

EVERYBODY HATES ROSEMARY

Written by

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EXT. A LAKE SOMEWHERE IN THE COUNTRY - EARLY MORNING

Ripples form in water as hands glide forward and back. We hear laboured breathing IN and OUT, IN and OUT.

We slowly pull back and see ROSEMARY (78) swimming in a calm lake. Sun glistens off the water. A collection of orange and yellow leaves are scattered on the ground.

It's a cold, crisp autumnal morning. Birds tweeting. Sun rising. Picturesque and Idyllic.

Across the water, NEIL (20s, post-pubescent lifeguard, wears too much hair gel) watches Rosemary swim.

NEIL

Rosemary?

His voice cuts through the sound of Rosemary's breath.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Rosemary, we agreed you'd stay out the water.

She ignores him.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Rosemary?

This time he shouts.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Rosemary!

ROSEMARY

Fuck off, Neil.

Rosemary continues to swim. This is her place.

TITLES: EVERYBODY HATES ROSEMARY.

EXT. BRISTOL TOWN CARPARK - MORNING

LIBBY (46, Bohemian looking, a single braid makes her look child-like) sits in the driver's seat of an old banger.

Smoke hangs heavy in the air as she struggles to wrap a back brace around her, accidentally knocking her fag down the inside of her t-shirt.

After a beat, she locates the cig and puts it out.

Adjusting the rearview mirror, she pulls her best solemn face, jumps out of the car and hobbles towards a DOCTOR'S SURGERY.

EXT. LAKE - MORNING

Rosemary, still in the water, clings to the side of a jetty. Her jet-black hair is tied loosely on top of her head. Her eyes, heavy and speckled with red, a sign of tiredness.

Across the water, she watches a YOUNG MOTHER struggle to rub sunscreen on her snotty-nosed daughter.

Eventually, Rosemary pulls her eyes away and lifts herself up out of the water.

EXT. LAKE CARPARK - MORNING

Now dressed, wearing a hair wrap and sunglasses, Rosemary walks back to her car. She passes Neil.

ROSEMARY

See you tomorrow.

NEIL

I'll call Libby.

ROSEMARY

You wouldn't dare.

NEIL

Don't tell me to fuck off then.

ROSEMARY

You're a lifeguard, Neil. You're paid to be quiet and watch people, so shut up and do your job.

NEIL

My job is to save lives!

He shouts it. It hits a nerve.

ROSEMARY

Oh please, how many lives have you saved?

Rosemary has him. She climbs into her car and slams the door. Through the window, we see Neil giving her the finger.

Rosemary starts her engine and drives off.

INT. DOCTOR'S SURGERY - MORNING

Libby sits before a MALE DOCTOR. He scrolls through her notes on his computer.

DOCTOR

You've been subscribed 2mg for the past three months, which is the right dosage for your degree of pain. But you've been on this pain relief for two years, which is longer than we would normally like.

LIBBY

It's getting worse, and when it goes, I can't sleep. I'm exhausted.

DOCTOR

Are you keeping up with physio, the exercises you were given? You need to do them every day.

Libby gets emotional.

LIBBY

Everyday. It's so frustrating.

DOCTOR

I really think strengthening your muscles in order to properly support your spine is better than continuous drug relief.

She brushes away her tears.

LIBBY

I have tried, but it's just so painful. I don't know how I'm going to cope Dr. I'm a single-mother, and I need to work, I need money.

Tears are flowing now. The Dr feels for her.

EXT. DOCTOR'S SURGERY CARPARK - DAY

Libby hobbles back to her car.

Out of sight, she whips off the back brace, relights her fag and jumps into the car. The prescription for pain relief sits on the passenger seat.

Music blares as the car speeds off out of the carpark.

INT. LIBBY'S BANGER -- DAY

LIBBY  
Call Lucy.

SIRI  
I'm sorry, I cannot find "yeucy"?

Libby snatches the fag out of her mouth and articulates.

LIBBY  
C-a-l-l L-u-c-y.

SIRI  
Calling Lucy...

INT. PETER'S FLAT - DAY

LUCY (20) heavily inked and wearing a pink wig. Her eyes are heavy, bloodshot. She looks like she's had ten too many.

Lucy sits cross-legged on the floor of a grown-up looking house. Empty WINE BOTTLES sprawled across sophisticated furniture. Signs of a bender. Around them are family photos, but the woman in the photos isn't Lucy.

Opposite Lucy is PETER (mid 30s). In front of them are FIVE SHOT GLASSES filled with clear liquid. It's tense but playful. PETER shots a glass.

LUCY  
Gin.

PETER  
Water.

He smiles.

LUCY  
Fuck.

Lucy knocks back the clear liquid.

PETER  
Gin.

He's right.

LUCY  
You're cheating.

Lucy shots another.

PETER

Maybe I want to get you drunk.

LUCY

I need a lot of alcohol to shag you.

PETER

You think you're funnier when you're drunk, but you're not.

LUCY

I'm funnier than you, though. That's all that matters.

Lucy shots another and squirms. Peter takes her in.

PETER

Let's go away together.

Lucy's been waiting to hear this for a long time.

PETER (CONT'D)

I want to take you to a romantic city in Europe and get shit-faced twenty-four seven.

(he nods to the shot)

Gin.

Lucy shots another. Peter laughs at her, she joins in.

Then, she climbs over the table and onto his lap. The chemistry between them is explosive.

LUCY

I want to go to Paris.

He soaks her up with his eyes

PETER

I'll take you anywhere you want to go.

She beams.

PETER (CONT'D)

This

(he circles her face with his finger)

Is the most beautiful thing I've ever seen.

LUCY

That's a lie.

PETER

No, it's not. I'm the luckiest man  
in the world.

They passionately kiss and tear at one another's clothes.

Lucy's PHONE lights up next to her - MUM. It's on silent. She  
doesn't hear it.

INT. LIBBY'S BANGER - DAY

Libby leaves a voicemail.

LIBBY

Lu, where are you? Do not miss your  
sister's engagement lunch. Call me  
back.

She hangs up and whacks the music up.

INT. ROSEMARY'S HOUSE - DAY

A door unlocks. Rosemary returns to her house. It's dark, the  
curtains are closed. Dirty plates are stacked in the kitchen.  
The rubbish bins are overflowing. It is an unloved home.

She stands for a beat, looking lost, before placing the house  
keys on the hook on the wall.

Family photos of her and her late husband line the wall. We  
see them, but we don't focus on them.

Rosemary returns to her armchair, duvet and pillow sprawled  
from the night before.

She nestles back into her spot and switches on the TV. A half-  
empty bottle of whisky stares back at her.

She reaches over and rests her hand on the URN that sits in  
the armchair next to her. A moment of reassurance.

The screech of a car pulls up outside. Rosemary knows this  
sound. She switches off the TV and manoeuvres herself behind  
the armchair, out of view from any gaps in the curtain.

The front door goes.

EXT. ROSEMARY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Libby waits outside the front door. She knocks again and  
waits. Nothing. She clocks Rosemary's car in the drive.

A beat.

LIBBY  
Rosemary?

She knocks one more time. Nothing. She pulls out her phone and dials.

INT. ROSEMARY'S HOUSE - DAY

Rosemary squatted behind the armchair. Her phone rings.

She crawls across the floor towards her bag.

EXT. ROSEMARY'S HOUSE - DAY

Libby hears the sound of Rosemary's phone.

LIBBY  
(shouting)  
Rosemary, at least turn your phone off if you don't want people to know you're in.

She knocks again, losing patience.

LIBBY (CONT'D)  
Rosemary, open the sodding door.

Eventually, the door opens.

ROSEMARY  
I was on the toilet. You don't have to heckle like a fisherman's wife.

Libby pushes past her.

LIBBY  
Why aren't you ready yet?

ROSEMARY  
I'm not coming.

LIBBY  
It's your granddaughter's engagement lunch.

ROSEMARY  
I'm sick.

Libby looks up at Rosemary's hair wrap.



ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Fine, I went swimming. Stop telling Neil not to let me in.

LIBBY

You had pneumonia, and if you keep going in that freezing water, you're going to die.

ROSEMARY

If I want to go swimming, I'll go sodding swimming.

LIBBY

And die.

ROSEMARY

And die! Yes, great. I wouldn't have to listen to your preachy voice anymore.

Libby takes in the state of the place. She clocks the urn and the duvet and pillow that sit in the chair next to it.

Rosemary follows Libby's eye line.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

I like to watch TV. I don't have one upstairs.

LIBBY

We can get you one for your bedroom.

ROSEMARY

I'm happy down here.

LIBBY

You can't sleep in a chair.

ROSEMARY

Well, I can't sleep in that bed anymore.

A beat. Neither woman know what to say to one another.

LIBBY

Why don't you get ready and come to lunch? You need to eat something.

ROSEMARY

I said I'm not going.

LIBBY  
It's important to Ava.

ROSEMARY  
I'm not going.

A beat.

Libby leaves and slams the door behind her.

Rosemary calls after her.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
Tell her I'm sick.

Rosemary stands in silence. She hates herself.

A PHOTO on the wall catches her eye. A YOUNG ROSEMARY, JIM, and BABY in the shallows on a beach in the sun. It's joyful, happy. We hold, hold on Rosemary's face...

Then, she takes the photo off the wall, walks over to a chest of drawers and pulls out a LARGE BAG. She starts to pack various things.

INT. PETER'S HOUSE - DAY

Lucy lies in an unfamiliar bed, post-sex. Peter, dozing beside her. She studies the room. We see all the clothes, pictures, expensive perfumes that surround her.

This isn't Lucy's world.

She creeps up out of bed and tiptoes across to the bathroom.

INT. ENSUITE TOILET - DAY

Lucy sits on the toilet weeing. Eventually, she wipes and looks down at the loo paper. Still no blood.

A beat.

She grabs her phone and starts to count the days on her calendar. Then, the door bursts opens. Lucy scrambles to cover herself.

PETER  
You need to go.

LUCY  
What?

She pulls up her knickers. Peter dresses her in a panic.

PETER  
Fiona's nearly home.

LUCY  
You said it was alright, she's  
dating someone.

Peter pulls an arm sleeve over the head of Lucy, she becomes wedged. It's a ridiculous scramble.

PETER  
I did, I did, but we haven't gotten  
into specifics yet. I told you  
that, remember?

Peter starts to shove Lucy out the door and down the stairs.

A car parks up outside. They stop to listen.

LUCY  
I need my shoes.

He frantically scrambles to clear shot glasses, empty bottles and shoes from the lounge. We hear car doors slam. They stop.

A beat.

Utter panic as Peter unlocks the backdoor and pushes Lucy out.

PETER  
Go out the back gate and wait up  
the side road. I'll come pick you  
up soon.

LUCY  
Peter?

PETER  
Lu, Go. I'll be fifteen, max.

The door slams in Lucy's face.

EXT. ROSEMARY'S HOUSE - DAY

A boot of a car opens. Rosemary loads her bags. She places the URN in the passenger seat and straps it in.

