

DEEPER SHADE OF BLUE

"Pilot"

Written by

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INT. RONNIE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

RONNIE, 30s, a tired north-easterner with a London bob, tries on various shoes in a room ripped from Pinterest - painted Farrow and Ball Setting Plaster, H&M Home cushions littering a bed piled with clothes, a Matisse print on the wall. She tries chunky black Ganni boots, Havaiana flip-flops, too-high gold platforms, with a leather pencil skirt and a was-once-white-now-grey minimiser bra. Puts on a black silk & Other Stories blouse. She records a voice-note into her phone as she looks in the mirror.

RONNIE

OK. Meghan Markle... Channelling
Meghan Markle... bit cool... but
proper. Nope, I look like
Lorraine.

She takes pictures as she goes in a full-length mirror. Finally she tries on a dress that shows cleavage and an indecent chunk of bra. Takes a mirror selfie and texts to ELERI. Types: 'Last option. Calling you...' sends the photo, then dials.

ELERI is sitting in her cosy, vintage-stuffed living room in Cardiff, talking directly to a fat, unfriendly cat.

ELERI

No you're not going out for a
wander Suranne. Because I'm still
paying off next door's vet bill
after you gaybashed their Bengal...
(answers the phone cheerily).
Hiyaaa...

RONNIE

It's not going to work. You can
fully see my bra.

Intercutting:

ELERI

I could see a maybe a sliver of
bra?

RONNIE

I think any bra's too much bra,
don't you? I look like I work in
that fake German beer hall in the
City.

ELERI

The one where all the estate
agents go?

(shudders)

Could you do a strapless bra
maybe?

RONNIE

Today's going to be hard enough
without doing a strapless bra
mate... It would be less of a faff
to turn up poaching an egg. And
I'd have to do the 'strapless bra
walk'.

ELERI

(agreeing)

Hmmmm...

ELERI strokes the cat and drinks from a massive mug of tea
emblazoned with the phrase GAY FOR WALES.

ELERI

Do you feel prepped though? Do you
need to practise your speech
again?

RONNIE

No... Is it a speech..? I dunno
what to really call it.

ELERI

(Sarcastically)

Your performance. How's the
interpretive dance section?

RONNIE

Ha. Can you imagine? Jane would
shit herself. Bless her.

(beat)

No. I'm worried enough I might go
over my carefully allocated time
slot. I've been allowed exactly
three minutes. What can you say in
three minutes? I'm not Paul
McCartney! I should have just said
no. Or gone with a dramatic
reading of the lyrics to Angels.

ELERI

Urgh Robbie. You'll never save him
Ron. Give it up.

Eleri throws the cat off her, gets up, walks to a mirror
and starts lint rollering cat hair off an all-black outfit
of polo neck and wide leg trousers. Pushes her feet into
platform brogues.

RONNIE

God I might actually vomit. What
if vomit just shoots out of my
nose mid-way through? Like at that
full moon party when I puked on
those nice Israeli lads?

ELERI

Didn't Sarah give one of them a
handy in the sea?

RONNIE

In the Tuk Tuk. She had to give
the driver 80 extra baht for clean
up.

ELERI

I promise you won't vomit. Or
ejaculate sadly. I'm bringing you
Beta Blockers and Marly Bs. Hey,
did you know you can't buy
menthols anymore?

Eleri has been packing a large leather backpack absent
mindedly, while they chat. She checks a front pocket, and
realises with some surprise that her fag packet's already
empty. Ronnie's now busy plucking her chin hairs in a wall
mirror.

RONNIE

Ooh are we smoking again?
Excellent. Ler... do you think a
women's facial hair keeps growing
after you die? Because apparently
men's does?

ELERI

Oh God I hope not. Look... I'll be
there in... four hours. And then
we can drink. Get some music on
and just wear your Emma Willis-y
trousers and the black jumper with
the buttons. And put the kettle
on. I'm basically on my way. Ok
love you bye bye bye...

RONNIE

.... love you bye bye bye. Alexa -
play music.

Steps' Deeper Shade Of Blue blasts from the start,
throughout the following montage.

