, but always looking out for number one, mainly because he can't count any further. He slides his bag along the floor towards LUKE and TRIX, then grabs a broom from the wall, steps in front of the bag, and sweeps the floor in front of the bag, as if playing curling. He looks up questioningly at LUKE.

LUKE

Our heating has broken down. So it looks like you'll have to find somewhere else to ... (signalling outfit) stage your anti-whaling protest.

TRIX

Luke. You're going out, I'm going out, and someone needs to be here for the plumber.

GUY

Besides, I can use your heater.

LUKE

How do you know I've got a heater?  
Have you been in my cupboard again?

GUY

I haven't touched your cupboard. I found the receipt in your drawer.

LUKE

What?

TRIX

(noticing Luke's eye) Ow! What happened to your eye?

GUY

Heckler again, was it?

TRIX

I thought it was the comedian who was supposed to put the heckler down?

LUKE

Clearly, that part of my act needs work.

TRIX

Look, I'm going next door to check on Mr Cudlipp. I'm a bit worried about him in this cold.

TRIX exits.

GUY

Tell him I said (shouts) "boo!".

LUKE

God, she makes me feel so guilty that I don't do more to help those less fortunate than me.

GUY

Don't beat yourself up. There *is* no one less fortunate than you.

LUKE is about to riposte when we hear a short scream.

LUKE

Oh, what now?

The house phone rings. LUKE picks up.

LUKE

Hello? (covering mouthpiece) It's Cerys. From her room. (into phone) Yes, I know the floor's cold. the boiler's gone. (waits) Look, why don't you come to the caff and do your writing there? I'm leaving in 10 minutes, though. (pause; sigh) Yes, you can borrow my - hang on, how do you know I've got a heater?

**EXT. OUTSIDE FRONT DOOR. DAY.**

A police officer closes next door's front door. TRIX emerges.

TRIX

Officer, what's wrong?

OFFICER

Were you a friend of Mr Cudlipp's,  
miss?

TRIX

Well, he never borrowed any of my  
shoes or anything, but ... (sees  
expression on officer's face) you  
said "were" ...

**INT. FLAT.**

LUKE and CERYs are making breakfast. GUY is on the sofa cuddling Luke's heater. TRIX bursts in.

TRIX

Guys! Mr Cudlipp's dead!

Cerys is sweet, but naïve, and rarely thinks of her fellow man. Unless he's fit, in which case she can think of little else.

CERYs

(not listening, or caring) Who?

TRIX

Our next-door neighbour!

CERYs

That's awful. How old was he?

TRIX

I don't know ... late 80s?

CERYs

Oh, well then.

GUY

There's another kick in the teeth for the Countryfile viewing figures.

TRIX

How can you be so callous? They've barely taken him and you're talking about him as if he never existed.

GUY

They've taken him away? Damn, I've never seen a dead body.



TRIX

You git!

LUKE

He was very old, Trick. And it's not as if you used to go round there every night for a pinch of snuff and a game of shove ha'penny.

TRIX

That's why I feel bad. And so should you! Three years we've lived next door to him, and we made no effort to get to know him. He was a human being, with dreams, and feelings, and stories to tell ... and everyone's going to forget him, just like that. So much for love thy neighbour!

She storms out. Luke and guy are chastened.

GUY

(defensive) I know the names of everyone on my street.

LUKE

Only from their personalised number plates.

CERYS

(brightly) Do I have to feel guilty? I've only been here a week.

INT. ARTS CAFÉ.

A warm but run-down establishment, a basic cafe with paintings, leaflets and flyers on tables, and a very phallic sculpture on a table near the bar. As usual, it is sparsely populated. The door opens and a teeth-chattering CERYs dives in, followed by LUKE.

CERYs

My ears is froze. My toes is froze.  
My tail is froze, and my nose is  
froze.

LUKE

(pushing her off) Go and sit by the  
fire, we'll soon get you warmed up.  
(gestures) So, this is the caff.

PERRY, the proprietor, approaches: 50something, camp, flamboyant - today dressed like the shopkeeper from Mr Benn. He was nearly something in the theatre, and rarely lets anyone forget it.

PERRY

It is not a "caff". it is a bistro.

LUKE

Sorry, I forgot "cafe" wasn't foreign  
enough for you. The thing is, there's  
no affectionate abbreviation for  
bistro. You can't say, "I'm just  
popping down the beast."

PERRY

If you want a job in a caff, I'll  
affectionately abbreviate your wages.

LUKE

So, the bistro! Cerys, my boss,  
Perry. Perry, Cerys. she's a writer.

He departs to don his work apron.

PERRY

Ooh! What you working on, darling?

CERYS

Well, it's a novel. But I don't  
really like to talk about it ...

PERRY

Well thank heavens for small mercies!  
Au revoir, my little De Beauvoir.

Luke brings a coffee. CERYS looks hurt.