She takes one last look at her house before getting in the car and reversing out of the driveway.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Car wheels pull up at a curb. Lucy sits on the pavement alone. The door opens and Peter leans over the passenger seat. He gives her his best sorry face.

Lucy reluctantly gets in.

INT. PETER'S CAR - DAY

The pair drive along in silence.

PETER

I'm sorry. That wasn't ideal.

They continue to drive in silence.

PETER (CONT'D)

I need to be careful for a bit, that's all. It's tricky with Fi - she knows I'm seeing someone but not exactly all the details.

LUCY

Does she?

PETER

I promise. It's complicated, that's all. We should take a bit of time out while I sort it.

LUCY

Sort what? You're separated?

PETER

We are. We are, but I have a kid, Lu. It's not that simple.

LUCY

You had a kid when we started dating?

PETER

But it complicates things. You know how I feel about you. I just need a little time to sort things out with Fi, so we can be together.

Lucy gives him a look.

PETER (CONT'D)

They're my family.

LUCY

And what, I'm your secret on the side. You can pull over here.

PETER

That's not true.

LUCY

Just pull over.

PETER

You're my girlfriend.

LUCY

Pull the fucking car over, Peter.

Peter pulls up to a pavement. He switches off the engine. They sit in silence.

PETER

Lu, you're so important to me. You're everything. Please don't forget that.

Lucy studies him before opening the door and climbing out onto a street lined with shops. The car door slams.

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY

Lucy aimlessly wanders the high street. She passes a chemist.

A beat.

She turns around and heads inside.

INT. CHEMIST - EVENING

Lucy paces the aisles until she finds what she's looking for - A PREGNANCY TEST. She checks no one is around before picking it up and stuffing it down her trousers. She walks back out to the high street.

INT. ROSEMARY'S CAR - MORNING

Rosemary driving. Music blaring. She approaches a roundabout. Signposts to BRISTOL TOWN CENTRE and M5 NORTH are marked on the turnings.

She drives past the Bristol turnoff and indicates to come off on the M5 Northbound.

Rosemary accelerates as she pulls onto the motorway. The car surges forward. She looks across at the Urn next to her.

A long beat.

The bellowing sound of a car horn. Rosemary breaks hard. She's forced forwards. The air bag erupts and pushes her back. Her head slams into the headrest.

The car spins before coming to a standstill.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

A fancy fine dining restaurant. A collection of faces we haven't seen before. Well-dressed, polished middle-classer's.

Among them is Libby's eldest, AVA (27), and her pretentious city slicker fiancé, Rich (30).

Next to Rich is his Dad, ROGER (60s), and his mum, SALLY (60s). They wait for Lucy to arrive.

LIBBY

I get the hot flushes, and my boobs are deflating, so it's on its way. There's a woman in our yoga class called Fatima, we call her Fatima fat tits - she's not fat in the slightest - but she's got these lovely plump beautiful bosoms that are completely natural, and she's in her fifties, and I look at her, and I think god it's much better to fill out then go South, don't you think?

SALLY

I guess so.

AVA

Alright, Mum, I'm sure Sally doesn't want to hear about Fatima's boobs.

LIBBY

But they're good, aren't they, baby girl? You've seen them.

RICH

Right, I know we're still waiting for Lucy.

AVA

And Grandma? Where is she?

Ava looks to Libby.

LIBBY

She's sick, baby girl, I'm sorry.  
She really wanted to make it.

Ava's disappointed.

AVA

Is she alright? Why didn't she call  
me?

LIBBY

Upset stomach, she's fine.

AVA

And Lu?

LIBBY

She'll be here.

RICH

Alright, so, I wanted to tell  
everyone that Ava and I saw a house  
yesterday, and....

He annoyingly pretends to do a drum roll on the table.

RICH (CONT'D)

...We've put an offer in.

LIBBY

That's wonderful news.

RICH

It needs a bit of work, doesn't it,  
babe, but it felt totally right.

AVA

It's in this cute little arty  
neighbourhood where some of our  
friends live too.

LIBBY

If something feels right here.  
(she places her hand on  
her stomach)  
Then it is, my love. I've always  
said that to my girls, Sally.

Sally smiles in agreement.

ROGER

You've got the perfect girl, and now it sounds like you have the perfect house. I'm proud of you.

RICH

I have, I really have.  
(he turns to Ava)  
The most beautiful, intelligent, funny woman in the world.

Everyone melts.

RICH (CONT'D)

We've got a meeting with the mortgage broker in a few days actually to get things moving.

SALLY

Well, I know you officially haven't got the place yet, but that sounds like something else to celebrate.

Sally waves to a waiter. Out of nowhere, JACOB (30s, looks like he's been plucked from a Gucci ad) walks past the table. He clocks Ava.

JACOB

Ava.

Ava opens her mouth to say something but nothing comes out.

JACOB (CONT'D)

It's Jacob.

INT. BEDROOM - [FLASHBACK]

A quick flash of a younger Ava and Jacob passionately kiss.

END FLASHBACK

AVA

Hello, yes, it's me.

Rich, Sally, Roger, and Libby watch on. It's awkward.

LIBBY

Jacob.

Libby gets up and wraps her arms around him.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Where have you been hiding?



RICH  
How do you guys know one another?

INT. BEDROOM. [FLASHBACK]

Another quick flash of a younger Ava and Jacob tearing at each other's clothes. It's passionate.

END FLASHBACK

AVA  
We were friends years ago.  
Well, actually Jacob hung out with  
Annabelle's boyfriend for a while.  
And then we met for a bit. Like we  
were friends for a bit. Ages ago.  
How's Mike? Is he still living in  
America?

JACOB  
No, he died, actually. Last year. A  
piece of glass fell on him as he  
was walking down the street. Like,  
a really big one. Died instantly.

No one says anything for a few beats. It's awkward.

AVA  
Right. I'm sorry.

LIBBY  
Jacob, that's awful.

Libby consoles him by rubbing his arm.

JACOB  
Yeah, it was tough. How you been,  
though? You look incredible.

Ava flushes all shades of red.

AVA  
No, No. That's sweet, though.

JACOB  
It's true. What are you  
celebrating?

Ava hesitates for a beat.

RICH  
Our engagement.

AVA  
Yes, we're engaged.

Ava beams.

JACOB  
Congrats, that's wonderful news.

A second awkward moment swallows them up.

RICH  
Well, we don't want to keep you  
from your lunch.

JACOB  
No man, I work here. I'm a waiter.

RICH  
Right. I'm sorry. Well, I don't  
suppose you could get us another  
bottle?

AVA  
No, it's fine. We can ask our  
waiter. Don't worry about it.

JACOB  
I'll sort it.

Jacob leaves. Ava returns to her seat, embarrassed.

RICH  
Your sister is clearly in a gutter  
somewhere and has forgotten. Shall  
we just order without her?

Libby's phone rings. She struggles to find it in her oversized bag. This goes on for a while, to everyone's annoyance. Finally, she answers.

LIBBY  
Hello. Yes. What?

INT. LIBBY'S CAR - DAY

Libby and Ava driving. Libby tries Lucy again.

LIBBY  
Fuck sake, Lucy. She never answers.  
Don't ever reproduce, they take  
everything from you like little  
leeches, and then they get to a  
certain age and forget you existed.

AVA

Mum?

LIBBY

I don't mean that about you, you're different from your sister.

(she leaves a message)

Lu, Grandma has been in a car accident, can you come to the hospital?

Someone cuts in front of Ava. Libby stretches over and comes down hard on the horn.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

You fucking wanker. Watch where you're driving, dickhead.

The driver shouts back at her.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Yeah, fuck off, you balding twat.

AVA

You can't use his hair loss as an insult Mum.

LIBBY

Why not?

INT. PUBLIC TOILETS - SAME TIME

Lucy walks into a cubicle and shuts the door behind her. She digs the pregnancy test out from her trousers and unwraps it.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- She nestles down on the toilet and wees on the stick.
- Lucy stares at the test. She checks the time on her phone.
- Lucy stares down at a positive test.

It's a real *shit* moment.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Rosemary lies in a hospital bed wearing a NECK BRACE. Her eyes are shut. One of them is bruised.

Libby sits by her side, visibly anxious.

A beat.

ROSEMARY

You're going to burn through me if  
you keep staring at me like that.

Rosemary opens one eye.

LIBBY

Drink driving?

ROSEMARY

So much for patient  
confidentiality.

LIBBY

Drink driving?

ROSEMARY

I had a few the night before,  
that's all.

LIBBY

You've written off your car, you  
could have killed someone, and the  
police want to speak with you.

ROSEMARY

Alright, don't shout at me. My head  
hurts.

LIBBY

Because you're hungover.

ROSEMARY

Don't speak to me like I'm a child.

A beat.

Libby doesn't want a screaming match.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Do I look dreadful? What's my hair  
doing?

Her hair is awful.

LIBBY

It's fine.

ROSEMARY

It's not. I can tell from your  
scowl. Give me your mirror.

Libby digs around in her bag.

LIBBY

Why were you drink driving?

Rosemary swipes the mirror from her.

ROSEMARY

I was driving to Scotland...to scatter Jim.

LIBBY

What? Why didn't you tell me?

ROSEMARY

I was going to.

Anger builds again.

LIBBY

After you'd scattered him?

ROSEMARY

It felt like the right time.

LIBBY

You're not the only one who gets to decide that. I can't believe this, you were going to do it without me.

Rosemary is too focused on fixing her hair to answer.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

I'll go and help Ava. Lucy should be on her way.

Rosemary tuts in frustration.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

They're your only family left. So if you can't look after yourself for you, look after yourself for them.

ROSEMARY

Your braid looks ridiculous. You're in your forties, not seven.

Libby leaves and slams the door behind her.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Libby searches her bag for any pills. From down the corridor, Lucy arrives.

LUCY  
Mum?

LIBBY  
Baby girl.

Libby swings her arms around Lucy and begins to cry.

LUCY  
What's happened? Where's Grandma?

Libby sobs. It's dramatic.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Mum? What's happened?

After a few seconds.

LIBBY  
She's absolutely fine.

LUCY  
Right.

Lucy pulls her mum in closer as Libby breaks into a sob.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Ava and Lucy sit on either side of Rosemary. They both have their legs up on the bed. Lucy hugs the urn.

AVA  
You old piss head. Not even mum has been done for drink driving.

ROSEMARY  
Surprising. She's done everything else. Will I get sent to prison?

LUCY  
A year minimum. You'll be locked away with all the crazies and scary lesbians.

Rosemary takes in her grand daughter.

ROSEMARY  
God, you've got more tattoos.

Lucy gives her a beaming smile.

AVA

You'll get a fine, and you'll likely be banned from driving for six months. Which means...

ROSEMARY

I know what it means. Your mum told Neil to not let me in anymore.

LUCY

She's trying to help because we love you, and we want you around for as long as possible.

Libby walks back into the room with coffees for everyone. The atmosphere shifts.

ROSEMARY

Now that you've dragged yourself back, I need to ask you something.

Libby perches on the end of the bed. The girls listen in.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

I need to be on the Isle of Harris.

AVA

Where's that?

LIBBY

Scotland.