INT. ELERI'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Jump cuts. ELERI takes a beta blocker with her tea, throws some cat food in a bowl, grabs her coat and bag, kisses the cat slightly too passionately, and heads out of the door. Checks it's locked three times before running down the road towards a train at Cardiff station, at some speed.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

RONNIE strips off the outfit she's been trying on and gets in the shower. Jump cut. She washes her hair vigorously, before steadying herself in the shower for a moment, both physically and with a deep breath. Lathers and rinses key areas with speed, then quickly and efficiently shaves her armpits followed by the very bottoms of her legs only. Shaves her chin.

EXT. CORNER SHOP - DAYTIME

ELERI runs through Paddington station. Then walks down a London street and enters the corner shop. We see cigarettes hit the counter. Then crisps and fizzy sweets. There's a pause. Then four gin-in-a-tins.

INT. RONNIE'S BEDROOM - DAYTIME

RONNIE curls her hair with straighteners. Puts on make-up, perfume, earrings etc. As if getting ready for a night out.

EXT. RONNIE'S HOUSE - DAYTIME

ELERI arrives at the doorstep. She's let in and we see she and RONNIE hug tightly in the hallway before the door closes with a bang.

EXT. MOTORWAY - DAYTIME

A Toyota hybrid drives towards Oxford.

INT. FRONT OF CAR ON MOTORWAY - DAYTIME

Sideview of RONNIE driving on a motorway with ELERI in the passenger seat. They both eat sweets, chat and laugh at each other's jokes.

EXT. TIRED-LOOKING MID-CENTURY CREMATORIUM - MIDDAY.

RONNIE, with ELERI smoking out of the passenger window, drives into a 70s crematorium and effortlessly reverse parks in a bay. Mourners are gathered outside. The music cuts with the engine.

Both friends climb out of the car and, outside, Ronnie changes battered Stan Smiths for black block-heeled boots and covers her outfit with a very nice black coat.

RONNIE

Bugger these shoes are going to clip clop aren't they?

ELERI

Possibly...
(Surprised)
Did you buy a new coat?

RONNIE

(sighs)
Yes. Thirty-six is apparently the age we grow a tiny beard, start enjoying garden centres and invest in a funeral coat. I can't keep borrowing my Mum's when someone dies.

(beat)

Right, I guess we're doing this.

ELERI

Do we have to?

RONNIE

'fraid so. It would be bad form to
cancel.

ELERI

Why, we love to cancel?

In the background RONNIE's quiet husband MARK has exited the car but it's the friends who hold hands, and stride up to the crematorium entrance together. Stoic family members, who look as if they haven't exhaled for a solid two weeks, exit funeral cars. Ronnie hugs JANE, the grieving mother, and SOPHIE, the sister. They all head in solemnly behind a wicker coffin. ELERI is already crying at the sight of it, while Ronnie looks at anything but.

INT. CREMATORIUM - DAYTIME

A large picture of SARAH, an incredibly kind and happy looking 36-year-old, is at the front. RONNIE sits at the end of the second row, staring straight ahead and detached from proceedings. An over-familiar, cuddly CELEBRANT is holding court in the distance, but we can't quite hear her except for the final line, which echoes around the room.

CELEBRANT

...Sarah's friend Ronnie will say
a few words about her friend.

With everyone and everything else in soft focus, Ronnie awkwardly makes her way to the front clutching notecards. Her boots do, in fact, clip clop noisily and she rolls her eyes at ELERI who looks conciliatory. JANE, the grieving mother, purses her lips and looks offended. RONNIE takes a very deep breath and speaks slowly, reading from notes.

RONNIE

A few years ago, Sarah, Eleri and
I were discussing how great we
are, and we realised every friend

in the world has a Friendship
Superpower.

(beat)

That thing they do better than
anyone else. The thing you can
always rely on them for. We all
agreed, Sarah's Friendship
Superpower was Celebrating
Success.

We see the family nodding and weeping on the front row.
RONNIE takes another slow and deep breath.

RONNIE (CONT.)

She was always the first to
congratulate you on a milestone
reached, whether that was buying
your first Whistles dress,
adopting a cat, or the little
things like buying a house,
getting married, having a baby
etcetera etcetera...

