

BAD THINGS

"Like a Pretzel"

Written by

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1

OVER BLACK:

1

A nondescript JINGLE plays on a crackling PA system.

It's sickeningly peppy.

FADE IN:

2

INT. HOMEWARE STORE - NIGHT

2

Graveyard hour. No customers save one.

She pushes a trolley through the aisles. An axe, saw and a pair of gardening shears sit conspicuously in the basket.

She stops in front of a display of outdoor signage. Picks one up and reads the words: 'SMILE YOU'RE ON CAMERA.' Her eyes flicker to the store's security cameras. She puts the sign down.

This might just be the worst night of SHAUNA's (30s) life.

An efficient-looking SALES ASSISTANT suddenly appears next to her, a genie in green overalls.

SALES ASSISTANT
(disturbingly cheerful)
Can I help you find something?

SHAUNA
Er, maybe. I'm doing some
decorating and -

SALES ASSISTANT
Oh, lovely!

SHAUNA
Yes, it's been long overdue, and I
need a sheet, a big sheet to wrap
everything up in.

SALES ASSISTANT
Like a dust sheet?

SHAUNA
No, no, not a dust sheet per say,
more of a plastic roll type thing.

The Sales Assistant thinks for a second.

SALES ASSISTANT
Oh, a carpet protector.

SHAUNA

(loud)

Yes!

(then, quieter)

Yes, a carpet protector.

SALES ASSISTANT

They're on aisle 7. I'll take you there.

SHAUNA

Thank you.

They walk through the store. The Sales Assistant eyes Shauna's trolley. Shauna spontaneously grabs and throws in a couple of candles.

SALES ASSISTANT

Looks like you're doing a lot of building work, too.

SHAUNA

Oh, the house needs a lot of work, it really does. My husband and I never should have bought the place, but I suppose we like a challenge.

They've arrived at aisle 7.

SALES ASSISTANT

Here we are. Is there anything else I can help you with?

SHAUNA

Yes.

Beat.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

Do you have anything that gets out...

Sales Assistant blinks at her.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

Really tough stains?

CUT TO:

Bags in her hands, Shauna walks over to her shiny Land Rover Discovery.

Leaning on the boot, a pizza box under her arm, is ELLEN (20s). She's a little rough around the edges but has an annoying effective charm.

SHAUNA

I have the stuff. What's that?

ELLEN

Pizza.

SHAUNA

Are you joking right now?

ELLEN

It's good.

SHAUNA

I don't care.

ELLEN

It's pepperoni.

SHAUNA

I don't like pepperoni.

ELLEN

Oh. Well, I'll remember for next time.

Shauna waves at the boot.

SHAUNA

Move.

Ellen stands aside and Shauna pops the boot.

They both look down at the MAN'S BODY squished between a picnic blanket and spare tyre. A Waitrose carrier bag has been pulled over his head.

A weighty beat. Then --

A single piece of pepperoni drops onto the plastic.

Shauna looks at Ellen. At the piece of pizza in her hand. Ellen reaches down to pick it up.

ELLEN

Sorry.

TITLES: BAD THINGS

4

INT. SHAUNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

4

CAPTION OVER: 13 hours earlier

A brownish-yellow stain. Right there. On the ceiling.

Shauna looks up at it. Her husband CHARLIE (30s) is on top of her. They're having sex. Or rather, he is.

She frowns. Has that always been there?

SHAUNA

I think we have mould.

Charlie is staring hard at the bedside alarm clock: 7.59am.

CHARLIE

What?

SHAUNA

On the ceiling.

CHARLIE

Come on. Come on. Come on.

SHAUNA

Maybe my dad could take a look at it.

CHARLIE

I'm sure we can handle it ourselves.

He speeds up.

SHAUNA

I know he'd be happy to help. Maybe he can have a quick look and let us know what we're dealing with. He and mum had that mould problem a few years ago. Mum got that rash and thought she'd caught an STD.

Charlie closes his eyes.

CHARLIE

That's it. That's it. That's it.

SHAUNA

I think they used an anti-fungal wash.

The bedside alarm blares. 8am.

Charlie slumps, heavy with resignation. Rolls off her.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

Sorry. Do you want to keep going?