LUKE

Don't mind him, he means well. Well.  
Not well exactly, but I don't think  
he's ever actually *harmed* anyone.

CERYS has unloaded a tiny antique typewriter.

LUKE

(eyebrow raised) I've got a clay  
tablet and a sharp stick out back if  
you'd rather.

CERYS

Don't scoff. My mother used it, and  
her mother before her.

LUKE

Then they got laptops, and you got  
lumped with this.

CERYS

Look, I prefer typewriters, OK? It's solid. It's reliable. Its batteries won't run out, and it won't randomly crash and lose everything I've written in the last six months.

LUKE

It also won't delete, cut and paste, or do research on the net.

CERYS

But it's much more ... satisfying. Show me a laptop that does *this*.

She triumphantly presses a few keys, then hits carriage return. The carriage knocks her coffee on the floor.

LUKE

I bet it doesn't have an "undo" button either.

**INT. FLAT. DAY.**

TRIX is by the door. GUY is fiddling in the kitchen.

TRIX

Right, I'm off to the gym for a shower. If you die before I get back, can you leave a note so I remember who you are?

She slams the door behind her.

GUY

(entering) The time you take in the shower, that's actually a possibility.

He tries to get comfortable, making fine adjustments so that the magazine, sofa, tea, TV remote and heater are all within easy reach. He aims the remote at the TV - and the doorbell rings.

GUY

Ach!

He gets up, annoyed, goes to the door and opens it. A man in overalls looks from side to side shiftily, digs in his pocket and pulls out a note. It says, 'I have come to fix your boiler'.

GUY

Uh ... OK, come in.

He ushers the plumber in. PLUMBER continues looking shifty, glancing everywhere.

GUY

It's ... through here, in the kitchen.

He leads him through.

GUY

Is there, um, anything i can g-

PLUMBER holds up another sign: 'Tea, milky, two sugars'.

GUY makes 'crikey' expression and moves to the kettle.  
Meanwhile, PLUMBER taps the walls, then unscrews the mouthpiece  
on the phone.

GUY

Um ... you're the expert and  
everything, but I don't think there  
are any pipes in there.

PLUMBER

(abrupt but quiet) I'm not looking  
for pipes. I'm looking for ... (looks  
to each side) *surveillance equipment*.

GUY

(shaping to escort him out) Oh, I'm  
sorry, you've come to the wrong  
place. You want the big house two  
streets down, with the curly iron  
gates and people in dressing gowns  
talking to flowers.

PLUMBER stops and looks daggers.

PLUMBER

(accusatory) I've seen those TV shows  
where you call in poor, hardworking  
professionals, and set traps for them  
to expose them as crooks!

GUY

If you're going to do the job  
properly, why are you worried about  
secret cameras?

PLUMBER

If you've got secret cameras  
installed, why are you worried about  
me doing the job properly?

GUY

But we haven't got secret cameras  
installed.

PLUMBER

You give me your word?

GUY

of course.

PLUMBER

Then I give you my word I'll do the  
job properly.

GUY

(smiles) Great.

As he returns to the kettle, he pauses and frowns.

**EXT. STREET. DAY.**

Trix closes the gate behind her and sets off down the street.  
Two old ladies are muttering and pointing at the house.

OLD LADY 1

I see they took old Mr Cudlipp away  
this morning.

OLD LADY 2

Yarp.

Trix pricks up her ears and hides behind a hedge.

OLD LADY 1

Just as well, really. (shaking head)  
He's been a shell of a man since he  
lost Eileen.

OLD LADY 2

Yarp.

TRIX's face darkens.

OLD LADY 1

These past 12 years he's just been  
waiting to die, really. I don't know  
why he hung on for so long.

OLD LADY 2

Yarp.

TRIX can take no more, and marches up to them.

TRIX

That's it. I've had it with people  
being horrible about Mr Cudlipp. How  
dare you judge him! You didn't even  
know him!



OLD LADY 1

Oh, and I suppose you did, did you?

TRIX

Actually, I did. I knew him ...

(thinks) intimately. You want to know  
why he hung on so long? because he  
was *shagging me senseless twice a  
day!*

She storms off. After a few steps she slips on the icy street.

TRIX

Bugger.

OLD LADY 1

(open-mouthed) Well I never!

OLD LADY 2

Yarp.

**INT. ARTS CAFÉ.**

Cerys is sitting in front of a blank sheet of paper. She fiddles with it, as if this will make the words come, and looks around for inspiration.

A well-dressed, mid-30s woman comes and sits nearby. She unpacks a laptop, boots it up and starts typing, fast. Cerys doesn't take much notice at first ... then after a few seconds, she looks around to see if anyone else has noticed this typing demon.

She returns to her typewriter, rearranges her seat, and concentrates harder, to no avail. Finally she starts typing.

(typed on page) "bitch."

Cerys glares at the woman. she is still typing.

(typed on page) "whore."