(beat)

But a 'well done' text wasn't
enough, you'd get a hand-crimped,
stamped and calligraphied greeting
card, or a menagerie of knitted
wildfowl wearing ballet slippers,
a cross-stitch detailing what a
badass sexy bitch you are. Or even
a mouthwatering four-tier wedding
cake...

(beat, as RONNIE's voice cracks,
and she attempts to get through
the memory)

...decorated with sugar work
peonies, that the guests still
talk about more than your dress...

The congregation chuckles knowingly, giving Ronnie confidence.

RONNIE (CONT.)

I know it's the law to say nice things when people die but she literally did put everyone else before herself. She would always let me be Lulu in *Relight my Fire* or the woman in *I'd Do Anything For Love*.

(beat)

She thought nothing of taking three trains and an Uber to see a friend who'd moved to East Sussex. Of showing up to every birthday party, art opening, house warming, baby shower... always wearing the perfect outfit... a black jumpsuit. She'd happily spend hours analysing a text from the amateur wrestler you met in *Time and Envy*, to work out whether the fact he'd already given you a nickname meant you were definitely going to have his muscular children.

(beat)

We were best friends for 15 years, during which she taught me what pesto is... which branch of Zara has the shortest returns queue. And thanks to her own misadventures, to never ever ever, pluck your own eyebrows.

(beat)

But ultimately, she taught us all, by example and in her own quiet way, how to be The Perfect Friend.

Ronnie moves to leave the altar then dashes back

RONNIE (CONT.)

(Quickly)

Oh, and she was Mr. Brightside.

Mr. Brightside plays. The congregation stands. The coffin disappears behind a curtain and Ronnie sits back down and finally lets herself cry.

EXT. CREMATORIUM - DAYTIME

The congratulation is hugging and chatting. ELERI and RONNIE are in the centre. We see an almost handsome man in his late 30s, DAN, hanging back on the edges of the car park. He starts to walk towards the group, where RONNIE and ELERI are hugging SARAH's parents tightly, clearly very familiar. RONNIE notices him, then intentionally catches eyes with Sarah's teary sister SOPHIE and with a small head jerk and hand movement motions her to meet them in a secluded corner for a smoke. Dan swerves and heads back towards the car park.

EXT. CREMATORIUM BACK WALL - DAYTIME

ELERI, RONNIE and SOPHIE stand, backs to a wall, smoking.

SOPHIE

(Pulls a slightly disgusted face)

God I miss Menthols.

(beat)

I don't know how you did that.

None of us could have done it.

Thanks Ronnie honestly. You really did her justice.

ELERI

It was pretty perfect Ron... Also there was a line at the end there where your delivery was pure Victoria Wood.

RONNIE

That might be the nicest thing anyone's ever said to me. Anyway God no it's fine no worries, it was the least I could do. You lot had to plan this whole thing.

SOPHIE

Do you think she would have liked it?

RONNIE

Her own funeral? Well, except for the fact that your Mum vetoed Big Pimpin', the celebrant kept pronouncing it Saaahra and she absolutely hated being the centre of attention... yeah she would have been really proud of you... And nice touch on the wicker coffin!

SOPHIE

It's what Attenborough would have wanted.

ELERI

Attenborough's not dead. Shit she didn't even outlive David Attenborough.

RONNIE

Or Ronnie Wood. Or Rupert Murdoch? How's that possible?

SOPHIE

By the way - who's Daniel?

ELERI

Daniel...

RONNIE

(Cutting off Eleri)

Daniel? Why?

SOPHIE

Mum got some really swish flower arrangement from someone called Daniel.

She passes a gift card to ELERI. It reads *'So sorry to hear about Sarah. She was amazing. Daniel. xx'*

SOPHIE (cont)

I feel bad, she never mentioned a Daniel. Mum thought it might be someone she worked with? She was such a secret squirrel except with you two so I thought if anyone knows...

Ronnie and Eleri momentarily lock eyes conspiratorially.