ROSEMARY

This weekend.

Silence fills the room. A beat.

LUCY

Why?

LIBBY

To scatter Grandad's ashes.

ROSEMARY

And since I've wrongly had my car taken away. I need someone to drive me.

AVA

You wrote it off, Grandma. No one has actually taken it from you.

ROSEMARY  
It wasn't my fault!

LUCY  
Why Isle of Harris?

ROSEMARY  
It was where me and Grandad were  
happiest before we got bogged down  
with children and responsibility.

Libby's eyes roll at the dig.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)  
It's been three months since we  
lost him, and I know you are all  
busy with university and jobs, but  
it's for Jim.

Silence fills the room, again.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)  
I want to set him free.

AVA  
This weekend is too soon. I have  
things planned.

ROSEMARY  
It has to be this weekend. It would  
have been our fiftieth anniversary.

LUCY  
Can't we fly?

ROSEMARY  
You know I'm terrified of flying,  
Lu.

AVA  
I can't go. I have an interview on  
Monday afternoon.

Rosemary gets emotional. They can't tell if they're being  
manipulated.

ROSEMARY  
All I want is to say goodbye to my  
beloved husband.

Libby, Ava, and Lucy watch on. Guilt swallows them up.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)  
Please?



A long beat.

Rosemary looks at them all, tears in her eyes.

LIBBY

We can do that, can't we girls?

AVA

No.

LIBBY

Girls?

Lucy and Ava look at one another.

INT. LIBBY'S BANGER - MORNING

Cut to Libby driving her old banger. Ava is in the passenger seat, Lucy is in the back. The car is PACKED FULL of bags and other shit. They're squished in.

AVA

You owe us good Christmas presents.

LUCY

And birthday presents.

LIBBY

If I spend three full days with her, I'll kill her, and your lives will be tainted forever being the children of a murderer, you'll be hounded by the press. No one will want to go out with you in case you have my murderous genes, you wouldn't be able to get a job, and your life would be fucking shit so this is all for our own benefit.

The girls stare back at her.

A beat.

AVA

What have you done to your hair?

Libby has a tuft of hair sticking out above her forehead.

LIBBY

I cut the braid out.

AVA

That's it. The braid has gone.

LUCY  
I'm glad, Mum, it was culturally  
inappropriate.

LIBBY  
One braid isn't culturally  
inappropriate.

Libby pulls up outside Rosemary's house. Then, she puts the  
car into reverse and starts to back around the corner.

LIBBY (CONT'D)  
I need a smoke before we get there.

AVA  
No, we have to get to Dumfries  
before six?

Libby parks up, jumps out of the car.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Libby hovers on the pavement, smoking a cig.

Lucy winds down the back window.

LUCY  
You're in your forties, and you're  
still hiding you smoke. Don't you  
think that's sad? You knew when I  
started smoking.

LIBBY  
Well, I'm a good mother, she isn't.  
(a beat)  
And you shouldn't smoke.

From the front seat --

AVA  
It's six and a half hours to  
Dumfries, and then we travel to Uig  
to get the ferry over to the Harris  
Isle thing - that's another seven  
hours.

LUCY  
Isle of Harris.

AVA

Whatever. And then we're there one day before we head back - this is going to be like seventy-two hours of shitty travelling.

LIBBY

It's for Dad.

She whispers it to herself over and over again.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

It's for dad, it's for dad, it's for dad.

AVA

I have to be back on Monday morning for the interview. It's like my dream job.

LUCY

You finally moved on from making teas and coffees then?

Ava gives her the finger from the front seat.

LIBBY

Lu, pass me my bag.

Lucy throws the bag out the window. Libby delves around for her pills.

LUCY

Mum, she's not even in the car yet.

Libby swallows two pills before lighting a second fag. Ava and Lu clock this, they exchange looks.

AVA

You know it will be fine. We're here for you, and we'll get through it together.

Libby gives her a smile. Lucy winds down the window again.

LUCY

If it gets really bad, we can throw her overboard.

Libby gathers herself.

LIBBY

Alright, let's do this. I need chewing gum and hand cream.

INT. ROSEMARY'S HOUSE - DAY

Rosemary sits at her kitchen table. A small packed bag sits to her side. Jim's urn is on the table in front of her. Rosemary stares at it.

She wants to say something, but also, it's a pile of ashes, so what's the point.

BANG BANG BANG.

LUCY (O.S.)  
Police! Reports of a drunken driver.

Rosemary jumps before realising it's Lucy who comes bounding through the door and smothers Rosemary with kisses.

Ava follows and clocks the bag on the table.

AVA  
This all you're travelling with Grandma?

ROSEMARY  
That and Jim.

AVA  
Hello Grandad.

Ava scoops up the urn.

AVA (CONT'D)  
Right, let's get this show on the road. We've got to get to Dumfries by six.

Rosemary and Lucy follow. Rosemary takes one last look at her home before closing the door behind her.

EXT. CAR - DAY

Rosemary, Ava, and Lucy stare down at Libby through the car window. Libby's out for the count.

ROSEMARY  
How many did she take?

LUCY  
Only two.

Ava opens the driver's seat door.

AVA

Mum?

Libby doesn't move. Ava shouts.

AVA (CONT'D)

Mum?

Still nothing.

AVA (CONT'D)

Fuck sake. Lucy, get her legs.

Libby is lifted out of the driver's seat and plonked in the back of the car.

Ava throws in Rosemary's bag. THE URN sits in between Libby and Lucy. Lucy pulls out a random pint glass from underneath her as the car drives off.

Music kicks in as the car weaves its way out of Bristol.

INT. CAR - DAY

A few hours have passed. Libby is still asleep. Ava, Rosemary, and Lucy play a game. It's fun, they're in good spirits.

AVA

Is he an actor?

LUCY

Yes.

AVA

Wait, he's over fifty, an actor, comedian, and entertainer?

LUCY

Yes, but he's now known for something else?

Ava thinks on this.

AVA

Is he Australian?

LUCY

Yes.

AVA

Is he a paedophile?

LUCY

Yes.

AVA

Rolf Harris?

LUCY

Yes!

ROSEMARY

Rolf Harris isn't a paedophile, you can't say that. He's a lovely man.

AVA

He's a convicted pervert, Grandma.

ROSEMARY

I don't believe it.

LUCY

He's been convicted in a court of law, Grandma.

ROSEMARY

Utter nonsense, you believe anything you read on those silly apps.

Ava catches Lucy's eye in the rear view mirror.

AVA

Shall we play a different game?

LUCY

I think so.

Ava clocks a sign for a service station.

AVA

We need petrol.

The indicator comes on, and the car veers towards the slipway.

INT. SERVICE STATION - DAY

A shitty laminated cafe menu.

Rosemary, Libby, Ava, and Lucy sit around a table in a generic service station restaurant. Little Chef or something similar.

They're ordering from the waitress.

WAITRESS

One sausage sandwich, one full English, and one boiled egg.

AVA

Can you do all this in fifteen minutes? We're in a rush.

The waitress nods. She looks to Libby.

WAITRESS

Anything for you?

LIBBY

I'm not hungry, thanks.

ROSEMARY

She only eats diazepam if you've got any of those lying around back there.

Rosemary laughs. The waitress doesn't know what diazepam is.

LIBBY

I'm going to the loo.

Libby leaves the table.

ROSEMARY

(calling after her)

Libby, come on, it was a joke.

LUCY

Nice one, Grandma.

ROSEMARY

You lot take the piss out of me for having a whiskey or two, but we can't take the micky out of her for popping pills every ten minutes.

LUCY

You had ten whiskies and then tried to drive to Scotland. And why do you think she pops so many pills?

Rosemary gets the hint. It's awkward.

ROSEMARY

Where are the keys?

AVA

What about your food?

ROSEMARY  
I've lost my appetite.

Ava reluctantly gives her the keys. Rosemary storms off. Lucy and Ava sit in silence. Then, Lucy's phone vibrates. It's PETER calling. Ava clocks it.

AVA  
Left his wife yet?

LUCY  
Went back to her, actually.

AVA  
Can't say I'm surprised. I did tell you that. You okay?

LUCY  
I'm fine.

AVA  
Are you really?

LUCY  
I was never expecting anything to come of it. No big deal.

Ava studies her sister. Peter calls again.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Ava, seriously, I'm absolutely fine.

AVA  
Alright, well, why does he keep calling you then?

Lucy shrugs.

AVA (CONT'D)  
You're lying but fine.

LUCY  
And Jacob? *The* Jacob.

AVA  
What about him?

LUCY  
Rich know about him?

AVA  
There's nothing to know.



LUCY

Except you used to fuck all day  
until he broke your fragile little  
heart.

AVA

Rich knows everything.

LUCY

You're lying but fine.

A text from Peter appears on Lucy's phone.

Ava swipes the phone off the table lightening fast. Lucy is up and out of her seat and wrestling her sister. Ava climbs over the booth to the other side of the table.

LUCY (CONT'D)

That's fucking rude.

Lucy scrambles to get it back. Other diners watch on. Ava slows as she processes what she reads. Lucy catches up and snatches the phone back.

Ava stares at her younger sister.

A beat.

AVA

Are you *pregnant*?

She whispers it like it's a dirty word.

LUCY

Don't you dare say anything.

Lucy heads back to the booth. Ava follows.

AVA

I'm really sorry. I feel like a  
dick.

They return their seats.

AVA (CONT'D)

How far gone are you?

LUCY

I'm not talking about it.

AVA

Lu?

LUCY

Don't.

A beat. The food arrives.

AVA

I'll go get Mum.

LUCY

She doesn't know, so don't say anything.

INT. TOILET - DAY

A long row of tatty bright blue cubicles stands under fluorescent lights. It's clinical, depressing like most service station toilets are.

Ava looks down the aisles. It's quiet, a few people are washing and drying their hands.

At the last cubicle, Ava spots what she's looking for. A small haze of smoke hovers over the toilet.

She walks towards it and knocks.

AVA

Open the door, Mum.

The door opens. Libby is sitting on the toilet having a smoke.

AVA (CONT'D)

Really? In a service station?

LIBBY

She's horrible to me.

AVA

I know. Lets go.

Libby stubs out her cig and stomps out like a teenager.

INT. SERVICE STATION - LITTLE CHEF

Libby, Ava, and Lucy finish off their food. Everyone sits in silence. Ava studies her little sister, still in shock.

LIBBY

Has she been sitting in this car the whole time?

LUCY  
She didn't want to eat.

EXT. SERVICE STATION - DAY

Libby, Ava, and Lucy walk back to the car. Libby holds a bag full of snacks and drinks.

They climb into the car. Libby hands Rosemary the bag.

ROSEMARY  
Thanks.

LIBBY  
(to Ava)  
I'll drive and give you a break.  
Keys?

AVA  
Grandma's got them.

ROSEMARY  
They're in the ignition.

Libby checks the ignition.

LIBBY  
They're not there.

ROSEMARY  
Well, that's where I left them.

LIBBY  
Well, they're not there. You must have them put them somewhere else.

ROSEMARY  
You're not looking properly.