CERYS (INTERNAL, V/O)

No, Hughes, you mustn't judge people like that. You don't know anything about her!

She looks over again.

CERYS (V/O)

I bet she is, though. I bet she's married to a financial analyst called ... Tristram, who's so filthy rich he can afford to indulge her "hobby". And right now the nanny is taking little Tibia and Fibula to the park to feed the swans. Ugh. (looks over) No - no. stop it. she's probably a perfectly nice, ordinary ... bitch. (coming to senses) No. It's no good. I have to know!

She stands and walks determinedly over to the woman.

CERYS

(polite, shading into aggressive) Hi.  
Look, I know it's really none of my  
business, but what are you writing?  
Where is it all coming from?

WOMAN looks up, quizzical, then, suddenly, bursts into tears.

CERYS

Oh - God, I - did I - I'm sorry -  
what's wrong?

WOMAN

(gesturing at laptop) It's just ...  
it's just ... my life's fallen apart.  
About a year ago ... I ... lost my job,  
just after my husband had a  
breakdown. Then my parents got  
divorced, and then two months ago ...  
(breaking down again) our youngest,  
Adam, was diagnosed with leukaemia.

CERYS

God. I'm so sorry, that's awful.

WOMAN

The only thing I've had during all  
this has been my writing. It's been  
such a release, you know? All this  
darkness, this pain, have given me so  
much to say to the world, you know?

CERYS

(Concerned) Isn't there an easier  
way?

**INT. FLAT. DAY.**

TRIX comes in and sits. GUY is on the sofa, nursing a mug.

TRIX

(sitting down) there's something i  
have to tell you, but first you have  
to promise not to laugh.

GUY

OK.

TRIX

No, I mean *promise*.

GUY

Tell you what. I'll fill my mouth  
with tea, so I can't.

He does so.

TRIX

I told two old ladies I had sex with  
Mr Cudlipp.

GUY tries desperately not to laugh, snorting tea through his  
nose, etc, and eventually splutters tea all over himself, then  
coughs and wipes himself clean. TRIX looks daggers.

GUY

(gasping) What? what on earth did you  
do that for? (he recovers)

TRIX

I was fed up with everyone just  
dismissing him, as if ... as if he  
hadn't made any sort of difference in  
the world.

GUY

Well, I hate to be Mr Fact here, but he didn't.

TRIX

Not to us he didn't. But who knows what else he achieved in his life? For all we know, he might have invented the Dyson vacuum cleaner or something.

GUY

Fair point. Terrible example, but fair point. So anyway, you thought you'd put things right by telling people you had sex with his corpse?

TRIX

No, by telling everyone i had sex with him when he was alive. (worried look) Oh, poop. I don't know if I can go through with this.

PLUMBER enters, and starts staring at TRIX. GUY notices.

PLUMBER

(suspicious) Who's that? You never told me there was someone else here.

GUY

Trix? She lives here.

PLUMBER

She *looks* like a TV presenter.

TRIX

Oh, do I? (hair flick) Thank you!  
Actually, I'm an actress.

PLUMBER

Aha! I knew this was a set-up! You're just pretending to be gullible customers to trick me! (at camera) I told you you'd never catch me again, you bastards! I'm out of here.

GUY

No, no, wait! She *is* an actress, but she's not acting at the moment. she genuinely lives here.

PLUMBER

I haven't seen you in Holby City.

TRIX

Well, I haven't done any TV yet. But there's a new computer game coming out called Heroes of Erathia Six, and I'm the voice of Princess Philandra! Well, until she turns into the evil Meg La Mania, in level 2. But the boss at the end of level 1 is really hard, so -

PLUMBER

How do I know you're telling the truth?

GUY

("idea" look) How do we know you

don't believe us?

PLUMBER

Erh ... I ... (nodding) good one.

He walks out of the front door.

GUY

(smug) I think I'm starting to get  
the measure of that guy. (looks  
round) Did he just leave? (leaping  
up) Hey!

**INT. FLAT.**

All four are sitting in a pile, watching TV. CERYS is hidden underneath. GUY is sprawled across them.

TV (GEORDIE ACCENT):

Four twenty-five ... pee em. Scarlett ...  
is in the bedroom. With the  
candlestick.

LUKE turns the TV off in disgust.

LUKE

Ugh. Five hundred years ago, if you  
wanted to get famous, you had to win  
a war or discover a continent. Now  
all you have to do is live in a house  
full of twats for a week.

TRIX

Well, there aren't any continents  
left to discover.

LUKE

So, Trix, let me see if i've got  
this. You were worried about people  
forgetting Mr Cudlipp, so you  
posthumously reinvented him as a sex  
god by telling everyone you were  
lovers?

TRIX

Not everyone, just those gossipy old  
busybodies from down the street.

LUKE



Like I said, everyone.

TRIX

(hand on mouth) Oh, boobies. I'm going to have to come clean. Tell them I was joking.