RONNIE

Oh yeah there was a Daniel at her work. Nice bloke um... Bit weird though. She said he used to take his tea to the toilet with him. Always microwaving fish or eating hot tuna at his desk.

(Changing the subject)

God, she made such a bloody impression on everyone... it was packed in there wasn't it.

Ronnie's POV, we see DAN finally driving away in a very clean Audi.

SOPHIE

(holding up the fag)

Thanks for this. Best get back to the solemn nodding. (She practises)

They stub them out. ELERI sprays Jo Malone Cologne into the air and the three walk through it then wander off arm in arm.

RONNIE
Extra Strong Mint?

SOPHIE
Ooh nineties, go on!

INT. NICE HOTEL BAR - DAYTIME

At an elegant wake, RONNIE and ELERI are seen mingling and even laughing with various friends and family. The atmosphere is one of relief, as if the tension's been let out of the gathering. A moment of respite from pain. RONNIE and ELERI walk up to a table of drinks and without speaking, both combine two small glasses of 'free' wine into one while they're talking.

RONNIE
When does grief become alcoholism?

ELERI
We drank this much before.

RONNIE
Yeah but we were having fun before. This feels more Amy Winehouse than Adele.

ELERI
I'm sure our mothers will let us know.

RONNIE
I'm actually starving but I don't want to be the first to the buffet. I'll lose grief points.

ELERI

Mate, you wrote and read a very moving tribute on the worst day of your life. You have infinity grief points.

RONNIE

Oh merci. I just have this irrational fear that people will think I'm not sad enough. Is that weird?

ELERI

This is all fucking weird. But me too. It's fine. And frankly, no, apparently we're not sad enough because no will ever, ever be as sad as...

A weeping woman approaches

RONNIE

Sasha! Aw there there love...

RONNIE hugs SASHA, a very posh and usually very pristine woman whose expensive lip fillers make her look older than her 30 years. She has aggressively running black mascara. RONNIE rolls her eyes as she hugs her, then ELERI hugs her while RONNIE takes a massive gulp of wine.

SASHA

(sobbing)

Oh ladies... Ronnie. Didn't you do well... I just couldn't have. I just have Too. Many. Feelings. She was perfect wasn't she? An angel, really, if you think about it. I just keep thinking WHY ME for having lost her from my life? Who will I turn to now in my times of need? At least I have you two

though now yes..? We share an
unbreakable bond.

(beat)

But you Veronica. You just got up
there and did that didn't you.
Without batting an eyelid!

RONNIE

Well it was pretty tough... I
definitely blinked.

SASHA

Even did some little jokes!

RONNIE

I just had to switch off really...
it's not that I'm not...

SASHA

Oh I couldn't. Couldn't shut off
not today. The grief is
unbearable. It's constant. Like a
sickness. I feel wounded. I
thought I knew heartbreak after my
Pomeranian, Chester, ate a whole
box of Milk Tray and shuffled over
the rainbow bridge, but this... I
can barely get out of bed. But I
said to myself Sasha... if Kate
Middleton can stand on the steps
of the Lindo Wing after what I've
heard was a quite a messy
waterbirth, then you can throw on
some Reiss and represent lady!

RONNIE

Represent?

ELERI

Rainbow bridge?

RONNIE

Sorry, represent what now?

SASHA

The spin studio! You know when she walked into my Spin When You're Winning session and gave it 150%...

ELERI

(under her breath)

Not a thing.

SASHA

...I said sweetness, we'll be friends for life. And it didn't matter how many times she tried to cancel, I would not let her give up. I got her number from the system. Called her personally. I was her rock. I just wish there was something *I* could have done to save her.

ELERI

(very directly)

Well, there wasn't. None of us could have done anything Sasha it was a terrible tragedy.

SASHA

Anyway, how's...

ELERI

SO sorry Sasha... Ronnie really hasn't eaten a morsel for weeks so I'm just going to get some beige down her. Settle the tum, you know...

ELERI ushers Ronnie away towards the buffet

RONNIE (CONT.)

I *really* wish Sarah had managed to cut that twat out before she died.

INT. CAR - EVENING

MARK drives silently for a while with RONNIE burping in the passenger side and ELERI in the back, clearly a bit toasted. After a while.