He shakes his head. Grabs a shirt and snaps the creases out of it.

CHARLIE

I'd have to start all over again.

SHAUNA

I'm sorry. I think I woke up distracted. I have an essay to finish and --

CHARLIE

It's always an essay. A seminar. A Skype with your tutor.

SHAUNA

That's generally how degrees go.

He fake laughs.

CHARLIE

I know. I finished mine ten years ago. I'm surprised you weren't composing emails while I was --

He makes a weird sex gesture.

There's a too-long pause.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Were you?

She looks away.

SHAUNA

Of course not.

He fixes his tie. Traps his finger in the knot. Has to re-do it.

CHARLIE

You know, some of us have a full day of grind ahead of us. We can't all sit around the house watching TV and eating cheese.

SHAUNA

I said I was sorry for finishing the brie. I'll buy more.

CHARLIE
 (petulant)
 You knew I was saving it.

He pulls aggressively at his shoelaces.

She leans across the bed and takes one of his hands.

SHAUNA
 I'm sorry. If you want I can give
 you a hand job?

Not looking at her but letting her soothe him --

CHARLIE
 You mean a pity job.

SHAUNA
 If you like.

He grudgingly smiles. Then looks down at his crotch.

CHARLIE
 You've scared it off. I have to go.
 I'll see you Sunday.

SHAUNA
 Sunday?

CHARLIE
 The conference in York. I leave
 tonight. It's been on the calendar
 for weeks.

SHAUNA
 Shit, I completely forgot.

He bends to her. She offers her cheek for a kiss. Instead --

CHARLIE
 Perhaps you can run to the shops.
 For the cheese. No biggie, though.

He leaves. The front door slams behind him.

CUT TO:

5

EXT. THE CATFISH RESTAURANT - CAR PARK - DAY

5

Ellen's beat-up Ford Anglia lurches into the car park. She turns the engine off, then sits looking at the restaurant.

She closes her eyes and quietly beats her fists against the steering wheel.

CUT TO:

6

INT. THE CATFISH RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - DAY

6

Ellen enters the kitchen, tying an apron over her clothes.

She waves to a group of COOKS absorbed in cutting vegetables.

ELLEN

Morning, morning.

A slight man with beady eyes and a mouth so small you wonder how any words can come out of it drops his knife and comes over to her. This is ANTONIO (30s).

ANTONIO

I want the money you owe me.

She turns away and starts taking bowls down from shelves.

ELLEN

And what money would that be?

ANTONIO

The £300 you borrowed!

ELLEN

Borrowed? You said it was a gift.

ANTONIO

You've taken advantage of me. You said you needed my help. That it was life and death!

ELLEN

It was life and death. I'm grateful, truly.

He considers this for a moment.

ANTONIO

Go on a date with me.

Her eyes drop to that extraordinarily tiny mouth.

ELLEN

Not that grateful.

A short woman with bohemian energy enters. CAROLINE (40s), head of kitchen, claps her hands.

CAROLINE
 Alright, everyone listen.

The kitchen immediately falls silent.

Antonio stalks back to the cooks. He looks back at Ellen over his shoulder, mouths: *I want my money!*

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
 Tonight we're at maximum capacity
 so I need everyone to be at their
 best.

She waves a hand. Three big bangles tinkle.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
 Focused. Fast. Fudging amazing
 food.

From the folds of her apron, Ellen's phone BEEPS. Ellen closes her eyes: *fuck my life.*

CAROLINE (CONT'D)
 Oops, sounds like someone forgot my
 no phones in the kitchen rule.

She points to a tired-looking poster blu-tacked to a wall that reads: 'DISTRACTION SPELLS DISASTER!'

ELLEN
 Sorry.

CAROLINE
 Why are you late? I'm dying to
 know.

ELLEN
 I had problems with my car.

CAROLINE
 Goodness. That car of yours has so
 many problems I wonder why you
 don't simply sell it. You could use
 the money to buy yourself a watch.
 (beat)
 Or a haircut.

She laughs sweetly. Ellen touches her hair.

ELLEN
 It won't happen again.

CAROLINE
 Well, if you say so.

She pretends to think.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

I know, tonight I think I'll put you on the shrimp special. Lots to get stuck in with there.