LUCY  
Nah, Grandma, you must have put them somewhere else.

ROSEMARY  
For god's sake, I just had them, they were in the ignition.

All four women look for the keys, they shuffle about, move things, look under the seats. Nothing.

LIBBY  
Right, everyone out.

EXT. SERVICE STATION - LATER

OPEN BAGS sprawled across the carpark. TOWELS, KNICKERS, WASH BAGS on show. Lucy and Ava sit on the pavement, Rosemary is still in the car.

Libby is on the phone to a car garage.

LUCY

Maybe we can get towed home?

ROSEMARY

WE'RE GOING TO SCOTLAND.

Libby finishes up her call.

LIBBY

Okay, so they're sending someone straight away who should be able to make another key.

AVA

Great. How long?

LIBBY

In between eight and ten hours.

AVA

Fuck sake, so not until the middle of the night? We're going to have to drive straight to the ferry. I'm not missing that interview.

LUCY

It's one interview, Ava. You can reschedule it.

AVA

No, I can't. None of you understand how important this job is.

LUCY

Here we go.

AVA

It's true. None of you have ever had a serious job, so no, you don't understand. I can't casually reschedule an interview with one of the best lawyers in the country.

ROSEMARY (O.S.)

It's not my fault. The key was in the ignition.

LIBBY

We can't do an all nighter, with an eighty year old. You'll have to reschedule.

ROSEMARY (O.S)

I'm seventy-eight.

AVA

I'm not missing my interview, end of. And I'm not waiting here in the cold for twelve fucking hours. The key can't disappear - it's going to be here somewhere.

Ava rummages through the bags again.

ROSEMARY

We're going to Scotland.

They begin the search again.

EXT. SERVICE STATION - NIGHT

It's dark now, the service station is quieter. A few cars are still scattered in the car park. Among them, Libby's banger sits in the same position.

INT. SERVICE STATION - NIGHT

The crappy twenty-four hour cafe is closed, but they've still got access to the seating. Rosemary sits in a chair, asleep.

Ava, Libby, and Lucy have tried to make beds out of coats and yoga mats.

LUCY

How many hours now?

Ava checks her phone.

AVA

Seven.

LUCY

How long left?

LIBBY

An hour, maybe.

Lucy watches Rosemary sleeping.

LUCY

How does she sleep sitting up?

LIBBY

She does it every night.

AVA

Has she not slept in her bed at all since Grandad died?

Lucy rests her head on her mum.

LIBBY

I miss him.

LUCY

He'll be missing you too, Mum.

LIBBY

He'd be laughing at us now, sat in a shitty service station on the motorway.

LUCY

Cor, he'd be taking the piss out of Grandma for losing those keys.

AVA

What the hell did she do with them?

All three women look at Rosemary and the urn that sits next to her. It clicks for them all at the same time.

AVA (CONT'D)

You have got to be kidding.

INT. SERVICE STATION - DAY

A different spot in the service station. Rosemary is still in view, but Libby, Ava, and Lucy are far enough away for her not to see them wading through Jim's ashes.

They huddle as Libby holds the ashes.

LIBBY

Ava - you do it.

AVA

Why is it always me? I do everything. I'm not doing it. You do it?

They look at Lucy.

LUCY  
I'm not digging around in Grandad.

LIBBY  
He's my Dad, I can't.

AVA  
That's more of a reason why you  
*should* do it.

LIBBY  
Girls, please, one of you do it.  
Please. Please. Please. I can't.

A beat. They all look at one another.

AVA  
For fuck sake.

Ava removes the lid. She slowly dips her hand in to feel for the keys.

LUCY  
You could be touching his cremated  
willy.

Ava stops. They both stare at Lucy.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
I'm just trying to lighten the  
mood.

LIBBY  
Well don't.

After a beat, she pulls out the keys. Jim's ashes cling to her fingers. They're all mortified.

AVA  
Don't you dare say it.

LIBBY  
I'm sorry, Dad.

LUCY  
We shouldn't tell her, should we?

They look back at Rosemary, who's still asleep.

AVA  
He's on my fucking hand.

LUCY  
I'll get you a napkin.

AVA

Please.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Lucy starts the engine. They drive out of the service station and head towards the slip way.

AVA (O.S.)

We still need petrol.

The car reverses back up the slip way and indicates off to a petrol station.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Ava and Libby are asleep in the back. It has been a few hours since they left the station. It's still dark, quiet. The middle of the night.

Rosemary is in the passenger seat, the urn on her lap.

ROSEMARY

He was the worst passenger. Our biggest fights happened when I was driving. I once hit him over the head with this thingy here,  
(she points to a Satnav)  
When we were driving to a wedding. We turned up three hours late after he needed a few stitches at the hospital.

LUCY

Maybe you should sit in the back.

ROSEMARY

We'd always laugh about it afterwards, and he really did mock me for years after that. It was one of his favourite stories to tell people. Still had a little scar above his eyebrow from it.

LUCY

Do you remember when we went rowing, and he was laughing so much at you trying to row he fell backwards off the boat into the water?

They laugh at the memories.



ROSEMARY

Lost his phone, keys, everything in that river - but he'd just keep on laughing.

Rosemary swallows her sadness.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

You were his favourite.

LUCY

Grandma, you can't say that.

ROSEMARY

It's true. Everyone always says they don't have a favourite, but they do. You were his. Always said you had something special.

LUCY

I don't know about that.

ROSEMARY

You just don't have the confidence to believe it. All these tattoos and wigs are a costume.

LUCY

A costume I choose to wear.

ROSEMARY

Choose to hide behind, more like.

LUCY

There's nothing wrong with hiding in this world Grandma.

ROSEMARY

Well, you can only hide yourself for so long before you begin to forget who you are. You mustn't forget who you are, Lu, you're too special for that.

The car continues to rattle along the empty motorway.

EXT. HOTEL DUMFRIES - EARLY MORNING

The car pulls into an isolated hotel surrounded by hills. The sound of a rooster marks how early it is.

INT. CAR - EARLY MORNING

Lucy parks up and switches off the engine. Libby, Ava, and Rosemary are still fast asleep. Lucy looks at them all.

A beat.

She presses down hard on the CAR HORN. BEEEEEEEEEEEEEP.

Everyone wakes (ad lib)

AVA

Fuck!

LUCY

Sorry. I leant on it by mistake.  
We're here.

They take in their surroundings.

INT. COUNTRY HOTEL - MORNING

Ava stands at a small reception desk. It's basic, homemade style. Across from her, an OLDER LADY stands in her dressing gown checking her paper booking system.

She's the slowest talker in history and pauses continuously. It's painful and extremely annoying.

OLDER LADY

What was the original booking...  
name?

AVA

Libby Knight.

She scans her paper system... slowly.

OLDER LADY

You had four rooms booked last  
night... We only have two available  
this evening... but both double  
beds... Would that be okay?

Ava's running out of patience.

AVA

Fine. Thanks.

OLDER DAY

Lovely... Breakfast is between 7am  
and 10am... and dinner... between  
6pm - 9pm... I'll get your keys.

AVA

Great.

She leaves.

AVA (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Fuck me.

Libby and Lucy follow in with the bags.

AVA (CONT'D)

They have two rooms free.

LIBBY

I'll go with you then, Ava.

AVA

I want to go with Lucy, actually.  
You can go with Grandma.

LIBBY

Girls, please? Rock paper scissors?

Unbeknown to them, Rosemary walks in behind and watches on.

AVA

Fine, but if you lose, you sleep  
with Grandma.

They play. Ava plays scissors. Libby plays paper.

LIBBY

Bollocks. Lucy, play with me.

LUCY

Nah, you're alright.

LIBBY

Lucy?

Lucy reluctantly plays. Lucy plays rock. Libby plays paper.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Yes!

ROSEMARY

I'm happy to sleep in the car.

They turn. She's heard. It's awkward.

AVA

No, Grandma, we were playing to see who pays for the accommodation, that's all. I want to stay with you.

They take their keys from the desk and head to their rooms.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Libby and Lucy unlock the door. They dump their bags and crash into bed.

LIBBY

Thank god.

Libby lights a cig.

LUCY

Not inside, Mum.

LIBBY

Two secs.

Lucy rolls over and closes her eyes. Her phone vibrates again. It's Peter but, she is already asleep.

Libby continues to smoke.

INT. AVA AND ROSEMARY HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Rosemary unpacks her bags. Ava scrabbles on her laptop.

ROSEMARY

Why don't you sleep first and then work?

AVA

Rich rescheduled the meeting with the mortgage broker, and I need to read over some documents.

Rosemary studies her granddaughter.

ROSEMARY

He'll understand.

AVA

I can't cancel it twice. He really wants this house, so we need to get the paperwork sorted.

Ava feels Rosemary's eyes on her.

AVA (CONT'D)

What?

ROSEMARY

Nothing.

AVA

Just say it.

ROSEMARY

He wants this house.

AVA

That's pedantic.

Rosemary doesn't say anything.

AVA (CONT'D)

He's a good guy.

ROSEMARY

Yes. Who loves you very much.

AVA

Exactly.

They stare at one another, neither wanting to push it further.

AVA (CONT'D)

I'm going to get the wifi password.

Once alone, Rosemary digs into the inside pocket of her coat and removes an UNMARKED CONTAINER FULL OF PILLS. She places them back in her bag, and places the bag under the bed.

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - EVENING

Rosemary, Libby, Ava, and Lucy sit around a table in the hotel restaurant. They've already eaten and now play cards. Surrounding tables are scattered with other diners.

Ava throws down a card. Lucy throws away a card. Libby throws away a card. Rosemary can't go, she picks up.

ROSEMARY

This is a terrible round.

LIBBY

Because you're losing.

Ava throws down another card.

AVA  
Shithead! I'm the winner, you're  
the losers. Loser, loser, loser,  
losers.

She dances and waves to the waiter holding up the empty  
bottle of wine.

AVA (CONT'D)  
Can we get another?

Rosemary shuffles and deals. Lucy picks up the glass to  
drink. Ava takes it off of her.

AVA (CONT'D)  
That's mine.

LUCY  
No, yours is there.

She takes the wine glass back.

AVA  
Well, I think you've had enough.  
You know what you get like.

LIBBY  
Why are you being weird?

LUCY  
Yeah, maybe you shouldn't have any  
more, I'll take that.

Lucy takes the wine back for herself.

AVA  
I just think that Lucy can be a  
horrible drunk when she drinks  
wine.

LIBBY  
What's going on?

AVA/LUCY  
Nothing.

AVA  
That's *my* glass.

Ava swipes the wine back.

LIBBY  
What's going on? Yours is there.

LUCY  
Nothing is going on.

Libby reads both her daughters. No one says anything.

LIBBY  
It better not be what I think it  
is.

Lucy and Ava don't say anything. A beat.

LIBBY (CONT'D)  
Oh my god.

ROSEMARY  
What's going on?

Silence as everyone anticipates what's going to happen.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)  
WHAT?

A beat.

AVA  
Lucy's pregnant.

LUCY  
Ava!

LIBBY  
What have I told you, over and over  
again?