ELERI

Can I say something?

RONNIE

Yes please.

ELERI

The celebrant saying she: 'loved sunsets... didn't she?' Who doesn't love a fucking sunset? It's like saying she liked Tom Hanks.

RONNIE

(Doing an impression of the celebrant)
She liked songs... didn't she? She liked stepping on a crunchy leaf... didn't she? Urgh stop pretending you knew her. That made her sound so fucking basic. I can think of 1,000 things she liked more than sunsets.

ELERI

Boursin.

RONNIE

Pointless.

ELERI

Her Handheld Shark.

RONNIE
Revolutionary Road.

ELERI
Puffins.

RONNIE
Wax melts.

ELERI
Claudia Winkleman!

MARK
Knitting!

RONNIE
(quickly and kindly,
patting his knee)
That's too obvious love.

ELERI
Us.
(beat)
We didn't even get a mention. She
loved us more than she loved a
sodding sunset.

MARK
Yeah... but that wasn't meant to
be your version of her.

RONNIE
Huh?

MARK
Maybe everyone has a different
version of her. That was her Mum
and Dad's version. It wasn't
wrong. It just wasn't yours.

The car is comfortably quiet for a while.

ELERI

(Quietly)

I always thought he was just eye
candy but he's quite wise isn't
he. I can see why you married him.

She drunkenly pats his head from the back of the car.

RONNIE

(knowingly)

It's all the podcasts.

ELERI passes RONNIE a tube of Pringles and turns up the car stereo. Meatloaf's *Anything For Love* is playing and the girls belt the female part in unison.

EXT. NEW BUILD FLAT BLOCK - MORNING

RONNIE, looking hungover and holding an empty Hello Fresh box, lets herself in and goes up the stairs. Approaches a door that's been secured with a padlock and opens it.

INT. SARAH'S FLAT - MORNING.

A smart two bed. Jump cuts. RONNIE walks into the kitchen, opens the fridge and starts throwing off food into the bin. Does a bit of washing up left in the sink. Cleans the kitchen. Heads to the bedroom and opens a bedside drawer. Picks up quite a large vibrator with her sleeve over her hand, looks impressed, and throws in the box.

She unlocks a drawer and picks up a tiny bag of weed and some rizlas and pockets them. Then she finds a photobooth strip of pictures of Sarah with the mystery man from the funeral, stares at it for a while, surprised to find it, then pockets that too.

Heads to the kitchen and methodically makes a cup of tea in a mug with a picture of SARAH, RONNIE and ELERI grinning in front of a large fish sculpture on it. Walks back to the bedroom, lies on the bed and covers herself in a blanket.

Picks up face creams from the night stand and puts them on. Sprays perfume. Smells a pillow. Drinks the tea and cries.

EXT. SARAH'S FLAT - MIDDAY

RONNIE dumps the rubbish in a communal bin and walks to her car. Takes out her keys and the photo strip comes with them. She takes out her phone and scrolls to a contact saved as 'Gaston' with a devil emoji and texts it...

'Hi it's Ronnie. Can you meet up?'

INT. PRETENTIOUS VIBEY BAR - DAYTIME.

DAN, a walking smirk and the man we saw lurking at the funeral, is seated. He winks at a waitress, in lieu of a proper thank you, as she delivers two large G&Ts. She looks creeped out and he doesn't notice. RONNIE walks in. Dan stands and leans in to media kiss her, and she wasn't expecting the second kiss, which means he lands it awkwardly on her ear. She looks horrified at the intimacy with him.

RONNIE

God I never know how many you
people are going to do. I've got
your spit in my ear.

Ronnie wipes off the kiss, petulantly. Dan barely notices. He is feigning absolute confidence. Speaks in an accent so posh, 'no' sounds like 'neigh'.

DAN

Ron... How are you yeah?

RONNIE

It's Ronnie. And I'm shit Dan. My best friend's dead.

DAN

Sorry, fuck. Sure. I knew that.

RONNIE

(suspiciously)

Yeah who told you?

DAN

Well not fucking you dear.