ELLEN

Not the shrimp! Come on, you know it makes me gag.

Caroline grins, pointy-toothed, and walks away.

Ellen sags against the counter, hating her job and her life.

CUT TO:

7 INT. SHAUNA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

7

Shauna sits at the table, working on her laptop. After a few moments she stops and rubs her eyes. Her gaze drifts to a framed photo of her and Charlie on the mantlepiece. Their wedding day. She smiles. Then looks at the clock: 12.15pm.

CUT TO:

8 INT. SHAUNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

8

Shauna stands in front of the mirror wearing sexy underwear. Or at least, her version of sexy underwear. She's upended the bedside drawers for this and dug deep. All the way down to the Shauna of ten years ago.

She looks okay, she supposes. She tentatively reaches for a sheer camisole, holds it up against her. Maybe not.

She goes to leave. Changes her mind. Puts the camisole on.

CUT TO:

9 INT. QUAESTIO INSURANCE - RECEPTION - DAY

9

Wearing a long coat and walking as though she's concealing a bomb under it, Shauna approaches Charlie's pristine receptionist, MOLLY (20s).

Molly sees her and stands, immediately flustered.

MOLLY

Shauna, this is a nice surprise.

Her hands start to flap.

SHAUNA

Sorry to just turn up like this,
Molly. Is Charlie in? I wanted to
see him before he left tonight.

Shauna breezes past her.

MOLLY

I really think --

Shauna is already opening the door to Charlie's office.

CUT TO:

10 INT. QUAESTIO INSURANCE - CHARLIE'S OFFICE - DAY 10

She sees Charlie first. Leaning on the edge of his desk, his
back to her. Then she sees the YOUNG BLONDE kneeling between
his legs. Charlie groans.

Shauna quietly closes the door.

CUT TO:

11 INT. QUAESTIO INSURANCE - RECEPTION - DAY 11

Shauna and Molly look at each other. Molly opens her mouth.
Closes it again.

She picks up a pen and pretends to write.

CUT TO:

12 INT. THE CATFISH RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - NIGHT 12

The peak of the dinner rush. Cooks rush backwards and
forwards as shouts ring out and plates clash.

Ellen is casually leaning against a counter and talking to a
YOUNG BOY with a tea towel draped over his shoulder.

ELLEN

Okay, okay, tell me another one.

DISHWASHER

What did the ocean say to the
shark?

ELLEN

I don't know, what did the ocean
say to the shark?

DISHWASHER

Nothing, it just waved.

ELLEN

(laughing)

You're more of a grandad than my
grandad.

Dishwasher grins and races back to his station.

Ellen turns slightly, like a wild animal sensing danger.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

I can feel you watching, Antonio!

ON Antonio behind her, peeking out from behind a pile of pots
and pans. His head sharply dips out of sight.

CUT TO:

13 INT. THE CATFISH RESTAURANT - NIGHT

13

Shauna sits at the bar, still in her coat, sinking cocktails.
Two empty glasses are beside her. She's been at this a while.

A BIG MAN (30s) with broad shoulders and neck tattoos takes a
seat next to her.

TATTOOS

Buy you another?

She looks him over. Considering.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. THE CATFISH RESTAURANT - SIDE DOOR - NIGHT

14

Ellen drags two stinking bags of rubbish over to the bins.
She hauls one inside with a grunt.

Then bends for the second bag.

That's when she hears the WOMAN SCREAMING.

She follows the sound around the side of the restaurant,
where it's darker and narrower.

And sees Tattoos, the biggest man she's ever laid eyes on, strangling Shauna against the wall.

ELLEN

Hey! Hey!

She runs over to them, but Tattoos barely even glances at her. He continues to *squeeze*. Shauna's eyes begin to bulge.

Ellen looks around. For something. Anything.

Then down at the rubbish bag still in her hand.

She leans back and throws it. Amazingly, for she's always been a terrible thrower, it connects with the back of Tattoo's head with a wet-sounding *THWOCK*.

He lets go of Shauna, who drops gasping to the ground, and turns towards her.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Shit! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

She edges backwards as he advances.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Don't be mad. We can both agree that we're having a bad night and -

-

Tattoos falls forward onto his face, like a massive, felled oak tree. Wrapped around his feet, clinging on hard, is Shauna.