GUY

Cos then they won't think you're a weirdo who sleeps with men old enough to be ... well, dead. They'll just think you're a weirdo who *pretends* to sleep with men old enough to be dead.

Trix looks horrified. From under the pile, we hear:

CERYS

My left shoulder is cold.

LUKE shifts himself to cover the offending spot.

CERYS

That's better.

GUY

Oh yeah, Riss, how did the writing go?

CERYS

Not so good. I was a bit blocked.

LUKE

Sounds like another job for our valiant plumber. (glares at Guy.)

GUY

It's not my fault, the guy's a

frigging enigma wrapped in a mystery  
wrapped in an idiot.

CERYS

Guy, why can't we go to your place  
again?

GUY

It's awkward. I can't really go back  
until my landlady's asleep.

CERYS

Why not?

GUY

Cos she doesn't really know i still  
live there.

CERYS

Guys ... do you think it's necessary to  
suffer for great art?

TRIX

I don't know, but I ripped my  
favourite pashmina on the way to the  
first night of Tomb Raider: The  
Musical, and I was *amazing*.

GUY

(smirking) That guy who beat Luke up  
obviously thought he was *great*.

LUKE

Well, the only people who ever suffer  
for your art are your audiences.

GUY

At least I *get* audiences. Not just people who randomly wander in on their way home from the probation office.

LUKE grabs GUY. They are about to grapple.

CERYS

(stands up) Hey! No fighting!

The two boys settle down, glowering.

CERYS

Not unless it's over me. Then it's kind of hot.

TRIX

(looking back, giggling) Smokin'!

**INT. FLAT. THE NEXT DAY.**

LUKE is making tea. the kettle is almost boiling.

LUKE

(staring at kettle) Oh come *on*.

The kettle continues to almost-boil.

LUKE

I'm not having any of this nonsense  
about a "watched kettle never boils".  
Of course a watched kettle boils. It  
still has to obey the laws of  
*physics*.

The kettle continues to almost-boil.

LUKE

(losing temper) You're just doing  
this to make me mad.

The kettle continues to almost-boil.

LUKE

(as if repeating therapy mantra) No,  
it's not doing it to make me mad,  
it's not doing anything, it's a  
kettle. It has no will, or  
consciousness, and any perceived  
intent to frustrate me is simply  
being projected by me, on to this  
inanimate object. So it's totally  
pointless getting aggravated with it.

LUKE calms down. The kettle continues to almost-boil. LUKE still  
appears calm.

LUKE

(suddenly) BOIL, YOU BASTARD!

He grabs a nearby steak hammer and nearly strikes the kettle, then checks himself, turns away to calm down, and puts the hammer down. At which point the kettle boils.

LUKE

Aaarrrrgghhhh!

LUKE picks the hammer back up and makes to strike. GUY enters. LUKE hastily hides the hammer.

GUY

Everything all right?

LUKE

Fine, just boiling some water to shave.

GUY

Well, this is the last time.

(flexing) I'm ready for that plumber today.

LUKE

I almost wish I could stay to witness this battle of halfwits ... sadly, I have a warm cafe to go to.

He is about to make off with the kettle when TRIX pops her head round the door. LUKE puts down the kettle and goes to her.

TRIX

Right, I'm off to see if I can track those old biddies down before my the story of me and my stairlift stallion makes the local paper. See you later.

LUKE

See ya!

In the meantime, GUY has made himself tea with luke's shaving water. He makes off with it.

LUKE

Hey! My shaving water!

GUY

Maybe you should try watching the  
kettle next time.

He exits with his tea. LUKE is purple.

**EXT. STREET. DAY.**

TRIX is walking down the street. She approaches the old ladies.

TRIX

Look, about what I said yesterday ...

OLD LADY 1

It's all right, dear. We know you  
were fibbing. Mr Cudlipp could barely  
get up in the morning, never mind get  
*it* up.

OLD LADY 2

Yarp.

OLD LADY 1

(patronising) Let's be honest, dear,  
he was just a frail old man, who  
never did anyone any harm, but never  
really did anyone any good either.

OLD LADY 2

Yarp.

TRIX

Well *that's* where you're wrong!  
Because, actually, I didn't come to  
tell you I fibbed. I came to tell you  
that he was a vigorous and  
adventurous lover, and I want the  
whole world to know it!

The ladies are speechless. TRIX storms off, and slips again.

TRIX

Bugger!

**EXT. OUTSIDE FRONT DOOR. DAY.**

TRIX is about to re-enter the flat when she sees Mr C's doormat askew. As she moves it, she sees a key. she picks it up.

**INT. FLAT.**

GUY is shivering on the sofa, strumming his guitar. with gloves on. (there are others if this one sucks)

GUY

I don't wanna be your brake block  
Don't wanna be your A-frame or your  
D-lock  
Don't wanna be the pedals where you  
put your feet;  
I wanna be your bicycle seat.  
(Bicycle seat!) Got your legs where i  
can see 'em,  
(Bicycle seat!) Squished against your  
perineum ...