LUCY  
Yeah, okay, Mum. I don't want to  
talk about it, please.

LIBBY  
We're absolutely going to talk  
about it. Who's the father? Peter?

ROSEMARY  
Who's Peter?

AVA  
Lucy's boyfriend.

LIBBY  
He's married.

ROSEMARY

An affair?

LUCY

He's separated.

LIBBY

YOU'RE PREGNANT.

Libby dives into her bag to find her pills.

Rosemary clocks this.

ROSEMARY

Here we go.

LIBBY

Don't you start.

(to lucy)

How many weeks?

LUCY

A month, I think.

LIBBY

Well at least that's something.

It's still early.

LUCY

Which means what?

LIBBY

It means you have time to make a decision.

Everyone stares at Libby.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

You're twenty years old, you have your whole life ahead of you.

ROSEMARY

Motherhood isn't for everyone.

Libby eyeballs her mother.

LIBBY

It can be wonderful if it's at the right time, but you're so young.

ROSEMARY

Being a mother is crushing. It's bloody hard work if you ask me.



LIBBY

We all know you have regrets.

(to Lucy)

I can't believe you're pregnant  
with a married man.

She finds the pills and pops them.

Rosemary stares at her daughter.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

What?

ROSEMARY

Well, you did the same thing.

LIBBY

That's enough from you. You're the  
last person who should be giving  
advice on parenthood.

ROSEMARY

Yes, I was a terrible mother, and  
you adored Jim, you've made that  
very clear over the years.

LIBBY

Yes, you were. Thank god I had Dad.

ROSEMARY

You weren't exactly the world's  
best daughter. Jim worried silly  
about you.

LIBBY

You're the one who drove him to an  
early bloody grave.

This hits Rosemary like a punch. It's awkward.

Lucy tries to take a swig of her wine, Libby takes it off her  
and drinks it herself. The waiter arrives.

WAITER

Would anyone like a tea or coffee?

ALL

NO!

AVA

Sorry. No thank you, we're good.

No one says anything.

LIBBY

We'll book a time to see the nurse  
when we're back. We can get it  
sorted.

AVA

Mum?

A beat.

Lucy gets up from the table and leaves.

AVA (CONT'D)

I'll go after her.

ROSEMARY

I'll go. You stay here.

Rosemary leaves Ava and Libby together.

Libby pours another glass.

LIBBY

Fucking pregnant.

She knocks it back.

INT. ROSEMARY'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Rosemary and Lucy sit on her balcony, looking out to the  
night. Coats and blankets wrapped around them.

Their faces are lit by tea lights. It's cosy.

LUCY

She hates me.

ROSEMARY

She's always hated me.

Rosemary reaches across and takes hold of Lu's hand.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

If you're not sure motherhood is  
something you want, don't do it.  
That's one thing me and your mother  
do agree on.

INT. AVA AND ROSEMARY ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Rosemary lies awake, unable to sleep. Something on her mind.

EXT. DUMFRIES -- MORNING

Ava wakes to the sickening feeling of too much wine. She rummages around for some pain killers and clocks the space beside her is empty.

AVA  
Grandma?

INT. LUCY AND LIBBY'S ROOM - MORNING

We look down on Libby sprawled across the bed like a starfish. Eye mask on, she's snoring. Lucy has been pushed to the edge of the mattress.

Ava stands at the end of the bed, looking down at them both. The quilt is suddenly whipped off. They wake and hate it (ad lib).

AVA  
Stop taking so many bloody pills.  
What if someone robbed you in the  
middle of the night?

LIBBY  
Then it's better that I'm passed  
out!

AVA  
I can't find Grandma. She's not in  
bed or downstairs.

Libby pulls her eye mask off. She looks worse than Ava.

AVA (CONT'D)  
I can't find Grandma. Get up, and  
help me look for her.

They reluctantly roll out of bed.

INT. RESTAURANT - MORNING

Lucy wanders through the restaurant, which is now set up for breakfast. Rosemary is nowhere to be seen.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - MORNING

Libby searches the hotel corridor down to reception, still in her pyjamas.

She clocks the receptionist.

LIBBY

Excuse me, have you seen the older lady that we arrived with? Jet-black hair, lots of make-up, permanent scowl?

The woman looks confused.

INT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - MORNING

Libby, Ava, and Lucy hover near the breakfast buffet.

LUCY

I've checked the bar, reception, and garden.

AVA

She can't have gone far, she won't have access to any other rooms.

LIBBY

She's definitely not in the room?

AVA

If she was, we wouldn't be searching, would we?

LIBBY

I was just double-checking.

AVA

It's a ridiculous thing to say.

Lucy scans the gardens through the window.

LUCY

She's out there.

Lucy points out the window towards the lake. From a distance, we see a small dot in the lake. Rosemary swimming.

LIBBY

That woman is determined to kill herself.

EXT. HOTEL - MORNING

Libby perches on a rock next to the lake, watching her mother swim. She has a towel and coat ready to wrap Rosemary in.

We stay here for a few beats on Libby, taking in the beauty of the outdoors. Eventually, Rosemary swims to the shore and climbs up the bank.

ROSEMARY

No need to look at me like that.

LIBBY

You don't even know if you can swim in there.

She wraps the towel and coat around her mum.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Let's get you warm before you drop dead.

ROSEMARY

You'd love that.

LIBBY

Despite what you think, I don't want you to die.

They walk back up to the hotel.

INT. HOTEL - LATER

Lucy, Ava, Libby, and Rosemary eat breakfast. Everyone avoids the conversation from the night before.

Ava looks over the journey ahead. Libby and Lucy stare at Rosemary.

Rosemary has drawn her eyebrows on in the wrong place. It's odd enough for Libby and Lucy to notice something isn't quite right, but they can't quite pinpoint it.

Ava shovels down some cereal.

AVA

We're getting the ferry from Uig to Harris, right?

They continue to stare at Rosemary. Rosemary clocks this.

ROSEMARY

Why are you staring at me?

LIBBY

I'm not.

Rosemary continues to eat her boiled egg.

ROSEMARY

Have you thought more about your condition, Lu?

LIBBY

She's pregnant not disabled.

AVA

If we're going from Uig to Harris, then the ferry goes at midday.

LUCY

I double-checked the timetable, it's a ferry every two hours until five.

Behind Ava, we see Peter arrive at reception.

AVA

This says winter timetable October to February. There's only one a day.

Ava starts to panic. Lucy grabs the timetable. Libby clocks Peter.

LUCY

No look, here, every two hours.

LIBBY

Is that Peter?

Rosemary and Lucy turn.

LUCY

What's he doing?

Lucy drops under the table and tries to make a quick exit.

AVA

Yes, March to September. It's October, Lu. There's only one bloody ferry.

A beat.

LIBBY

I think we have a bigger problem.

AVA

This is a bigger problem! We need to go, now.

They look over at Peter, chatting with the receptionist.

ROSEMARY

Who's that?

Ava turns.

AVA

That's Peter.

ROSEMARY

The Dad?

LIBBY

Lu, he obviously wants to talk,  
shouldn't you go and speak to him?

From under the table.

LUCY

Yeah, there's something I haven't  
told you about that.

And Lucy makes a run for it out of the room.

LIBBY

Lucy?

At the same time, the receptionist points Peter in their  
direction.

AVA

We need to run if we're to making  
that sodding ferry.

All three women get up and speed march to the elevator.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

They bundle into the elevator. The doors closing, just as  
Peter appears around the corner and clocks them. The doors  
shut.

AVA

We grab our things, and we get  
going ASAP. The ferry leaves in two  
hours.

LIBBY

Why is he here, Lu? What have you  
not told us?

LUCY

I didn't exactly tell him, I was  
pregnant.

What? ROSEMARY What? LIBBY

AVA  
Why is he here then?

A sheepish look spreads across Lucy's face.

LUCY  
I posted the positive pregnancy  
test to his house.

The lift reaches their floor. The doors open.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
And addressed it to his wife.

Lucy takes in Libby, Rosemary, and Ava's face.

No one knows what to say.

LIBBY  
Get your stuff and get in the car.

They disperse to their rooms.

EXT. HOTEL DUMFRIES - MORNING

Everyone scrambles to load their bags into the car. Libby  
knocks back two more pills.

Lucy helps Rosemary into the car. Peter heads out of the  
hotel.

LUCY  
That's it, in you get, Grandma.  
Let's go. Everyone in.

Lucy shoves Rosemary into the back.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Get in the car Mum.

Ava slams the boot shut and jumps in. Libby dives into the  
driver's seat. The car starts.

PETER  
Wait!

But it's too late. Libby speeds off. We're high up as we see  
the car nip out of the carpark and head North.



INT. CAR - DAY

Lucy and Rosemary are in the back of the car.

LUCY  
Who told him where I was?

LIBBY  
Not me before you blame me. Is he  
going to follow us?

Ava looks back out the car window. Lucy's phone goes. It's Peter. She switches it off.

AVA  
Maybe you should have spoken to  
him.

LUCY  
He's a liar, and he's been cheating  
on his wife and cheating on me.

ROSEMARY  
What made you post a pregnancy test  
to his wife?

LUCY  
Probably wasn't the best idea.

Ava is texting on her phone.

AVA  
So Rich *might* have told him where  
we were for the weekend.

LUCY  
Fuck sake, Rich

AVA  
He didn't know. It's not his fault.

Ava's phone rings. She answers.

AVA (CONT'D)  
Hi Babe. It's alright. You didn't  
know. You didn't know. If he calls  
you, ignore it. I'll fill you in  
later.

ROSEMARY  
I didn't go to the loo before I  
left. When's the next stop?

LIBBY

We need to carry on, or we'll miss the ferry. Then it's another day's wait.

Ava breaks from the call.

AVA

We're not missing that ferry!

ROSEMARY

I won't be able to hold it.

AVA

(down the phone)

Rich? Rich? Stupid signal.

She hangs up.

ROSEMARY

I really need to go, Libby.

LIBBY

Fuck sake. I'll pull over at the next stop.

EXT. WOODED AREA -- DAY

Ava is supporting Rosemary while she has a wee in a wood. From here, we can't see the car.

ROSEMARY

Don't look.

AVA

I'm not looking, but your wee is moving closer to my shoe.

ROSEMARY

I can't control it, can I. For god's sake.

The weeing continues.

AVA

You're actually weeing on me. I can feel it on my leg, Grandma.

ROSEMARY

Move out the way, then!

INT. LAYBY -- DAY

Libby and Lucy sit in silence. It's awkward.

LIBBY  
I can't believe he's followed you.

Lucy ignores her and continues to stare out of the window.

LIBBY (CONT'D)  
You know I want the best for you.

LUCY  
By telling me to have an abortion.

LIBBY  
I've been where you are.

LUCY  
Right, so you regret your decision?

LIBBY  
That couldn't be further from the truth.

At the same time, Peter's car drives past.

Lucy and Libby look at one another. They hold their breath. Hold, hold, hold until...

Peter's car drives back and pulls into the lay-by.

LIBBY (CONT'D)  
Shit.

The car comes to a stop, and Peter gets out. Lucy gets out of the car to join him.