SHAUNA

(hysterical)

Stop him!

ELLEN

How?!

Shauna reaches into her bag, pulls out a small pink coloured canister and sprays the contents in Tattoos' face.

He roars in pain, pulls back a foot and gives Shauna a brutal KICK to the face. She falls back with a cry.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Car!

She makes a break for the car park, as Tattoos rolls on the ground, eyes burning.

Shauna stumbles to her feet and follows her.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. THE CATFISH RESTAURANT - CAR PARK - NIGHT

15

Ellen races to her car and unlocks the door.

ELLEN
Worst shift ever.

Shauna careens to the passenger side and gets in.

Ellen starts the engine and the car GROANS in protest. Then it ROARS, not moving an inch.

SHAUNA
Forward! Go forward!

Ellen desperately yanks on the gear stick.

ELLEN
I'm trying!

Tattoos runs towards the car, arms pumping like pistons.

SHAUNA
Don't you know how to drive?

The car suddenly LURCHES BACKWARDS. There's a HUGE BANG as the back wheels rise and spin.

Silence fills the car. Ellen slowly turns the engine off.

Beat.

ELLEN
I think I hit something.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. THE CATFISH RESTAURANT - CAR PARK - NIGHT

16

Shauna is freaking out, pacing up and down and pulling at the ends of her hair. Her coat has flapped open, but Ellen is pretending not to notice.

ELLEN
Hey, are you okay? My name is Ellen, what's yours?

SHAUNA
Shauna Given.

ELLEN
Nice to meet you, Shauna.

SHAUNA
We need to call the police. Oh my
god!

ELLEN
We can't go to the police.

SHAUNA
Why not?

ELLEN
(slowly)
We just killed a man.

SHAUNA
In self defence!

Ellen waves her arms in the direction of the empty car park.

ELLEN
Do you see any witnesses?

SHAUNA
They'd have no reason not to
believe us.

Ellen shrugs, looks away.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)
Would they have any reason not to
believe you?

ELLEN
I'm known, you could say, to our
local police department.

SHAUNA
For what?

ELLEN
Occasional shoplifting. A bit of
battery. Some light arson.

SHAUNA
Have you ever killed anyone before?

ELLEN
No, but it's a slippery slope.

SHAUNA

This is insane. I'm calling the police.

She gets out her phone.

ELLEN

(quickly, desperately)
I'll lose my daughter. Please. If the family court hears about this it's over for me.

Shauna dials. Holds the phone to her ear.

SHAUNA

I'm sorry about your daughter. But that's not a good enough reason.

ELLEN

If you do this I'll tell them we planned it together.

OPERATOR (O.S)

999, which emergency service do you require?

SHAUNA

(to Ellen)
What?

ELLEN

I wanted to make some extra cash, you wanted to let off some pent-up middle class aggression --

SHAUNA

You're insane.

OPERATOR (O.S)

999, are you in need of assistance?

ELLEN

Look at him. Are you seriously saying that the streets aren't safer without him?

Grimacing, Shauna's eyes drop to the body. She eyes the tattoos, the tree-trunk muscles. Those hands that just tried to murder her.

Ellen moves closer to Shauna, ends the call.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

I can make all of this go away. I promise.

A beat. Then Shauna bends down and begins to search the body, eyes half-screwed shut.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

SHAUNA

What does it look like? I'm searching him.

ELLEN

Why?

SHAUNA

(losing it)

Because we have just ended a human life and I would like to know whose human life we have ended!

Ellen watches her for a moment.

ELLEN

So?

SHAUNA

Nothing. There's nothing. Not even a library card. How is that possible?

ELLEN

Were you expecting a diary?

Shauna closes her eyes. This is not happening.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Dear diary, today I decided to murder some uppity blonde. Who knows why, but she probably deserves it.

SHAUNA

Okay, I get it.

ELLEN

We need to move him before Happy Hour ends and this place is flooded with unhappy divorcees.

She looks disapprovingly at her car.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
We'll take your car.

Shauna vomits onto the pavement.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
I'll just give you a sec.