TRIX enters brandishing the key. guy stops dead.

TRIX

Look what I found.

GUY

I hope that's not what I think it is.  
And if it is what I think it is, I  
hope you're not going to say what I  
think you're going to say.

TRIX

Come on, Guy, this poor man has died  
and no one knows anything about him.



It's our duty to take an interest.

GUY

No way. Anyway, I thought you were going to set the record straight and forget about it?

TRIX

Change of plan. Look, this poor man had no family. They're probably just going to throw all his stuff away.

GUY

Put the key back.

TRIX

And his heating might be working.

GUY

(leaping up) And no one needs to know

...

**INT. MR CUDLIPP'S FLAT.**

(Flat is exactly same layout as wannabe flat.) TRIX enters, stepping carefully. GUY follows breezily, launches himself at the sofa, and puts his feet up on the table. he picks up a magazine and starts reading it, as if at home.

TRIX

Guy!

GUY

What?

TRIX

Have some respect!

GUY

I am having some respect! Cool sofa,  
Mr C!

TRIX

Have it your way. but that's where  
they found him.

GUY

Aagh! (he leaps to his feet)

TRIX

Now, I wonder where he kept his  
personal things ... his mementoes, that  
sort of thing. We want to find out  
his *story*.

GUY

Probably the same place he kept his  
porn.

TRIX

Guy!

GUY

You're the one who wants people to think he was shagging a 26-year-old blonde!

GUY disappears into an adjacent room.

TRIX

(opening drawer) What's in here?

GUY

(with tin in hand) Bingo! Told you. Same place I keep my ... personal things.

TRIX

Well done!

She opens the tin as GUY vanishes into another room.

TRIX

Um, Guy. Do you think he'd mind if I ate his mementoes?

GUY

(reappearing) Hm?

TRIX

It's an actual tin of biscuits, you div.

TRIX sits where Guy had and starts eating the biscuits.

GUY

Trix! Have some respect!

TRIX

But they're Jammy Dodgers!

GUY

I thought you said they found him  
there?

TRIX

(with eye-roll) I was lying.

GUY sits down next to her.

TRIX

(pointing to where he is sitting)  
They found him there.

GUY

Aagh!

GUY leaps to his feet again.

**INT. ARTS CAFÉ.**

LUKE is precariously piling up plates and cups from a vacated table near the bar. There is one more thing on the table. he considers whether or not to come back for it, tries reaching out to it, etc, but gets himself in a pickle. MASCHA, the evil Polish waitress, is standing behind the bar, watching, chewing gum and wiping a solitary glass

LUKE

Mascha, Would you mind ...?

MASCHA raises an eyebrow and looks away. His pile teeters.

LUKE

... please?

MASCHA continues chewing and wiping and ignores him. LUKE drops something, then makes his way to the kitchen with what's left. PERRY is inside.

LUKE

Perry, has Mascha got some sort of problem with me? I can't help feeling that for some reason, she ... hates me.

PERRY

Of course she doesn't hate you, dear heart. She's an angel when you get to know her.

LUKE

How do you get to know someone who won't speak to you?!

LUKE goes out and visits Cerys's table. There are balls of paper all over the floor.

LUKE

(picking up paper) Are you sure you don't want to borrow my laptop?

CERYS

No. (pointing) I like the symbolism of it.

LUKE

What, that everything you write is rubbish?

CERYS

No-o. This represents the creative process in action. It makes me feel like I'm getting closer to my goal.

LUKE

Well, could you move your goal a bit closer to the bin? Perry'll have a fit if he sees this mess.

LUKE takes the rubbish away. CERYS waits for him to go, checks to see if anyone's looking, then produces a hip flask, empties it into her coffee, takes a gulp, and shudders.

INT. MR C'S FLAT.

TRIX (OFF)

Aha!

TRIX enters with another tin. She sits down, puts on her specs, and sorts through the stuff.

TRIX

Ahhh.

She finds a pile of letters, picks one out, and starts reading. As she reads, her voice morphs into that of a frail old man. We see a montage of photos, of Clarence with C company, he and his wife together. Nice 1930s/40s music plays in background.

TRIX, MORPHING INTO MR C

My dearest Pinkie ... was utterly miserable last week as had not heard a peep from you for almost a month, and then of course four letters turned up at once. The lads were ribbing me about the grin on my face but they were just jealous. You know, if it weren't for the war, this would be a perfectly marvellous part of the world. The horizon is breathtaking. I'm desperate to tell you what's been happening at the front, but you know the censors won't have it. Suffice to say morale is high. I can't stop thinking about that evening in the bowery, when everyone else had left; when you held my head in your hands and hummed along with the band in the distance and you kissed my hair. if

TRIX (CONT)

this damned war is a storm, my  
dearest, then we are but two leaves  
blowing through it; and by God this  
leaf swears that, if it survives, it  
will curl up with you until it's thin  
and brown and cracked. Yes, my love:  
you are, without doubt, a complete  
and utter frigging assbrain -

TRIX breaks out of her reverie and looks up; guy has returned  
and is ranting.