PETER  
What the fuck are you doing?

LUCY  
We're in a hurry to get somewhere.

PETER  
I've been calling you non-stop.

Libby gets out of the car.

LUCY  
We're scattering my grandad's ashes.

PETER

I don't fucking care. Why would you post a positive pregnancy test to Fiona? Is it true?

LUCY

Of course, it's true. And she deserves to know you're a cheating cunt.

PETER

I wasn't cheating. I was working things out, so we could be together.

LUCY

Working things out with your dick. You're a liar.

PETER

Well, you can't have it.

LUCY

I *can't* have it? I'm not going to listen to you.

PETER

You're going to call Fi and tell her it was a joke, and then you're going to get rid of it.

LIBBY

Don't speak to her like that.

PETER

Fuck off, Libby. Lu, I mean it. Please. This isn't just my life you're ruining, but also Claire's.

LUCY

You should have thought about your daughter before cheating on your family. Yes, *your* family. You said that.

PETER

I'm asking you nicely, what you did was wrong. Fiona is threatening to take Claire away from me.

LUCY

What you did was wrong! All that shit about being separated. You're a fucking liar, and you deserve it.

PETER

I love my family. I need you to call her now and say it was a joke, and then we'll happily never speak again.

LUCY

Fuck off, you prick.

Lucy moves to get back in the car. Peter grabs her. They scuffle as Peter digs around in her pockets for her phone.

PETER

You're a stupid little bitch. You're going to call her.

Libby runs at Peter.

EXT. LAY BY - DAY

Rosemary is still wee'ing.

AVA

Jesus Christ, it's never-ending.

ROSEMARY

I need a tissue.

Ava reaches for Rosemary's bag and scrambles through it to find a tissue. She clocks the number of pills.

AVA

What are these?

She holds up the pills.

ROSEMARY

Don't go through that.

Rosemary swipes the bag off her and the pills.

AVA

Are they from your crash?

At the same time, they hear Lucy and Libby shouting.

AVA (CONT'D)

That Mum and Lu?

Rosemary wipes and dresses herself. They hastily head back to the car.

EXT. LAYBY - DAY

A scuffle now. Peter is still trying to get hold of Lu's phone. Libby desperately tries to pull him off.

LIBBY

Get off of her, you fucker.

Libby can't get hold of him properly. She reaches through the car window and grabs whatever she can find. Her YOGA MAT - She's panicked. Libby starts pelting him with it.

It doesn't work. She reaches back into the car and grabs the Urn. She smacks him in the back with it.

PETER

Owww.

It doesn't make a difference. He continues.

Libby hits him again but over the head. The Urn cracks, and SOME OF THE ASHES spill out. Peter lands on the floor.

Lucy and Libby stare down at him.

A beat.

AVA

What did you just do?

Libby and Lucy turn to see Ava and Rosemary watching on.

EXT. LAYBY - DAY

The blurry outline of four women. Peter struggles to work out what happened.

LIBBY

He's moving, so he's fine.

AVA

You could have killed him.

LIBBY

He was assaulting Lu.

ROSEMARY

He's covered in Jim.

Rosemary is in shock.

AVA

We should get him checked over.

LUCY

What about the ferry?

Libby checks her phone. Rosemary cries.

AVA

Grandma, it's okay, there's lots of Grandad left in here, and we collected the rest. He's all back in one piece.

LIBBY

We've got an hour to go.

A beat.

AVA

Right, let's put him in the car and take him to a hospital on the Isle.

LUCY

What if he wakes up?

They all look at each other.

A beat.

LIBBY

I've got a plan.

EXT. HIGHLANDS - DAY

The car whizzes between the highlands.

INT. CAR - DAY

Peter is asleep, head back, mouth agape. He sits between Ava and Rosemary in the backseat. His head keeps rolling over to Rosemary, landing on her shoulder.

Rosemary holds a PINT GLASS with Jim's ashes in. A SOCK pulled over the top works as a lid.

ROSEMARY

How long left, I can't bare this.

AVA

Signal is in and out but around thirty miles.

LUCY

How much did you give him?

LIBBY

10mg. It will keep him sleepy until we can get him to at a hospital.

AVA

I don't think you should give sedatives to someone with a head injury.

LIBBY

He was attacking Lu. I didn't even hit him that hard.

Libby hits her foot down on the accelerator, and the car surges forward. The petrol light comes on.

Ava spots this and looks across to Libby, worried.

EXT. FERRY PORT - DAY

The car jitters into a ferry port. The car stalls as it pulls up towards the ticket kiosk guzzling down the last dregs of petrol. All the cars have boarded the ferry.

INT. CAR - DAY

AVA

Keep the clutch down.

LIBBY

The clutch is down.

The car slows to a stop.

AVA

For fuck sake.

Ava jumps out. She pushes it from behind.

ROSEMARY

What is she doing?

AVA (O.S)

Drive towards the ferry, mum.

Lucy gets out of the car and helps Ava push.

A ferry worker from the kiosk waves them down.

WORKER

I'm sorry, but you need to pay for a ticket.



AVA

We'll pay once we're on.

FERRY WORKER

Really sorry, but I need to take payment now.

Rosemary winds down her window as the car moves towards the ferry ramp. The worker walks briskly alongside it.

FERRY WORKER (CONT'D)

It's twenty-five return for one vehicle.

Rosemary digs out the cash. She hesitates as she stares at the notes, she can't remember what is what.

Peter's body rolls over to the window side. His head slams against the side of the window. The Ferry Worker jumps. Peter starts to mumble.

FERRY WORKER (CONT'D)

Is he okay?

The car quickens. The man jogs to keep up with it.

ROSEMARY

He's fine. He's drunk.

Rosemary pulls him back to the middle of the car. She throws a blanket over him. Rosemary leans across and hands over the money.

FERRY WORKER

Thank you.

ROSEMARY

Lib, he's waking up.

LIBBY

Give him another pill.

She throws her bag behind. Rosemary digs around for the pills and pops another one down Peter's throat.

The car reaches the ramp to the ferry. The front wheels bump onto the boat. The car doesn't have enough speed. It stops half on, half off.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

You have got to be joking.

EXT. FERRY - DAY

The ferry is in motion. Ava stands with local JACK (40s), who fills Libby's car with petrol from a canister.

JACK

Always keep some in my van for emergencies.

AVA

Life saver. How much do we owe you?

JACK

Not much. Should be enough to get you to a station. Thirty?

AVA

Done, thanks.

She gives him a smile. It makes him smile. There's chemistry.

Jack clocks Peter who's still asleep on the back seat.

JACK

Looks like he's had a big night.

AVA

Something like that. Actually, we need to get him to a hospital, if you know where the nearest one is? He fell over when he got in last night, want to make sure he's okay. He's my brother.

JACK

Must have been a big one. I wouldn't call it a hospital, but there's a doctors a few miles in land from the ferry port.

AVA

Great.

JACK

I'll jot down the directions.

He finishes funnelling the petrol and returns to his car. Ava soaks him up from a distance. He's a looker.

He scribbles the directions down on a bit of paper and hands it to Ava. They smile at one another.

INT. FERRY - DAY

Libby, Rosemary, and Lucy watch Ava and Jack through the window of the ferry coffee shop above.

LUCY

I always thought she'd marry  
someone taller than Rich, like his  
height.

LIBBY

I think anyone would be happy to  
marry him.

Rosemary stares out the window.

ROSEMARY

She doesn't want to marry Rich. She  
thinks she should because he loves  
her, but it's not what she wants.

LIBBY

She says she's happy.

ROSEMARY

Well, she's not.

LIBBY

I know my own daughter, and I know  
enough about marrying the wrong  
person.

ROSEMARY

That's true. You've been married  
more times than I can remember.

LIBBY

You'll be pleased to know that my  
palm reader told me I won't be  
marrying anyone else.

ROSEMARY

You still follow all that rubbish.  
What happened to Martin?

LIBBY

It's not rubbish. Martin moved to  
India to follow Osho.

ROSEMARY

Who the hell is Osho?

LIBBY

A guru.

Rosemary snorts.

ROSEMARY

People believe in all that crap  
because it validates their shitty  
life choices.

Libby looks as if she's about to cry.

LIBBY

You know what, I was going to be  
the better person and not tell you,  
but you've drawn your eyebrows a  
whole inch south of where they  
should be, and you look ridiculous.

Libby walks off.

ROSEMARY

No, I haven't.

LUCY

You have, Grandma. Your forehead  
looks enormous.

Lucy leaves too, just as Ava arrives. Ava takes a seat.

AVA

We're fuelled up. And Peter is  
still fast asleep. Petrol man said  
there's a surgery a few miles from  
the port on the Isle.

Rosemary ignores her.

AVA (CONT'D)

Where's mum and Lu gone?

ROSEMARY

(she snaps)  
I don't know.

AVA

Jesus.

A beat.

AVA (CONT'D)

You going to tell me what those  
pills are for?

ROSEMARY

For once, stop trying to sort out everyone else's problems and fix your own.

Rosemary passes the pint glass to Ava.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Take Jim. I need the toilet.

Rosemary leaves Ava with the ashes, confused at what just happened. She pulls the bit of paper Jack gave her out of her pocket and unravels it. Jack's number stares back at her.

A smile creeps across her face.

INT. FERRY - CAR PARKING DECK

A FERRY WORKER patrols the parking deck having a smoke. He wanders in between the cars. He approaches Libby's car.

In the back, Peter is still asleep, except he's rolled forward against the driver's seat. We now see his hands are tied with some CLOTHING behind his back.

The FERRY WORKER takes a second glance. He picks up his radio.

EXT. FERRY - DAY

Lucy leans on the rail out looking out to the ocean.

AVA

Don't jump.

Ava joins her.

LUCY

If those two don't stop swiping at each other, I might have to.

AVA

I'm sorry for telling them. I'd had too much wine, and the tension got to me. I'm really sorry, Lu. How are you feeling?

LUCY

I don't feel anything apart from stupid.

AVA  
He's the stupid one.

LUCY  
If I decide to have it. It will  
have a psycho as a Dad, and what if  
I'm a bad mother? I don't want to  
end up like mum and Grandma.

AVA  
That won't happen.

LUCY  
Do I look like someone who is fit  
to be a mother?

Ava looks at her little sister. Her pink wig blowing into the  
air. Her heavy eyeliner smeared under eyes.

AVA  
Nah, you're right, you'd be awful.

They laugh.

LUCY  
What if it grows up to be a  
murderer or pervert? It would be my  
fault because I'd grown it, and  
everyone would know me as the  
mother of a serial killer.

AVA  
That's a lot to unpack, but what I  
can tell you, is if you do decide  
to keep it, and I'll support you  
either way, but if you do keep it,  
I'll be here every step of the way.

Lu smiles at her big sister.

AVA (CONT'D)  
Unless it's a pervert.

They laugh once more.

INT. FERRY - DAY

An announcement is made for everyone to return to their cars.  
Rosemary, Libby, Ava, and Lucy all wait in line, one behind  
the other on the stairs that leads down to the cars.

All four women stand in a similar stance. Three generations  
of women subconsciously mirroring one another.