CUT TO:

17

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

17

Shauna's Land Rover is parked twenty feet from a rutted dirt road. Its headlights pierce the darkness, illuminating:

Ellen, the BODY at her feet. She's looking down at Shauna as she stands in a two-foot hole with a shovel, digging.

ELLEN
You're really fit. I suppose it's part of your job to stay in shape.

SHAUNA
What?

ELLEN
Being a hooker.

SHAUNA
I'm not a hooker.

ELLEN
Sorry. Sex worker. I'm not judging. I admire your work ethic. It's hard out there and you need to do what you need to do.

She looks back at Shauna's car.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
By the looks of it you provide an A-class service.

SHAUNA
(to herself)
We're good people.

Ellen lights up a cigarette.

ELLEN
You should have let me chop him up.

SHAUNA
 (self-correcting)
 I'm good people.

Shauna climbs out the hole. They drag the body towards it.

It slides in halfway, then stops, the upper body sitting up at an angle.

They stare at this a moment. Then --

ELLEN
 You didn't do it long enough. He's
 a very tall man.

SHAUNA
 I'm sorry, I didn't go to bury a
 body school!

Ellen steps into the hole.

ELLEN
 We just need to bend him a bit.

She plants her boot on the back of the body's head, and pushes.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
 Like a pretzel.

There's a SICKENING CRACK as we --

CUT TO:

18 INT. GREASY SPOON - NIGHT

18

Ellen crams a bulging burger into her mouth. Shauna watches her, a little ill.

SHAUNA
 What now?

Ellen wipes the grease from her chin.

ELLEN
 Are you sure you don't want some of
 this?

Shauna pulls the plate away from her and lowers her voice.

SHAUNA

We need to think about this. We need to consider every possible thing that will get us caught.

Ellen nods, takes a noisy slurp of Coke.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

The restaurant. There has to be security cameras covering the outside.

ELLEN

There are. But they're just for show.

SHAUNA

That can't be good for security?

ELLEN

Three break-ins in two years.

SHAUNA

That's terrible.

ELLEN

So I tell them.

SHAUNA

Okay, good. Your car.

ELLEN

What about it?

SHAUNA

You need to get rid of it.

ELLEN

I know she's a little temperamental but there's life in her yet.

SHAUNA

It's a murder weapon. You can't just chug around the city in it. Get rid of it.

ELLEN

Anything else, Murder She Wrote?

Shauna drags her hands through her hair, shakes her head.

SHAUNA

There must be a thousand things,
but I can't think straight right
now.

ELLEN

So we go home and we carry on with
our lives. Do what we'd usually do.

SHAUNA

We just buried a man. How can we
just go home and act like
everything's normal?

Ellen shrugs.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

I should never have allowed you to
talk me into this.

Around a huge bite of her burger --

ELLEN

How is this my fault? I saved your
life.

They say nothing for a moment.

Then Shauna starts to LAUGH. Uncontrollable, bubbling
laughter.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

Through the laughter, the tears starting to gather --

SHAUNA

It's just, you did save my life. I
don't even know you, and you saved
my life and then we killed a man.
Squashed him like a insect.

A WAITRESS comes to the table and looks at Shauna with
concern.

ELLEN

She's okay. Long night. Can I see
the dessert menu?

CUT TO:

19 INT. SHAUNA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

19

Shauna lets herself into the house. She stands in the hallway for a moment. In the half-light, a photo on the wall catches her eye. Charlie, grinning at the camera, smug in his smugness.

She stares at it for a moment, then --

MONTAGE: Shauna frantically cleans the house. The kitchen. The bathroom. The bedroom. She scrubs and sprays and polishes as though her life depends on it, red-faced and crazy-eyed.

This is the weirdest breakdown we've ever seen.

CUT TO:

20 INT. STORAGE LOCKER - NIGHT

20

Ellen looks down at the back of her car. The man-shaped dent in the bumper.

She bends to wipe away a fleck of blood with her sleeve. Then moves around the car.

ELLEN

Sleep tight, you grouchy bitch.

She sighs and slams the shutter down. The car is enveloped in darkness.

CUT TO:

21 INT. SHAUNA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

21

Shauna is sleeping on the floor, her back against the wall, a cleaning cloth still clutched in one hand.