RONNIE

No. I made an executive decision you weren't going to know.

DAN

You made an executive decision? To not tell me my *ex lover* died? I had to find out on Slack from the the mail room. It was a total cock blow.

RONNIE

Well I had to find out on the phone to a 23-year-old paramedic who broke into her flat to find her in her worst knickers on the floor of the living room. Was it as bad as that Dan?

DAN

(Shocked at the detail.

Quietly...)

Look, shit that's awful. But, why are you being so haughty with me? Grief doesn't give you *carte blanche* to be a dick.

RONNIE

Who says carte blanche?
(Gestures at a large drink)
Is this for me?

She picks up a big melty gin and tonic, throws out the straw and takes massive slurp before shudder gagging..

RONNIE
Herurgh... are these doubles?

DAN
Triples.

RONNIE
Fucking hell Dan it's Monday.

DAN
(Dramatically, almost a bit camp)
Well. I'm. Devastated.

RONNIE
(patronisingly)
Well it's a bit fucking late for you to have feelings.

DAN
Can you just be nice for once?
Given the circs.
(beat)
God you were always the scary one.

RONNIE
To you! I'm Stacey Solomon to people who don't put down a security deposit on a two-bed in Putney with my BEST FRIEND before flip-flopping and instead marrying someone who names her children like Farrow and Ball colours. How are Copper and Arsenic anyway?

DAN

It's Cooper and Anais. And they're shits, actually. Bloody cute though. Do you think I could make money out of that? Ads etc?

He shows her his screensaver - two average looking kids, one entirely hairless, and a beaming wife.

RONNIE

No. I've seen more hair on a dropped lollipop than that one. Look, I'm not just being a twat. I didn't tell you because... she cut you out. She hates you. We all fucking hate you honestly.

(beat)

She might have pretended she was fine when you stayed with Cherelle but she went mental. She was completely off her food. Even crisps and hummus. She only listened to Paloma Faith for three months. She stopped moisturising. She got a tiny dreadlock in the back of her hair and I had to cut it out with nail scissors.

DAN

Not according to Instagram... you three looked like you were having a riot on your boozy little minibreaks. I thought I'd done her a favour.

RONNIE

You had. But she didn't think so - we had to get her out of London. And she wanted you to think she was fine obviously. She needed you to think she was Better Off

With-fucking-out You while you
suffered in the safe little
marriage you chose... with your...
kitchen island and... sex one
morning a month that somehow leads
to constant bloody babies. Then
she went and died and ruined the
whole panto.

DAN

Look Ron. Jesus... she didn't?

RONNIE

Oh get over yourself Dan, no. It
was some heart thing.

DAN

Well, she would have wanted me to
know...

RONNIE

What do you know...

DAN

Why did you want to meet me if you
hate me so much anyway? You can't
have dragged me all the way to
North London just to make me feel
like a tosser.

RONNIE

Oh I don't know. Eleri's in Wales
and her family are in Oxford and
every one else's life in London
has just gone back to normal
already. And I just have this
Sarah-shaped hole there.

(beat)

I saw you at the funeral and
realised you're the closest thing
I've got. Geographically. It was a

mistake probably. I never had a clue what she saw in you. Dreadful men were always her downfall.

DAN

Dreadful?

RONNIE

Well does your wife know you're bunking off work in the middle of the day to drink gin with your dead ex mistress's best friend?

DAN

Fair. Does Eleri know you're cheating on her with your dead best friend's arch nemesis?

RONNIE

What the fuck's Eleri got to do with it?

DAN

Well she's still around, also having a godawful time. Surely you'd rather talk to her than me. Isn't that what you three do? Tell each other everything in your toxic little group chat?

RONNIE

Are you calling me a shit friend?

DAN

Whoa, no I'm just wondering why you'd rather hang out with me than talk to her about your Sarah shaped hole.

RONNIE

I think I just wanted to talk to
someone lower down the grief tree
to me.

There are levels, aren't there.
Her actual family are obviously,
rightly, at the very top. Their
life's destroyed. They have it the
absolute worst. They could ask
anything of me and I'd do it, in a
heartbeat, just to try to help.
(looks guilty)
But that's kind of knacker...