GUY

... a total tesco trolley-pusher, i  
tell you. i'm starting to wonder if  
you'll ever get your heating back.

GUY looks at TRIX; there are tears.

GUY

You've found it then.

TRIX

(sniffling) I knew it. He was a  
lovely man. He fought in the second  
world war, in Africa. He saved a boy  
from drowning in 1953. He kept wicket  
in the county cricket team. Whatever  
that means. And you see all these  
lovely carvings? (points at mantel) I  
think he made these.

GUY

Blimey. (sitting down to help) I'm  
starting to wish *I'd* shagged him.



**INT. ARTS CAFÉ.**

CERYs is sitting in the same seat, squinting at her page. she is drunk. she takes a swig of 'coffee', then looks down.

Cut to table, close-up. CERYs's hands are playing with her food. she has turned her leftovers into little food action figures and is playing with them, making them talk to each other.

CERYs

(high voice) Aagh! Help! The  
Fairtrade flapjack monster is coming  
to eat me! (deep voice) I am Sir  
Tristram. I will rescue you!

'Sir Tristram' trots along the table, then falls into crumbs.

CERYs

Oh. (she turns to keyboard) Luke.  
(too loud) LUKE!

LUKE

Blimey, Cerys, keep your voice down!  
What is it?

CERYs

Sir Tristram disingritated.

She shows him her cakey hands, then falls face first on the table.

LUKE

Are you *drunk*?

CERYs

(rising briefly) I'm a tortured  
genius.

LUKE

I'll be tortured if Perry catches

you like this. (checks watch) I'm off  
in 10 minutes anyway. Come on, let's  
get you home.

LUKE pulls CERYS out of her seat.

**INT. MR C'S FLAT.**

TRIX and GUY are packing away the mementoes and finishing off the biscuits

GUY

I admit it. This guy led an interesting life. At least until the bit where we knew him.

TRIX

I'm glad you think so.

GUY

And the funeral's tomorrow ... and you're definitely going?

TRIX

I think so. I feel as if I really knew him now. besides (grin), i've got my bad reputation to keep up.

PLUMBER enters decisively.

PLUMBER

Aha! So this is where the cameras are! I knew it. I know you're in here, Eamonn Holmes, and I'm not going to be another mug in your rogues' gallery!

He makes to go into the kitchen.

GUY

There aren't any cameras. We're just here because our neighbour's boiler is working and he, uh ... doesn't need it right now.

PLUMBER thinks this over, then seems to have an idea.

PLUMBER

Well, since I'm here, maybe I should take a quick look at his boiler. If it's the same make, it might help me work out what the problem with yours is.

GUY

(sighing) Why won't you believe me?

PLUMBER

I do believe you.

GUY

No you don't.

PLUMBER

Ah! So now you don't believe that I believe you!

GUY

No, I - (accepting defeat) oh, just look at the sodding boiler.

PLUMBER strides proudly into Mr C's kitchen.

TRIX

So, you want to come with? It's not as if you're short of black clothes.

GUY

Nah. I'm not good with burning corpses. Besides, wouldn't it look a bit weird, his girlfriend bringing

along another guy?

TRIX

(opening handbag, getting out phone)

Don't be ridiculous! No one would  
ever believe I was with you. Hello?  
Is that the Cricklewood Observer?

She wanders off to continue her conversation.

GUY

Mo one would believe you were with  
*me??* But -

We hear an awful gurgling noise. PLUMBER emerges.

PLUMBER

(grinning) Well, it's definitely the  
same system. And now I know what's  
wrong with your boiler.

GUY

What?

PLUMBER

(holding up a thingumajig) This bit  
broke off.

**INT. WANNABE FLAT.NIGHT.**

GUY, LUKE and TRIX are in the same pile as the night before. it is obviously still freezing.

TRIX

Atch- (suppressed sneeze)

LUKE

Blessy- (suppressed "bless you")

They both turn and glare at GUY.

**INT. ARTS CAFÉ.**

LUKE is on the café phone.

LUKE

(increasingly sarcastic) Hi, my name's Luke Deacon, and I was just wondering what my chances were of getting a stand-up gig at the Laughing Cow. I understand you're busy, what with running a tiny once-a-week comedy club and all, but if you could possibly take time out from your hectic schedule to return one of my 14 calls, I'm on 0207-454 5454. Thank you.

As he puts the phone down, he notices that Cerys is not at her table, looks puzzled, then steps outside.

**EXT. OUTSIDE CAFÉ BACK DOOR. DAY.**

CERYs is smoking (a joint) in bizarre fashion - holding it far away, then bringing it to her mouth to inhale, then quickly holding it far away again. LUKE creeps up on her.