The doorbell RINGS.

She jerks awake, disorientated. She looks down at the cloth. *Remembers.*

A human shape has appeared outside the frosted glass of the front door.

SYBIL (O.S)

(calling)

Shauna? Are you on the floor? I can see your outline. Shout if you need help.

Shauna closes her eyes. Gathers herself. Then opens the door.

Sunlight illuminates SYBIL (40s) on the step, resplendent in neon lycra and glowing like an alien.

SHAUNA
Hello Sybil.

SYBIL
Ah, there you are. I'm sorry for the early hour but I just wanted to personally hand you our latest community newsletter.

She pulls one out of an orange bum bag and holds it out. Shauna takes it without looking at it.

SHAUNA
(curt)
Great. Thanks.

SYBIL
I would love to see you at a meeting of the Allington Angels sometime. Our little group is quite the powerhouse. Only last month we got the council to fill in that pot hole on Swift Street.

SHAUNA
There's a pot hole on Swift Street?

SYBIL
(tightly)
There was. And now there isn't.

SHAUNA
Impressive.

SYBIL
I often think that this is what life is all about. Helping people. Doing your bit. Doing good.

Shauna shifts impatiently, hand flexing to close the door. As she does, something dark and caked under her fingernails catches her eye. Blood.

FLASH CUT TO:

SYBIL

Oh, the degree! How could I forget?
Well, we all need a pastime. Now,
about the committee -

Shauna yanks the door away from Sybil's grip.

SHAUNA

Oh will you fuck off, Sybil!

Sybil staggers back. Her mouth forms a perfect O. Then she hurries away down the path, looking back at Shauna like a dog whose tail you've just stepped on.

Shauna slams the door closed and slides to the floor, exhausted.

She pulls out her phone. Then presses 9, followed by another 9. Her finger hovers, shaking, over a third press.

With a cry she throws the phone across the floor.

Beat.

She frowns. Spits. A TOOTH lands on the hardwood floor.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. THE CATFISH RESTAURANT - CAR PARK - DAY

24

Shauna fast-walks towards the Catfish.

She passes a BLACK VAN parked on the outskirts. Tinted windows. Conspicuous in its loneliness.

She stops. Looks back at it.

CUT TO:

25 INT. THE CATFISH RESTAURANT - DAY

25

A spectacled MAN with a neat, bowl haircut sits at the front of the restaurant. He's watching football on his phone while shovelling sunflower seeds into his mouth. He doesn't look up when Shauna comes in.

BOWL

Closed. Open at 12.

SHAUNA

I just accidentally pranged that
van over there --

She waves in the direction of the car park and the van.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

And I need to speak to the owner.
Does it belong to a member of your
staff?

He glances up, a sunflower shell clinging to his bottom lip.
Then back down again.

BOWL

Nope. Maybe just leave them a note?

CUT TO:

26 EXT. THE CATFISH RESTAURANT - CAR PARK - DAY

26

Shauna does a *casual* walk to the van.

She tries the front passenger door. Miraculously, it opens.
She leans over the seat and immediately gets a faceful of
takeaway cartons, chocolate bar wrappers and empty coffee
cups. *Disgusting*.

She searches the door compartments. Nothing but rubbish.

She flips the sun visor and a set of keys fall out. She takes
them. Then she tries the glove compartment.

And a GUN rolls out.

Panicking, she throws the gun back inside. Snaps the glove
compartment shut.

It springs open again. The gun rolls out.

She throws it back in.

Beat.

It springs open.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CATFISH RESTAURANT - SIDE DOOR - DAY

Ellen is smoking a cigarette. Shauna is waving Tattoos' keys
in her face.

SHAUNA

I want to know who he was.

ELLEN

Who cares? So what if he was a drunk, or a stalker or just some random man you managed to annoy? It doesn't matter.

SHAUNA

It does to me. I'm not like you. I can't just forget about it. I need closure.

She rubs her eyes.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

Tonight. You can find someone for your little one, can't you?

ELLEN

My what?

SHAUNA

Your daughter.

ELLEN

Right.
(beat)
Yes.

SHAUNA

Is the dad...?

ELLEN

He doesn't exist.