Eleri and I are on the same
branch. We're there for each other
sure, but that doesn't mean we
feel the same way on the same day.
It's a dance, helping each other.
And we've all seen Strictly,
dancing's hard.

You, I can be an absolute cunt to.
You don't need anything from me.
It's exhausting being Stacey
Solomon. And I don't even have to
put up with Joe Swash.

DAN

For you yeah I can see that it
would be an effort. Well glad I
could be of service but I've got
to go and be a cunt to my
children. They still sleep in my
fucking bed so I'm really
struggling to like them to be
honest. If we didn't have an
American Super King I think I'd
have had them adopted.

RONNIE
Astonishing.

EXT. PRETENTIOUS VIBEY BAR - DAYTIME

RONNIE takes out her phone and records a voicenote while hurriedly walking through busy streets towards the Tube station.

RONNIE
Hiya! Sorry, will try not to make this a podcast but just to say I just met up with Dan. It was all a bit of a whim and I didn't mention beforehand because... I didn't know why I was even meeting him. But after we saw him loitering around at the funeral I just wondered, you know, what she ever saw in him and, well, I'm none the wiser. He called the waitress 'dear'. He has a pinkie ring. He referred to his garden office as 'The Dancave'. Anyway, hope your day's not as shit as mine and I'll speak to you later on ok bye...

EXT. SMALL VICTORIAN TERRACE - DAYTIME

RONNIE walks down the street and lets herself into her house while carrying too many shopping bags of food. She looks exhausted. MARK is waiting in the kitchen with a hug. She fills the fridge with shopping while they talk.

MARK
How was he?

RONNIE
He was a cunt. He was wearing comedian jeans. And rape slippers.

MARK

Rape slippers?

RONNIE

You know those sort of toffee coloured Essex loafers. With tassels.

MARK

What a bell.

RONNIE

I feel like I need a wash. And I'm knackered. All the bloody time.

MARK

Are you hungry?

RONNIE

(Mock exasperated)

Yes! You know I wish I was one of those people that loses their appetite with grief, but that lasted about three days and now? I'm starving. I just want to eat Haribos, and potato waffles and beefy crisps. You'd think the least you'd get after your best mate dies is cheekbones. I've just got a fat arse and a sensible coat on three monthly payments.

From an until-now unseen monitor we hear a baby start to cry. RONNIE sighs, bracing herself, but MARK makes to head upstairs.

RONNIE

No I'll go. Off I go...

He hands her a bottle of milk, slaps her gently on the bum as encouragement, and finishes unloading the shopping.

INT. SMALL VICTORIAN TERRACE - DAYTIME

RONNIE heads upstairs slowly and opens the door to a half-decorated spare room-cum-nursery. We see a chubby 18-month old looking upset, dishevelled and groggy after waking from a long nap. Ronnie stares at him for a while from the door before he notices her and smiles.

RONNIE

(gently and sing-songy)

Hi!

(beat)

Hi matey. Hi there Woody Woodster.

Oh Christ, you smell like a dog
otter.

She picks up WOODY, who is crying a bit, and holds him tightly to her chest, rocking him. Before long, her eyes fill with tears. After a few beats she clears her throat.

RONNIE (CONT.)

Did you have a nice sleep? I just had to pop out for a bit there to see a man about a... to see a dog. An absolute dog.

WOODY

Dog! Dog!

RONNIE

Yes a big dog! But I'm back now. I'm back now.

The baby calms.

RONNIE (CONT.)

Did you dream then? What did you dream about? Did you dream about Mummy? You did! What was Mummy

doing? What was Mummy up to? She
was drinking tea? Fair enough...
Sounds about right...

Ronnie and the baby both smile. They look at
each other a while. A pause.

RONNIE

Shall we say hi to Mummy?

They walk to a picture on a shelf of SARAH, laughing and
holding the same baby.

RONNIE

Hi Mummy. Say 'hi Mummy'. We miss
you. We really miss you.

End credits over RONNIE and WOODY talking to the picture.
Acoustic piano version of Steps' *Deeper Shade of Blue*
plays.