LUKE

Hey. I never knew you smoked!

CERYs hurriedly hides the joint behind her back, then, realising it's too late, brings it back into view and tries to act casual.

CERYs

Oh! Er, I don't, really. just, uh ...  
socially.

LUKE

(signalling the blank spaces either  
side of her) Would your friends mind  
if I joined you?

CERYs gives an embarrassed shrug. She takes another drag in the same awkward fashion.

LUKE

Are you sure you're cut out for  
smoking?

CERYs

I don't like the smell on my clothes.

LUKE

(sniffing) Hang on. That's not a  
Classic FM cigarette. That's a Magic  
FM cigarette!

CERYs

No. No, it's not.



LUKE

(grabs it, sniffs) It is! You're a stoner!

CERYS

I'm not. I'm just ... trying it, so that I can perceive higher truths.

LUKE

I hate to spoil the ending for you, but the highest truth you'll uncover on that stuff is "wow, aren't feet amazing?" Come on inside, it's freezing!

CERYS looks at the joint, grimaces, then stubs it out. LUKE leads her back inside.

LUKE (FADING)

Where did you get that from, anyway?

CERYS

Oh, Mascha. She's lovely when you get to know her, isn't she?

**EXT. CREMATORIUM ENTRANCE. DAY.**

First-person shot of someone climbing out of a limo - fancy black high heels hitting the ground - then walking towards a crematorium, entering, ignoring the attendants on the door. Opposite view, panning up: it is TRIX, in full Anna Nicole Smith black-widow mode.

Back to TRIX's point of view, as she walks to her seat; the camera rolls along three or four random old folk, then a young man with a notepad, then OLD LADY 1 AND 2 ... and, finally, near the front, another young woman in Anna Nicole Smith black-widow attire. TRIX takes her seat in front of her. As she settles, a THIRD BLACK WIDOW approaches and taps trix on the shoulder.

WIDOW 3

Excuse me. I believe this row is reserved for people who were *close* to the deceased.

TRIX

Oh yeah? Well, I was pretty close to him *when* he deceased.

WIDOW 3

(shocked gasp; recovers) He might have been with you when he passed away, but he was *thinking* of me!

They start grappling. Pull back to OLD LADY 1 AND 2.

OLD LADY 1

Good grief! I never knew the old devil had it in him.

OLD LADY 2

Personally, I always thought he was hot.

WIDOW 3 slaps TRIX noticeably hard.

TRIX

(whispers) Ow! Petra, that hurt!

WIDOW 3

(whispers) Sorry.

They continue fighting. suddenly, WIDOW 2 intervenes.

WIDOW 2

You two can squabble all you like -  
he left everything to me.

WIDOW 3

You're not getting a penny out of the  
old coot, you bitch!

WIDOWS 2 and 3 begin fighting. The VICAR tries to separate them.  
TRIX extricates herself and dashes for the exit. As she passes  
the man with the notepad ...

REPORTER

(scribbling) Good grief! Who was this  
guy?

TRIX passes by and tucks a folder under his arm.

TRIX

This should have everything you need  
to know.

TRIX sashays out, a "job well done" look on her face.

**INT. FLAT.**

GUY and PLUMBER are standing near the door.

PLUMBER

So, that's three days' work, plus  
parts, plus VAT, plus pension  
contribution, plus cold surcharge ...

GUY

Cold surcharge?

PLUMBER

I don't make the rules. Well, not all  
of them. Plus cold surcharge, plus  
tip ...

GUY

Hang on. Tip??

TRIX enters.

PLUMBER

Which comes to a total of ...

He rips off the bill and hands it to guy.

GUY

This is more money than I have earned  
in my entire life.

TRIX

The change down the back of the sofa  
is more money than you've earned in  
your entire life.

GUY

There's change down the back of the  
sofa?

He makes to leave, but the plumber steps in his way.

PLUMBER

Ah-hem.

TRIX grabs the bill and inspects it.

TRIX

OK, that's fine. But, ah, we won't be  
paying this.

PLUMBER

Huh?

TRIX

Oh, don't worry. You just have to  
send the bill somewhere else. I'll  
give you the address.

PLUMBER

(grumbly) All right.

TRIX

OK. It's Britain's Biggest Cowboys ...

PLUMBER

(mumbling) Britain's ... Biggest ... eh?

TRIX

... BBC Television Centre, London W12  
8QT.

PLUMBER

BBC Television what now?

TRIX

Mark it for the attention of Gillian  
Wilkes, producer.

GUY

(has caught on. Slapping plumber on  
back) It's amazing how small they  
make cameras these days!

He quickly looks round, grabs a cereal box and shakes it. Then  
stops shaking it when it makes a cereally sound.

PLUMBER

I *knew* there was something fishy  
about this place. (mugging to  
'camera'; fake anger) Well ... you  
haven't heard the last of me, you  
scoundrels! (leaving) you can run,  
but you can't hide!