Shauna nods solemnly. *I understand.*

Ellen sighs. Then she takes the keys and turns them over in her hand.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

That 'R' and 'S' there? That stands for Riverside Suites. I have an ex who used to live there. It's on Evesham Street.

CUT TO:

27

INT. RIVERSIDE SUITES - HALLWAY - NIGHT

27

Shauna and Ellen quickly walk down a grim corridor with pockmarked walls and a grubby carpet. Shauna is 'inconspicuous' in all black.

SHAUNA
I can't believe you're late.

ELLEN
I don't have a car, remember?

SHAUNA
For somewhere named Riverside
Suites I was expecting something
much fancier.

Ellen suddenly stops.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)
What?

ELLEN
Just thought I heard an odd
whistling. When you were talking.

Shauna self-consciously touches her mouth and turns away.

They move on to apartment #23.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
It's this one.

She pulls the keys out.

CUT TO:

28 INT. TATTOOS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

28

Shauna and Ellen walk inside. Shauna immediately starts to panic.

SHAUNA
I can't believe we're doing this.

Ellen walks around the small, two-room apartment. Bends to peer inside an aquarium.

ELLEN
It was your idea.

Shauna closes her eyes. Inhales sharply through her nose.

SHAUNA
Yes. Yes, let's just look around
and see what we can find.

They search for a bit. Shauna moves to a pile of mail on the counter. Holds aloft a letter.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)
 (reading)
 His name was Alexander McKinney.

ELLEN
 Really? He didn't look like an
 Alexander. More of a Bruce. Or Bob.
 Or Bubba.

SHAUNA
 You're just listing names beginning
 with B.

ELLEN
 Brendon.

SHAUNA
 Let's keep looking. There must be a
 laptop or mobile phone or
 something.

ELLEN
 Or drugs?

Ellen has opened a drawer and is holding a bag of white
 powder between her fingers.

SHAUNA
 Put that down! Is that cocaine?

Ellen puts it back.

ELLEN
 (to herself)
 I would love to see you on cocaine.

Ellen waits for Shauna to move to the bedroom before going to
 the kitchenette. She starts opening cabinets.

She takes down a Honey Monster Puffs cereal box and reaches
 inside. Frowns. Her hand comes out with a bundle of bank
 notes. She quietly pockets them.

She finds a packet of biscuits and eats one.

SHAUNA (O.S)
 I found something!

She comes back into the living room holding a cork board. A
 succession of photos - men and women - have been pinned onto
 it.

Shauna points to a photo in the top left corner.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)

It's me.

They stare at it.

ELLEN

Not your best photo.

Pause.

SHAUNA

It's a passport photo. No one looks good in a passport photo.

ELLEN

Mine isn't so bad.

She pulls her wallet out. They compare pictures.

SHAUNA

Because you're smiling. You're not allowed to smile. That's not a real passport photo. That's just a tiny photo of you.

There's a MURMUR OF VOICES and a JINGLE OF KEYS outside the door of the apartment.

They freeze in horror, then race to the bedroom.

CUT TO:

29

INT. TATTOOS' APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

29

Shauna silently waves her arms around. *What do we do?*

Ellen waves back at her. *Hide?*

She disappears backwards into a wardrobe.

Shauna squeezes in next to her, still holding the corkboard.

ELLEN

Not with me!

Shauna is face to face with her passport photo. She can barely stand to look at it.

Through the crack in the doors they see --

A MAN and a WOMAN, frighteningly normal looking, moving around the apartment. Overturning furniture. Rifling. It's practised. Efficient. Almost entirely silent.

WOMAN (O.S)
I have the laptop.

Shauna shoots Ellen a look. Ellen is distracted by a leather bodysuit hanging next to her. She rubs it between her fingers.

WOMAN (O.S) (CONT'D)
I'll sweep in here. Check the bedroom.

The man steps into the bedroom.

Shauna drags Tattoos' gun out of her back pocket. Ellen's mouth drops open.

He steps up onto the bed and reaches to feel around the light fixture hanging above. His hand comes away with something black and tiny. He pulls a case from his pocket and carefully drops the item inside.

Then he steps down and starts opening drawers.

He suddenly stops. Shauna and Ellen hold their breaths.