A COCKY LAD (15), walks up the stairs onto the ferry and wolf whistles in Ava and Lucy's direction.

Lucy gives him the finger.

COCKY LAD  
Not you, love. Blondie over there.

He points to Ava, who also gives him the finger.

COCKY LAD (CONT'D)  
What? Not even a smile? Come on.

AVA/LUCY/LIBBY/ROSEMARY  
Fuck off.

The lad is taken back. He sheepishly continues to climb the stairs.

EXT/INT. FERRY CAR DECK/CAR - LATER

The ferry has docked. Cars wait in queues to drive off. Libby starts the car and follows the car in front.

ROSEMARY  
Can't believe we're here.

They exit the ferry, but up ahead, TWO POLICE CARS appear. A POLICEMAN waves them down to stop.

LIBBY  
What's happening?

Libby pulls over as instructed. The POLICEMAN peers his head through the window and clocks Peter in the back.

POLICEMAN  
Can you step out of the car,  
please.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Libby, Rosemary, Ava, and Lucy sit in a row on bright red plastic chairs in a beige room. They're unimpressed.

Rosemary still holds the pint glass of Jim's ashes.

After a few beats. A DETECTIVE walks in and takes a seat.

DETECTIVE  
You'll be pleased to know the man  
you kidnapped is fine.

AVA

I'd like to make a call. It's my right.

LIBBY

Of course, he's fine, he was tapped over the head for assaulting my daughter.

DETECTIVE

He was drugged and then kidnapped.

Libby scoffs at the accusation.

LIBBY

He tell you that did he?

DETECTIVE

The 20mg of sedative in his system and the pair of knickers tied around his wrists told us that.

Ava, Lucy, and Rosemary look across at Libby.

INT. POLICE CELL - DAY

BANG. BANG. BANG. Ava's fist slams against a door. She lowers herself and opens the hatch.

AVA

We have an eighty-year old in here and a pregnant woman. This is fucking out of order. He's the psycho. He assaulted my little sister and threatened her to harm her baby.

ROSEMARY

I'm seventy-eight.

LIBBY

Sit down before you make it worse.

AVA

Me make it worse? It was your idea to tie his wrists.

LIBBY

He was beating Lu. It was to protect us.



LUCY

He was trying to get my phone,  
actually.

LIBBY

You were screaming.

AVA

We should never have come. I've  
royally fucked my interview.  
They're never going to give me  
another opportunity like this.

LIBBY

Of course they will darling.

ROSEMARY

It's for Jim. And we all wish we  
weren't here.

AVA

No, they won't, Mum.

Ava gives in and sinks to the floor.

LUCY

Drink driving and kidnapping in a  
week, Grandma.

ROSEMARY

Shut up, Lu.

A beat.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

All I wanted was to say goodbye to  
Jim, and instead, we're stuck in a  
prison cell -- and I look dreadful.  
My hair, for god's sake.

AVA

No one cares about your hair,  
Grandma. I have grey hairs too.  
It's just us in a stupid police  
cell.

ROSEMARY

I don't have grey hairs. And if  
you're going grey, you should let  
it happen. I've always told you  
that. It looks desperate when you  
try and cover it up.

They all look up at Rosemary's jet-black hair.

LUCY

Grandma, you dye your hair.

ROSEMARY

No, I don't.

LIBBY

Yes, you do. You can't still have jet-black hair at your age.

ROSEMARY

I bloody can because I bloody have.

AVA

We know you dye your hair so you need to stop lying about it.

ROSEMARY

I DON'T DYE MY HAIR.

INT. POLICE DESK - SAME TIME

Two sleepy policeman, sit at a reception desk eating crisps and reading magazines.

They listen to Rosemary and Ava arguing about dying hair - completely bewildered.

POLICEMAN ONE looks up at POLICEMAN TWO perfectly jet-black hair. Policeman Two clocks this.

POLICEMAN TWO

You can look at it all you want. At least I still have mine.

Policeman One puts his hat back on to hide his balding head. They continue to read their magazines.

INT. POLICE CELL - SAME TIME

The fight continues:

ROSEMARY

Bit rich, coming from you.

AVA

What does that mean?

ROSEMARY

You're not being honest with yourself when you pretend you want to marry someone you don't want to.

LIBBY

Rosemary, stop it.

AVA

Right, so Mum tells Lu to have an abortion, and you're telling me to leave Rich. You two are *exactly* the same.

LIBBY

Take that back. And I didn't say that, Lu.

Lucy ignores her.

AVA

Is this what you two think as well?

Libby and Lucy don't say anything.

AVA (CONT'D)

Lu?

LUCY

You're my sister, and I'll support you whatever you decide.

AVA

But? There's a but?

LUCY

But... I want you to be happy.

AVA

I'm sick of these comments. I'll marry who the fuck I want because I want to. And you know what, Grandma, why don't you tell everyone why you're carrying all those pills with you.

Everyone looks at Rosemary, who remains silent.

AVA (CONT'D)

Go on, since you're preaching about being honest. We've come all this way for you, and all you do is be a mean witch to us all. What are the pills for? They're not from your crash, so what are they for?

Rosemary lays down and faces the wall. Everyone at their wits end.

INT. POLICE CELL - NIGHT

Early hours. Ava and Lucy have fallen asleep. Rosemary and Libby are awake. It's dark, but we can make out their faces.

LIBBY  
Rosemary, are you awake?

ROSEMARY  
I am now.

NB. This whole scene is played out in sotto.

LIBBY  
What are the pills for?

Rosemary ignores her.

LIBBY (CONT'D)  
Rosemary?

ROSEMARY  
You already know what they're for.

LIBBY  
That better be you joking?

Rosemary doesn't say anything.

LIBBY (CONT'D)  
So you've dragged us all up here so we can witness your suicide?

Rosemary ignores her.

LIBBY (CONT'D)  
This was never about Dad at all. It was all about you, like always.

ROSEMARY  
This is all for Dad. It's only ever been about Dad.

LIBBY  
These girls adore you, and you're contemplating ruining their lives? You're so bloody selfish.

ROSEMARY  
I've got Alzheimer's Libby.

We let that hang there for a beat or two.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

I refuse to lose my sodding marbles, grow a hairy chin, and rot in a home that stinks of almonds. That is what I choose. I was never going to do it in front of you. I was going to take myself off somewhere and get it over with. They were never meant to come, you dragged them with you cos you can't bring yourself to be with me alone.

LIBBY

That's not true.

ROSEMARY

Yes, it is.

LIBBY

You should have told me.

ROSEMARY

Well I'm telling you now. I can't lose my memories of Jim. That's all I have.

(a beat)

I don't know who I am without him.

LIBBY

And what about me?

ROSEMARY

I don't blame you for hating me. I haven't been a good mother.

A long beat.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

I've never told you this before. I could never bare too.

(a beat)

Before we had you, we had another child. A boy. He died when he was two. You were five weeks old at the time.

This hits Libby like a punch.

LIBBY

I had a brother?

ROSEMARY

Jim wanted to tell you, but I made him promise.

(MORE)

## ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

When we found out we were going to lose him, the doctors told us to get pregnant again. They said another child would help with the grieving process. That's what they said back then. Awful, when you think about it now. But that's what I did. I fell pregnant again, with you. For those five weeks after you were born, I was numb - I couldn't feel anything. I didn't want to. All the grief I felt for him was entangled with the love I should have felt for you. You were the sweetest little girl, and I couldn't love you.

## LIBBY

I can't believe Dad didn't tell me.

## ROSEMARY

I made him promise, Lib. Some people aren't made to be mothers, but Ava and Lucy are amazing. You've done that.

A beat.

## ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

You're a good mother.

This is the first time Rosemary has ever complemented Libby. It's a huge moment for them both. Libby lets it land.

## LIBBY

Well, one of them is pregnant with a married man and the other is marrying the wrong man. And we're all sat in a sodding police cell, so I don't think I'm a good mother.

## ROSEMARY

You've done your best. That's all we can ever do.

We stay here in silence and hold on Libby. Finally, there's an understanding of one another.

INT. POLICE CELL - MORNING

Light floods the small cell waking all four women up.

EXT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

The women walk back to their car.

Libby lights a fag. Rosemary clocks this.

LIBBY

Don't give me a lecture when you're suicidal. Common assault? We should be charging him for assault.

ROSEMARY

That will stay on your record forever.

LIBBY

Yeah, alright, drink driving.

AVA

At least he's dropped the kidnapping charge.

ROSEMARY

I can't think of anything worse than kidnapping that prick.

Rich stands in the car park talking to a policeman.

RICH

Ava!

He embraces Ava and the rest of the family.

RICH (CONT'D)

Can't believe what happened. Are you alright?

He doesn't wait for them to answer.

RICH (CONT'D)

I spoke to the police officer in charge and told them what had happened. I then spoke to Peter, he was willing to drop the charges when I threatened to tell Fiona everything.

AVA

Sounds about right.

A policeman runs out of the station behind them.

POLICEMAN 2

Ms Knight.

ALL

Yes.

All four women turn around

POLICEMAN 2

Rosemary Knight, you'll need to  
come back inside, please.

ROSEMARY

Piss off.

She continues to the car.

POLICEMAN 2

Now, please.

They reluctantly follow the policeman back inside.

INT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

Libby, Rosemary, Ava, Lucy, and Rich sit in a waiting room  
opposite the Detective.

ROSEMARY

I'd spoken to the police. They said  
they were processing the offence.  
They didn't say anything about me  
not leaving the house.

DETECTIVE

Normally when you break the law,  
you're not allowed to leave the  
country while the investigation is  
ongoing until you've been  
prosecuted.

ROSEMARY

Break the law. I crashed my car.  
It's ridiculous.

DETECTIVE

You were drunk and driving  
dangerously, that's a criminal  
offence.

Rosemary rolls her eyes.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)

The Bristol unit has requested you  
return today. One of our officers  
is going to drive you back.



LIBBY

Sir, please, she's in her eighties, and all we want is to scatter my father's ashes, and then we'll head back. Right afterwards. I promise. It is literally a few more hours.

ROSEMARY

I'm in my seventies!

DETECTIVE

I'm afraid she needs to travel back today. We can't let her go. I'm sorry. One other can travel with her in the same car. I'll be outside when you're ready.

The detective leaves the room. Libby turns to Rosemary.

LIBBY

You said you spoke to the police before leaving the hospital.

ROSEMARY

Not exactly true.

LIBBY

You're a liability. Well, that's it then. After all of that, we're heading home, and Dad stays put in a bloody pint glass.

Libby leaves and slams the door behind her, leaving the rest of them in silence.

After a beat.

AVA

Did they actually discharge you from the hospital, Grandma?

ROSEMARY

Don't tell your mother.

EXT/INT. ISLE OF HARRIS - DAY

A POLICE CAR and LIBBY'S CAR shoot across the Isle back towards the ferry. The road is empty, exposed as far as the eye can see. It feels barren and abandoned.

INT. LIBBY'S CAR - DAY

Ava drives, Rich is in the passenger seat.

Lucy is in the back.