TRIX

Well, that's just fine, because I  
happen to know that you can seek, but  
you can't chase!

She shuts the door. TRIX and GUY return to the kitchen.

GUY

"you can seek, but you can't chase"?

TRIX

I know. I am on *fire* today.

TRIX starts unloading her stuff, takes off shades, etc.

GUY

Speaking of which, how was the  
cremation?

TRIX

Ugh. Pour me some Coco Pops and I'll  
tell you all about it.

Guy gets a bowl and pours some cereal from the box into it.

**INT. ARTS CAFÉ.**

A woman customer approaches luke, looking uncomfortable.

CUSTOMER

Excuse me, but there's something  
strange going on in the ladies'.

LUKE

What is it?

CUSTOMER

Well. This young woman walked in,  
rolled her sleeve up, and then went  
into the cubicle. And now there are  
some very odd noises coming out.

LUKE

Oh my God.

He hurries to the ladies'. Faint noises of pain are coming from  
within.

CERYS

Ow. Ow ow ow ow ow ow ow. Ow.

LUKE (PANICKY)

Cerys? Is that you? What are you  
doing in there?

He starts fiddling with his keys and tries to get the door open.

CERYS

I - I - I'll be fine -

LUKE bursts in, and we see CERYS, looking guilty and hiding  
something behind her back.



LUKE

Marijuana's one thing, but I'm *not*  
about to let you -

He grabs her hands and pulls them out. One is holding a set of  
curling tongs; the other wrist is slightly red.

LUKE

Crimp yourself?

CERYS

I'm *trying* to mutilate myself.

LUKE

With curling tongs? (looking at them)  
On 'warm'?

CERYS

I can't stand the sight of blood.  
These things can get really hot,  
though.

LUKE

(dragging her out; low voice) First  
drink, then drugs, now self-harm!  
(looks at tongs) Well, self-mild  
discomfort. What is your damage?

CERYS

Nothing ... Really. And that's the  
problem. You see, all the great  
writers - Baudelaire, Jane Austen,  
Dan Brown - they all suffered  
horribly. They were miserable all  
their lives long, but it drove them

CERYS (CONT)

to create superlative works of art.  
Me? I had a lovely upbringing. I'm  
young, witty and attractive, and I  
have no money problems. How can I  
write great literature when my  
biggest worry is the number of  
calories in my tuna nicoise?

LUKE

Wow. (pause) Well. Two things. First,  
I'm not sure it's true that all great  
writers suffered for their art.  
Second, if drink and drugs were the  
secret of success, the bestseller  
lists would be full of books by  
homeless people. Hey, look - I'm  
normal, and I'm talented!

CERYS

(unconvinced) But ... how can I talk  
about the big issues unless I've  
experienced them? How can I take an  
interesting standpoint unless I'm a  
bit ... screwed up?

LUKE

Well ... you know, pretending to be  
screwed up is a pretty ... screwed-up  
thing to do.

CERYS

It is? It is ...

LUKE

Sure it is. And who in their right mind gets drunk, starts smoking and tries to frizz her wrists just to try and beat writer's block?

CERYS

(cheering up) So i'm barmy? Bonkers? Fit for the funny farm?

LUKE

Lock up your electrical appliances, everyone, it's Crazy Curling Cerys!

CERYS

(hurt) There's no need to be horrible.

LUKE

(chastened) Sorry.

**INT. FLAT.**

GUY is strumming again. TRIX enters and flops down on the sofa.

TRIX

Right, that's it, I've locked up Mr  
Cudlipp's flat and given the key to  
the police. So the heating better not  
pack up again.

GUY

No, it's fine. So we won't be needing  
*this* any more.

He unplugs the electric fire. As he does so, there is a flash,  
and all the lights, TV and music go out. They are in darkness.

GUY

Um ... have we got any candles?

TRIX

Aren't there some in Luke's cupboard?

GUY

Oh, yeah. Behind the Enya shrine.

Credits roll over a picture of Mr Cudlipp, gurning. 'Swing the  
Mood', or some such big band tune, is playing.

GUY (SINGS)

I don't wanna be your brake block  
Don't wanna be your a-frame or your  
d-lock  
Don't wanna be the pedals where you  
put your feet;  
I wanna be your bicycle seat.  
(Bicycle seat!) Got your legs where I  
can see 'em,

(Bicycle seat!) How I love your  
perineum.  
I want you to adjust me so I fit real  
neat  
I wanna be your bicycle seat.  
I don't wanna be your chain-guard  
Don't wanna be your speedo or your  
crossbar  
Don't wanna be your dynamo, I need  
more heat;  
I wanna be your bicycle seat.  
(Bicycle seat!) Let me take you for a  
ride,  
(Bicycle seat!) Gonna leave you sore  
inside,  
My fantasy is to be smothered in the  
street;  
I wanna be your bicycle seat!  
(a bicycle bell rings)