He pulls out a dirty magazine. Giggles to himself.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 30

Shauna and Ellen pull up outside Ellen's flat. Shauna turns the engine off.

31 INT. SHAUNA'S CAR - NIGHT 31

They sit in silence. Then --

ELLEN
Thank you for a wonderful time.

SHAUNA
It wasn't wonderful. We could have been killed.

ELLEN
But we weren't.

SHAUNA
But we could have been.

ELLEN
But we weren't.

Ellen grins.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
Do you want to come in for a drink?

SHAUNA
No. I think this is where we go our
separate ways.

ELLEN
Oh.

SHAUNA
I never should have made you come
tonight. That was stupid. We just
need to move on, like you said.

ELLEN
But now we know that you've been
targeted. It wasn't random. You're
probably still in danger.

SHAUNA
I will handle it.

ELLEN
You will.

SHAUNA
That's what I said.

ELLEN
You will handle it.

SHAUNA
Yes! Now get out of my car. We
probably shouldn't be seen
together.

It's the first time we've ever seen Ellen look a bit sad.

ELLEN
Okay.
(then)
Bye.

She gets out. Shauna watches Ellen walk away.

Then she pulls out the photos she took from Tattoos'
apartment. She shuffles through them. Dozens of ordinary-
looking people.

One drops to the floor and she bends to pick it up. Notices the word *Client* and a number written in blue biro on the back. A phone number?

She finds her photo in the pile. Turns it over. A number on the back of this one too. Her brain whirs.

She looks towards Ellen's retreating back, but she's already letting herself into the building.

She pulls out her phone. Hesitates. This is crazy.

She Googles: HOW TO DIAL ANONYMOUSLY

Then she quickly dials '141', followed by the rest of the number. It rings three times, then goes to voice mail:

CHARLIE (V.O)
Hi, this is Charlie. I'm probably busy doing something amazing. Leave me a message and I'll tell you about it.

Shauna drops the phone.

CUT TO:

32

INT. ELLEN'S FLAT - NIGHT

32

Ellen dances to music blaring from a stereo, a Pot Noodle in one hand. A ginger cat watches her, perturbed.

A KNOCK at the door. She doesn't hear it. It comes again, louder.

She shuts off the music. Opens the door. And sees --

ELLEN
Antonio. What an unpleasant surprise.

Antonio leans against the doorframe and grins, tiny mouth stretched to its limits. He looks suspiciously smug.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
How did you find out where I live?
You know what, I don't care.

She gets her bag, pulls out a wad of notes stolen from Tattoo's apartment and holds them out to Antonio.

ELLEN (CONT'D)
Here. That should cover it.

Antonio makes no move to take it.

ANTONIO
Where did you get the money?

ELLEN
Why do you care?

He shrugs, nonchalant.

ANTONIO
I'm just interested to know what
you've got yourself into. Theft.
Murder. What's next, bombing the
Houses of Parliament?

He laughs. It's surprisingly high-pitched.

ELLEN
(carefully)
I don't know what you're talking
about.

ANTONIO
Oh, you don't?

He reaches inside his coat and pulls out a mobile. Taps at
the screen and holds it out to her.

ELLEN
(reading)
10 Signs a Scorpio Woman is Into
You.

He snatches the phone back. Taps harder at the screen. Holds
it out again.

We can't see the video that plays, but we can hear the
screech of tyres and the unmistakable BANG of a very large
body being grinded into the road.

Ellen's face falls. Antonio's top lip glistens with
excitement.

CUT TO:

Shauna sits at a dining room table laid for dinner. Food,
wine, candles, the works. She watches as Charlie lets himself
into the house.

SHAUNA
How was your trip?

He jumps, shock blooming all over his face. He turns towards the dining room. And her. *Alive.*

CHARLIE
Jesus, you scared me.

SHAUNA
Sit down, you must be exhausted.

He does, watching her carefully.

SHAUNA (CONT'D)
So? How was it?

CHARLIE
(measuring his words)
Busy and boring.

He looks down at the silverware. The knife in particular.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Tell me what you've been up to.

Shauna pours herself a glass of wine.

SHAUNA
Oh, you know. Not much. The usual.

She smiles. He smiles back. They eat.

END OF EPISODE