RICH

Your family are mental. It's like an episode of Eastenders. And congrats, Lu, if it is a congratulations?

LUCY

I don't know yet.

RICH

Peter is a bad lad, isn't he? Can't believe he'd cheat on Fiona, he's a lunatic.

AVA

Shut up, Rich.

The car swerves. A tyre burst.

Ava indicates and pulls over to the side of the road.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY

Ava, Rich, and Lucy look down at the tyre. It's been cut.

LUCY

That prick.

They're stuck in the middle of nowhere.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Rosemary and Libby sit in the back seat. Both women look out of the window. Rosemary still holds the pint glass of ashes.

Rosemary takes in the view, and we flashback to:

EXT. BEACH - 40 YEARS AGO

A young Rosemary and Jim playing on an empty beach. The vision is blurry. We just make out their rough outlines.

They run in and out of the water as sunshine beams down on them. It's happy, joyous, fun.

INT. CAR - DAY

Rosemary pulls the same beach photo of Jim out of her bag and takes it in.

LIBBY

I can't believe we came all this way for you. To now be getting driven back by a policeman who looks about fifteen.

ROSEMARY

We came all this way for Dad.

From the driver's seat -

YOUNG POLICEMAN

I'm thirty-five, actually.

LIBBY

Stop listening to what we're talking about.

YOUNG POLICEMAN

I'm not a bloody taxi driver.

ROSEMARY

Well, you're driving us home, so you look more like a taxi driver than a policeman. You must be the runt of the litter at work for doing this job.

YOUNG POLICEMAN

Shut your mouth, or I'll arrest you again for harassing a police officer.

ROSEMARY

What are you going to do? Drive me back to the police station? Please. You're a little pubescent cunt at the bottom of a shit pile, who is gagging for approval, and *that* is why you joined the police.

Even Libby is shocked by her mother.

YOUNG POLICEMAN

Shut up.

ROSEMARY

I can do this all the way home,  
sweetheart, how many hours is it to  
Bristol Lib?

Libby

About ten.

ROSEMARY

Ten hours of me picking apart your  
sad little pathetic life, or you  
could let us out here, and go and  
have a nice enjoyable day off. No  
one would know.

YOUNG POLICEMAN

You joking?

ROSEMARY

Do I look like I'm joking?

YOUNG POLICEMAN

One more word, and I'll have you  
done for abuse.

ROSEMARY

Five hundred pounds. I'll pay you  
five hundred pounds to stop the car  
and let us out right now.

The policeman laughs at her.

YOUNG POLICEMAN

And that's an attempt to bribe a  
police officer.

ROSEMARY

One thousand pounds?

YOUNG POLICEMAN

No amount of money is going to make  
me not do my job properly.

LIBBY

You're a sad little shit.

Rosemary looks down at the pint glass of Jim's ashes.

We hold on Rosemary and hold and hold and hold...

Then, she passes the ashes to Libby. Libby looks at her  
mother, a look she's seen before.

Rosemary slowly unclips her seatbelt, and lightening fast, she leans forward and swipes the taser out of the policeman's vest.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Mum?!

Rosemary points the taser at the policeman.

ROSEMARY

Pull over, or I'll fucking taser you.

The policeman reaches for his radio. Libby clocks this, leans forward and grabs it off of him.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Pull over!

The car swerves. Libby pulls up hard on the gearstick. A scraping noise bellows out of the car.

Music kicks in.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- The policeman, red-faced, screaming at Rosemary.
- Rosemary is waving the taser at the policeman's face.
- Libby is shouting at Rosemary to stop.

The car comes to a halt.

ROSEMARY

Get out of the car.

The policeman does what he's told.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Drop the keys on the floor and take off your vest thing.

YOUNG POLICEMAN

You do not want to taser me.

ROSEMARY

Do it.

The policeman takes off his vest. He empties his pockets, including his phone.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

The car keys.

The policeman reluctantly drops the keys.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Lib, get his stuff and get in the car. You're driving.

(to the policeman)

Turn around and keep walking that way.

YOUNG POLICEMAN

Do you think you're going to get away with this? You'll be arrested in no more than a few hours.

ROSEMARY

Fuck off in that direction.

The policeman has had enough.

YOUNG POLICEMAN

Just drive off, I'm not going to actually walk away.

ROSEMARY

Fine, but try anything, and I'll taser you.

The policeman stands there looking completely confused.

Rosemary gets into the car.

Libby swings the car around. Rosemary winds down the window and gives him the finger. The car speeds off.

INT. CAR - DAY

LIBBY

What the hell?

ROSEMARY

I am not leaving this island without saying goodbye to Jim.

Libby smiles. Her foot hits the accelerator.

EXT. ISLE OF HARRIS - DAY

Ava, Lucy, and Rich sit at the side of the road.

The police car shoots past.

A beat.

The car reverses. Rosemary winds the window down.

ROSEMARY

Get in.

Ava, Lucy, and Rich fly pile into the car.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Everyone squished in.

AVA

What the fuck has happened?

ROSEMARY

We're scattering Jim's ashes. We haven't travelled this far not to say goodbye.

LUCY

What did you do with the policeman?

LIBBY

The policeman is fine, but we only have a few hours.

RICH

I'm not going to get arrested, am I? I can't get arrested, Ava, I helped you get out of this. I could lose my job. My reputation?

He looks at all four women for reassurance. They find him annoying.

INT. CAFE BY THE SEA - DAY

CLOSE UP of a PINT GLASS now wrapped in cling film. Libby, Ava and Rosemary all stare at it.

The women sit outside an empty cafe that overlooks the ocean. It's beautiful, the water is calm, and the sun shines.

LIBBY

Dad did love a pint.

They continue to stare at it.

No one says anything for a few moments.

In the distance, Rich stands on the beach, trying to get a phone signal. Ava watches him.

A beat.

AVA

I thought I'd feel jealous of Lu being pregnant, but I felt relieved that it wasn't me. Is that bad?

Libby and Rosemary clock that she's looking at Rich.

AVA (CONT'D)

The interview was for a year's placement abroad in Vancouver. I really wanted it.

She continues to stare at Rich. Libby and Rosemary get it.

AVA (CONT'D)

Am I making a mistake?

LIBBY

We spend our whole lives worrying whether we're doing the right or wrong thing. What people think of us. We're so in our heads that we've stopped listening to how we feel. You already know what's right for you, baby girl, you just need to shut down the other noise to be able to hear it.

Libby grabs Ava's hand and kisses it.

ROSEMARY

Come on, we don't have long. I'll get Lu.

LIBBY

I'll go. I need to speak with her.

EXT. BEACH CAFE -- AFTERNOON

A TWISTER ICE LOLLY lands on a table. Lucy sits in the window of a beach cafe.

Libby takes a seat opposite her. She too has a twister ice lolly.



LIBBY

These were your favourite when you were little. Always made me get you two of them. You were a right fatty.

Lucy ignores her.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Dad used to call you Little Su.

LUCY

Little Su?

LIBBY

Little Su for Sumo-wrestler.

Lucy smiles. Libby takes a seat opposite her.

They take in the low sun in the sky.

A beat.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Ava's Dad was married to a woman called Helen when I first met him. She was proper beautiful. I couldn't believe my luck that he wanted me, fell head over heels for him. He told me he'd leave her, he never did of course. And when I fell pregnant with Ava, I never heard from him again. They packed up and moved South somewhere. I was nineteen. And then Billy came along, we were engaged after three months, he was wonderful with Ava, he could make her giggle just like that. I fell madly in love all over again. But he wasn't ready to settle. He moved out to France, and a little while later, I found out he'd married a french girl. And then there was Ed. And then Graham.

LUCY

The name Graham should have been enough to put you off.

LIBBY

My point is... I've spent my whole life desperate to feel loved because I never felt it from my mum, and I've hated myself for it.

Lucy looks at her mum for the first time since she sat down.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

I wanted it to be different for you. I wanted you to feel loved and to feel confident and strong, and not to make the mistakes I did. And when you said you were pregnant, I felt like I'd failed you - that you hadn't felt loved, the same why I hadn't. And I'm so so sorry, Lu.

LUCY

I've felt loved my whole life, mum. You're the best mum anyone could ask for.

LIBBY

You'll make a wonderful mother, and I'll be here for you a hundred per cent, whatever you decide.

Libby smothers her daughter with kisses.

LUCY

What about Peter?

LIBBY

You'll be perfect with or without him.

She pulls Lucy in close as they continue to eat their twisters.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Ava joins Rich sitting on the beach. He doesn't notice her. He's still trying to get his signal on his phone.

AVA

Do you ever wonder what you would be doing if you weren't with me?

RICH

I wouldn't be on the run from the police on some hillbilly island. I think we need to get out of here, Ava, before we get arrested. I can't have that on my record.

AVA

You didn't do anything, you'll be fine.

RICH

Well, can we get on with scattering your Grandad then and get going.

His tone doesn't sit well with Ava.

A beat.

AVA

I'm twenty-seven years old. I want to feel alive and excited about everything, and not think about mortgage brokers and curtain colours. You're amazing and wonderful and funny, but I don't know if all of this is right, Rich.

RICH

You know how much I love you, with my whole heart, and if you need time, then we can do that. We can go on break for a while, and you can do whatever you need to do.

Ava softens from this.

AVA

You would do that?

RICH

Of course, I would, because I think you think you should be wanting to do all this stuff, but deep down, I know you crave security, and you don't want to end up like your mum.

Everything slots into place in that one second. She's found the thing that she has been searching for this whole time.

A long beat.

AVA

The best parts of me come from my mum.

She stands, leaving him on the beach calling after her.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The sun hangs low in the sky.

Rosemary stands overlooking the beach with Libby.

Lucy and Ava stand a way behind them.

LIBBY

What happens after we say goodbye  
to Dad? Will we be saying goodbye  
to?

ROSEMARY

Well, we'll be arrested in an under  
an hour, so yes.

She smiles.

LIBBY

We need you here. I need you.

Libby reaches out and takes hold of her hand. A moment of  
peace and forgiveness between them.

ROSEMARY

Come on, let's say goodbye to  
what's left of him.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The four women stand next to each other. Rosemary holds the  
pint glass with Jim's ashes in.

Libby has her arms wrapped around both her girls.

ROSEMARY

He doesn't even make half a pint.  
He'd have hated that.

Everyone nods in agreement.

LIBBY

Do you want to say a few words, or  
do you want us to?

Rosemary takes a moment to gather herself and stares down at  
the pint glass of ashes. She peels off the cling film, and  
ashes fly out to the wind.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Bye, Dad.

AVA  
Bye, Grandad.

LUCY  
Love you Grandad.

The wind scoops up the ashes and whisks them out across the ocean.

A long beat.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
What do we do now?

Rosemary turns to face them.

ROSEMARY  
Fancy a swim?

We think they might say yes, but then.

Nah. LUCY No way. AVA

LIBBY  
It will be freezing.

Libby scoops Rosemary up, and all four women link arms as they walk back up the beach towards the cafe.

We lift high, high above until they are little specs on a golden strip of sand.

The police cars close in around them.

THE END